

England by Ernest Raynor

Illustrated by Charles R. Snelgrove

Continued from Page One.

nybet very much indeed. In fact, I think I like him better than anyone else in the world, 'seeing of course, my relations."

Watching his hearer nervously to see how he would receive this important avowal, Master Doe flinched when he saw no signs of emotion on Baptist's countenance. He didn't like thinking he had made himself look a fool. Probably Baptist perceived this, for he felt he must contrive a reply, and, abandoning "H'm" as too uncouth and too unflavored with sympathy, gave of his best, muttering:

"Ah, he's one of 'em." Then, realizing that the sun had gone in a blaze of glory, and that he must waste no further time in prolonged gossip, he dipped his blade into the still water, and turned the head of the blade for the Gray-roofed bays, and for the things that should be.

BOOK I.

Five Gay Years at School.

PART I—TIDAL REACHES

CHAPTER I

Rupert Ray Begins His Story.

"I'm the best-looking person in this room," said Archibald Pennybet. "Ray's face looks as though somebody had trodden on it, and Doe's—well, Doe's would be better if it had been trodden on."

It was an early morning of the Kensington Summer Term, and the three of us, Archie Pennybet, Edgar Gray Doe, and I, Rupert Ray, were waiting in the Junior Preparation Room at Bramhall House, till the bell should summon us over the playing fields to morning school. Kensington, of course, is the finest school in England, and Bramhall its best house. Now, Pennybet, though not himself courteous, always insisted that Doe and I should treat him with proper respect, so, since he was senior and thus magnificent, I'll begin by describing him. He was right, as he said, that he was the handsomest. He was a tall boy of fifteen years, with long limbs that were saved from any unlovely slenderness by their full-fleshed curves and perfect straightness. His face, whose skin was as smooth as that of a bathed and anointed Greek, was crowned by dark hair, and made striking by a pair of those long-lashed eyes that he always browned and brightened. He was the most remarkable. Though two years our senior, he deliberately lagged behind the boys of his own age, and remained the oldest member of our form. Thoughtless masters called him a dunce, but abler ones knew him to be only idle. And Pennybet cared little for either opinion. He had schemed to remain in a low form, and that was enough. It was better to be a field-marshal among the 'kids' than a ranker among his peers. Like Satan, for whom he probably felt a certain admiration, he found it better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

The personal attendants of this splendid sultan consisted of Edgar Doe and myself. We were not allowed by him to forget that, if he could not tell fifteen years, we could only scrape together a bare thirteen. We were mere children. Doe and I, being thirteen and an exact number of days were twins, or we would have been, if it had not been for the divergence of our parentage. We often expressed a wish that this divergence were capable of remedy. It involved minor differences. For instance, while Doe's eyes were brown, mine were blue; and while Doe's hair was very fair, mine was a tedious dark that had once been gold. Moreover, in place of my wide mouth, Doe possessed lips that were always parted like those of a pretty girl. Indeed, if Archie Pennybet was the handsomest of us three it is certain that Edgar Gray Doe was the prettiest. The same came to me when I look this morning because Pennybet, having discovered that among other accomplishments he was a fine ethnologist, was about to determine the race and tribe of each of us by an examination of our features and coloring.

"I'm a Norman," he decided, and threw himself back on his chair, putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and though that were a comely Norman attitude, "a pure Norman, but I don't know how my hair got so dark, and my eyes such a spiffing brown."

"What am I?" I interrupted, as introducing a subject of more immediate interest.

"You, Ray? Oh, you're a Saxon. Your name's Rupert, you see, and your blue eyes and a fair skin, and all that sort."

I was quite satisfied with being a pure Saxon, and left Doe to his examination.

"What am I?" he eagerly asked, offering his own face and parted lips for scrutiny.

"You? Oh, Saxon, with a dash of Southern blood. Brown eyes, you see, and that sloppy milk-and-coffee skin. And there's a dash of Viking in you, that's your fair hair. Adulterated Saxon you are."

At this Doe loudly protested that he was a pure Saxon, a perfect Cornish Saxon from the banks of the Fal.

Pennybet always discouraged precocious criticism, so he replied:

"I'm not arguing with you, my child."

"You? Who are you?"

Pennybet let his thumbs go further into his armholes, and assured us with majestic suavity:

"I? I'm Me."

"No, you're not," snapped Doe. "You're not me, I'm me."

"Well, you're neither of you me," interrupted the third fool in the room. "I'm me. So suck!"

"Now you two boys," began our stately patron, "don't you begin dictating to me. Once and for all, Doe is Doe, Ray is Ray, and I'm Me. Why, by jove! Doe-Ray-Me! It's a joke, and I'm a gifted person."

This discovery of the adaptability of our names was so startling that I exclaimed:

"Good Lord! How mad!"

Penny only shrugged his shoulders, and generally plumed himself on his little success. And Doe said:

"Has that only just dawned on you?"

"Observe," sneered Penny. "The Gray Doe is jealous. He would like the fame of having made this fine jest. So he pretends he thought of it long ago. He bags it."

"Not worth bagging," suggested Doe, who was pulling a look of his pale hair over his forehead, and trying with elevated eyebrows to convey to us the fact that we were resting on a seat in front of him, and his trousers were well pulled up, so as to show a certain tract of decent sock. Penny scanned him as though his very appearance were nauseating.

"Well, why did you bag it?"

"I didn't."

"I say, you're a bit of a liar, aren't you?"

"Well, if I'm a bit of a liar, you're a lot of one."

"My dear little boy," said Penny, with intent to hurt, "we all know the reputation for lying you had at your last school."

As we had all been at Kensington's Preparatory School together, I was in a position to know that this was rather wild, and remonstrated with him.

"I say, that's a bit sticky, isn't it?"

The nobility of my interference impressed me as I made it. Meanwhile the angry blood mounted to Doe's face, but he carelessly replied:

"You show what a horrible liar you are by your last remark. I never said your leasly idea was mine; and because you accused me of doing so, and I said I didn't, you call me a liar, which is a dirty lie, if you like. But of course one expects lies from you."

"That may be," rejoined Pennybet. "But you know you don't wash."

Doe parried this thrust with a sarcastic acquiescence.

"No, I know I don't—never did—don't believe in washing."

Now Penny was out to hurt. A mere prankster had turned to argue and he cheekily with him; and discipline must be maintained. To this end there must be punishment; and punishment, to be effective, must hurt. So he adopted a new line, and with his clever strategy strove to enlist my support by deigning to couple my name with his.

"At any rate," he drawled, "Ray and I don't today to Rayley."

This poisonous little remark requires some explanation. Mr. Rayley, the assistant house-master at Bramhall House, was a hard master, who would have been hated for his insufferable conceptions of discipline, had he not been the finest bat in the Middlesex team. Just about this time there was a libel current that he made a favorite of Edgar Doe because he was pretty. Doe, I had once said, "Rayley's rather keen on you, isn't he?" And Doe had turned red and scoffed: "How absolutely silly—but, I say, do you really think so?" Seeing that he found pleasure in the insinuation, I had followed it up with chaff, upon which he had suddenly cut up rough, and left me in a pique.

This morning, as Penny picked him with this poisoned pang, he began to feel that for the moment he was alone amongst us three; and odd-man-out. He put a tentative question to me, designed to see whether I was siding with him or not.

"Now, Ray, isn't that the dirtiest lie he's told so far?"

"No," I said, I was still under the glamour of having been appealed to by the forceful personality of Pennybet; and, besides, it certainly wasn't.

"Oh, of course you'd agree with anything Penny said, if he asked you to. But you know you don't really believe I ever sucked up to Rayley."

This rejoinder was bad tactics, for by his blow at my face it forced me to take sides against him in the quarrel. So I answered: "Rather! Why, you always do."

"Dir-dirty liar!"

"Ha-ha!" laughed Penny. He saw that he had been successful in his latest thrust, and set himself to push home the advantage. The dominance of his position must be secured at all costs. He let down his heavy-lashed eyelids, as though, for his part, he only desired a peaceful sleep, and said: "If Ray, that friend of yours is losing his temper. He's terribly vicious. Mind he doesn't scratch."

Doe's parted lips came suddenly together, his face got red, and he eyed me implacably from under his brows. He said nothing, either because the words would not come, or lest something more unmanly should.

"Ray," pursued his tormentor, "I think I'll friend of yours is going to blub."

Doe left his seat, and stood upon his feet, his lips set in one firm line. He tossed his hair off his forehead, and, keeping his face expressionless, he gazed at us, as though he should detect any moisture about the eyes, opened a desk, and selected the books he would require. They were books over which he had had a quarrel with Ray.

"Mr. Edgar Gray Doe, Esq."

"E. Gray Doe, M.A."

"Rev. Edgar G. Doe, D.D."

"E. G. Doe, Physician and Surgeon."

and when he had placed them on his arm, he walked towards the door with his face still turned away from us.

"Oh, don't go Doe. Don't be a sloppy ass," I said, feeling that we had been fairly trapped into deserting a fellow-victim, and backing our common tyrant.

My appeal Doe treated as though he had not heard it; and Penny, certain that his victory was won, and that he had no further need of my support, kicked it away with the sneer, "Fit Doe, and Ray's bruised! What a David and Jonathan we're going to be! How we agree like steak and kidney!"

"Rather a nice expression, that."

Penny's commentary was thus turned inwards upon himself, in an affectionate criticism of his vocabulary, to show the utter detachment of his interest from the pathetic exit of Edgar Doe. For Doe had reached the door, which he opened, passed, and slammed. In a twinkling I had opened it again, and was looking down the corridor. There was no sign of my friend anywhere. The moment he had slammed the door he must have run.

I returned to the preparation room, and Penny sighed, as much as to say: "What a pity little boys are so petulant and quarrelsome." But the victory was his, as it always was, and he could think of other things. There was a clock on the wall behind him, but, too comfortable to turn his head, he asked me:

"What's the beastly?"

I glanced at the clock, and intimated, sulkily enough, that the beastly was twenty minutes past nine. He groaned.

"I don't know. We must have second period with the German, Reinhardt, was as good as promising us a holiday. Nay, it was rather better; for, in an unexpected holiday, we might have been at a loss what to do, whereas under Reinhardt we had no doubt—we played the fool."

"And now get on with your work," concluded Radley.

We got on with it, knowing that it was only for a short time that we need work that morning.

It was writing work I know, for, after a while, I had a note surreptitiously passed to me between folded blotting-paper. The note bore in Doe's ambitiously ornate writing the alarming statement:

"I shall never like you so much after what you said this morning. Yours Edgar Gray Doe."

There was room for me to pen an answer, and in my great round characters I wrote: "I never really meant anything and after you left I tried to be rude to Penny but he'd gone and will you still be my chum Yours S. Ray." (My real name was Rupert, but I was sometimes nicknamed "Sonny Ray" from the sensational news, which had leaked out, that my mother so called me, and I took pleasure in signing myself "S. Ray.") My handsome apology was passed back to the offended party, and in due course the paper returned to me, bearing his reply: "I don't know. We must have second period with the German, Reinhardt, was as good as promising us a holiday. Nay, it was rather better; for, in an unexpected holiday, we might have been at a loss what to do, whereas under Reinhardt we had no doubt—we played the fool."

"And Ray," invited Radley.

I offered the back of my right hand, and, copying my friend, key: my lips well closed. My eyes had shut themselves nervously, when I heard a clatter, and realized that Radley had dropped his ruler. Leaving my right hand extended for punishment, I stooped down, picked up the ruler with my left, and gave it back to Radley. Perhaps the blood that now colored my face was partly due to this stooping. Radley smiled. It was his habit to become suddenly gentle after being hard. One second, his hard mouth would frame hard things; another second, and his grey eyes would redress the balance.

"Ray, you disarm me," he said.

liquid silver, and, when he sang elaborate opera passages, made one see glorious wrought-steel gateways of heavenly palaces. This inefficient master owed his position to the great vogue enjoyed by his books: "Reinhardt's German Conversation," "Reinhardt's French Pieces," and others. But the boys, by common consent, decided not to identify this "Caesar Reinhardt, Modern Language Master at Kensington School" with their own dear Mr. Caesar. Thus, you see, in their ignorance, they were able to bring up the Reinhardt works to Mr. Caesar, and say with worried brows:

"Here, sir. This bally book's all wrong!"

"I could write a better book than this myself, sir!"

"The Johnny who wrote this book, sir—well, st. st."

Pennybet, however, used to tremble on the brink of identification, when he made the idiotic mistake of saying: "Shall I bring up my Caesar, sir?"

I mean, my Reinhardt?"

The jubilation of our class, as we lolled or clog-danced in the corridor, had need to be organized into some systematic fooling; and for once in a way, the boys accepted a suggestion of mine.

"Let's all hum 'God Save the King,' exactly at twelve o'clock. Mr. Caesar won't hear; he's too deaf."

Immediately several boys started to sing the popular air in question, and others went for a slide along the corridor, both of which performances are generally construed as meaning: "Right-ho!"

"It's crude," commented Penny, "but I'll not interfere. I might even help you—who knows? And here comes Mr. Caesar. Ah, wee, wee."

It was our custom to race in a body along the corridor to meet Mr. Caesar, and to arrive breathless at his side, where we would fight to win the door. On his right hand, and another on his left. In the course of a brilliant struggle several boys would be prostrated, not unwillingly. We would then escort him in triumph to his door, and all offer to turn the lock, crying: "Let me have the key, sir."

"Do let me, sir." "You never let me, sir—dashed unfair!"

When someone had secured the key, he would fling wide the door. And though to usher in all the kings of Asia, but promptly spoli the courtly action by racing after the door, he banged against the wall, holding it in an iron grip like a runaway horse, and parting horribly at the strain. This morning I was honored with the key. I examined it and saw that it was stuffed up with dirt and there would be some delay outside the classroom door while the key underwent alterations and repairs.

"Has any boy," I asked, "a pin?"

"None had," but Pennybet offered to go to Bramhall House in search of one. He could do it in twenty minutes, he said.

"Dear me, how annoying!" I shook the key, I hammered it, I blew down it till it gave forth a shrill whistle, and Penny said: "Off side." And then I giggled into the key.

Don't think Mr. Caesar tolerated all this without a mild protest. I distinctly remember his saying in his silvery voice: "Give it to me, Ray. I'll do it," and my replying as I looked up into his delicate eyes: "No, it's all right, sir. You leave it to me, sir."

When I did so, I threw open the door with a triumphant "There!" The door hit the side-wall with a bang that upset the nervous systems of neighboring boys, who let a little faint, had hysterics, and recovered. Mr.

pursued with brutal humor: "Well, there's nothing like suffering together to cement a friendship. Doe, put out your knuckles. Radley was ever a man of surprises. This was the first time he had invited the use of our knuckles for his punitive practices. Doe proffered four of those or the back of his narrow, cream-colored right hand. He did it readily enough, but trembled a little, and the blush that had disappeared returned at a rush, to his neck. Radley took his ruler, and struck the knuckles with a very sharp rap. Doe's lips snapped together and remained together—and that was all."

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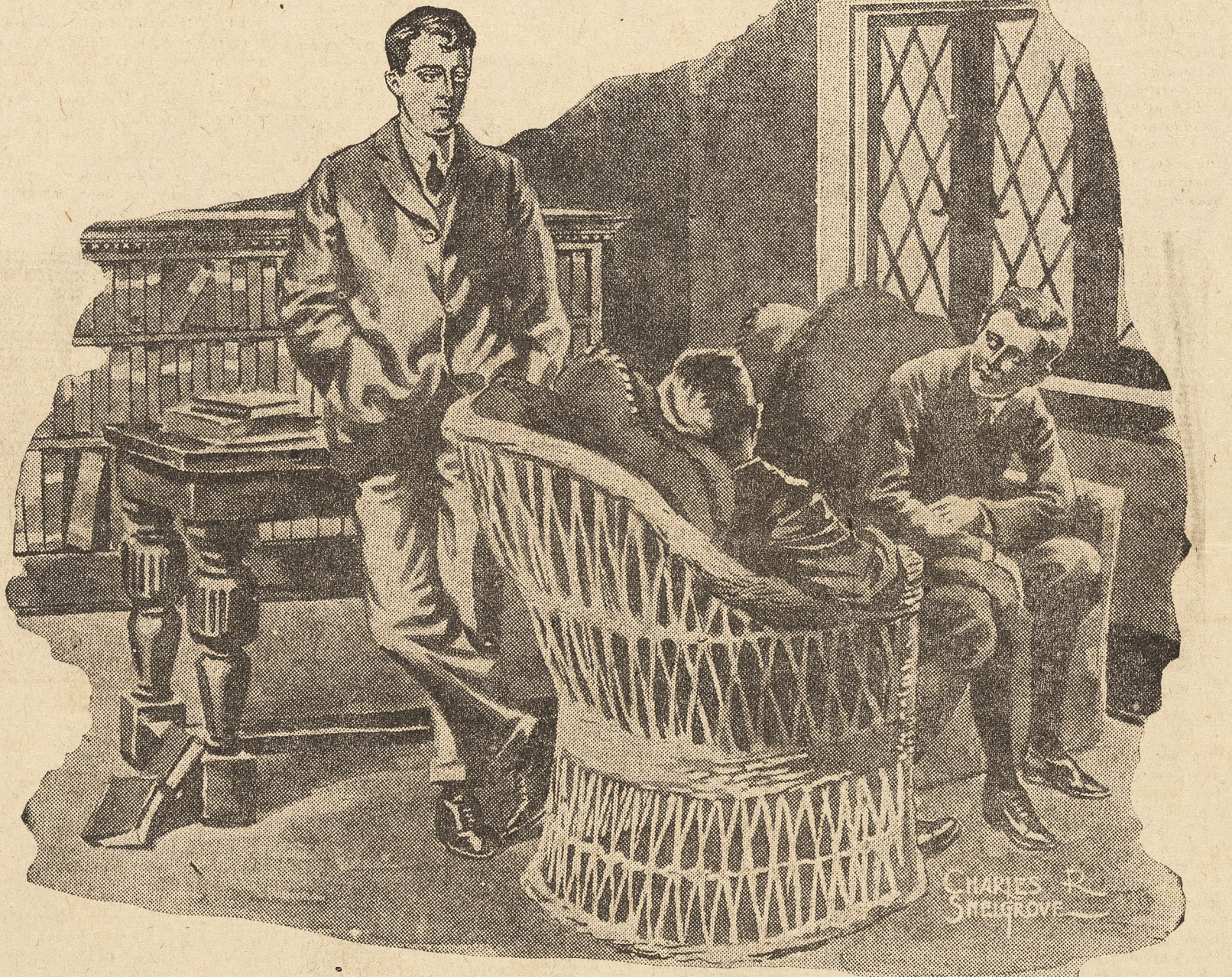
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"I'm the best looking person in this room," said Archibald Pennybet.

"Oh! Ah! An hour's sweat with Radley. Oh, hang! Blow! Damn!"

He stood up, stretched himself, yawned, apologized, got his books, and occasionally tossed a remark to me, as if he were quite unaware that I was not only trying to sulk, but also badly wanted him to know it. As I looked for my books, I sought for the rudest and most painful insult I could offer him. My duty to Doe demanded that it should be something quite uncommon. And from a really fine selection I had just chosen: "You're the biggest liar I've ever met, and, for all I know, you're as big a thief," when I turned round and found he was gone. Pennybet always left the field as his master.

II.

WITHIN Radley's spacious classroom, some twenty of us took our way to our desks. Radley mounted his low platform, and, resting his knuckles on his writing-table, gazed down upon us. He was a man of over six feet, with the shoulders, chest, and waist of a forcing batsman. His neck, perhaps, was a little too big, the fault of a powerful frame; and the wrist that came below his cuff was such that it made us wonder what was the size of his forearm. His mouth was hard, and set above a squaring chin, so that you thought him relentless, till his grey eyes shook your judgment.

"Let me see," he said, as he stood, looking down upon us, "you should come to me for both period this morning. Well, I shall probably be away all the second period. You will come to this, class-room as usual, and Herr Reinhardt will take you in French."

"Oh, joy!" I muttered. Boys whom Radley could not get to flipper their fingers to express delight. Others lifted up the lids of their desks, and behind these screens went through a pantomime that suggested pleasure at good news. The fact was that the

talk it over, but don't tell anyone. Yours Edgar Gray Doe." That was the last sentence destined to be written on this human document, for Radley, without looking up from the exercise he was correcting, said quietly:

"In the space of the last five minutes Doe has twice corresponded with Ray, and Ray has twice replied to Doe. Now both Ray and Doe will come up here with the letters."

To the accompaniment of a titter or two, Ray and Doe came up, I trying to look defiantly indignant, to the fact that he was going to read my silly remarks, and Doe with his lips firmly together, and his hair the fairer for the blush upon his forehead and cheeks.

Radley left us standing by his desk, while at his leisure he finished his correcting; then, still without looking up, he bared:

"Hand over the letters."

A little doggedly I passed over the single sheet of paper feeling some absurd satisfaction that, since he evidently thought there were several sheets involved, his uncomprehending knowledge was at least wrong in one particular. Doe, on my right hand, turned redder and redder to see the paper going beneath the master's eye, and made a few nervous grimaces. Radley read the correspondence pitilessly, and with his hard mouth unrelaxed, turned first on Doe, as though sizing him up, and then on me.

He stared at my face till I felt fifty, and my mind, which always in moments of excitement ran down most ridiculous avenues, framed the sentence: "Don't stare, because it's rude," at which involuntary thought I scarcely restrained a nervous titter. After this critical inspection, Radley murmured:

"Yes, talk your quarrel over to me, and I, wondered if Radley was a decent chap."

As he said this, Doe edged closer to me, and I, wondering if Radley was a decent chap, said:

"But why do you sign yourself 'S Ray'?"

Now my blush outlasted anything Doe had yet produced, and I looked in dumb confusion towards my friend. Radley refrained from forcing the question, but

"Go to your seats, both of you."

Back we walked abreast to our places. Doe palpably annoyed that he had not been the one to pick up the ruler. He was a romantic youth and would have liked to occupy my picturesque and rather heroic position.

"Why didn't you let me pick up the ruler?" he whispered. "You knew I wanted to."

This utterly senseless remark I had no opportunity of answering, so I determined to sulk with Doe, as soon as the interval should arrive. When, however, the bell rang for that ten-minute's excitement, I forgot everything in the glee of thinking that the second period would be spent with Herr Reinhardt. Ten minutes to go, and then—and then, Mr. Caesar!

III.

IN THE long corridor, on to which Radley's classroom opened, gathered our elated form, awaiting the arrival of Herr Reinhardt. He was late. He always was: and it was a mistake to be so, for it gave us the opportunity, when he drew near, of asking one another the time in French: "Kell er eight el? Onze er ay dammy. Wee, wee."

Caesar Reinhardt, the German, remains upon my mind chiefly as being utterly unlike a German: he was a long man, very deaf, with drooping English moustaches, and such obviously weak eyes that now, whenever Leah's little eye-trouble is read in Genesis, I always think of Reinhardt. But I think of him as "Mr. Caesar." Why "Mr. Caesar" and not purely "Caesar" I cannot explain, but the "Mr." was inseparable from the nickname. Good Mr. Caesar was misplaced in his profession. Had he not been obliged to spend his working life in the position of one who has just been made to look a fool, he would have been an attractive and lovable person. He had the most beautiful tenor voice, which, when he spoke was like

liquid silver, and, when he sang elaborate opera passages, made one see glorious wrought-steel gateways of heavenly palaces. This inefficient master owed his position to the great vogue enjoyed by his books: "Reinhardt's German Conversation," "Reinhardt's French Pieces," and others. But the boys, by common consent, decided not to identify this "Caesar Reinhardt, Modern Language Master at Kensington School" with their own dear Mr. Caesar. Thus, you see, in their ignorance, they were able to bring up the Reinhardt works to Mr. Caesar, and say with worried brows:

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"Let's all hum 'God Save the King,' exactly at twelve o'clock. Mr. Caesar won't hear; he's too deaf."

Immediately several boys started to sing the popular air

Mostly About People Worth Knowing

Thankless Task of Kyte, M.P. Chief Whip of King's Minority

By GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER.

POSSIBLY the Witanagemot had a whip to see that all the wise men of the ancient Saxon kingdom of Britain were in their places under the trees when good King Alfred desired their counsel. It is commonly acknowledged that poverty and adversity develop the strongest characters, so it remained for the weakest government since Confederation to bring forth the strongest whip.

George W. Kyte is the man who has performed the miracles of providing majorities ranging from seventeen to eighty-three for the King Government, which has a minority number of seats in the House of Commons. The term "Whip" is abbreviated from "whipper-in" of the Hunt. In England, the Government Whip is the patronage secretary of the treasury. He disposes of the patronage to the best advantage of his party. His salary in England is \$10,000 per annum. How different is his position in Canada! There is no more onerous position within the gift of the party, yet not one cent of salary is attached to it. The only emolument of the job is a small suite of offices and the services of a private secretary. And worst of all, there is no patronage trough, owing to our water-tight Civil Service Commission, appointed by the late Borden Government in the flush of success.

The Whip is the medium of communication between the Prime Minister and the members who support him. It is Mr. Kyte's function to keep his fingers on the pulse of the members and to note any disposition not to vote with the government.

When a vote is coming on in the Green Chamber it is Mr. Kyte's duty to see that every member is in his place or is paired with a Conservative. While there was not a real desire on the part of either the followers of Mr. Meighen or Mr. Crerar to defeat the Government at its first session, yet the slightest carelessness on the part of the Chief Government Whip would have resulted that way, and the country would have been plunged into the throes of a general election.

Ever since Confederation, the Government of the day enjoyed a comfortable working majority. Those pleasant and agreeable days have vanished with the coming of the Farmer group. There have been at least two occasions during the first session of the Fourteenth Parliament when the King Government could have been killed outright if a less efficient Whip had been in the saddle.

The vote on the Budget was a most dramatic event as it loomed on the horizon. The Conservatives stated in advance, that they would vote solidly against it, and, as usual, they were true to their promise. One commendable feature about Mr. Meighen's followers is the manner in which they make good on their leader's promise "not to wobble." The Progressives were reported to be opposed also. The air was electric. All waited for the possible crisis until one thirty a.m. Then came the division—and the King Government was sustained by a majority of eighteen. Some 103 Liberals were in their places and voted unanimously in favor of the Budget, the other seven were paired with Conservatives. Mr. Speaker does not vote, and that accounts for every supporter of the King Government. Nine Progressives and an Independent voted with the Government, thus piling up a respectable majority.

On a previous occasion during the recent session, when the motion of the Minister of Railways on the Crow's Nest Pass Railways Inquiry Board was under fire, the position of the Government appeared to be precarious. But Mr. Kyte came to the rescue with every Liberal vote either in his place or paired with a Conservative.

It is Mr. Kyte in consultation with the Prime Minister who drafts the routine of the House, as to motions, and the order of business generally. He advises the best time to bring on government measures and judges of the most opportune moment for debates on matters of Government policy.

To be a successful Government Whip, the incumbent of the office must be respected by his fellow-members and popular with them. Possessed of organizing ability in marked degree, Mr. Kyte measures up to the most searching requirements of his position. He was born in St. Peters, Nova Scotia, fifty-eight years ago, and has been a successful lawyer. Barristers in that province are always interested in politics and it was natural that Mr. Kyte should win



GEO. W. KYTE, M.P.

a seat in the Federal House in 1908. He resigned his position as Chief Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of his native province, in order to run for Parliament. In 1909, he was appointed Liberal Whip of the Nova Scotia contingent. A year later he acted as Chief Whip for the Liberal party during Senator Pardee's absence from Ottawa. That was his preparatory course for his present task. Mr. Kyte made a speech during the war that was heard in all parts of Canada. Every one remembers the Kyte charges concerning J. W. Allison. The overseas vote beat Mr. Kyte in 1917. The reward of a faithful, efficient Government Whip is usually a judgeship, senatorship or a Cabinet position. There are all sorts of precedents to cite for the belief that Mr. Kyte will get one of these honors. Sir George Perley went to London as High Commissioner, John Stanfield and Fred Pardee were translated to the Senate and Hon. James Robb, Mr. Kyte's immediate predecessor in office, is now Minister of Trade and Commerce.

New Dean of York Looks Like Wolsey

Dr. Norris Has Served The North Country Well

BEHOLD the Dean of York, in garb seen oftener around York Minister than by the mere denizens of parts south of the Humber. The right hand man of the Primate of England has much business in his own precincts, and it is seldom that a London photographer has the opportunity grasped in our portrait to capture his strong and clear-cut features. The Very Rev. William Foxley Norris, Dean of York, resembles Wolsey of the clothing advertisements if not the Cardinal Wolsey of history. The broad brow, the strong nose, the wide mouth and the strong chin are all like those of the prince of the church who was also more than a prince of the state in the days of Henry Tudor. In character the resemblance amounts to a like capacity for administration.

Dean Norris has spent most of his life in the service of the church in the jurisdiction of the archbishops of York, in parish work, in teaching, in convocation, in chaplaincies and canopies. Throughout all the broad shire he is known and respected. When not on duty he is fishing or painting, with perhaps a trip to London betimes, and an occasional appearance at the King's levee in all his robes. But Almondbury, Barnsley, Bradford, Halifax and Silkstone know him better than Buckingham Palace.

The "tykes" are such a doughty race that leadership must be tactful as well as strong and in Archbishop Lang, son of the manse, and Dean Norris, son of the rectory, they find their match.



THE DEAN OF YORK.

PITY THE FAT MEN.

It is recalled in London that the bulk and weight of ex-President Taft were paralleled in Australia in the person of the late Sir George Reid. "Those of us," he once said in a speech, "who kept the Free Trade flag flying are growing fewer and fewer, and what will happen when I'm gone?"

A voice in the audience supplied the answer: "Then the fat'll be in the fire."

Mrs. Snowden May Join High Society

That Is, If Labor Forms a Ministry In Old Country.

IF LABOR forms a ministry Mrs. Philip Snowden will be in one of the prominent sets in Imperial society. Her husband would be in the cabinet and she would probably be in the House of Commons, that is if Labor ever forms a ministry.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Snowden is a possibility as a candidate of her party for the House. She has been a leader of the Labor Party and close to its inner councils, in her own right and by reason of marriage ties and personal acquaintanceships, for many years. She has written and spoken much, and is a great suffragist, so her qualifications are not to be despised.

If women are at all grateful for the vote, they ought to elect those champions of their cause who, in season and out of season (a la



MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Pankhurst), demand the franchise for the sex. Of these Mrs. Snowden was one. Twelve years ago she was already prominent enough to tour this continent urging "Votes for Women." It is not felt that she has any scruples or qualms against serving her country and her party at Westminster.

Mrs. Snowden knows the parliamentary game well, for her husband was Socialist M. P. for Blackburn from 1906 to 1918, falling by the wayside when Lloyd George announced that he was going to hang the Kaiser, and on that cry won the general election. But L. G. need never fear that the Snowdens will ever denounce the Prime Minister for failing to keep his pledges, for they are strong Socialists and known not to worry much about monarchs. In 1920 Mrs. Snowden toured Russia as the guest of the Bolsheviks, and wrote a volume on her experiences and observations. The next year she toured and wrote on disturbed Central Europe. Now she is supposed to be dipping her pen in gall to write about the French and others at Genoa.

CHARITY HOSTESS A SOCIAL SUCCESS

STUDENTS of physiognomy might read success in the face of Lady Worthington-Evans, wife of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Britain's war secretary. Indeed, success in politics and society have come her way and not without her own able efforts. Her husband has had a rapid rise to Cabinet rank in the Lloyd George Government and she has become noted as an organizer of charity balls that succeed.

After her recent success in the Mi Careme Carnival ball, declared one of the most successful in the history of this affair, Lady Worthington-Evans turned to organize a second charity ball, which, like the earlier one, is for the benefit of "Our Dumb Friends' League."

For his war services Sir Laming was made baronet in 1916, and commenced in that year a notable effort as parliamentary secretary to the Minister of Munitions. He is a Londoner by birth. Lady Worthington-Evans was born Gertrude Hale, a commoner's daughter, and she may be a peeress yet.



After a romance which started sixty-five years ago, James Beach (80) and Aunt Myra Green (77) startled the little hamlet of Hanover, N.J., by eloping. Their early romance was sidetracked when Mr. Beach went West to seek his fortune. Nothing was heard from him, but Myra Green waited. Finally came news that he had been married, but still she waited. And finally he came back to marry her.

Tom Sawyer's Friend "Becky" Still Lives in Old Home Town

HOSTS of admirers of Tom Sawyer and his associates in the Sunday World comic pages, will rejoice that from Hannibal, Missouri, old home of Mark Twain, comes the news that Becky Thatcher, known to thousands of readers as the little school-girl in the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, is a real person, and is living to-day.

She is Mrs. Laura Frazier, eighty-six years old, and is matron of the Home for the Friendless in Hannibal. It is said that Mrs. Frazier knows more about Mark Twain's youth than any other living person.

"Mark and I started going to school the same year," she says. "He was seven and I was six. Our houses were across the street from each other, right here in Hannibal. Mark had long, golden curls hanging over his shoulders. He

used to carry my books to school every morning and carry them home in the afternoon. And he'd treat me to apples and oranges and divide his candy with me.

"In the Winter, Mark spent most of his time on the ice. I couldn't skate, but he always arranged for me to go along. He used to push me along the ice on a split-bottom chair. He was a fine skater, too—in fact, he was good of anything he undertook.

"The first time I ever saw Mark was on a hot Summer day. He came out of his house and started showing off, turning hand-springs and cutting capers. His heel hit me and I was thrown to the ground and knocked unconscious. I recall hearing the children tell about how scared Mark was."

Mrs. Frazier passed a week at Mark Twain's home at Stormfield, Connecticut, in 1908.

Lyautey Respected and Hated England

French Marshal Writes Very Bluntly In His Letters.

JUST what a really great Frenchman thought of England in the days of their estrangement comes to light very vividly in the letters of Marshal Lyautey concerning his experiences in the Orient and Africa. The period was that of the Fashoda affair when both English and French looked askance at the other's claims upon time East. And, of course, the Napoleonic and Revolutionary bogey remained in the English mind and the greedy and perfidious Albion tradition was in the back of every Frenchman's head.

Lyautey apologizes in his preface to English readers for what here and there may appear hostility to the Empire's work in the East. The letters were written by the then Major Lyautey to his family, were not intended for the publication now given them and are naturally very frank. Lyautey indulged his feelings of annoyance that everywhere in his journeys through Egypt on his way to Tonkin and Madagascar he saw the British uniform and the British flag. The redcoats and pith helmets and Union Jacks were enough to make any patriotic Frenchman of the period bristle, much more a major of twenty years' service in the militarizing influence of a republican army.

On the other hand, when the worst was all said, there was plenty on the other side. His admiration, however, for the order and contentment produced by British rule, and his delight in the non-military character of so many of the British ways entirely counteract the adverse comments. It is enough to say that when Lyautey joined the staff of Gallieni in Tonkin, or French Indo-China, he furthered the adoption of similar methods.



LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS.

AT LAST THEY ELOPE.

THRIFTY MILL GIRL.

A YOUNG woman worker in a Yorkshire mill, Miss Elizabeth Brook, has just returned to Wooddale, near Huddersfield, after a twelve months' foreign tour, which she paid for out of her savings. Although Miss Brook's earnings were only about £2 a week, she saved enough money to visit Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, Egypt, and Italy. She has now restarted work at a mill.

"Political" Judges Are Under Scrutiny

Sir Rigby Swift Is One Of Lloyd George's Old M. P.'s.

AMONG those who retain the politician's smile within the judge's wig there is none more celebrated than Hon. Sir Rigby Philip Watson Swift, judge of the King's Bench division of the High Court of Justice since 1920, son of a lawyer, himself a barrister, husband of a shipowner's daughter, bencher of Lincoln's Inn, recorder of Wigan, and former member of the House of Commons for his native St. Helens.

Not only titles but judgeships have come under scrutiny in England of late. The bestowals of emine as well as of letters patent are said to have been tinged with politics. Lloyd George, of course, is said to be the slippery person who has widened the domain of the great god Patronage. If so, he has not been careful to play the good Liberal, for Justice



SIR RIGBY SWIFT.

Swift is (or rather Sir Rigby Swift was) a Conservative. As a member of that party he sat at Westminster from 1910 to 1918, but it must be admitted that he was a very good supporter of the Coalition and of Lloyd George.

Now, however, this eminent lawyer and debater has left the hurly-burly and looks quite mediaeval with three-cornered hat and full judicial regalia. Born in 1874, he is comparatively young for such honors. He was graduated a bachelor of laws by London University and was called to the bar as long ago as 1895. For many years he rode the northern circuit and then commenced his judicial experience as recorder of Wigan seven years ago, so that by this time the political taint should have left his person.

Aged Pair Motor From Far Oregon

Visit Old Ontario Home Traveling In New Style.

By V. D. ROWELL. SEVENTY-THREE and seventy years old respectively, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Shaw, travelled 3,020 miles by automobile from Albany, Oregon, to revisit Mr. Shaw's old home in West Missouri township, Ontario, making the trip half way across the continent in just 19 days.

They arrived in London on the 49th anniversary day of their wedding and spent some time visiting the few old friends who have remained east throughout the 46 years since Mr. and Mrs. Shaw took up their residence on the Pacific Coast, where Mr. Shaw engaged in the lumber trade.

Camping equipment enabled them to eat and sleep in their car, hotel and railroad time-tables troubling them never once during the long journey. Only a single puncture and a 15-minute shower marred to any degree the pleasure of their trip.

After a few days spent at Thamesford, Ont., with relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw will start back for Albany, Ore., in the car which Mr. Shaw has driven 55,000 miles during the five years he has had it.

Lloyd George and Rothschild May Be United in Matrimony



LADY MYRA WILD.

Lady Wild Ambitious For Gifted Husband

While Judge Climbs in Alps, She Climbs in Society.

LADY MYRA WILD, is the wife of Sir Ernest Edward Wild, one of Britain's newest judges, and a daughter of the late William Barnard, J.P., Great Yarmouth. She is now in the swim of London society, having left her husband in Switzerland in order to return to her social duties. Sir Ernest is poet and alpinist as well as one very learned in the law. This Summer he is spending in mountain climbing among the Swiss Alps, but has found time to write some poems. These Lady Wild has brought back with her and is taking them to the publishers.

Sir Ernest is very modest; for example, he calls his mountain climbing merely "scrambling among the Alps," and his poems would scarcely see the light of day were it not for the confidence and devotion of his wife. Already at her suggestion and with her encouragement he has published numerous articles and poems, besides lectures on Spenser's Faerie Queene, Books I and II. That is not so bad for one who has been an inspector of police, a crown prosecutor and recorder of the City of London. And it indicates that his wife's ambitions are many-sided.

From Telegraph Boy to Chief Engineer

TO rise from telegraph boy to Chief Engineer at the Post Office is an achievement that has only been accomplished by one man. That man is Sir William Notle, who has just retired after a career that is more thrilling than any story in fiction.

When he was sixteen he became a telegraph boy at eleven shillings a week in Aberdeen. For the next sixteen years he worked hard all day and studied hard most of the night, gradually improving his position. He never took as much as an afternoon's holiday, but put in fourteen hours' work every day of the week all the year round. Then his great chance came. He was sent to London, and finally, after holding every position on the engineering side of the Post Office, reached the top and became Chief Engineer.

To Sir William is due the credit for installing the Post Office telephone system in London at the beginning of this century. It is the only part of his life, he says, that he would not willingly have over again.



LORD HEWART.

THE younger daughter of the house of David Lloyd George may be united in marriage to the heir of the ancient Jewish house of Sassoon, according to London rumor. Two more magnetic personalities it would be difficult to imagine than Miss Megan Lloyd George and Sir Philip Sassoon. The latter has been the magnet for many of the pounds sterling of the world, and, in addition to his immense inheritances of wealth, has made much money. He has been very close to the Prime Minister, perhaps closer of recent years than even Lord Reading or Sir Herbert Samuel. So fond, indeed, does the little Welshman seem to be of Jewish brilliance that the exponents of the Anglo-Israel theory of historic interpretation are said to rely on this David as their chief stock-in-trade.

The Sassoons are, of course, the representatives of great financial interests and of recent years Lloyd George sees more virtue in wealth than he did in the old Limehouse days. Sir Philip Albert Gustave David Sassoon is a grandson of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, and may be taken as the permanent Rothschild ambassador to the Court of St. James and to No. 10 Downing Street. He is the owner of Lympe, which was recently a centre of international statecraft. It may be presumed that when Lloyd George and Brand met there, nothing contrary to the sentiments of their hosts was perpetrated, the Palestine mandate was left secure and international



SIR PHILIP SASSOON.

banking interests were not prejudiced.

Miss Megan also has a great charm for the Welsh Titan, for in most of his recent intimate photographs she is as essential a figure as his cigar or his grate fire. Perched on the arm of his chair she is petite and attractive, to say the least. It is said that she has much of her father's personal magnetism and charm as a conversationalist. The "Gentleman with a Duster" in his Mirrors of Downing Street snorts angrily at Lloyd George for preferring her to divines, statesmen and noble lords.

If Sir Philip wins Megan, his standing with David seems assured, although the greatest of politicians has been known to shed a friend or two in passing. He is already parliamentary secretary to the premier. As son-in-law he would have little to learn of the way to the great man's heart. If he failed to persuade Lloyd George of the wisdom of any great move of the Rothschilds, then perhaps his wife could again assume the role of daughter and confidante for an evening, light his cigar and fondle his mane, and once again the Rothschild empire would be safe.

These are fascinating possibilities, and no wonder London gossips are intrigued by their very discussion. Megan, from being a commoner, would become the baronet's lady and as rich as even the Countess of Rockavase, Sir Philip's beautiful sister. No wonder all the dowagers have their knives whetted for her already, for Sir Philip is one of the finest catches in all England.

HOW TO BE FAMED FIVE YEARS SOONER

THE Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart, started his career as a journalist in the Press Gallery at the House of Commons. At a dinner which was given to him the other evening he spoke of his reporting days as the happiest of his life.

At the same dinner the Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead, said that he was quite sure that if he had been a member of the Press Gallery he would have reached his present position at least five years before he did.

THIS IS ONE OF THE FAMOUS "O'BRIEN'S BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE YEAR"

OUT OF EXILE (In Two Parts) ---Part I. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrated by
HERBERT MATHIEU

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AMONG all the memories of my boyhood in Urkey Island the story of Mary Matheson and the Blake boys comes back to me now, more than any other, with the sense of a thing seen in a glass darkly. And the darkness of the glass was my own adolescence.

I know that now, and I'm sorry, I'm ashamed to find myself suspecting that half of Mary Matheson's mature beauty in my eyes may have been romance, and half the romance mystery, and half of that the unsettling discovery that the other sex does not fade at seventeen and wither quite away at twenty, as has been taken somehow for granted. I'm glad there is no possibility of meeting her again as she was at thirty, and so making sure. I shall wish to remember her as the boy of sixteen saw her that night waiting in the dunes above the wreck of the "Indian Ship," with Rolldown Nickerson bleating as he fled from the small, queer casket of polished wood he had flung on the sand, and the bridegroom, peering out of the church window, over the moors in Urkey Village.

The thing began when I was too young to make much of it yet, a wonder of less than seven days among all the other bright, fragmentary wonders of a boy's life at six. Mainly I remember that Mary Matheson was a fool; every one in Urkey Village was saying that.

I can't tell how long the Blake boys had been courting her. I came too late to see anything but the climax of that unbrotherly tournament, and only by grace of the hundredth chance of luck did I witness even one act of that.

I was coming home on Autumn evening just at dusk, loitering up the cow street from the eastward where the big boys had been playing "Run, Sheep, Run," and I watching from the vantage of Aunt Dee Nickerson's henhouse and getting whacked when I told. And I had come almost to the turning into Drugstore Lane when the sound of a voice fetched me up, all eyes and ears, against the pickets of the Matheson place.

It was the voice of my cousin Duncan, the only father I ever knew. He was constable of Urkey Village, and there was something in the voice as I heard it in the yard that told you why.

"Drop it, Joshua! Drop it, or by heavens!"

Of Duncan I could see only the back, large and near. But the faces of the others were plain to my peep-hole between the pickets, or as plain as might be in the falling dusk. The sky overhead was still bright, but the blue shadow of the bluff lay all across that part of the town, and it deepened to a still bluer and cooler mystery under the apple tree canopy sheltering the door yard. I never see that light to this day, a high gloaming sifted through leaves on turf, without the faintest memory of a shiver. For that was the first I had even known of anger, the still and deadly anger of grown men.

My cousin had spoken to Joshua Blake, and I saw that Joshua held a pistol in his hand, the old, single-ball duelling weapon that had belonged to his father. His face was white, and the pallor seemed to refine still further the blade-like features of the Blake, the aquiline nose, the sloping, patrician forehead, the narrow lip, blue to the pressure of the teeth.

That was Joshua. Andrew, his brother, stood facing him three or four paces away. He was the younger of the two, the less favored, the more sensitive.

He had what no other Blake had, a suspicion of freckle on his high flat cheek. And he had what no one else in Urkey had then, a brace of gold teeth, the

second and third to the left in the upper jaw, where Lem White's boom had caught him, jibbing off the Head. They showed now as the slowly working lip revealed them, glimmering with a moist, dull sheen. He, too, was white.

His hands were empty, hanging down palms forward. But in his eyes there was no look of the defenseless; only a light of passionate contempt.

And between the two, and beyond them, as I looked, stood Mary, framed by the white pillars of the doorway, her hands at her throat and her long eyes dilated with a girl's fright more precious than exultation. So the three remained in tableau while, as if on another planet, the dusk deepened from moment to moment: Gramma Pilot, two yards away, brought supper to her squealing cow; and further off, out on the waning mirror of the harbor, a conch lowed faintly for some schooner's bait.

"Drop it, Joshua!" Duncan's voice came loud and clear.

And this time, following the hush, it seemed to exercise the devil of quietude. I heard Mary's breath between her lips, and saw Andrew wheel sharply to pick a scale from the tree-trunk with a thumb-nail. Joshua's eyes went down to the preposterous metal in his hand; he shivered slightly like a dreamer awakening and thrust it in his pocket. And then, seeing Duncan turning toward the fence and me, I took the better part of valor and ran, and saw no more.

THERE were serious men in town that night when it was known what a pass the thing had come to: men that walked and women that talked. It was all Mary's fault. Long ago she ought to have taken one of them and "sent the other packing." That's what Miah White said, sitting behind the stove in our kitchen over the shop; that's what Duncan thought as he paced back and forth, shaking his head. That's what they were all saying or thinking as they sat or wandered about.

Such are the difficulties of serious men. And even while it all went on, Mary Matheson had gone about her choosing in the way that seemed fit to youth. In the warm-lit publicity of Miss Alma Beedie's birthday party, shaking off so soon the memory of that brief glint of pistol play under the apple trees, she took a fantastic vow to marry the one that brought her the wedding ring—promised with her left hand on Miss Beedie's album and her right lifted toward the allegorical print of the Good Shepherd that the one who, first across the Sound to the jeweler's at Gillyport and back again, fetched her the golden ring—that he should be her husband "for better or for worse, till death us do part, and so forth and so on, Amen!"

And those who were there remembered afterwards that while Joshua stood his ground and laughed and clapped with the best of them, his brother Andrew left the house. They said his face was a sick white, and that he looked back at Mary for an instant from the doorway with a curious, hurt expression in his eyes, as if to say, "Is it only a game to you then? And if it's only a game, is it worth the candle?" They remembered it afterward, I say; long afterward.

They thought he had gone out for just a moment; that presently he would return to hold up his end of the gay challenge over the cakes and cordial. But to that party Andrew Blake never returned. Their first hint of what was afoot they had when Rolldown Nickerson, the beachcomber, came running in, shining with the wet of the Autumn gale that began that night. He wanted Joshua to look out for his brother. Being innocent of what had happened at the party, he thought Andrew had gone out of his head.

"Here I come onto him in the lee of White's wharf putting a compass into the old man's sail dory, and I says to him, 'What you up to, Andrew?' And he says with a kind of laugh, 'Oh, taking a little sail for other parts, says he—like that. Now, just imagine, Josh, with this here weather coming on—all hell busting loose to the north!'"

They say that there came a look into Joshua's eyes that night that none of them had ever seen before. He stood there for a moment, motionless and silent, and Rolldown deceived by his attitude, was at him again.

"You don't realize, man, or else you'd stop him!"

"Oh, I'll stop him!" It was hardly above a breath. I'll stop him! And throwing his great coat over his shoulders, Joshua went out.

You may believe that the house would not hold the party after that. Whispering, giggling, shivering, the young people

trooped down Heman street to the shore. And there, under the phantom light of a moon hidden by the drift of storm clouds, they found Andrew gone, and all they saw of Joshua was a shadow—a shadow in black frock clothes—wading away from them over the half-covered flats, deeper and deeper, to where the Adams sloop rode at her moorings, a shade falling in the wind. They called, but he did not answer, and before they could do anything he had the sail up, and he, too, was gone, into the black heart of the night.

IT IS lonesome in the dark for a boy of six when the floor heaves and the bed shivers and over his head the shingles make a sound in the wind like the souls of all the lost men in the world. The hours from two till dawn that night I spent under the table in the kitchen, where Miah White and brother Lem had come to talk with Duncan. And among the three of them, all they could say was "My heavens; My heavens!" I say till dawn; but our kitchen might have given on a

"I've got it!" he said, taking hold of her arm. Opening a blue hand he held it out in the light for her to see the ring that had bitten his palm with the grip. "See, I've got it, Mother Poll!" She says it was hardly more than a whisper, like a secret, and that there was a look in his eyes as if he had seen the Devil face to face.

She meant to run when he let her go, but when she saw him striding off toward Mary Matheson's her better wisdom prevailed; following along the lane and taking shelter behind Gramma Pilot's fence, she waited, watched, and listened, to the enduring gain of Urkey's sisterhood.

She used to tell it well, Mother Poll. Remembering her tale now, I think I can see the earth misting under the trees in the calm dawn, and hear Joshua's fist pounding, pounding, on the panels of the door.

IT MUST have been queer for Mother Poll. For while she heard that hollow pounding under the portico, like the pounding of a heart in some deep bosom of horror—all the while she could

that's love," he said. Then I'm going off somewhere and forget it, and never come back to Urkey any more."

The deadness went out of her voice, and it lifted to another note. "Joshua, he's got to come back, for I can't bear it. I gave you my word, and I'll marry you—when Andrew comes back to stand at the wedding. He's got to—got to!"

Mother Poll said that Joshua stared at her—simply stood there and stared up at her in the queer cold dawn, his mouth hanging open as if with a kind of horror. Sweat shone on his face. Turning away without a word by and by he laid an uncertain course for the gate, and leaving it open behind him went off through the vapors of the cow street to the east.

As they carried him along step by step, I think, the feet of the cheated gambler grew heavier and heavier, his shoulders collapsed, the head, with the memory in it he could never lose, hung down, and he received his soul.

IT IS impossible in so short a space to tell what the next ten years did to these two. It

Miah turned to the bottle as another man might to prayer.

"By the Lord!" he protested thickly, "something's got to be done!"

"Done? About what?" I remember my cousin peering curiously at him through the smoke and spatter of the sausage he was frying.

"About Josh, of course, and her. I tell you, Dunc, 'tain't right, and I'll not bear it. I'll not see Josh, same as I seen him this night, standing there in the dark of the outside beach and staring at the water like a sleep-walker, staring and staring as if he'd stare right through it and down to the bottom of the sea where his brother lay, and saying to himself, 'Who's to pay the bill? Who's to pay the bill? No, siree! You and I are young fellows, Dunc, but we ain't so young we can't remember them boys' father, and I guess he done a thing or two for us, eh?'"

"Yes," Duncan agreed calmly. "But what's to be done?"

"God knows! But look here, Dunc, you're constable, ain't you?"

Duncan smiled pityingly, as if to say, "Don't be an idiot, Miah."

"And if you're constable, and a

say that he knows Andrew went down! Or if any of you will tell me that Andrew's body ever came ashore on any of the islands or the main!"

It was quite absurd, of course, but none of them could answer that, none but Miah White, and he only when he had had a drop out of the bottle and perceived that it weighed not an ounce in either scale.

PICKED out so and written down, you would think this drama over-shadowed all my little world. Naturally it didn't. You must remember I was a boy, with a thousand other things to do and a million other things to think of, meals to eat, lessons to hate, stones to throw, apples to steal, fights to fight. I take my word that by the time I was nine or ten the whole tragic episode had gone out of my head. Meeting Mary Matheson on the street, where she came but rarely, she was precisely as mysterious and precisely as uninteresting as any other grown-up. And if I saw Joshua Blake (who, pulling himself by the bootstraps out of drink and despair, had gone into Mr. Dow's law office and grown as hard as nails)—if I saw him, I say, my only romantic thought of him was the fact that I had broken his woodshed window, and that, with an air of sinister sagacity, he had told several boys he knew who the culprit was. (A statement, by the way, which I believed horribly for upward of eighteen months).

I believe that we knew, in a dim sort of way, that the two were "engaged," just as we knew, vaguely, that they never got married. And that was the end of speculation. Having always been so, the phenomenon needed no more to be dwelt on than the fact that when the wind was in the east John Dyer thought he was Oliver Cromwell, or that Minister Malden did not live with his family.

John Dyer had been taken beyond the power of any planetary wind; Minister Malden (as I have told in another place) had gone back to live with his family; and I had been away to Highmarket Academy for two years, before I had sudden and moving reasons to take stock of that long-buried drama.

IT WAS three days after I had come home for the long vacation, and, being pretty well tired out with sniffing about the island like a cat returned to the old house, I sprawled at rest on the "Wreck of the Lillan" stone in the graveyard on Rigg's Dome.

It was then, as the dusk crept up from the shadow under the bluff, that I became aware of another presence among the grave-stones and turned my head to peer through the brambles that hedged the stone, thinking it might be one of the girls. It was only Mary Matheson. Vaguely disappointed, I should have returned my gaze to the sea and forgotten her had it not been for two things.

One of them was her attitude. That made me keep on looking at her, and so looking at her, and having come unwittingly to a most obscurely unsettled age, I made a discovery. This was that Mary Matheson, at the remote age of thirty, had a deeper and fuller beauty than had any of the girls for whose glances I brushed my hair wet and went to mid-week prayer-meeting.

I find it hard to convey the profound, revolutionary violence of this discovery. It is enough to say that, along with a sensation of pinkness, there came a feeling of obscure and unreasoning bitterness against the world.

MY EYES had her there, a figure faintly rose-colored against the deepening background of the sea. She stood erect and curiously still beside a grave, her hands clenched, her eyes narrowed. In Urkey they always put up a stone for a man lost at sea; very often they went further for the comfort of their souls and mound-

ed the outward likeness of an inland grave. Well, that was Andrew's stone and Andrew's grave. Some one in the Memorial Day procession last week had laid a wreath of lilacs under the stone. And now wandering alone, Mary Matheson had come upon it.

I saw her bend and with a fierce gesture catch up the symbol of death and fling it behind her on the grass. Afterward, as she stood there with her breast heaving and her lips moving as if with pain, I knew I should not be where I was, watching; I knew that no casual ears of mine should hear the cry that came out of her heart:

"No, No, No! They're still trying to kill him—still trying to kill him—all this time! But they shan't! They shan't!"

I tell you it shook me and it shunned me. I thought I ought to cough or scuff my feet or something, but it seemed too late for that. Moreover the play had taken another turn that made me forget the moralities, quite, and another actor had come quietly upon the scene.

I can't say whether Joshua, seeing Mary on her way to the Dome, had followed her, or whether he had been strolling that way on his own account. He was there, at all events, watching her from beyond the grave, his head slightly inclined, his hands clasped behind him, and his feet apart on the turf. The color of dusk lent a greenish cast to his bloodless face, and the night wind, coming up free over the naked curve of the Dome and flapping the long black tails of his coat, seemed but to accentuate the dead weight of his attitude.

When a minute had gone by I heard his dry voice.

"So, Mary, you're at it again?"

"But they shan't!" She seemed to take flame. "It's not right to Andrew nor me. They do it just to mock me, and I know it, and oh! I don't care, but they shan't, they shan't!"

"Mary," said Joshua, all the smoldering anger of the years coming in his voice, "Mary, I think it's time you stopped being a fool. We've all had enough of it, Mary. Andrew is dead."

SHE turned on him with a swift, ironical challenge.

"You say it now? You know now? Perhaps you've just made sure; perhaps you've seen his body washed up on one of the beaches—just to-day? Or then, why so tardy, Joshua? If you knew, why couldn't you say it in so many words ten years ago—five years ago? Why?"

"Because—"

"Yes," because? Because?" There was something incredibly ruthless, tiger-like, about this shadow-dwelling woman. "Say it now, Joshua; that you know of a certainty Andrew went down. I dare you again!"

Joshua said it.

"I know of a certainty Andrew went down that night."

"How do you know? Did you see him go down? Tell me that!"

For a moment, for more than a long moment, her question hung unanswered in the air. And as, straining forward, poised, vibrant, she watched him, she saw the hard, dry mask he had made for himself through those years grow flabby and white as dough; she saw the eyes widening and the lips going loose with the memory he had never uttered.

"Yes," he cried in a loud voice. "You bring me to it, do you?" The man was actually shaking. "Yes, then, I saw Andrew go down that night. I heard him call in the dark, I saw his face on the water, I saw his hand reaching up as the wave brought him by—reaching up to me. I could almost touch it—but not quite. If you knew what the sea was that night, and the wind; how lonely, how dark! God! And here I stand and say it out loud! I couldn't reach his hand—not quite. . . . I've told you now, Mary, what I swore I'd never tell. . . . Damn you!"

To be concluded next week.

Doctor Says Heat and Glare of Sun Weaken and Injure the Eyes

Tells How to Strengthen the Eyes and Protect them

Dr. Smith, a well known eye specialist, says that exposure to heat, sun-glare, smoke, dust or wind often weakens the eyes and causes eyestrain and wrinkles due to squinting. He tells how to avoid this and strengthen the eyes. Little steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

NOTE—Another prominent physician to whom the above was submitted, said: "Yes, Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. It is one of the very few preparations I feel confident can be kept on hand for regular use in every family." Bon-Opto is not a patent medicine or secret remedy. The formula is printed on every package. The manufacturer guarantees it to strengthen eyesight or refund the money. It is sold under guaranty by all druggists including G. Tamblin, Ltd., Toronto.



In his eyes there was no look of the defenceless, only a light of passionate contempt.

city airshaft for all the dawn we got.

It is hard to give any one who has lived always in the shelter of the land an idea of the day that followed, hour by waiting hour—how folks walked beaches and did not look at each other in passing, and how others, climbing the bluff to have a better sight of the waters beyond the Head, found themselves blinded by the smother at fifty yards and yet still continued to stare.

Of them all, that day, Mary Matheson was the only one who kept still. And she was as still as an image. Standing half-hidden in the untidy nook behind the grocery; she remained staring out through the harbor mist from dawn till another heavy night came down, and no one can say whether she would have gone home then had not the appalled widow, her mother, slipped down between the houses to take her.

She was at home, at any rate, when Joshua Blake came back.

After waiting and watching, no one saw him land on the battered, bleak beach, for it was in the dead hour of the morning; of the three persons who are said to have met him on his way to Mary's two were so tardy with their claims that a doubt has been cast on them. I do believe, though, that Mother Polly Freeman, the west-end mid-wife, saw him and spoke with him in the light thrown from the drugstore window (where, had I only known enough to be awake, I might have looked down on them from my bedroom and got some fame of my own.)

She says she thought at first he was a ghost come up from the bottom of the sea, with his clothes plastered thin to his body, weeds in his hair, and his face drawn and creased like fish-flesh taken too soon out of the pickle. Afterward, when he spoke, she thought he was crazy.

see Mary herself in an upper window—just her face resting on one cold, still forearm on the sill. And her eyes, Mother Poll says, were enough to make one pity her.

It was strange that she was so lazy, not to move or to speak in answer while the summons of the triumphant lover went on booming through the lower house. He must have wondered. Perhaps it was then that the first shadow of the ghost of doubt crept over him, or perhaps it was when, stepping out on the turf, he raised his eyes and discovered Mary's face in the open window.

He said nothing. But with a wide, uncontrolled gesture he held up the ring for her to see. After a moment she opened her lips.

"Where's Andrew?"

That seemed to be the last straw, a feverish anger laid hold of him. "Here's the ring! You see it! Damnation, Mary! You gave your word and I took it, and God knows what I've been through. Now come! Get your things on and bring your mother if you like—but to Minister Malden's you go with me now! You hear, Mary? I'll not wait!"

"Where's Andrew?"

"Andrew? Andrew? Why the devil do you keep on asking for Andrew? What's Andrew to you—now?"

"Where is he?"

"Mary, you're a fool!"

Her voice grew if anything more monotonous; his, higher and wilder.

"You're a fool," he cried again, "if you don't know where Andrew is."

"He's gone."

"Gone, yes! And how you can say it like that, so calm—God!"

"I knew he was going," she said. "He told Rolldown he was going to other parts. But I knew it before that—when he turned at the door and looked at me, Joshua. He said it as plain: 'I

would have been easier for Mary Matheson in a city, for in a city there is always the blankness of the crowd. In a village there is no such blessed thing as a stranger, the membership committee of the only club is the doctor and the midwife, and all the houses are made of glass.

In a city public opinion is mighty, but devious. In a village, especially in an island village, it is as direct and violent as any 'act of God' written down in a ship's insurance papers. A word carries far over the fences, and where it drops, like a swelling seed, a dozen words spring up.

"It's a shame, Milly, a living shame, as sure's you're alive."

"You never said truer, Belle. As if 'twas't enough she should send Andy to his death of drowning—"

"Well, I hope she's satisfied, what she's done for Joshua. I saw him to the postoffice last evening, and the hang-dog look of him—"

"Yes, I saw him, too. A man can't stand being made a fool of. . . ."

So, in the blue of a wash-day morning the words went winging back and forth between the blossoming lines. Or, in a winter dusk up to the westward, where old Mrs. Paine scuttled about under the mackerel twine of her chicken pen:

"Land alive, it's all very well to talk temperance, and I'm not denying it'd be a mercy for some folks—I ain't mentioning no names—not even Miah White's. But, land sakes, how you going to talk temperance to a man bereft and befuddled like Joshua Blake? Where's your rime-or-reason? Where's your argument?"

OR THERE came Miah White himself up our outside stair on the darkest evening of our Spring weather, and one glance at his crimson face was enough to tell what all the temperance they had preached to him had come to.

man owns a bill he won't pay, why then you've something to say in it, ain't I right? Well, here's a bill to pay, fair and square. All this wool she'd pull over our eyes about Andrew and the India ship—as if that made a mite of difference one way or the other! No, siree, Dunc, she give her word to take the man that fetched the ring—that man's Joshua—the bargain's filled on his side—and there you are. Now, you're constable. I take it right, Duncan, you should give that girl a piece of your mind; give her to understand that, India ship yes, India ship no, she's got a bill to pay and a man's soul to save from damnation everlasting."

ALL Duncan could do with him that night was to smile and shake his head, as much as to say, "You're a wild one, Miah, sure enough."

About Mary's sullen, stubborn belief in the "India ship," pretended or real as it may have been with her, but already growing legendary, I know only in the largest and mistiest way.

It is true there had been a ship that looked like an east-going clipper in our waters on that fateful night. Every one had seen it before dark came on, standing down from the north and laying a course to weather the Head if possible before the weather broke. It was Mary's claim that Andrew had pointed it out to her and spoken of it—in a strange way, a kind of a wistful way, she said. And later that night, what better for a man on the way to exile than a heaven-sent, outboard India ship, hope to under the lee of the Head.

Yes, yes, it was so—it must be so. And when they laughed at her in Urkey Village and winked sagely at her assumption of faith, then she asked them to tell her one thing: had any one's eyes seen Andrew's boat go down—actually.

"If Joshua will answer me, and

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Packaged to suit your needs
The Ten Water Package
Vest pocket size
The Thirty Water Package
Standard size
The One Hundred Fifty Water Package
The economy size

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EDITORIAL

PROHIBITING EVOLUTION

In search of a livelier Sabbath some Canadians have imported from the United States the practices of Sunday bathing, motoring, picnicking and excursions. But a much livelier Sunday could be obtained by imitating the religious controversies which have sprung up within the last year south of the line. In most of the Protestant denominations a party called the Fundamentalists is trying to drive Radicals out of the churches, while the Radicals reciprocate in kind. Let Canadians organize such parties and develop radiotelephony to a point where rival divines could dispute in the ether!

Who are the Fundamentalists? Well, William Jennings Bryan is one of their leaders. They are trying to ban the teaching of evolution and higher criticism in State universities and theological seminaries. In Kentucky they almost succeeded recently in abolishing evolution by act of legislature. What a reception they would give the teachings of Dr. Schofield, lately returned from Palestine, in regard to Bible miracles!

How did the Israelites get across the Red Sea? Why did the walls of Jericho fall down? Did the swine run down the steep place into the sea? Dr. Schofield explains these miracles. He finds that the Red Sea has frequently dried up when a strong east wind has blown. Similarly, landslides have blocked or could easily block the Jordan, so that the tribes could easily have crossed dry-shod. Then Dr. Schofield met Professor Sellin, who showed him the original walls of Jericho, only four feet thick and eight feet high, of earth. No wonder they fell outward into the ditch when the crowd on them got frightened and tried to run backwards at the unexpected shout and rush of Joshua's men. And Dr. Schofield has photographs of the steep place beside the sea where Jesus let the demon pass from the man to the herd of swine.

With such new materials the Fundamentalists could devise unheard of weapons for surprise assaults on the Radicals. Meanwhile those who prefer to live and let live, inside as well as outside, and in exclusive church might get trampled on by the ex-clusionists. And thus the calm of the Canadian churches could be changed into bustle and the preachers would be too busy with their civil strife to hurl anathemas at the Sunday motorists and excursionists.

SUCH IS FAME

So many people fear oblivion that it may be well to remind them once in a while of the terrors of fame. Many of us are forgotten by history. Many more are never even known to history. A few become, happily or unhappily, the "illustrations" of preachers and politicians. And those who are famed are forever subject to reevaluation.

Even Shakespeare has not been immune from the rhythmic wave of public opinion. Honored in his own age, he was forgotten in the next, revived a century ago and now is honored everywhere except on the stage.

Francis Bacon, Napoleon and Cromwell are subject to buffetings and venerations. The first Bonaparte, execrated by Englishmen in his own time, is now the subject of great English biographies; in France he is still a political issue and in Germany a veritable "Black Douglas."

The reputation of Francis Bacon became in time so tottery that one blast from Macaulay toppled him from the pedestal. Only this year is the Hon. Sir John A. Cockburn, M.D., K.C.M.G., rehabilitating Bacon as a great founder of empire. To him Britain owes her doctrine of naval supremacy, her enlightened colonial policy and the direct impetus which founded certain great colonies.

The writers of the Stuart Restoration were able to cover the great Oliver with the mire in which all things Puritan seemed for a century to have been buried, but Macaulay was able to exalt the Protector and in the Cromwell of Preston the late Colonel Roosevelt found the only rival to Napoleon as a military genius.

Just when Lincoln had become something more than a demigod in the Republic to the south of us, but not too far to the south, along comes one Johnstone, of Georgia, with a pamphlet charging that Lincoln began a civil war by an infamous plot. At once Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the Confederate general, rises chivalrously to denounce the Confederate Veterans' Reunion for endeavoring so to malign Lincoln, and insinuates that "the school book trust" is responsible.

As if 1922 had not seen other swings of the pendulum, Chamberlin, an American lawyer, publishes an exhaustive treatise which raises Queen Elizabeth to a splendid position, clearing her ruffles of all stain of immorality and impropriety.

War, politics and letters no reputations are secure, or forever insecure. George Eliot, despised by the generation subsequent to her own, has been vindicated by modern psychology and criticism. The giant Victorians had no sooner become history than they became anatomy, but judging by the fate of Shakespeare, Bacon and Elizabeth, even Browning and Tennyson may rise again.

AVALANCHES OF HATE

In the French Chamber the other day a member made the mistake of exhorting his fellow deputies to deal with Germany "in the spirit of Christ." The deputy's name is Marc Saugnier and he is now a marked man—a traitor. There are those who think he is mad.

Forgiveness and love toward the enemy were the unforfeitable words that he uttered. It was time to cease hating, he said. Men who like Rathenau wanted their fellow-Germans to "pay for the last twigs destroyed in France" were to be encouraged. Many were the sentiments he uttered along this line. And the Chamber became very angry. Although Saugnier is of the Right, the Clerical Right cursed him. Others mocked and some spit at him. Premier Poincaré also suggested that hatred should now be put aside, but one deputy cried out that hatred was a force. Except for Poincaré, Saugnier stood alone.

The mildest utterance concerning this man who invoked the principle of love was that he was not a practical politician. That true. To encourage the Rathenau and Harden becomes less practical every day, for the Germans appear to be sickening of the present regime. The more they cringe and whine, the harder the French menace them. If they go monarchist or Communist, it will simply mean that the blood and iron methods are to be tried again by Germany.

Germany and France have alternated in these roles of conqueror and conquered for so long that enmity rolls up like the avalanche that began as a snowball. Where hatred waxed worse and worse the Sermon on the Mount has no chance. Only splendid fools like Saugnier would invoke that doctrine or that Preacher. But the fact remains that sooner or later France and Germany will have to cease hating each other or both will be destroyed and the whole world imperilled.

THE MILL-RUN

BARNS AND SHADOWS.

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;

Mourn not your caprine comrades who must dwell—
Too strong to strive—
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The couch and the meek—
Who see the world's anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!—Ralph Chaplin.

YOUR FELLOW CITIZENS.

A club waiter who will never take a tip, no matter whether it is a dime or a dollar, and who if, you force a good cigar on him to-day, will offer you a better one to-morrow.

A knight, famous as a publicist, who never learned the difference between vice-regent and vice-gent.

The editor, for many years, of a great paper, who admitted his inability to distinguish between Herbert Spencer and John Ruskin.

A man living on — Street, who was invited by a friend to spend the evening with him in the absence of the friend's wife in the country, and who remained there a week, clad in pajamas, resisting all efforts to dislodge him, consuming in the course of the siege a case of Friend Wife's precious Gordon gin.

A woman who lives on Moscow Avenue, aged 30, who is the mother of ten children.

WE LIVE AND UNLEARN.

Travel is the great educator. The other day in the course of travelling to Allendale, we learned from an authority that P. G. Wodehouse is the greatest humorist of the day, and that a gentleman with a red moustache sitting in the rear of the car was "Red" Newman, of the "Dumbbells." Later we learned that the man was Mr. Henderson, or Tucker, or Davenport, or some name like that. Nevertheless it is our intention to run down the Wodehouse rumor.

LATER—We have read "Three Men and a Maid," by P. G. Wodehouse, or rather as much of it as we could, 92 pages to wit, and find it precisely the sort of book which we would imagine "Red" Newman writing.

Sportive husbands who exult when they send their wives away for a couple of weeks invariably overlook the fact that when a husband is away from his wife, the wife is away from her husband, says Simicke Snears.

WHEN WE LAUGHED.

We do not suppose we have any youthful readers, or we should ask them to tell us the jokes that amuse children nowadays, and we should bid them rejoice in them and tell them over and over again, because in after life they will never meet such noble jokes. Nor will they, as they grow older, be able to delight in the best of quips, cracks, or wheezes as those which beguile childhood and take the minds of the children off their parents, thus making it possible for two generations to exist contemporaneously.

It is not because of lost innocence that we regret the departure of our extreme youth; it is because of lost appetite. Our childish shouts of mirth and glee with which we were wont, all unconsciously to make the welkin ring, we have never been able to repeat, even after our understanding of the habits of welkin has been expanded by perhaps a ninth of an inch. With what gusto we recall the jokes of our childhood! Our feelings are almost like those of fellow citizens who remember the brass rail, the free lunch, the family entrance and the time when one called the ministering angel "George," or "Bob," or "Jerry" instead of the more formal and bloodless "waiter."

The best joke we ever heard, or remember having heard, was when we were about twelve years old and we conscientiously resist the temptation to say so were twelve months old. The joke was as follows:—A cousin who appeared then to be about 8 ft. high and 65 years old, but who was, as we have learned since, 5 ft. 8½, aged 19, told us that his brother desired to raise a moustache, and that he had given him this infallible recipe:—
Put some sugar on your lip, and when the hairs come out to this bait, have a loop of thread handy, throw it over them and hold them there.

Having set this down in all faithfulness we regard it once more with a feeling of nervousness. Spread out thus it does not appear to be the overwhelming joke we once knew.

The only other great joke of our childhood we remember crossed our path much later. It was, viz.:—A singer or speaker would be performing, and the humorist would appear behind and go through the motions of winding up something, with a gesture that probably gave Henry Ford his start in life.

We wonder if these jokes are still current with children, or if not, what inferior jokes have taken their place?

As the boat moved out of the slip we waved our handkerchief, not without some emphatic irony.

"The Chataqua salute," we explained with high intelligence.

"The letter killesh," said Grace.

With Mr. Christie we were walking along the street a few days ago when we noted three men standing near the car tracks, and making some measurements or calculations of the rails or the pavement, and entering appropriate notes in field-books.

"Wonder who they are?" we mused.

"Why," said Mr. Christie, "they look to me like those there Roads Scholars I've read about."

SLOGANS.

For a while back we have been a little suspicious of the Rotary Club. Rumors that it was cultivating a Moral Purpose were not reassuring, for they indicated that eventually it might bring about a sort of Church Union with the Salvation Army or the Y.M.C.A. For both of these organizations we have respect, but the influence of either would be as fatal to the Rotary Club as to the Albany Club. We had thought that if we had been a member of the Rotary Club, it would have been our duty to check its tendency toward uplift in so far as we were able.

It has now been made plain to us that as a good citizen our duty is to oppose the influence of the Rotary Club as balefully directed upon this city. A Rotarian has returned from a Western trip and emits a woeful wall to the effect that Toronto has no slogan. He was impressed by the slogan of Seattle, where at every turn the visitor saw or heard the words: "YOU'LL LOVE SEATTLE."

Toronto, he said, was in need of a similar cry, "one that would keep recurring to the minds of visitors and make them desirous of returning here again." We have a haunting fear that the Rotary Club may adopt the idea and commission George Wright, or Jules Brazil, to evolve the satisfactory Civic Shout.

This Main Street folly we must steadfastly oppose. Canadian towns have gone already indecently far in imitating what is peculiarly American and essentially cheap by evolving such aliases as "The Queen City," "The Ambitious City," "The Telephone City," "The Garden City" and so forth. The sort of town that welcomes these neat little flights of imagination is the sort of town that has its name displayed on whitewashed stones on the lawn at the railroad station, and that likes to see itself referred to in the weekly paper as "our busy little burg." If Toronto is that sort of town we want to move out of it; and if the Rotary Club tries to make it look that sort of town we want to see the Rotary Club move out, and establish itself at Clarkson or Pickering.

—J. V. M.



THE SUGAR BUSH

SOCIETY men in Paris have introduced the fashion of going without socks. Probably married men whose wives don't give a darn for them.

IT HAS been suggested that perhaps Miss MacPhail declined to take \$1,500 of her seasonal indemnity in order to start a fund to help stir up bashful bachelors.

"PAINT up for the old boys reunion," Windsor Star. Is this a hint to the girls, or a suggestion for an old time decoration of the town in red tints?

GLORIA SWANSON, movie star, is alleged to have received \$500 from her late step father in return for a kiss. If it lasted as long as the usual movie variety the rate of pay was about \$1 a minute.

No Dust on Them. "BILLY TAYLOR and a nice young lady were buggy riding through Lover's Lane last Friday and they didn't make the dust fly either."—Item in country weekly.

"LOCKJAW WEEK" is the latest fad in the States. A "Common Sense" week seems to be just as far away as ever.

AN INDIAN'S RETORT.

By W. B. The Indians took great pride in their bodies and physique as the following incident shows. During the Winter certain Indians wear no more garments than during the Summer and one particular intense Winter some white people visited an Indian encampment where they met a chief by the name of Black Crow. Pointing to the exposed portions of his anatomy, the visitors asked him if he was cold. He understood and pointing to her face asked if it was cold. "No," she replied, "it has become used to exposure, and can stand the cold." Then Black Crow quickly replied, "Me face all over."

"WHAT are the wild waves saying?" Probably on U. S. vessels, outside the three mile limit, "What's yours?"

THE announcement is made that the United States has enough coal to last one thousand years. This is a most comforting thought to the man who only has a lump in his throat as he thinks of the empty bin.

WORD comes from Hamilton of a dispute between a biscuit firm and the civic authorities. From all accounts the row seemed to be a regular cracker.

A FRENCH doctor says that sun spots have a personal effect upon man. Not nearly so much so, however, as when someone makes you feel like a two spot.

The Willy Muscovite. THEY'VE been sitting at the Hague, But results are rather vague, Except to know that Russia wants it all. She has lost both goods and pelf, Can't tell where she is herself Yet still is long on most consummate gall.

"WELL! Among all the happenings, Harris Chambers and Miss Sadie Squires, of Damascus, got married in our midst."—Arkansas paper. No wonder the editor felt disturbed about it.

"GERMANY BROKEN"—Head line. More probably bent—on mischief.

PROF. BERNHARD, the leading financial writer of Germany, says that what the mark needs now is stabilization. To the average onlooker the stab part seems to have been pretty well looked after already.

EXCITING melodrama has been barred in England. They will never, however, be able to stop the

HIS SHARE.

WILLIAM H. CRANE, the actor, who spends much of his time in California, was recently telling a party of Hollywood moving-picture people some anecdotes connected with old-time favorites of the stage.

"Joe Jefferson," said he, "never had but one person with him who did not reverence the man as they did the name. This individual, one Bagley by name, was the property man, and annoyed the great comedian with his unique familiarity. He called Mr. Jefferson 'Joey' during his entire thirty years' service."

"Just previous to an opening in one of the big cities, Mr. Jefferson discharged Bagley for humiliating him before a number of friends. Bagley got drunk right away, and that night paid his way into the gallery to see Mr. Jefferson present 'Rip Van Winkle.' The angry wife has driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when he turns and, with deep pathos in his voice, asks, 'Den haf I no interest in dis house?' It was deathly still, and the audience was half in tears when Bagley's cracked voice responded, 'Only eighty per cent. Joey—only eighty per cent.'—Everybody's Magazine.

tragedy of the broken clothes line containing the Monday morning wash.

Some Buns. "FEAR of the Australia's 12 inch buns kept the German Pacific fleet from launching any attack on Australian parts during the world war, according to experts."—New York Tribune.

Quite different from those other buns to be seen each day on the streets. They are intended to help draw the fire of male ratteries.

A SCIENTIST asserts that during the past seventeen years the earth's axis has moved five yards

towards another glacial period. All we have to say about the matter, these hot days, is that the movement isn't half fast enough.

"VACATION time dangerous." Head line. Does this refer to widows or flappers?

A MAN with a wooden leg escaped from a New York court. He did his bootlegging with the other one.

PREMIER DRURY says that the Senate is "Pathetic." The word is true enough in the sense that it contains a path which a whole lot of men are eager to tread.

EXPERIMENTS are now progressing calculated to make a hen lay 365 eggs a year. That's what might be termed an eggsactlying demand.

THEY are talking of a process to take nitrates from the air. A reduction in the night rates of the telephone company would be more to the purpose.

Suzanne, a Tennisman Ode. FOR net results, Give us Suzanne. She plants the ball, Where no one can. Return the sphere, And puts a ban On varied hopes, And every plan To circumvent Her dire intent. 'It's forty love,' A tennis term, Which tells the score And gives a squirm, To callorie Of Mallory.

Just one to love, For average man. Gee Whiz! Gadzooks! Give us Suzanne. DOUG.

BEAT IT! Policeman: Here! Here! Where did you get that rug from? Tramp: I didn't steal it. A lady up the street give it to me and told me to beat it.—Everybody's Magazine.

Yellow Journalism Of Earlier Canada

Scandal, Doggerel, War Rumors and Sporting News in 1802.

Poor Women! What Was then our lot? Submission, Truth and Duty; Our gifts were small, To balance all Some God invented beauty.

TAKEN from the Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser for Wednesday, May 19, 1802, this stanza indicates that even one hundred and twenty years ago the metropolitan press of our infant country was not without features.

Every newspaper to-day boasts "features"—not eyes or ears or Roman noses—but matter which is not news nor advertisements. And our American friends claim to have invented features less than twenty years ago. Not so. The yellowed and wrinkled copy of the ancient St. John newspaper, which The Sunday World has just seen, is the proof.

The Royal Gazette has everything—literary colyum, hints on etiquette, short story, "hot weather" yarn, Osgoode Hall notes, letters to the editor, sporting results, war rumors—everything that a modern newspaper should or should not have.

On March 27 Napoleon and England had signed a treaty at Amiens, and, if "the mast-ship of the Duke of Kent" had not sailed so soon, the loyal colonists of New Brunswick would have been able to celebrate the event on May 19. But, alas! on the day of publication the treaty was already seven weeks old and the future Dominion had no news of it.

So the Royal Gazette, printed and published by John Ryan, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, had everything but news. Its "special despatches" were merely reshaped articles from six weeks' old London newspapers, loaned the editor by a newly-arrived sea captain.

The "big smash" in local news for the day was made in an announcement that Mayor Campbell had fixed the price of bread at a two-pound six and a half ounce wheat loaf for sixpence, and a three-pound two ounce rye loaf for the same price. This story was neatly featured at the top of the first column on the first page, under the heading, "Assize of Bread."

On the front page were two columns of advertisements and two columns of London and Paris news, with one sporting paragraph, to the effect that "Mr. Jones' horse, Blood-hack, on Wednesday ran 20 miles within an hour at Newmarket." Which publication of racing information comes too early, however, for any but retroactive legislation by the Attorney-General of Ontario.

The Gazette's hot weather story reads as follows:

"In the County of Grenville, South Carolina, there is a couple by the name of Easily, still living, who have had thirty-two children! The most of them, however, died young."

It is headed "An Uncommon Fact."

Undoubtedly the heading is correct, but it has not one tithe of the sensationalism which is rampant in the little paragraph itself.

Perhaps the only features that most moderns would miss from the paper are editorials, comics and pictures. Perhaps editorials are scarcely lively enough in most periodicals of to-day to be called a feature, but the absence of comic drawings and portraits of premiers and bathing girls is something to be marveled at in so enterprising a Royal Gazette.

The "colyum" featured a hunting song of six stanzas by Bidbin and, as a concession to the groundlings, a song rendered by Jaqueline, in the new After-Piece called "Urania," from which the stanza at the head of the column was quoted. So it seems that the "stunt" of publishing popular songs was not invented in New York in the days of "The Merry Widow" and Irving Berlin.

"Avoid stories, unless short, pointed and quite a propos," is one of the "Hints on Conversation." Other features were: Fierce and truculent letters from "Citizen" and "A Friend of the Constitution"; a short story which was really a lively description of a drinking orgy in old London; legal notes which tell the sad story of a man who read novels to an innocent girl and got beaten up by her uncle; and a real estate advertisement for the proposed town of Digby, Nova Scotia, which, as a fairy tale, sets a fine standard for Western Canada.

Except that the letter "s" looks like "t" in some cases, and that the headings are little guide to the contents, the whole paper is readable and almost "snappy" enough to make the St. John dailies of 1922 look to their laurels.

The Secrets of Scotland Yard

by Sir Basil Thomson
Chief of the Yard since 1913.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE is much confused thinking about the ethics of spying on the movements of an enemy. The very word "spy" has acquired so ugly a significance that we prefer to disguise our own spies as "Intelligence" or "Secret Service Officers" and to regard them as necessary evils. But any Government that accepted the standards set up by certain censorious newspapers and declined to ask for an appropriation for secret service on the ground that it was dishonorable would be guilty of treason against its own countrymen. To be forewarned about the intentions of an enemy, whether external or internal, may save the lives and property of many hundreds. The cost of a good system of intelligence is like the premium paid for insurance against fire.

Whether an individual degrades himself by engaging in espionage depends on how and why he does it. If his motives are purely patriotic and he performs this dangerous duty at the risk of his life, without thought of personal gain; if in carrying out the duty he does not stoop to form friendships in order to betray them, but comes out with clean hands, what is there degrading in his service? But if he spies upon a nation with which his country is not at war, merely for the money he can make, and lives riotously, as nearly all such hirelings do, he should be treated like the vermin that he is.

Nevertheless, there is something pitiful even about such men when they have played their stake and lost and they feel the cold hand laid upon them and all their profitless debaucheries sour upon the palate. It is as if they ran unheeding round a corner and came suddenly upon Death standing in the path. Then all honor to them if they can meet it with a smile, for not all of us, feeling that cold breath on our cheek and the grip of the bony fingers closing on us, can be sure that we should pass through the ordeal with credit.

Beginning With the Worst.

During the first few days of the war I remember a staff officer remarking that we should repeat the experience of the Napoleonic wars: we should begin the war with the worst intelligence service in Europe and end with the best. I was inclined to think that he was right about the first part of his prediction, and I now think that he was right about the second. But then if he had gone on to say that the Germans started the war with the most elaborate Secret Service organization in Europe and ended it with the worst he would have been equally right.

I have already related how, at the vital moment of mobilization, the whole of the German organization in the United Kingdom was broken up; how it was possible for us to despatch our Expeditionary Force to France without the loss of a single man or a single horse and without the knowledge of the Germans.

It was of course not long before they attempted to make good. They had established espionage centres at Antwerp and Brussels, they had branch offices in connection with the German Consulate at Rotterdam. Unfortunately for them, there was great jealousy between the navy and the army, and each had been intrusted with a certain amount of Secret Service money on which they entered into a sort of civil war of competition.

Anything reported by a spy employed by the German naval authorities was at once ridiculed by the Military Intelligence, and vice versa. This keen competition made them a very easy prey. On one occasion an adventurous Englishman actually passed into Belgium to take service in one of these Intelligence Offices and came back with useful information.

They were prone also to engage quite unsuitable people; the sort of people who in war time at once become what the French call "agents doubles"; that is to say, they attempt to serve both sides, either with the object of obtaining double pay or of making their lives safe in the event

of detection. What these men do for a living in peace time is hard to guess. I can imagine them running cheap gambling halls, frequenting the docks to pick up some dishonest profit, resorting to a little blackmail and performing the humbler offices for the White Slave trafficker.

In war time you will find them swarming in every capital, for war is their brief Summer. The money they get by their complicated villainies is spent with both hands. They live like princes and dress like brokers' clerks. The Germans were so easy to manipulate that quite early in the war some of these men came over and offered their services to us. They felt sure that any story, however improbable, would be swallowed. Certainly the Germans got more interesting information from the "agents doubles" than they ever got from their own spies in England. Sometimes they acted upon it, and they paid quite liberally.

The Interview Chair.

There was in my office an armchair in which every spy, real or fancied, sat while he was accounting for his movements. It was realized during the first weeks of the war by the Judges and the law officers, as well as by the laity, that the ordinary criminal procedure was of no avail against spies. If no questions could be asked of a person under arrest how were you to piece together the documents in his possession—marked dictionaries, memoranda of addresses, code telegrams and the like? The only way and, to the innocent, the fairest way was to adopt something like the French criminal procedure. As I have said, there was never anything approaching what is called in America "the Third Degree."

The suspects were cautioned that they need not answer any questions, but that what they said might be used in evidence against them, a caution which almost invariably induced loquacity, and questions and answers were recorded in shorthand.

I suppose that on the average four persons a day sat in that chair throughout the war. At the least, nine out of every ten who might otherwise have been detained under suspicion for an indefinite period were entirely cleared by the examination. It used to be a joke among my staff that no single person, however angry he was when he came in, left the room without thanking me profusely, though one, and he was a Mexican, did afterward make a claim of £10,000 for moral and mental damages. One man was so grateful that he asked leave to make a contribution to the fund of the Police Orphanage. This I had not the face to allow, perhaps because his arrest had been the result of a mistake, and I felt that if money had to pass it should be going the other way.

Make the Suspect Look Up.

I made a discovery about that low arm chair. For some time I had noticed that whenever a particularly disconcerting question was put the suspect would raise himself by the arms to reply to it.

My assistant, in peace time an eminent K. C., suggested one day that I should sit in it and be interrogated by him. I felt at once an irresistible impulse to raise my face to the level of his. The fact is that if you want to get the truth out of a witness the worst way is to put him in a box above the level of the cross-examining counsel; if our law courts were intelligently constructed the cross-examiner should take his stand in a kind of elevator and be suddenly lifted to the proper position just before his cross-examination begins. Primitive races have found this out, for their chiefs stand erect while their inferiors squat on the ground when they are being questioned.

During the first few days of the war I detained a curious person who arrived in the country on an American passport in the name of Bridgman-Taylor, who claimed to be named von der Goltz and to be a major in the Mexican army. He was a typical international spy—mysterious, wheedling and apprehensive. He pretended to be eager to enter our service. I told him that we would make use of his services—as a prisoner of war in Brixton Prison.

It was not until early in 1916 that the capture of von Papen's cheque books disclosed his real activities. He had been engaged in the United States in sabotage and probably he had come to this country for the same purpose, but he took alarm, imagining that his every movement was being watched, and he came to us with offers of service to save his own skin.

When we found his name among the cheques, I sent for him from prison to ask him to explain. He then made a statement about his activities in America, which was considered so important that on March 18, 1916, he was sent over to the United States to give evi-

dence against two of the German Consuls, one of whom was Krupp's agent, for attempted outrage and breach of neutrality. The American Government was quite ready to send us back our prisoner at the end of the case, but I assured them that we were altruistic and had no desire to deprive them of so interesting a personality. Afterward he published in America his own version of his adventures.

Lody, the Patriotic Spy.

The first serious spy to be arrested was Lody. Carl Lody was a good example of the patriotic spy. He had been one of those Germans who had lived long enough in the United States to acquire what he believed to be fluent English with an American accent. He had held a commission in the German navy and was a reserve officer.

He then entered the employment of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line as a guide for tourists. In that capacity he had traveled all over England and had even attempted, though unsuccessfully, to obtain employment under Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son. A few days before August 4, 1914, Lody returned to Berlin from Norway and got into touch with the German Intelligence.

any ink, without any disguise. His information would have been of comparatively little value even if it had reached the Germans, which it did not. The only report that was allowed to go through was the famous story of the Russian troops passing through England.

Courageous to the Last.

From Dublin Lody traveled to Killarney, no doubt on his way to Queenstown, but on October 2 he was detained by the Royal Irish Constabulary to await the arrival of detectives from Scotland Yard. They found among his luggage the forged passport, about £175 in English notes and gold, a notebook with particulars of the naval fight in the North Sea of a few weeks earlier, addresses in Berlin, Stockholm, Bergen and Hamburg, and copies of the four letters that he had written to Stockholm. He was tried by court martial at the Guildhall, Westminster, on October 30 and 31. His counsel made no defence except that Lody was a man who, having done his duty, left the consequences in the hands of the court. He was not ashamed of anything that he had done, he would not cringe for mercy, he would accept the decision of righteous men. He was found guilty.

He proved to be a typical German non-commissioned officer, stiff, abrupt and uncouth. He made little attempt to explain his movements and fell back upon monosyllables. By this time the machinery for substituting civil trials for the military courts martial was complete, and when the case was ready he was arraigned at the Old Bailey before the Lord Chief Justice of England and two other judges, with all the trappings that belong to that historic court, even to the herbs that are scattered about the court in the ancient belief that they avert the infection of gaol fever.

The evidence produced on the first day left little doubt of the result of the trial, and the court rose with the practical certainty that it would meet again the following morning. But it never met. During the night in Brixton Prison the Chief Warden heard a muffled rapping from Kuppferle's cell. He dressed himself hastily and came out in the passage, where he was met by the night warden, who announced that he could not see Kuppferle in his cell.

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would lend his offices for the purpose; sometimes a "business" was opened in some upper room, where a few samples of cheap cigars and other goods were on view. Quite early in the year it was discovered that some foreigner who could write fluent English was sending regular communications to one of these addresses in a simple secret ink, and it was evident that he was the sort of person who would find out something which might at any time be of great use to the enemy. The letters were posted at various places in London, and there was no clue at all to the sender's address.

Like all spies he was continually demanding money and it was hoped for some time that a remittance from Holland would disclose his identity, but in the end the denouement came about in quite another way. A letter was intercepted in the censorship which disclosed secret writing. It was not in the usual hand and the incriminatory words said that "C" had gone to Newcastle and that the writer was sending the communication "from 201" instead.

I remember very well the

portunity of clearing himself. He had never seen Hahn; had never been in Germany and could not even speak the language. For some time he adhered to the story that he was a Russian.

An inquiry into his past showed that he was one of those cosmopolitan, roving Germans who are hotelkeepers in one place, commercial travellers in another. At some time they have all been motor car agents and touts. He spoke English with scarcely any trace of foreign accent. With his glib tongue he had gone through the usual spy routine of making love to impressionable young women and winning acquaintances by the promise of partnership in profitable speculations. He had some claim for registering himself as a Russian, for he had been born in Libau, and spoke Russian as well as Flemish, Dutch, French, German and English. Hahn, on the other hand, was merely a tool.

Spy Leyter's Confession.

About the middle of 1915 we learned that on a steamer bound from Rotterdam to Buenos Ayres was an Argentine citizen named Conrad Leyter, who was believed to be carrying despatches from Berlin to the German Embassy in Madrid. Leyter was removed from the steamer and brought to London. He said he was a shipping clerk, that he had come to Europe for a holiday and was now on his way back to Buenos Ayres. He gave a long and rather wearisome account of his holiday adventures in Germany and Holland and nothing could be done until the clockwork had run down.

Then we said, "But why were you going to Spain?" There was another burst of eloquence, but no reply to that particular question. Whenever he paused for breath he was asked, "Why were you going to Spain?" At last he could bear it no more. He jumped from his chair and said, "Well, if you will know, I am going to Spain and if you want to know why, I am carrying a despatch to Prince Radnor, the German Ambassador in Madrid."

"Thank you. And where is the despatch?"

"I have not got it. It is sewn up in the lifebelt in my cabin."

That was all we wanted to know. Leyter went to an internment camp, the wireless was got to work and in due course the despatch was found in the lifebelt as he said. It was quite useful.

Every now and then doubtful persons captured at sea came to us from far afield. In October, 1915, a boarding officer in the Mediterranean, who was examining passengers on board the blue-funnel liner Anchiessa, found a man who was carrying a false passport believed to be forged. He was detained and sent to Egypt.

In Cairo luck was against him. While he was being interrogated and his imagination was soaring in full flight, a British officer who had known him in former years chanced to pass through the room and recognized him. "Hullo, von Gumpenberg," he cried, slapping him on the back. After that it was useless to dissemble and he gave his name as Baron Otto von Gumpenberg, and said that he had been Squadron Commander in the Death's Head Hussars and had been involved in a scandal for which he was arrested and imprisoned for seven months. On his release he became a vagabond adventurer.

In Constantinople he was Aide de Camp to Enver Pasha; later he attached himself to Prince Wilhelm of Wied in his futile attempt to govern Albania.

When war broke out he was called back to Germany to serve as a trooper and, according to his own account, he served for eighteen months on the Russian front with such distinction that when he returned wounded to Germany his commission was restored to him and he was posted to the command of a troop at the front; but at this moment there happened to be a scheme for stirring up the tribes in North Africa and he was despatched to see what he could do with the Senusi.

Cigar Salesmen as Spies.

The Germans now adopted commerce as the best cover for their agents. England was to be flooded with commercial travellers, especially travellers in cigars. The censor began to pick up messages containing orders for enormous quantities of cigars for naval ports such as Portsmouth, Chatham, Devonport and Dover. The senders turned out to be furnished with Dutch passports, though their nationality was doubtful.

Now something happened to be known about their supposed employers in Holland, who kept one little back office in which a few mouldy samples were exposed, and yet here they were with a traveller in the southern counties and another sending orders from Newcastle. Naval ratings are not ab-

stainers from tobacco, but they are not known to be in the habit of consuming large quantities of Havana cigars.

The travellers, one named Halcke Petrus Marinus Janssen and the other named Wilhelm Johannes Roos, were found doing the sights of London. Janssen was questioned first. He was a self-possessed person of about thirty years of age and he claimed to be a sailor. He knew no German, and, being a Dutchman, he had a dislike for Germans. Why, he was asked, did his employers, Dierks & Co., engage a sailor to travel in cigars? To that he had no answer except that he had been unsuccessful in obtaining a berth as officer on a steamer. A friend had introduced him to Mr. Dierks because he could speak English and was looking for work. He said that he was the only traveller Dierks had in England.

We asked him whether he knew a man named Roos. "No," he said, he had never heard of him. He was then sent to another room while Roos was brought in. He, too, was a seaman, a big powerful man, with the cut of a German seaman. He, too, said he was a traveller for Dierks and Co.; that Dierks had two travellers, himself and Janssen. Would he know Janssen if he saw him? Certainly he would.

An Attempt at Suicide.

Janssen was brought again into the room. He made a faint sign with his eyes and lips to Roos, but of course it was too late. "Is this the man you say you know?" he was asked. He nodded and Janssen was silent. On the way over to Cannon Row Roos suddenly dashed at a glass door which opened into the yard, smashed the panes and jabbed his naked wrists on the jagged fragments of glass in the hope of cutting an artery. He was taken to Westminster Hospital to be bandaged and later was removed to Brixton Prison, where he was put under observation as a potential suicide.

The code used by these men was simple enough. They would send telegrams for 10,000 Cabanas, 4,000 Rothschilds, 3,000 Coronas, and so on. A message telegraphed from Portsmouth of this kind would mean that there were three battleships, four cruisers and ten destroyers in the harbor, and these messages, so interpreted, corresponded with the actual fact on the dates of the telegrams.

Neither man could produce any evidence that he had transacted bona-fide business with their cigars. They could not produce one genuine order. They were brought to trial for espionage and were convicted. A few days later both made confessions. Janssen actually gave some useful information about the German spy organization in Holland.

They met their end stoically. Janssen was shot first. Roos asked as a last favor to be allowed to finish his cigarette. That done, he threw it away with a gesture as though that represented all the vanities of this world, and then he sat down in the chair with quiet unconcern. The news of the execution soon reached Holland, and the Germans began to find it very difficult to obtain recruits from neutral countries.

Next week Sir Basil Thomson will continue his thrilling narrative of German spies who fell into the clutches of Scotland Yard during the war.

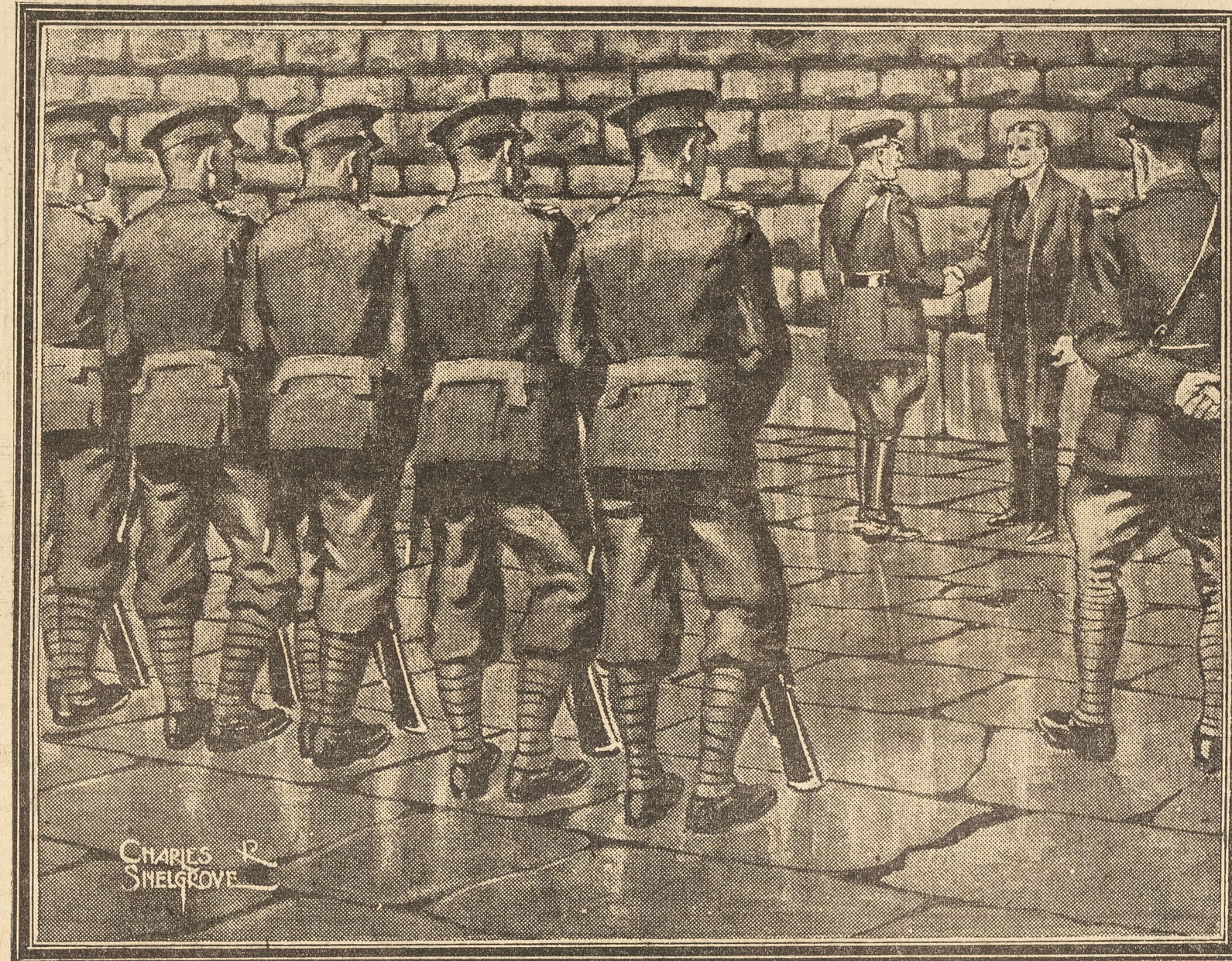
GROWING BOYS AND GIRLS

Need Rich, Red Blood to Keep Up Health and Strength.

It is a mistake to think that anaemia is only a child's complaint. Girls probably show the effects of weak, watery blood more plainly than boys. But many boys in their teens grow thin and weedy, showing that they have not enough blood, or that it is thin and watery. Let the boy in this condition catch cold and he will lose his strength, and his health becomes precarious. To overcome this trouble give both your weak boys and girls Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how soon good appetite returns and the weak boy or languid girl becomes full of activity and high spirits. Mrs. P. Garvey, R.R. No. 5, Mono Mills, Ont., tells what this medicine did for her young son. She says:—"Three years ago, my little boy, who was then 11 years old, was very pale and weak, he would take fainting spells and complained of a pain about his heart. One day a lady friend who noticed his run-down condition told me her daughter had been in a similar state and found new health through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I therefore got a supply for my boy, and by the time the first box was used his appetite seemed better, and by the time he had taken half a dozen boxes everyone was surprised at the change in his condition, he was such a fine, healthy looking boy. He had grown tall and stout, with no signs of his former run-down condition. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unequalled for anyone weak and run down." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Cholera infantum is one of the fatal ailments of childhood. It is a trouble that comes on suddenly, especially during the summer months and unless prompt action is taken the little one may soon be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets are an ideal medicine in warding off this trouble. They regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus prevent the dreaded summer complaints. They are an absolute safe medicine, being guaranteed to contain neither opiates nor narcotics or other harmful drugs. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



He met his death unflinchingly, and on the morning of the execution said to the Assistant Provost Marshal, "I suppose you will not shake hands with a spy?" And that officer replied, "No, but I will shake hands with a brave man."

It happened that there was staying in Berlin at that time an American named Charles A. Inglis, who had applied to the American Embassy for a visa to his passport, enabling him to continue his travels in Europe. His passport was passed by the Embassy to the German Foreign Office for the visa, but there it was "mislaid" and the Foreign Office promised an exhaustive search. This passport was used by Lody. Mr. Inglis' photograph was removed from Lody's substituted. Mr. Inglis obtained a new American passport from his Embassy.

As Mr. Charles Inglis, Lody presented himself at the North British Station Hotel in Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh he sent a telegram to one Adolf Burckhard, in Stockholm. Telegrams had to pass the censor, and there were matters in Inglis' telegram that called for close scrutiny. Meanwhile Lody took private lodgings, realizing, no doubt, that hotels are not very safe places for spies.

He hired a bicycle and spent a fortnight in exploring the neighborhood of Edinburgh, looking into Rosyth Harbor and asking too many questions for the ordinary sightseer. From Edinburgh he came to London and put up at a hotel in Bloomsbury. Here he interested himself in our anti-aircraft defences. He was back in Edinburgh two days later and on September 26 he went to Liverpool, where ocean liners were being fitted out as auxiliary cruisers.

From Liverpool he went to Holyhead and thence to Ireland, and here his nerve was a little shaken by the close questioning that he underwent. From the Gresham Hotel in Dublin, where other Americans were staying, he wrote to his Swedish correspondent that he was becoming nervous. He wrote all his letters both in English and German in ordin-

ary and sentenced to death and was executed in the Tower five days later.

He met his death unflinchingly and on the morning of his execution he said to the assistant provost marshal, "I suppose you will not shake hands with a spy?" and that officer replied, "No, but I will shake hands with a brave man."

Kuppferle the Blunderer.

On Feb. 14, 1915, there arrived in Liverpool another spy not less courageous and patriotic than Lody, but grotesque in his inefficiency, and forbidding in his personal appearance. This was Anton Kuppferle, who was believed to have been a non-commissioned officer in the German Army. How von Papen, who financed him, could have sent a man so obviously German, so ignorant of the English language and the American accent into an enemy country is incomprehensible. He pretended to be a commercial traveler in woollen goods, of Dutch extraction and there was some slight color for this in the fact that he had once traded as a woollen merchant in Brooklyn under the name of Kuppferle & Co. On the voyage over he was profuse in his conversations with strangers, to whom he represented himself as an American citizen with business in England.

From Liverpool he wrote a letter to a certain address in Holland, which was probably the first letter that contained writing in invisible ink. In this he conveyed information about the war vessels he had seen while crossing the Atlantic. From Liverpool he went to Dublin and from Dublin to London, where he was arrested with all his belongings and brought to New Scotland Yard. In his luggage was found letter paper corresponding with that which contained the invisible writing, together with the mater-

With the aid of the master key the door was thrown open and there they found the man hanging dead from the cell ventilator. He had tied his silk handkerchief tightly round his neck and, taking his stand on a heavy book, had kicked it away from under him. Every effort was made to restore life by artificial respiration, but in vain. On his cell slate was found the following message:

"To whom it may concern: My name is Kuppferle. Neet (born in) Sollingen, Rastatt, I. B. (Baden). I am a soldier with rank I do not desire mention. In regard to my behalf lately I can say that I have had a fair trial of the U. Kingdom, but I am unable to stand the strain any longer and take the law in my own hands. I fought many a battle, and death is only a savior for me.

"I would have preferred the death to be shot, but do not wish to ascend the scaffold as (a Masonic sign). I hope the Almighty Architect of this Universe will lead me into the unknown land in the East. I am not dying as a spy, but as a soldier; my fate I stood as a man, but cannot be a liar and perjure myself. Kindly I wish permit to ask to notify my uncle, Ambros Broll, Sollingen, Rastatt, Germany, and all my estates shall go to him.

"What I done I have done for my country. I shall expect my thanks and may the Lord bless you all. Yours.

"ANTON KUPFERLE."

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY in 1915 the Germans began to organize spy receiving offices in Holland. Usually they pretended to be legitimate commercial agencies. Sometimes one member of a not too prosperous firm of commission agents

morning when this sentence was shown to me. The postmark was Deptford. "201" might or might not be the number of a house. We rang up Deptford Police Station and asked for a list of the streets in their area which ran to two hundred and one houses. There was only one—Deptford High Street—and the occupant of that house had a German name, Peter Hahn, baker and confectioner.

No one was more surprised than the stout little baker when a taxi deposited a number of police officers at his door. He proved to be a British subject and to have been resident in Deptford for some years. While he was being put into the cab a search was made of his premises and in a back room the police found a complete outfit for secret writing neatly stowed away in a cardboard box.

Hahn's Russian Visitor.

When seated in my armchair Hahn was not at all communicative. He professed to know nothing of "C," and when further pressed he refused to answer any questions, but patient inquiry among his neighbors produced a witness who remembered that a tall Russian gentleman had been visiting Hahn at frequent intervals.

His name was believed to be Muller and his address a boarding-house in Bloomsbury. This limited the field of search. The register of every boarding-house was scrutinized and within a few hours the police found the name of Muller; the landlady of the boarding-house confirmed the suggestion that he was a Russian and said that he had lately gone to Newcastle to see some friends. The search was then transferred to Newcastle, and within a few hours Muller was found, arrested and brought to London. He was a tall, spare, worried-looking person, anxious only to have an op-

Pages From a Sketch Book :-: By Lou Skuce

Something else that I have often taken advantage of during the Summer is a good selection of books. Older classics, good fiction and especially story books for boys and girls, can be had for a mere song, and, unlike books shop-worn, they are quite as good as if selected from fresh stock and much lower priced. One might make the objections one might make of the obnoxious ones at Christmas, is that one is likely to forget all about one's purchases, or worse still, to dispose of them before they are even intended to be given away. That is so. But what one's backbone for if not to prevent them from doing such foolish things. Why not have a medium sized box with some of the best books that whenever you bring home one of these advance purchases, drop it in and be sure you don't open it till

COSGRAVE'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR
For
STRENGTH
FLAVOR
PURITY

**At your Grocer's, in
sealed bottles only**

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It was what he had had in mind.

It was the framed photograph of a tall, ugly young man. Under it was scrawled, "Al, from Gordy."

The photograph had been thrust down at the side of the drawer with such violence that the glass was broken and the metal frame crushed out of shape.

With a very gentle touch Raymond straightened the frame, and saw the pictured face as it lay to the original.

"He must have been regarded as worth it, Gordy," he said, "such a picture of a fellow as you ought to turn him. He was hard to turn. You'd think it worth while. You'd grudge him nothing, not even your own money. You'd give him anything you'd like to give, Gordy. So's she. It'll be my job, and hers, to help him make it and keep it worth while."

He had said this, and then deliberately set the picture on the top of the desk, where it had stood—before.

He knew that Malcolm

berry, and about one half of
stopped the diarrhoea altogether.
I have told several others about
and I would not be without it
the house, as I can truthfully say
saved the lives of my two children."

Price, 50c a bottle; put up
by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.



Maclear heard himself very far off saying, "Will nothing in life bridge that space between us?"

moment when he accepted his own responsibility he knew release.

And that release and freedom were not dependent upon happiness, nor even upon love; nor of life, nor on death.

With the last words he spoke time ceased.

At last he heard a voice, almost indistinguishable from the sigh of

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is not difficult to await the time of God.

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Price, 50c a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

He seemed also to step forward as a man steps to the last round of a fight, the last test of his strength. A few feet between them; yet the distance between their spirits made that of the stars a very little thing.

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PILLS
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551G, Niagara and Hudson Sts.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to

He pulled out a drawer in the desk. All sorts of odds and ends were there as Maclear had left them. Ranyham, burrowing, turned out faded envelopes, strings, cigar-box, broken backed cigarette—an infinite accumulation of nothings. Thrust down at one side

berry, and about one man or
stopped the diarrhoea altogether.
I have told several others about
and I would not be without it
the house, as I can truthfully say
saved the lives of my two chil-
dren."

Price, 50c a bottle; put up o-
by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, T-
ronto, Ont.

=COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Look to Your Eyes
Beautiful eyes, like fine teeth, are the result of constant care. The daily use of Murine makes eyes clear and vision enjoyable. Harmless. Sold and recommended by all druggists.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES



and dearly I've paid for it. But I only meant a jape, sir—to hear him rip and fuss and perhaps jolt his proper oath out of him and make him break that everlasting clay cutty he always wore in his face. I fixed to loose the hand rope on the outboard side—

"I did loose it, you know I did," and then I leaned there on the rail to laugh. He went down the steps in the dark. I figured he'd

bartonshire, Cameronian, as dry as the texts he was always mishandling. But he had a value to me like a prized domestic relic; we admired, derided, and swore equally by and after him. His vast, lean height and face of a hanging judge, his denatured profanity, and the intimate atmosphere of disaster, hell-fire, and general damnation in which he moved—these were points of pride and almost of affection.

Sheppard & Son, 118 Campbell Ave.
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BRANTFORD:
R. W. Anderson, West St.
ST. CATHARINES:
James M. Finlay, 27 Haynes Ave.
WATERLOO and KITCHENER:
Otto Knechtel.

dumb, though otherwise hale enough.
"It'd be an almighty clip over the head would strike the chief dumb," said Raff simply, or anything like it. So Raff said nothing more.

Meanwhile we went plunging through rain-swept darkness. I never knew the course nor the place where we left our ghari and took to narrower ways afoot, but here the nightmar closed in upon us. We breathed a fair heavy with mortality, on pavement made slimy by mountain-dripped feet; and I could see no other person

On a charpoy in a nest of squab beds
cushions. On a stand beside him gl
ed a tiny lamp, and a yellow Bur
had waved him as perhaps the p
the damned. Evidently the p
had been found: he held the leng
polished bamboo ready for the fum
pellet, and he raised himself on an
bow as we three drew silently near
stood by. "Chief!" said the captain, a
stopped dead.

He looked up at us then, and it wa
Chris Wickwire, his very self. He look

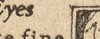
"Friend of yours?" he rumbled.
Sutton spun around nervously.
"He—he says we've got to go aw-
quick. He says we're no business here."
"Tell him sure thing, soon as we

"No," he quavered. "I've shed his arms."
"No! It's not the end. Keep off of me!"
Like a man who clears himself of
vileness, he slung Li Chwan across
the room. "And you—" he cried to
—holst the chief up out of that,
lively. There's a way yet if we
the straight of it. Grab him!"
He responded—just as we had, h
tated better—to some subtle qual
octor—to some subtle qual

Look to Your Eyes

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MURINE
for your EYES



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proper oath out of him and make
him break that everlasting clay
cutty he always wore in his face.
... I fixed to loose the hand
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"I did loose it, you know I did
and then I leaned there on the
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steps in the dark. I figured he'd

the texts he was always mishandling. But he had a value to us like a prized domestic relic; we admired, derided, and swore equally by and after him. His vast, learned height and face of a hanging judge, his denatured profanity, and the intimate atmosphere of disaster, hell-fire, and general damnation in which he moved—these were points of pride and almost of affection.

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er ways afoot, but here the nightma
closed in upon us. We breathed t
air heavy with mortality, on pavement
made slimy by countless naked feet
a shaft of light between dark voi-

led a tiny lamp, and a yellow Eurasian had was tending him as perhaps the inmates tend the damned. Evidently the man had been found: he held the length of polished bamboo ready for the fuming pellet, and he raised himself on an elbow as we three drew silently near. He stood by, "Chief!" said the captain, and stopped dead.

He looked up at us then, and it was Chris Wickwire, his very self. He looked bored and made a slight gesture.

thing might happen now—and I o
noted that our companion could
wheeling and plausible in more
one language. But Raff seemed c
ously put out and broke upon their ch
ter.

"Friend of yours?" he rumbled.
Sutton span around nervously.
"He—he says we've got to go aw
quick. He says we've no business he
"Tell him sure thing, soon as we

The Chinese touched his arm. "No," he quavered. "No—no, by no! It's not the end. Keep off of me. Like a man who clears himself of villainess, he slung Li Chwan across the room. "And you—" he cried to—"hoist the chief up out of that lively. There's a way yet if we take the straight of it. Grab him!"

We responded—just as we had, hating before—to some subtle quality

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a share, in a pit, between dark wall.

... and looked and made no sign.

Your friend.

Continued on Page Thirteen.

WIRELESS BUREAU FOR THE AMATEUR OPERATOR

THIS week we shall deal with a very important point in connection with radio receiving, but one which frequently causes no little confusion in the mind of the novice: namely, tuning and tuning circuits.

To begin with, let us briefly consider the theory of wavelength and its relation to tuning. If we stretch side by side two identical violin strings, both of exactly the same length, and twang one of them so that it vibrates, the second one will immediately vibrate also. This is due to the fact that they are both exactly the same length, and are, therefore, in resonance. When the first string starts vibrating the second one also starts, and when the first string stops vibrating, so does the second one. But if we cut a piece off the second string, so that it is a quarter of an inch shorter than the first one, and then twang the first string, the second string will not vibrate, due to the fact that the strings are no longer of the same length, and therefore are not in resonance. Or, if we tie a piece onto the second string so that it is a quarter of an inch longer than the first one, and then twang the first string, the second string will not vibrate, for the same reason as in the former case. From this it is apparent that if two strings are of equal length, and one is made to vibrate, the other will vibrate also, but if two strings are of unequal length, and one is made to vibrate, the other will not be affected.

If we let the first string represent a transmitting station and the second string represent a receiving station, we have an exact duplicate of what occurs in radio. Every radio transmitting set sends out waves, or vibrations, in the ether. The length of these waves, or the "wavelength" of the transmitting station, depends upon the length of the wire in the transmitting aerial. While the station is transmitting, the current in the aerial wires is vibrating, just as the violin string was vibrating. Therefore, all receiving aerials within range of the transmitting station that are exactly the same length as the transmitting aerial will respond to the signals.

As a concrete example let us imagine that the aerial at Station XYZ is 100 metres long (a metre is slightly more than three feet). It has been found that the length of the radio waves sent out by any station is about 4.5 times the length of the aerial. Therefore Station XYZ will send out waves that are 450 metres long, or Station XYZ will be 450 metres long. Now let us suppose that fifty miles away there are three receiving sets, one with an aerial 80 metres long, the second with an aerial 100 metres long, and the third with an aerial 120 metres long. Then, applying the rule that we discovered with the violin strings, the operator at the second station will be able to hear XYZ because his aerial is the same length as XYZ's, but the operator at the first station will be unable to hear XYZ because his aerial is shorter than XYZ's, and the operator at the third station will be unable to hear XYZ because his aerial is longer than XYZ's. In order to hear XYZ the operator at the first

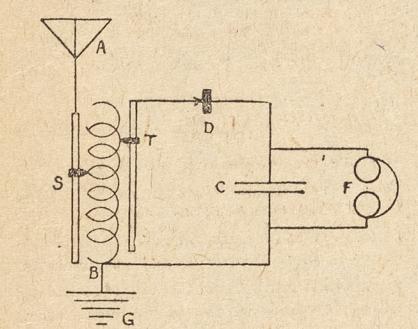


DIAGRAM 2.
Showing the conductively coupled type of set.

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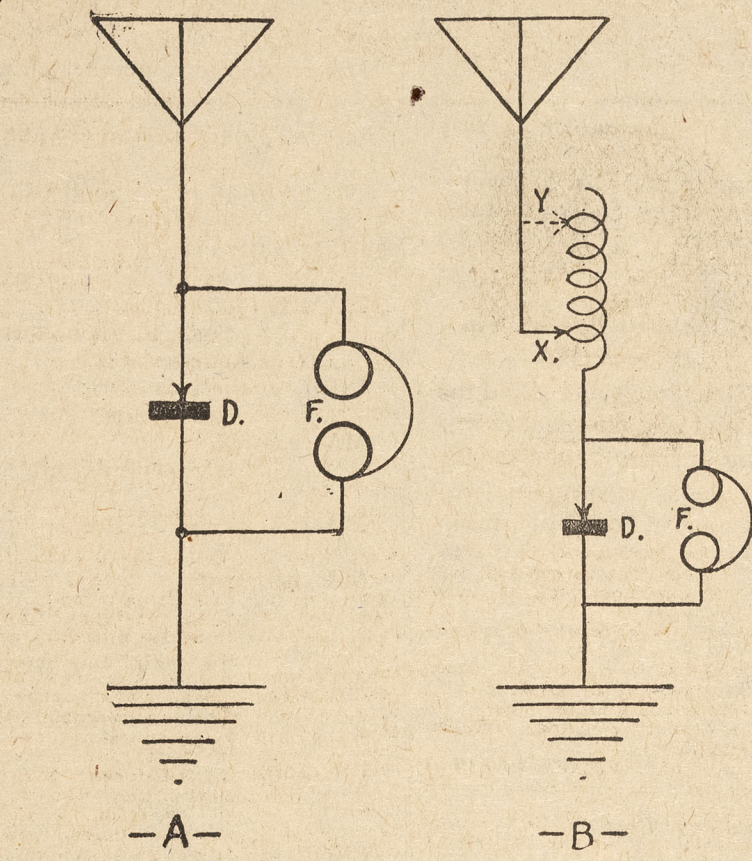


DIAGRAM 1.
The simplest receiving circuit.

station must add twenty metres to his aerial, while the operator at the third station must cut off twenty metres from his aerial.

It is obviously very inconvenient to be obliged to climb up on the roof and alter the length of your aerial every time you wish to change your wave length, so that you may hear a different transmitting station. Therefore it was found necessary to discover a device by means of which the operator could instantly alter the length of his aerial, or, in other words, "tune it to differ wave lengths," while he was seated at his radio table. For this purpose the tuning coil was invented. Hence a tuning coil is nothing more than an instrument for changing the length of the aerial, and thereby varying the wave lengths which it will receive.

In Figure A, Diagram 1, is shown the simplest receiving hook-up. It consists of an aerial, a detector, a pair of phones and a ground connection. An arrangement of this kind will receive only one wave length, i.e., the natural wave length of the aerial. The only way of changing the wave length of such a set is to shorten or lengthen the aerial. Figure B shows how a single-slide tuning coil is used to vary the wave lengths which the set will receive without altering the aerial. The coil merely consists of several hundred turns of wire wound on a hollow tube, with a slider provided so that the wire from the aerial can be attached to different places on the coil. Let us suppose that the aerial has a natural wave length of 400 metres, and that there is a sufficient length of wire wound on the tube to give the tuning coil a maximum wave length of 400 metres. When the operator wishes to listen to a station that is sending on a wave length of 200 metres he places the slider in position X, so that none of the wire on the coil is used. Since his own aerial has a natural wave length of 200 metres, he then hears the 200-metre transmitting station. When he wishes to listen to a station that is sending on a wave length of 600 metres he places the slider at the position marked Y. He is then tuned to 600 metres, because his aerial has a wave length of 200 metres and his tuning coil has a maximum wave length of 400 metres, making a total of 600 metres. In order to tune to wave lengths between 200 and 600 metres he places the slider at different positions along the coil between X and Y. Thus by merely running the slider backward and forward along the tuning coil, he produces the same effect as he would by going outside and altering the length of his aerial.

Because of the rather high resistance of the crystal in the detector, the free flow of electrical current, or oscillations from the aerial to the ground and vice versa is hindered, and therefore the tuning qualities of the aerial circuit are somewhat impaired. To overcome this the detector and phones are usually removed from the aerial, or "primary" circuit, and are placed in the "second-

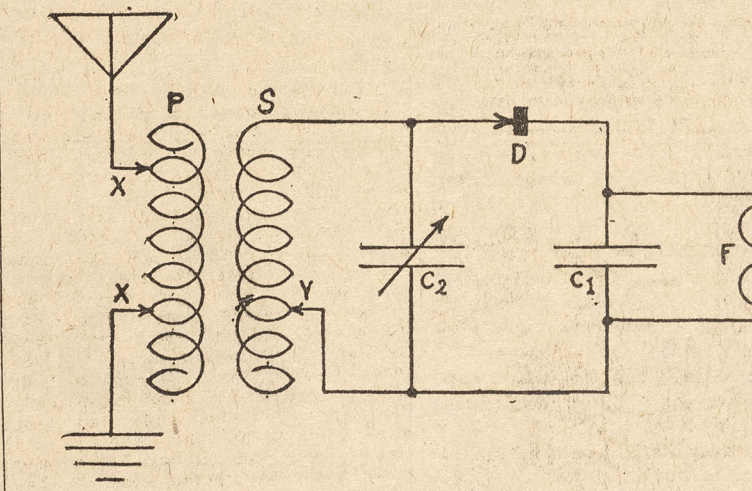


DIAGRAM 3.
This is the hook-up for the inductively coupled type of set.

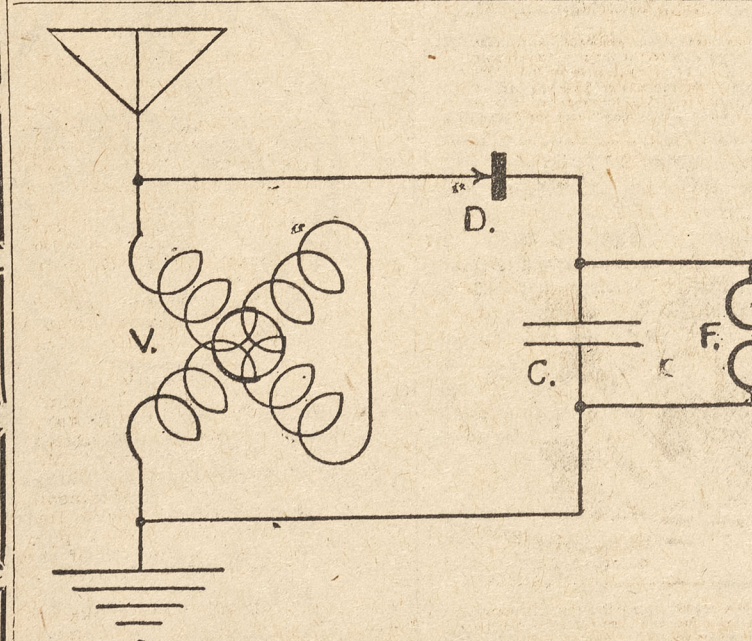


DIAGRAM 4.
Here is a simple little conductively coupled set. The variometer V is used instead of a tuning coil.

article with reference to the two violin strings. Now the current of electricity flowing through the coil P sets up, or "induces" a similar current in the coil S, and this "induced current" acts on the detector and telephone receivers. Just how the current in one coil produces a current in another coil is difficult to explain without dragging in a lot of technicalities. However, we all know that when a jug of cold water is left in the air on a hot day large drops of water form on the outside of the jug. These drops do not leak through the jug, but the presence of the water inside the jug causes them to collect on the outside. They are, so to speak, "induced drops." Likewise, the presence of the electrical current in the coil P causes another electrical current to collect in the coil S. This is called an "induced current," and a set of this type is an "inductively coupled" receiver. The variable condenser shown in the diagram is not absolutely necessary, but it adds in tuning the coil S to the desired wavelength.

The advantage of the inductively coupled type of set is that it allows more selective tuning than the conductively coupled type of set, and therefore is less subject to interference. However, it does not produce quite as loud signals, because there is some loss of energy between the primary and secondary coils.

Before closing we would like to draw attention to a remarkably simple little conductively coupled set, but one that has so far received very scant consideration. It is shown in diagram 4. A variometer, instead of a tuning coil, is used for varying the wavelength. This type of set will be found to give very good results, and even finer tuning than is possible with a tuning coil.

The Radio Directory of the World.
The Consolidated Radio Call Book Company has just issued the 1922 edition of its "Radio Call Book." This valuable volume contains the name and call signal of every commercial station in the world, as well as all the amateur stations and broadcasting stations in the States and Canada up till January 1, 1922. In addition to this it contains seven two-color radio maps and a fund of useful information concerning radio-grams and cable schedules, time schedules, weather reports, and other topics of interest to the radio amateur. It is not a telephone directory, but more than a telephone directory is a text book on the theory of the telephone and the radio. It is the only book of its kind in print.

The Professor's Corner.
This department is conducted for the benefit of all amateurs who desire to ask questions pertaining to such matters as questions for each correspondent, and no question asked will be answered by mail. Please send all questions to the editor of the "Radio Call Book," self-addressed envelope enclosed.

H. L. Q. (Halifaxbury)—1. Elsewhere on this page you will find the hook-up for operating a loud-speaker. The two input terminals, marked A, are connected in your amplifier. At present have your telephone receivers, T, is an ordinary amplifying transformer and R is a 5-volt leak.

C. R. E. (Toronto)—1. The value of R should be 1 1/2 megohms. For the value of R should be about one-half megohm. B1 is a 45-volt battery to impress a negative potential on the grid. For the value of B1 should be 100 to 150 volts. The iron core choke should have a value of about 20 henrys, to prevent the amplified audio frequency currents from flowing through the high voltage circuit, thereby forcing them through the loud-speaker. The large condenser C2 must be present to prevent the high voltage battery from short-circuiting itself through the loud-speaker. The loud-speaker is connected to the out-put terminals marked Z.

T. M. (Point Edward)—1. At the time of writing, a complete explanation of the particular pieces of apparatus that you inquired about is not at hand. Please see this column next week.

C. R. E. (Toronto)—1. When alternating current is used for lighting the filament of a single detecting tube it is quite possible to reduce the hum so that it is almost imperceptible, provided that a potentiometer is used as shown in the Toronto Sunday World of June 11th. It is easier to cut out the hum from 60 cycle current than it is from 25 cycle current. When one or more stages of amplifications are used the hum may make itself unpleasantly noticeable.

The "polarity of the transformer" makes no difference, for the polarity of alternating current is constantly changing.

The easiest way to make a potentiometer for this purpose is to use the lead from our carpenter pencil, such as can be purchased for a few cents at most large hardware stores. A slider should be arranged to make contact at any place on the surface of the lead.

The Practising of Christopher

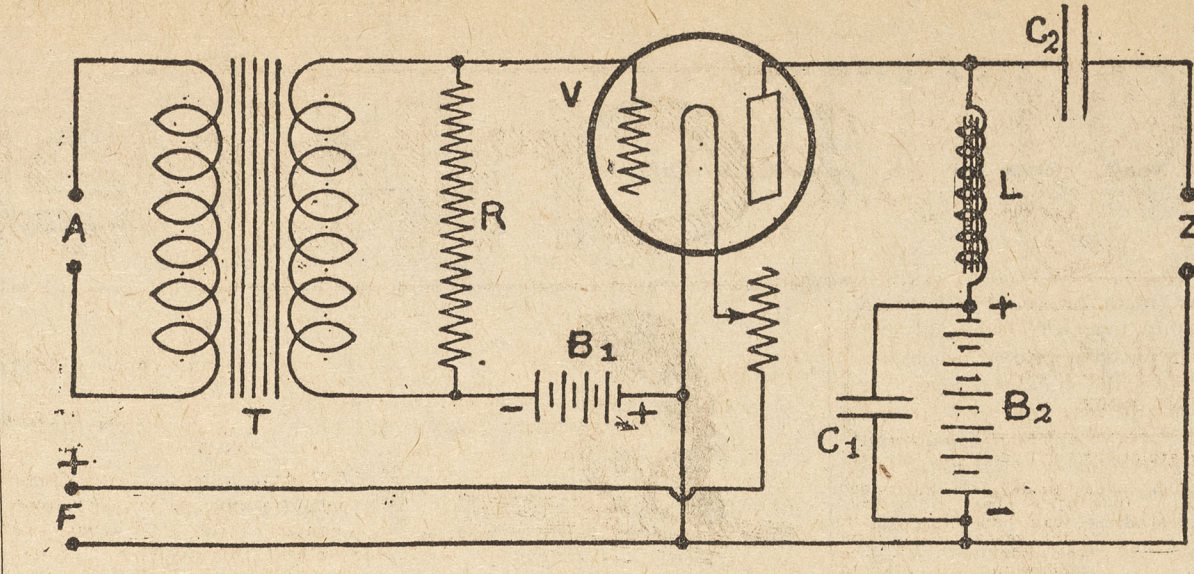
Continued from Page Eleven.

hind the words, and while we were gathering the limp body Sutton himself was laying wide hold on the draperies across the wall. They ripped and swayed, swirled down about him so that he stood waist deep wrestling with figural monsters until the whole blue screen tore away and the end of the gallery. Solid at the base, it was latticed above with small panes, and, tacked the straight way with a vengeance, he flung himself literally and bodily against it. The jangling crash and boddy knock from the stairhead, but he broke a gap with his bleeding fists, wrenched out the crosspieces. A spatter of warm rain blazed into the room. "There's only the street below!" I gasped.

"Out!" was Sutton's crisp order. "Out and through—and over with you!" We had no choice; his furious energy drove us. Wickwire hung a dead weight in our arms, but we propped him on the jagged sill and scrambled away, any fashion. Clinging there, we had one last glimpse into the gallery behind us, set like a stage for our benefit.

We saw the little Chinese come on with uplifted knife, gitting and clattering like a wildcat, saw the knobbed, bare shoulders and coppery, brute faces of his crew, saw Sutton turning back. He had no weapon, but he aimed himself. He dragged the big green joss from its niche, lamps, incense, and all, twirled it over his head, halant, and met them. Thereafter the placid, dark in a bubble of shrieks, and we dropped like slugs from a garden wall.

So we brought Chris Wickwire home again—what was left of him. There was small joy in that homecoming, you can figure. Dawn broke weeping as we were hurrying aboard with our unconscious burden. The reaches of the river were beginning to show slaty downstream and a little damp wind running with the day was like a chill after fever, unfriendly and discomfort. The lamp in the chief engineer's cabin had paled from saffron to citrine in the morning light when the officers of the Mound Poh took stock of themselves once more, and of each other and an ill prospect.



HOOK-UP FOR A POWER AMPLIFIER.
A—Input terminals.
T—Amplifying transformer.
R—Grid leak, 1 1/2 megohms.
B1—45 volt battery.
B2—100 to 350 volt battery.
V—5-watt transmitting tube.
C—Choke coil, about 30 henrys.
Z—Out-put terminals, for loud-speaker.
C1—2 mfd. condenser.
C2—4 mfd. condenser.
F—7 1/2 volt filament current terminals.

red, though his breathing was regular and he seemed to have taken no immediate hurt from his fall except the reopening of an old, ragged wound above the ear. Captain Raff had done the hanging; he stood back from the last neat pleat.

"A clip over the head, as you say," he observed, addressing me pointedly while he wiped his clumsy great hands that yet had wrought as tenderly as a woman's. "And pretty lucky at that. He'll do well enough now. I'll get a doctor. You better dig out after one yourself—try the Port Office; they'll have to be notified anyway. I judge, when he wakes."

We looked at the shell of a man on the bunk. "It's got to be the—the hospital, then," but we'll notify my office and no doctor either—not till we sheer have to."

The mate was planted by the door where he had been waiting in silence while we two ministered to the chief. Raff had ignored him since our return, but he eyed him now sternly up and down. Most people would have eyed him so, for he made rather an appalling figure, streaked and stained, with his wounds half dried upon him, a raking cut along one cheek and his coat hanging in shreds.

"What in Hull 't' Halifax are you talkin' about?" Sutton drew from his pocket a certain familiar object, a small, black, round volume. "There was a chap in a book I read, sir—"

The captain regarded him, purpling. "Is this more of your wonderful notions?"

"It's my plan to save Chris Wickwire," returned the mate firmly, "and I'm bound to try it on. Just as I say here. 'Sirs' it says, 'sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.' And Wickwire, he say what would come. He was trying to stop me the night I dropped him into the river—when we quarreled. Because, d'ye see, from fooling with the works of hell, I just to learn how they're made I'd begun fooling with the works of hell. And he had found me out."

"Ah," said Raff, with one of his rare flashes. "That was how you knew the road to Li Chwan's?"

"To Li Chwan's—and other places."

"Why," I cried, "that's the Book you gave for the chief."

"It is the book I got for the chief," he said slowly, making plain the case against himself, "and it has a cross on the cover. But it's no Bible. Only an old collection of plays I bought to ramnom him with. Shakespeare wrote it."

"There was no cover to it either, so I bought an old cover of a hymn book and pasted it over. You can see for yourselves—the cross is upside down." And, in fact, that we might miss nothing he showed us the cover, wrong way with the pages. "I remember the chief, taking lessons from me but having only the cross to go by, d'ye see—the chief used always to hold the book wrong side up. I remember," he added with an odd smile, quite mirthless—"I remember how I laughed. I used to think it funny."

Someway that made the captain froth. Since our invasion of Colootulah he had been increasingly rigid toward the mate, and here he broke out.

"So we've had nothin' but your damn 'yin' tricks from the start! All the time you've been readin' to him—"

"Only gammon, sir. I used to experiment on him with choice bits—calling 'em truth and Scripture." Wickwire, he say what would come. He was trying to stop me the night I dropped him into the river—when we quarreled. Because, d'ye see, from fooling with the works of hell, I just to learn how they're made I'd begun fooling with the works of hell. And he had found me out."

"Ah," said Raff, with one of his rare flashes. "That was how you knew the road to Li Chwan's?"

"To Li Chwan's—and other places."

I've been hitting it pretty regular for six months or so. The chief tried to save me, but I wouldn't hearken, and there, as you say—there's the result. It's just as if he'd done it all as a sacrifice, to show me. It's just as if he'd paid for mine with the price of his own immortal soul!"

We stared at him, a tattered ruin, but an upstanding youngster, and we could sense no flip in him now. He had come to grips with raw truth for once without failing—not without a falter, you understand, for he had to put aside a boy's pride and a last illusion in himself—but clear-eyed, the straight way, as every man likes to think he might have done in his own youth.

"Well," said Raff at last. "What's your notion?"

Sutton drew a deep breath. "You know, sir, the chief never took any note of time. One day or another—one month or another, it was all alike to him. Well, here it is: Why can't we strike out these seven weeks and three days from his memory—as if they never had been? We're fixed just as we were when we lost him. He's in his own bed, the ship's in the same berth—just cooled, same weather, same crew, same folk about him—same everything. He wakes up—wouldn't he think the whole mess had been a dream?"

"Wouldn't he? Couldn't we make him just as they did with the Johnny here?" He hammered the book for emphasis.

"Wouldn't the beggar then forget himself?"

We winked as it burst upon us. Here was one beggar who had forgotten himself, anyway; his vanity, his posing, his weakness, in the fervor of a real idea, he had forgotten himself. "Perhaps there's something in make-believe after all—some merit. Perhaps he'll forget it in it too. It might n't work, but I feel it must and will. I got the tip from the very book I gammoned him with, from the very passage he must have marked himself at random—d'ye see? And if he should come right—"

"Stirrin' now!" breathed the captain. "He's stirrin' now!"

The lank form on the bunk had moved. The bandaged head turned, and Chris Wickwire looked up from his pillow. His gaze traveled slowly over the bare, familiar details of the cabin, the racks and lockers, the deck beams above, the panels on the bulkhead, his own space the chief beside him, passed over our huddled group by the door and rested at the open port, its brass rim shining with the new day's light. He lay so for a time, tossed a little restlessly, and seemed to seek something. And then—

"Whaur's that pipe?" he muttered. Our hearts stood still.

"Whaur's that blist'rin' pipe?" he demanded, and raised himself with an effort, groped along the shelf beside him, found what he wanted by the tobacco jar, and proceeded leisurely to ram and to charge—his old clay cutty!

Raff had dragged Sutton and his tatters into the thwart-ship passage, out of sight, but I was clinging in the doorway when the door old eye nailed me. "Feelin' better, chief?" I managed somehow to gulp. "You got quite a bump last night. Your head'll be sore for a bit—anyway, the captain's hand want to know right away if the bandage is comfortable."

He considered me a space. "Whaur's the mate?" he asked, and added quickly: "Did he go ashore?"

"No, sir. He stayed to tend you. He says he's lost his taste for shore leave. I gasped, for Sutton's hand had caught mine in the passage, and it nearly crushed my fingers. "He says he's says he'll wait till you're go with him if you like."

Wickwire paused as he was lighting his pipe.

"Does he say that?" he queried, in a tone you would never have thought possible on those grim lips. "Fetch him here to me, will ye now?"

I stumbled away blindly. "When I returned some minutes later," he was propped quite comfortably at the end of the bunk.

"Reg'ardon, chief—" I began.

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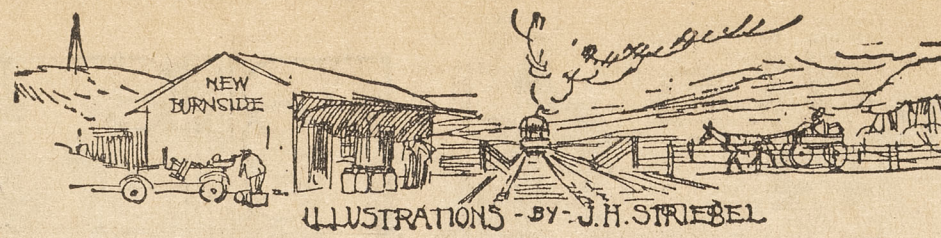
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THE POTTERS



Prologue.

Pa and Ma Potter, both raised in the country, have an enthusiasm for pastoral pleasures which is not shared by their offspring. Bill and Mamie feel a bit sorry for country folks who have nothing to breathe except fresh air . . . how they must miss the delightful aroma of boiled dinners that linger so lovingly in the hallways on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays; the washdays of the first, second, and third floors respectively . . . and the refreshing exhalations of the countless exhausts that make the boulevards an endless delight of exquisite odors! . . . how they must miss these things in the country! . . . and yet with what fortitude they bear the loss! . . . it is one of those virtues that so endear country folks to us more fortunate dwellers in the city.

Scene I.—The Potters Get a Letter.

Dear Folks: I thought I would write and tell you I have just about made up my mind to come and visit you a spell, as the corn is laid by and all the early apples are gone and there's nothing much to do now for a while, and the city must look nice in the summer, with all the lawns nice and green and all the trees growing up and down the streets. I know you've been pestering me to come up and visit, but things have always been so I couldn't get away; but now I've got somebody who can feed nights and mornings for me and milk the cow and gather the eggs, and I'm going to come up and spend a couple of weeks with you.

I guess Mamie must be a big girl now, and Bill must be quite a lad. He was such a cute little boy when he was down here, always chasing the chickens. And how is the Baby? I can hardly wait to see him. Will send you a telegram when to meet me. Do you want me to bring you some of the jelly I put up last summer? I've got a fine big ham, too, that I think I'll bring. It isn't like that store ham you get in the city. I salted it and smoked it myself.

Well, lots of love until I see you, which will be very soon now. Kiss the Baby for me. GRANDMA.

MA (who has been reading letter aloud to the assembled family):

Well, what in the world do you think of that! . . . Mother's coming . . . and lookit this flat!

(Gazes around place and realizes for the first time that the young generation has filled the Potter flat with enough things to keep old-fashioned Grandma in a state of perpetual shock.)

PA (in dreamy anticipation):

That's what I call a grand surprise. I hope you let her make some pies.

MAMIE (stily, to Bill):

So him was a cute little boy, was him? Always chasing the chickens? Him hasn't changed much, has him?

BILL (aggrieved):

Aw, shut up.

MAMIE (maliciously):

Gran'ma will know him right away. Him's still chasing 'em.

PA (even the biggest hearted man has a still bigger stomach):

And let her make some biscuits, too. And chicken gravy . . . how-dee-do!

MA (who has to do all the thinking for the family . . . she will admit it if pressed):

We'll certainly have to fix this place.



"I have just about made up my mind to come and visit you a spell."

Those curtains there are a total disgrace, And I need new linen and silver, too.

PA (sadly): Forget it, Ma . . .

Forget it? Who?

MA (excited): I'll not forget it, no sireeeeee!

Now, where will we put her? . . . goodness me!

(Triumphantly)

In Mamie's room!

MAMIE: Where'll I go?

MA: The folding bed in the parlor . . .

MAMIE: NO!

MA (generously): We'll give her our room, then, won't we, Pa?

PA (amazed): Me on that folding dingus? NAW!

MAMIE (a brilliant inspiration!):

You'll give her your room . . . won't you, Bill?

BILL: NOTHING DOING!

MA (decisively): O, yes, you will;

We'll start right in and clear it now . . .



And then for the mad, mad scramble.

BILL: Jumping Jehoshaphat . . . holy cow!

(And then for the mad, mad scramble . . . poor Bill's golf clubs and tennis rackets and assorted junk of all kinds are jammed into an empty trunk and spirited into the basement . . . and, despite maidenly objections to the contrary, Mamie is compelled to put away all the pictures of Wallace Reid and Rodolf Valentino—what would Grandma say, says Ma indignantly!—and the "art studies" of demure ladies dressed comfortably for warmer climes, they, too, must disappear to make place for Pharaoh's Horses and the Home Sweet Home motto which Grandma sent for Christmas and which Mamie speedily secreted in the basement . . . and all the jazz records, they, too, must be hidden, while the two Caruso records are dusted off and the Sextette from Lucia and the Medley of Irish Melodies (both sides) . . . and finally the medicine cabinet in the bathroom must be carefully emptied . . . away with any "patent medicines" that Grandma hasn't heard about and might be tempted to get started on . . . and away with that hair tonic for Pa, absolutely guaranteed to grow hair on bald spots—Pa hasn't lost faith in it through all these years—but Grandma mustn't see it—"flying in the face of Providence," that's what she would call it.)

(Curtain.)

Scene II.—The Potters Get a Telegram.

LEAVING TONIGHT MEET ME AT MORNING
TRAIN LOVE GRANDMA

(Pa reads telegram aloud to family three times, growing more baffled each time . . . yes, that's all there is to it . . . no amount of reading can make any more out of it: "Leaving to-night meet me at morning train love.")

PA (wildly, waving telegram at Ma):

What train? What times does it get in? Where does it get in? How the blub-blub-blub . . .

MA (soothingly):

Now, Pa. Hollering won't help none.

PA (knowing that it won't and getting all the wilder because he knows it):

How the dickens am I going to meet her? Twelve stations . . . a train coming in every two minutes . . . and if we don't meet her she'll probably get on the next train and go right back home . . . (desperately) I'm licked.

MAMIE (with the maddening poise of the young generation):

Licked? Why should you be licked? That's easy. What road is that burg of Grandma's on? Find the station that road runs into and ask 'em what morning trains they have coming in from that burg. It's a cinch. They probably don't have more than twenty-five morning trains out of that little dump in a year.

PA (somewhat surprised):



Away with all the pictures of Wallace Reid and Rodolf Valentino.

I guess that's right. I never thought of that. (Goes to phone.)

BILL (sulkily, because he didn't think of it first):

Mamie ought to know about trains. She's watched enough traveling men come in . . . and flirted with enough going out.

MA (surprised):

Why, William! How you talk!

PA (on the phone):

There's a train due from there in thirty minutes at the Union station.

MA (flurried):

Hurry and get the car and go and meet her.

PA (aggravated . . . these women are always hurrying a man, from the cradle to the grave):

I'm hurrying. I'm hurrying. Keep your hat on.

MA (to Mamie):

Straighten up the rooms and dust . . . William, run down to the corner and get some apple cake . . . take the Baby with you and keep him out of the way.

BILL (grumbling):

Now it starts. I'll have that brat on my neck until she goes home . . . and sleeping on that comical folding bed until my spine looks like a roller coaster . . . why don't she stay home?

MAMIE (grumbling):

I guess I'll have to give up all my good times and help entertain her . . . she'll be scared of everything, too, I guess, and everything will shock her to death . . .

MA (trying to remember all the last minute instructions):

Yes, and don't forget . . . none of that jazz dancing around Grandma; she's not used to it . . . and don't be keeping Red here so late—she won't like it . . . and William, you stay in nights while she's here . . .

BILL (solito voce):

Aw, rats . . . this is gonna be fierce.

MAMIE (solito voce):

Gosh, this'll be terrible.

(One hour elapses.)

BILL (at the window):

Here comes Pa.

MA (excited):

Is everything all right? Look around, Mamie, and see.

MAMIE (at the window):

Why, there isn't anybody with Pa.

MA (worried):

Maybe she didn't come . . . maybe she came and nobody met her and she went back . . . maybe the train was wrecked and she got killed . . .

MAMIE (coolly):

Calm yourself. Here's Pa. (To Pa) Where's Grandma?

PA (flopping into chair):

Can't find her. (Desperately) She's wandered away and got lost.

CHORUS: LOST? WHERE?

PA (savagely):

How do I know where? If I knew I'd go and get her. The fella at the station said there was someone answering her description who was waiting and after a while she said maybe we were waiting at another station, and she asked them to direct her to another station, so they put her in a cab and sent her over to the Polk Street station. (Dejectedly) And I went there, and she wasn't there, either . . .

MA (sitting down, weakly):

O, migawd . . . she's lost . . . wattle we do . . . wattle we do . . . she'll get run over or hurt or something . . .

BILL (helpfully):

That's a nice mess . . . wattle we do now?

PA (baffled):

Search me. (Suddenly) There's the phone. Quick . . . that may be her.

(All the Potters make a dash for the telephone . . . the Baby gets there first . . . Ma wrests it away from him.)

MA (scared):

Hello . . . hello . . . yes . . . this is Mrs. Potter speaking . . . who? WHAT? . . . THE POLICE . . . WHAT? . . . MY MOTHER? . . . BEAT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH HER UMBRELLA . . . WHO? . . . THE TAXI DRIVER? . . . YES, YES, THAT'S HER . . . O, MIGAWD . . . YES, WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER . . .

(And that's that—until next Sunday.)

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She asked them to direct her to another station.

Trying to Make a Diary Of a Week-End Trip

By FRED JACOB.

HERE is my idea of an absolute grouch.

He was a man who took a week-end trip to Georgian Bay. He left Midland on an afternoon when there was just enough sun to keep him from being too cool while on the water, and just enough breeze to keep him from being too warm. He sat lazily back in a chair and feasted his eyes upon scenery that is unsurpassed anywhere in the world; he had for dinner a black bass that ten hours earlier, in the cool depths of the bay, had never dreamed how soon it would be a deliciously fried meal; he slept in a bed where he could smell the woods, and where the sweet air made him forget the oven blasts that wander round Toronto in the night and pass for breezes; he had a swim in the morning that made him feel as though he had jumped from the rock of middle age into the cool cleanness of youth; he sailed among the wind-blown islands again, and got his train at Midland, after the heat of the day was past; he arrived home wearing a tan that drew comments from his friends without demanding a dose of talcum powder.

Next day he met a chum, who asked: "Did you have a good outing?"

To which his only reply was: "At Orillia we stood so long that the car got filled with mosquitoes. They bit everybody."

He had nothing more to report. If you know a better example than that of a perfect grouch, what other characteristics has he got?

Some day a man is going to arise among our writers who can

do justice with his pen to the scenery of the 30,000 Islands. When you speak of the 30,000 Islands, you convey the impression that in Georgian Bay may be seen the Thousand Islands multiplied by thirty. Figures do not suggest anything about Georgian Bay. In Midland, they will assure you that there are 48,000 islands scattered along the shore. Fred Paul, of Saturday Night, does not believe it. He was so skeptical about the actual number of islands that the men of those northern towns almost decided that he would be called upon to name all those that have not as yet been given titles. He came very near being required to think up some 40,000 names.

There may be 48,000 islands in Georgian Bay, or there may only be 1,726—it does not make much difference. It is the character of the scenery that counts not the quantity.

Have you ever been in a group of men that contained one great grim fellow, so grained, so rugged and so strong that you knew no fate could crush him. His quiet power made you feel puny. Perhaps it even terrified you a little, because you realized that the storms which had swept over him would have overwhelmed poor superficial you. Georgian Bay is like that man, except that a man only survives for a generation or so, and Georgian Bay is like a giant that has made its fight through all ages without ever being conquered. And when the sun shines and the light breezes hardly make the water break on the shoals, Georgian Bay smiles, but behind the smile lurks something forbidding. A million storms in thousands of years have made the Georgian character.

Artists have tried to paint this ancient battler. They have shown us the islands where the wind seems to be always blowing. The trees lean even when there is no breath to bend them, and the branches are tossed and broken. As the boat moves along the calm water of the channel, you look towards the rocks and wonder if a gale is raging on that one lonely and exposed island. Surely those trees are straining to resist being thrown headlong into the water. Here and there a Canadian painter has caught a little of the atmosphere of the wind-tossed islands of Georgian Bay, but no writer has yet made us feel the drama that is in them. How Sir James Barrie would love those islands. He would sing us the song of them. He could make us feel the awe surrounding the Giant's Tomb, where no Indian ever sleeps. He could find the poetry in "The Island Where the Winds Never Rest."

There is a boy in Parry Sound who is going to be a great man some day. If he does not become a great man, it will be a mistake, for he has the makings of one.

You will not be able to recognize him easily for he only sells bait, and in Midland and Parry Sound it is harder to find a lad who does not sell bait than to locate one who makes his pin money by hawking helpless angle worms. We talked to more than one bait-seller, but this boy had a poise that none of the others possessed.

The boys who live in Summer resorts acquire a protective coloring in order to ward off tourists, the majority of whom are would-be wits. Every tourist thinks that he has a perfect right to be bright at the expense of the rustics, just as every rustic thinks that he has a perfect right to be bright at the expense of the tourists. If you want to hear a lot of unqualified freshness, listen to a tourist and a rustic being bright for one another's benefit.

But you did not take such liberties with Gerald—that was the name of our particular bait boy. When you attempted to be funny for his benefit, he smiled a kindly smile that was so obviously intended to humor you that you felt the same sickly feeling that comes when you are frowned upon by the head-waiter in a swell hotel. Gerald was willing to tell you all about the best way to fish, but he did it man to man. He was not familiar or cheeky. Here was a point where he could lighten your darkness, and he did it without presumption and without condescension.

Gerald told us all about the difference between fishing for bass and trolling. He seemed to take it as quite natural that we should not know anything at all about fishing, but he put on no airs of superiority. He recognized that we probably knew something that he did not know. A great man in the making must have that sense of proportion.

He told us that we would require a copper line two hundred feet long in order to go trolling. "Do you put worms on the hook?" we asked him.

"Oh, no," said he. "Do you use a little sign. 'Fish will kindly bite here!'" we went on, and immediately regretted our attempt to be facetious. Only a shameless man waxes funny in the middle of a serious conversation. You would not try an ancient wheeze on Mr. Freud in the middle of a discussion of psycho-analysis.

Gerald went on to tell us how the deep water fish are lured to their doom by the offer of something that is not even good to eat. We refrained from suggesting "Hence the expression 'Poor fish!'"

Being only week-enders, we did not have time to profit by Gerald's offer to take us to a spot where fish could be caught. Near the end of our conversation, we asked him, "Do you spend the

money you make selling bait on the movies?"

This is how we know that Gerald ought to become a great man. He saves his money to travel. Two years ago he visited Ottawa, and a year ago he saw Boston, and Gerald is not yet fourteen and only trying the Entrance.

Not having been as ambitious as Gerald when we were his age, we could only suggest humbly, "You ought to come to Toronto next time and see the Exhibition."

Here's hoping that Manager John Kent will read this, so that he may realize how we always do our bit for the Exhibition.

Down in New York certain of the leading journalists have developed a type of article which they describe as "diarying." They keep a complete record of their comings and goings every day. They tell about the notables that they meet—or rather the men and women who pass as notables in New York—and intimate accounts are given of their personal habits and their ideas, as expressed in their conversation. It is an easy way of filling up space. The diaries also serve as a medium of advertisement for people who are anxious to be known, and entertains the reading public by giving them peeps into the privacy of the near-great.

It seemed to be an excellent plan to keep just such a diary of a week-end trip. The people that you meet at Summer resorts say things that are just as well worth reporting as the things that the Broadway frequenters remark. In fact, most of the diaries that we have read were remarkable, for nothing so much as fatuous character of the conversations were recorded. We expected to do better than that.

And we did. But the trouble was that we seemed to be travelling over a well-beaten trail. The things we would have put down had all been said before.

In Parry Sound the chief thing that we learned was that they claim to have the worst dam to be seen in Canada. Some engineer erected the dam to operate a power plant. They took us out to see it. We are not an authority on dams, but we have never seen a mass of concrete that seemed to be so filled with terror. It appeared to be hanging on frantically to the water, haunted by the knowledge that at any moment one of its creaking seams might give way.

"How often has it collapsed?" said we. You will note that we have little engineering knowledge.

"Only once," they told us. We were given to understand that even one burst damns the record of a dam.

Before we could enlarge on this subject in our diary somebody informed us that the dam had already given one Toronto paper a bad attack of hysterics.

Also another person who might have taken a place in our diary talked at length about the waking of the nationalistic feeling of the Indians on the Northern Reserves. He told a story of the smoking of the peace pipe at the Penetang celebration last year, when the Iroquois and the Algonquins brought all their old feuds to an end. It seems that one group of Indians refused to take part in the ceremony because they were not recognized as a distinct nation. They refused to admit the right of the Algonquin chiefs to smoke their share of the peace pipe.

All the talk about the "rights of small nations," which we heard during the war, has had its effect on the Canadian Indians, who, by the way, do not admit that they are Canadians at all.

When this got into our diary somebody came along with the information that it had been fully considered at the time of the Penetang celebration.

So our first attempt to keep a diary produced three conclusions: (1) The New York journalists are to be pitied, rather than blamed, for the obvious strain it is to make their friends appear interesting.

(2) People mostly talk about something that somebody else

started to say a few days ago. It is very hard to catch up to the man who says things first.

(3) If your friends are going to say and do things that would look brilliant and edifying in a diary, they are going to spoil for themselves what might otherwise have been a jolly good time.

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