Magazine Section

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CASH CUSTOMERS AND COSMETICS

By J. P. Hennessey

Illustrated By Lou Skuce

I AM a great believer in the goodness of human nature. It is not because I am an idealist or anything of that sort. It is because I have intimately come in contact with the public for a number of years, and experience has taught me that the average man and woman are fundamentally honest.

Each day fully 3,000 people come into my store. Of these approximately 2,500 make one purchase or more. We use the checking system entirely. By that I mean we mark down the amount of the customer's purchase and he, or she, pays the cashier on the way out. I have often been asked if we lose much money by adopting this system, for it means that, to a large extent, we rely upon the honesty of our customer to pay the check. The answer to this question may be found by the checking up of our day's sales. We find that of the 2,500 cheques issued each day not more than four are missing and of these four more than an average of three per day are brought in during the week and paid. Usually a detailed explanation of how the oversight occurred is made to us.

It is infrequent that the careless customer is a woman. They usually are most careful in remembering their obligations. So far as I can remember we have had only two delinquent women customers. One came back the following day; the other not for a month. The latter explained her long absence by saying that she had a number of bags that she used to match various suits. The bag which contained our check she had not used for a matter of some three weeks, as she did not wear the dress which it matched. But when she did the first thing that came to sight was one of our checks for $1.50. She came right down to settle it.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hennessey," she apologized. "I was frightfully careless. Here—" she tendered me a dollar bill and three quarters—"I want you to take the extra 25 cents for interest on the money which you should have had."

This was something new to me. I tried to wave the "interest" aside; but she would not have it. At last we compromised by her paying me five cents for keeping "my" money for a month. I had great difficulty in talking her into paying so small a sum. I honestly believe that I wasted a dollar's worth of time in figuring to show her that even to take five cents would be usury.

It is seldom, however, that customers walk out with checks of such a large amount. Usually they are fountain checks for small amounts. I remember one young professional man who, not so long ago, came dashing into the store with a check for 20 cents. It had been missed for three days. We were about to charge it up to "profit and loss," principally loss with a capital "L." He walked down to my desk and threw the offending check upon it.

"Do you see that thing?" he demanded. I admitted that I did. Also I remarked that I had lost all expectation of ever seeing it again. He colored at this candid comment. "Well here it is, anyway. It cost me just $10, in time to get it for you. When I had that egg drink in here I was in a hurry. I just grabbed the check and ran for a car. When I got on it I dropped the blamed thing into the fare box. Then I had to wait until the box was turned in and the tickets sorted before I could get it back. I thought the company never was going to find it. It gave me endless trouble."

"Why didn't you come in and report the loss?" I asked. "You could have paid it then."

"Don't do things that way When I take a thing away I bring it back."

He turned and ambled to the cashier's desk to pay the illusive check. But he was mumbling softly to himself as he did so. I think he hated that check.



"OH, MR HENNESSEY" SHE GUSHED "I THINK YOU HAVE THE SWEETEST CAT IN THE WORLD".

SOME DEAD BEATS.

IT IS very seldom that we meet with deliberate "dead beats" but when we do the so-called "dead beat" usually has an interesting time. It is part of the psychology of the fundamentally dishonest man that he should try to get as much for nothing as is possible. On the other hand, the man mean by nature will pilfer in little amounts. Ten cents looks as big to him as a dollar would look to a "dead beat". Consequently we fight the latter gentry by keeping close watch upon our sales. When a casual customer comes in, buys a fair amount and then goes over to the soda fountain to order a five cent drink, we can be reasonably sure that the cashier is watching him. Only a few weeks ago we had an unpleasant experience of such a nature.

A young man came in and bought some drugs. After making his purchase the clerk saw him walk over to the fountain and order a phosphate. He did not care about his customer's appearance; there was that sureness about him that bespoke trouble. So the clerk went over to the cashier and warned her that his customer had a drug check, as well as one from the soda fountain

Sure enough, when the young man came to go out he put down his soda check for five cents, together with a nickel. "Where is your drug check?"

"I haven't got one."

"Yes, you have," the cashier returned. "You have a drug check for $3."

"Have I?" an expression of feigned surprise came over the man's face. He felt in his pocket and sure enough there was the check. He brought it out, looked at it for a second, then said, "But I haven't the money. What shall I do?"

He was brought down to me and explanations duly made. The self-assured young man appeared very much confused. I reasoned that he was that type which being caught once, would promptly pay the next time. It would be a matter of pride with him. I let him have the goods on credit. During the afternoon a friend of his came in and paid the check personally to me.

Another unusual experience we had with a "dead beat" had as its central figure a messenger boy. He came in from a neighboring dentist for an order for antiseptics. We made out the check and the boy left, apparently in the direction of the cashier. He bought the goods just before we made up our checks for the morning and when we came to check them up the one for the antiseptics was missing. It was a simple matter for us to telephone the dentist. He was quite surprised when we rang him up. "Leave the kid to me," he snorted. "He's not back yet; but when he comes!" He hung up the receiver.

I never found out just what the dentist did to his messenger but in half an hour he came back, very much dejected and so filled with abject apologies that it took him ten minutes to run them out of his system. Although the boy has been in our store many times since he never forgets that he must stop at the cashier's desk on the way out. It is a matter of routine with him now, whether he buys anything or not.

THE UNDECIDED CUSTOMER.

IN a past article I made mention of the undecided customer as one which gives us much trouble. I said that this type of customer invariably is a woman. This is only natural, as we meet with the greatest trouble of this nature at the perfume and cosmetic counters. There are at least 300 different kinds of rouge which a woman may choose from to adorn her cheeks. Roughly they are classified as "blonde," "medium" and "brunette." But many of our customers have no idea whether they should use one type or another. And as for the various makes! Not only do they not know which kind they want but they have no idea of the firm which manufactures their pet color. It is no easy task to satisfy them.

The other day a young miss came tripping into the store. I happened to be standing behind the rouge show-case and she made straight for me. "I want some rouge, please."

"What kind?"

"Oh, I don't know. I want a good kind. You should know. Look at me."

I did. She was not bad to look at, either. "I guess you want some pretty rouge," I said, gravely.

"Yes, that's it," she remarked brightly. "I want some pretty rouge."

She was of the "medium" type, so I got her a box of that kind. She took it and I wrote out a check. But when she looked at the check she frowned. "Haven't you got any rouge more expensive than that?"

"Oh, yes," I returned and gave her our prices. She bought a box at the top price and went away smiling. I spoke to one of my clerks about the incident. It rather startled me; but the clerk only laughed. "Why, I sell practically only the most expensive powder these days," he said. "It's not that I try to but simply that the business girls will buy only the best." No, I don't know why but they seem to think that even the best is not too good for them. And I guess the most of them are right, too," he added, enthusiastically.

As the clerk in question is a bachelor and a rather impressionable young man I went away feeling rather ill at ease over his immediate future. Unless he changes his viewpoint in short order I consider him as good as signed, sealed and delivered to the minister.

Perfumes are another line of goods where the clerk does most of the selling. It is unusual when a customer comes in to buy a perfume with a preconceived idea of what she wants. Usually the idea is a very nebulous one. Back in the rear closet of her mind she knows that she wants something; but that something is very vague and indefinite. She looks to the clerk to supply the want. As in the case of face powder, the average girl does not desire a cheap grade of perfume. She wants the very best and nothing but the best. Perfume at $5, an ounce is not too much for her pocket, even though she only buys a dollar's worth at a time.

Then there are always new lines of perfumes coming on the market. We try to stock them but it is not always possible to get the very latest. Here is where our customers provide an education for us. Let a perfume be put on the market Tuesday, on Wednesday we will have some ultra-modern young miss come in and ask for it. How she hears of the newest blend so soon I do not know. But hear she does and it is my duty to provide it for her as soon as possible. Sometimes this is not as easy as it sounds.

In one way perfumes follow much the same line as rouge. There seems to be certain blends for certain types. It is nothing unusual for a young woman to walk in and say "I want some perfume, please." She does not know what she wants; but we can form a fair estimate. Certain types of femininity like heavy perfumes; others run to the purchase of delicate odors. We judge them by their type and usually we succeed in suiting them without much difficulty. When we fail, however, then we have an hour's work ahead of us. I do not think there is any customer quite so hard to satisfy as a young lady, with no preconceived idea of what she wants, casting vainly about to find a perfume of which she has only the vaguest idea of what will suit her. I remember once I wrestled two hours with every known variety of perfume for one of these young ladies and in the end she bought a 15-cent bottle of "Woodbine". When she came in again, a few weeks later, and tried to go through the whole performance once more, I brought out her favorite "Woodbine" and said, "Madam, it is this or nothing." She did just as I expected she would. She said, "Nothing" and walked out. It was one of the few times I was glad to see a customer leave.

SOME QUEER CUSTOMERS.

I BELIEVE druggists have more "queer" customers come into their stores than do any other business houses in the city. They seem to gravitate to us. This naturally leads to many unusual requests being received and offers of purchase made for most peculiar things. These offers range from the second-hand furniture man trying to buy a perfectly good show-case, filled with attractive articles, to the "sweet, young thing" who wanted to purchase the store cat.

The store cat, I may add, sits on my desk as I write these lines and purrs raucously into my ear. Despite all my efforts to fatten him he still remains the lean, cavernous Thomas cat of disreputable reputation. But he is a good ratter. Also he is filled with the milk of human kindness (it takes quite a lot of milk to fill him, at that) and has an inquiring disposition. Just a second ago he put his nose into my inkwell and not liking the experience promptly sneezed it all over the desk. But he is a convivial sort of a chap, and he likes to be petted. He was rambling aimlessly about when the "sweet young thing" came in and he promptly edged up to her and rubbed about a peck of dirt from his fur on her skirt. She mistook his dry-cleaning process for friendship. She patted him and he returned her interest by wiping his nose on her $6-silk stockings. He quite captured her heart by his six-cylinder purr. She picked him up in her arms and came to me. "Oh, Mr. Hennessey," she gushed, "I think you have the sweetest cat in the world."

"You don't know him," I warned her.

"Oh, yes, I do," she laughed. "I think he's just wonderful." She gave Tom an affectionate squeeze and he set an extra set of cylinders at work. Tom was enjoying the sensation, that was apparent. He made almost as much noise with his purr-engine as an electric fan.

"He is wonderful," I admitted. "The trouble is you don't know how truly wonderful he is. I consider him the eighth wonder of the world."

"Well, I want to buy him," I'll give you $15, for him right now. I'll just take him home in my car."

"Not to-day," I said. "If you paid 15 cents, you would be overcharged. He's a no-good cat. Therefore, he's not for sale."

Would that young lady accept my ultimatum? No! she would not. She argued with me for 10 minutes. Then, when she dropped Tom and made off, somewhat crossly, the cat sent a plaintive meow after her! I always believed from then on that the store cat has a sense of humor.

The young lady who wanted to buy the cat was almost as amusing as a certain youthful miss of chocolate color who came into the store one night. She eased herself up to the counter with a pronounced smile that seemed to make a red gash in the lower part of her face. Her request quite took me by surprise.

"Boss, I doan know de name of it but I wants some of dat stuff what makes yo' eyes big an' dreamy."

"You want Belladonna," I said. "I can't give you that. It would be injurious."

"Is dat what sassiety womens use when dey go to a dance?"

I told her it was; that it enlarged the pupils and made the eyes brilliant; but that it had the effect of blurring the vision, temporarily.

She listened to me and then said, Boss dat's jes' the' stuff I wants."

I shook my head. "It's most injurious to the eyes. I can't sell it to you."

"But, boss," she pleaded, "Ef yeh only knew how much I loves dat boy o' mine, yo'd sell it right now."

I was obdurate. She turned to leave; then fired a parting shot, evidently intended to be a very hot shot, indeed. "Boss, I hope's yo' never, never git married."

And out she went.

I also remember another colored lady who came in one night. She likewise was on her way to a party and wanted to create a sensation with some favored beau. She fared better, because all she wanted was a little perfume. She went over to where one of my clerks was standing. "Boss, I wants some of the loudest perfume yo' got," she said.

"Have you a bottle with you?"

"No, boss, I only wants 10 cents worth of it."

"But you must have something to carry it away in," the clerk persisted.

"I carries it here, boss," she drew out her blouse and pointed to a bright, red camisole. "Yo' git et and pour et down here."

The clerk looked at me. His face was almost as glowing as that sunset camisole. I nodded gravely. "Quite right," I said. "Please do as the lady requests."

There was nothing for the poor clerk to do but pour down the perfume and the customer went away with a broad smile of contentment beaming amid the cloud of perfume.

Shortly after safety razors came on the market we got in a big shipment, which at the time were widely advertised as "Old Point Comfort." I put in a window display, with the name in big letters and on the card I had printed "Come in and get a special booklet."

The sign had been up only a few hours when a fashionably dressed lady walked in. She went straight to me. "I am thinking of going on some holidays next month," she said. "I just read of 'Old Point Comfort' in the window. Would you give me one of the booklets. If I think I'll like the place I may go there."

It took some tact to intimate that I was advertising safety razors and not Summer resorts

MAINLY ABOUT POWDERS.

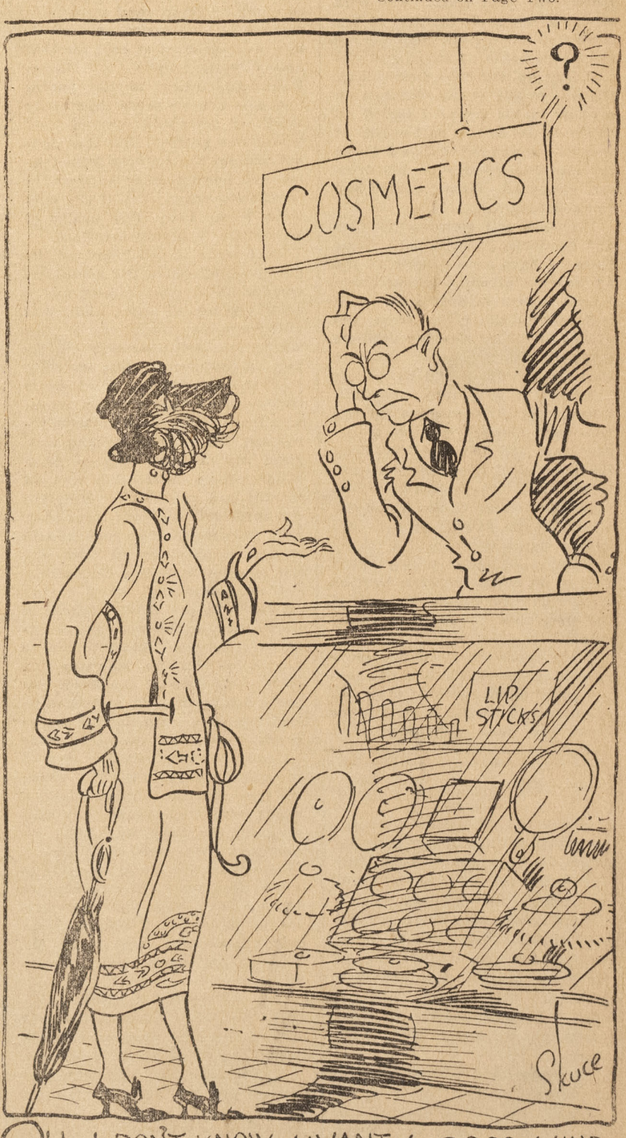
ONE outstanding incident lingers in my mind on account of its tragic setting. It is that of a young man whom I knew quite well. He came into the store one night, very nervous and plainly upset about something. "I have not slept for two nights," he said. "I'm all in. Give me a good sleeping powder."

I tried to argue him out of taking one. I told him that he was in no condition to do so. He was firm. A sleeping powder was the only thing he wanted. If I would not sell him it, then he would go somewhere else and buy one. At length I let him have it, very re-

Continued on Page Two.



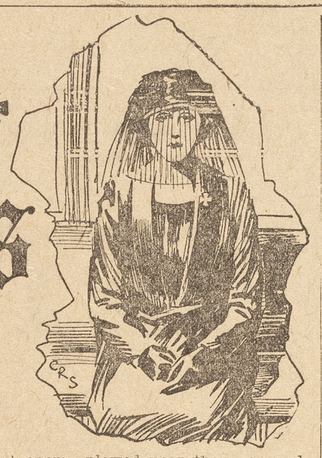
BOSS, I DOAN KNOW DE NAME OF IT, BUT I WANTS SOME OF DAT STUFF WHAT MAKES YU EYES BIG AN' DREAMY.



OH, I DON'T KNOW, I WANT A GOOD KIND, YOU SHOULD KNOW, LOOK AT ME —

Her Cross

by W. F. Burk



A LADY in black boarded the car at the head of the Avenue. Here eyes were dark-smouldering eyes that shone through a fine cobwebby veil. On the lapel of her coat rested a single decoration. The Victoria Cross.

It rested flat against the lapel. No movement of twitching or flapping there. It rested as though at peace. It just rested. The face back of the veil looked pale. The figure sat without movement. And the eyes stared off through the window.

A general movement of the people sitting on the seat opposite to the lady in black—a quiet turning movement to the window. No twitching movement of hesitation. But a movement, although apparently calm on the surface; yet underneath their skins their hearts registered a jolt of emotion.

Their turning to the window was a slow, studied, compelling movement that forced their heads to the pane where the street was lost from sight.

No asphalt pavements here. No stretches of lawn with homes in the background. No—no nothing.

A swallow that seemed loud from a young man in blue; echoed, nearly, in the silence of the car. Then an old man intently gazing through the pane scraped his throat.

Country with an undulating terrain and a winding, tree-lined road in the distance rose slowly before the faces at the window. Scarred land with great craters now pitted the landscape, while off just ahead zig-zagged a line of old trenches. Poppies waved from the sod behind the parodoes, listlessly nodding to puffs of white smoke that were growing more numerous but forty feet above ground.

Suddenly the skirl of pipes sounded martial and clear. And a brigade of kilties emerged from the woods back of the old line of trenches. They deployed. They advanced. Then, like some shower from the Inferno bursting, shrieking, k-r-u-m-p-i-n-g shells of the enemy plowed near them, around them, in them, and through them. And figures in khaki sank, flopped, wavered, and then lay still.

A little chap with a gray mustache and his Balmoral lifted on the end of his stick ran out in front of that hopeless tangle. He walked straight on with head high, with stick high, and with his plaid Balmoral gently nodding as though trying to dodge the shrapnel ever passing through it.

Then that swaying, tottering, cut up brigade picked up the double and disappeared over the paradoes, out of sight in the trench. All but the little chap with the gray mustache.

He paced the parapet. Coaxing, shouting, gesticulating. And then his arms went up and out, and he toppled over into the trench. The shells continued as before. And machine guns "whined" and "pinged," knocking dry dust from dryer sod.

Then like a camel humped to take its load a figure struggled up over the bags with the little chap on his broad back, making for the rear through that rocking, screeching hell of shells and flying earth.

A stifled sob from the throat of the young man at the window, and a softly whimpered, "God Man—go it!" from the elderly one. And a twitching of faces stared through the smoke where one bursting shell that tore and rended the ground in its shock and two figures prone on the crater's edge.

The mist of the years rolled back. The homes with stretches of lawn in front and the drab sight of asphalt pavement again appeared. The elderly man heaved a tired sigh as someone pushed a button. The car slowed down, stopped. The faces turned from the window and stared through a mist of understanding at the lady in black that walked to the door with head held high. The conductor, seeing her cross, jumped down in front and in a bashful, half-timid, apologetic sort of way assisted her down. And the car continued on up the Avenue.

"PETER PAN".

Even Sir James Barrie sometimes makes puns. He was at a luncheon-party one day, and the man next to him said: "I suppose, Sir James, some of your plays do much better than others. I mean they are not all great successes, are they?"

"No," said Barrie. "Oh, no. Some peter out altogether; others pan out very well."



MR. J. P. HENNESSEY.

tion! Experience has taught me the necessity for this and the fact that the great majority of people do not need much medicine if they would only use their common sense. Of course, I make exception of the small minority who suffer from some organic trouble, to which my statement will not apply.

It has been my observation, however, that the average person drinks too much (not necessarily intoxicants) and eats too much. The man or woman working downtown could get along just as well, if not a little better, on two meals a day as on three. Were they to avoid pastry, tea and coffee, and use as little as possible of condiments, such as spices, etc., which embellish and heighten the taste of food, and are not necessary, they would be much better. There are only a few food essentials; other things simply create waste, which in time affects the general health.

The plainer the food, the better you will be and the less money you will have to spend in drug stores. I know this may seem hatchet-edged advice, so far as my store is concerned. But then who wants to be sick when they can be well? Not even a druggist. Apart from this fact did you ever know people to take advice, even when given with the best of intentions? I never did. People will keep right on eating three heavy meals per day and spending their money for drugs to make them well again. No one wants advice when the same result can be gained from painful experience—not even the druggist.

Romance

By Beatrice Redpath.

LIZZIE SPRAGGE opened her eyes and stared up at the cracked ceiling with a sigh, and then the sigh almost immediately yielded to a smile, a smile of ineffable content. She had forgotten in her first waking moments that to-day was not to be like every other day. To-day had a glamour all its own. She would see him to-night!

Surely reason enough to rise with more energy, to brush her hair more vigorously, to take more pains in pinning the white cuffs neatly on her black voile dress. She hummed a tune softly to herself as she opened the door of the rooming house and descended the steps into the hot breathless street, where not even a breeze stirred to lift the oppressive weight of the August heat.

She liked to arrive early at the restaurant, so that she could have time to take a cup of coffee and a roll before the day's work commenced. She was cashier in a down town restaurant, and sat all day in a little glass cage, counting out change. It was pleasant enough work except the smell of the hot food made the air heavy and unpleasant to anyone breathing it all through a stifling Summer day. But Lizzie Spragge considered herself fortunate to have such a steady job. She had been there for seven years, and sometimes it seemed to her that there was really no reason why she would ever be anywhere else. She was sufficiently content with her lot in life, even if at times she was inclined to dream, to be carried away by her imagination from her own drab surroundings into a life glowing with color and romance. For Lizzie Spragge had imagination. It was that which made some of her most intimate friends exclaim among themselves: "Lizzie's queer! She talks foolish sometimes," imagination not being an essential for counting out cash in a busy restaurant.

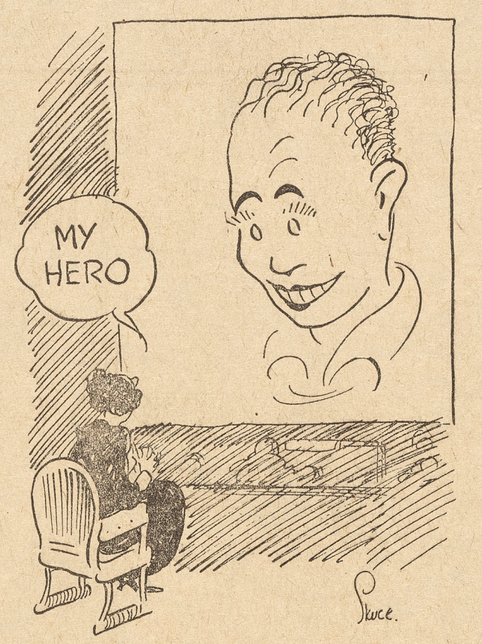
Lizzie did not tell everything that passed through her mind, even to Flossie, who was her closest friend. Flossie had red hair and freckles, and was a waitress in the same establishment. Lizzie Spragge had never talked to Flossie about him. She could not have done so. It was too intimate a subject to be spoken of, something too precious, too much her own.

Flossie crossed the floor with a lagging step in the middle of the afternoon and stationed herself beside Lizzie's glass cage.

"Say," she said, "I've got two tickets given me for the theatre to-night. You'll come along. It's a great show. There's a chorus that come on dressed like fish . . . scales and all . . . and there's a lobster chorus. They say it's a scream. Can you be ready about eight?"

Lizzie shook her head while she continued to add up a column of figures.

"Can't," she said at length, looking up, "sorry, Flossie . . . but I can't to-night."



Flossie looked her astonishment. To refuse to go to a real show!

"Oh, but you must come along," she exclaimed, "it's going to be swell. Come on."

"Not to-night," Lizzie said positively, while a painful flush mounted into her sallow cheeks. "I couldn't to-night."

Flossie's eyes widened.

"Why . . . Lizzie Spragge . . . I believe . . . I actually believe . . . you have a fellow!"

"Well . . . what if I had?" Lizzie said with a touch of hauteur. "Would that be so very surprising?"

"Well . . . if that isn't the greatest . . . wait till I tell the girls . . . Lizzie Spragge with a fellow . . . well, I never. Of all things . . ."

"I'd rather you didn't speak of it, Flossie," Lizzie said rather embarrassed, "if you don't mind. You'll be doing me a favor . . . if you keep it to yourself. There . . . if I haven't gone and made a mistake in this old addition . . . I've got to count it up all over again."

It was after eight before Lizzie Spragge left the restaurant that evening, and she hurried down the street with an anxious glance at the jeweller's clock at the corner. She was afraid that she would be late. Her cheeks were hot and she had a little breathless feeling that was half excitement, half happiness, as she hurried along through the crowds. She walked quickly, impatient at the crossings where the blocked traffic caused her to pause on the curb for some moments. At length she reached her destination, a large moving picture theatre, blazing with lights. She bought her ticket and pushed eagerly down the dim cool aisles, where electric fans hummed against the walls, like huge buzzing insects. She slipped into a seat on the aisle and leaned eagerly forward, her hands tightly clasped. The picture had already started. She stared before her utterly forgetful of everything around her, conscious only of supreme happiness, of ecstactic bliss, as his face smiled down at her from the screen."

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LET CALVACURA STOP YOUR HAIR FALLING
LET US SEND you an interesting sworn statement of the remarkable results obtained from CALVACURA by Mrs. Lina Belperio. Also hundreds of other letters from pleased customers.
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SIMPLE TEST—Examine the hair on your comb. Take warning if the root is pale, dry, dead



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looking. Correct the trouble if you want to save your hair and make it grow.
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LET US SEND you a convincing sample of CALVACURA No. 1 also an interesting book on care of hair and scalp. As evidence of your good faith enclose ten cents, silver or stamps, and the sample and interesting book will be promptly mailed you.
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Dept. I-26
Binghamton, N.Y.
DO IT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

with other men folks they knowed they could lick.

"But, son, if the other feller is bigger or has a gun or a knife, these chaps with the uncontrollable tempers is wise as serpents an' harmless as doves.

"You needn't tell me. I've seed plenty of 'em. An' I ain't never knowed one that didn't wait till he knowed he was safe befo' turnin' his temper loose."

THE UNHAPPY WOMAN.

Once upon a time there was a girl 20 years of age who was courted and won by a prominent citizen aged 46. The prominent citizen paid an income tax that caused him acute anguish, and once a week he insisted that his wife buy a new frock. She had servants to wait upon her and in the course of five years she had two children. She loved the children when they were clean and behaved nicely, and she was rather fond of her distinguished husband; but she was bored most of the time and she felt very sorry for herself.

At intervals she made the acquaintance of young men who held her hand, and at such times she spoke of her husband's age and felt abused. She talked of a mythical career she had denied herself, and intimated that one of her sensitive nature could not hope to find many persons in a sordid world with the ability to understand her. It was all very sad, really.

And then the prominent citizen died, leaving no insurance, many debts, and $18.64 in cash. The young widow kissed her beloved children three times, fired the servants and began to take in boarders.

And so she lived happily ever afterward. Was she then happy because her ancient husband was dead? Nay, she missed him dreadfully. She was happy because she had a regular job and was too busy to be bored.

Cash Customers and Cosmetics

Continued from Page One.

luctantly and filled with deep fears. He went away. The next morning when I arrived at the store there was a message for me to call his home. I did so and was told that he had been found dead. He was sitting partly disrobed on a chair in his room. I taxied up to the house as fast as I could. It was with great relief that I found my sleeping powder on his dresser, unopened. Heart trouble had claimed him.

I always sell sleeping powders and headache powders with vague fears. I have even considered the advisability of not stocking them. I have known of people who died suddenly in the night from the affects of taking sleeping powders injudiciously. I do not intimate that the powder would be greatly injurious if directions were followed. But the average person who can't sleep is inclined to get desperate. He does not wait until the prescribed time. He does not know what his physical condition may be, whether he can stand the affects of the powder or not. He simply wants to sleep. He makes sure of sleeping by taking a big dose or an overdose. Then he does sleep. But sometimes, alas! it is the sleep that knows of no awakening.

I also consider headache powders injurious. While their use does not cause death literally, they frequently are powerful heart depressants and they relieve pain by deadening the nerve centres. When they were first introduced upon the market they often contained as many as seven (and sometimes as high as ten) grains of acetanilide, a by-product of coal tar that acts directly upon the heart. Nowadays, owing to the patent medicine act, no more than three grains of acetanilide can be used in any one powder. But that does not prevent the sufferer from taking one powder after another, in rapid succession. Yet, if she only knew it, to take five grains of acetanilide is highly injurious.

That more is not heard of the poisonous effects of the headache-powder habit, after a long and a continued use of them, and other anti-neuralgia remedies, is due wholly to self-deception on the part of the patient. She imagines that she is suffering from heart trouble or nervous disorder, when, as a matter of fact, she is paralyzing her heart action by the constant use of this class of drug. When people have this sort of trouble and innocent methods are not sufficient to relieve them of it, it is imperative that they should consult a physician at once and not attempt to doctor themselves.

I remember that when I first started in the drug business a negro came to the store and wanted to get some mixture to relieve one of his children, who was sick of a cold. He said the baby was suffering much pain and that he had gone to several doctors in the neighborhood but that they were all out, visiting patients. One of my clerks gave him a syrup which we then stocked that contained a slight dose of morphine. The next morning the child was dead. An autopsy was performed and it showed that death had been due to acute pneumonia. The opinion of the coroner was that the child would have died despite what might have been done for it; but I have often wondered if this were so.

A Druggist's Opinion.

ALTHOUGH I have always been in the drug business and sell many brands of patent medicines, I believe that the best thing any person can do who is suffering from an ailment, is to make a practice of getting professional advice. And once that advice is secured to follow it without deviation as far as possible.

OF COURSE!

A number of caddies were being entertained at dinner, and they knew as little about meal-time ceremony as they knew much about golf. One of them, in particular displayed ignorance of the working tools of the table, and at last, in desperation, he sized the nearest approach to a jack-knife that he could find, and used it indiscriminately for peas, beans, pie, ice-cream, and everything.

This amazed and impressed his neighbor.

"Say!" he remarked. "Look at this guy by me! He's making the whole eighteen holes with an iron.



Folks Back Home

Sketches by J. H. Striebel

By Robert Quillen

TRANSPLANTING.

You have observed pot plants, of course, and the peculiarities they have in common with men. A plan in a pot will thrive for a time, but as the months pass its roots will reach the boundary of their little world and begin to circle the pot, reaching out eagerly in quest of new life, but never getting anywhere at all. Men say the plant is pot bound, and if it isn't transplanted to a larger field it will die.

Plants in a field may have room to grow, but nurserymen have discovered that transplanting helps them also. With each transplanting they put out new roots and store up vigor to withstand the shocks the future may have in store for them.

So men become potbound in the environment of their childhood, and so men are benefited and strengthened by transplanting. The country boy grows great in the city—not because he was a country boy, but because he moved. Almost invariably the emigrant grown up to his new environment.

In your native town are hates and envies and bickerings of which you are a part. You were raised on them, and don't know any better. They are a part of your cosmos.

Go to another town and the same condition obtains. But you are not a part of it and therefore not aware of it. "These are finer people," you say, "and I must live up to them." And so you do, thereby conforming to your own ideals and getting a deal of good advertizing. Not all who move grow great, but few grow great without moving.



AUNT HET.

"When a woman has a headache and a backache she finds a lot of consolation in the thought that her husband will miss her when she's dead.

: : The Girl and the Butcher Boy : :

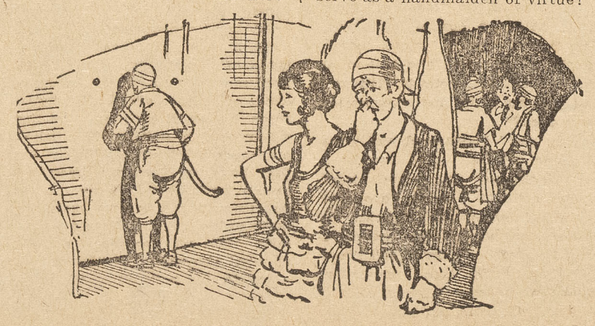
When a man is assailed by a particular temptation at regular or irregular intervals, he does not flee from it, nor does he take steps to render it impotent. Says he: "I am a strong man, and conflict is good for me. I will meet this temptation face to face and fight it out." This he says to kid his conscience, knowing full well that temptation will prove his master.

But when a woman wishes to overcome a temptation, she adopts such strategy as may be necessary to draw its teeth and render it harmless. And this is the strategy employed by the girl across the street.

Last week she and others began the practice of a play to be given for the benefit of the school library. She, as heroine, responded most heartily when the hero kissed her in the third act, and later confessed to Daughter her alarm and surprise that, with her eyes closed, she could observe no difference between his kiss and those of Hiram Fetchit, the butcher boy she loves.

What to do? If she had loved adventure more and Hiram less, she might have continued her experimentation and learned other surprising and alarming things. But her conscience troubled her, and after long reflection she decided that onions are the better part of discretion.

The hero did not kiss her at practice Monday night. He spoke his lines at a safe distance and the look in his eyes was reproachful. Doubtless Hiram suffered also; but what matter when onions serve as a handmaiden of virtue?



UNCLE GUS.

Uncle Gus folded his paper and placed it on the cigar case and reached into his coat pocket for the inevitable twist of natural leaf.

"It says in the paper," said he, "that the Blanton feller arrested fo' stabbin' Bill Hawkins had a uncontrollable temper an' done it in a fit o' passion. that kind o' talk kind o' gives me a pain. The' ain't no such thing as a un controllable temper.. I've knowed a lot o' men what got mad easy, but I never knowed one that didn't know when to speak soft an' easy.



"These here bad-tempered folks ain't lackin' in sense. Like as not, when one of 'em starts lickin' his boy, he's mad to start with an' gits madder with ever' lick until he kind o' goes crazy. An' I don't doubt but what he has a hard job controllin' his temper when his wife don't do to suit him. I've even knowed 'em to plum' lose control o' the'selves a-quarrelin'

WILLIE WILLIS.

Little Willie Willis is taking a very hot bath every night. His mother thinks he may be in love, but he explained to Skinny Jones that he is trying to get hard-boiled.



THE SUGAR BUSH

THUS far substitutes for coal have simply consisted of the heated remarks of those unable to get it.

AT last accounts De Valera was still atempting to save his hide by hiding.

THEY call it the Mint League, but this, apparently has no reference to money making.

MAN wants but little here below and as this is what he generally gets it seems passing strange that more people are not satisfied.

IT IS rumored that Messrs Drury and Morrison have already commenced to save all their spare cash for Christmas presents to each other.

HERE'S hoping that Turkey will not be strutting around quite so much by the time Thanksgiving Day is reached.

DANCING masters are said to be in despair because they cannot evolve anything to oust the fox trot. And what is worrying ex-Kaiser William is the loss of the goose step.

A Hopeless Case.

HE WAS shy.
Also diffident.
And when she
Said to him
"I wonder what
It feels like
To be kissed?"
He replied:
"Have you never
Tried that
With your mother?".

A RECENT criticism is that Lloyd George does not dress well. What matter so long as he continues to give first class fits to the enemies of the British Empire.

A BOSTON alderman wants Webster's dictionary removed from the public library on the ground that it is too monarchial and therefore improper. This will doubtless cause a great rush of readers anxious to get hold of the risque volume.

THE latest European stew has reversed the well known rule of greece on top.

Just So.

"THE Irish Free State does not embody all that the Republicans planned to achieve, but it does represent a very marked progress toward freedom and selwetapshrd shrd sretrrrea dom."—U. S. paper.

KING GUSTAVE, of Sweden, plays a great deal of tennis. A majority of the other monarchs, also, possess just about all the rackets they can conveniently handle.

BEE keepers are to form a co-operative selling association, but not, it is to be hoped, for the purpose of stinging the public.

The Female of the Species.
(After Kipling.)

WHEN the poet of "The Native Born," likewise "The Light That Failed,"
Gets talking with a lady scribe he's apt to find he's flailed,
On views he never uttered; given out by her for kale
For the female interviewer is more deadly than the male.

WITH so many things flying around the European household there is small cause for wonder that the Severs treaty got broken.

THEY are called the Balkans but never balk at a chance to fight.

HEARST met with sudden death in the New York State primaries for Governor. Quite in accordance with the Autumn season that his various publications should now cover him with yellow leaves.

MR. FIELDING'S increased tax on cigarettes has had the double effect of less lighting of them and a greatly increased lightening of the revenue.

OF twenty leading feminine motion stars in Los Angeles, twelve are of Canadian birth. The beauteous dames of this clime have always caused many a man to feel that he was reeling.

IN the United States the Anglican Church proposes to eliminate the word "obey" from the vows of the bride. As an offset "with all my wordly goods I thee endow," will go by the board on the part of the groom. As neither of the stipulations ever meant anything, matters are quite likely to go on about as usual.

SPEAKER LEMIEUX has forbidden a moving picture of the House of Commons on the ground that it would detract from the dignity of that chamber. As a matter of fact it was the members themselves who long ago put the nit in that word.

THE sudden rise of Mustapha Kemal would seem to indicate that he mustapha way with him.

IN the matter of wedding presents say it with coal.

Handing Him One.

THE following advertisements appeared in two succeeding issues of a weekly paper.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he will not be responsible for debts contracted other than by himself.

Merton Ex Lovely.

NOTICE.

Bed nor board as yet I've had,
From Merton Lovely, nor his dad.
He left me for no provocation,
So I sent him home to his relation.

Mrs. Edith Lovely.

DENTISTS say that women have the best teeth and this causes a cynic to remark that they are more exposed to the air.

AND the order has properly gone forth that Turk key shall not lock the Dardanelles.

A Lightning Leap.

"MR CHESTER" when the lightning struck the barn, jumped over the cow he was milking and is resting very easy this afternoon."—Weekly paper.

DOUG.

Scientists state that it is possible for disease germs to travel to earth from other planets on the tails of comets.

Mostly About People Worth Knowing

Cleric Militant Is Dr. R. W. Dickie

Strenuous Work to Make Montreal Schools Efficient.

IT is fine thing to be a radical Conservative. This is merely another way of saying that the Rev. "Bob" Dickie, one time Varsity undergrad, presently pastor of Knox Crescent Church, Montreal, has succeeded better than most of us in filling himself out and building himself up to the full measure of a man. There is nothing of the "cloister's stillness and seclusion" about the Rev. Robert William Dickie, B.A., D.D.

He was born at Hyde Park, Ontario, on January 25, 1873, the son of George Dickie and Allie McDonald Dickie, daughter of a famous Western Ontario Presbyterian divine, the Rev. A. D. McDonald of Seaforth. He imbibed the elements of his education at the "Little Red Schoolhouse," London Collegiate and Varsity. By '94 he had got about all that Toronto had to give him and wandered over to Edinburgh—that home of Presbyterianism triumphant—where he put a brilliant polish on the educational structure he had erected.



REV. R. W. DICKIE.

In 1898 he was back in Canada again and had started on his life's work as minister of St. Andrew's Church, Orangeville. In 1903 he turns up at Brandon—which in those days was considerably less of a place than it is now, Brandon held him for five years but the call came to him and by 1909 he was piloting Knox Church, Montreal, one of the biggest Presbyterian Churches in Eastern Canada, and has been in charge there ever since.

The work of providing first-class education for the Protestant English-speaking minority in Montreal is the one job which has taken Dr. Dickie's time, outside of his strenuous pastoral activities. In 1918 he was made President of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners and cleared away many cobwebs. He believes in happy schools, where the teachers have good working conditions and the children find their school a community centre and a thing of beauty.

Rumor has it that on the threshold of his ministerial career, "Bob" Dickie resolved never to wear a gown, never to read again his Hebrew Bible and never to give up family prayers. But some ladies gave him a beautiful gown and he has to wear it. The other resolutions fared better.



MOTHER OF BOY EARL.

Lady Winifred Pennoyer, mother of the boy Earl of Shrewsbury, whose guardians recently settled a will dispute out of court. Lady Winifred is a Paget by birth and sister to Lady Pembroke, while her brother is Lord Anglesey, who is guardian to little Lord Shrewsbury. Lady Winifred's husband is an American diplomat, at present stationed in Berlin. The will case just disposed of was caused by a woman offering a will of the late Earl, which gave her a large part of the estate.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Duke of Connaught Floored This Time

By P. W. LUCE.

LIKE all public men who have had military training, the Duke of Connaught has a keen eye for medals and decorations. He can tell at a glance what every bit of ribbon means, and usually has some comment to make on campaigns of other days when he meets an old soldier proudly decked out for formal inspection.

On one occasion, however, the Duke was at first puzzled, then hopelessly at a loss to identify a certain medal. It happened when as governor-general of Canada, he paid his vice-regal visit to Western Canada, this including a call at Prince Rupert, then only emerging from the boom state.

Included among the ex-service men drawn up for inspection was a grizzled stalwart who sported a solitary medal on his manly chest. There was no ribbon, no bar, no clasp. The writing could be distinguished only by close scrutiny.

The governor-general happened to halt in front of this man, glanced curiously at the bit of metal, and said:

"Ah, you served in the—er—"

A slight pause for the wearer to supply the desired information, but the stalwart was much too flustered to speak. He just gulped.

Under ordinary circumstances the Duke would have passed on, but he had permitted himself to become intrigued by that medal, and he would not be satisfied until he had it identified.

"May I ask in what campaign you received that medal?" he finally inquired.

"Cer-certainly, my lord duke, certainly," came the blurted reply.

Another pause, and then the Duke put the direct question.

"In what part of the Empire did you win this?"

"In New Westminster, my Lord Duke," came the unexpected answer.

"In New Westminster? I don't recall any recent fighting in British Columbia."

"Oh, this isn't a fighting medal. I won this in a singing contest!"

PRAISE FIRST

When Miller received an autograph copy of his friend Lewis' latest book on the "Genetic Theory of Knowledge" he immediately sat him down and acknowledged the gift, saying that he "anticipated great pleasure in its perusal."

"Why didn't you read it first?" asked Mrs. Miller. "Then you could have said something much nicer than that."

"Margaret," said the husband, as he gave Lewis' book a conspicuous place on the library table, "I have a feeling that this is one of the times when my forethought would be better than my hindthought."

Tobacco Predicts Weather For Priest

Father Bellevaire is Jolly Veteran of Alberta Frontier.

PRIESTS and parishioners, clergy and laymen, gathered in the little village of Duhamel, Alberta, recently, to honor a sturdy, blue-eyed, white bearded parish priest who can count back fifty years of service to the Church, forty of them spent in the one parish, the parish that is paying reverence for his good works and his long and faithful labors in its bounds.

Father Hippolyte Bellevaire was born in France in 1848 and will be seventy-five years old next January. It was as a young man of thirty-five that he first stood at eventide in the Duhamel valley and watched the day close in about his then scanty and scattered flock.

Father Bellevaire, despite his seventy-five years, is a man of action. He still loves to visit his flock. His memory is clear through all the years that he has spent on the Western plains—years of toil and stress or peace and plenty. He has very rarely had to call in a doctor and admits the two recent operations he has undergone with a shamefaced air For more than forty years he tells you, he has warded off bodily ailments with his special brand of tobacco, which he cuts from the plug with a quaint blade made from an old file and fastened into a still older block of wood. His tobacco is his barometer, as well. Should it become moist, wet weather is coming. Should it remain crisp and dry, the sky will be clear. The father also tells you that the mackerel or fleecy sky portends nothing—it is like the powder on a woman's face, for it does not last long.

Father Bellevaire finished his education at Nantes and was ordained at the age of 25. He came to Canada as a missionary five years before the Riel Rebellion, and well recalls the great excitement that stirred his parish when the fighting broke out.

Boy, Kept All His Life in Bed, Creates Delicate Modelling

ALL the thirteen years of his life, Morris Wilkingson, of Ripley, Ontario, has spent, lying on his back, bed imprisoned.

Yet, out of plasticine, deftly moulded, and from the fancies of his own childish brain, Morris has peopled a little kingdom, bounded by the four walls of his bedroom.

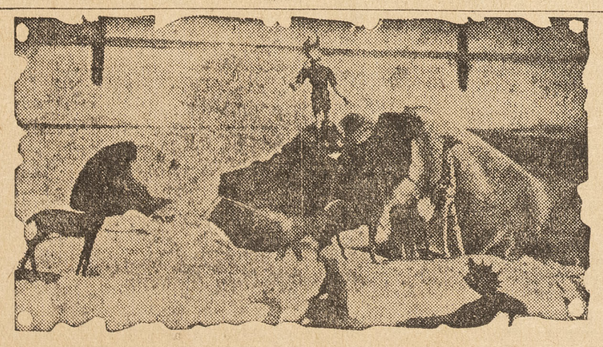
Quaint figures from history, wee comical statuettes, and all sorts of animals, scarce statue-like, but depicting quivering motion in every line, from the exhibit which the young artist has to his credit.

Marks of real genius, more than positive talent are shown in the models, and what adds to their cleverness and charm is the fact that their young creator has lain since he was a baby, entirely helpless except for the use of his two hands.

It is not so very long since an interested friend thought of providing Morris with the plastic material as a means whereby he might while away the hours which seemed so long to him, lying helpless, and so quite by accident the genius of the boy was discovered.

From colored clay he has modelled animals, known to him solely from pictures. Out of the pages of history he has taken the idea for a tiny figure of King William, mounted on horseback, and from history of more recent date, he conceived the idea for the figure of a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, lifelike in every detail of mounting and equipment.

The names of all his models, Morris keeps in a little black book, as carefully as though it were a mahogany filing cabinet. A wax swan, graceful and fragile, the work of his own fingers, is Morris' chief pride.



LITTLE ARTIST AMID HIS WORK.







TITLED ENGLISH WOMEN GO INTO BUSINESS.

Society women of England are now going into business and making a success of it. Lady Poynter, who is seen on the right, is the wife of Sir Ambrose Poynter, the famous architect, and she is now a house decorator. She studied the business for two years, and has been extremely successful. In the centre is seen the Countess of Clonmel, who has opened a laundry in the aristocratic section of London, and in spite of the fact that she has named it "The White Elephant," it has been a decided money maker. On the left is the Countess Annesley, one of the most beautiful peeresses, who has opened a millinery business in London and takes an active part in the serving of customers.



LORD BIRKENHEAD.

LORD BIRKENHEAD'S RECORD IS UNIQUE

THERE is probably no other record in Parliamentary history to compare with that of the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead.

Thirteen years ago he was a member of the Junior Bar, and in that short time he has been made a K.C., elected to the House of Commons, and become, in turn, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General and Lord Chancellor. He has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birthday. There is one member of the House of Lords, Lord Loreburn, who was called to the Bar before Lord Birkenhead was born.



KING ALFONZO.

King Not Handsome Enough For His Job

Besides, Alfonso Did Not Have a Crown, Said Tiny Girls.

KING ALFONSO, who has been staying at Deauville, tells the following story against himself.

During his morning ride he noticed four little girls who were staring at him with all their might.

"Vive le Roi!" cried the eldest of the four, a child apparently about eight years of age.

The King rode up and smilingly handed her a 50-franc note. Thereupon the youngest of the quartette a pretty child of six or seven, cried: "There, you see, Loulou, I was quite right, he is not the King of Spain at all."

"And why not?" asked King Alfonso.

"Why?" said the child. "First of all because you have not got a crown on your head; and also because you have given money to Loulou. If you were the King, you would not have been surprised and glad that she cried 'Vive le Roi'; and then, kings are better-looking than you are, I am quite sure."

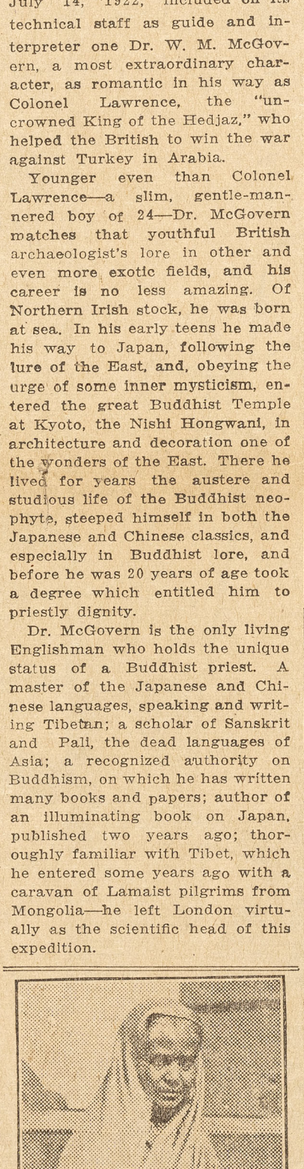
English Buddhist Is Youthful Genius

Dr. McGovern Goes With British Mission to Tibet.

THE British Buddhist Mission to Tibet, which left London on July 14, 1922, included on its technical staff as guide and interpreter one Dr. W. M. McGovern, a most extraordinary character, as romantic in his way as Colonel Lawrence, the "uncrowned King of the Hedjaz," who helped the British to win the war against Turkey in Arabia.

Younger even than Colonel Lawrence—a slim, gentle-mannered boy of 24—Dr. McGovern matches that youthful British archaeologist's lore in other and even more exotic fields, and his career is no less amazing. Of Northern Irish stock, he was born at sea. In his early teens he made his way to Japan, following the lure of the East, and, obeying the urge of some inner mysticism, entered the great Buddhist Temple at Kyoto, the Nishi Hongwani, in architecture and decoration one of the wonders of the East. There he lived for years the austere and studious life of the Buddhist neophyte, steeped himself in both the Japanese and Chinese classics, and especially in Buddhist lore, and before he was 20 years of age took a degree which entitled him to priestly dignity.

Dr. McGovern is the only living Englishman who holds the unique status of a Buddhist priest. A master of the Japanese and Chinese languages, speaking and writing Tibetan; a scholar of Sanskrit and Pali, the dead languages of Asia; a recognized authority on Buddhism, on which he has written many books and papers; author of an illuminating book on Japan, published two years ago; thoroughly familiar with Tibet, which he entered some years ago with a caravan of Lamaist pilgrims from Mongolia—he left London virtually as the scientific head of this expedition.



HINDU PHILANTHROPIST

Madame Sushila Devi of the Province of Punjab, who maintains a home for Hindu widows and orphans in India with the earnings of her writings.



REV. D. W. BENTLEY.

SCHOOLMASTER ALSO A BISHOP

TO be at once a leader in religious and educational matters is an honor which comes to not a few men, but Right Rev. David Williams Bentley, Assistant Bishop of Jamaica, has executive positions in both fields. In addition to his duties as coadjutor to the Bishop of Jamaica, Dr. Bentley serves also as headmaster of St. Peter's College, the principal institution of learning in the principal island of the British West Indies. He has been entitled Warden of the college since 1917, and was consecrated bishop in 1919. Dr. Bentley was educated at the University of Durham.

CLAIMS TANK INVENTION

John A. Corry, of Leeds, England, who walked from his native city to London, to place before the British Government his claim to the invention of the tanks which played such a prominent part in the latter stages of the war. He is only one of many who claim the credit of the invention of these war machines.

WALLS FOR WIVES FIX HIS STATUS

PROBABLY nowhere in the East is the immurements of women more complete than in Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. The extent of a man's walls is the barometer of his social station. The more prosperous he is the more wives he can afford; and the more wives he has the more walls he will need to guard them from the eyes of his neighbors.

Kabul has between 150,000 and 300,000 people. One can only guess at the population because the one effort at a census failed before the innate exclusiveness of the Afghan. Rather than tell their names and ages Kabul residents either left the city or hid away so that business was disrupted and the census was abandoned.

DUCAL SPOILS.

The Princess Bibesco told at a tea in Washington a funny servant story.

"My mother," she said, "was engaging a maid at 10 Downing Street. The maid said she had worked for the Duchess of Exe, but among her references my mother saw nothing from the duchess.

"'You have really worked for Her Grace?' said my mother.

"'Yes, madam, really and truly,' said the maid. 'If you like, madam, I'll show you the coronet on my undies.'"

Lynn Harold Hough Coming to Toronto

Friend of Savants and Authors is Detroit Pastor.

DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, who is going to attend the general conference of the Methodist Church, Canada, in Toronto late in September as fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a very modern Methodist minister. In the first place, he left a college presidency to become a pastor. Secondly, as the preachers would say, he leaves his pastoral work to others and does the preaching himself. And finally, brethren, he is more of a litterateur than of an orator.

As a member of the Author's Club, London, England, he has the entree to the most elite literary circles of the Old Land. Not even his dignities at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, nor his pulpit work in the Summers in the leading chapels of old London could have won him this distinction. He is at home in the world of letters, he loves books and bookmen, and the publishers and writers know him as one of their own crowd.

Dr. Hough is superintendent of the circuit in the Methodist phrase, or rather minister of the Central M. E. Church in the heart of downtown Detroit. He has as executive, a former University of Toronto man. W. Bert Atkins, to look after administration and another assistant to look after the pastoral visiting. That is as modern as the arrangement which gives Dr. Trevor Davies two associate ministers at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

There are few preachers who leave a college presidency to go back to the pastorate. And there are still fewer Methodist preachers who remain bachelors for long. Dr. Hough left the gown and never went to the altar, except as officiating clergyman.

Dr. Hough, who always asks people to remember the word cough when pronouncing his name, has few hobbies and fewer outdoor sports. Books are his first love. He writes often, usually to help his brother ministers. He speaks with distinction. And his reminiscences of chats with great authors make him an interesting talker. His latest published article is an appreciation of Raymond, editor of the London Times literary supplement. A strange American this Detroit pastor!

From Wagon Maker To Motor Magnate

William C. Durant Saw His Initial Success Slipping.

ONE of the conspicuous men in the automobile industry is William C. Durant, head of the Durant Motors, Inc. When Mr. Durant was a lad his family moved from Boston to Flint, Mich., where he was educated in the Public schools.

In 1886 Mr. Durant founded the Durant-Dort Carriage Company in Flint, and developed a business reaching a sale of 150,000 vehicles a year. However, as time passed, Mr. Durant saw that some day the "faithful steed and carriage" would be displaced by the "motor buggy," and he began to lay his plans accordingly. In 1905 he was instrumental in organizing the Buick Motor Company.

Three years later he formed the General Motors Company, and purchased the Cadillac, Oakland, Oldsmobile, and Northway motor companies. It was not until 1915, however, that Mr. Durant obtained entire control of the General Motors Company. That same year he launched the Chevrolet Motor Company, and $80,000,000 corporation, with plants in eleven large cities of the United States.

In 1920, Mr. Durant terminated his connection with the General Motors Corporation, and organized the Durant Motors, Inc., establishing plants in five cities

Toronto Provides Dean For Illinois

Miss Ruby C. Mason is in Charge of Women's Residences.

MISS RUBY E. C. MASON, a graduate of University College, Toronto, has had the honor of being chosen Dean of Women of the University of Illinois.

She obtained her preliminary education from Stratford Collegiate Institute, and Perth County Model School before entering the University of Toronto in 1891. Four years later she took her B.A. degree, and, in 1899, her M. A. She also graduated from the Ontario School of Pedagogy.

The following years are replete with unremitting effort and crowned with splendid achievement. She had both the ambition and the ability to carry on two lines of work at the same time. While teaching in the East High School of Aurora, Illinois, she completed two years' work at the Chicago College of Law. Miss Mason then became principal of the High School at Wellsville, Ohio, where she remained ten years. Subsequently, she became principal of Stanley Hall, Minneapolis, for one year, after which she went to Europe for study and research



MISS RUBY MASON.

work. In collaboration with her brother, Mr. J. A. C. Mason, a graduate of University Colleg of 1900, she spent a year in London and Oxford in research work on the commercial treaties of 1783.

On her return to America she was given appointments of ever increasing responsibility. She was first appointed Professor of English and Dean of the College at Ward Belmont, Nashville, Tennessee. In 1914 she took up the duties of Dean of Women and Lecturer in English at Indiana University. Four years later she became Dean of Women at the University of Illinois, whose total enrolment last year was 9,493, of which 2,336 were women.



President Harding has opened direct negotiations with Leonid Krassin, Russian Minister of Foreign Trade, looking to better commercial relations.

The State Department has asked permission to send a technical commercial mission to Russia to study conditions. In exchange, Russia would send a commission here.

If Russia accedes to the request, it will mark a change in diplomatic status, and may mean recognition later.

This is a new portrait of Krassin, in whose hands the situation lies.

"MLLE." MAKES STIR.

Great stir was caused at the Palais de Justice, Paris, by the appointment of the advocate Mlle. Jeanne Rospars as secretary of the Conference of Advocates. She is the first woman who has ever been called to the honor.

POISON IN OLIVES.

Dr. Rosenberger of Jefferson College states that the presence of bacillus botulinus, the poison of olives, is readily detected by the strong smell and cloudy liquor. Good olives have a pleasantly aromatic odor.

MY CHINESE MARRIAGE

By M.T.F.

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DURING the six weeks of his absence his letters were cheerfully non-committal, though he spoke of his happiness in being in his mother's house again. I thought a great deal about that house, the intricate lives of the people in it and their many degrees of kinship and authority. Chan-King had told me enough to give me a fairly clear picture of them. I had always admired their ability to sustain difficult relations under the same roof with the utmost good temper and mutual courtesy.

Yet I was western enough to feel that Chan-King and I knew each other better and had been more free to learn each other thoroughly, alone in our own household, which was growing in quite a Chinese fashion. I expected my second child and looked forward, with much hope, to the new life, for I had always been deeply maternal and wanted several children. But to Chan-King and me our love for each other was the greatly important thing in life—the reason for all the rest of our existence. We accepted the fact of birth as naturally as we did the change of seasons. Children were an essential to our happiness, but not the dominant essential. We ordered our home for ourselves, as two lovers who had elected to pass their life together.

Chang-King expressed our views thus: "The Chinese idea is that the family is the end, the children the means of keeping it up. In the West, the children are the end, and the home merely the means of keeping them up. You and I have it perfectly adjusted, I think—the home is for all of us, and all of us have proper places in it."

Chan-King returned early one morning, and I knew, from my first glimpse of his face, that his visit had been a fruitful one. I flew to his arms, and, as he kissed me, I saw that his eyes were serene and contented.

"How is your august mother, my lord?" I asked him with a bow.

"My mother is in good health and wishes to meet her daughter-in-law," he answered, and, in spite of the bantering tone, I knew he was in earnest.

I wanted to know how this change of feeling had come about.

"When I told them of you," said Chan-King, "my mother was visibly amazed. 'I did not understand!' she kept repeating. 'I did not understand!' And before I left she said to me, 'If she is all you tell me she is, why do you not bring her here?' I didn't mention the fact that this was our first invitation, Margaret! Should you like to go, my dearest?"

I hesitated a moment. "Yes, but not yet," I answered.

"We will not go for a while," Chan-King assured me.

We talked a great deal about my husband's visit, and I gained new light on the actual facts of his estrangement from his family and the enormous significance that his marriage assumed in the minds of his Chinese relatives.

I can hardly exaggerate the importance of the position held by the eldest son in the higher class Chinese household. After his father he is the male head of the family. His wife is the attendant shadow, the never-failing companion of his mother. Our phrase, "A man marries," is expressed in Chinese as "He leads in a new woman." Under the old regime he literally did so, for he invariably brought his bride to his ancestral home. The phrase for the marriage of a girl is, "She goes forth from the family." "A new woman" is the term for a bride. The western education of many young men of the Chinese upper class has resulted in some acute readjustment in the ancestral households. Often these elder sons return, marry according to the old custom and live in their parental homes. But often, too, they marry advanced Chinese women, set up establishments and professions of their own, far from their native cities, and live after semi-foreign ways.

In this respect, our case was somewhat typical. As I have already related, Chan-King's mother had been looking forward for years to the marriage of her eldest son with the little Miss Li-Ying. She had expected in her middle age the usual release of the Chinese woman from the bonds of youth. Having been a faithful and obedient wife and daughter-in-law, she rightfully expected to assume authority over her family, leaning on the arm of her son's wife. This younger woman would take her place in the long chain of dutiful daughters; she would help to welcome guests, she would keep up the family shrines; she would perform all manner of household duties under the supervision of her mother-in-law. On the death of her husband's mother, she would become the woman head of the family, responsible for everything, her privileges and authority growing with her years, especially if she were the mother of sons. Her great mission would be to furnish children to the clan, in order that the ancestral shrines might never be without worshipers. I explain these matters at this point in order that I may not be mistaken for a moment when I tell the incident that follows. By this time, I had lived long enough in China to be almost thoroughly orientalized, in so far as my sympathies were concerned, at least, and yet, when Chan-King, after talking for a while about the events of his visit home, came to a full pause and said uncertainly, "There is one thing I wish to tell you, but I am not sure you will understand," I was a trifle apprehensive.

But I answered at once: "Of course I shall understand. China has been kind to me. What have I to fear?"

Chan-King then went on deliberately: "Not until I saw my mother again did I understand that I had done a really cruel thing to her, in depriving her of a daughter-in-law on whom she could lean in her old age. Oh, Margaret, woman's lot is not easy, with all the complexities of parents and brothers and children! And I would have atoned for my share in all this if I could—but of course there was nothing I could do, nothing at all."

And very calmly he told me that shortly after his arrival at home his mother had conferred with him seriously on her need of a daughter-in-law. In accordance with ancient customs she wished him to take a Chinese secondary wife, who would live in the family home, who would be, in a fashion, proxy for me in the role of daughter-in-law. Chan-King's mother offered to arrange this marriage for him and assured him that the secondary wife and her children would be well cared for and treated kindly during his long absences.

I listened incredulously, and the question I could not ask was in my eyes. I knew, of course, that the custom of taking secondary wives was not unusual among wealthy families in China, even where both wives lived under the same roof. But I had given it only the most casual thought. And not once had it occurred to me that the problem would touch my life. Brought suddenly level with it, I suffered a shock at the very foundation of my nature. I could not think, of course, in the moment that followed my husband's recital. I only felt a great roaring tide of plain rising about me, a sense of complete helplessness, such as I have never known before or since. I wonder now at my instant subjective readiness to believe that my husband had conformed to this custom of his country; that he had shaken off his western training at his first renewed contact with the traditional habits of his race.

"Did— you——?" I asked, finally, and stopped.

He came to me instantly, his arms about me. When he saw the distress in my face, he frowned, with an odd, remorseful twist of the brows.

"I wonder that you ask," he said. "How could I come back to you—and to your loyalty and trust—with the shadow of that deception between us? I made it very clear to my mother that I would never have any wife but you. It's you and I together, dear one, and no one else so long as we both shall live."

And his words had the solemn sound of a vow renewed. This high honesty of Chan-King's with me was a rock on which I founded my faith. And his final repudiation of an accepted form among his people represented a genuine sacrifice on his part, so far as his material welfare was concerned. As generously and unhesitatingly as he had made the first one, at our marriage, he laid the second votive offering on the altar of our love. He had, you see, according to the view of his father and mother, hopelessly injured them in his marriage. Above all he had denied in himself the great racial instinct of the Chinese to obey his parents. If he wished to please them, here was his last opportunity. The taking of a Chinese secondary wife would have been a complete atonement in their eyes. At the same time it would have meant his instant restoration to his rightful place among them—first in their affections and inheritance. The family assistance would have placed him at once in the position toward which, without it, he would probably have to struggle for years.

And later I understood how very easily he might have complied without my needing ever to know of the fact. Indeed, I could have lived in his mother's house with a second wife and never have suspected that she was there in that position, so securely welded and impassive is the clan sense, the reserve and remoteness of the personal relation when the family peace and dignity are to be considered.

Some of these matters I had been aware of since my life in China began, some of them I learned that day in talking with Chan-King and others, as I have said. I discovered gradually afterward. But from that day, certainly, our relation subtly lifted and settled and crystallized. We both became forever certain that we could not fail each other in any smallest thing. Into my heart came a warmth of repose, like a steadily burning lamp. We were assured of our love beyond any possibility of doubt, ever again. And for a time we experienced a renascence of youthful happiness, a fine fervor of renewed hopes and ambitions, as though spring had come again miraculously, when we had expected October.

The family letters came now regularly to Chan-King, with always a kindly message for me. Evidently relations were to be resumed on the plane of a good friendship, nothing more. But that was so much more than we had dared to hope for that we were perfectly happy to have it so.

Chan-King must have mentioned his slowly failing health, for his mother sent a worried letter to him and asked him to come home for a while once more. Chan-King decided that his affairs would not warrant his absence and wrote her to that effect.

One morning as I sat on the sun-porch, sewing, Ah Ching appeared suddenly before me.

"Master's mother, he downstairs," he announced calmly. I gazed at him without understanding.

"What do you say?"

Ah Ching came nearer. He held up one hand and counted his words off on his fingers slowly. "Missee - sabe-master-have-got-one mother?" he inquired patiently.

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, he just now have come. He downstairs!"

I got to my feet. I was more frightened and nervous than I had ever been. I remembered to be grateful, I was wearing complete Chinese dress—a black skirt and blue velvet jacket. This fact assumed an amusing importance in my mind as I stood there, struggling to get myself in hand. I had planned this meeting a thousand times, and now that it was fairly upon me, I was totally without resource. I progressed downstairs confusedly, running a few steps and then stopping short and beginning again slowly. If Chan-King had been there, I should have fled to him and left the entire situation in his hands; but I was alone and certain of one thing only—I meant to win the love of my Chinese mother if I could. Subjectively, all the tales I had heard of Chinese mothers-in-law must have impressed me more than I had admitted, for I remembered something Chan-King had told me long before: "I cannot describe to you the importance of the mother in the Chinese household. She is a complete autocrat, with almost final authority over her sons, daughters-in-law, servants, relatives, everybody except her husband, who is usually absent on his business. Her old age is a complete reversal of the restraint and discipline of her youth."

I stopped short at the door of the drawing-room, I saw my husband's mother for the first time. She had become to me a personality of almost legendary grandeur and I felt a little wave of surprise go over me that she looked somehow so real and alive and genuine. She sat in a big, tall-backed chair, her hands spread flat on her knees. Her face was the face of the young mother in the photograph Chan-King had shown me, only grown older and a trifle more severe. She was dressed in black brocade, its stiff folds and precise creases accentuating her dignity. Under the edges of her skirt glimmered her tiny gray shoes, embroidered in red and green. At her side stood the male relative who had accompanied her—a Chinese gentleman of the old school, in a long gown of dark silk. Behind her chair stood a maid and two men-servants.

I knew that she spoke no English, and as yet I had no knowledge of her southern dialect. There was a sharp pause in the dead-silent room while we regarded each other.

I clasped my hands in the Chinese way, smiled and bowed. My Chinese mother rose at once and took a step toward me, balancing on her tiny feet with the aid of a thick, gold-headed cane.



I saw my husband's mother for the first time. She had become to me a personality of almost legendary grandeur, and I felt a little wave of surprise go over me that she looked somehow so real and alive and genuine.

I saw that she was unusually tall. Then, surprisingly, she extended her hand, American fashion, and I shook it, the eyes of each of us still searching the other's face. I saw in hers the look I needed for reassurance—the mingled kindness and apprehension—a trace of the anxiety that I am sure was the very counterpart of my own expression. I knew then that her heart was no more certain than mine was, and that this meeting was as important to her as it was to me.

Ah Ching brought forward my chair and we sat down together, smiling at each other, letting our gestures speak for us. Finally she stretched forth her right hand, palm down, measuring the height of a small child from the floor, inclining her head toward me, her eyebrows up in question. I made a pillow of my two hands, laid my head upon it, eyes closed, and then pointed up. We were both delighted at this simple pantomime. The elderly man—her cousin—looked pleased in sympathy and even the three solemn servants smiled a little. She asked me in gestures where my husband was. I waved widely and comprehensively toward the street, in the general direction of the city. She nodded, settling back a trifle, drawing a long breath. We had reached the end of our power to converse without the aid of an interpreter.

When I heard Chan-King's ring at the gate, I hurried out to meet him with the news. He was even more excited than I was and hastened ahead of me to the house. I walked very slowly in order that they might have their first greeting undisturbed, and, when I arrived, they were beaming upon each other and talking the South Province dialect over a very sleepy and cherubic infant, whom Chan-King, with paternal pride had ordered down to greet his grandmother at once.

The retinue settled, Chan-King informed me that our mother would remain with us for six weeks. During this time, I learned the art of pantomime beyond anything I had ever hoped for in one of my undemonstrative nature. My Chinese mother and I conversed with eyebrows, hands, smiles, noddings and shakings of the head, much turning of the eyes. I had an instant affection and admiration for her, and she adopted towards me a gently confidential attitude that pleased me very much.

She had brought presents for us, in the Chinese way; for me, a delicately wrought chain of Chinese gold in a box of carved sandalwood; for Wilfred, a dozen suits of Chinese clothes in the bright patterns worn by children of the Orient, and so becoming to the proud, wee man that, arrayed in them, he seemed already to be coming into his heritage. She also brought great hampers of fresh fruits—pomeloes, lichees and dragon's-eyes—and countless jars of preserved fish and meats and vegetables, which had been Chan-King's favorites when he was a boy at home.

Madame Liang had the Chinese woman's love for shopping. Accompanied by her cousin and the servants, we went from silk merchant to porcelain dealer, and from brass worker to rug weaver, gathering treasures. Though she carried on most of her negotiations through her cousin, she bargained with a firmness and a sense of values that I admired very much. In the silk shops she bought marvelous brocaded satins and embroidered silks and she had me select the pattern I wanted for myself. Though she preserved most carefully the distinctive features of the dress of her own province, she was much interested in Shanghai styles and examined my wardrobe critically, noting the short sleeves with tight-fitting undersleeves and the skirts with seven plaits—not five, as in Canton, for example—at each side.

Notwithstanding the popular western fancy that fashions never change in China the Chinese woman is painstakingly particular as to the exact length and fullness—or scantiness—of her coats, skirts and trousers. She is carefully precise about the width of bias bands or braid or lace that she uses for trimming, and the number and arrangement of fastenings, the shape and height of her collar. All of these details vary as tyrannically from season to season—under Shanghai guidance—as certain style features do with us under the leadership of New York or Paris. Moreover, as against our four seasons the fashion devotee, of China takes account of eight, each with its appropriate style and weight of clothing.

At home Mother sewed a great deal, using her hands gracefully and very competently in spite of the long curved finger-nails on her left hand. My American sewing-machine fascinated her. She had an excellent hand-power machine at home, Chan-King explained, but mine worked with a treadle and she wished to try it. I took the tiny, brightly shod feet in my hands and set one forward and one backward on the iron trellis. And she moved them very well alternately, and ran several seams with energy.

Chan-King, his mother and I went to Chinese cafes together and Madame Liang was pleased and amused to see that I not only used chop-sticks with ease but had a real taste for Chinese food. We used to treat ourselves to all sorts of epicurean dishes; spiced chicken and duck, shark's fins, bird's nest soup with pigeon eggs (my favorite delicacy), seaweed and bamboo shoots, candied persimmons, lotus-seeds and millet pudding with almond tea.

Once, in a roof-garden cafe, where I was wearing American clothes, my use of chopsticks aroused considerable interest among neighboring groups of diners, and stray comments reached us, for the Chinese are always pleased to see foreigners familiar with their customs. "No doubt she is a missionary lady," a young woman remarked in my husband's native dialect. Hearing and understanding, Mother immediately said, in clear, gracious tones, "My son, perhaps your wife would like to have some American food now." Chan-King translated for me both comment and suggestion, and I felt pleased to learn that, at any rate, my Chinese mother was not ashamed, in a public place, to acknowledge her American daughter.

Mother was fond of the drama and, since Shanghai had some excellent theatres, we made up several parties during her stay.

The great semicircular stage on which a famous old historical play that we saw was acted, was hung with gorgeous embroideries, laid with a thick Peking rug of immense size and brilliantly lighted by electricity—as was the entire theatre. The actors wore the magnificent official and military robes of an early dynasty. As on the Elizabethan stage, women's parts were taken by men, who achieved by cleverly constructed shoes the effect of bound feet. I found the deafening drums and gongs a little trying, at moments, and the crude property make-shifts somewhat incongruous with the wonderfully elaborate hangings and costumes. But, being familiar with the story, I understood the action and so evidently enjoyed it that Mother was surprised anew, as Chan-King afterward told me. We sat in our balcony box, above the vague tiers of lower seats packed with a restless audience of men, women and many children in the arms of their amahs. On the wide front rail of our box was the inevitable pot of tea, with room also for such fruits, sugar-cane, melon-seeds, or meat-and-rice dishes as we wished to purchase from the endless variety offered by eager boys in round caps and blue cotton gowns. Now and then an attendent came with a huge tea kettle to refill our teapot, and once he offered us the usual steaming hot towels for sticky fingers. Chan-King waved these away energetically. "Awful custom," he said to me. "Unhygienic. How can they do it?" And he added something of the kind to his mother in Chinese. She regarded him with comprehension, a tiny gleam of superior wisdom in her eyes. But she made to reply.

She had taken a fancy to Wilfred, who by this time had a fair vocabulary of Chinese, which he always used in talking to his amah. He was a handsome child, typically Chinese, very charming in his manner, very fond of his amah and his indulgent grandmother. Madame Liang would take his chin in her hands and study his features intently, nodding her head with approval. Then she would stroke his round black poll and give him melon-seeds or almonds from her pocket. Wilfred used a weird mixture of dialects—a confusion of Mandarin and the Shanghai vernacular, with a dash of Cantonese from his amah. Madame Liang set out patiently to teach him her own dialect as well.

When her visit was ended, our mother said to Chan-King, "This is a Chinese house, with a Chinese wife in it. Everything is Chinese. I could never have believed it without seeing, for I thought your wife was a western woman. I am happy." And she told him again that we must come and visit with her, for she needed us.

Chan-King's father, a member of an old, established firm in the import and export trade in the Philippines, was away, looking after his business or exchanging visits with friends of his own age and rank. His home-comings were in the nature of a vacation. The management of the household depended on Madame Liang.

As she talked, I realized by her face, by Chan-King's answers, by all that I knew of Chinese family life, that we were a part of that clan and should be so always. A hint of the solidarity I now feel with my husband's family came to me. We were not separate from them; nor should we be.

After our mother was gone, Chan-King said something of this sort to me, quoting what she had said about my not being western. "But I love you to be western in this sense," he told me, "that you and I have companionship and freedom and equality in our love. That is what makes me happiest."

Before Chan-King and I closed the house in Shanghai to depart for the southern hills, our second son, Alfred, was born. An American woman asked me, when he was about six weeks old, if I did not feel a sense of alienation at the sight of the wee, oriental face at my breast. Quite simply and truthfully I answered no. My husband was not in any way alien to me. How, then, could our child be so?

His coming provided me with a welcome excuse to remain at home quietly for a short while. I now attempted to learn, at the same time, both Mandarin and the dialect of Chan-King's province—a method of study that hampered me constantly at first. But my husband was an encouraging teacher, and I began uncertainly to use my new knowledge, trying it mostly on my young son Wilfred, who was the real linguist of the family. He took my Chinese very seriously. I cannot say so much for Chan-King, who was greatly amused at my inflection.

Toward the close of the year, I decided to take a place as teacher of English and history in the Chinese girls' high school. Chan-King was surprised when I told him that I wished to teach, but he offered no objection, and watched with interest my progress through the year. I loved my teaching. Still more I loved the girls in my classes. Collectively and individually I found them supremely worth while in spirit and mind. I cannot say how lovely the young womanhood of China seemed to me. I began to yearn for a daughter, and when, toward the close of the second term, I found that I might, perhaps, have my heart's desire, I realized that my husband shared it.

In the early Fall, our mother wrote and asked us to come south for the cold season. She also expressed the hope that the coming grandchild might be born in her own province. Chan-King had been encouragingly strong for over a year, but he had always found the northern winters hard. We decided that the time had come to fulfil our promise of visiting the ancestral home. Chan-King secured six months' leave of absence.

Within ten days we had closed our affairs temporarily, dismissed the servants, with the exception of the amah and the faithful Ah Ching, got our boxes together and bidden our friends farewell. The leaves were falling on the avenue; the plants were shrivelled at the edges on the sun porch; the winds blew ominously shrill under the eaves. Chan-King grew pale and began to cough again. Out of the teeth of the terrible Shanghai winter we fled into the hospitable softness of the South.

By a large steamship we started out on what was ordinarily a brief journey. But by those war-time schedules, changes and delays were the invariable rule. After three unforeseen changes and as many delays we reached a port just over the line in my husband's province. There we stopped, intending to go on three days later by the little, battered tramp steamer that puffed noisily at the dock, putting off dried fruits and dyes, taking on rice and cloth and sandalwood. But we did not go on, as it happened. Instead, a tiny, smiling, competent woman physician, wearing the southern costume and possessed of a curious fund of practical wisdom in medical matters, attended me in her native hospital at the birth of our daughter Alicia.

To be continued

The Man With the Chin

By Victor Bridges

Complete in This Issue

"I SHOULDN'T like to marry a man with a chin like that," said the girl in red. Her companion, a ferret-faced young gentleman with his hair parted in the middle, inserted his eye-glass and stared deliberately across the room.

"Obstinate-lookin' beggar—what?" he drawled.

Unconscious of these criticisms, George Leslie sat at his solitary table, only looking up from his newspaper whenever the door of the room opened to admit a fresh arrival. It was on the sixth occasion that his inspection appeared to be successful. His lips parted in a smile, and, laying down his paper, he rose quietly from his chair.

The girl in red nudged her companion.

"She's come at last. Kept him waiting long enough."

The ferret-faced young man indulged himself in another leisurely survey. "Worth it, too, by Jove!" he ejaculated admiringly.

His criticism, if a trifle crude in expression, was sound enough in taste. The girl who had just come in was most distinctly worth waiting for. Beautifully dressed, with a shy, yet charming prettiness, she moved across the tea-room towards Leslie, and held out her hand with a little smile of apology.

"I am sorry!" she said. "I know I'm dreadfully late."

There was a momentary twinkle in Leslie's grey eyes.

"Twenty-one-and-a-half minutes," he said. "Not a record, Nancy, by a long way."

She sat down in the chair which he pulled up, and began to take off her gloves.

"There's one nice thing about you," she answered, looking at him with frank affection, "you never mind people being late, do you?"

"I occasionally make an exception in business hours," said Leslie.

"Oh, business!" She shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I expect you're simply horrid in business, George. I'm sure you bully all those poor people at the garage dreadfully."

Leslie shook his head.

"I leave that to Morton these days. My time's taken up in making them miserable at the works."

The girl laughed.

"I can just see you," she said. "I suppose you stick your chin out and growl at them like you do at me when you're cross?"

"Something the same way," admitted Leslie, "only not quite so violent. You see, they're not often as irritating as you are, Nancy."

She looked at him mischievously, and then suddenly clasped her hands.

"Oh, George," she said, "I'd quite forgotten. Are you doing anything next Wednesday?"

"Nothing more than usual," said Leslie. "About eight hours work."

"Oh, that's all right then. It's father's and mother's wedding-day and the old dears want to celebrate it in some way. I suggested that we should go for a motor picnic to Beechwood—just the three of us, and get you to drive us. Don't you think it's a lovely idea? You know there's a dear old church there, where Cardinal Wolsey was married or died or did something, and you and I can get away together after lunch and have a look at it. Both father and mother don't care for that sort of thing, and they won't mind my going with you. You know father's taken quite a fancy to you since you came round that day and showed him the new car."

Leslie leaned back in his chair and looked at her with a kind of amused gravity. Then he shook his head.

"Things can't go on like this, Nancy," he said.

Her dark blue eyes opened innocently.

"Can't go on like what?" she inquired.

"I mean I can't go on deceiving your people in this way."

Nancy drew back, pouting.

"Oh, George, dear, I thought we'd settled all that."

Leslie smiled.

"You settled it, Nancy—I didn't. But at the best it was only to be a temporary arrangement. Well, in my opinion, the time has come to end it."

"But we can't end it, dear," protested Nancy, helping herself delicately to a chocolate eclair.

"Why not?" asked Leslie. "I can go to your father and ask him whether he has any objection to me as a son-in-law. If he has—well, at least we shall know where we are, and then you can make up your mind what you're going to do."

"Now you're being horrid," said Nancy. "You know very well father won't let me marry you. He thinks, because you've made your money yourself, and because you run a motor-car business, that—that——"

"That I'm not a gentleman," finished Leslie, smiling good-naturedly. "Well, I can't help that, Nancy. Perhaps he's right. My point is that it doesn't alter the question. If you're going to marry me, you'll have to do it some day either with or without your father's consent."

"There's no hurry," protested Nancy weakly.

"Not the least," admitted Leslie, "but, on the other hand, there's no reason for waiting. The business is bringing me in an excellent income, and we're only wasting both our lives."

Nancy stirred her tea, and looked at him sorrowfully.

"George," she said, "you'll make me cry if you go on like that. Why can't we stop as we are just a little longer? Something's sure to turn up."

Leslie shook his head.

"Nothing ever turns up in this world unless people dig for it. 'Come, Nancy'—he smiled at her—'if you like me well enough to marry me, surely you can't mind my asking your father whether he objects. I know you dislike rows and unpleasantness of any kind, but there must be a limit to everything.'"

Nancy wriggled rather unhappily in her chair, looking prettier than ever.

"I don't know what to do," she said forlornly. "I'm awfully fond of you, George, and I would like to marry you, really I would, dear, but I simply can't go and have a nasty, silly squabble with father and mother. You know they wouldn't hear of it. They're frightfully old-fashioned, both of them, and they think I'm sure to marry a duke or something. If I told them I wanted to marry you, they'd have a fit. I might just as well say I was going to run away with the coachman. Give me some more tea, dear."

Leslie, who did not seem to be the least annoyed, poured her out a second cup.

"Well, it seems pretty plain, Nancy," he said, "that you'll have to choose between me and your love of peace."

She looked at him with a kind of mock despair.

"Oh, George, are you going to desert me, just when I want your help? I didn't think you were like that, or I shouldn't have loved you."

"But you must make up your mind one way or the other," protested Leslie, laughing.

Nancy shook her head despairingly.

"What's the good of telling me that, George? You know I can't make up my mind; I never could. Someone's always had to do it for me. Let's just go on as we are for a bit. It's awfully nice loving each other, and no one knowing anything about it, and perhaps you'll save father's life or something."

"If that's all it depends on," said Leslie ironically, "we may as well begin printing the invitations."

"Now, you're not to stick out your chin like that and look cross," said Nancy. "It's just as tiresome for me as it is for you; and you ought to be nice and sympathetic, instead of being grumpy."

"I'm not a bit cross really," said Leslie. "I should as soon think of getting cross with a flower as with you."

Nancy brightened up wonderfully.

"Oh, that's sweet of you, George. I love people to say things like that to me, and you so seldom do it." Then she paused, and looked at him with mischievous, pleading eyes. "And you will come and drive us on Wednesday, won't you, dear?" she added.

The corners of Leslie's mouth twitched.

"Nancy," he said, "you're as wicked as you're beautiful."

"Oh, dear," said Nancy, "that's the second in two minutes."

* * * * * * *

COLONEL Peyton pushed back his plate, and got up from the breakfast-table.

"Well, it's a lovely day," he observed, looking out of the window. "I hope that young man will be punctual. Are you women ready?"

"Did you ever know mother late for anything, Father?" inquired Nancy calmly.

Colonel Peyton chuckled, and shook his finger at her.

"It's you I'm thinking of, miss," he said; "you're the one that will keep us waiting."

"Come along," said Mrs. Peyton, "and put your things on, darling. We mustn't keep the car standing."

Mrs. Peyton, having been brought up with horses, had never been able to rid herself of the idea that a motor became restless under such treatment.

Nancy laughed, and accompanied her mother upstairs, from which region she shortly emerged, looking bewitchingly demure and pretty in a sort of Kate Greenaway cloak and bonnet.

The Colonel, who was just struggling into his coat, gazed at her with fond approval.

"Very nice, Nancy," he said; "very nice. You remind me of your mother."

The compliment—to Colonel Peyton it was a very genuine compliment—had hardly left his lips when there came the loud hum of a motor-car driving up to the house. Nancy stepped forward, and opened the door.

"Punctual to the minute," observed the Colonel triumphantly. "It's a pleasure to deal with a young man like that."

The young man in question brought the car round with a graceful sweep, and pulled up noiselessly level with the door-step.

"How do you do?" he said, taking off his cap, and bowing slightly to Nancy and Mrs. Peyton.

The Colonel stepped out and offered his hand.

"How are you, Mr. Leslie?" he inquired. "Very good of you to come round and drive yourself. Now you're making cars of your own you don't do much of this sort of thing, I suppose—eh, what?"

"Not often," said Leslie gravely. "Unless people specially ask for me, I generally send one of the men."

Nancy's eyes sparkled merrily.

"May I sit in front with the driver, Father?" she asked. "I love to watch him pull out the handles."

The Colonel looked a trifle embarrassed.

"Oh, I—I—er—expect Mr. Leslie doesn't like to be asked questions while he's driving, Nancy."

It seemed to him curious that his daughter failed to recognize that Leslie was a cut above the ordinary chauffeur.

"I hope Miss Peyton will sit in front if she wishes to," said Leslie. "I don't in the least mind being asked questions. One gets used to it, you know."

Nancy did not wait for any further discussion, but jumped lightly up into the vacant seat, while a solemn-looking butler proceeded to stow a hamper into the back of the car. The Colonel and Mrs. Peyton then took their places, and Leslie, slipping in his clutch, turned the car slowly round and started off up the road.

IT WAS a beautiful Summer day of blue and gold, and the twenty-five miles to Beechwood lay through some of the fairest country in England. Pleasantly warmed by the sun, and lulled by the gentle drone of the motor, the old people lay back in their comfortable seats, and gazed contentedly at the passing scenery. Not so Nancy, who, sitting upright, with a demure smile on her face and mischief in her eyes, proceeded to question Leslie with an apparently artless enthusiasm as to the various parts of the car. He answered her seriously and politely, never smiling or varying from the respectful tone of a temporary employe.

"I hope Nancy isn't bothering that young man too much," observed the Colonel in an undertone to his wife.

Mrs. Peyton beamed good-naturedly at the couple in front.

"Oh, people of that sort like to be asked questions," she whispered back. "He's proud to show off his car to Nancy; you can be sure of that."

"I only hope she won't make him run us into a ditch with her chattering," was the Colonel's rejoinder.

That this tragedy was successfully avoided may be gathered from the fact that half an hour later the car pulled up in a little woodland clearing just above Beechwood village. It was a charming spot carpeted with soft mossy turf, and hemmed in on three sides with trees. From the fourth the Buckinghamshire countryside stretched out in a magnificent rolling panorama of twenty miles.

After a brief and whispered consultation with his wife, Colonel Peyton turned to Leslie.

"I hope you'll lunch with us, Mr. Leslie," he said. "We have brought plenty for four."

Leslie bowed.

"I shall be very pleased to," he answered. And going round to the back of the car, he proceeded to assist Nancy in getting out the hamper.

The lunch looked most attractive spread out on a clean white cloth, for, like many elderly soldiers, Colonel Peyton regarded food as only slightly inferior in importance to religion and good breeding. Seated beside Mrs. Peyton, Leslie found himself being patronized by that complaisant lady with all the well-meaning condescension of her kind.

"You must eat a good lunch, Mr. Leslie," she observed, helping him generously to cold game-pie. "I am sure it must be most tiring driving that great heavy car."

"To say nothing of answering all your questions—eh, Nancy?" put in the Colonel. "Have some champagne?" He held out the bottle to Leslie.

The latter filled up Mrs. Peyton's glass, and then helped himself.

"Driving a car nowadays isn't a very tiring business," he explained, "especially when one is used to it."

"Well, I mean to try it before long," said the Colonel. "One has to take to the infernal things in self-defence — what? I shall probably come down on you, now you've taken to making cars yourself. Sir Herbert Temple tells me they're excellent."

Nancy clapped her hands.

"Oh, Father, that will be delightful!" she said. "And can't you get Mr. Leslie to come and drive us?"

Leslie bit his lip to stop himself from smiling.

"My dear child," said the Colonel, "Mr. Leslie is much too busy a man for that sort of thing. It's very good of him to come today."

"I suppose the motor-car business is a very thriving industry," hazarded Mrs. Peyton vaguely. "Do you make them yourself, Mr. Leslie?"

"With a little assistance," answered Leslie. "It's rather complicated work, you know."

"It must be," said Mrs. Peyton sympathetically. "The tires alone, for instance. I can't think how you cut all those funny patterns on the rubber. What a perfect day for a picnic, isn't it?"

HAVING taken this abrupt aesthetic turn, the conversation wandered away into general channels, until by a natural process it drifted back to the immediate surroundings of the party.

"I want to see the church," said Nancy, throwing a little sidelong glance at Leslie. "I believe it's most awfully interesting. Cardinal Wolsey did something or other in it."

"The church, the church?" inquired Colonel Peyton in whom lunch had induced certain symptoms of restfulness. "What church? Where is it?"

"I believe it's down in the village," answered Nancy innocently. "I could walk down and back before you are ready to start."

"I don't think you'd better," said the Colonel. "You'll probably meet some drunken tramp."

"Well, perhaps Mr. Leslie would walk down with me," suggested Nancy. "I do want to see the church frightfully. That was why I suggested Beechwood."

"I should be delighted to," said Leslie simply.

Colonel Peyton looked a little doubtful. The young man certainly seemed most respectful and well-mannered, but—but—well, well, after all where was the harm. Having asked him to lunch, it would appear rather unkind to refuse his well-meant offer, especially as the suggestion had originally come from Nancy.

"Go along with you, then," said the Colonel good-naturedly. "But don't be late. We want to start back by three."

Side by side, Nancy and Leslie set off down the hill. For some little way Nancy was bubbling over with suppressed merriment, which only found its escape when they rounded the corner of the hill and were out of sight of the older people. Then she thrust her arm through Leslie's, and broke into a long ripple of laughter.

"Oh, George dear," she said. "I thought I should have exploded. Your face was simply lovely!"

Leslie smiled contentedly.

"If it comes to that," he retorted, "you're looking rather nice yourself this morning, Nancy."

Nancy squeezed his arm gently.

"That's very pretty," she said, "but you mustn't say that sort of thing too often, George, or I shall think you've been practising. Where are we going to?"

"Why, to the church, of course," answered Leslie.

Nancy wrinkled her nose.

"But I don't want to go to the church," she protested. "It's sure to be all dusty and stuffy, and there'll be some horrid old man who'll want to crawl round with us and point out Cardinal Wolsey. Let's go and sit in the woods somewhere, and just talk."

Leslie shook his head.

"No, Nancy," he said sternly. I can't encourage such deception. Come along to the church."

Nancy sighed.

"Oh, dear," she murmured, "that's the worst of loving a man with a chin like yours. I shouldn't be half so frightened of you if you had a beard, George. Will you grow one to please me when we're married?"

"You shall have whiskers if you want them," said Leslie tenderly.

Nancy laughed, and, withdrawing her arm, stopped to pick two or three flowers that were nestling in the hedgerow.

"There you are," she said, putting them in his buttonhole. Then she turned up her face. "You may kiss me now if you like."

Leslie put his hands on her shoulders, and kissed her very gently.

Nancy patted his sleeve.

"You dear, obstinate old thing!" she said. "I believe you like me rather, after all."

"I do a little," said Leslie quietly.

WALKING side by side, they came out on to the bend of the hill that leads down into Beechwood village. The small hamlet with its thatched cottages lay spread out below them in the warm July sunshine.

"What a sweet place, isn't it?" said Nancy. "There's the church." She pointed down to a little square tower, half hidden amongst the trees. "And, oh look!" she added. "There's someone outside with a motor-car. I suppose he's come to see Cardinal Wolsey too."

Leslie said nothing. He was busy flicking away some dust from his coat with his handkerchief.

"He's left the car and gone inside," went on Nancy, "What fun! Let's steal it, George, and go for a ride!"

"I don't think we'd better," said Leslie. "He might be the bishop inspecting."

Nancy shook her head.

"Bishops never inspect," she said decidedly. "They sit at home and swear at the Government. I know, because my uncle's one."

"Well, we'll go inside too, and see what he's doing," said Leslie. "Perhaps he's breaking open the poor-box."

They turned in under the old wooden gateway and walked up the churchyard path. The door of the porch was open, and as they entered Leslie closed it behind them. At that moment the organ broke softly into music.

Nancy slipped her arm into her companion's.

"Oh, dear!" she whispered. "I believe there's a service on."

As she spoke an elderly clergyman in a surplice came out suddenly from a side door in the chancel. He walked slowly to the steps, and stood there with a book in his hand looking down the aisle toward them.

"It's our wedding service," said Leslie simply.

All the color went suddenly out of Nancy's face. She stood for a moment as if turned to white marble, while the sound of the organ rose louder and louder, mounting up triumphantly into the fretted roof, and filling all the church with its joyous harmony. She tried to speak, but somehow or other the words refused to come. Then she felt Leslie's arm tighten and she was walking up the aisle, while the music sank and died in low, melodious tones. She had a vague impression of two men getting up from the front pew.

"Gathered together—sight of God—face of this congregation—join together—man and woman—holy matrimony—honorable estate instituted—"

But this was impossible, absurd. She couldn't be married like this. What was Leslie thinking of? The man must stop.

The monotonous drone continued:

"Have this woman—wedded wife—live together—God's ordinance—holy estate matrimony—lover, comfort, honor, an' keeper—sickness and in health—forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?"

Leslie's voice came, cheerful and distinct:

"I will."

"Have this man—wedded husband—live together—God's ordinance—holy estate matrimony. Obey him, serve him, love honor, and keep him—sickness—health—forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live?"

Nancy gasped.

"Who giveth this woman—married—this man?"

There was a shuffle of feet, and somebody stepped forward beside her.

Nancy found herself holding Leslie's hand. Her mind seemed to be a whirling wilderness of amazed protest. What was she to do? Why hadn't she spoken before? She wouldn't be married like this—she wouldn't she wouldn't? It was hateful of Leslie! She'd—she'd—What was it the man wanted her to say?

"I, Nancy, take thee, George—wedded husband—have and to hold——"

Somehow she had stumbled through the responses, and then she was kneeling beside Leslie, and her hand was still in his.

It was too late now. She was married—married—married, and all the protests in the world would be worse than useless. Even the parson's drone seemed to ring with a note of finality.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

OF WHAT happened immediately after, Nancy never had any very clear idea. She remembered signing a book, and shaking hands with two complete strangers, and being congratulated by the old clergyman. And at last she and Leslie were alone.

It was then that Nancy began to cry.

"Don't, dearest, don't!" said Leslie.

He took her in his arms, and kissed her wet eyes and quivering lips.

"Oh, how could you—how could you?" She hid her face against his coat, and somehow the laughter forced its way through her tears. "Oh, George, you beast, you beast, you bully!"

"It was the only way, my Nancy."

His voice was very tender, and the steady grey eyes looked down on her alight with love. She took his handkerchief out of his pocket and dabbed her eyes.

"I'll never forgive you—never! It was horrible of you, George!" Then came the old mischievous smile, like a flash of sunshine through the rain. "However, did you do it?"

"I got a special licence on Saturday," said Leslie calmly. "Then I came down here, saw the parson, and told him to be ready at two o'clock. I said we might keep him waiting, so I would pay double fees."

Nancy burst into a ripple of laughter.

"Oh, George," she said, "I think you must be the devil!"

"Well, he took up the bargain quick enough. Then I told Morton, my partner, to come down with another car and wait outside the churchyard. Directly he saw me coming he was to go in and start the parson, and that's how everything was ready. It was quite a simple matter, really."

"But it's only just beginning," said Nancy. "Think of father and mother."

"I have," said Leslie. "Morton is driving them home. I have given him a letter explaining the circumstances. We shall go back in the other car."

Nancy collapsed.

"And then?" she inquired faintly.

"Then I shall take you to Claridge's, and go round and see your father. I want to apologize to him."

Nancy shuddered.

"What do you think he'll say?"

Leslie took her two hands and drew her towards him.

"Dearest," he said, "your father and I are going to be great friends."

She looked up into his strong, kind face. Then she gave a little happy laugh.

"George," she said, "I'm glad you've got a chin like that. It makes me feel so safe."

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C 103

50 Appendicitis Cases Reported

Fifty Cases Reported Operated On in Small Town. Many Others Not Operated

A newspaper article some time ago reported an appendicitis epidemic in a small Southern city. More than fifty persons were operated upon, and many others were seemingly afflicted who did not undergo operation.

A Treacherous Disease.

Appendicitis attacks at any moment even persons seemingly in good health. Usually, however, it is preceded by so-called stomach trouble, constipation or similar disturbances. Often when there is a warning feeling of uneasiness in the abdomen, appendicitis can be guarded against in exactly the same manner in which one guards against the spread of throat infection, because that is just what appendicitis is—an infection in the intestines spreading to the appendix. When one has sore throat one can often prevent further trouble and the development of influenza or grippe by using an antiseptic wash to gargle to fight the germs and a laxative to carry off the poisons from the body. Just exactly the same procedure is necessary to fight the intestinal germs and guard against appendicitis. But instead of an antiseptic wash for the throat, an INTESTINAL antiseptic is necessary.

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It tends to eliminate or destroy harmful germs and colon bacilli in the intestinal canal, thus guarding against appendicitis and other diseases having their start here.

It is the most complete system cleanser ever offered to the public, acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removing foul matter which poisoned the system for months and which nothing else can dislodge. It brings out all gasses, thus immediately relieving pressure on the heart. It is astonishing the great amount of poisonous matter Adlerika draws from the alimentary canal — matter you never thought was in your system. Try it right after a natural movement and notice how much more foul matter it brings out which was poisoning you. In slight disorders, such as occasional constipation, sour stomach, gas on the stomach and sick headache, one spoonful Adlerika ALWAYS brings relief. A longer treatment, however, is necessary in cases of obstinate constipation and long-standing stomach trouble, preferably under direction of your physician.

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AMAZEMENT

In Two Parts
Part 2.

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

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AND he resumed his tale:

"Antonio di Manzecca was buried. His elder brother found a wife elsewhere. The Lord of Foscone married again, and by that marriage had other children. But still his daughter Fiammetta stood nightly on the platform of the Castle of Foscone, gazing down at the hill path, waiting for her Antonio to climb the wall and whisper his love.

"Now she only lived in that state of ardent expectancy. The days and weeks and months were but one hour, the hour preceding his last approach to her. Every moment, in her delusion, she expected him to end that hour by coming to her as young as ever, to find her as winsome as before. In consequence, time vanished from her thought. And in vanishing from her thought time lost its power over her.

"Her father died; but Fiametta still kept her vigil, in appearance the same as on the evening of that tragedy. A new generation of the Foscone grew old in their turn, but Fiammetta's loveliness was still perfect. In her madness there seemed to be a sanity surpassing the sanity of other mortals. For by becoming insensible to time she had attained an earthly immortality, an uncorrupted physical beauty, in which she constantly looked forward to the delight of loving.

"So she went on and on—"

The tower shook in terror of the gale, and we shook with it, in terror of this revelation. My thoughts turned toward the woman below, who had smiled at us from that aura of physical resplendency. I felt my hair rising, and heard a voice, my own, cry out: "No, no!"

"Yes!" Antonio shouted, fixing his hands upon my arms. We were both standing, and our leaping shadows on the wall resembled a combat in which one was struggling to force insanity upon the other. He went on speaking, but his words were drowned in a screaming of vast forces that clutched at the tower as if in fury because the normal processes of nature had been defied. Would those forces attain their revenge? Was the tower about to thunder down upon the Castle of Manzecca, annihilating her and us, the secret and its possessors? For a moment I would have welcomed even that escape from thinking.

"Yes," he repeated, releasing my arms and sitting down limply on the bench. "As you anticipate, so it turned out."

I was still able to protest:

"Admitted that this has happened elsewhere, to a certain degree. In Victorian England there lived a woman whose love-affair was wrecked and whose mind automatically closed itself against everything associated with her tragedy, or subsequent to it. In her madness she, too protected herself against pain by living in expectation of the lover's return. Because that expectation was restricted to her girlhood, she remained a girl in appearance for over fifty years. Fifty years, that is comprehensible!"

"The principle is the same," said Antonio, wearily. "Every mental phenomenon has minor and major examples. But I will tell you the rest.

"The Foscone, also, finally moved to Florence. Their castle was left in care of hereditary servants, devoted and discreet. On that isolated hilltop no chance was afforded strangers to solve the mystery of the woman who paced the high platform in the attire of another age. Was there, in the Foscone's concealment of the awesome fact, a medieval impulse, the ancient instinct if noble houses to defend themselves against all forms of aggression, including curiosity? Or was it merely the usual aversion to being identified with abnormality? Some abnormality is so terrifying that it seals the loosest lips.

"Now and then, to be sure, some servant's tongue was set wagging by wine, or some heir of the Foscone confided in his sweetheart. But the rumor, if it went farther, soon became distorted and incredible, amid the ghost-stories of a hundred Indian castles, palaces, and villas. I myself found hints in the archives of my family, yet saw in them only a pretty tale, such as results when romantic invention is combined with pride of race.

"But I was destined to sing another tune.

"Not long ago, the last of the Foscone's modern generation passed away. There came to me an old woman-servant from the castle. It was Nuta, whom you saw below as we entered.

"Why had she sought me out? Because, if you please, in the year fifteen hundred one of my family had brought this thing to pass. It seemed to Nuta, the fact now being subject to discovery by the executors of the estate, that the care of her charge devolved upon me.

"At first I believed that old Nuta was the mad one. In the end, however, I accompanied her to the castle. At dusk, concealed by the cypresses, I discerned on the platform a face that seemed to have been transported from another epoch just in order to pierce my heart with an intolerable longing. I fell in love as one slips into a vortex, and instantly the rational world was lost beyond a whirl of ecstacy and fright.

I regained Florence with but one thought; how could she be restored to sanity, yet be maintained in that beauty which had triumphed over centuries? As I entered my apartment I saw before me the portrait of that other Antonio di Manzecca, whom I so closely resembled, whom she had loved, whose return she still awaited. I stood there blinded by a flash of inspiration.

"At midnight my plan was complete."

AS he paused, and the conclusion became clear to me, I was taken with a kind of stupor.

"A few days later," he said, "as she stood gazing down through the twilight a man emerged from the forest, in face and dress the image of that other Antonio di Manzecca. At his signal, servants in the old-time livery of the Manzecca appeared with a ladder, which they leaned against the ramparts. He set foot upon the platform. Her pallor turned deathlike; her eyes became blank; she fainted in his arms. When she recovered she was in the Castle of Manzecca.

"That shock had restored her reason.

"Now everything around her very artfully suggested the sixteenth century—the furniture, the most trivial utensils, the costume of the humblest person in the castle. Nuta attended her. The convalescent was told that she had been ill in consequence of the attack on her lover, but that he, instead of succumbing, had been spirited away and stealthily nursed back to health. Again whole, he had returned to avenge himself on his brother, whom he had killed. Meanwhile her father had died. Therefore she had been brought from the Castle of Foscone to the Castle of Manzecca to enjoy the protection of her Antonio, whom she was now free to marry.

"All this was what she wanted to believe, so she believed it."

But Antonio's face was filled with a new distress. He rose, to pace the floor with the gestures of a man who realizes that he is locked in a cell to which there is no key.

"In the restoration of her mind," he groaned, "my own peace of mind has been destroyed. Even this love, the strangest and most thrilling in the world, will never allay the heartquakes that I have brought upon myself.

"With her perception of time restored, she will now be subject to time like other mortals. As year follows year, her youthfulness will merge into maturity, her maturity into old age, here in this castle, where nothing must ever suggest that she has attained a century other than her own. For me that means a ceaseless vigilance and fear. My devotion will always be mingled with forebodings of some blunder, some unforeseen intrusion of the present, some lightning-like revelation of the truth to her."

At that he broke down.

"Ah, if that happened, what horror should I witness?"

The gale sounded like the hooting of a thousand demons who were preparing for this man a frightful retribution. Yet even in that moment I envied him.

To her beauty, which had bewitched me at my first sight of her, was added another allurement—the thought of a magical flight far beyond the boundaries imprisoning other men. If romance is a striving toward something at once unique and sympathetic, here was romance attained. Moreover, in embracing that exquisite personification of the Renaissance, one might add to love the glamor of a terrible audacity. And the addition of glamor to love has always been one of the most assiduously practised arts.

AT the bottom of the winding tower staircase, in the doorway of the hall where she had greeted us, we paused to compose ourselves.

"At least," Antonio besought me, "when in doubt, remain silent."

We entered the hall. Under a wooden gallery adorned with carved and tinted shields the supper-table was laid.

They awaited us, shimmering in their fantastic finery—the ladies Laura and Lina, my old friends Leonardo and Leonello, and the ineffable Fiammetta di Foscone. The visitors' cheeks seemed hectic, from the excitement of the hour; but her face was flushed, her eyes shone, for her own reason. As I approached her my heart-beats suffocated me. Yes, I would have taken Antonio's place and shouldered all his terrors! Before me the fair conqueror of time disappeared in a haze, out of which her voice emerged like a sweet utterance from beyond the tomb.

"You are pleased with the castle, messere?"

As I was striving to respond, Antonio said to her, half aside, in that quaint species of Italian which he had used before:

"He speaks our language with difficulty, Madonna, and in a dialect. This disability will embarrass him till he finds himself more at home."

"Then let us sup," she exclaimed. "For since this new custom of a third meal has become fashionable in Florence, no doubt you are all expiring of hunger. So quickly does habit become tyrannous, especially when it involves a pleasure."

In some manner or other I seated myself at the table.

The servants bore in, on silver platters, small chickens garnished with sugar and rose-water, a sort of galantine, tarts of almonds and honey, caramels of pine-seed. From the gallery overhead came the tinkle of a rota, a kind of guitar. The musician produced a whimsical tune suggesting a picnic of lords and ladies in the garden of an antique villa, where trick fountains, masked by blossoms, drenched the unwary with streams of water. But in the chimney of the great, cold fireplace behind my back the wind still growled its threats; the voice of Nature still menaced these audacious mortals, who were celebrating the humiliation of her laws.

Beyond the candle-light the beauty of Fiammetta di Foscone became blinding. In her there was no sign of an unnatural preservation, as, for example, in a flower that has been sustained, yet subtly altered ,by imprisonment in ice. Nor did her countenance show in the least that glaze of time which changes, without abating, the fairness of marble goddesses surviving for us from remote ages of esthetic victory. But wait; she was not an animated statue, nor any product of nature other than flesh and blood! And the flesh, the glance, the whole person of this creature from another era, expressed a glorious young womanhood. I was lost in admiration, pity and dread. For over this shining miracle hovered the shadow of disaster. One could not forget the countless menaces surrounding her.

If she should grasp the truth, if all of a sudden she should realize her disaccordance with the world of mortals, what would happen to her before our eyes? Would she succumb instantly? Or would she first shrivel into some appalling monstrosity? This deception could not last forever. Might it not end to-night?

Did the others have similar premonitions?

Their smiles seemed tremulous and wan, their movements constrained and timorous. All their efforts at gaiety were impeded by the inertia of fear. At every speech the lips of Lina and Laura quivered, the hands of Leonello and Leonardo were clenched in a nervous spasm. Antonio controlled himself only by the most heroic efforts.

What a price to pay for an illusion of happiness that was destined to a ghastly end! Yet I would still have paid that heavy price exacted from Antonio.

FIAMMETTA DI FOSCONE became infected by our nervousness. At one moment her mirth was feverish; at another, a look of vague uneasiness crossed her face. Was our secret gradually penetrating to her subconscious mind? Was she to learn the fact, and perish of it, not because of bungling word or action on our part, but merely from the unwitting transmission of our thoughts?

The others redoubled their travesty of merriment. They voiced the gossip of a vanished society; the politics, fashions and scandals of old Florence. One heard the names of noble families long since extinct, accounts of historic escapades related as if they had happened yesterday. Fiammetta recovered her animation.

Her dewy eyes turned to Antonio. Her fingers caressed her betrothal ring, which was like the wedding ring of the twentieth century. And in this hall tricked out with lies, amid these guests and servants who were the embodiment of falsehood, an oppressing atmosphere of dread was clarified, for a moment, by the strength and delicacy of her love.

They discussed the virtues of the Muses, the plagiarisms of Petrarch, the wonders of astrology. Her uneasiness revived. In a voice more musical than the rota in the gallery, she asked:

"My dear friends, would you attribute to some planetary influence, a feeling of strangeness that I receive at times, even from the air? I demand of you whether the air does not have an unfamiliar smell to-night?"

There was a freezing moment of silence.

"It is this great wind," muttered Leonardo, "that has brought us new air from afar."

"Every place has its smell," was Leonello's contribution. "It is natural that the Castle of Manzecca should smell differently from the Castle of Foscone."

Antonio thanked his friends with an eloquent look.

"True," she assented, pensively, "every spot, every person, is surrounded by its especial ether, produced by its peculiar activity. This house, not ony in its smell, but in its tenor of life, and even in its food, differs vastly from my own house, which, nevertheless, is just across the hills.

Antonio drained his goblet at a gulp. He got out the words:

"We are provincial, we Manzecca. Like a race apart."

"All old families, jealous of their integrity, are the same," ventured Laura, who looked, nevertheless, as if she were about to faint.

"Or maybe," mused Flammetta, "it is because I have been ill that things perplex me, and sometimes startle me by an effect of strangeness. There are moments when even the stars look odd to me, and when the countryside, viewed from the tower above us, is bewildering. In one direction I see woods where I should have expected meadows; in another direction, fields where I should have expected woods. But then, I now view the countryside from a tower other than my own, and see in a new aspect that landscape with which I thought myself so well acquainted. Does that explain it?"



As she gazed, half lifeless, but still fairer than an untinted statue, at his face, all at once her eyes became enormous.

HOW touching, how pitiable, was her expression, half arch, half pleading, and so beautiful! "Oh, lovely and terrible prodigy!" I thought, "draw back; banish those thoughts; or, rather, no longer think at all—for you are on the edge of the abyss!"

Antonio spoke with difficulty:

"Dearest one, do not pain me by mentioning that illness of yours. Do not pain yourself by dwelling on it in your mind. The past with all its misfortunes is gone forever. Let us live in the present and contemplate a future full of bliss."

A quivering sigh of assent and relief went round the supper-table. But Fiammetta protested:

"I should not care to forget the past. It contained too much happiness. The hours at twilight, when I waited on the platform of the Castle of Foscone, and you clambered up the wall, are not for oblivion! Do you remember, Antonio, how you once brought with you a bunch of little damask roses, which you tossed up to me while clinging to the masonry? Those roses became my treasure. The sweetest one of them I locked in a tiny silver box which I kept always by me. That box came with me from the Castle of Foscone. The key is lost; but you shall open it with your dagger, and learn how I have cherished an emblem of that past which you asked me to forget."

With a rare smile, she drew from the bosom of her gown a very small coffer of silver, its chiseling worn smooth by innumerable caresses. Poor soul! it was in her bosom that she had cherished this pretty little box, more cruelly fatal than a viper.

Antonio, his jaws sagging, rose half-way out of his chair, then sank back, speechless and livid. Unaware, eager, and imperious, Fiammetta demanded:

"A dagger!"

Too late Antonio managed to put out a shaking hand in protest. Already a fool of a servent had presented his dirk to her. In a twinkling—before we could stop her—Fiammetta had pried back the lid.

The silver box, its oxidized interior as black as ink, contained, in place of the damask rose that had bloomed in the year fifteen hundred, only a few grains of dust.

THERE was no sound except from the wind, which yelled its devilish glee round the castle in the chimney of the fireplace.

She had risen to her feet. In her eyes, peering at the little coffer, bewilderment gave place to dismay. But in our faces she found a consternation far surpassing hers.

"Only dust?"

Antonio distorted his month in a vain effort to speak. At last, with a frantic oath, he swept the silver box into the fireplace, where it fell amid the brush-wood and inflammable rubbish piled ready for lighting under the big logs.

Fiammetta had tried to stop him. Under her clutching hand his fur-trimmed sleeve had slipped up, exposing his forearm. She was staring at his forearm.

"The scar?" she whispered. "Was it not here, when you raised your arm to shield yourself against them, that you caught the first knife-thrust? How long does it take for such a scar to pass entirely away?"

Lena and Laura sank back in their chairs. Leonello averted his face. Leonardo turned away. Again Antonio tried to speak. The terror that held us in its grip was communicated to Fiammetta di Foscone.

Her countenance became bloodless. Her teeth chattered. She murmured:

"What is happening to me? I am so cold!"

She sank down amid billows of violet-colored silk, between Antonio's arm, before the fireplace. Her veil confined by the band of pearls and amethysts, did not seem as white as her skin.

There was a hysterical babble of voices.

"She is dead! No, she has swooned! Bring vinegar! Rub her hands! Light the fire!"

Then ensued a jostling of guests and servants, who crowded to poke a dozen lighted candles at the brush-wood. In the midst of this confusion Fiammetta sat before the hearth, her eyes half closed, her head rolling against Antonio's shoulder, her throat, framed by the little ruff, palpitating like the breast of an expiring dove. She was in the throes of the emotions that had been at last transferred from our minds to hers and that she was doubtless on the point of comprehending.

The brush-wood caught fire. At that flicker her eyelids opened. She leaned forward. Under the brush-wood, already writhing in flames, was the fragment of a modern Italian newspaper. One plainly saw the title, part of a head-line, and the date.

Fiammetta di Foscone read the date.

AS ANTONIO and I, between us lifted her into a chair, she kept repeating to herself, in a soft, incredulous voice, the date. And so badly had our wits been paralyzed by this catastrophe, that none of us could find one lying word to utter.

Antonio knelt before her, his arms clasping her knees, his head bowed. He was weeping as if she were already dead. Her hands slowly stole forth to close around his face and lift it up.

"Whatever it is," she breathed, "I still have you."

As she gazed, half lifeless, but still fairer than an untinted statue, at his face, all at once her eyes became enormous. Pushing him from her, she stood bolt-upright at one movement, with a heart-rending scream:

"A stranger!"

That scream was still resounding from the rafters when we saw her fleeing across the hall, her head thrown back, her arms outspread, her while veil and violet draperies floating behind her. Her jewels glittered like the last sparkle of a splendid dream that has been doomed to swift extinction. She vanished through the doorway leading to the tower staircase.

"After her!" some one shouted.

Antonio was first; but at the doorway he stumbled, and Leonello, who was second fell over him. Vaulting their bodies, I gained the circular staircase that ascended to the tower, I heard Antonio bawling after me:

"She will throw herself from the roof!"

The staircase was black, and the wind whistled down its well. At each landing the heavy doors on either side banged open and shut. From overhead there descended a long wail, maybe her voice, or maybe one of the countless voices, of the storm. As I neared the top, a door through which I had just passed blew shut with a deafening report, I emerged upon the roof of the tower in a torrent of rain. The roof was empty.

I peered over the low battlements, loose below me swayed the tops of cypress-trees; beneath them everything was lost in the obscurity of the night. Soon, however, the darkness was lighted by torches which began to dart to and fro among the trees. By those fitful gleams I made out the crouching backs of men, the livery of the Manzecca with its black and vermillion device, helmets and sword-hilts, and finally upturned faces that appeared ruddy in the torch-light, though I knew that in reality they must be pallid. They called up to me, but the wind whipped their voices away. I made signs that she was not on the tower. The faces disappeared; again the torches wandered among the trees. Now and then I heard a shout, the barking of the greyhound, and a woman—perhaps old Nuta—in hysterics.

I began to descend the staircase. The last door through which I had passed was so tightly wedged, from its slamming, that I could not open it. I sat down on the steps to wait till the others should miss me.

What thoughts!

"Can it be true? Yes, it has happened, and I have seen the end of it! This will kill Antonio. But then, none of us will ever be the same again."

I was sure that my hair had turned white.

And she? A vast wave of pity and longing swept over me and whirled me away into the depths of despair.

Now, I told myself, they have found her. And I fell to shuddering again. Now they have brought her in, unless what they saw, when they found her, scattered them, raving, through the woods. Now they are trying to sooth Antonio, perhaps to wrench a weapon from his hand. Now surely they have noticed my absence.

I cannot imagine what impulse made me rise, at last, and try the door again. At my first touch it swung open.

Descending the staircase, I reentered the hall.

THEY were all seated at the supper-table, which was now decorated with flowers, with baskets of fruit, with plates of bon-bons, and with favors in the form of dolls tricked out like little ladies of the Renaissance. The servants wore tail-coats and white cotton gloves, Leonella and Leonardo, Lina and Laura, even Antonio, had on the evening-dress appropriate to the twentieth century. But my brain reeled indeed when I saw Fiammetta, her hair done in the last Parisian style, her low-neck gown the essence of modern chic.

The company looked at me with tolerant smiles.

"Well," exclaimed Antonio, "you have certainly taken your time! We waited ages for you, then decided that the food was spoiling, and fell to. There is your place, old fellow. I'll have the relishes brought back."

I dropped into my chair with a thud. Leonardo, reaching in front of Lina, took the fabric of my antique costume between thumb and finger.

"Very recherche," was his comment. "Do you wear it for a whim?"

"He is soaking wet," announced Lina compassionately. "I think he has been looking at the garden."

"A botanist!" cried Laura, clapping her hands. "Will you give me some advice, signore? What is the best preservative for damask roses?"

"Water them with credulity," Leonella suggested.

And they all burst out laughing in my face, with the exception of the beautiful Fiammetta.

"MY FRIEND, the sixteenth century bequeathed to us Florentines a little of its cheerful cruelty and something of its pleasure in vendettas. Casting your thoughts into a less remote past, you may retrieve an impression of your last performance before your departure from the Florence of our youth. Need I describe that performance? Its details were conceived and executed with much talent. It made me, who was its butt, the laughing stock of our circle for a month. Did we children of Boccaccio impart to you that knack for practical joking? Remember that the pupil does not always permanently abash his teacher. But come, let us make a lasting peace now. If after all these years I managed to catch you off guard, you will never again catch me so. Let us forget our two chagrins in drinking to this pleasant night, which, though I fancy the fact has escaped you, happens to be the First of April."

While I was still trying to master my feelings, he added:

"I have forgotten to explain that Lena is the wife of Leonello, our new Michael Angelo, who did that portrait of me in the wig and costume of the Renaissance. Laura, on the other hand, is the wife of Leonardo. As for our heroine Fiammetta, she is the bride of your unworthy Antonio. She has been so gracious as to marry me between two of her theatrical seasons; in fact, we are here on our honeymoon. Why the duece have you never married? A wife might keep you out of many a laughable predicament."

Leonello hazarded, "He is waiting to marry some lady who can describe, in her trances, the cuisine of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, or the home-life of the Queen of Sheba."

"Do no such thing," Antonio implored me. "And hereafter avoid the supernatural like the plague. May this affair instil into your philosophy of life a little healthy skepticism. There is no better tonic than laughter, for one who has caught the malaria of psychical research. But even Nuta, my wife's old dresser at the theatre, will tell you that laughter is precious. You have given her to-night the first out-and-out guffaw that she has enjoyed in years. She says it cured her of a crick in the neck."

The fair Fiammetta, however, made a gesture of reproof, then held out her warm hand to me.

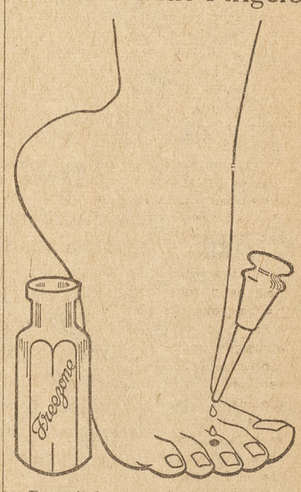
"No, Antonio," she protested, "you have not been clever, after all, but wicked. The worst of revenge is this; that it invariably exceeds its object. To what do you owe this triumph? To his solicitude for you, to his trust in you, which you have abused. Also, as I suspect, to his pity for Fiammetta di Foscone, which I have ill repaid. In fine, we owe the success of this trick to the misuse of fine emotions. That was not the custom of Messer Giovanni Boccaccio." And to me, "Will you forgive us?"

All the others looked rather chop-fallen. But Antonio soon recovered. He retorted:

"If you could have seen what an ass he made of me that time, you would not at this moment be holding his hand. Look here, old fellow, she has a sister who rather resembles her, and whose hand I have no objection to your holding as long as you wish. We will introduce you to-morrow. Ah, yes, we will make you forgive us, you rascal, before we are done with you!"

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

The Last of the Kings

By JOHN BRIGGS

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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LAZILY blinking his big amber eyes, the colt gazed down over the great, green valley rolling from the base of the huge buttress where he stood, to the distant snow-streaked range beyond. There came into his mind not such thoughts as humans think, but images sweeping before his vision, tales recorded in his blood by ancestors who seemed to him still to live and to run in that mysterious shadow of things which had wrought his being. In that peculiarly knit intelligence of the animal world, strange to human kind, the colt was welded into the eternal family of horse, retaining all memory in the manner that we call instinct—a vision memory passing ever through his consciousness as a panorama of dreams.

In one of these dreams he saw himself down in a broad valley, running with an immense herd of his kin. Now the tingle of life flowed through his perfect limbs, and his great chest trembled with a breath of inhaled delight. He was at their head, cutting the keen air with his long, clean leaps. They were in flight from something. He could hear the nickerings of the sucklings and the worried, gasping whinnying of bewildered mothers. Now he knew— But with the knowledge, there was something different from fear boiling up in his brain. It was a madness, a fury, born of hate nurtured and increased by generations of kings—the man-hate.

He was still with his own kind, but few in number. And ever back of his fancies rode the inexorable men-creatures, mounted in very mockery on others of his own kind, encroaching always on their feeding places, pursuing, driving them implacably on and on into the fastness of the mountains. There in those inaccessible regions Winter covered the hostile earth with a treacherous mantle, dark-splotched, here and there, by carcasses torn and eaten by lean, howling shapes.

Very fondly he recollected one Winter there, running at his mother's gaunt side. Heroically she had kept for him a scant flow of warming nourishment. Her's had been the blood of royalty and the spirit of the unvanquished. During white nights of the moon they had crept stealthily down to forage in the lowlands, where strange strands in stinging coils often taunted them and turned them in terror from the habitat of man. And then, when the white blanket had finally melted into the earth, whence sprang the quickening green, they had sought once more the rugged regions, finding there a few, a very few, of their race, scarred by hardship and content to graze meagerly on the scant grass which formed a pasturage too poor to be desired by the detested, horse-riding men.

There a little band had been marshaled under the protection of a grand old ruler who defied his infirmities with each shake of his mangy head, whose neck still arched in pride as he trotted around his little herd, issuing snorts of defiance. There the colt's body had toughened and gained proportion with his long, slender legs. He had commenced to feel, coursing through his arteries, the quickening blood of kings.

Now, through his dozing mind, flitted the tranquil visions of that season, followed quickly by the scenes which had fired to blazing fury every trace of man-hate descended into his veins. Still running at his mother's side, he was huddled into a little group which was cornered on the brink of a cliff, lunging and frantic, on three sides surrounded by the yelling mounted men with swishing things that swung in the air. He had seen the grand old leader, even as the hot blood of victory rushed to his eyes, leap out over a yawning abyss and go down to the death of kings—his swishing tail upflung in scorn of all man's cunning and puniness, well realizing that his stiffened legs could never carry him across. Not so the colt's mother, who had followed fast on the old leader's heels. He had seen her hurtle across the gap in a sweeping arc, while, with a reckless impulse he determined to follow. Even as he sprang, he had seen her tawny shape strike half across the rim on the farther side, had seen her scrambling struggle to hold herself to the loosening shelf, and then dimly realized that his own impact had dislodged her crumbling foothold.

As he bounded forward, he had seen her borne out and downward in a thunder of earth and stone. He had looked back upon the little herd being roped, blind-folded and dragged away. In the moment during which he had stood there, stunned, frightened, whinnying, he had not known that he was being marked by the eyes of men as a creature wondrously prized, bearing the tell-tale double-starred crown inherited from an old line of wild kings. He was to learn that henceforth his days would be those of the hunted, and that his nights would be haunted by the restless fears of a creature outlawed and eternally pursued by a baffling intelligence.

Then had followed a Winter oft recurring in his dreams of tortured lonesomeness — days of hunger, with stinging thrust of howling wind. In the still, white silence was a grip of desolation that throttled all save his spirit. So he sought again the lowlands. On nights when snow covered even the plains he often slipped in where hay had been spread out for cattle. He covered long distances to do this, and returned to the little ravines in the low hills before the glimmer of day. Thus he had lived until he had learned, to his wonder, more of the cunning of man.

Once a single rider had appeared, following the lone King's tracks in the snow. Up the nearer side of the ravine he had plunged in great hunching bounds, churning the snow, speaking thereby his fury. Just an instant he had paused on the crest to look down. The rider had stopped midway up and was viewing him with a strange look. The King continued running all that day, farther and farther into the mountains, while the face of that man-thing oppressed him unceasingly, arousing all of the antipathy which generations had engendered in his kind. It was a long, dark, smooth face, with eyes squinted to slits, and with shaggy black hair all over the lower part of it. He never would forget that face. It even now rose leeringly from the shadows of his day-dreaming, personifying the end of the King's reign.

HE had now weathered two winters, and at the end of this third Spring he felt the throb of vital forces urging him insistently toward something. The warmth and savor of intangible, pulsating things in the air, and the full rush of blood in him, stirred him strangely.

There from his lonely bluff, looking afar over the green valley, he could see moving dots —many of them. He stood harkening to the call of his own, cast back to the days when the wild herds had known no restraint, fearlessly measuring their wit with men.

The urge in him now was driving him farther and farther down. Despite the man-hate, he was responding to a call stronger than he could resist, a call resounding down from primordial day, unrelenting. He spent days in reaching the lower foothills, cautiously investigating his way, rebelling in vain against the urge.

He encountered cattle, and finally, afar off, heard the neighing of a horse. A great happiness surged through him. He pricked up his ears, issuing a low snort of delight, and then, cautioned by the constant reminder of man, he trod warily.

For days he watched at a distance the little herd of grazing horses. There appeared no man-sign, except as indicated by the herd's spiritless unconcern. On the night when he trotted close to them, wary and alert, their attention was immediate. He was coming to them out of the wild, out of memories easily re-awakened. They greeted him with a tense silence and the scrutiny of up-tossed heads. Two old mares trotted up to him curiously, then laid back their ears and ran at him, squealing. Playfully, he ducked and was in between them, nipping them on their shoulders delightedly. It was a wonderful, intoxicating thrill to feel the soft skin between his lips.

He trotted round and round the little herd, his tail up, his neck arched, blowing a challenge. The blood of kings in him spoke to them. It was as it had been always, when a king called to his subjects. His spell broke their bonds of captivity, and man began to exist for them only as a hazy, haunting memory submerged beneath the returning tide of the old, wild joy.

That they were poor, man-cowed beasts, he did not consider. That he was young did not concern them. By instinct they knew his title to sovereignty. He quickly imbued them with some of his own spirit. Back into the highlands he drew them. Farther and farther from the dreaded territory they passed, into the rugged region of old, blown-out craters and melting snows, where sweet meadows filled the hollows cut by ancient glaciers.

Now his promptings were all of the hunted. By day and by night he watched with unceasing vigilance; yet there was thrill eternally vibrating in him. He could look out over the purpled peaks afar down to the dark belt of forests, and back to his little herd, grazing contentedly in the meadow; king of all, even as in the primeval days which filtered down from the beginning of things.

The shortening days and the night frosts issued a warning of Winter and bred uneasiness in the minds of his followers, who were reminded of barns and the provender of man. The old mares insisted that the time had come to seek lower regions, and he had to agree, while delaying the descent each day as best he could.

The time came when he sensed the near presence of human beings. It puzzled and irked him that the others showed none of his caution. As they grazed along he kept them moving away from the quarter whence danger seemed to threaten. He herded them down into the hollows, while he continually watched out from the crests of the rolling ridges.

He saw, at last, many men riding up the long, narrow valley of a dry stream. He conveyed the alarm to his little herd and imbued them with the spirit of the supreme untamed. They forgot all save flight at his heels. Up and down hill they ran, ridge over ridge, until the older and weaker were trailing far to the rear.

The King's speed was unmatched except by one superb young mare, cream and dappled, who ran as easily as flowing water, always with her nose to his shoulder, however terrific his stride. Even before this it had often puzzled him that he could not outrun her.

Dodging trees, sailing over boulders, he raced down a ravine. He leaped the little chasm at the bottom. She was yet beside him, fleet as a creature of wings, graceful and light-hoofed, like a form out of mist-swirl ensouled with the essence of speed. He thundered up the opposite bank, frenzied, intoxicated, gone mad with movement. Nose to shoulder, she was with him still, her delicate nostrils distended, her great eyes shining. Her speed astounded him by its easy control, by its agreement with his own. He was challenged by a feeling that she might, so desiring, glide past him easily, carelessly, even as she was keeping up with him. He forgot caution.

But at the top of the next ridge he was suddenly halted. His hoofs plowed up the dry grass-roots. Almost at his very feet were two mounted men.

He reared and whirled, expelling the air from his great chest.



"Without pause he catapulted across the yawning abyss."

A shout from men's throats chilled him, infuriated him. In a fleeting instant he saw a face, square ahead of him, near the edge of the chasm. He knew that face, even as he ducked and a swishing rope stung his neck. He bellowed and leaped to the gorge's brink. Without pause he catapulted across the yawning abyss. He cleared—alone.

Back there on the ridge from whence he had sprung was the pale filly strung out at the end of a rope. At the rope's other end was the man of the detested face. The rope tautened and she obeyed without a struggle, trotting willingly as she was led. He saw this wonderingly and neighed to her questioningly as he bounded on. Faintly sounded her response that he should come to her; then she passed from his sight, and in deep, poignant bereavement he trotted on up the canyon, far beyond sound of the hated, shouting voices.

WITH the Winter following came less fear of the man-country. He found himself more than equal to the loathed beings who rode horses so incapable of overtaking him. From the hills and bellowed them back, for where they had entered appeared only a wall, unbroken.

He saw then, peering at him above the rim of the wall, a face, long, dark and split in the middle by teeth that gleamed hungrily behind black hair. The hated face!

The blood of wrath rushed to his eyes and the old, unconquerable kings became incarnate in him. With a violent rush he hurled himself at that tantalizing face, to the very crest of the wall. The face disappeared. There followed a swish and a tearing sound, and a strange give-way to that seemingly solid wall —in reality a canvas corral. He somersaulted through and beyond it. A crash—the stunning shock of earth. Dazed for a moment, he paused, then there cleared before his eyes, straight down the circular hill, an open way. Like a bounding boulder he hurtled down and away, free and alone.

He felt the resistless urge of flight. He was mad with motion —crazed with the speed that brought the rhythm of pounding hoofs. Night came, with the clear stars, the sound of crickets, the coyote's wail, and startled fox and sage fowl. Then he heard

It was a hard, stunning moment.

Still trailing down the opposite bank were some of his winded followers. His warning stopped them. The filly had not turned back from the sight of the men, as he had. He was minded to round her into better behavior, when, to his utter astonishment, she whinnied clear and long. At once she was answered by horses down the ravine, up the ravine and ahead. Several of his herd replied. It chafed him that they should respond to the man-ridden beasts.

The way was clear, only back as they had come. They could not be surrounded in these jumbled hills. He plunged down. The dappled filly came to her place beside him. He scarcely noticed how easily she had overtaken his start. His herd fell in, refreshed by the little breathing spell. For him the realization of fatigue had been erased by a super-will. But the others were trailing behind again—especially the mares with colts. Just a few kept up a steady pace behind him.

Reaching a ridge-top he was startled to see confronting them more mounted men—down in a wide ravine which broadened abruptly from a canyon-like mouth into a wide flat. Something about the location and scene was familiar. The flat, divided by the stream course, narrowed to a neck which stretched far into the canyon's mouth, where the gorge was tremendously deep. Then he remembered as in a dream—cornered—leaping the gorge—the pitfall—the terror—and on alone up the rock-walled canyon to freedom.

Even as he raced down the hill the young mare lightly beside him, a great surge of that old loneliness enveloped him, almost weakened him. This would be the parting. He knew. The others would be roped and dragged away. There was no need to wait and be forced into the trap. He headed straight for it. Would this one come with him? Then he thrilled anew. He knew she would. She would be his. No man on four-footed beast could ever overtake them——

at night into the far distances he learned to forage. Then, keeping free of man's settlements in the daytime, he began wandering into unknown regions, crossing new ranges, exploring, finding new feeding places: great, barren lands where man never appeared.

He went farther and farther down, into the warmer countries, and found horses. Winter grazing. He picked his points of vantage. As a great general he was learning his land and leaving nothing to chance. Sometimes he saw men, afar off. He was not alarmed. He was secure in his power here in the unbroken wilds.

This time he selected his herd by severe trial. A bare few could stay with him for any length of time, and with these as Spring approached, he commenced working back into the last country wherein man might be defied.

Yet he had to learn more of the devices of men, who could so strangely appear at a great distance, and then, when he had fled from them with his herd, it would only be to encounter them abruptly much nearer and straight ahead. Always they seemed, without hurry, just to be there, maddeningly.

For three days now he had found it so, and his band was wearied, dispirited. There were more and more men-beings, drawing nearer and nearer, each way he turned. The old, unquenchable spirit blazed up in him, fired in him a fierce determination. He would save his few—he would fight. His was the unwavering way of kings. Yet the terrible men-creatures were implacable. Though he knew he could fear through them, striking them down, his followers could not. Then opened a desperate chance—straight up the hill. What lay beyond he knew not. The tired mares followed his charge. They came upon walls, impenetrable, high and glaring in the sun. He thundered along the base, casting his glance here and there. And then—a small opening. He leaped through it and there were walls all about him. The others crowded in after him. He reared, wheeled

the neighing of a horse. He paused, stood quivering, waited.

Distant outlines of familiar hills rose faint beneath the great, twinkling evening star. He heard the neighing again. Then he blew a great breath. Instantly a nicker answered him, softly joyous, rippling, bubbling. It thrilled him.

A shadow drew off from the dark mass of shapes, and light hoofs, followed by little hoofs, trotted to him. She it was. Their noses touched and he spoke the rich rumblings of his throat.

She came with him, nose to shoulder, at his same terrific pace, and a little shape, twin star crowned, ran at her side—nose to shoulder.

They continued on into the mountains. Day after day they followed the receding snows. Finally they came where green things seemed to spring up over night. There, the three took refuge. He, the last king of an unconquered line, sought there to hold his own against all odds. She, recently drawn from Arabian strain, not recognizing a foe in man, simply sought her place as a super-scion in the family of horse. And the little one, offspring of them both, sought his mother's milk and waxed strong amazingly, dreaming dreams the stranger for the admixture of two opposing currents — the one of man-hate and the other of man-love. He was fated to betray, and yet to redeem, his mark of kings.

The utmost wild held them. The mare made no protest when her superb mate indicated, after the first fall of snow, that they should remain. The youngster's yearling coat was as thick as fur. Only a touch of red roan, showing at his hocks and on his nose, declared what color he would one day be. They found shelter in a great glacial cut, where the rich meadow grass had been dried and sweetened by the first frosts of Fall. As the snows became deeper and deeper it grew more difficult to paw down to the food; yet they persisted. Often he worked so that sweat lathered him, pawing a hole, kicking out the snow, until grass was reached. They learned to keep their holes open, lying down in them during storms. Thus they kept warm and could work along with only the soft bank to displace before them.

Peril threatened them at last, for the grim, niveous blanket piled shoulder high. They wallowed through it, he ahead, panting, tramping a trail. They reached the foothills, where they found the grass beneath the snow was rotten and not worth pawing for. They were forced into the lowlands and to stealth.

She was wiser than he in man's ways, yet she imperiled their freedom by her lack of fear. Visions of the mounted riders ever obsessed him, one frequently recurring wherein a man of loathsome face seemed to follow along his trail in the snow. And he had seen men again, more than once. He was sorely puzzled why it so little concerned her; and yet she was his entirely. There came finally the moment that he dreaded. This time the mounted men broke out around them from the silver mist which swept the frozen earth. They were just entering a shallow valley running into the hills.

He held a calculating breath, then they dashed. He felt the mare falling a little behind; for the moment of super-speed was outdoing the colt. A veritable storm of swishing coils descended on him. He stopped as though he had struck a wall, and the snow spumed up from his hoofs. It was too sudden for the mare. She and the colt leaped past him. Then, greater than all the dread that had ever come to him, came now a hatred of the sickening thing which had tautened about his neck. He charged, squealing with rage, in the direction of the pull, and felt the horse and rider go down under his crushing impact. He was free again, with that maddening thing trailing behind him. He led on, his eyes hot, his nostrils burning alone.

The sky cleared that night, and in the white hush he wandered until an insistent call within him caused him to trot down there where he could see a crumpled shape darkening the moonlit snow. When he drew near he snorted questioningly. He saw the shapely head toss and drop back. A feeble nicker answered him. Lean, dun forms scurried from the shadows of trees as he stole closer and neighed gently. The head tossed again, without other reply.

The terrorizing scent of blood assailed him. But comradeship and the old loneliness drew him nearer and nearer to her. Nickering, snorting, he approached until he stood over her, sniffing the freezing blood.

Struggling again, she managed to straighten up a little, only to drop back with a sound that was half a grunt and half whinny. He walked around her, then trotted a little way off, invitingly, questioningly. The slinking shapes, which had been returning, scurried away again.

He came back to her. She was cold and still. He began walking around her in widening circles, snorting to frighten away the hungry shapes that kept crowding closer and closer.

A memory picture of the colt came to him. Desolation hung over the world. One by one the playmates of his dreams seemed to pass away until his own great heart beat alone in a world overrun by the implacable foe.

Suddenly he halted, stunned by the horror of two great flashing jaws that sprang out of the snow and clamped his foot like a torturing bite. Instantly he knew the evil of men to be responsible for his dying mate and now for his own plight.

Instinctively terrorized by the thought of captivity, which he associated with the trap, his frenzied leap was almost instantaneous. It bore him high in the air and backwards. Then two strands of singing rawhide flicked up from the snow and flung him down with an anguishing wrench to his leg. He was held. He squealed his rage, bellowed and thrashed up the snow, while those two black and fearful strands jerked him and wrenched his leg remorselessly. The skin was stripped from his fetlock by the steel jaws; yet they held.

In all the inheritance from his royal lineage there was nothing councling him to discontinue the fight. He heaved and sweat until he became a quivering mass of ferocity, till all sensation ceased in the tortured limb, and he tried to tear himself from it. It became a fight to the point of death. Never should he cease except through the stiffening of his whole body.

Thus he fought through the scintillant night, while always a little way off were the cavern shadows, slinking, lolling on haunches, watching him with eyes that blazed blue and yellow and green—a hideous host of eyes. Inquiringly he paused to nose his peeled legs scorched by the rawhides. His blood trickled down, mottling the trampled snow. He knew not when the moon's light had faded into the dawn. Only now he became conscious that his spectral watchers of the night had given place to a circle of mounted men.

With his hoofs straddled and his trapped foot limply hanging, his nose lowered to the plowed snow, he surveyed them slowly, dazedly. And he saw, there before him, the hated, dark face, sounding its jabber in grinning triumph.

Here was a tangible thing with life. The king rose and lunged straight at the horseman. But one of the pinioning ropes was stretched to its limit and it hauled him back in a half arc. Then, in catching his balance, his free hoofs mis-stepped, and he came square down on the steel thing itself. Something seemed to spring down under his weight. He tripped, rolled over, again rose and was freed.

The numb leg wouldn't work. He felt himself stumbling, nearly falling, zig-zagging. The swishing ropes held by the men were whirling around his body. But his unsteady lunging saved him.

No flight such as this had he ever ever known before. They were gaining on him. The ruthless face was overtaking him. He could hear the whirring of a swinging rope. It shot straight at him. Yet, crippled as he was, he ducked and swerved aside.

Now he plunged straight up the flank of a hill. When on the crest he saw that they were not overtaking him. Then down straight ahead he plunged and slid. During that terrific moment he felt the tingle of victory. Still with one leg dangling he was up the next roll ere they had followed his red-streaked path to the gully. Beyond the second hill he saw them no more.

So it should be while blood rushed in him and flesh endured. He was still a king, though a realmless one. And slowly the use of his injured leg returned to him and his torn hocks healed, leaving great scars.

YEAR by year his knowledge increased until his own cunning rivalled man's. Never again did he form such an attachment to one mate. Never again did he find one worthy of it. Though often he disputed man's rulership he made no further attempt to take unto himself a herd. Horses ridden by man were incapable of freedom; few of them even desired it. And he had learned that his own freedom inhered in singleness.

He had come to be a grand old king with a price on his head. He had heard the whine of bullets and had felt their hot sting. There had been encounters again with that ever-haunting face. They were the encounters which he most dreaded, for they were each time unexpected and bespoke a cuning each time different.

To him there had been an odd, persistent memory connected with the swift roan horse on which the face had last appeared. More than a memory, it had developed into a dread. The old King realized that at last he had found his equal, and, strangely enough, in a man-ridden beast. There was something foreboding, inexorable, malign, in that coupling of man and beast.

Recently they had followed him in a long chase, and he had found it impossible to keep entirely from the sight of them. It had seemed almost that the horse and rider had kept just the distance that they had chosen to keep. It was not impossible for him to consider that if ever he was given chase by one from whom he could not keep away on his own ground, that then the struggle must end. Yes, now there seemed to mock him a real rival—another horse crowned with two white stars.

The day finally came, at the breaking of Winter, when he knew that his greatest battle had come. For it was a fight with his own weapons used against him—strength, speed and endurance. The wonderful roan's handicap of a rider was no greater than that of his own loss through the rigor of Winter.

Now the second day of it had come. During the night, even, he had found no rest. His seclusion had been invaded by unexpected riders—they seemed to be everywhere.

For hours he had run at his topmost speed. He had climbed up canyons, leaped gorges, torn through brush till he bled. There was no eluding that persistent, intrepid pursuer. With an irrepressible rage he knew that he could not free himself; he could not lengthen the distance between. Slowly, imperceptibly, relentlessly, the space was shortening.

As he dashed on in his zig-zag, perilous course, he was followed, stride for stride, turn for turn, leap for leap. In savage fury he called out the utmost from his determined old body, and yet the roan horse and his rider drew closer and closer upon him. There was a powerful spring in the roan's stride, like his own, and yet something of a litheness—free, easy and light-hoofed—something familiar.

As the day wore on into afternoon the last King knew that his supreme moment had come. The roan and the man were now turning him, directing him where they chose. As though it had become the very body of that obsessing face, the roan's movements seemed in perfect accord with the man's cunning directions. Still the old King's hate was centred upon the man.

Somehow there was a strange thrill coming to him out of dim memories, aroused by the movements of the roan. One by his side had run thus long ago, nose, to shoulder.

It was almost, for the moment, as if the taunting face were forgotten in the joy, the ecstacy, he now felt. Imperishable freedom by inheritance! A king running with his own kind, on and on.

But the detested face intruded into the vision, riding, driving, insatiable, master over the wild horse spirit which spoke down through time.

Now he could hear the quickening throb of the roan's pursuing hoofs. Finally they were running over the great, high tableland that sloped down to the valley's rim. It was the haunt of his early colthood. He sensed the roan swerving with him, following in unison, in spirit, in perfect accord, as another once had been.

And then, wonderingly, he felt that as he willed the roan obeyed. The face was almost upon him, and yet, the man-creature was no longer ruling his course—heading him here, shunting him there—as he had been doing.

The man was jerking at the reins frantically, beating with his heels, nervously shifting from side to side. He might have been a fly, in so far as the roan obeyed. And then the old King knew that he was racing with his own blood, with his kindred will, free, supreme, the ruler of his own, master of his race. The twin stars, the mark of kings, had won.

There followed the hiss of an uncoiling rope, and a stinging strand settled over his neck, but there was no retracting pull behind it to hold him. The King was now claiming the power of his heritage, to wield it as he should choose. Now his conquering will would be master and destroyer of that face which so long had mocked him from the lurking background of his visions. The marvellous roan, carrying his powerless rider, had come up with him—nose to shoulder.

The King leaped a gully and swung out onto a buttress, and there appeared before him, far down in the blue mists, a green valley where it had been the wont of his kind, back in the dream-days, to roam, joyous and free, through the waving grain.

Splitting thunders barked in his ears. But as he leaped out into the haze-hung space there was sweet contentment stealing upon him. The current of dreams was bearing him up, and he felt himself running at the head of a great herd; a frolicking, care-free band.

Then he looked up, high along the face of the giant cliff that jutted out into the valley. For an instant he thought he saw a face there—a form that seemed to hurtle out into the blue heavens like some dark bird. But it vanished in the shadows, and he found himself wondering what it was that he had seen; then he forgot it, to remember it no more.

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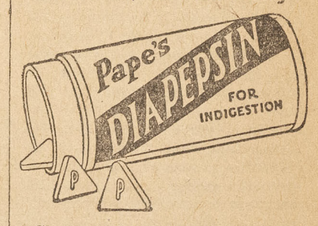

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Tell England

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Illustrated by Charles R. Knelgrove

BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER III.

"C. of E., Now and Always"

I.

AWAKING at 5.30 the next morning, I heard a noise as of the anchor's cable being hauled in. The engines, too, were throbbing, and overhead there were rattling and movement. I tumbled Doe out of his top bunk, telling him to get up and see the last of England. Slipping a British warm over my blue silk pyjamas—mother always made me me wear pale blue—I went on deck. Doe covered his pink-striped pyjamas with a grey silk kimono embroidered with flowers—the chance of wearing which garment reconciled him to this cold and early rising—and followed me sleepily. In a minute we were leaning over the deck rails, and watching the sea as it raced past the ship's hull.

Our Rangoon was really off now. As we left Devonport, two devilish little destroyers gave us fifty in the hundred, caught us up, and passed us, before we were in the open sea. Then they waited for us like dogs who have run ahead of their master, and finally took up positions one on either side of us. We felt it was now a poor look out for all enemy submarines.

"Well, ta-ta, England," said Doe, looking towards a long strip of Devon and Cornwall. "See, there, Rupert? Falmouth's there somewhere. In a year's time I'll be back, with you as my guest. We'll have the great times over again. We'll go mackeral-fishing, when the wind is fresh. We'll put a sail on the Lady Fal, and blow down the breeze on the estuary. We'll——"

"And when's all this to be?" broke in a languid voice. We turned and saw our exhausted table companion, Jimmy Doon, who had arrived on deck, yawning, to assume the duties of Officer on Submarine Watch.

"After the war, sure," answered Doe.

Mr. Doon looked pained at such folly.

"My tedious lad," he said, "do I gather that you are in the cavalry?"

"You do not, Jimmy," said Doe.

"Nor yet in the artillery?"

"No, Jimmy."

"Then I conceive you to be in the infantry."

"You conceive aright, Jimmy."

"Well, then, don't be an unseemly ass. There'll be no 'after the war' for the infantry."

"In that case," laughed Doe, who had been offensively classical ever since he won the Horace Prize, "Ave, atque vale, England."

After gazing down the wake of the Rangoon a little longer, we decided that England was finished with, and returned to our cabins to dress in silence. And then, having read through twice the directions provided with Mothersill's Seasick Remedy, we went down to breakfast.

At this meal the chief entertainment was the arrival of Major Hardy, limping from injuries sustained the previous night, and with an eye the color of a Victoria plum. "The old sport!" whispered the subalterns. And that's just what he was: for he was a major, who could run amok like any second lieutenant, and he was forty, if a day.

In the afternoon, when the sea was very lonely, the destroyers left us, which we thought amazingly thin of them. So we searched out Jimmy Doon, and told him that, as Officer on Submarine Watch, he ought to swim alongside in their place.

Jimmy was much aggrieved, it appeared, at being detailed for the tiresome duty of looking for submarines. It was the unseemly limit, he said, to watch all day for a periscope, and it would be the very devil suddenly to see one. Besides, he had hoped that by losing his draft of men he would be freed from all duties, and a passenger for a fortnight. He would have just sat down and drawn his pay. As it was, he assured us, he hadn't the faintest idea what to do if he should sight a submarine—whether to shoot it, or tell the skipper. He was nervous lest in his excitement he should shoot the skipper. At any rate he had a firing-party of twenty in the bows, and was determined to shoot someone, if he spotted a periscope. And, moreover, the whole thing made him tediously homesick, and he wanted his mother.

He was mouching off quite sad and sulky about it all, when the ship's clock pointed to 4 p.m. (and no one ever argues with a ship's clock), eight bells rang out, and all the junior officers were impressed into a lecture on Turkey—even including Jimmy Doon, who thought that his important duties ought to have secured him exemption from such an ordeal. The lecturer was Major Hardy, who, being a man of the wanderlust, had planted in Assam, done some shady gun-running in Mexico, fought for one, or both, or all, sides in the late Balkan War, and, sauntered, with a hammock to hang under the trees, in all parts of Turkey, Anatolia and the Ottoman world. He limped to the lecturer's table in the lounge, and, holding his monocle in his hand from the first word to the last, delivered a discourse of which this was the gist:

Before Christmas we should be in Constantinople—what. (Laughter, rather at the "what" than at the substance of the sentence.) He was confident the Dardanelles would be conquered any day now, and wished the ship would go a bit faster, so that we should not be too late to miss all the fun. (Hear, hear.) The only thing that was holding up our army at Cape Helles was the hill of Achi Baba. Now he had stood on Achi Baba and looked down upon the Straits at that point where they became silver Narrows; and he knew that old Achi was a wee pimple, which he could capture before breakfast, given a fighting crowd of blaspheming heathens, like those he saw before him. (Loud cheers.) When we penetrated Turkey, we were to understand that the Turk with a beard was a teetotaller, like himself. Major Hardy (Cheers.) We were never to kick a dog in Turkey—what (laughter) and, above all, never to raise our eyes to a Turkish woman, whether veiled or not, if we would keep our lives worth the value of a tram ticket. "One thinks," he concluded, "of the crowd of susceptible Tommies reclining on the decks outside, and fears the worst." (Loud laughter, cheers, and Jimmy Doon's weary voice: "Goodbye-ee.")

II

So the first afternoon at sea declined into evening. I had been looking forward all day to the starlight night, in which we should discuss again with Monty the things that had crept into our conversation the night before. I had gone to bed happy in the thought that the breastworks had been broken down and the way made easier for further unburdening. I had fallen asleep, contented in the conviction that Monty had been sent into my life to help me to put things straight. In my simple theology, I was pleased to imagine I saw how God was working. Somewhere in that old world behind the dockyard lay my shattered ideals, shattered morals, shattered religion. Monty was to rebuild my faith in humanity and in God. Somewhere in that rosy year which was past lay an anchor that I had cast away. Monty was to find me drifting to the Dardanelles with no anchor aboard, and to give me one that would hold. Yes, I saw a ruling Hand. Radley had been the great influence of my schooldays; and, now that he was fast fading into the memories of a remote past, Monty, this jean and whimsical priest, had stepped in to fill the stage. The story of our spiritual development must ever be the story of other people's influence over us. I could see it all, and went to sleep lonely but happy.

It is difficult to say why I wanted to set my life aright. The thought of my mother; the peaceful movement of the ship away from England; Monty's stories of his lovable boy officers; and the beauty of the seascape—all had something to do with it. At any rate, I found myself longing for the time when, after dinner, Doe and I, with Monty between us, should recline in deck-chairs under the stars, and speak of intimate things.

When the time came, it was very dark, for deck-lamps were not allowed, and every port-hole was obscured, so that no chink of light should betray our whereabouts to a prowling submarine. We began by star-gazing. Then we brought eyes and faces downwards, and watched the wide, rippling sea. Monty, having refilled his pipe on his knees, lit it with some difficulty in the gentle wind, before he remembered that, after dark, smoking was forbidden on deck. The match flared up, and illuminated the world alarmingly . . . We listened for the torpedo.

Nothing evil coming from the darkness, Monty knocked out the forbidden tobacco, and placed an empty pipe between his teeth.

"I suppose you fellows know," he said, "that we've got a daily Mass on board."

"What's that?" asked Doe.

Monty removed his pipe and gazed with affected horror at his questioner. Certainly he would hold forth now.

"Bah!" he began, but he changed it with quick generosity to "Ah well, ah well, ah well! I know the sort of religion you've enjoyed—and, for that matter, adorned. It's a wonderful creed! Have a bath every morning, and go to church with your people. It saves you from bad form, but can't save you from vice."

Doe moved slightly in his chair, as one does when a dentist touches a nerve. Monty stopped, and then added:

"'A daily Mass' is my short way of saying 'A daily celebration of the Holy Communion.'"

"Heavens!" thought I. "He's an R.C."

I felt as though I had lost a friend. Doe, however, was quicker in appraising the terrible facts.

"I s'pose you're a High Churchman," he said; and I've little doubt that he thereupon made up his mind to be a High Churchman too. Monty groaned. He placed in front of Doe his left wrist on which was clasped a bracelet identity disc. He switched on to the disc a shaft of light from an electric torch, and we saw engraved on it his name and the letters "C.E."

"That's what I am, Gazelle," said he, as the light went out, "C. of E., now and always."



"And when's all this to be?" broke in a languid voice. We turned and saw our exhausted young table companion, Jimmy Doon, who had arrived on deck, yawning, to assume the duties of officer on submarine watch.

("Gazelle' was ostensibly a silly play on my friend's name, but, doubtless, Doe's sleek figure and brown eyes, which had made the name of "The Grey Doe" so appropriate, inspired Monty to style him "Gazelle.")

"C. of E.," muttered I, audibly. "What a relief!"

"You beastly, little, supercilious snob!" exclaimed Monty, who was easily the rudest man I have ever met.

I didn't mind him calling me "little," for he so overtopped me intellectually that in his presence I never realized that I had grown tall. I felt about fourteen.

"You beastly, little, intolerant, mediaeval humbug. I suppose you think 'C. of E.' is the only respectable thing to be. And yet your C. of E.-ism hasn't—" He stopped abruptly, as if he had just arrested himself in a tactless remark.

"Go on," I said.

"And yet your religion," he continued gently, hasn't proved much of a vital force in your life, has it? Didn't it go to pieces at the first assault of the world?"

"I s'pose it did," I confessed humbly.

"Shall I tell you the outstanding religious fact of the war?" asked he. "Let me recover my breath which your unspeakable friend here put out by calling me a 'High Churchman,' and then I'll begin. It begins eighty years ago."

So Monty began the story of the Catholic movement in the Church of England. He told us of Keble and Pusey; he made heroes for us of Father Mackonochie dying amongst his dogs in the Scotch snows, and of Father Stanton, whose coffin was drawn through London on a barrow. He knew how to capture the interest and sympathy of boy minds. At the end of his stories about the heroes and martyrs of the Catholic movement, though we hadn't grasped the theology of it, yet we knew we were on the side of Keble and Pusey, Mackonochie and Stanton. We would have liked to be sent to prison for wearing vestments.

"But hang the vestments!" cried Monty in his vigorous way. "Hang the cottas, the candles and the incense. What the Catholic movement really meant was the recovery for our Church of England—God bless her—of the old exalted ideas of the Mass and of the great practice of private confession. 'What we want,' said the Catholic movement, 'is the faith of St. Augustine of Canterbury, and of St. Aidan of the North; the faith of the saints who built the Church of England and not the faith of Queen Elizabeth, nor even the Pope of Rome.'"

We thought this very fine, and Doe, who generally carried on these conversations while I was silent, inquired what exactly this faith might be, which was neither Protestantism nor Romanism.

"Rehearse the articles of my belief, eh?" laughed Monty. "Well, I believe in the Mass, and I believe in confession, and I believe that where you've those, you've everything else."

"And what's the outstanding fact of the war?" asked Doe.

"The outstanding fact of my experience at least, Gazelle, has been the astonishing loyalty to his chaplains and his church of that awful phenomenon, the young High Church fop, the ecclesiastical youth. He has known what his chaplains are for, and what they can give him; he hasn't needed to be looked up and persuaded to do his religious duties, but has rather looked up his chaplains and persuaded them to do theirs—confound his impudence! He has got up early and walked a mile for his Mass. His faith, for all its foppery, has stood four-square."

Monty started to relight his pipe, forgetting again in his enthusiasm all routine orders. He tossed the match away, and added:

"Yes: and there's another whose religion is vital—the extreme Protestant. He's a gem! I disagree with him on every point, and I love him."

Monty held the floor. We were content to wait in silence for him to continue. He looked at a bright star and murmured, as if thinking aloud:

"Out there—out there the spike has come into his own."

"What's a spike?" interrupted Doe, intent on learning his part.

"They called those High Church boys who before the war could talk of nothing but cottas and candles, 'spikes.' They were a bit insufferable. But, by Jove, they've had to do without all those pretty ornaments out there, and they've proved that they had the real thing. My altar has generally been two ration boxes, marked 'Unsweetened Milk,' but the spike has surrounded it. And, look here, Gazelle, the spike knows how to die. He just asks for his absolution and his last sacrament, and—and dies."

There was silence again. All we heard was the ship chopping along through the dark sea, and distant voices in the saloons below. And we thought of the passing of the spike, shriven, and with food for his journey.

"And what are we to believe about the Mass?" asked Doe, who, deeply interested, had turned in his chair towards Monty.

Monty told us. He told us things strange for us to hear. We were to believe that the bread and wine, after consecration, were the same Holy Thing as the Babe of Bethlehem; and we could come to Mass, not to partake, but to worship like the shepherds and the magi; and there, and there only, should we learn how to worship. He told us that the Mass was the most dramatic service in the world, for it was the acting before God of Calvary's ancient sacrifice; and under the shadow of that sacrifice we could pray out all our longings and all our loneliness.

"Now, come along to daily Mass," he pleaded. "Just come and see how they work out, these ideas of worshipping like the shepherds and of kneeling beneath the shadow of a sacrifice. You'll find the early half-hour before the altar the happiest half-hour of the day. You'll find your spiritual recovery there. It'll be your healing spring."

Turning with the Monty suddenness to Doe, he proved by his next words how quickly he had read my friend's character.

"You boys are born hero-worshippers," he said. "And there's nothing that warm young blood likes better than to do homage to its hero, and mould itself on its hero's lines. In the Mass you simply bow the knee to your Hero, and say: 'I swear fealty. I'm going to mould myself on you'."

He had not known Edgar Doe forty-eight hours, but he had his measure.

"All right," said Doe, "I'll come."

"Tell us about the other thing, confession, I suggested.

"Not now, Rupert, "Ye are babes,' and I've fed you with milk. Confession'll come, but it's strong meat for you yet."

"I don't know," demurred I.

Monty's face brightened, as the face of one who sees the dawn of victory. But Doe, though his whole nature moved him to be a picturesque High Churchman, yet, because he wanted Monty to think well of him, drew up abruptly at the prospect of a detailed confession.

"You'll never get me to come to confession," he laughed, "never—never—never."

"My dear Gazelle, don't be silly," rejoined Monty. "I'll have you within the week."

"You won't!"

"I will! Oh, I admit I'm out to win you two. I want to prove that the old Church of England has everything you public schoolboys need, and capture you and hold you, I want all the young blood for her. I want to prove that you can be the pride of the Church of England. And I'll prove it. I'll prove it on this ship."

Whether he proved it, I can't say. I am only telling a tale of what happened. I dare say that, if instead of Monty, the Catholic, some militant Protestant had stepped at this critical moment into our lives, full of enthusiasm for his cause and of tales of the Protestant martyrs, he would have won us to his side, and provided a different means of spiritual recovery. I don't know.

For the tale I'm telling is simply this; that in these moments when every turn of the ship's screw brought us nearer Gibraltar, the gate of the Great Sea, and God alone knew what waited us in the Gallipoli corner of that Mediterranean arena, came Padre Monty, crashing up to us with his Gospel of the saints. It was an ideal moment for a priest to do his priestly work, and bring our Mother Church to our side. And Monty failed neither her nor us.

CHAPTER IV.

The Vigil.

I.

Night or day, the ship ploughed remorselessly on. It was steered a bewildering zigzag course to outwit the submarines. The second day of the voyage saw us in the Bay of Biscay, a hundred miles off Cape Finisterre. The sun got steadily hotter, and the sea bluer.

And the subalterns blessed the sun, because it gave them an excuse for putting on the white tennis-flannels which they had brought for deck wear. All honest boys, we know, fancy themselves in their whites. And the mention of their deck-flannels reminds me, strangely enough, of Monty's daily masses. It was evident from the attendance at these quiet little services that he had been busy persuading other young officers to see "how it worked."

Every morning the smoking room was equipped with a little altar that supported two lighted candles. And to this chapel there wandered, morning after morning, stray and rather shy young subalterns, who knelt "beneath the shadow," occupied with their own thoughts, while Calvary's ancient sacrifice was acted before God.

Monty had formed a dozen subalterns into a guild of servers. And on these sun-baked mornings he would insist that his servers should kneel at their place beside the altar in their white sporting attire. "His Mass," said he, was meant to be mixed up with the week-day play."

It was all quiet— in fact, ever so quiet. Outside on the deck there would be noises, and in the alley-way there would be bangings of cabin-doors, and voices calling for the bath steward. But these things only intensified the quiet of the smoking room. Monty would keep his voice very low, loud enough to be heard by those who wished to follow him, and soft enough not to interrupt those who preferred to pursue their private devotions.

Whether he was right in all that he did and taught, or was only a joyous rebel, better theologians than I must determine. He was at least right in this; the attraction of that early morning service was irresistible. I began to look forward to it. I enjoyed it. When my comfortable bunk pulled strongly, and I was too lazy to get up, I would feel all day a sense of having missed something. I had never been able to pray anywhere else so easily as I prayed there. I had never before understood the satisfaction of worship.

Monty soon found that the only enemy who could beat him and prevent a swelling attendance of Youth at the Mass, was Cosy Bed. C.B., as he contemptuously called him, was most powerful at 7.00 in the morning. Padre Monty would not have been Padre Monty, had he failed to declare war on the foe at once. He drew up a "Waking List" of his family (for he had adopted everybody on the ship under 25), and each morning went his rounds, visiting a score of cabins, where the "children" slept. He burst upon them unceremoniously, and threw open the darkened port-holes to let the sunlight in. For the sunlight, like all bright things, was on the side of the Mass.

Of course it was only a minority, at best, who thus bowed their young heads to the Mass. The rest remained gentiles without the Law. And Monty's undismayed comment was characteristic of him. "I say, Rupert," he said, coolly assuming that I was his partner in the work, "We've only a few at present, our apostolic few. But don't you love these big, handsome boys, who will not come to church?"

One immortal Friday fully forty wandered in to Mass. Monty was radiant. Immediately after the service he said to me: "Come on deck, and have a game of quoits-tennis before breakfast. Mass first, then tennis—that's as it should be." We went on deck, and, having fixed the rope that acted as a net, played a hard game. And, when the first game was finished, Monty, still flushed with his victory down in the smoking room, came and looked at me over the high intervening rope, much as a horse looks over a wall, and proceeded to hold forth:

"D'you remember that picture, 'The Vigil,' Rupert, where a knight is kneeling with his sword before the altar, being consecrated for the work he has in hand? Well, this voyage is the vigil for these fellows. Before they step ashore, they shall kneel in front of the same altar, and seek a blessing on their swords. Hang it! aren't they young knights setting out on perilous work? And I'll prove we have a Church still, and an Altar, and a Vigil."

Then he asked me what I was stopping for and talking about, and why I didn't get on with the game. His spirits were irrepressible.

II

After tea, on the fourth day, everyone hurried to the boat-deck, for land was on our port side. There to our left, looking like a long, riftless cloudbank, lay a pale-washed impression of the coast of Spain. A little town, of which every building seemed dead white, could be distinguished on the slope of a lofty hill. There was a long undulation of mountainous country, and a promontory that we were told was Cape Trafalgar.

I should have kept my eyes fixed on this, my first view of Sunny Spain, if there had not been excited talk of another land looming on the starboard side. Looking quickly that way, I made out the grey wraith of a continent, and realized that, for the first time, Dark Africa had crept, with becomingly mysterious silence, into my range of vision.

Doe let his field-glasses drop and stared dreamily at the beautiful picture, which was being given us, as we approached in the fall of a summer day towards the famous Straits of Gibraltar. Not long, however, could his reverie last, for Jimmy Doon poked him in the ribs and said:

"Wake up. Do you grasp the fact that you are just about to go through the gate of the Mediterranean, and you'll be damned lucky if you ever come out through it again? It's like going through the entrance of the Colosseum to the lions. It's both tedious and unseemly."

"Oh, get away, Jimmy," retorted Doe, "you spoil the view. Look, Rupert—don't look out of the bows all the time; turn around and look astern, if you want to see a glorious sunset."

I turned. We were steering due east, so the disc of the sun, this still evening, was going down behind our stern. The sea maintained a hue of sparkling indigo, while the sun encircled itself with widening haloes of gold and orange. The vision was so gorgeous that I turned again to see its happy effect upon the coast of Spain, and found that the long strip of land had become apple pink. Meanwhile I was aware that my hands and all my exposed flesh had a covering of sticky moisture, the outcome of a damp wind blowing from grey and melancholy Africa.

"The sirocco," said someone, and foretold a heavy mist with the night.

It happened so. The darkness had scarcely succeeded the highly-colored sunset before the raucous booming of the fog-horn sounded from the ship's funnel, and the whole vessel was surrounded with a thick mist—African breath again—which, laden with damp, left everything superficially wet. The mist continued and the darkness deepened, as we went through the Straits. The siren boomed intermittently, and Gibraltar, invisible, flashed Morse messages in long and short shafts of light on the thick, moist atmosphere. To add to the eerie effect of it all, a ship's light was hung upon the mast, and cast yellow rays over the fog-damp.

"Beastly shame," grumbled Doe, looking into the opaque darkness "we shant see the Rock this trip through. Never mind, we'll see it on the homeward route."

"Per-haps," corrected Jimmy Doon.

Thus we went through the gate into the Mediterranean theatre, where the big battle for those other Straits was being fought. We left the fog behind us, as we got into wider seas, and steamed into a hot Mediterranean night.

III.

Oh, it was torrid. Ere we came on deck for our talk with Monty under the stars, we had changed into our coolest things. And now, awaiting his arrival, I lolled in my deck-chair, clothed in my Cambridge blue sleeping suit, and Doe lay with his pink stripes peeping from beneath the grey embroidered kimono.

It had become a regular practice, our nightly talk with Monty on what he called "Big Things." Certainly he did most of the talking. But his ideas were so new and illuminating, and he opened up such undreamed-of vistas of thought, that we were pleased to lie lazily and listen.

"What's it to be tonight?" he began, as he walked up to us; but he suddenly saw our pyjama outfit, and was very rude about it, calling us "popinjays" and "degenerate aesthetes." "My poor boys," he summed up, as he dropped into the chair, which we had thoughtfully placed between us for his judgment throne, "you can't help it, but you're a public nuisance and an offence against society. What's it to be to-night?"

"Tell us about confession," I said, and curled up to listen.

"Right," agreed Monty.

"But wait," warned Doe. "You're not going to get me to come to confession. I value your good opinion too highly."

"My dear Gazelle, don't be absurd. I'll have your promise to-night."

"You won't!"

"I will! Here goes."

And Monty opened with a preliminary bombardment in which, in his shattering style, he fired at us every argument that ever has been adduced for private confession—"the Sacrament of Penance," as he startled us by calling it. The Bible was poured out upon us. The doctrine and practice of the Church came hurtling after. Then suddenly he threw away theological weapons, and launched a specialized attack on

Continued on Page Fifteen.

PAIR OF HOCKEY BOOTS REAL EMBLEM OF HOPE

It was quite to be expected that Joe would wish for hockey boots at Christmas time, for Joe comes from Northern Ontario, a section famous for the hockey players it has produced. He got his wish —the hockey boots were on his cot on Christmas morning. They surely typify "hope," those hockey boots; for, you see, although Joe is twelve years old he is just beginning to walk. He is one of the small patients at the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children, at Weston. For nearly two years after he came to the hospital Joe lay on his back in a plaster cast. Then came the glad day when he wheeled himself out to the dining room in an invalid's chair. Now he can hobble about with the aid of a cane. And the nurse says that next Winter, perhaps, Joe will be able to use the hockey boots which this year he could only admire.

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Take a teasponful of the powder or two compressed tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous, harmful acid in the stomach which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulence, heartburn and the bloated or heavy, lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat.

You will find that, provided you take a little Bisurated Magnesia immediately after a meal, you can eat almost anything and enjoy it without any danger of pain or discomfort to follow, and, moreover, the continued use of the bisurated magnesia cannot injure the stomach in any way so long as there are any symptoms of acid indigestion.

The Indissoluble Bond

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "Success"—his latest big achievement, and many others. Among them are "The Great American Fraud," "The Mystery," (written with Stewart Edward White), "The Flying Death," "The Secret of Lonesome Cove," "Average Jones," "The Clarion," "Little Miss Grouch," "The Unspeakable Perk," "Our Square and the People in It."

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NINE minutes had passed since the tower clock boomed high noon. The organist was harmoniously killing time. The ushers were striving to look easy and unconcerned. The congregation was beginning to rustle and whisper, and I was sharing the incipient nervousness since, as best man, it was my responsibility to put the wedding through without mishap, and the absence of the bride was a decided impediment to my plans. My cousin, Chester Lipscombe, who was supposably the person most interested, was taking it coolly, in that immovably self-confident, self-satisfied manner of his, as if proceeding upon some superior assurance that nothing in which he was concerned could go far wrong.

Well, nothing ever had. That is why the match was deemed such a good one for Eleanor Jermyn. If I maintained my private misgivings about mating of the girl's vivid, mirthful, adventurous romanticism with Chester's solemn rigidity of spirit, it was not my business as best man to voice them. My business was to get that twain safely married.

At sixteen minutes and six seconds (by my stopwatch) past twelve, the sexton brought me a note which read:—

"Dear Vix,—It's all off. I simply can't go through with it.

"Norrie."

Through the agency of a hastily inspired usher the news was gradually disseminated through the church that the bridal gown had suffered a last-minute injury of a serious though not necessarily fatal nature, while I was speed-limiting to the Jermyn's house in a car which I had commandeered from the end of the line. The running board was unsuitably decorated with a young man whom I had never seen until he attached himself to it at the moment of starting. He was spare and lithe and deep-browned by a sun harsher than ours, and there was a hard-controlled excitement in his curiously luminous eyes.

"She isn't coming, is she?" he demanded. Then, reading my expression and in a flash of triumph, "I knew she wouldn't."

"Where do you come in on this?" I retorted.

All the answer that I got, as he dropped with sure-footed nonchalance from the speding car was, "I'm at the Pioneers' Club when she wants me."

A flustered maid admitted me to the house and piloted me to Eleanor's room. As I entered a strange expectancy died out of the bride's face.

"Oh! It's only you, Vix, I thought———"

"Think afterward. I'll give you three minutes to be in the car."

"There isn't going to be any afterward. Go back and get rid of them, Vix."

"Oh, yes! Certainly! Just like that!" I returned bitterly. "Including Chester, I suppose."

"Especially Chester. I hate him."

"A nice time to find it out! What's the idea, Norrie?"

"Nothing," replied the bewildering rebel. "I hate him for ———oh, just for wanting to marry me."

"See here, Norrie Jermyn," said I authoritatively. "You can't pull this sort of thing just on a hunch of hate. You're either going to produce a sane reason or you're coming with me now."

"Has it got to be sane," she answered dreamily. "Suppose I were married already?"

"YOU, Norrie! A secret marriage. I don't believe it."

There is a clear honesty about Eleanor Jermyn which makes anything furtive or underhand in her attitude toward real things unthinkable.

"No; it isn't a marriage, exactly. But it might as well be. I never could get away from it. Never! Not if I married Chester a hundred times.——Was he there at the church?"

That "he" never meant Chester Lipscomb; not in that tone! I appreciated that and answered, before I could catch myself.

"Yes."

A swift radiance intensified the loveliness of the bride's face. "Oh, Vix! Did he send me a message?"

Suddenly I felt sorry for our wedding party; I knew from that moment it was a hopeless case. I also felt wrathful.

"So this it a put-up job," I accused her. "Don't you think it's pretty raw to——"

"The message; his message!" she besought. Then, as I shook my head she continued; "It wasn't put up. I hadn't seen him nor heard from him. Not for months. Oh, it's been long!" There was a heart-wrenching quiver in her voice. "Then something told me he was here. That's the way it happened with us at the first. So I knew I couldn't go through with it with Chester."

I surrendered. "I'll give you the message when I come back, I promised.

"Come soon," she whispered.

A SORT of well-bred social riot followed my return to the church, in which the coolest figure was the bridegroom. You might know he'd take it that way and go off dignifiedly to Japan or Jugo-Slavia or somewhere, which is exactly what he did.

When what was left of wilted Me got back to the Jermyn's; Norrie was after me instantly.

"Where is he, Vix?"

"At the Pioneers. What are you going to do about it?"

"Send for him."

"To come here? The family will love that!"

"The family aren't speaking to me anyway. Can you blame them?"

"You might at least spare them an extra scandal. If he comes here now, the reporters, massed outside, will catch him and things will be worse than before, if possible."

Norrie thought that over, not being wholly beyond reason—yet. "Vix, will you be very good to me?"

"Me? I'd like to beat you to a frazzle!"

"You're a dear," was the singular interpretation she put upon this. "I want you to go and see him. I [redacted] even know his infernal name."

"Calvin Sennett."

"Which means nothing to me," said I, after considering it.

"It means everything in the world to me."

"Oh, dammit, I'll go!" I yielded.

"I knew you would, dear," she said; and she did know. Norrie always gets her way. That's the kind she is.

Calvin Sennett received me with a matter-of-fact air, which did not soothe my sense of injury.

"Since you had to come back," said I, "couldn't you have contrived to get here earlier?"

"Sorry," he returned composedly, "but I've only just landed."

"From where?"

"South America, We were lost in the wilds."

"At least you might have sent word ahead."

"I wired yesterday. Her parents must have intercepted it."

"They would," I reflected aloud. "Well, what am I here for."

"When I tell you, you won't believe it," said he smiling.

"After to-day's lunatic performance I could believe anything," I muttered. I did not add that, after that smile, I could well understand why Norrie couldn't marry Chester Lipscomb.

"The most blessedly sane thing that ever happened," he averred. The other would have been the lunacy. But it couldn't have happened. Not again." He leaned forward to me. "Have you ever heard of Scatcherdsville?"

"No. Minor geography isn't my strong point."

"Being a Vickert, I thought you probably derived from Central New York. It doesn't matter; Scatcherdsville has dropped out of the geographies this half century and more. It doesn't exist except for the dead. That is where Eleanor and I will lie some day."

"The devil you will!" said I, startled by the calm assumption of the announcement.

"Yes, together. The faithful of our blood, her's and mine, go back there at the last sleep. You'll see that it must be so when you know it all." And he settled back in his chair and spoke.

This is their story, Calvin Sennett's and Eleanor Jermyn's.

* * *

II.

THE Deserted Village lies asleep beside a singing stream. Years and long years ago, before it had lost its name and faded from the activities of men, there were busy mills there, a group of sturdy mansions, cottages, a church, and a brisk street of stores; there was labor and ambition and love and warm hearthstones; until the newly projected railroad turned and passed it by. Then its life waned. The mills crumbled, the cottages yielded to the slow encroachment of tree and ivy, the mansions and stores stood empty and lifeless. But the church, with its surrounding graveyard, still maintains itself staunch against the years, for the ancient blood that built and loved the place comes back, by a gentle tradition, to bury its dead there, even unto the third and fourth generations. Death alone gives to the Deserted Village the transitory semblance of life.

Tiger lilies of July were swaying over the peaceful graves when the stillness was invaded by the stiff, mechanistic, and saturnine panoply of a modern burial. The cars in the procession had driven out from the nearest city, to bury old Mark Jermyn beside the others of his generation.

Through the compulsion of family loyalty, Eleanor Jermyn, his great-niece, had been drawn most unwillingly from a house party several hundred miles away where she had been having a highly satisfactory time. As she hardly knew Uncle Mark, she was feeling decidedly peevish over it. But no sooner had she crossed the boundary line of the stream which divides the Deserted Village from the world of actualities than the spell of peace enfolded her. Through the soothing cadences of the burial service she stood, half hypnotized, her face at once piquant and dreamy, vivid and possessed, in the dappled movement of shadows.

It was thus that Robert Sennett first saw her.

Was there some signal that passed from him to her, at once occult and compelling, drawing her gaze to the spot in the far corner of the church yard where he sat leaning against the bole of a giant elm? She answered that long, immoveable look of his with the unconscious response of widened eyes and parted lips of wondering. And after the last motor car had lurched across the bridge at the close of the ceremony, she remained, making the excuse to her family that she was tired and wanted to be alone for a while, they could send for her later. She stood studying, with an eerie feeling of disembodiment, her own name carved in the gray stone of a tall monument in the Jermyn plot.

"Eleanor Jermyn, Wife of Samuel Jermyn; Born 1827, Died 1867."

And beneath it that tryst of invincible faith, "Whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

Opposite stood the headstone of Samuel Jermyn, dead three years before his wife.

A voice spoke quietly close behind the living Eleanor Jermyn; "That pledge was not for him."

"Not for Samuel Jermyn?" she queried. It seemed quite in keeping with the place and the spell that the voice of the stranger who had silently bidden her to stay should be telling her secret things of the past.

"You mustn't think it was for him," insisted the voice.

"How strangely you say that! As if you were angry. Or jealous."

"Jealous? Perhaps I am. Do you want to know the rest?"

She followed him to the corner under the elm where he silently pointed out another stone inscribed.

"Calvin Sennett, Born 1822, Died 1859: 'Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.'"

"There, then, was the clue to the dead; she sought the clue to the living. "Did you come to the funeral?"

"Not your funeral. Mine." Both laughed at the implication and the tensity was for the moment relaxed. My grandmother's. She was buried three days ago. All of us Sennetts come back here. It's in my great-grandfather's will that we shall."

"And all of us Jermyns. I'm Eleanor Jermyn."

He nodded. "Of course. You had to be."

"Did I? Why?"

"That's what has kept me here waiting, when I should be home packing up for the interior of Brazil. I knew there was something telling me to wait. But I didn't know what. Until I saw you."

"Don't be absurd," she chided him. But there was a tone of expectancy, of acceptance, of suspense in her voice.

"Do I go too fast? I suppose I do. But, you see, I've waited so long."

"So long? Three days by your own count."

"Seventy-five years," he retorted with a gentle but inflexible assurance.

"Perhaps I am. Part ghost, at least. Aren't you? Aren't we all?

"Ghosts of past lives?" she queried thoughtfully. "Like those lying here about us? Tell me about them."

"I know only a little about those two, the only two that matter to us two. My great grandfather, Calvin Sennett, left here when he was a young man and went to the Mexican War. He never came back alive. He married my great grandmother in the South years later. But there was a broken romance stronger than his marriage that drew him back here, and all of us after him. I never knew what it was until, at Grandmother's funeral last week, I read the inscription on your headstone."

"I wish you wouldn't call it mine," she protested. "It gives me such an uncanny feeling! The whole thing is uncanny."

"Uncanny?" he repeated in a low voice. "Oh, no, Eleanor. Not uncanny it's—it's almost holy."

"That's worse," she complained. "I don't think you're a pleasant companion for a graveyard at all. And I've got to go anyway. There's a frightful storm coming up."

"Too late to get away," said he, as a few, slow, heavy raindrops sounded crisp on the leaves overhead, through the stillness. Come to the church."

The first flash seemed almost to overtake them as they ran for shelter deep in the portico, gaining it just as the rain whelmed everything in soothing gray.

Then a million tons of light crashed down upon them from the ruined roof of heaven, and the two cowering figures, merged in the shock of that portent, lay still.

* * *

Dim voices in the gray mist, voices out of a far past, speaking one to the other in the soft sibilance of wind and rain and troubled leaves, a man-voice and a woman-voice.

The man-voice said: "Eleanor! My beloved!"

Keen with dread and pain, the woman-voice cried: "Why did you come back?"

"To claim you before the world."

"You come too late."

"Between us two no time can be too late."



A bough, riven by the thunderbolt, from the great elm covered Calvin Sennett's mound.

"I am the lawful, wedded wife of Samuel Jermyn."

There followed a long, straining hush; then the man-voice, fiercely.

"After what we have been to each other?"

"That was our sin. . . . Oh, Calvin! Why did you not write?"

"I wrote. My messenger died on the way."

"That was our punishment," said the woman-voice fearfully. "You must go, Calvin."

"Go? Leave you? You are my wife, not his, in the sight of Heaven."

"No," the woman-voice denied warily and inflexibly. "I am bound in honor and in duty and in law. He is a good man."

"Eleanor!" cried the man-voice. There was a sound of sobbing, hushed sharply, a cry of the agony of parting in the woman-voice, and the man-voice once again, fading:

"I will go. But I hold you through time and eternity. Ours is the true marriage. I will return to claim you, though it were a thousand years, I bind you to wait for me."

* * *

THE sun shot through between massed clouds drawing back to the world of the living the two still figures in the church portico The girl's eyes were heavy with tears and passion and wonder as she turned them upon her companion.

"Did you kiss me?" she murmured. "Or was it . . ."

"No." He shook his head. "It was in the dream."

"The dream! The voices! You heard them, too?"

"Everything."

"What does it mean?"

"What could it mean, except that we have come back to each other!"

"Don't!" she rebelled. "You frighten me."

He smiled at her, and her breath quickened in her throat.

"Why should you be afraid, beloved?"

The blare of a motor horn brought Eleanor Jermyn to a sense of realities. She jumped to her feet. "Whew!" she whistled briskly. "We're lucky to be alive after that close call. Look!"

A bough, riven by the thunderbolt from the great elm, covered Calvin Sennett's mound as with a massive wreath.

"There's the car come back for me," she added.

"You're not going, now!" he said incredulously.

"Of course," she laughed. But there was a tremor in her voice.

"Eleanor!" He held out his arms. She swayed to him, pressed to him, set her lips to his in a swift, soft caress.

"That's for good-bye," she said breathlessly. "It's all nonsense, you know. And we must forget."

He wrote her once, a long, passionate, yearning letter, ending "I bind you to wait for me." Then the land of vast forests and unmapped rivers swallowed him up.

And Eleanor Jermyn told herself that it was only a strange and sweet and finished episode.

* * *

III

"AND now," said Calvin Sennett, "when may I see her?"

By all the proprieties I should have consulted the Jermyn family. But, what use! Those two would have drawn together as inevitably as magnet and steel.

"To-morrow morning. At my apartment," I replied.

"Not to-night?" he asked gently, with the eager compulsion of his eyes upon mine.

"You can talk with her," I partly yielded, "if anything so modern as a phone will serve your purposes."

I called Norrie and relinquished the instrument to him. What they said I can only surmise. Probably it could have been as effectually communicated by telepathy!

He was at my apartment, waiting, when Norrie came. I was there also. I might as well have been in Patagonia for all that they reckoned when they saw each other. He called her name, and there came from her lips a broken breath like the sigh of respite from long-borne pain of yearning and deprivation as she ran to his arms.

I found the street scenery sufficiently engrossing until Norrie's voice notified me that they were aware of my existence again.

"We're going away," she announced. "You must tell the family, Vix, dear."

"Must I? When are you going?"

It was he who answered, "To-night."

"Indeed! Where?"

"Does it matter?" said she.

I perceived that it did not; that nothing in the universe mattered to those two but their rejoined selves. To me, however, as representing the world of hard actualities there was a phase that did matter, "Without ceremony?" I inquired.

They started, brusquely recalled from their exclusive absorption in each other.

"We do have to be married, don't we?" said he in a bemused voice.

"It seems absurd," said the girl; "but I suppose we do."

"I suppose you do, indeed," I confirmed.

And so, as they say in the tales of everday, prosaic love and mating, they were married, and by the mechanical processes of formal law, those two strange, long-conjoined, long-parted spirits from out a fateful past.

Was it true, that visioned encounter that had marked their pathway into each others' arms for them, Or was it only the imagining of two young, ardent minds, super-sensitized by their abrupt and startling approach, by their instant and compelling consciousness of one another. I do not know. I shall never know. Not that it has the smallest importance. What is and ever shall be essential in the lives of those two, is that they fervidly believe in it as their ordained fate.

And so, in these days of change, of discontent, of ties readily soluble, faith lightly foregone, that ancient bond, I know, will endure.

What I Have Learned in 47 Years Practice

I HAVE been watching the results of constipation for 47 years, since I began the practice of medicine back in 1875. I am now 83 years old, and though from time to time the medical profession makes some wonderfully interesting experiments and tests, the fundamentals of causes and relief in this particular ailment are unchanged.

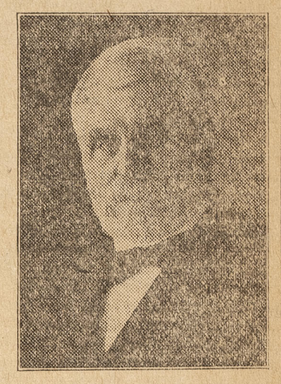
But the people take greater interest today in their health, in diet, exercise and the drinking of water. Constipation, however, will occur from time to time no matter how one tries to avoid it. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. I believe in getting as close to nature as possible, hence my remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It is made of Egyptian senna and pepsin with agreeable aromatics. Children will not willingly take bitter things. Laxative Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it. It does not gripe. Thousands of mothers have written me to that effect.

Over 10 million bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin are now sold every year, and it is the most widely bought family laxative in the world. I say family laxative because all in the family can use it with safety. It is mild enough for the infant in arms, effective in the most chronic constipation of an adult. The formula is on every package.

Recently there has been a new wave of drastic physics. Calomel, a mercurial that salivates and loosens teeth, has been revived; salt waters and powders that draw needed constituents from the blood; coal tar disguised in candy form that causes skin eruptions. In a practice of 47 years I have never seen any reason for their use when a medicine like Laxative Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly, more cleanly and gently, without griping, and without shock to the system.

Keep free from constipation! It lowers your strength 28 per cent, hardens the arteries and brings on premature old age. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope but go to a druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin. It is a generous-size bottle. Take a teaspoonful that night and by morning you will be well. The cost is only about a cent a dose. Use Laxative Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, piles, indigestion, loss of appetite or sleep, and to break up fevers and colds. Always have a bottle in the house, and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open.

W. B. Caldwell M.D.



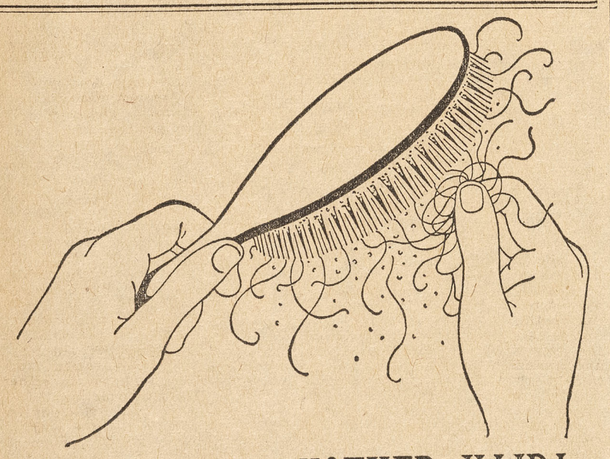
From a recent portrait of DR. W. B. CALDWELL, Born Shelbyville, Mo., 1839

I REPEAT MY FREE OFFER

$10,000 worth of trial bottles of Laxative Syrup Pepsin free

Last year I agreed to spend $10,000 cash for free samples of my Laxative Syrup Pepsin, and send them free and postage paid to all who asked. A tremendous mail was the result. But there must be many who did not write. I would like to get their address this time. So I now renew my offer, in remembrance of my approaching 84th birthday, and will again devote $10,000 to free samples. I am anxious to see one in every home. Write for yours today. Simply give me your address. Send it to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 31 Caldwell Building, Toronto, Ont. Mine is truly a free gift; it costs the public nothing.

TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN LAXATIVE *The family remedy*



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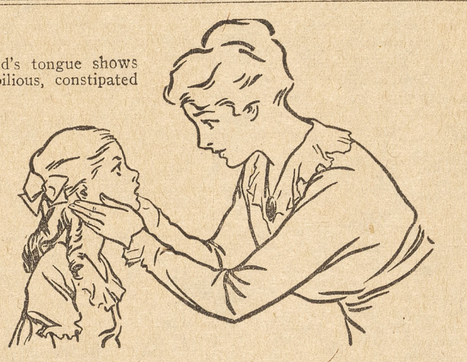
35-cent "Danderine" will Save Any Man or Woman's Hair—Delightful Tonic—See Dandruff Go!

Only fools let hair fall out and dandruff stay. Neglect means a bald spot shortly. A little "Danderine" now will save your hair. This delightful tonic cleans the scalp of every particle of dandruff, tightens the hair-root pores, so the vitalizing oils, which are the very life and strength of the chair, can not ooze away.

Danderine is not sticky or greasy. It has made weak, sick, neglected hair strong and healthy for millions. Your comb or brush is warning you. Hurry to any drugstore and get a bottle now. Don't wait!

Child's tongue shows if bilious, constipated



MOTHER, INSIST ON GENUINE "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Say "California" to Your Druggist and Refuse any Imitation of this Harmless Laxative for Children

If your child is listless, full of cold, has colic, or if the stomach is sour, breath bad, tongue coated, a teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" will quickly start liver and bowel action. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works the constipation poison, sour bile and waste right out, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day may save a sick child to-morrow. It never cramps or over-acts. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

How To Make Your Figure More Youthful and Beautiful

Remarkable Results Obtained By Women Everywhere Prove Amazing Value of MASTIN'S Vitamon Tablets to Fill Out Hollows and Put On Firm Flesh where Most Needed.

Doctors Recommend MASTIN'S



More than ever conscious in light Spring and Summer clothes of her thin, angular, flat-chested figure and scrawny neck and shoulders, many a woman at this time of year will find in MASTIN'S Vitamon Tablets exactly what she needs to help put on firm flesh and build up a shapely, well-rounded form that wins glances of envy and admiration.

MASTIN'S Vitamon Tablets contain not only the purest form of concentrated yeast vitamines but all three vitamines, scientifically combined by one of the largest and most reliable laboratories in America with specially prepared organic iron for your blood, the necessary lime salts and other true vitalizing brain, bone and tissue-building elements of Nature.

By mixing with your food, MASTIN'S Vitamon Tablets supply the needed nourishment so often lost in the cooking and preparation of your everyday food and the lack of which is probably keeping you thin, haggard, with pale lips, sunken cheeks and your whole body lacking in energy.

Here is a simple test which will show you what MASTIN'S Vitamon Tablets may do for you: First, weigh yourself and measure yourself. Next take MASTIN'S Vitamon—two tablets with every meal. Then weigh and measure yourself again each week and continue taking MASTIN'S regularly until you are fully satisfied with your gain in weight, "pep" and improved appearance. MASTIN'S Vitamon Tablets do not upset the stomach or cause that bloated feeling, but on the contrary are a great aid in correcting indigestion and improving the appetite.

Summer Months Are Coming—

How would you look in a bathing-suit? Never mind if you wouldn't wear one—COULD you wear one and not be embarrassed? To have the graceful rounded figure, clear, fresh skin and "pep" of outdoor health start today to make the simple test that will show you what MASTIN'S Vitamon Tablets will do for you.

GENUINE STATEMENTS FROM SATISFIED USERS

"After taking two bottles I gained quickly—I could never go over 125 pounds and now I weigh 155."

"I've taken until now 2 bottles of your VITAMON Tablets and the result is that I've gained 14 pounds."

"I have gained 11 pounds in 4 weeks."

All testimonials given above are guaranteed authentic—original letters on file for inspection.

WARNING! No matter what anyone says, if you actually want to make sure of the quick, certain results such as countless numbers have obtained you must insist upon the name MASTIN'S to get the Real VITAMON Tablets. You can get MASTIN'S at all good druggists,

Distributor—Duncan, Kershaw & Co., 207 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

If it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON The Worlds Standard Used by Millions

Designs in Brilliant Color Adorn New Wraps and Dresses

By SARA MARSHALL COOK.

Fashions are steadily becoming more artistic than they have been for many long years. Color is at last beginnig to receive the attention which it deserves. Designers in their enthusiasm are searching in unusual and hitherto unthought-of places for inspiration.

A wave of Russian peasant art has just swept the country. Before that there was the Egyptian invasion, as well as Chinese, the Japanese and the Spanish influence.

Now something new has appeared in Paris in the form of dresses and wraps embroidered by Algerian native workers in designs taken from the Orient. These dresses have been put on the market by several designers, among them Mlle. Evelyne Dufau, a well-known worker in decorative arts. Mlle. Dufau is very original in her creations. She designs her dresses just as an artist would paint a picture. Often she takes her inspiration from Oriental verse.

Each dress is seemingly as extraordinary as its inspiration, but it is just its originality and Oriental charm that will appeal to the fashion devotee always in search of something different.

In addition to her many charming house dresses and negligees, this designer also shows some very beautiful wraps in lovely color combinations and exquisitely wrought embroideries. Most of the models are developed in heavy crepe de chine or crepe marocain, but she also uses a hand-woven wool material made by the natives of Algeria. On this she uses an embroidery of vari-colored wool. These Algerian embroidered garments have been in several exhibitions in Paris, notably the Musee Galliera and Salon des Artistes Decorateurs.

If one is seeking color inspiration, a wonderful place to find it is in the Arab's costume. The brilliant colors that these dark-skinned people love and wear so well are mellowed by the scorching African sun until they have become fabrics of rare beauty. Even the tents of these desert people are striped in bold colors which have been mellowed by time and the elements to unusual and beautiful tones.

Old Ivory Color.

There are few women, no matter how great their love of color, who would care to depart so far from conventional dress as to adopt in their entirety all the colors portrayed in the Arab's garb, but, used with discretion, charming effects may be achieved.

For instance, an old ivory tint that combines beautifully with blue —a shade of blue frequently seen in a faded cotton fabric that, in its original color, was a strong French blue. Then there are the beautiful tawny gold shades which so often appear in the Arab's turban. These are most attractive used in combination with red and purple.

Various artist designers in Paris are bending their entire energy toward working out new color effects in fabrics. M. Louis Becker, a member of the French Society of the History of Costume, is having phenomenal success in coloring fabrics so as to give them the appearance of age. He makes tea gowns and blouses from these fabrics. Especially attractive are his short jackets, which he calls bridge jackets. These were designed to be worn at resorts when women play bridge in the late afternoon.

M. Becker dyes materials so that one shade blends with another in marbie effect. Everybody remembers the success of this method of dyeing six years ago and which has been used to some extent ever since. At that time only the surface of this process was scratched, as it were. This year, after much research, entirely new effects have been created.

The newest materials of this sort have been suitably named A Thousand and One Nights. Often after a silk has been dyed in several shades of one color—one shade blending into the other — lame effects are given so that the silk appears to have streams of silver or gold flowing over it.

Coats, hats and negligees are being made of these tissues of A Thousand one One Nights. Manufacturers have even gone so far as to make umbrellas from these artistically dyed silks. They also play a very important part in footwear—that is, for evening slippers or for mules. In fact, silks dyed by this process may almost be said to be becoming an epidemic.

One of the loveliest of the recent importations is an evening gown of velvet in which ever so many Persian colorings blend into one another. Garments made of these materials require no trimmings. They are made very simply because it would not be possible to draw attention from the materials: therefore trimming or a complicated design would be superfluous.

Striking Color Effects.

Canadian women have included in the outfits of clothes which they bought abroad various garments of these materials, most prominent among them being the bridge jackets mentioned above, which are in very bright colors; also negligees and blouses, the latter being made in the form of loose overblouses. They are really not shaped at all, but made of two straight pieces of material often joined at the shoulders with a beautiful piece of handwork, such as hand-knotted fringe. The beauty of these blouses lies entirely in the wonderful effects obtained through dyes.

One of the loveliest, just brought from Paris, is of crepe de chine with the background dyed in a marble effect of delicate shades of peacock blue. It has a border across the sleeves, shoulders and neck, as well as on the bottom of the blouse dyed in the most marvelous Persian colorings imaginable, in which faded pinks and wine colors appear. Running through the color border is a design of Egyptian figures in old ivory color.

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Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles or Hemorrhoids. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free.

SEASONABLE RECIPES FOR EVERYDAY LIVING

BY JOHANNA FARRAND.

(Copyrighted.)

All measures are level.
The half-pint cup is used.

ONE feels now particularly that Providence has truly answered the prayer to bless and preserve for our use, the kindly fruits of the earth so that in due time we may enjoy them! Everything shows a plenteous harvest, the abundance and quality should gladden the housekeeper's heart. For those who possess cellar-room, it is nearly time to think of storing vegetables for Winter. The storeroom should be closed off from the furnace room and should be provided with bins, boxes and baskets raised from the floor, and a supply of sand or light soil. The best temperature of storeroom is from 35 to 40 degrees Fahrenheit and moderately dry. If air is too dry vegetables will shrink, if air is too moist, moulds will thrive. Sand or light soil affords an excellent covering for beets, carrots and turnips. Potatoes keep best in dark corner of room, not too many in a bin, the bins always raised from the floor. Onions keep best in shallow boxes in a dry place. Pumpkin, squash and cauliflower will keep best stored in a dry, cool attic room; apples also. Good ventilation is necessary in all store rooms.

Liver and Bacon.

1 lb. Calf's liver,
½ lb. bacon.

Tear off any skin or fibre from liver, cut in slices one-half inch thick, wash well in cold water, drain on soft paper, then dip pieces of liver in flour and place on a hot pan running with bacon fat, count twenty, then turn; count and turn till both sides have been cooked twice then reduce heat and cook for 10 minutes, turning once. Place on a warm platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Have strips of bacon ready, heat pan and cook till nearly crisp; arrange pieces of bacon on liver; garnish with parsley; serve at once. This quantity will serve six.

Scalloped Tomatoes.

8 tomatoes,
1 onion,
2 tablespoons butter,
½ cup bread crumbs,
Salt and pepper.

Melt one tablespoon butter in bake-dish, wash and peel onion, slice into butter, let cook slowly while scalding and peeling tomatoes. Slice half of tomatoes into dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper and crumbs; slice other half into dish, press down, sprinkle again with salt, pepper and crumbs, dot top with second tablespoon of butter, bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. This will serve six. Onion maye be omitted and celery used as flavoring.

Baked Hubbard Squash.

Cut squash in quarters, remove seeds and stringy part, place pieces in roasting pan and cover, then place in oven and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven or until squash is soft. Remove soft portion, add butter, salt and pepper. Serve in a warm dish.

Gingerbread.

2 cups flour,
2 teaspoons baking powder,
½ teaspoon soda,
½ teaspoon salt,
2 teaspoons ground ginger,
1 teaspoon cinnamon,
½ cup brown sugar,
2 eggs,
¾ cup molasses,
¼ cup milk,
4 tablespoons melted butter.

Butter a shallow baking pan or 12 muffin pans. Mix dry ingredients in bowl, beat eggs well, add to dry ingredients, also molasses, milk and butter, beat thoroughly, pour into pan. If baked in shallow pan bake about 30 to 35 minutes in a moderate oven; small pans require about 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Excellent with hot apple sauce.

Pumpkin Pie.

2 eggs,
½ cup sugar,
¼ teaspoon salt,
1 teaspoon ginger,
½ teaspoon cinnamon,
¼ teaspoon cloves,
¼ teaspoon vanilla,
1 cup milk,
1 cup, cooked, washed pumpkin,
Plate lined with pastry.

Beat eggs, add other ingredients in order mentioned. Pour mixture into a plate lined with uncooked pastry, sprinkle top with nutmeg. Put pie into a hot oven, cook 5 minutes, reduce heat and cook in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes or until custard is set. This makes filling for one pie.

Green Tomato Pickle.

4 quarts green tomatoes,
6 onions,
1 quart vinegar,
2 teaspoons white pepper,
2 teaspoons ground cloves,
2 taespons ground allspice,
¼ cup mustard,
¼ cup flour,

Wash tomatoes and slice evenly, sprinkle well with salt, let stand overnight, then drain off water most carefully (turn into a colander), put in preserving kettle, add onions sliced, add vinegar and spices, boil gently ½ hour, then add mustard and flour mixed to a paste with cold vinegar, boil 2 minutes. Pack in sterilized sealers. Excellent with cold roast beef.



Upper row, left to right—Wrap of crepe Marocain with metal embroidery. Dress called Prophet's Banner, made of green silk embroidered in gold. Tea gown of rose silk with silver embroidery. Lower row—Model in crepe Marocain with embroidery intermingling wool, silk and metal threads. Frock of crepe de chine worked in vari-colored silks. Cloth wrap with wool embroidery.

Women's Troubles Begin With Long Skirt's Advent

By ROSE BERTIN.

IF long skirts come in, and they will—in fact, they are in now—we shall have to make several other changes in our wardrobe to conform with them. The casual accessories —or the lack of them—that we managed very well with—or without—when abbreviated skirts were the mode, will no longer do when we adopt the longer ones that dignify our bearing and add grace to our carriage.

When the long skirt comes the no-corset figure must be transformed. We must be corseted and brassiered to the last degree and the petticoat must be restored to an honorable place in the wardrobe. Both of these things are happening. A corsetierre told me that her customers are coming back and asking to be fitted with a good, substantial corset that will retrieve their departing lines of grace and beauty and that for every corset they sell, two or three brassieres are sold, and the brassiere is almost a corset in itself, being made of firm material or strong lace and fitted to the figure. As for the petticoat, my authority is the petticoat buyer for a large city store. He says that some of the most exclusive clientele of the store have been buying handsome petticoats lately. Their old ones are not long enough—longer skirts mean longer petticoats.

Low-heeled shoes are doomed also. They belong to the short skirt. With our long ones we must revert to the high heels, even for street wear. Some of us won't be sorry for this. We listened to the apostle of low heels who told us that they were healthier, saner and easier to walk in; we forsook our good old Cuban heels for these flapperish flat ones and what we suffered from strained muscles will never be known; so thanks be, we can resume our moderately high heels and go our way rejoicing to know that we are both comfortable and in fashion.

The low top shoe is still in vogue. Hardly anything else was shown at the exhibition of shoes at the Canadian National Exhibition, where there was a most wonderful display of Canadian-made goods—a fitting answer to the man or woman who asks: "Who'd wear Canadian-made shoes anyway?" And there are many who are still asking this question, and perhaps without knowing it, are themselves wearing Canadian-made footwear.

The longer skirt also calls for a longer waist, according to our modern conception of what is consistent with good lines. The response to this demand is a long waisted blouse called the Jacquette, which is made in heavier materials than we have been accustomed to find used for blouses. When you visit the stores, if you have not already done so, in quest of a costume blouse, don't be surprised if you are offered one in some such material as checked velours, heavy satin quilted, the new cloky silk or satin which is crinkled like crepe under a magnifying glass; velvet with a plain finish or embossed; don't be surprised at anything you find, and don't pass judgment on it until your mind has become adjusted to the change; then, I think you'll like them.

Even our coats must be longer. If we can let the hem of our last year's model down, why very well, but if we can't, what's to be done? Perhaps a band of fur or even a new one, if we must be in the fashion. Lucky were those who had the courage to be considered "conservative," to put it mildly, and did not adopt the short skirts. They will not now have to make so many changes to suit it.

Hats, too! Who would ever think a few inches one way or another to the bottom of the skirt would start such a revolution, but it's easy to start revolutions these days, so let us on with the Hat. Dress hats are to be very large this Fall and Winter. Wide irregular brims and soft crowns with shower feather ornaments, trailing burnt goose and ostrich with similar treatment. The shapes are mostly covered with hatter's plush or velevt, and while at the fashion openings we saw all sorts of colors, especially those rich orange shades, and browns, black predominates as usual. The Canadian woman always feels so sure of herself in black that no matter what Fashion may say, she remains faithful to it.

Cleaning at Home.

When washing a garment with gasoline, add salt. It will prevent that ugly circle at the edge of the washed spots.

Supplying Large Families.

If your family is large, use two pans when cooking fritters or pancakes. They will save time and always keep a supply on hand.

A Change in Desserts.

Try slicing jelly roll in fairly thick slices and pile with whipped cream. It is an easy dessert for Summer time, as bought jelly roll can be used.

A Time Saver.

If you keep a crochet needle in your work basket it will save you a great deal of time and bother when the end of a drawing string or tape disappears within its casing. They can easily be drawn out with the hook.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE

Mrs. Alfred Tranchemontagne, St. Michel des Saints, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent medicine. They saved my baby's life and I can highly recommend them to all mothers." Mrs. Tranchemontagne's experience is that of thousands of other mothers who have tested the worth of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a sure and safe medicine for little ones and never fail to regulate the bowels and stomach, thus relieving all the minor ills from which children suffer. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Small Hats Will Be Fashionable

Long Skirts Passing Fad Say the Well Informed Dressmakers.

EVERYWHERE one hears a great deal about the large hat. In fact, manufacturers and designers of millinery have placed so much importance on wide-brimmed models that women are led to believe that the small hat is about to pass from fashion. This, however, is not true. In fact, the small hat will be far in the lead as soon as the time comes to wear coats with high, muffling collars.

One logical reason for the present popularity of the wide-brimmed type is that it is difficult to get away from the midsummer models that so becomingly shadowed the face. Another is the fact that the prevailing silhouette always influences the shape of hats. Long skirts require broad-brimmed models, while short skirts require smaller ones. The momentary craze for large hats might be attributed to the sudden popularity of long skirts. Dressmakers already feel that they cannot make the very long skirt a permanent fashion. Therefore the large hat must give way to those of medium and small sizes.

Four-Cornered Hats.

At the beginning of each season there is always a conflict between the large and the small hat, and there is always a question as to which will meet with greater amount of enthusiasm. It would be futile to say that either large or small hats will be universally adopted, because there must be hats that are becoming to every type and hats for all occasions. Not every woman can wear a large hat, but every woman who can wear one effectively should include several of them in her wardrobe for dressy occasions.

The models prepared for the coming Winter feature a variety of shapes from the large capelines to tiny toques, with much importance stressed on Venetian tricornes and four-cornered models.

In fabrics, ribbons are largely used as well as velvets and hatters' plush. Then there is a lovely moire poplin in cire effect, and a cloth such as duvetyn embroidered to give a puffy effect is among the new fabrics. Then there are the cloths which imitate furs which will be seen in midwinter hats.

Turbans made of metallic brocades and silver and gold tissues are important. Metallic brocades also are used to make crowns for fur-brimmed hats.

Lace as Trimming.

Ribbons, feathers and laces are extensively used as trimmings. Lace scarfs frequently are used as the sole trimming on large velvet shapes. Velvet choux and loops of hatters' plush ribbon project from the brim of large drooping models. A model of black hatters' plush may have a trimming consisting of a double choux in which blue and black velvet appear.

One method of placing feathers frequently chosen is that of laying them flat on the brim at one side toward the back and allowing them to project six or eight inches beyond the rim. This is not a practical method of trimming. A woman wearing such a hat should endeavor to avoid crowds, as she is likely to cause considerable discomforts to her fellow travelers.

So far black hats take precedence over those in color, and following close in the lead of black is brown in its various shades.

Drapery is an important feature of millinery just now. It is difficult for the true artist to ever get very far away from drapery in one form or another. The successful French milliner, who makes every hat on the head of its wearer, considers drapery in its simpler forms as one of the best means of attaining becoming effects.

Even trimmings are draped. It is no wonder that draped trimmings should be popular in millinery because they soften the lines of a hat, making it much more becoming.

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The Woman's Point of View

By FLORENCE DAVIES

FRIENDSHIPS AS PROPERTY.

"A MAN sir, should keep his friendships in constant repair." It's that wise old philosopher, Dr. Samuel Johnson, speaking, to the great biographer, Boswell. Just how far Samuel Johnson lived up to his aphorism isn't for us to know. True, he was on occasion rather tart and caustic with those who called themselves his friends, but then, much must be forgiven the great; no doubt his friends took the unpleasant moments as balance for the privilege of communion and companionship with a mind so flexible and a heart so deep as Johnson's.

The point is that most of us aren't great, or powerful, or even wealthy. Lacking these, then, this terrestrial globe really isn't our world at all; it's too big for us. We live in the companionship of our friends; our circle of influence and our sphere of activity are coextensive with the number and intensity of our friendships, and no greater.

Beyond that boundary lies unknown and uncharted lands, uninhabitable so far as we are concerned, rich soil though it may be for the great and the powerful.

"Keep your friendships in constant repair." The philosopher's statement implies a property significance. There's an imlication of possession and a hint of obligation. And surely enough, friendship is a property more tangible than any the assessor may catch us with, and, like that taxable property, it demands attention. It must be kept in repair, it must be maintained at cost of time, of money and of effort. It must be insured against loss, and, strange analogy to real property, it must be worked to produce its best results.

Yes, friendships must be worked to keep them in repair. But, as this working is a co-operative thing, it means that the working goes both ways; friends work each other and for each other. That's the world, the only world there is for less than kings and plutocrats, who may hope to impress themselves upon the more gross and extensive world of impersonality.

But what wouldn't the king give for a real friendship, in constant repair and good working order?

RETRIEVING YOUR LEGACY.

OLD houses yield strange secrets sometimes. Here was one in Worcester, Mass., according to a news dispatch, which had kept hidden for 77 years a sealed envelope, addressed to one James Munro Schofield. When opened, the envelope was found to contain tidings that an estate in Scotland, valued then at nearly $1,000,000, had been left to Mr. Schofield.

Seventy-seven years ago, in 1845, the letter was hidden away in the secret cubbyhole not to be revealed till the old house was torn down—Schofield and perhaps his children and grand children, if he had them, dead and gone without knowing of the legacy! Pinching perhaps, if not downright poverty, in the Schofield family—or even if there was wealth there, an extra million would have done many things, and no one knew of the bequest!

Did an enemy hide the letter, or did the man to whom it was addressed tuck it away for some reason known only to himself? And then, one wonders, what happened? Some sudden stroke of misfortune that cut him down before he could open and read the letter? Or did he forget, as so many do, where he had placed it? A hundred romances start to life if one lets one's mind run on the strange case of the hidden letter.

And maybe it was best that the money didn't come to the house of James Munro Schofield, then and there. So many times the dollars bring anything but blessings in their train. And how will it be now, with that Scotch estate which must have increased in those 77 years to a value the thought of which is rather breath-taking. Will the heirs of the family in the old dismantled house come into their own? Strange, not to know what wealth is yours, till the better part of a century has come and gone.

Yes, and there are other legacies of which the beneficiaries are just as ignorant—legacies that would bring only joy and blessing. Riches of the mind and of the soul, that might be used to bring the dearest wish of one's heart, if one understood aright. Health, that belongs of right to all mankind, if right living and right thinking were practiced.

There is a new society called the Pathfinders, whose members are dedicated to the telling of these legacies that descend to all of us, for us to lay hold of them and make good use of them, if we will. "Character builders," the Pathfinders call themselves. "Human engineers," telling to children and to grown people the laws by which they may become master men and women, as well as master mechanics, master artists, master scientists.

"An ounce of formation is worth a ton of reformation," say the Pathfinders, but they carry their good news into the jails and houses of correction as well as into schools and churches, and poverty-stricken souls who never knew of their legacy of spiritual power, by which they may reveal wonderful secrets, but to their lives anew. House wreckers may reveal wonderful secrets, but the Pathfinders, lighting the way to higher things, bear even greater tidings.

"Mother Why Not Try The Newer Form Of Iron"

And Be Strong and Well and Have Nice Rosy Cheeks Instead of Being Nervous and Irritable all the Time and Looking So Haggard and Old?"



"The doctor gave some to Susie Smith's mother and she was worse off than you are and now she looks just fine." There can be no healthy, beautiful rosy-cheeked women without iron. Good physicians have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more of the newer form of iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking patients. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks, and strength and vitality from their bodies. This newer form of iron, like the iron in your blood and like the iron in certain green vegetables, is highly recommended to thousands who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you the proper amount of good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale, and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in soil deficient in iron.

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful, healthy, rosy-cheeked women, full of life, vim and vitality. You can get Nuxated Iron from any druggist under an absolute guarantee that it will do the same for you or your money back. T. Eaton Co., Ltd., and G. Tamblyn, Ltd.

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

BY JANE DOE

The Proper Place for Women.

YOU'D think, wouldn't you, considering the times I have devoted these columns to officious folk who would keep all women in their "proper sphere," that there'd be no one left who could raise sufficient temerity to dish this nonsense up again.

We are wrong. There is.

Only last week I was flabbergasted to read that a New York minister said these things in a sermon:

"The sphere of woman is the home, and the innovation of women in public life is not politic, wise or beneficial.

"Many by their reluctance, since the war, to return to their appointed sphere, are greatly exploiting and aggravating the unemployment and destitution existing at present."

Wouldn't it be funny, now, if every woman out in the world on her own were suddenly to return to her proper sphere—the Home—at the bidding of one great clarion call, and stay there!

"Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries and sugar and cream."

If this appaling thing came to pass, man everywhere and in every country would suddenly find himself in that unhappy state popularly supposed to be the fate of husbands left behind to man the home whilst their woman folks go holiday making.

There would be no demure Miss to answer the buzzer and take his dictation: no one in the cigarette booth to show him all her teeth and make mistakes with the change; no one to wash his linen; no one to hold his hand and give him ten beautiful half-moons; no one to entertain him when, a poor, tired, business man, he sank into a seat at the theatre; no one. . . .

But no, I hate to go on. It's too painful.

Naturally, all these jobs, sooner or later, would be filled by men. There would not be a man out of employment.

In fact, each man would have to do the work of ten to—er—keep up with the demands of all the little curly locks at home who would have nothing else to do but sew fine seams and eat their heads off.

Ber-lieve me, it wouldn't last long. I'd give it a week myself. Men love us, it is true. But they'd never get it that bad.

We shall never live to see them breaking their necks at work for the privilege of watching us grow fat and bilious.

No, no.

A week of this and we should have them foaming at the mouth in letters to their favorite newspaper.

Like this:

"Sir—What, I ask, is the matter with our modern women?

"Here am I, slaving night and day to provide my wife, my sisters, my aunts, my cousins, and other women dependents with a more than generous allowance of strawberries, sugar and cream.

"And what is my portion?

"Wretched organ recitals, tales of colly-wobbles; complaints about the blight on this year's strawberry crop; the sand in the sugar and the coric acid in the cream.

"The fact is, sir, our womenfolk are fast developing into precious bores—no fit companions for intelligent men.

"The only solution that I can offer is that all women should work as their mothers worked before them.

"We are creating a race of female sluggards and gourmandizers.

"Let us, then, adopt a nation-wide slogan—WORK FOR WOMEN."

Never satisfied, you see.

Seriously, though.

Everybody who would rather see fifty women out of employment than one man ought to be grateful and proud that so many females in this country are working nobly at all sorts of unpleasant jobs—dirty linen washing, nursing the sick, tending the insane, and all the other backaching, eye-straining, nerve-racking tasks which they find to do—and gladly.

A healthy inclination for work, a dislike for sitting at home when not needed, a firm determination to be an independent asset and not a burden to anyone, and a glorious inspiration to help the weak, the poor, the maimed, as thousands of monoyed women are doing, should excite the admiration of anyone.

Honest, efficient and willing labor is not such a drug in the market that we can afford to turn a cold shoulder to it.

Not on your pay envelope.

Colored Ladies.

I LIKE the story of the red-haired woman who has been playing for tremendous stakes at Deauville, the fashionable European shore resort.

This mysterious gambler has turned out to be an English woman, who played just as recklessly last year, but it seems her hair was yellow then, and she was not recognized when she appeared this season.

You know, you can't help admiring this sort of thing—the courage of one's henna and peroxide, so to speak.

Lots of us do a little dyeing—or shall we call it touching up?—now and again.

But it's a stealthy, hole-in-the-corner, the bathroom-door-locked sort of process.

We don't suddenly appear at breakfast a dyed-in-the-bob blonde, having the supper-time before been merely a mouse, or dun, or gray-colored person.

It may be that we fear the effect on our family's nerves. Or else that we fear the effect of their ridicule on ours.

Anyway, we are careful to drop careless and playful little remarks like this into the home circle:

"Say, my hair's getting ever so much lighter than it used to be. I expect the sun bleached it."

Or:

"Well, I declare! I never knew my hair had so many red lights in it. I wonder if it's that quinine tonic I am taking? They say it's good—"

You know.

But none of this conscience camouflage for the Deauville Enchantress. No still small voice for her. No small and careful doses.

She just lays it on by the bottle full. Yellow one year; red the next. Perhaps Deauville, 1923, will have the honor of welcoming her as a night dark houri.

And I ask you, why not?

What's the matter with dyeing, anyway? Where's the iniquity? The opprobrium?

Is ther any valid reason to believe that a woman with dyed red hair has a scarlet-dyed past?

Are there any grounds for assuming a woman is as black as she is coiffure painted?

Must we always think a woman with golden hair is a gilded sinner?

Not at all.

There are lots of other damsels who are going in for a coloring process which is far more inlquitous and vicious than any laying on of the dye brush.

And these are the sort who make the most noise and look the most daggers when a super-brilliant sister appears on their murky horizon.

They are cultivating souls, reeking in jellow jaundice; purple tempers; pea-green jealousies, and all sorts of blues, not forgetting those brown studies.

But no one says them nay.

No one gives them the frozen eye. No one tells them they ought to be ashamed of themselves for stifling the love flowers of their hearts.

No one takes the trouble to rebuke them for the spleen so often on their tongues.

No one bothers to remind them of the gray lights they are putting into golden days.

Personally, I'd much rather have dyed red hair than a fiery temper.

Dyed black locks than perpetual black looks.

Dyed yellow strands than a yellow streak.

A Husband's Tale of Woe.

I RECEIVED the following letter from a disappointed yet loving husband.

As I think it contains a good deal of common sense and truth, to say nothing of a few morals, I append it in full.

Needless to say I have his permission:

"Because I say that I am a disappointed husband, it doesn't mean to imply that my marriage is a dead failure, because it isn't. I love my wife and always shall; but all the love in the world wouldn't prevent me from viewing things with a cool, detached judgment.

"I am a disappointed husband in the sense that I am disappointed that my little wife doesn't trouble to bother herself when she is treading on my toes, or jarring me, or rubbing me up the wrong way. For such a clever woman as my wife undoubtly is, it is a marvel to me that she isn't a greater success at the matrimonial game than she is.

"She knows perfectly well there are times when she makes me unhappy, miserable, and wretched; but she is too careless to take me seriously, because she knows full well that I love her deeply.

"Take her attitude towards our men friends, for instance. She happens to be remarkably pretty, and coming from a large family of brothers she has, naturally, been accustomed to lots of admiration and attention. Is it necessary, I wonder, that she should trouble her head about such adulation now that she is a married woman and has supposedly settled down?

"I want her to be always gay and bright, and I am happy when I know she is admired; but I sometimes wish she didn't seek attentions quite so openly. There are so many men who delight in fooling with married women, and I often feel very sorry for myself—and her—when I see her behaving in such an undignified manner.

"Dignity as a word has no meaning for her. The fact that she is getting on toward thirty-five and I toward forty doesn't appall or steady her in the least.

"She conducts herself at times like a flapper, and though she means nothing by her frivolity, she unconsciously makes men think otherwise, and it pains me, heaven knows, to think of her putting herself in a false position by her own carelessness.

"I also don't like the nasty little superior way she has of putting me right in front of other people, however wrong I may be. And she is awfully fond of contradicting me on all manner of occasions. No man likes to be made to feel a fool, least of all by his own wife, even if he is one; and by her attitude to me at times, especially before our 'in-laws,' I am made to feel I must be a pretty bad specimen of one.

"Then, again, it isn't very complimentary to have a wife who is content to greet me day after day wearing any old thing, with her hair any old way. And yet, when the Browns are coming round to spend the evening, or we accept an invitation to go out, my wife spends the better part of the day making herself look attractive and smart.

"I love to see her daintily and prettily dressed, and all the money I can reasonably spare is given to her to buy fal-lals with. But she never takes the trouble to dress for me any more, and the thought is rather humiliating.

"It displeases me to see my wife daub powder on her face. Not because I've any particular objection to powder when it is needed, but in my wife's case it isn't. Her skin is excellent, but I've talked myself blue in the face trying to convince her. If she goes round the corner to buy a loaf of bread, out comes the puff beforehand, and she sallies forth with a nose as white as a sheet of paper and all the rest of her face pale pink.

"I'm sorry to have to write this, because I love her dearly, and I should like her to take life just a little more earnestly.

"I do it because I know she reads your sane articles regularly, and perchance it may catch her eye and teach her an anonymous lesson.

"Then perhaps both of us will be happier."

The Housewife's Idea Box



Too Much Bluing Makes Clothes Yellow

Do not use too much bluing, for after a while the clothes will turn yellow. A tablespoonful to a tub of water is usually sufficient. Dilute the bluing with a little water before pouring it into the tub. This will prevent streaks in the clothes.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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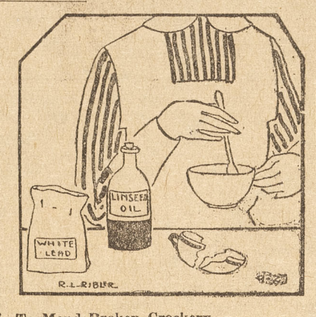

To Mend Broken Crockery

You can make a good cement that will mend crockery so that it will stand heat and water. Mix pure white lead with linseed oil. Use this mixture very thick. It will unite firmly, but will take a long while to dry. To be on the safe side set the article away for about a week before using it.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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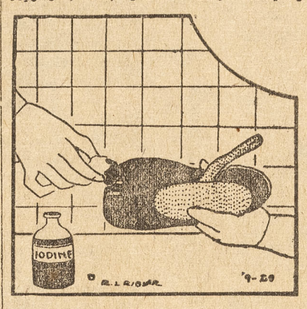

Use Iodine on Brown Shoes

Children usually scuff the toes of their shoes. If they are brown shoes a good way to cover these places is to paint them with iodine before polishing the shoes. Of course it is just as good for the shoes of grown-ups. Try the iodine on a small spot. If the color is too dark for the shoes, dilute the iodine with water until you reach the desired color.

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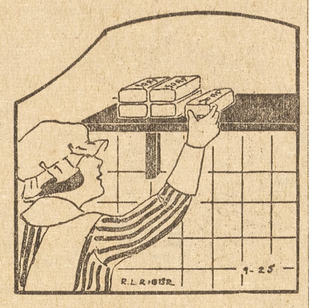

Dry Hard Soap Before Using

Hard soap will last much longer if you let it dry for several weeks before using it. Remove the wrappers and place the soap on a dry shelf. Not only is this more economical, but the soap is less likely to harm the skin.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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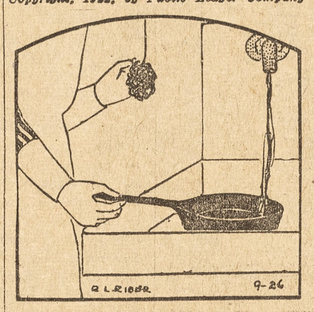

To Preserve Steel Wool

After steel wool has been used it is very likely to become rusty and unusable. If you hang it on a piece of wire so that the water can drip off, it will stay in good condition for a much longer time, thus effecting a great economy.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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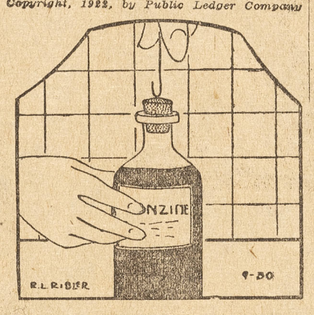

A Hairpin That Will Take the Place of a Corkscrew

If you have no corkscrew at hand, and a cork is difficult to remove, use a wire hairpin. Make a hook at one end of the pin. Insert the pin between the cork and the bottle. Push it down carefully until the point of the hook is below the cork. Turn the hook inward. Pull up. The cork should come out easily.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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It is Well to Know That.

Food is divided into three principal classes; the carbohydrates, as starc hand sugar; the fats, and the proteins, as lean meat and the whites of eggs.

Shabby Shades.

When window shades become cracked and shabby at the lower end, remove them from the roller and tack the poor end to the pole.

A Cake Filling.

A delicious cake filling is made of one half cupful of pulverized sugar, one cupful of grated pineapple and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, thoroughly blended.

Undesirable Odors.

When glass bottles or earthen vessels have a musty, disagreeable odor, fill them up with cold water in which soda has been dissolved and it will soon freshen them.

Kitchen Helps.

Use salt and vinegar to brighten brass.

Stuff the baked apples with chopped dates.

Serve rich sauces with the simple steamed puddings.

Oysters and mushrooms are a delicious combination.

Heat the new range very gradually to prevent the possibility of cracking.

Stains Removed.

Old blood stains may be removed by using iodide of potassium, diluted with four times its weight in water.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Burned Edges.

If the cake or bread is a trifle burned, remove that crust with a grater. It will leave a smooth surface.

To Renew Glue.

A little vinegar poured over the hardened blue and allowed to stand for a couple of days will render it fit for use.

Stuck Stoppers.

If the glass stopper gets stuck in the bottle, soak it in vinegar for a while. Work it gently and it will soon loosen.

A Clean Garbage Pail.

If you will line your garbage pail each day with a newspaper all grease will be absorbed and the daily washing of this utensil can be avoided.

A Temporary Stoppage.

An unexpected leak in household utensils can be stopped temporarily by applying a mixture of yellow soap and whiting, mixed to the consistency of a thick paste.

Wrapping Paper.

It is wise to keep all the brown paper that comes around your packages, as so many uses can be found for it. Some housewives use it as shelf paper under the pots and pans in the dresser, as it is more durable and does not soil so readily as regular shelf paper.

Brown Flour.

If your family is fond of gravies and sauces made of browned flour, it is well to keep some on hand. It can be browned readily by spreading thinly on a plate and placed in a moderate oven, stirring the flour until brown. It should then be put in a bottle and corked tightly, when it will keep indefinitely.

Phenolax Wafers

At All Druggists



The Safe Laxative

A dependable laxative is a necessity in every family's medicine cabinet. Phenolax Wafers are safe — and dependable.

Norman S. Wright & Co., Ltd.
Sales Agents Toronto, Ontario

How to Save When Shopping

By Ruth Leigh

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

RIBBON.

WHEN your are buying ribbon for any purpose, it is well to remember that satin ribbon, if it is of a cheap grade, is almost sure to catch and to become rough. This is the inevitable result of its manufacture, for a large number of the crosswise or filling threads used in weaving the ribbon are on the surface of the cloth in order to give the necessary satin lustre to the ribbon.

On the other hand, ribbons that have a ribbed effect in the weave, such as faille or grosgrain ribbons, usually have cotton or wool yarn in the hidden bars which go into the filling of the ribbon. This results in fairly good wear, except in the very cheap qualities. In these you will find the ribbon wearing out along the bars, as the silk warp threads are not thick and strong enough to stand the rubbing along the heavy filling.

The simple or tabby weave found in ribbons, such as taffeta, is the simplest of all weaves, and gives good wear. This is the way two-tone ribbons are made, except that the lengthwise or warp threads are a different color from the crosswise ones. As most of the crosswise threads are on the surface to give lustre to the satin two-tone ribbon, you have the result—a different and distinct color on each side of the ribbon.

While ribbons, like most other things worn by women follow the prevailing style, there are a certain number of staple kinds of ribbon which we all use, whether or not they follow the fashion. And it pays in such cases, to buy the best.

MANGLE.

ALTHOUGH many housekeepers do not realize it, much time and labor can be saved by using a mangle to assist in ironing clothes. The cold mangle is constructed like a wringer, and removes the creases from the dampened clothes by pressure without giving any gloss. The heated mangle is run by electricity or by hand. A mangle is especially adapted for ironing flat pieces and is usually used for this purpose.

It is rarely satisfactory to select a cheap mangle. In the long run, it is economy to buy one of good quality, as it lasts three times longer. Choose a machine that has the working parts (the cog wheels) protected by a piece of metal, as there is less danger of children getting their fingers into the wheels. Also see that it has two movable shelves, one in front and one at the back, also one fixed in a slightly slanting position in the front, made with an open space, to allow the water to run through when the mangle is used for wringing purposes.

If you can get them, movable shelves are convenient, as they can be lifted out after use, and refixed into an upright position against the rollers to economize space and to assist in keeping dust from the rollers.

Be careful that the tension screw of the machine you buy is well fitting, so that there is no difficulty in twisting it to bring the rollers tightly together when mangling, or apart when not in use.

BOILED TONGUE.

IN planning meals many housekeepers, for some reason, overlook tongue as part of the weekly menu. It is so easy to prepare, and makes such a delicious meal served with freshly cooked spinach, that it is a good dish to keep in mind when considering your food plan for the coming week.

In selecting tongue for cooking the important point is to choose one which is firm and thick, with plenty of fat on it. Fat is essential, as lean and flabby tongues do not cook satisfactorily.

As a rule, tongues of all animals are used, although the beef tongue is most popular and most frequently used, because of its size. These may be bought fresh, smoked or corned. The average weight of a beef tongue is from four to six pounds.

The attractive thing about preparing a freshly boiled tongue for a meal is that it keeps so well over the next day or two in case it is not all eaten at one meal. There are any number of easy ways, too, in which it can be served beside the conventional cold slices so popular on Sunday evening. Minced tongue creamed tongue, rolled tongue are just a few simple, attractive dishes which can be prepared for meals following the one in which the tongue was served hot.

LAUNDRY SOAP.

IF you want to save your hands and your clothes, there are several things to watch for when you buy laundry soap. First, test the soap for water. Press it with your finger. If a large dent is formed, the soap is too new and contains too much water. Do not buy such soft soap; insist on some in a drier condition.

Notice the color of the soap, to be sure that it is not too dark. Resin in excess gives weight to soap and too deep a yellow color. While most laundry soap is yellow, it need not be too yellow. Weigh the soap when you buy it. Then, after storing it, reweigh it. If the loss exceeds one-fifth, then it is an inferior quality.

Free alkali in a laundry soap is both harmful to clothes and to the skin, but the test is slightly complicated. However, you can judge your soap by working up a good lather on the water when washing, and seeing if any undue hardening of the skin appears or discoloration of the fabric that is being washed.

For the sake of economy, it pays to buy laundry soap in good quantities. A good reason for doing this is that by storing soap, you allow it to become dry and hard before using it. This insures you greater economy in the use of your soap, as it will not melt readily. The best way is to cut it in squares of a convenient size, and to store it in a cool, dry place, either on a shelf, or in a cupboard, stacked up in such a way as to allow air spaces.

WOOLLENS.

WHEN you are buying anything of wool—and you probably are these days—there are several very simple tests you can make to insure your getting pure, unadulterated wool. Ravel an edge and examine the individual wool fiber. It is short and kinky, if it is pure wool. Then, pure wool does not have the smooth, hard feeling that other fabrics do; it is warm and springy between the fingers. Take a small piece of the fiber between your fingers and try to break it. If it is wool it will pull apart rather than break, due to the fact that the fibers are composed of small scales which lock together.

Try to tear a piece of wool cloth. You will do this with difficulty, and will find it tears with a dull, muffled sound. If much cotton is present in the wool (and this is often the case, although cotton and wool mixtures are highly satisfactory and do not shrink), you will find that the fabric tears more easily and that the ends of the cotton are unlike those of wool.

Wool burns slowly with an odor of burning feathers, and leaves a gummy ball. Should you boil a sample in a solution of lye you would find, if it is all wool, that your sample was totally destroyed after this process.

Shoddy is remanufactured wool, made by reducing old wool to the fiber state. Sometimes it is made into cloth and sold as new wool: sometimes it is mixed with new wool or cotton. Shoddy shows its presence for it can be rubbed or brushed out of the cloth by using a hard, stiff brush.

GOODS IN QUANTITY.

THERE are a great many pros and cons in these days of small apartments and uncertain prices about buying dry groceries in small or large quantities. But when all is said and done Mrs. Housewife has three considerations to weigh in deciding on the amount to buy. First, has she room for storage? Second, has she the ready money for purchasing these goods in quantity? And, third, are the goods of such a nature that they can be stored?

If all three considerations can be satisfactorily met there is a great advantage in buying in quantity. You are frequently able to get what corresponds to wholesale prices or a great reduction over retail prices on quantities not too large for a moderate-sized family to dispose of within desirable limits of time.

People who buy flour by the pound or coal by the fraction of a ton suffer great loss through increased expense, paying often very nearly twice as much as the same material would cost in bulk. If you buy dry groceries in small quantities, this means that you are paying a generous profit to the grocer or the delivery boy for delivering in small amounts. Again, you are obliged to go to the trouble of looking over your supplies frequently or you will find that something you want in a hurry is missing.

If you have the room to store dry groceries it pays to buy in fair quantities. You get better prices, you are able to take advantage of temporary price reductions, due to market conditions, and you will find it a great convenience to have supplies on hand when you need them.

Fern Growing.

Dilute a small quantity of sweet milk with water and apply it to the roots of the ferns once a week. It will insure growth to the fern.

A Substantial Salad.

A nice salad to be used as the main course for luncheon is to mould tuna fish into the form of a ring and fill the centre with mixed vegetables. Either mayonnaise or French dressing may be used.

A Kitchen Calendar.

A large figured calendar is an indispensable memoranda to keep in the kitchen, with a pencil attached. Any special duty to be performed in the near future may be jotted down and it can also be used to keep a record on supplies.

A Good Jelly.

Try making a jelly out of elderberries and fox grapes and you will be surprised and pleased with the piquant flavor.

Fashion's Forecast

Annabel Worthington



Gone are the days of the merely practical apron or house dress of ugly material and ungraceful line. The modern housewife insists that the garments she wears in her home be as attractive as her street clothes. This does not necessarily mean an extra expenditure of money or time but rather a little thought and care to select pretty styles and a clean-looking, attractive material that will launder well. For if you are neatly and attractively dressed and comfortable at the same time, you will be surprised to find how much easier it is to perform your household duties and if someone happens in on you in the midst of your cleaning, you need feel no embarrassment.

No. 1354. Ladies' Apron or House Dress. Cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material with ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 1444. Ladies' Apron. Cuts in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with 8¾ yards binding.

No. 1390. Ladies' Apron. Cuts in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch material with 4½ yards binding.

No. 1398. Ladies' Apron. Cuts in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch material with 2½ yards edging.

No. 1469. Ladies' House Dress. Cuts in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 1395. Ladies' House Dress. Cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting and 4¼ yards binding.

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

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EDITORIAL

PLAYING OSTRICH

One of Hearst's feature writers has been viewing with alarm the insidious efforts of historically-minded Americans to rewrite United States history with regard for proportion and accuracy. The revised versions of "Our Second War With Great Britain" particularly incense Garrett P. Serviss, whose articles are peddled by Hearst. He writes:

There is a class of writers of so-called American history who, not content with belittling, and even ignoring, our decisive naval victories in the war of 1812, deliberately seek to undermine the whole cause for which America fought during that war, in the course of which the British forces, with no excuse of military necessity, burned the capitol of the struggling republic at Washington."

He says Britain lost the naval war and fought unfairly. With the second charge Canadians are first concerned. The capitol was burned not because of military necessity but in retaliation for the unwarranted and systematic burning of infant settlements in Canada by the Americans earlier in the war. We burned a library to remind them that Britain was still big enough to remember the burning of Canadian homes.

The fact that the British were able to burn Washington or any other place on the American mainland (a fact which Mr. Serviss does not question), abundantly proves the falsity of his statement that the Americans won the war at sea. How did Wellington's veterans cross the Atlantic if Columbia ruled the waves?

Mr. Serviss mentions Plattsburg Bay as a great naval victory for the Americans. It was rather a disgraceful British defeat. But even that is not to belittle other hard-won victories of the American forces on the lakes. On the sea they lost out; they won brilliant tactical successes, but their strategic defeat was total. The British blockade was made effective, and won not only the naval war but the whole war, as Admiral Mahan has told the reading public, and as the school historians are now beginning to tell the children.

When a nation listens to those who would tell comfortable lies rather than to those who would tell the truth, by putting isolated and temporary episodes into the background and by putting forward the whole truth, no matter how unpleasant—then that nation is simply playing ostrich.

ORGANS FOR HAREMS

What the theorists on journalism call "human interest" is something that breaks out in the most unexpected places. Consider the Commercial Intelligence Journal, the medium by which the Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, tells the hard-headed Canadian exporter where and how he can sell goods. That should be the last source of sentiment or art. Not so.

In a recent issue it is announced that the people of India positively yearn for the Canadian organ, not the mouth organ or the party organ, but the old-fashioned instrument that has to be fingered and pedalled by the young lady while the cousins sit on the hair-cloth sofas. What a story of changing manners is hidden in the further announcement that it is almost impossible to obtain such articles in the United States!

It would appear that several hundred American organs were imported annually into India, where their dulcet and sustained tones found high favor in the harems and zenanas. But the war and the piano and the gramaphone and the radio have changed all that. So many American organ factories have gone out of the business that India has had to look elsewhere for musical instruments to be played by the dark veiled ladies of Hindustan. Japan smilingly offers beautiful organs with cheap wood, poor glue and paper fabric instead of rubber cloth. But India prefers the genuine North American article, with highly-grained veneer and durable workmanship, the sort of thing that Canadian families turn in to the dealer when they buy their first piano and India is willing to pay as much as $150 apiece for them. A by-product of the Gandhi movement is a revival of native arts and crafts and a new interest in Indian music. Who among Canada's commercial travelers is daring enough to enter the zenanas with a five-octave organ or portable harmonium?

FORGET AND FORGIVE

The reception given "Marching Through Georgia" at an international convention in Toronto illumines a type of mind that can never forget. Much sympathy can be felt by all for the Georgian who did not want the air played more than three times on the one piano in the one afternoon. But what shall be said for the Georgian who in 1922 proceeds to prove that Abraham Lincoln plotted war with the South?

A Confederate veteran, H. W. Johnstone of Idylwild, Georgia, has written a pamphlet to prove that four flagrant acts were committed against the South before the Confederate forces were fired on. He cites alleged war department files, and charges that a treacherous violation of an armistice has been discovered by himself after diligent search over a period of years. And at the recent reunion of Confederate soldiers in Richmond strong resolutions endorsing the "find" and condemning Lincoln were passed.

Canadians are not anxious to know all the details, even though Abraham Lincoln is honored in this country, and it is sufficient to summarize the charges. Johnstone alleges that there several solemn agreements were made by the United States war and naval departments with southern authorities not to reinforce certain Federal forces in the South. This was late in 1860, but soon after Lincoln's inauguration in March, 1861, these places were reinforced, "contrary to the terms of the armistice."

Grant all that and see where the United States Government was placed. Officials in making such agreements acknowledge the right of secession; more, they abdicated sovereignty over the South and risked the lives of the weak garrisons. How could a loyal President acquiesce in such treachery? An armistice could not be made between the United States Government and anyone in the United States without recognizing rebellion.

Mr. Johnstone, of course, takes it for granted that the South was really a nation. In the hot fires of war his mind hardened and he is still living in 1861. Fortunately for him, Lincoln is not here to argue out wth him the great issues once involved. Like Lady Astor, he is "an unreconstructed rebel." Every lost cause leaves his kind behind. He cannot forget, and for that he has our sympathy; he can never forgive, and for that he can only be pitied.

On the other hand there are those who can forgive. "The South never had a knightlier friend than Lincoln," replies Mrs. Helen Dortch Longstreet, widow of Lieut.-General Longstreet, who was a corps commander under Lee throughout the Civil War. Mrs. Longstreet quotes her husband as saying that the only issue was the crime of slavery, and that it could have been settled outside the court of Mars. Longstreet may have been a bad general at Gettysburg, but he fought all the way from Manassas to Appomattox through four bitter years—and was not embittered.

The hope of the South—even the South of Ireland—is that some day there will be men and women who can forget and forgive. The world needs more Longstreets and fewer Johnstones.

Don Marquis . . Column . .

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THE Turkish war gives the League of Nations something to talk about.

AUNT PRUDENCE HECKLEBURY is shocked at the rumor that the former Kaiser is going to get married again. "What kind of a woman would marry him?" asks Aunt Prudence, "Why, he drinks!"

While the Moon Was Shining.

A MAN who was garbed as a beggah,
Claimed he came from the bright star of Vega,
And descended to earth
To replenish the dearth—
The guy was a rich, old bootleggah.

—F.L.M.

A General Survey.

I

THE world's put something to its blood
That makes it reel and hiccup—
Since Babel, or the well-known Flood,
We've not seen such a kick-up!

II

SOMETIMES I think the Old Bill Sykes
Complex disturbs its Psyche;
It broods too long on its dislikes,
Then bashes skulls, by Crikey!

III.

WHILE pious Statesmen call on Peace
At tribunals and powwows,
The world (in Herrin, Hind or Greece)
Keep going to the Bow-wows.

IV.

THE aged, bloody Pete Fitzurse,
Of blue and boiling ichor,
Rages for Hangmen! and a Hearse!
The Old Soak mews for Liquor;

V.

SOME see relief in Anarchy—
(Please don't, "An Archy" print it!)—
Some think a Thought so Wild and Free,
Begad, I don't dare hint it!

VI.

SOME say that we have Come to This
Through giving Votes to Women;
Some through the duds Semiramis
And Phryne wear when swimmin';

VII.

SOME say that we have Gone to Hell
Through Bolshevistic dances;
Other opine James Branch Cabell
Did it with his romances;

VIII.

SOME say that Free Speech is too free,
Advising after dinner,
A demi-taciturnity
On Symbol, Sin and Sinner.

IX.

THE ink 'twould take to set down all
Their various plaints and notions,
From Puritan to Bacchanal,
Would fill Lloyd George's oceans.

X.

MYSELF, when young, did eagerly
Set up for a reformer;
I cried unto the Planet: "Be Fairer....but of, not warmer!"

XI.

YOU'D think this wobbly star might heed.
A fervent Jeremiah?
I said, and made my heart to bleed,
Merely: "Oh, Aunt Maria!"

XII.

I CRIED: "O Planet! it is love
Inspires me when I slam you!
Forget the mire and look Above!
And be more Moral, damn you!"

XIII.

IT DID not turn from its disgrace,
Its simian lusts and jazzes;
It only opened up its face
In cacophonous razzes!

XIV.

SO, CAN you blame me if I turned
From all the woes I've reckoned
To where my reading lamp still burned
And my tobacco beckoned?

XV.

AND if I see the Passing Crowd
As something to be kidded?
Once to its service I was vowed:
It kicked me, and I skidded!

XVI.

EACH one of us, or soon or late,
Must cross the creek Lethean—
(Rowed over. Tourists seldom skate
In climates Caribbean.)—

XVII.

AND in the meantime, let us bide
Sans too much fret and flurry;
Comes Charon now, or comes next tide,
Charon's the one to worry!

XVIII.

SO, CARING little for myself,
I little grieve for others—
Reach me the Home Brew from that shelf,
It mitigates these bothers!

The Fable of the Blow-out and the Repair Department

By GEORGE ADE

ONE morning a Court came to order so that those who had been poor Pickers could call all Bets off and declare a New Book.

This tribunal was one which had been more or less criticized in the Uplift Magazines but, believe you us, it had proved to be a great Convenience for those who had found themselves In Dutch.

The Court had listened to many Tales of Woe and had come to the Conclusion that there is only one Fate more horrible than that of tearing away from the Partner that you have sworn to Love, Honor and put up with and that is, to be shackled to a Helpmate whose lurking Ambition it is to change your Address to the Cemetery by some clever and concealed Scheme which never will be suspected by a Coroner's Jury.

He had to pump a lot of Optimism to escape the Conviction that every Wife was a Ball-and-Chain and every Hubbie was a Bluebeard.

Matrimonial Life, as nearly as he could gather, consisted largely of Marathons around the Dining-room Table and getting crowned with a Waffle Iron.

He had considered the Welfare of the Children from several Angles and decided that it was better to divide up the Offspring than to have them camping on a blood-soaked Battle Field.

On this Morning, just as his Nobs put the Separating Machine into action, there gushed into the Sanctuary of the Law a large Lady wearing Gold Heels and other evidences of Refinement.

She looked like a couple of Movie Actresses who had been rolled into One and then dipped in Flour. This Dame de Luxe was accompanied by an Attorney who looked as if he needed whatever he might get out of the Case.

Before seating herself where she could get a fair Shot at His Honor she bestowed a Dirty Look on a certain Lizard wearing a Blue Tie who was already in the Picture. This Reptile was the Defendant in the Case and he looked as if hanging would be letting him off easy.

When the Lady had a chance to unload her Grief she told the World that she had played out her String with the other half of the Sketch. They had got along together like a couple of Rocky Mountain Lions. All she asked was a public Vindication, four-fifths of his Income and, after that, a period of Rest at some quiet Spot, such as Montreal.

The Modern Solomon on the Perch showed some interest in the Tragedy as revealed and made certain Inquiries to find out if the Wretch with the Blue Neckwear had any Human Traits whatsoever.

Lady Macbeth admitted that he was a good Provider, had stood for the Bills and acquired just enough Bad Habits to make him Real.

"Then why this beating against the Bars?" asked the Court.

"Why are you shrieking for your Maiden Name?"

"Because," was the Reply, "this Bird has put me on the Hummer by his cold and calculating Brutality. He has worked on me until I am only 18 inches ahead of a Brain Storm. All I want, in addition to all of his Bank Roll, is the Privilege of looking in any Direction, at any time, without seeing that Fiend in Human Form."

"Did he soak you with some blunt Instrument?" asked the Court.

"No, it was worse than that," said she. "I will spill the Works, so that you may gauge the depths of his Diabolical Cruelty. You see, I have a brother Roscoe who sings Tenor in an Amateur Musical Club. He is quite good, having appeared in two Cantatas put on for the benefit of the Church. Also, he won the Chess Championship of Simcoe County last year. In order to protect his Voice, Roscoe is compelled to wear Goloshes in the winter and also eat Eucalyptus joo-joos. He is handsome, in a Spanish sort of way, and on account of the Permanent Wave in his Hair, is much sought after, socially. Well, sir, would you believe it, every time I mention Brother Ros, my Husband smiles in the most provoking Manner."

"This is Terrible," said the Court, shuddering perceptibly, "Did your Brother ever borrow Money off the Reprobate now trying to hide under the Table?"

"Only when he needed it," she replied. "Ever since I took on this Meal Ticket, Roscoe has treated him almost as an Equal and yet, every time I start to voice our Family Pride in the achievements of my talented Brother, this unspeakable Person smiles, and keeps on smiling. It is maddening."

"It must be," said the sympathetic Judge.

The Party of the Second Part now came to the Home Plate and began a heart-breaking Recital, quietly and with artistic Modulation.

He identified the Bird of Paradise as a modern Lucrezia Borgia, having all of the insidious Wiles of a Baby Vamp combined with the resistless impact of a Motor Truck.

When asked to specify her Imperfections he stalled. He admitted that she took good care of the Flat and was a foxy Buyer and was always there with the Make-Up even when they were not expecting Company.

The Clouds first began to gather when he discovered that she was shy a Sense of Humor. He would come home with a snappy Anecdote that he had picked up in the Card Room at the Club. As soon as he started to pull the Nifty, she would listen attentively enough but always she would put her Head over on one side, like a Bird, and then she would close one Eye.

He didn't mind it so much the first Thousand times or so but now it had worked on his Sensibilities until he was almost Goofy.

"Did you ever ask her to stop it," asked the Court.

"The pernicious Habit had caused me so much Pain that I could not bring myself to the point of discussing it with her. It always seemed to me that a simpler Method would be to bean her with a Niblick."

"Except for this inhuman persistence in cocking the Head and closing one Eye, the Little Lady is not so Bad, is she?"

"Aces and eights! But I don't think you should ask me to mail Alimony Checks to one who has been systematically working for four years to undermine my Reason."

"Coming back to these peppy Riddles, Wheezes and Gags that you carried home to Birdie—did you ever slip her the one about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike?"

"That is one of my best—a Whiz."

"How about the one involving a conversation with the Porter in the Sleeping Car?"

"That one is a Darb! She didn't get the Point but I always regarded it as a Cat; in fact, one of the best things in my Repertoire."

"Have you ever specialized on quips and conundrums which relate to a well-known make of Motor-Car?"

"That's where I bat a Thousand! I've got some Petoodies that even you, as a Man about Town, never heard."

"It is not the intention to have them introduced as Evidence," said the Court. "This Case is already saturated with Horrors. However, I think we have got down to the subplots and discovered the real causes of the Earthquake. In order to save a home from destruction, it is now the order of this Court that you shall never work off another New One on this poor Woman. When we pause to consider that she could have stepped into any Drug Store at any time and purchased a box of Rough on Rats, surely you will admit that you are most fortunate to be among us to-day. The Pat and Mike Stuff is out! Otherwise she can come in here any day and cash on her Victory Bond and put the Bee on you, for the rest of your Life. Furthermore, I enjoin the Blonde from ever letting the name of Brother Roscoe pass her Lips again. He has gone from the Picture. If she ever starts another Panegyric on the Thrush with the Goloshes and the Permanent Wave you come here and I will liberate you, and this Woman will be left to starve in the Streets. As it is now ten thirty, and I have worked for nearly forty minutes, Court will adjourn until next Wednesday."

So they went back to the Apartment and everything was Ipskalarious.

MORAL: The Serpent is helpless unless he can find an Apple to work with.

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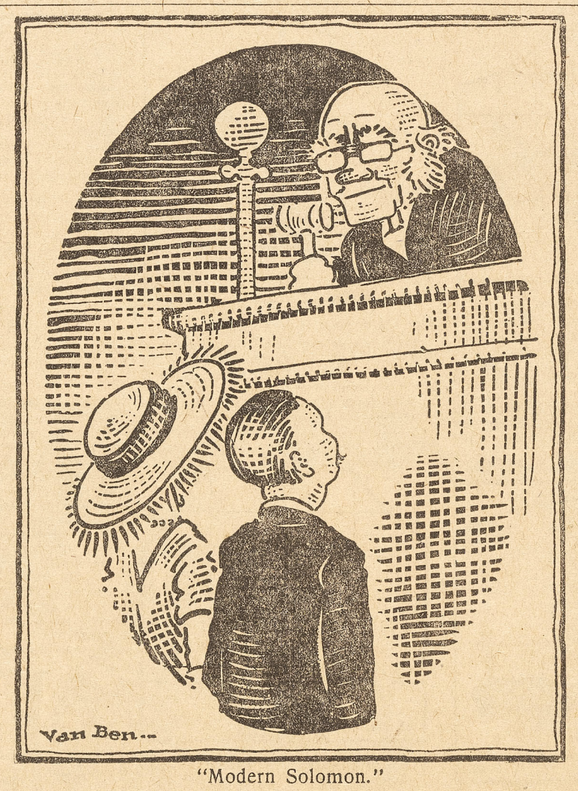


"Modern Solomon."

EVERY time we start to write a wheeze about the coal situation, we think of what there isn't in our own cellar and the ink turns pale on our pen.

Our Own Wall Mottoes.

THE GOLDEN DAYS
ONE WASTES
IN TOIL
WILL NEVERMORE RETURN!
THE PROPER SORT
OF MIDNIGHT OIL
WAS MADE TO DRINK,
NOT BURN!

* * *

AUTUMN is said by the poets to be a very melancholy time for everybody, but think what an extraordinarily melancholy season it must be for poor old Mr. Hearst! So many, many Summers he has thought he was in politics, only to find out differently in the Autumn!

* * *

ONE of the saddest sights I ever saw,
Horatio, was the venerable Hearst;—
He stood beside a brook; already swollen
By Autumnal rains, augmenting with tears
The' equinoial storms. . . .

PROF. ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, of Yale, wants to know: "Do the Stars Direct the Course of Human Destiny?"—Haig and Haig used to think so.—Maybe they still do. It has been so long since we voyaged in that firament!

* * *

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star!
I used to meet you at the bar!
Now the price of Scotch is high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

* * *

WAS it Jane Taylor that had a drink named after her?—Or Mamie?—Dr. Huntington has made a chart, showing the positions of the stars during the next 70,000 years—"If you want to know what is going to happen during the next 70,000 years," says a circular which lies before us as we write, "we must refer you to the chart."

* * *

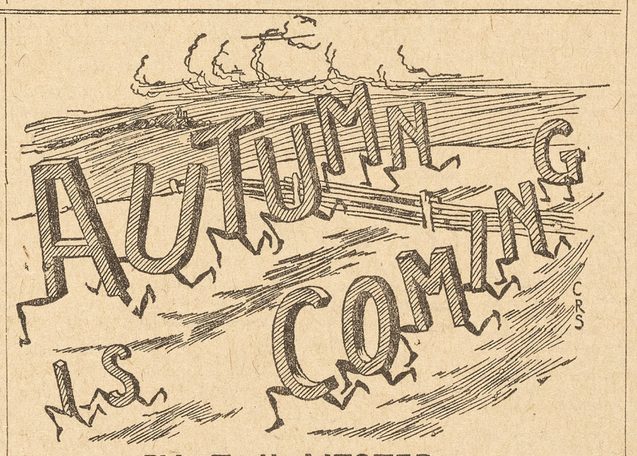
BUT we know what is going to happen during the next 70,000 years without looking at the chart.—Tapayer, Pro Bono Publico, Interested Citizen and Paterfamilias are going to write 70,000,000 letters to the newspapers asking, Whither Are We Drifting?

TELL FISH'S AGE FROM ITS RINGS

THE size and weight of a fish are no indication of its age. Its length of life is revealed, just as that of a tree is, by its rings. The fish has annual rings also, but not in its body. They are on the scales protecting its body. Put a fish scale under a magnifier and one notices the scale is covered with little rings—some close together and some farther apart. When the fish grows slowly because its food is scarce and the water is chilly, these rings lie close together, but when its food is plentiful and the water is warmer, and the fish grows bigger quickly—as it were, stretches its skin with good feeding—then the rings on the scales lie well apart. Each of these rings represent one year in the age of the fish.

TOO DEPENDENT.

Out of every hundred persons of the population of Poplar, London, nineteen were in receipt of relief from the rates during a recent week



BY T·H·LITSTER

I SEE the signs of Autumn mostly every place I go;
Yes, the Summer sun is sinkin', I'd have you folkses know.
The golden-rod is glowing on near every vacant lot,
And a million weeds are seedin' in every open spot.
And them there lawns that usta look as green, as green, as green,
Have here and there some grey spots, with some brown dabs in between,
Miskittas ain't so "fussy" as they was a month ago.
It seems to me the crickets chirp about on octave low.
The apples are a ripenin', with their cheeks a lovely pink,
And I see the signs of peaches and tomatoes in our sink,
The baseball schedule's over, and they're talking football dope,
The wife is washin' flannels with a hunk of borrowed soap.
I see the lengthening shadows as they creep across the grass.
Ah, they bring to mind how quickly the good old Summers pass;
Again I see the school boy on his way to jail—no, school—,
His soul just simply yearnin' for that dear old swimmin' pool.
When they see that vacant coal bin, and needin' kindlin' wood,
It's Autumn when some people try to make their credit good;
Next month—I hate to think it—we'll have standard time again,
So don't that prove, dear folkses, that the Autumn time has came?
If these things don't betoken that we're gittin' near to Fall,
Then all I say, dear readers, why I don't know after all.

THE MILL-RUN

AMARA DULCIS.

Why grudge some soul its right to flaming sweep,
Your own, fool-shackled in the dust;—
Dust piles,—and fools at last can only sleep.
Think now, O Man, love you red rust?

You would not build,—nor try the rock-wrought hill
Where gleamed the Temple others set,—
Nor glimpsed that Beauty watched the stubborn will
That sullen, ruled your Blindness yet.

You had a Soul that cried in agony,
Long years of doubt-scarred pain and tears,—
And tried to show you Immortality,
In vain. You turned away with jeers.

—AMARON.

* * *

ABOUT BOOKS.

If we were a literary critic we should devote some of our criticism to books that were written as far back in the Pliocene period as the day before yesterday. We should not be content merely to give our opinions of the books that appear, as it seems, almost hourly. We should hark back occasionally to books that were well done, and recommend them to our readers whether they had a sale in their day or not. We do not mean that we should give forth any adumbrations or animadversions on the books whose worth has been established and recommend people to read "Vanity Fair" and "David Copperfield" and "The Cloister and the Hearth." We should take it for granted that everybody interested in a chat about books would have read these and we should consider it an impertinence to advise this reading.

* * *

There are many books in another class which may in time take their places with the classics, books that were written twenty or forty years ago, whose beauty was acknowledged at the time, or maybe not acknowledged, and since neglected or forgotten. Take, for instance, a book that we consider a great book, "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler. It had little popularity at the time it was published, and only the fact that Shaw, Wells, Bennett and a few more enthusiastically boosted it, led to it having a sort of Indian Summer long after its author was in the grave. Another noble book is Melville's "Moby Dick," which we had never heard of until Christopher Morley of the New York Post mentioned it. There are passages in "Moby Dick" as eloquent as we have ever read, and though it was written by an American, it is unknown to ninety-nine Americans out of a hundred.

* * *

We did not read novels at the time "The Way of All Flesh" or "Moby Dick" was written, but we can reach back only about twenty years, and name a book written by an American, which has not been equalled since. The book is "Unleavened Bread," and the author was Robert Grant. When it appeared it was almost as widely discussed as "Main Street" though attaining no such popularity, which makes it the more remarkable that we never see it mentioned by American reviewers to-day, a fact which leads one to suppose that they were all too young to read it when it was issued, and since then have been too busy.

* * *

Having read "Unleavened Bread" for the third time, it appears to us like a cool slab of granite amidst the feverish stucco and papier mache productions of contemporary American writers of fiction. "Unleavened Bread" is a satire in comparison with which "Main Street" is a diatribe. One is the view of American life taken by the ripe scholar and man of the world; the other is excoriation of the infant prodigy. We are an admirer of "Main Street," but if Sinclair Lewis is of the good stuff we believe him to be, he will blush when he reads "Unleavened Bread." Judge Grant carries on the old American tradition of Hawthorne, Jones and Howells, and bequeaths it to Edith Wharton. This is the true top line of American fiction embracing such shoots as Mark Twain, Mary Wilkins, and O. Henry. Whatever is inperishable in it will be found there.

* * *

Less patient than most readers of the Sunday World, we could not wait for the "Red House Mystery" to lethargically reveal itself to the extent of a couple of chapters a week, so we bought the book from Albert Britnell, our favorite bookseller. The last chapter has left us puzzled. So has the dedication, for though A. A. Milne has written his book in the honor of J. V. M. it is the worst printed novel we have read in a long time. Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co. are welcome to the implied advertisement.

* * *

This note gives us an excuse to say that the best detective story we ever read is "At the Villa Rose," by A. E. W. Mason. We have said this often, but maybe not here. And one of the three or four things of which we are a competent judge is detective stories.

* * *

However broadminded and tolerant a man may be, he is bound to admit that there is a difference between best and worst. Yet reading one of our favorite departments of the newspaper we saw that one athlete had "bested" another. The result would have been the same if he had "worsted" him.

* * *

And, by the way, one often hears that a man had the better of an encounter, but never that he had the worse of it. There seem to be no comparatives in defeat.

* * *

People wonder where all the bartenders of the continent have gone, says Snickle Snears, but why don't they investigate the antecedents of the writers of movie scenarios?

* * *

HOLY WARS.

If another war should break out in the East it would supply an additional argument in the affirmative: "Resolved, that religion is a curse to humanity." There are, you may be astonished to learn, millions of people who hold that the affirmative needs no further proof, the case having been established by some of the bloodiest wars and massacres and persecutions in history, which flowed from differences in doctrine. A war between Turkey and Britain would be, at bottom, a war to determine whether Mahomet was the true Prophet of God. On the major premise—Allah il Allah—there is no difference between Christian and Moslem. They agree that God is God. They clash only in the matter of His authentic agents, the Moslems adhering to that curious character, Mahomet, who was a madman if ever there was one, and the Christians supporting the claims of St. Augustine, John Knox and John Wesley, who, if they happened to live to-day, would interest the Turkish alienists.

* * *

We acknowledge ourself a pacifist and an adherent of Sherman who, though a distinguished general, spoke from the bottom of his heart when he said "War is hell." He meant a good deal more when he used these words than one means when he says apropos of the cost of living, or the unsatisfactory result of a sporting contest, "Ain't this hell!" Our idea is that what Sherman meant was that nothing good can ever come out of war. That is our conception, and we dissent from all the patriots who say there are worse things than war. If they are right, then there are worse things than hell, and at the time these words are written (Saturday, Sept. 23, 1922, 8.40 p.m.) nothing worse has appeared in the public prints.

* * *

SORROWS OF A SALESLADY.

Well, an' I musta tried twenty coats on her, an' she found somethin' wrong with them all, an' I ses, "Madam, if you'd tell me just what you want I know we could fit you, because we got the line." An' she ses, "No, I don't think you've got just what I want, but I'll come back, maybe on Wednesday," an' I ses, "Well, madam, these are fast sellers, and it's likely they won't be here." "Well, I'll take your number, an' if I come I'll ask for you." Then she turned to her friend who was sitting down fanning herself an' she said, "Well, Jennie, are you rested enough? Because if you ain't I'll go over an' try on some hats." Gee, can you beat it?

—J. V. M.



The Children's Page



Helpers' Mail Box

CONDUCTED BY AUNT ROSE.

DEAR Girls and Boys,—There weren't many letters this week, which was quite a surprise to me. Is it because school has started, or because you were thinking of me on my holidays? It was very nice, anyway, but now I'm back on the job again, so the letters can come as fast as they like—provided, of course, they don't snow me under.

NEW MEMBERS.

Helen McKenzie, 152 Kohler Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., is a new member of Thelma Myles.

Mary Jennings, age 12, Souris East, P.E.I., is joining as Gertrude Jennings' third member, and would be delighted if any of the girls would write to her. Here is a chance for the many who would like to have correspondents from distant places. If you would like a badge, Mary, they cost ten cents.

Mary E. Poole, age 13, Souris East, P.E.I., is Gertrude Jennings' fourth new member, and would also like correspondents.

Evelyn Lyons, age 12, Cheltenham R.R. No. 1, Ont., is a new member of Major Kathleen Wilder's, and is greatly interested in our Page. She would like to hear from some girls between the ages of 12 and 14.

Mary C. MacNeill, age 11, Souris East, P.E.I., is the third "Mary" who is joining under the leadership of Gertrude Jennings this week, and makes Gertrude's fifth new member. She would be glad to write any girls who would like a correspondent from P.E.I. We will soon have quite a band of Helpers from the famous Island of "Anne of Green Gables."

Margaret Price, age 12, Orangeville, Ont., has joined under Marion Karen, and would like Roberta Allan, Thelma Myles and Kathleen Wilder to write to her. Wouldn't you like a badge, Margaret? They cost ten cents.

Care of A. R. Jamieson,
R. R. 1, Cooksville, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I want to know if I can join the club under Rose Gibson, of Salt Seat Marie. I have always wanted to join your Club, but I have never had much time to write. I would like some of the girls to write to me, I will answer all there letters. I get very lonesome here I have no brothers or sisters or father. Just my mother and myself so I would be very glad to have some of the girls write to me I wrote to Beatrice Gibson over two weeks ago but she never answered my letter, Beatrice is a very nice girl I think. I guess I will close now with love to all the Helpers.

Peggy Gray.

NOTES TO HELPERS.

Mary Spencer, age 14, 27 Chalmer St., Galt, Ont. I thought your story very good, Mary, only you forgot one most important rule—that it must be written on one side of the paper only or it cannot be printed. Do you think you could try again?

Kathlyn Lapointe, age 14, I would like to give you a little constructive criticism on your story if you would care to have it. Of course I could use it as it is but I think that if I pointed out a couple of points to you you could do something really more to your credit. Just take the same idea and rewrite your story, remembering to make it short, to make every sentence add to the story directly, to introduce no characters such as Kenneth who has really no further connection with the plot and try to explain more clearly why Marjorie and Miriam should so suddenly become such intimate friends.

LETTERS FROM HELPERS.

13 Marchmont Road, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose: I am very glad to belong to your club. I received my badge and I think it is lovely. I have started to school again and like it, too. I have no pets to tell you about, but I am going to tell you about the little club some other girls and I are having. Our club is called the young mothers society. We have been sewing lately and we are nearly finished and four of the girls are making tea aprons for their mothers for a Christmas present, and one is making an apron to hold pegs. Another girl and I are making needle cases. We have in our little bong 48c. So that's not so bad, is it? The meetings are held in our shed in the back yard. We go for picnics quite often. We shall be having another one soon, so we had better get busy and plan where to go.

Your loving niece,
Lillian Small.

Thanks for the five cents for the incurable children, Lillian, and also for the little story you made up yourself. Your club sounds very nice indeed and I wish it all sorts of success.

30 Chalmer St., Galt, Ont.

Dearest Auntie Rose: Well the Summer is nearly done, isn't it? I haven't been for any holidays, but I don't care. Mother is very very ill again, so we have a nurse to attend to her, because it was too much work for me to try to nurse and do the housework too, don't you think so, Auntie? Do you want to know what I did last Sunday night? I'll tell you. I didn't go to church and I came in from outside and my father asked me if I would like to go to church. I put the radio phones on my ears and I heard a minister preaching from Pittsburg. I was writing to one of my correspondents at the time and so I just finished my letter and listened to a sermon, too. We even heard the organ playing at the close of the service! We have heard Atlanta, Ga.; Anticosti, Que.; and oh! so many other places. I am sending something for the Book Readers' Corner, and for the Incurable Children.

Your affectionate niece,
Major Hazel B. Dykeman, age 11.

Thanks for the ten cents for the Fund, Hazel, and for the contribution to the Book Reader's Corner—yours had the distinction of being the only one this week. I am sorry indeed to hear of your mother's illness. It is good you have a nurse, for it is nice to be sure that the proper things are being done for her and besides it is quite too much for one small girl to try to play nurse and housekeeper as well. I hope she will be better soon. That was most interesting about the radio sermon.

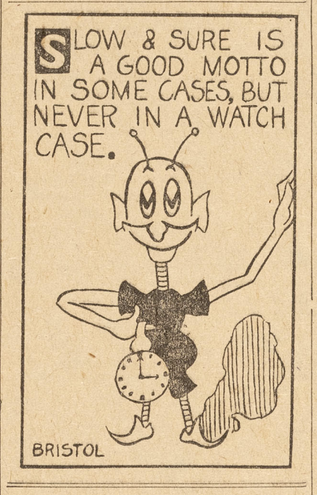
Cochrane, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose.—I want to join the Children's Page, but as I can't I will at least help, by sending some stories. I am sending in three stories and may send some more in after a while.

Yours truly,
Nedda David, age 11.

Why cannot you join us Nedda? Maybe if you would explain we could settle the difficulty. You see I have so very many Helpers stories piled up waiting that I could hardly use those of a non-member, could I? If you were to join, your stories (which are very good) could take their turn and be printed.

Tell Ida and Lena that it is high time they each wrote a long, newsy letter to the Mail Box to give an account of their wanderings. I'm sure you might have had a nice time at your grandma's. Whatever happened to your potatoes and turnips?



126 Kohler Street,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dearest Aunt,—September! It only seems a while ago since we were leaving school and books behind and going in for holidays. Now, presto! Vice versa. We went to Collegiate this morning to get settled, and now in the following days—work! It doesn't sound very encouraging, does it? If you were I would you take the German language? As to languages, I am going to take Latin and French this year. I can't quite decide about German.

Well, I have one more member, Auntie—Helen McKenzie, 152 Kohler Street. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Is she too old? Please, no! Enclosed is 10c for her badge. She would like a few correspondents of 14, 15 or 16. Some list, eh? Those are ages you know.

We have Helpers in India or China, haven't we, Aunt Rose? Could you give me the addresses of one or two? One in China, and one in Idria, if possible. Secondly, are there any incurables who wish someone to write to them? Please recommend some who have not any correspondents, or perhaps only a few. My own list is increasing rapidly. I now boast the goodly number of 22. Is that not fine? Some of these days I might try my luck at another story. If I could only think up an entirely new and original topic!

I received a lovely letter from Roberta A., and she spoke of the "Wintry sound" September had. I love the Winter myself, although I also like Summer. The Summer air makes one feel so languid, while cold air is invigorating. Skating! I can hardly wait. It is my favorite sport.

Here I am again, Auntie, after another school day. We had practically all spaces this afternoon, but likely tomorrow, work will start in good earnest.

I must not forget to tell you about the Plummer Memorial Garden Party—Vera Smith (a girl friend) and I, were invited to perform on a platform, especially constructed for the performers. There were others besides us and aside from that, the platform for the modern dances. I had a clown suit of black and orange. We sang while I played the piano, and she played her banjo.

I am sorry la tante, but I must say good bye. Love Galore.

Au Revoir,
Thelma Myles, 13½.

We'll be glad to accept Helen for your sake, Thelma, but I think we'll have to set a decided age limit soon. What do the Helpers think about it? The Incurable Children seldom write any letters at all, two of the Helpers in China have returned to Canada, and our little Indian Helper has been getting so many correspondents I don't know if he would care to add to his list. However, he should be writing to the Page again before long and you can get his address then. In the meantime, why not write to one of today's new Helper's from Prince Edward Island? I never took German myself so I couldn't advise very well.

Box 323, New Liskeard, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I was at my Grandma's two weeks, and had a lovely time. Ida Burkholder was away nine weeks. I was lonesome without her.

Our school fair opened yesterday. I got seventh prize in my potatoes and turnips, and second in my flowers. It was the first time I did so poorly. Well, I haven't anyone to write to yet. I may send a story the next time.

Your loving Helper,
Enid Hopper, age 10 years.

HELPER'S FUND.

Fifteen cents was the extent of our addition to our Fund for the Incurable children this week.

Lovingly,
AUNT ROSE.
Corner King and Bay Sts., Toronto.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

THERE was a boy, his eyes were blue,
Oh, they were bluest blue;
And every single thing he said
Was true—yes, truest true!

There was a boy, his teeth were white,
Oh, they were whitest white
To brush them well he never failed
Each morning, noon and night.

There was a boy, his face was clean,
Oh, it was cleanest clean;
He never failed to wash it well,
When out to play he'd been.

There was a boy, his hair was neat,
Oh, it was neatest neat;
He always saw, ere he sat down,
That mother had a seat.

—Verna Loveday Harden.

PLEDGE FOR HELPERS' LEAGUE

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK wherever it may be, to help others wherever possible, and to endeavor in every way to make myself A GOOD CITIZEN

Date.....

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....



AUTUMN DAYS.

OH, it's merry time and it's frolic time,
When the gay leaves rustle down,
And cover the path and the highway
The village and busy town.

And it's smiling time and it's laughing time,
In wonderful days like these,
And red are the cheeks like roses,
When kissed by the Autumn breeze.

ALIX THORN.

BOOK READERS' CORNER.

A good college story for girls is "The Sweet Girl Graduate," by L. T. Meade. And for boys, "School Life at Bartram's" by L. C. Silke. They are both real good. Then for those who like books composed of letters—read "Daddy-Long-Legs." Oh, it's great!

Sincerly,
Major Hazel B. Dykeman, age 14.

At the risk of being thought old-fashioned, I am going to add one of my dearest favorites to the small list this week. It is Kingsley's "Water Babies." None of you have mentioned it yet, but surely many of you have read it. It is another of the books that grown-ups find just as entertaining as children do. It is about a badly treated little chimney sweep who fell into the river and turned into a water baby. He has the most wonderful adventures in the river and then in the ocean and the most thrilling journey to The-Other-End-of-Nowhere and back. Oh, I'm sure you'd all love it whether you were big or small.

"Aunt Rose."

THE REASON.

A little boy startled his mother by asking, "Mammy, is there hair oil in this bottle?"

"Mercy, no, dear!" she exclaimed: "that's gum."

"Oh!" said the child. Then, after a short silence: "Perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off."

STILL ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

"I'm improving in drawing, mother," said the little girl.

"Are you, dear? That's good!"

"Yes, I drawed a cake on my slate and brother guessed it was an oyster. He knew it was somethin' to eat, anyway. Didn't he?"

"Grunty Growl"

A Very Canadian Grizzly.

By PIONEER.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duel.

IT WAS easy to see that neither of the two men had loaded. There they stood, one on each side of the clearing, each trying to load and fire first. They were so near to each other that it would be difficult to miss.

If the Indian disabled or killed the Canadian, there would be nobody to warn General Brock of the Americans who might even then be climbing the cliffs.

Grunty became very excited.

The men shook out powder from their powder horns which were slung by cords from their necks. They were in too much of a hurry to take time for measuring it. Wildly they poured the powder into the muzzle of their muskets, each spilling some. Then they pulled out their ramrods and started to ram the charge of powder down hard.

Next came the ball of lead which would have to be held in place with paper wadding. After that a little powder would be poured on the little pan above the trigger and below the flint. Then the lucky man who was first would pull back the flint and pull the trigger. The flint would strike the metal and a spark would flash on the powder in the little pan, set it on fire and carry the flame through a tiny hole into the musket where the main charge of powder had been packed. At once the ball would leave the musket on its way to the heart of the other man.

It was a race for life and Grunty saw how desperate things were for the Canadian scout.

The Indian had finished ramming home the powder first and was now taking the ball from his pouch. The Canadian was just pulling out his ramrod.

Grunty put back his head to let out a great roar. This might frighten the Indian and give the Canadian a chance to dodge behind a tree.

Something strange happened. The Canadian raised the musket with the ramrod in it and fired.

The Indian fell.

Grunty took a good look at the two scouts as the Canadian walked over to his foe. The Indian was a Seneca who had stayed in New York State when Joseph Brant brought the tribes to Canada. The white man was one of the farmers from the little clearings below the sand hills where Grunty had made his first home in the east.

Grunty, who had been too excited to notice anything but the duel began to realize that there were other sounds of war. Far over the hill he heard the firing of muskets and then the roar of cannon.

Rushing down toward the river, he found Americans coming up. He rushed to the clearing and growled again. The scout was not there. Grunty realized that it was almost too late to warn the Canadians. He ran over the heights and down the other side towards the village of Queenston Heights. Twice he tried to get other Canadians to follow him up the heights. He wanted so badly to warn them and save them, but they were all excited over the Americans who were trying to land their boats on the Canadian shore below the heights.

The Canadians did not know that soon the enemy would be seen in great numbers on the hill above them.

Nowhere could Grunty see General Brock.

How Grunty Growl wished he had made friends with that scout who had showed such quick wits that morning. Years ago he had seen that man in the fields with his boys, but he had never dared to make any signs of friendship. Now his only chance was to find that man or the General.

Grunty scouted through the woods at the foot of the heights, hoping to see the scout come down the slope but if he had only known it, that York Volunteer had gone southwards toward Chippewa to warn the Canadian outposts all the way to Lake Erie.

Anxiously Grunty watched the heights for a sight of blue American uniforms appearing there. Already many Americans had landed and were forming in line of battle behind the crest of the hill. He ran to and fro, growling in a vain effort to be heard above the noise of the guns.

Nobody heard him. Some saw him, but what was a bear, even a very big bear, at such a time?

They looked where he meant them to look only when the first shots came to them from the very crest of the heights. Then they saw that the enemy had outnumbered and outflanked them.

Almost at that moment, as the history books say and as Grunty Growl saw, General Brock rode into sight from the north on his great charger.

(To Be Concluded.)

A CATCH IN IT.

"But, surely," said the haughty woman, "if I pay fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?"

"Of course, madam," the guard replied, politely, "provided he does not put his feet on it."



THREE GUESTS.

I HAD a little tea party,
This afternoon at three.
'Twas very small,
Three guests in all.
Just I, Myself and Me.
Myself ate up the sandwiches
While I drank up the tea;
'T was also I
Who ate the pie,
And passed the cake to Me.

—St. Nicholas.

WHALE FLESH NOT FISH.

The whale, who, because he lives in the water, is supposed to be a member of the fish family, is in reality no more one than is a human being. He is in reality an animal very much like a cow or a horse, and his flesh is real animal flesh, nothing whatever like that of a fish. And, like all other animals, he cannot remain under water without an occasional trip to the surface. The whale, however, is able to hold his breath for a long time, sometimes for forty-five minutes, and he is able to open his mouth under water when eating, because his nostrils connect directly with his windpipe, and not with the back of his mouth, as in most other animals. When he comes to the surface he blows the air out of his lungs. It has by this time become so heated that it forms a column of vapor when expelled into the cool air of the surface, and this is what happens when he is said to "spout." Incidentally, the most famous whale of history—the one which swallowed Jonah—was not a whale at all, but is called in the Bible "a great fish."

CELEBRATED LIGHTHOUSE.

One of the most celebrated lighthouses in the world is Eddystone lighthouse, which is located on the highest point of a perilous reef, about fourteen miles southwest of the harbor of Plymouth, England. The first lighthouse at this point was erected in 1696, and is said to have resembled a Chinese pagoda. Several years after its construction it was entirely carried away. Another structure of timber was completed in 1709, and destroyed by fire about fifty years later. The third and present lighthouse was begun immediately after the destruction of the other. It is built of stone, and the stones are fastened together, the lower course to the ledge by a system of ingenious dovetailing. It bears the inscription, "24th Aug, 1759. Laus Deo."

THE FAIRY PUMP.

By ROBERTA ALLAN.

IT STOOD in the corner of an old broken-down house, a dreary, lonesome thing. One would never think to look at it that it had caused trouble enough for twenty pumps, but then, I am ahead of my story.

Many years ago an old gentleman bought the Tennisly house in Noraxtown. It was considered an up-to-date, modern house at that time. But Maurice Neilson was crazy. That was what it was—crazy. His poor, grey head was laden down by a weight of sorrow for his little six-year-old daughter. Neighbors considered the house haunted, because, in the night, strange sobbings were heard, but it wasn't unreal. It was old Morry crying for his Betty.

Partly to divert his mind, partly to fulfill an idea his crazed brain had worked out, he bought a pump and installed it in the house. That was his glory and his reason for living—that pump. About dusk strange noises were to be heard in it. (Really, the air escaping, but the old man preferred to believe it was voices calling to him.) Sometimes the voice of little Betty came to him, and he would cry afresh at the recollection of his daughter.

One day Buelah MacGregor came smilingly into the cottage with a parcel of cakes and tea. "Just an offering from mother," she explained. Buelah was seven, and the whole lonesome being of old Morry cried out to her. Before half an hour had passed, she had learned all about Betty and was initiated into the mysteries of the pump.

"It is the fairies, I know," cried the girl, with shining eyes. "The fairies!" she repeated. "May I come as often as I wish to listen?" He nooded gleefully, and in a flash she was gone.

She came often after that, and the old man loved her only second—his daughter must always be first. But his poor brain was twisted, and he returned to brooding over his sorrows until he had persuaded himself that he should have the child, and planned different ways of getting her.

One afternoon Buelah ran cheerfully in, and, as usual, stopped to speak of the pump.

"I can hear what the fairies say, Little Lassie," said Morry. "At dusk I can tell you what they say!" He repeated his lesson over dully.

"Oh, goody!" cried Buelah. "Will you read them to me?"

"Come to-night at seven," the old man promised; and when she had gone, he lifted his quivering hands to the sky and thanked God for giving him a chance.

"All right, tell me quick," Buelah commanded, impatiently. "What do they tell me?"

"Listen, little missy; they say you are to set fire to your father's house inside of three days. Then you will be taken into Fairyland, where everything is flowers and music, and if you don't—the bad fairies will dance on your pillow and take you to their land, where everything is torture, and—"

"No!" cried the girl. "Oh, stop!" she sobbed, and rushed from the room. But Morry smiled his toothless smile and nodded senselessly.

The next two days Buelah haunted the old man's cottage, sitting listlessly at his doorstep. On the third day the old man talked for a long time of what the fairies had told him.

"A—all right. Oh, mamma, daddy, I wouldn't do it on purpose; but, oh, the gnomes will kill me. They will cut off my hands by degrees—ooh!"

* * *

That night a little night-gowned figure distributed coal oil around the floor and struck a match. Her parents were at a dance in the city and she was alone, except for the maid. Still sobbing, she lit it, and then, running and breathless, she reached the landing of the stairs. She peered back at the spreading flames, her foot caught, and she missed her step.

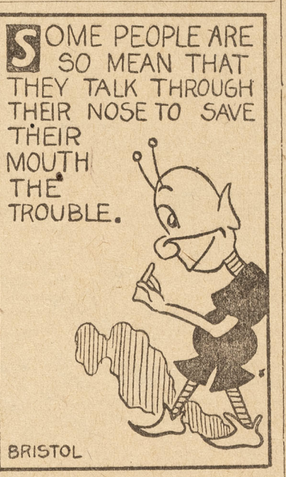
Old Morry watched, with a horrible smile on his thin face, waiting for the white flutter of a dress coming to him. Slowly his eyes lost the cunning look, and instead, gained one of consternation. Swiftly he passed out his own gate, into theirs, opened the door and stepped inside. The flames were bursting out all the windows, and the maid had gotten out the back door, forgetful of her charge. Tenderly old Morry gathered the child into his arms and stumbled to the door, placed her on the grass, and straightened up. Suddenly his faded eyes shone with a new light, and his whole demeanor changed to one of joy. His hands trembling with eagerness, he ran into the burning building and shouted:

"Oh, Betty! I hear you now! Your daddy's coming. I'm here. Oh, I'm here, dear."

He stiffened and fell in the flames He never came out.

* * *

The MacGregor elders do not know to-day what caused the fire. The child in falling forgot that she, herself, set it, and still the pump stands alone in the ruined building where old Morry once lived. Only the pump knows the tale—and keeps it well hidden.



THE CONTEST

An Indian Story

By LEREINE BALLANTYNE.

IN THE Autumn all the tribes gathered for the harvest festival. For many days there was feasting, and dances held; then the great event—the gathering of the golden maize in the fields would begin, so that the lodges would not be without corn for the Winter.

There were always numerous contests held before the gathering of the maize. The braves in the different tribes vied for the honors in running, wrestling and hunting. At one of these matches the sons of two rival chiefs were to shoot with arrows at a number of rabbits to be loosed in a valley. Brown Toe was the name of one, and Hawk Eye his opponent. Hawk Eye was very tall and brave, having spent many moons traveling over distant waters with war parties, and hunting in strange forests. Brown Toe, on the other hand, loved to stay around the medicine men rather than lead the braves. He was a great boaster, and continually taunted Hawk Eye, so much so that one of the followers of Hawk Eye became suspicious, and drew apart to watch Brown Toe's actions, hoping to discover the cause of his great confidence.

On the day appointed for the contest the tribes gathered on the side of a big hill that rose from a green valley. Both young men drew their bows and arrows, and made ready to shoot as a number of wild rabbits were released and went scurrying through the valley. Brown Toe used purple arrows, and Hawk Eye used red ones. The air was filled with the hum of the arrows as they sped one after the other swiftly on their course.

When the contest was over seven rabbits with the red arrows were brought back and proudly laid at the feet of Hawk Eye. Short was his glory, however, for the followers of Brown Toe came running up with twelve rabbits pierced with purple arrows. Such shooting had never been witnessed even by the oldest of the old men. A friend of Hawk Eye went over and began to look carefully at the rabbits with the purple arrows, and he held up six and pointed out curiously notched ears, and slowly took a knife from his pocket with a broken blade exactly of the pattern of the notches.

"It is strange," he said, addressing the old men, "last night I walked by the lodge of Brown Toe, and wondered why some dead rabbits lay covered with a hide. I notched them with my knife in case there should be foul play against the great Hawk Eye. Now, would Brown Toe explain this thing before he is acclaimed a hero."

Brown Toe was furious, and threatened to kill the old man for spying on him, but when he saw even his own people looked with shame upon him, he drew away with sulky looks.

Hawk Eye, who had done so well in an honest manner, was given a place of honor at the harvest feast, and won many other prizes before the games were finished.

STORIES BY HELPERS

DOWN ON THE FARM.

Pauline Wright.

Once upon a time when we went to our uncle's farm we had a lovely ride upon a donkey in a field and Donale sat astride, and then we saw a baby pig who squeaked as if to say if you have got no food for me then please go away, we saw some chicks, too, and fed them some corn. But best of all we saw a cow who had some crumpled horns.

DAWSON'S PANTHER.

By Ed. Leckie, Age 12.

It was a hot day in British Columbia. Tom Dawson was on the Western side of the ranch. He was learning to chop down trees. That afternoon Mush and Tom were sitting on the verandah of a rancher's store, when like a flash a panther went past, one ran down the steps with an axe. The other with a gun, but the panther got away. Next afternoon after hard working they went hunting Jake and Tom, looking out from among some brush, sat a panther, Tom picked up the axe, swung and killed the panther.

THE LUCKY COIN.

By Sara Jackson.

Johnny was a poor boy. He lived with his mother. One day he was walking on the street with his head down when he spied a silver dollar on the ground. He picked it up and was going to keep it, but he thought it was not right because it did not belong to him, so he tried to find its owner. He went up to a well-dressed old man and asked him if he lost the dollar, and he said he did, so Johnny handed it to him and was just gong away when he was called back. The old man asked him his name and he tolr it to him. The man pulled out $5 and handed it to him and invited Johnny to his house. When Johnny went home and gave the money to his mother and he told her how he got it and she was so glad.

"THE LEAST OF THE FAIRIES."

By Marjorie Provost.

The moon was shining brightly on mid-Summer eve. The sky was a panoply of black velvet scattered with glistening silvery stars. In the air was a sweet breathless hush as though awaiting an awakening.

I slipped out of bed and gazed out the window. I heard a sound as of silvery bells, or was it fancy? The little green path that led to the woods beckoned and hardly knowing what I did I slipped on my clothes, and in a few moments was walking along the path, breathing great breaths of fresh night air.

I had walked on aimlessly for awhile and then turning off the main path I ran down a narrow by-way toward a little place which I knew was a magic ring. Had not the herb woman often told me so? I reached it, and then I rubbed my eyes. It could not be! Yes, in the little green circle, edged with violets, star flowers, and bluebells was a little fairy band.

The queen in a gown of filmsy spider webs, dewdrop gems, sparkling in her raven hair, sat on a little knoll. While fairies fluttered all around dressed in all the colors of the rainbow. Fireflies darted hither and thither lighting up the pretty scene while little gnomes, dressed in brown with little silvery bells, served dew in butter cups.

I stood entranced in amazement. Then a fairy looking up saw me and gave a tiny scream. At once the fairy band disappeared, and I was left alone. "Was it a dream?" Who can tell.

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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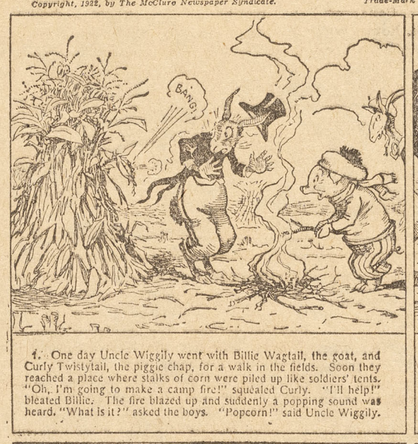
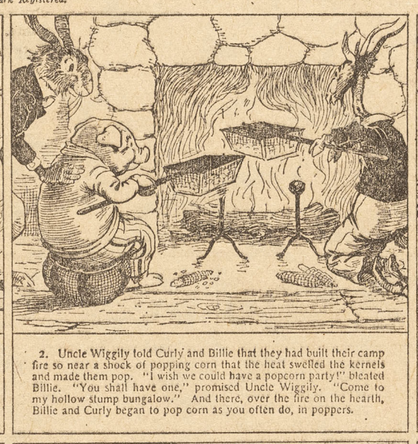
WHEN THE KERNELS OF THE CORN WERE GOING PIPPY POP! THEY SKIPPED FROM OUT THE POPPER AND MADE THE WOLF GO HIPPY-HOP! AND THEN HE RAN AWAY!

Text by HOWARD R. GARIS
Author of the Famous UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORIES
Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL



1. One day Uncle Wiggily went with Billie Wagtail, the goat, and Curly Twistytail, the piggie chap, for a walk in the fields. Soon they reached a place where stalks of corn were piled up like soldiers' tents. "Oh, I'm going to make a camp fire!" squealed Curly. "I'll help!" bleated Billie. The fire blazed up and suddenly a popping sound was heard. "What is it?" asked the boys. "Popcorn!" said Uncle Wiggily.



2. Uncle Wiggily told Curly and Billie that they had built their camp fire so near a shock of popping corn that the heat swelled the kernels and made them pop. "I wish we could have a popcorn party!" bleated Billie. "You shall have one," promised Uncle Wiggily. "Come to my hollow stump bungalow." And there, over the fire on the hearth, Billie and Curly began to pop corn as you often do, in poppers.



3. "Keep shaking the poppers!" called Uncle Wiggily to the goat and piggie. "Keep the poppers moving and the corn won't burn." The two animal boys did this, but they had filled the poppers too full of kernels and when they burst they overflowed. "Oh, this is exciting!" squealed Curly. "We're wasting the corn!" bleated Billie. "I'll catch it in the dishpan, and we'll make popcorn balls!" said the bunny.



4. "I guess you have popped enough, boys!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, when he had caught the dishpan full of white kernels. "I'll mix it up with sugar and molasses and we'll have popcorn balls." And as fast as the bunny gentleman made popcorn balls, the goat and piggie boys tossed them up in the air before eating them. They had such a jolly time that the Woozie Wolf heard the noise and poked his head in.



5. "Oh, look, Uncle Wiggily!" suddenly called Curly, and the piggie boy pointed to the Wolf. "Dear me!" cried the bunny. "Who let you in?" he asked the Wolf. "Nobody! I came by myself!" growled the bad chap. "I came to your popcorn party!" Uncle Wiggily politely asked the Wolf to go out of the bungalow, but the Wolf growled: "I'm not going until I have something to eat, and I want ears! Wuff! Wuff!"



6. At first Uncle Wiggily, Curly and Billie did not know what to do. Then the bunny rabbit gentleman said: "Perhaps, Mr. Wolf, you'd like some popcorn before you nibble my ears. Popcorn comes off ears. Ears of corn." The Wolf growled and said: "Yes, I know! I will eat some popcorn before I nibble your ears, Uncle Wiggily. You may feed me!" So the Wolf sat down and began to eat up all the party popcorn.



7. When Uncle Wiggily saw that the popcorn—the sweetened kind and the other—was almost gone, the bunny thought of a trick to play on the Wolf. "I know you haven't had half enough popcorn," said the bunny to the Wolf. "Don't you want to pop some more corn?" The Wolf, lazy like, said he thought he did. Uncle Wiggily filled a popper and gave it to the Wolf. "Watch!" whispered Curly.



8. All of a sudden, as the Wolf jiggled the popper over the fire, the kernels began popping with a noise like a thousand guns going off. Then "Zip!" Open flew the cover of the popper, because Uncle Wiggily hadn't closed it tightly—on purpose. "Oh, zoople!" howled the Wolf, as the hot kernels began hitting him in the face. "Oh, this is too much for me! I'm being shot! Oh, what a trick that was to play!"



9. The corn popped so fast into the face of the Wolf that he could stand it no longer! "I'm going!" he cried, and out of the bungalow he ran. "After him, boys!" cried Uncle Wiggily, who used a big spoon for a club. Curly and Billie beat the Wolf with corn poppers. "I guess it will be a long time before he comes back!" laughed the bunny. Then he popped more corn for the piggie and goat and they had a fine party.

And if the trolley car doesn't run up hill backward, and push the jitney, over the tennis net so it tries to roller skate on a golf ball, the next pictures and story will be about UNCLE WIGGILY'S APPLE PARTY.



THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE



Auction Bridge

By R. F. FOSTER.

Author of "Foster On Auction," "Auction Made Easy," "Foster's Complete Hoyle," etc.

Auction bridge in England is still in the controversial stage. Every now and then some Sunday newspaper comes out with half a dozen hands and asks its readers what they would bid on them. Five different declarations on each of them is the smallest number to date, and they seem to be about agreed as to the best call in only about 40 per cent. of the answers sent in. It is probable that at least 95 per cent. of American players would agree on any of these hands.

They seem to have a particular antipathy to what they call private conventions over there, if one may believe what the writers on the game have to say. They class as private conventions all such things as the modern double, the bid of more than one in a suit, and so forth.

Dalton, in his latest book, ignores the conventional double entirely, not even mentioning that there is such a thing, but in his newspaper articles he condemns it openly. He says:—"Attempts have been made from time to time to introduce this bid into England, but it has met with scant favor, for the simple reason that it is absolutely opposed to our English ideas of straight play. Our principle always has been—and I trust always will be—that any pre-arranged method of giving information to a partner is against the best interests of the game."

Then he goes on to say that "the argument used in defence of these conventional doubles is that they are quite fair, provided everyone at the table knows about them. The same argument would excuse pointing to your scarfpin for diamonds, or your waistcoat for hearts."

One would think, from this tirade, that no convention ever was used in England that required any previous explanation or that had been "arranged" for the benefit of the players. This is tantamount to saying that a player who never had read a book on bridge and knew nothing of the game should still be able to draw the correct inference from any bid or play made.

It is rather curious that Dalton himself recommends one of our conventional doubles, and boasts about having won a game through its use. This is the double of an opponent's suit call to show two stoppers in that suit in case the doubler's partner feels able, with this information, to go on with his no-trumper. Dalton says, page 95, "Royal Auction Bridge," 1922 edition:—

"I saw a very good instance of this quite recently. Z, as dealer, one no trump; A, second hand, two hearts. Y's hand was four hearts to the queen, jack, king and one club, three small in diamonds and spades. He doubled two hearts. This information was exactly what his partner wanted. He went two no trumps and won the game, which he could not have done without the information given by the double."

All the English players have adopted our down-and-out echo, the plain suit echo at no trumps, the encouraging card and the reverse discard. Dalton has these in his book. Why do not the same objections lie against all these that he urges against the conventional double of a suit or a no-trumper?

The simple fact is, judging from the evidence before us, that in spite of his reputation as a writer on bridge, Dalton and his followers do not understand the double as we use it, so that when they try it they make a mess of it and then condemn it.

In the London Evening Standard for May 24 last, Dalton gives this example, prefacing it with the remark: "These conventional doubles may come off occasionally, but far more often they fail. My experience is that they fail five or six times for once that they succeed. I will quote one case in which I took an active part." Here is the hand:—

	♡ J 9 6 4 ♣ 10 8 7 ◇ Q J 8 5 2 ♠ 10 2	
♡ A 10 7 ♣ K Q 6 ◇ A K 10 4 ♠ 7 6 3	Y A B Z	♡ 8 3 2 ♣ 9 7 5 2 ◇ 9 6 ♠ J 9 5 4
	♡ K Q 5 ♣ A J 4 3 ◇ 7 3 ♠ A K Q 8	

Dalton dealt and bid no trump. The player on his left doubled. Y passed and B took the double with two spades, which Z doubled. A then went two no trumps, which Z doubled, and then A went to three diamonds, which Y doubled and set for 500. Of course, A is described as "a typical American." We should describe him as a typical duffer, of the class that would bid a spade on five to ten without a trick in his hand.

It is bunk like this that goes down with the Britishers. As any ordinary bridge player knows, in America at least, no player who understands the conventional double will double a no-trumper unless well able to support a take-out in either of the major suits, even if the partner has only four to the nine. With A's cards, containing four sure tricks, any player of average intelligence would know that if his partner can win one trick anywhere the game is saved. These Britishers ought to come over here and take some lessons.

The solution of Problem No. 125, in which there were no trumps, Z to lead and Y-Z to win four tricks, follows:—

Z leads the five of hearts. Y discards a club. B wins the heart and leads two rounds of spades. Z gives up the king and Y wins with the queen. A discards the heart. Y leads diamond nine and Z sheds a club. A club is covered by B and won by Z, who leads the heart, jack if A has discarded the queen (his best defence). A makes a club at the end. If A has discarded a club, instead of heart queen, Y leads club queen, instead of the diamond. When A wins the heart he loses two diamond tricks to Y.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO 126.

	♡ — ♣ J 10 6 ◇ — ♠ A 7 6 3	
♡ 8 ♣ K ◇ 10 ♠ J 8 5 4	Y A B Z	♡ K 9 7 5 ♣ Q 9 5 ◇ — ♠ —
	♡ A 10 ♣ A 7 4 ◇ 9 ♠ 2	

There are no trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want five tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

Tales of a Wayside Tee

BY GRANTLAND RICE.

THE most instructive rounds of putting that we ever have known came this Summer in the course of several matches with Walter J. Travis over the famous Ekwanok course.

The greens at Ekwanok—smooth, silky and keen—permit the true putting touch to keep its value, and upon such surfaces the art of Mr. Travis is at its best.

It was remarkable to see the uncanny accuracy with which he laid 50 and 60-foot approach putts within five or six inches of the cup and the deadly sureness with which every stroked ball moved along the right road to the hole.

In the first place, it was refreshing to see a putting stroke, after looking so long at a series of jabs and pokes and direct hits. With him it was almost a caressing stroke, a stroke where the club head invariably came on through the ball for various distances. For example, we noted upon a 40-foot approach putt that the follow through was at least twenty inches beyond the ball. With a six-foot putt over a keen green the club head follow through was at least eight inches. This indicates the stroking effect of his putting style. Normally, with a six-foot putt on a keen green, you will rarely see the putting blade pass over an inch or two beyond the resting place of the ball, for it is here that one is more inclined to jab or poke. With this follow-through stroke which Travis uses the ball never seems to jump away in any big rush or hurry. It would leave the club face evenly, and then continue rolling on after you were quite sure it would be well short.

The ex-British and American amateur champion, considered one of the greatest putters that ever lived, believes deeply in two important details when it comes to manipulating the ball into the hole.

"One very important factor," he remarked, "is the correct employment of pressure from the inside finger-tip, or rather first joint, of the forefinger of the right hand. I am a great believer in right-hand putting control. My right hand does practically all the work, with the left merely a steadying factor; but the guiding pressure of the right forefinger is quite important. It is here one gets the sense of touch that is needed, the feeling of control and of guidance along the right line. You will often see this right forefinger loose from the club. And when you see this, you also generally see a poor or an erratic putter."

We put this advice into play for a trial, and found it to be of vast assistance. In the first place, like so many others, we had often hit our approach putts entirely too loosely, failing to reach the cup. By the firm pressure of the upper section of this right forefinger around the shaft there came a feeling of far greater firmness for the stroke, without any greater tightening of the grip. If one grips too tightly there is always the tendency to swing back too hurriedly, and then to jab at the ball. But with this pressure localized to one small spot, no other tightening was needed. Jerry Travers, another remarkable putter, gets his sense of touch and control from the tip of his right thumb. But he also employs the right forefinger to full advantage in gripping the club. J. S. Worthington putts with the right forefinger down the shaft of the club, getting the same touch and pressure in a slightly different way. He also is a very fine putter, depending on the more localized touch rather than on any feeling of power one might call on from the full hand, which is not nearly sensitive enough for this most delicate of all golf strokes.

There is most certainly a strong side to this case of localized touch and pressure which brings on a true putting stroke rather than a haphazard jab. Jesse Guilford has it to a keen degree, but not quite so effectively as Travis and Travers, the two we rank above any other putters ever known.

There are many fine putters who believe that in the main putting is almost entirely a right-hand job, with the left yielding only slight assistance. K. L. Ames, ketter known as "Snake" Ames, one of the surest of them all within sight of the cup, merely uses his left hand around the fingers of the right, the left not touching the putters' shaft at any place. With him the right does all the work, back and forth, the left merely helping a trifle to steady the swing. Any golfer can remember with what ease he can step up and hole a five or six-foot putt with one hand, where he is under no strain. It is only when body movement and the two-handed complications set in through nervousness or rigidity that he turns putting from a simple art into a complicated nightmare.

The golfer who keeps his body still, firm, and yet relaxed, who strokes through the ball evenly, with the right hand in control, the head always as fixed as an anchor, will have no great trouble in getting his share of holable putts or of laying his longer putts up around the cup.

TIME AND DRIFTWOOD.

HERE'S another lost September that is drifting on along,
And we're all getting nearer to the goal.
Here's another vanished Summer that has sung its final song,
And we're all getting nearer to the goal.
Here's another passing Autumn that will whisper soon goodby,
As the Old Doc beckons to us and the giddy seasons fly,
But we'll play the bally game out to the finish, you and I.
Though we're all getting nearer to the goal.

WE have left the skies of Summer once again upon the way,
And we're all getting nearer to the goal.
We have known another caravan of frolic and of play,
But we're all getting nearer to the goal.
As the years move fast and faster, have you ever noticed, mate,
How soon the twilight gathers and the gray dusk haunts the gate?
We have barely stepped from morning, yet the day is growing late
And we're all getting nearer to the goal.

W. H. H.



CUTTING the CORNERS

BY J. V. McAREE.

CONCURRENTLY with the approach of the world's series comes the chatter about inside ball, which is to us the most interesting stuff written about the American national game, just as we like Hans Christian Andersen's tales, the best of Scandinavian literature, no, on second thought we like even better the prognostications of the experts, and especially those of Hughie Fullerton and Al. Munro Elias. Fullerton is the mind-reader of the baseball world. He will undertake to tell not only what team will win the world's series, but the number of games it will win, and the scores of each particular game. Still more remarkable, he will explain the day after each game that if his figures were not exactly right they should have been, but for some unlooked for accident, such as a home run with the bases filled, a triple play or the dropping of a pop fly by a player who thus inauspiciously made his first error of the year. Fullerton does not take himself nearly so seriously as his readers, and sees no reason why he should not accept money for gazing into the baseball crystal if people are willing to offer it.

WE first became acquainted with Hughie's prognostications before the world's series, when the Athlethics met the Cubs. Mr. Fullerton being a Chicago pundit, was naturally partial to the home town and everybody was agreed that Frank Chance had built up a magnificent machine. There were even songs written about it, which had some sale about The Loop, one of them thus embalming in verse the double play of "Evers to Tinker to Chance." Bill Fullerton went over the teams man by man, comparing the players in each position and came to the conclusion that the Athletics had hardly a chance. As it turned out, it was the Cubs who had hardly a chance, but Fullerton's misjudgment might have been set down to excusable local partiality, if he had not attempted to show in detail why the Athletics were confederate money. According to him their downfall was to be encompassed by the Chicago catchers Kling and Archer. In the series the despised Athletic catchers. Lapp and Thomas nipped more baseball stealers than the famous Chicago pair.

HOWEVER, more of these interesting prognostications anon, if we have time for them before the world's series clash. Our text for the day is inside baseball, by which we mean the kind of baseball that is mental, and in which a cripple might as easily excel as an athlete. Stealing the signals of an opposing team is perhaps the chief feature of inside baseball, especially in a world's series. In league games the teams meet each other so often, that the pitchers know pretty well the weaknesses of the batters, and the fielders have a fair idea of where a given man will hit a ball. In a world's series, comparitive strangers are meeting. They are likely to encounter the unexpected if not the unprecedented, at any moment and it becomes of vital importance that no time should be lost in gauging the opposing pitchers. It is generally agreed that while pitching is the most important factor in any club, it is of vital importance in a short series, and the reason is simply because in a short series the batters have not the opportunity to become acquainted with the pitchers.

IT is perhaps necessary to say that a pitcher, especially in an important game, is not a free agent. He is, as a rule, directed by his catcher. Very often, as in the case of the New York Giants, or the Philadelphia Athletics, he is instructed from the bench. But for the pitcher and catcher to know whether a fast ball or a curve ball is coming is not enough. The fielders must know, so that they may be set for the coming play, because a fast ball and a curve ball when hit will not behave the same. They will vary in speed and direction, and knowing in advance what is to be thrown, the fielders can make some more or less rational calculations as to where the ball will go when hit. This makes it necessary that the secret of the impending pitch shall not be locked in the breasts of catcher and pitcher but shall be communicated to infielders, and outfields. So it has come that when the signal for the coming ball is given to the pitcher it must also be flashed to the fielders.

IN the world's series of 1920, when Cleveland beat Brooklyn, the former stole the signals of the latter in a curious way. Toward the close of the third game, a Cleveland player had come to the conclusion that Kilduff, the Brooklyn second-baseman, was relaying the signals of the catcher to the fielders. Before each pitched ball he would pick up a handful of earth. Sometimes he would throw it in front of him, sometimes behind, his arm all the time swinging between his legs. There was a way to find out what Kilduff's signals were, and Speaker put it into effect. The next batter was instructed to wait out. On returning to the bench, he was able to report what every ball had been—whether a curve or a fast ball. The Kilduff signals were then compared, and fitted. The result was that Cleveland knew thereafter what every ball was to be, and, after dropping two games in Brooklyn, won the series outright when the conflict moved to Cleveland. The Clevelands, no doubt, believed that they had a better ball club, but they understood also that they won the series because each man, as he went to bat, knew what kind of ball to expect, because the signals had been stolen.

SOME months after the series, a Cleveland player met Kilduff, and, in reviewing the games, made the remark that a man on the Cleveland bench, after looking the games over for three days, had discovered Kilduff giving the signals. "It's all over now," he said, "and, of course, you change your signals everyyear, so there's no harm in telling you."

Kilduff stared for a moment, and then laughed: "Why, you're crazy! I never gave a signal. As a matter of fact, it was Ivy Oleson, our shortstop, who signalled the play."

So it was, and yet Cleveland had been able to get the signals from Kilduff, and had won the series largely on that account. The Cleveland observers learned nothing from Oleson. He was too well covered up. The truth was that, as Oleson gave the signal, Kilduff automatically repeated it. Instinctively he went through the movements of the shortstop, and thus betrayed to the Cleveland observers what they could not learn from Oleson.

UNCONSCIOUS signalling on the part of two catchers explained the remarkable hitting in a game last season between the Athletics and the Tigers. Rommel and Leonard were the opposing pitchers, and Perkins and Bassler were the catchers. They formed two of the best batteries in the league, and the catchers were so stealthy in slipping the signals that what happened was astounding. Philadelphia made eight home runs in the game, and, while Detroit made only one, the Detroit batters were lining out singles, doubles and triples as though they had been opposing some Mint Leaguer instead of one of the best pitchers in the American League. Both the star pitchers were knocked out of the box early in the game, but their successors fared no better. It seemed certain that the signals were being stolen, so both infields ceased relaying signals. The hitting continued, despite the fact that the catchers were so careful that it was with difficulty the pitchers could see what they were expected to do. The batting was pretty nearly an American League record, and it was not until months later that the mystery was explained by the coaches of the two teams.

THESE coaches had discovered in the same game the fact that the opposing catchers gave instinctive signals. When Perkins wanted a fast ball, he had an involuntary habit of moving his knees fast. When Bassler ordered a curve, he unconsciously brought his elbows forward, but they remained close to his side when a fast ball was expected. The remarkable thing is that these two sign-proof catchers should have been unveiled in the same day. Cleveland, as recorded, stole the Brooklyn signals, but Brooklyn might have stolen the Cleveland signals, too. Covaleskie, who won three out of the five Cleveland victories, is a spitball pitcher. Like all other spitballers, he tosses what baseball writers call "the moist delivery," or the "salivated slants." no offence than is necessary, because the spitter like the fade-away, is bad medicine for a pitcher's arm. When he didn't throw the spitter, he bluffed to throw it. He spat copiously in his glove, and turned the ball around in the ensuing puddle. But, when he bluffed, he did not turn it round so often, and this was the fact that the Brooklyn secret service might have noticed, but did not.

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The SPORTLIGHT by Grantland Rice

The Old Hop.

SPIKE was a wall-eyed geezer,
Long on the heavy eats.
No one took him for Caesar,
Plato, Shelley or Keats.
His brow was low as the cavern
Under the valley ground,
Low as the cellar tavern,
Where the dusty tongues are found.

BUT far away from the bread lines,
Star of a stirring game,
Spike had a grip on the headlines,
Known to a nation's fame.
At the big test he was the last one
To quiver or skid or flinch,
For Spike had a hop on his fast one
At "three and two" in a pinch.

WEARERS of rags or spangles,
Part of the long parade,
Life is replete with tangles,
Fate is a barricade.
But as rewards slip past one,
Held in the routine clinch,
How is the hop to your fast one
At "three and two" in a pinch?

TWENTY-ONE years ago Napoleon Lajoie, of Woonsocket and Philadelphia, set the top American League batting mark at .422. These figures have never been beaten, even with Cobb, Sisler and Speaker shooting at the target for many years. Cobb stopped within two points of the Lajoie trade mark in 1911, when he projected a .420 total, but Sisler still has the great chance to run up new figures. By a tidy coincidence, the Brown star had just climbed to the .422 altitude when he blew out a tire last week.

The Jaw and the Rib.

UPON what portion of the body does punishment fall with the heaviest effect—the jaw or the rib?

Here is one critic who thinks body punishment the worst of all. "When Willis stopped Fulton," he writes, "the latter could have beaten Miske and Brennan on the same night. When Willis broke a whole row of Fulton's ribs he knocked all the fight out of him for all time. O'Rourke had Fulton at his best that night. It is always safe to copper any fighter who gets his ribs cracked. Witness Sharkey, Lavigne, Fulton, etc. And while on this subject, Benny Leonard didn't get any ribs broken with Tendler, but he got well punched in the body and won't like it nearly so much the next time. When he meets Tendler again he won't forget this. And if Dempsey and Wills ever meet, the former will never forget that, either."

IT may be, also, that the wallop which Fulton took on the jaw from Dempsey didn't help him a lot. Fulton was nearer the top before his jaw got in the way than he has ever been since.

Half-Strides.

SOME magazine announces the discovery of a pigmy tribe in Venezuela that can't count over four. Our idea of nothing to do is to play one of these pigmies a game of golf for any substantial stake.

WE understand that certain college cheer leaders are now bent upon the discovery of a new set of exhilarating noises. We've had the hunch all along that the settlement of strikes and other internal disturbances would lead to even deeper trouble from another source.

The Argentine.

UNWILLING to pause with a near-discovery of the plesiosaurus, the Argentine continues its upward flight to fame. One Luis Angel Firpo contributed his share for a brief while, and then the Argentine polo team proved beyond any lingering doubt the coming power of our South American contemporary.

The Argentine four play polo to the final whirl, and it is no part of a certainty that even Milburn, Stoddard, Webb and Hitchcock could take their measure. There could be no greater international battle for the year than a meeting of these two great fours, who would present more action and competitive color than any other sportive entertainment of the season.

The Argentine, having arrived, will be heard from in even more distinct tones before many years have passed.

All this enterprising country needed was a fast, clean start and the impetus is now at hand to carry it a long, long way.

The Southern Open.

IN Sportville there are always a number of stalwart souls who are supposed to rise above the throng whenever a lot of bullion is waiting at the end of the charge.

There will be a big "money player" showdown for the Southern open golf championship at Nashville this week, when every leading pro. from the United States, with Duncan, Mitchell, Herd and Taylor from Great Britain, swing for a cut of the $5,000 deposit.

The golfer who succeeds in yielding the lowest score over the excellent Belle Meade course for 72 will be $1,500 richer than he was at the start, with corresponding values all down the line.

When you have Hagen, Sarazen, Barnes, Hutchison, Duncan, Mitchell, Taylor, Herd, Farrell, Brady and all the good ones working for this emolument, the general excitement should be worth going a long way to look at.

In fact, outside of one or two leading amateurs and John Black, the Belle Meade field will take even measure with the open at Skokie, with J. H. Taylor and Sandy Herd on hand to match the absence of Jones, Evans and Black.

The battle between Hagen and Sarazen, both great money players, will be one feature, but the golf played lately by George Duncan, Abe Mitchell and Jim Barnes will crowd even the British and American champions.

THERE seems to be a general agreement that Dempsey and Wills have an act capable of providing an interesting afternoon or evening, but beyond this no one appears to be highly excited about putting the show on. Most of the promoters are quite willing to let someone else work on the tangle for a while.

WHEN "Babe" Ruth cracked out twenty-nine home runs three years ago, he was supposed to have passed perfection, to have mounted the Mount Everest of Swat. Now, in the closing September drive, there is a veritable shoal left in the struggle to make forty or more. You can take this as a knock for the pitching, an improvement in the ball or a boost for the batting eye, just as you may feel about it. Or even go further, and bunch these various elements together.

TY Cobb soon will be looking forward to an old age of delection, when his once gaudy batting average will drop to such lowly depths as .371 or .374. He will be almost as bad off as John D. will be when he gets down to his last hundred million.

The Old Hop.

SPIKE was a wall-eyed geezer,
Long on the heavy eats.
No one took him for Caesar,
Plato, Shelley or Keats.
His brow was low as the cavern
Under the valley ground,
Low as the cellar tavern,
Where the dusty tongues are found.

BUT far away from the bread lines,
Star of a stirring game,
Spike had a grip on the headlines,
Known to a nation's fame.
At the big test he was the last one
To quiver or skid or flinch,
For Spike had a hop on his fast one
At "three and two" in a pinch.

WEARERS of rags or spangles,
Part of the long parade,
Life is replete with tangles,
Fate is a barricade.
But as rewards slip past one,
Held in the routine clinch,
How is the hop to your fast one
At "three and two" in a pinch?

Game Called

"GAME called"—where in the golden light
The bugle rolled the reveille,
The shadows creep where night falls deep
And taps has called the end of play.
The game is done, the score is in,
The final cheer and jeer have passed;
But in the night beyond the fight!
The player finds his rest at last.

"GAME called"—upon the field of play,
The dusk has come, the hour is late,
The fight is done and lost, or won,
The player files out through the gate.
The tumult dies, the cheer is hushed,
The stands are bare, the park is still;
But through the night there shines the light
Of home beyond the silent hill.

Just a Moment.

"An eighteen-hole golf course has been completed and put in perfect shape in the heart of an African forest, within the zone of a wild animal range."—News Note.

I RARELY mind where traps yawn blind
Or bunkers guard my shot,
And slugging golf balls out of grass
I deem no fearful lot.
But when I'm stymied by a lion,
Or, pitching from a glen,
I find a boa constrictor curled—
That's something else again.

I DON'T care how a course is trapped
Or where the hazards rove,
I'll swing until my niblick blade
Is hotter than the stove.
But when one needs a well-cut pitch
Where snarling leopards crawl,
I find it very hard to keep
My orb upon the ball.

I LIKE the grand old Scottish game,
It brings me quite a thrill,
But when a rhino charges me
While flying at the pill,
Or pythons wiggle by the cup
From May on through October,
I might get in two rounds a day—
But not if I were sober.

The Money Players.

YOU hear quite a bit now and again about the great money players of the game.

In this connection the Southern Open Golf Championship at Nashville should supply a lot of inside information.

When you get Hagen, Sarazen, Duncan, Mitchell, Barnes, Hutchison, Taylor, Herd, Brady and nearly all the other good ones into one inclosure and let them start shooting for a split of $5,000 the evidence should be well-nigh conclusive.

This field will, in the way of class, be second only to the open championship with the richest financial rewards that golf has ever known.

From the seventy-two-hole medal test over the fine Belle Meade course, the winner will take away no less than $1,500. Second place will yield $1,000, with third place good for $750.

When you get most of the greatest professional golfers in the world shooting at a gold mine there should be enough action to last through the rest of the Winter and then carry on beyond the first buds of another Sprng.

Hagen and Sarazen.

THERE nas been an unusually large output of conversation as to how Hagen, British champion, and Sarazen, American champion, compare.

They are to meet at seventy-two holes, medal play, over Belle Meade, a testing course, and later at twenty-two holes of match play in Pittsburg and New York.

This 144-hole test at both styles of golf warfare should be fairly conclusive.

Both have proved their excellence at both match and medal play. The next fortnight should help to settle a number of arguments—for ten or fifteen minutes anyway.

WITHIN the same period the two Jesses—Sweetser and Guilford—will have the pleasure of another joust. The amateur champion of 1921 and his conqueror at Brokline for 1922 meet at Pipling Rock in the Leslie Cup series. It would be hard to imagine a finer match anywhere or a more interesting psychological test.

WE used to think there was such a thing as being overplayed in certain sports. But Mrs. Mallory has proved that we are wrong. Still, the first heavy snowfall must come as quite a relief.

HAVING completed the circles once, Benny Leonard is now practicing quick starts to make the circuit again. The curtain is lifted on Charley White, with the main climax saved for Lew Tendler. At least no one can accuse Leonard of shoving his crown into one of the back closets. Nor of picking any soft spots upon which to light in case a torpedo ever reaches his chin.

DEMPSEY'S ambition is to be able to fight as many times in a year as Leonard does in a month.

Difference in Games.

THE wide difference between golf and tennis as fixed sciences of fixed arts, in the way of standard form, is shown by championship results.

Tilden wins three tennis championships in a row. No golfer in the country has been able to win as many as two successive amateur championships since Travers bagged his brace nine years ago.

The best tennis player one week is pretty sure to be the best one next month.

The best golfer one week may be beaten by eight or ten others two weeks later.

L. P. H.—Willie Keeler in 1897 hit safely in forty-four consecutive games when he was stopped by Frank Killen at Baltimore.

For "Quality"



Call for them by name,
It is your safeguard.

33

WIRELESS BUREAU FOR THE AMATEUR OPERATOR

ENTERED in the receiving set contest at the recent radio convention there was a sample of every type and style of radio receiver known to science, with the possible exception of the old fashioned coherer set. There were sets built in every kind of a receptacle from a watch case to a Victrola cabinet, and sets varying in size from a match box to a steamer trunk. Needless to say, many ingenious dodges in set building were uncovered and many freak sets were displayed. Amid such a bewildering variety, the judges experienced considerable difficulty in picking six winners, three for the vacuum tube class and three for the crystal class. Yet when their decisions had been announced, it was found in every case that they passed up the "freak" sets in favor of sets that were, perhaps, a trifle less handsome from a furniture dealer's point of view, but, nevertheless, more conventionel in design and more reliable in operation from a radio engineer's point of view.

The winner of the first prize in the vacuum tube receiving set class was Mr. A. H. Keith Russell, president of the Wireless Association of Ontario. His set, which he has kindly given us permission to describe in detail, consists of a three-circuit regenerative receiver, using Groves coils, a vacuum tube dectector, and a three-step audio frequency amplifier.

A front view of the set is shown in diagram 1. It is contained in a mahogany cabinet sixteen inches long, thirteen inches high, and eight inches deep. All the instruments, with the exception of the Groves coils and inductance mounting, are arranged on the front panel, which is one-eighth inch condensite - celoron. The Groves coils and the inductance mounting are placed in a horizontal position on the top of the cabinet, thus economizing in space on the front panel.

The panel can be divided into two main sections, the tuning and detecting section, and the amplifying section. The tuning and detecting section occupies the top half, and the amplifying section the bottom half. The arrangement of the instruments on these two sections is shown in diagram 1. At the very top, mounted on the top of the cabinet, there is the inductance coil mounting. Across the upper portion of the panel there are four knobs and dials. The left-hand knob controls the primary condenser; the righ-hand knob controls the secondary condenser, with vernier attachment; the top-centre knob controls a small variometer in the plate circuit, and the knob immediately below this one controls the detecting tube rheostat. The vernier attachment on the secondary variable condenser consists of a small two-plate variable condenser connected in series with the larger condenser in such a way that one revolution of 180 degrees on the vernier equals a movement of one or two degrees on the main condenser. In this way very fine tuning is made possible. Special variable condensers can be purchased with this vernier attachment incorporated in their make-up. The detecting tube rheostat is the Bradleystat type, which permits a very fine adjustment of the filament voltage. Mr. Russell finds this a great advantage over the more usual type of rheostat, especially when it is used in conjunction with soft detecting tubes, such as are at present on the market. To the right of the detector rheostat there is a small hole in the panel for observing the filament brilliance of the detector tube. Immediately below the detector rheostat there is a telephone jack for plugging the phones into the detector circuit.

The lower half of the panel, on which the amplifying outfit is mounted, contains three observation holes, three filament rheostats, and three telephone jacks. The observation holes are placed in a row across the central portion of the panel. Directly below each observation hole there is a filament rheostat. To the right of each rheostat is a telephone jack. All the telephone jacks are of the automatic filament lighting variety, so that when the phone plug is placed in any jack, all the filaments up as far as it, are automatically lighted. All the binding posts and connections are at the back of the cabinet.

In diagram 2 is shown the arrangement of the instruments on the back of the panel. A is the inductance coil mounting, B the plate variometer, C the detecting tube, D the 0.001 microfarad primary variable condenser, E the 0.0005 mfd. secondary variable condenser, G the detector rheostat, H. the amplifying rheostats, J the amplifying tubes, and K the amplifying transformers. In order to prevent mutual inductive effects between these transformers, they are all placed as far apart from each other as possible, and each one is mounted at right angles to the preceding one. All the connections are made with No. 14 wire and the joints are well soldered.

The hook-up for the complete set is shown in diagram 3. P is the primary coil, S the secondary coil, and T the tickler coil. These coils are wound on bakelite tubes 5¼ inches in diameter, and 1 inch wide. For the broadcasting wavelengths P should contain about 10 turns of No. 24 cotton-covered wire, S about 25 turns, and T about 15 turns. D is a 0.001 mfd. variable condenser. E is a 0.0005 mfd. variable condenser with vernier attachment, and Y a combined grid condenser and gridleak.

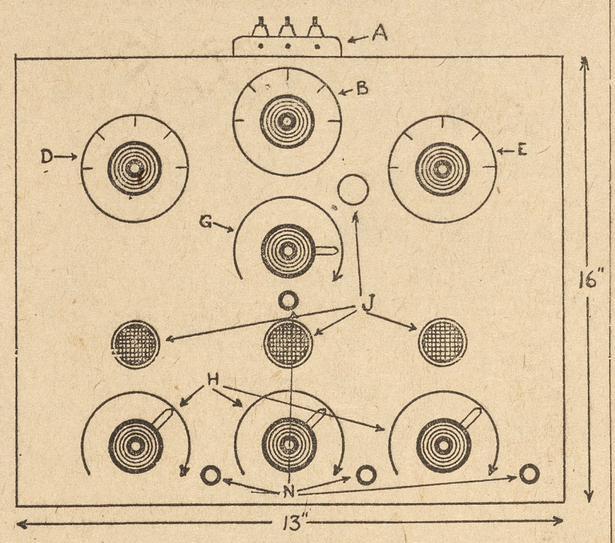


DIAGRAM 1.
Front view of the receiving set.

A—Coil mounting.
B—Variometer.
D—Primary condenser.
E—Secondary condenser.
G and H—Rheostats.
J—Observation holes.
N—Telephone jacks.

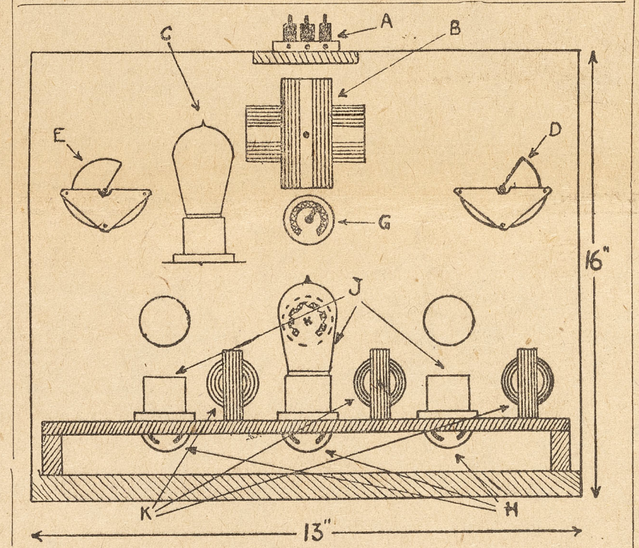


DIAGRAM 2.
Back view of the receiving set, showing arrangement of the apparatus.

C is the detecting tube and G the detecting tube rheostat. B is the plate variometer. The rotor of this variometer should consist of about 32 turns of No. 22 cotton-covered wire, wound on a tube three and one-eighth inches in diameter, and two inches wide, and the stator should consist of 40 turns of No. 22 wire wound on a tube four inches in diameter and three inches wide. W are the telephone jacks, K the amplifying transformers, J the amplifying tubes. H the amplifying tube rheostats, and R the phones. L is a 6-volt storage battery, and M a 45-volt B battery, tapped at 22½ volts for the plate of the detecting tube.

Not only is this set pleasing in appearance, but also it is exceedingly efficient in operation. The mere fact that it took first prize at the convention is sufficient guarantee as to its reliability, and Mr. Russell is to be commended for his handiwork.

The A. R. R. L. Trans-Atlantic Tests—1922.
(Contributed.)

The third series of Trans-Atlantic Amateur Tests will be conducted by the American Radio Relay League in co-operation with the radio amateurs of England, France and Holland.

The tests will be conducted from December 12th to December 31st, 1922, inclusive. During the first ten days of the tests, American and Canadian amateurs will transmit signals for reception by the radio amateurs of the European countries. Those of the American and Canadian transmitters making the best records as determined by reception reports from the European amateurs, will be used to transmit the results of reception by American and Canadian radio amateurs when the English and French radio amateurs are transmitting.

For the first time in the history of amateur radio, American and Canadian amateurs will have an opportunity to demonstrate their skill in receiving amateur signals from across the Atlantic. As a result of the success of the A. R. R. L. Trans-Atlantic Tests of last December, when thirty radio amateur transmitters succeeded in bridging the Atlantic, the French Government has permitted the issuance of several amateur transmitting licenses, while the British Post Office Department has issued a special permit to the Wireless Society of Manchester to use a power of 1,000 watts of continuous wave energy for the express purpose of establishing amateur radio communication with the amateurs of the United States.

The American and Canadian members of the American Radio Relay League are highly optimistic in reviewing their chance of hearing the British amateurs using this amount of power, since several American amateurs using less than 500 watts of C. W. energy were heard by Paul F. Godley, who was sent over for the tests by the A. R. R. L., and who was stationed at Ardrosson, Scotland.

Mr. Godley is arranging to establish his record-breaking receiver at some point on the north Atlantic coast during the coming tests, with the idea of copying signals from the European amateur stations.

A series of preliminary tests, for the purpose of determining what American and Canadian transmitters shall be given a place in the final tests with an individual schedule and code letters, will be conducted from October 25th to November 3rd, inclusive.

To qualify for the final tests a transmitter must cover a distance of at least 1,200 air line miles during the preliminary tests.

The preliminary tests will cover a period of two and one-half hours (9.30 p.m. to midnight, Central Standard Time) each night, which is divided into ten periods of fifteen minutes each. Transmission will take place by inspection districts. One district will transmit at a time, and all others will remain silent endeavoring to copy as many of the transmitting stations as possible. After the tests each night, the receiving stations are to send a confirming record to all transmitters at a distance of 1,200 air line miles or over. When filing application for entry in the final tests, a transmitter shall include at least one 1,200-mile record, or show documentary evidence that its signals have reached out 1,200 air line miles during the months of September or October.

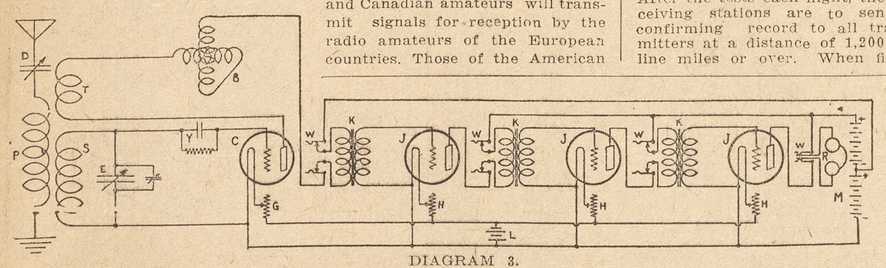


DIAGRAM 3.
Complete hook-up for receiver and three step amplifier. A series-parallel condenser switch should be added to the primary circuit for easiest tuning.

THE PROFESSOR'S CORNER.

This department is conducted for the benefit of all amateurs who desire to ask questions pertaining to radio. Not more than three questions can be answered for each correspondent, and no letters can be answered by mail unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

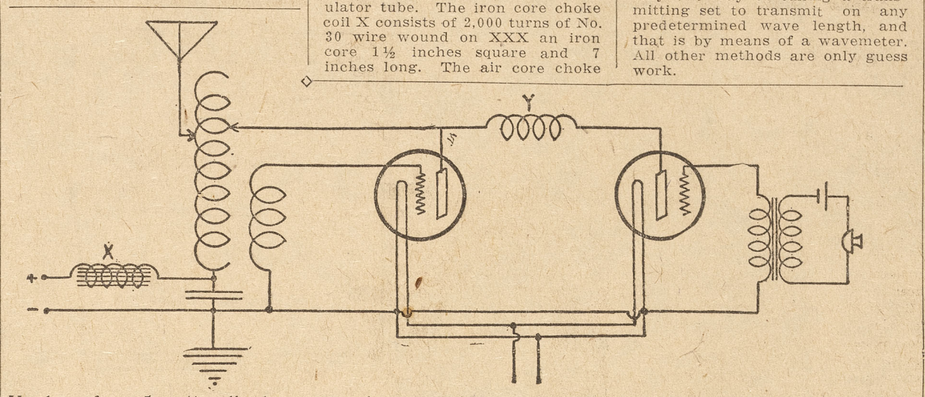
Radiobugologist (Toronto)—1. Sorry your answer was delayed. The 50-watt English transmitting tube you enquired about was purchased several years ago from the Ediswan Electric Co., Ponders End, Middlesex, England, at a cost of £1, 2s, 6d (about $5.50). C.W. (Toronto)—1. Yes, we believe it might be possible to use the I.C.W. hook-up shown in The Toronto Sunday World on September 10th for a valve transmitter employing an amplifying tube as the oscillator and a medical coil instead of a spark coil as the high voltage plate supply. The output of the set would, of course, be considerably reduced.

G. S. (Hamilton).—1. The 50-watt input transmitting tubes you enquired about were sold several years ago by the Ediswan Electric Co., Ponders End, Middlesex, England, for £1 2s. 6d each (about $5.50). 2. To get maximum output from these tubes a plate potential of 1,000 volts was required.

G.S. (Hamilton)—1. Elsewhere on this page you will find the hook-up for a 5-watt radiophone transmitter using a separate modulator tube. The iron core choke coil X consists of 2,000 turns of No. 30 wire wound on XXX an iron core 1½ inches square and 7 inches long. The air core choke coil Y consists of a two hundred turn honeycomb or duo-lateral coil.

2. The best place to put a telegraph key in a small C. W. set is in one of the high voltage plate supply leads.

J. S. B. (Simcoe). 1. There is only one way of tuning a transmitting set to transmit on any predetermined wave length, and that is by means of a wavemeter. All other methods are only guess work.



Hook-up for a 5-watt radiophone set, using one tube as an oscillator and one tube as a modulator.

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TELL ENGLAND

Continued from Page Eight.

each of us in turn, obviously suiting his words to his reading of our separate characters. He turned on me, and said:

"You see, Rupert. Confession is simply the consecration of your own natural instinct—the instinct to unburden yourself to one who waits with love and a gift of forgiveness—the instinct to have someone in the world who knows exactly all that you are. You realize that you are utterly lonely, as long as you are acting a part before all the world. But your loneliness goes when you know of at least one to whom you stand revealed."

As he said it, my whole soul seemed to answer "Yes."

"It's so," he continued. "Christianity from beginning to end is the consecration of human instincts."

So warmed up was he to his subject that he brought out his next arguments like an exultant player leading honor after honor from a hand of trumps. He slapped me triumphantly on the knee, and brought out his ace:

"The Christ-idea is the consecration of the instinct to have a visible, tangible hero for a god."

Again he slapped me on the knee, and said:

"The Mass is the consecration of the instinct to have a place and a time and an Objective Presence, where one can touch the hem of His garment and worship."

That was his king. He emphasized his final argument on my knee more triumphantly than ever.

"And confession is the consecration of the instinct to unburden your soul; to know that you are not alone in your knowledge of yourself; to know that at a given moment, by a definite sacrament, your sins are blotted away, as though they had never been."

His victorious contention, by its very impulse, carried its colors into my heart. I yielded to his conviction that Catholic Christianity held all the honors. But I fancy I had wanted to capitulate, before ever the attack began.

"By Jove," I said. "I never saw things like that before."

"Of course you didn't," he snapped.

Having broken through my front, he was re-marshalling his arguments into a new formation, ready to bear down upon Doe, when that spirited youth, who alone did any counter-attacking, assumed the initiative, and assaulted Monty with the words:

"It's no good. If I made my confession to a priest who'd been my friend, I'd never want to see him again for shame. I'd run round the corner, if he appeared in the street."

"On the contrary," said Monty, "you'd run to meet him. You'd know that you were dearer to him than you could possibly have been if you had never gone to him in confession. You'd know that your relations after the sacred moment of confession were more intimate than ever before."

I saw Doe's defence crumbling beneath this attack. I knew he would instantly want these intimate relations to exist between Monty and himself. Monty, subtly enough, had borne down on that part of Doe's make-up which was most certain to give way—his yielding affectionateness.

And, while Doe remained silent and thoughtful, Monty attacked with a new weight of argument at a fresh point—Doe's love of the heroic.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that, if you've gone the whole way with your sins, it's up to a sportsman to go the whole way with his confession. And anybody knows that it's much more difficult to confess to God through a priest than in the privacy of one's own room. It's difficult, but it's the grand thing; and so it appeals to an heroic nature more."

"Yes, I see that," assented Doe.

Monty said nothing further for a while, as if hoping we would declare our decision without any prompting from him. But we were shy and silent; and at last he asked:

"Well, what's the decision?"

"I'll come to you," I said, "if you'll show me how to do it all."

He replied nothing. I believe he was too happy to speak. Then he turned to Doe.

"Gazelle, what about you?"

And Doe said one of those engaging things that only he could utter:

"I imagine I ought to do it for love of Our Lord. But s'posing I know that isn't the real motive—s'posing I feel that someone has been sent into my life to put it right, and I do it rather for—for him?"

There Monty was beaten. Doe's meaning was too plain; and the rich prize it threw at Monty's feet too overwhelming. The only answer he could give was: "You must try and link it to love for the Higher One."

"All right," said Doe, simply. "I'll try."

A silence of unusual length followed. The noise of the ship going through the water, and the beat of the engines, assumed the monopoly of sound. Doe and I were thinking of the thorny and troublesome path of confession, which in a few days we must traverse. And Monty indicated what his thoughts were by the remark with which he prepared to close that night's conversation under the stars.

"The two cardinal dogmas of my faith are——"

"The Mass and confession," I volunteered, in a flash of impudence.

"Don't interrupt, you rude little cub. They are these. Just as there is more beauty in nature than ugliness, so there is more goodness in humanity than evil, and more happiness in the world than sorrow. . . .

"Now and then one is allowed a joy that would outweigh years of disappointment. You two pups have given me one of those joys to-night. It's my task to make this voyage your Vigil; and a perfect Vigil. It's all inexpressibly dear to me. I'm going to send you down the gangway when you go ashore to this crusade—properly absolved by your Church. I'm going to send you into the fight—white."

(To be Continued.)

Nature
By Caltha

QUITE a new guest presented himself some few days ago. He was found in a tank in the shop of a plumber, and was brought to me as a "fearsome beastie," and "what was his name"? Never having met him before, I was at a loss, and so asked the aid of that great helper of knowledge to the ignorant, Mr. Charles Nash, than whom, no one can tell better of the lives of our small brothers and sisters in nature, who are quite as valuable as we, in the great scheme of creation, whatever we ourselves in our arrogance may think.

From what I learned the creature in question is a Myriopod—that is many legged—and his particular name is Cermatia forceps, or house centipede. It also has the name of skein centipede, because when it lies motionless or is crushed its many long legs make it look like a tangle of thread.

It has spread northward from its southern home, and was first found in Toronto about fifteen years ago. It is a long, slim, shiny, wormy creature, sometimes more than an inch in length. On its head are two very, very long antennae (feelers), along its jointed body are fifteen pairs of legs, the end pair very much longer than the rest and with hooks on the tips.

Very powerful are its jaws, for securing its victims, which consist of flies, moths and chiefly those very reprehensible insects—cockroaches. It pounces on its victims, and strong indeed must they be to escape their fate.

It is not pretty to look at, but is a valuable accessory to the household, where roaches and the vermin of darkness and damp may have intruded.

Like the spider it is not an insect, but is nearer to the crustacean tribe. It is not harmfull to food or clothing, and so may safely be allowed the freedom of the home, and should be protected and not distroyed, although its looks are against it.

Its bite may be slightly poisonous—but so are the stings and bites of many insects that we are not afraid of—but not at all serious like the wound made by its giant brother of the tropics.

So if any of my readers meet with this uncanny looking little animal, let not a hasty hand of fear terminate its life when its business is to work for the human against the pests that man (and woman) abhors. "He who hath humanity, forwarned will step aside and let the reptile (or myriopod) live."

VALUE OF COMMAS.

A school inspector was putting questions to the scholars concerning punctuation when the local mayor, a pompous individual, who was visiting the school, interrupted with the remark: "It is foolish to bother about commas and such-like."

The inspector flushed. Turning to one of the boys he bade him write on the blackboard, 'The Mayor of Blanktown says the inspector is a fool." "Now," he continued, "put a comma after Blanktown and another after inspector."

The mayor kept quiet after that.

TAKE 'EM YOURSELF.

Advice is like castor oil—it is one thing to prescribe it and another to take it.



GONE ARE THE DAYS

By W. E. HILL.

Copyright 1922, by The Chicago Tribune.



Snappy member of the force holding up traffic (one hansom cab) while three little maid of the vintage of 1896 hurry along to school.

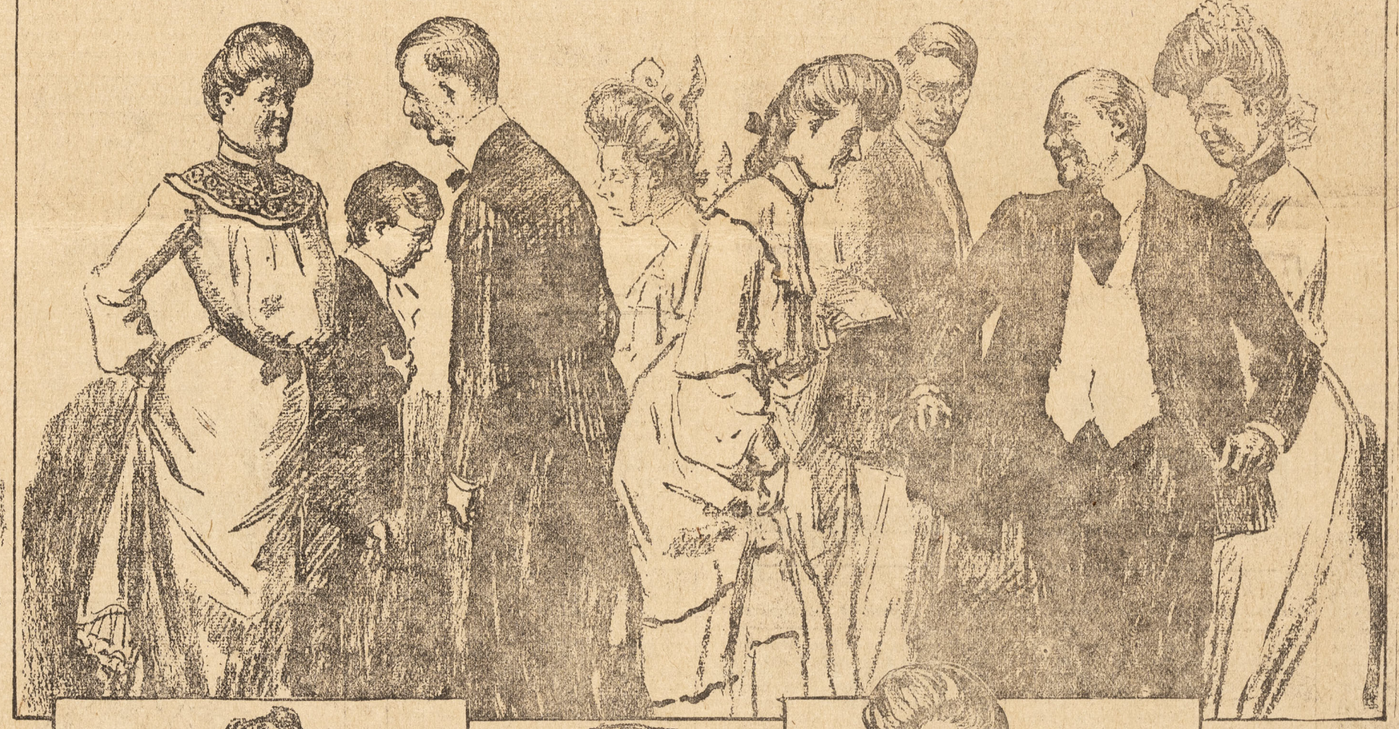


The watchful chaperon of the golden days was on the job every moment. When a young man finished dancing the young lady was brought straight over to her chaperon and sat down. Nowadays—!!



A prima donna in her automobile—all ready to be admired. Back in the golden days this would have been considered a pretty smart getup. And she would have referred to the car as her "bubble."





"Salute partners! Balance to corners!" The Saturday night dancing at the summer resort used to be pretty doggy, especially the last moment set of lancers composed of those volunteers who hadn't danced for a long while but would do their best.





The unfortunate boy whose mamma aimed at beauty in all things. The suit was black velvet and the curls mouse color. The boy's spirits were very drab.



Athletic girl of some twenty-odd years ago, all dressed up for tennis. The pompadour used to flop up and down dreadfully.



(RIGHT) The comical fella who used to wear the button bearing the legend, "Wink if you love me." Some days it would be "Tell your troubles to a policeman." Many's the time he used to call "Ice wagon!" after a bicyclist, thereby simply convulsing the high school girls.

Gone are the young ladies who used to swish loudly when they went by—likewise the beauties who used what was known as the kangaroo walk.

(RIGHT) Eighteen-ninety-seven picked beauty helping along with the Wellesley daisy chain.

Automotive Section **The Toronto Sunday World** Automotive Section

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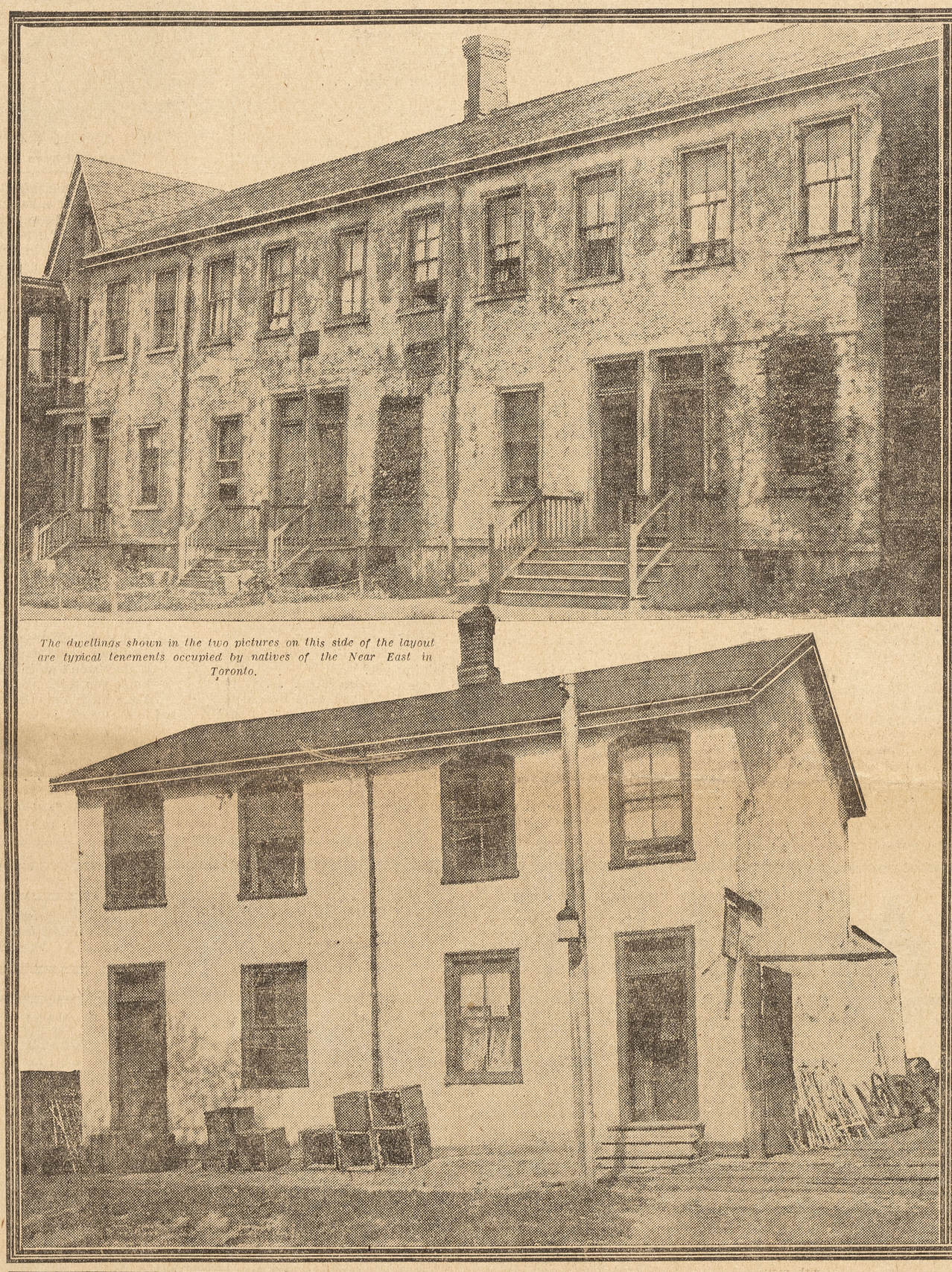
THE NEAR-EAST IN OUR MIDST

By Rev. J. Russell MacLean, M.A., Rector of St. John's Garrison Church



The dwellings shown in the two pictures on this side of the layout are typical tenements occupied by natives of the Near East in Toronto.



The upper picture shows Joseph Achmet, a sterling type of Albanian resident in Toronto. The Albanians, unlike the Turks, spend here the money they earn in Toronto, and mean to become permanent citizens of the Dominion. Below is seen Rev. J. Russell MacLean, M.A., author of this article, who, as rector of St. John's Garrison Church, wields a powerful influence among the most cosmopolitan population of the foreign district of the city.



THE Turk, as I knew him, is a peculiar composition of contradictions. He is an honorable gentleman, proud, brave and courteous to the last degree, but withal, a barbarian who will show neither pity nor mercy to the meanest captive when his religious fanaticism is aroused. It is paradoxical that a race which can be capable of perpetrating some of the worst atrocities known to history should also have given to the world that sublime doctrine of chivalry which has cast a glamor of romance over mediaeval Europe that time has not dimmed.

Prior to the outbreak of the Great War there was a large Turkish colony in Toronto. I believe that it numbered four hundred men or more. As it was situated exclusively in Stewart and Portland Streets, it came within the limits of St. John's parish and, therefore, it was my privilege to work for some years among the Turks in our city. In full justice to them I may write that it never was my good fortune to meet with a more courteous race of men or one that showed a greater appreciation for the work done to help them.

As I remember the Turk in our midst he was noted for two outstanding characteristics; first, his kindliness of spirit; secondly, his innate aloofness which kept him apart from the life of the community. The Turk never had a thought of becoming a part of the national life of Canada. He was here merely for monetary reasons. His whole ambition was to save sufficient money to permit him to return to his native land a wealthy man. Although he considered himself purely a transient, he yet was filled with an insatiable curiosity regarding the social conditions, system of government and the traditions of the land to which he came as such a flitting resident.

When I organized night classes among the members of the Turkish colony to teach them English, I was struck by the keen interest which they showed in everything pertaining to Canada and the British Empire. Literature particularly claimed their attention. Doubtless it would amuse, if not astonish, many Canadians to read of the books which we studied. There was Shakespeare, Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped," and Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." We also used readers of the first grade, Public school.

It will be appreciated that our studies began under grave difficulties. Of course, I could speak no Turkish tongue, and my "pupils" knew practically no English. Fortunately, Ahmed, the head man of the colony, knew a smattering of English, and our night class began under his interpretation. Imagine, if you can, a room, bare but for the cheapest of deal chairs, a rude table, part of which was littered with cheap, white dishes, and at the end of it stood a small blackboard. Yet the men who gathered to receive my instruction did their honors with a simple grace which would not have been out of place in a palace.

When I entered they rose, remained standing until I was seated, and in a thousand little ways paid courtesies which only a man born one of nature's gentlemen could do. I remember once I called a class and there was a newcomer present. Unlike the other members of the colony, who came from Stamboul, he previously had lived in an inland spot in the Ottoman Empire. He did not rise as I entered, and Ahmed, the head man, directed a volley of words at him which quickly brought the offender to his feet with profuse apologies. Ahmed and his companions would tolerate nothing which did not bespeak extreme courtesy and consideration.

TURKISH COURTESY.

I REMEMBER one other occasion which proved somewhat embarassing, but which, withal, gave me a fine example of Turkish courtesy. I arrived unexpectedly one evening at one of their houses and I found just inside the door two weak-mouthed white women. They were talking to a couple of the younger men in the house when I walked past. Ahmed and the others who were in the front room immediately rose and stood until I had seated myself; then Ahmed, with a word of apology, left the room. I saw him go straight to where the women were standing at the door. "It is not right that you should be here now," he said, and bowed them into the street. Throughout it all the other members of the house gave no indication that any untoward incident had happened.

When I recall this incident I do not do so with any motive of impugning the morals of the Turks. When left by themselves they in no way sought to molest or bother white women. It was only when women of a certain degraded type sought them out that they ever troubled about the opposite sex. It is true, however, that they were poor Mohammedans, for they by no means followed the rules of the Koran. I know personally that they had some fearful drinking orgies, but even when they indulged in these there never were any fights or troubles such as all too frequently followed in the wake of similar bouts held in the Bulgarian or Polish colonies. The Turk, even when in his cups, never forgot his natural courtesy.

Several times when I paid an unexpected visit to the colony I have found them indulging in a beer orgy. These bouts usually took place on a Saturday night, when one house would subscribe sufficient funds to buy a barrel of beer. Then there would be high revel until it was consumed; but no matter how hard the drinking was, whenever I entered the house they would gravely rise and treat me with the greatest of courtesy. Once or twice I attempted to question Ahmed as to why he countenanced these orgies. He always met my questions with a bland smile, but, apparently, his English, which was quite fluent at other times, would fail him when he tried to explain this moral delinquency.

Ahmed is a character which always will remain fresh in my mind. He was a typical Turk, a fine, upstanding man with a keen intelligence and a remarkable understanding. Like many of his fellows in the colony, he was a natural musician, a poet and a dreamer. He and one of his friends frequently used to give a concert. They would play old folk airs, passages from the best-known operas and other classical compositions, and they would interpret them with a soul of understanding which made them ravishing. Some of my happiest recollections are those of when I used to sit in Ahmed's home and listen to the concerts that he gave.

A COURTEOUS BARBARIAN.

OF the inherent goodness in Turkish character I could write much. During my many years of intimacy with the members of the Turkish colony I have seen many illustrations of this. They were quick to respond to any appeal made to them, and they were passionately fond of children. Ahmed himself was a married man and he had a wife and two children in Stamboul. He and many of his fellows attracted the children of their neighborhood, and it was nothing unusual to see a number of little ones playing about in front of their homes. A child is usually a keen judge of character, and when one considers the many fine points of Turkish character it is difficult in the extreme to associate the cruel, pitiless streak which mars it.

There is not the slightest doubt, however, that much of what has been written of Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor and the Balkans is absolutely true. The Turk is foremost a man of deep religious convictions. His religion teaches him that it is a duty to slay the infidel and to spare not the sword. He does so with a keen relish that can spring only from a religious fanaticism of the deepest sort. I remember not so long ago reading a passage from the autobiography of a well-known traveller in the East. He wrote of journeying through Macedonia with a Turk, whom he described as a "most perfect Eastern gentleman." When they came to a turn in a pass which overlooked a smiling valley, the Turk pointed it out to his companion. "I helped to massacre 5,000 people there one time," he remarked, and he seemed quite pleased over the recollection. Despite all his arguments, the traveller could not bring the Turk to realize that he had done anything wrong by this wholesale slaughter. He looked upon the victims of his ruthlessness as "Christian dogs" — a human pest which should be exterminated.

It was one of my duties to try and eradicate this ferocious viewpoint from the members of our Turkish colony; but I fear I made a dismal failure. Though law-abiding and courteous to everyone, I knew that no sooner would the members of the colony return to their native land again, than old doctrines and old prejudices would be awakened. Several times I argued the point with Ahmed, but he met all my arguments with true Oriental stolidness. "What is must be," he would reply; "Allah is great; his word is law."

One of my doctrines invariably has been that a clergyman must minister to his parish. Humanity, the great work of bettering mankind, had not to do with creeds nor churches. I work among people of all religions, if I believe that I may be able to aid them, to do some little good. I knew that the Turks were poor Mohammedans, that they did not follow the teachings of the prophet in many ways. I attempted to bring them closer to Christian teachings by identifying them with the Church. Here I was to meet with yet another failure; but this time it was not through the stubbornness nor lack of appreciation of the Turks themselves. Opposition came on the part of a couple of the older members of St. John's, since gone from the church. They were quite willing to subscribe to the missionary funds so long as Christianity was to be taught in foreign lands; but they were not willing to give a practical expression to that Christianity by ministering to the heathen in their own parish. Such is the peculiar interpretation which some professed Christians put upon the teachings of the Gospels!

So strong was the opposition of those I have mentioned to bringing the Turks near the church that I had to abandon the idea. But I did so with a mental reservation that I should reopen the question at a future time. That time never came. In a few months the entire Turkish colony had vanished. I always have believed that the Turks in Toronto had forewarning of the outbreak of war. They vanished silently and without a trace. First Ahmed went. When I asked after him, I was told vaguely that he had left for the United States. A few weeks later I was informed that he was back in Turkey. When I next went to make inquiries, I discovered that the entire colony had left. I do not say that all fled the city, for the Albanian colony appeared to grow remarkably fast in a few weeks. There was likewise a pronounced increase in the ranks of the Armenians. But I believe that the greater number of Turks managed to make their way back to Turkey before hostilities commenced.

AN UNKNOWN MASSACRE.

IT would be impossible to write of the Turks without mentioning other races which form that cockpit of Europe known as the Balkans. The Albanians I have always looked upon as our finest immigrants from Southern Europe. Although many of them are Mohammedans, they come to Canada with the idea of becoming a part of the nation. Unlike the Turk, they are not here purely for the purpose of acquiring wealth. They look upon Canada as the land of their adoption and their future home. They quickly assimilate. The Albanians are an excellent people. Physically they are just as fine a specimen of manhood as the Turk and they have inherited the same qualities of honesty and courteousness. Also they are a brave people and fine fighters. In the old days of the Ottoman Empire, the Janizaries, the bodyguard of the Sultan, was recruited from the Albanians.

To give an illustration of the pluck, perseverance and thrift of the Albanian immigrant, I might mention the case of Joseph Achmet, who at present conducts a thriving grocery store only a few blocks from my rectory. He came to Canada some years ago with little, if any, money. He was an ardent upholder of Albanian independence, even if he is a Mohammedan, and when he left Albania he did so in the dark of the night and a fugitive from the Turkish administrators of his country. To-day he has one of the finest grocery businesses in the parish and is steadily making money. During the dark days of war he proved to be a staunch friend of Britain and of his own country, and so well did he work to secure Albanian independence that his name was brought to the Albanian authorities. His boy was an officer in the Albanian army.

Although much has been written both for and against the Armenians, I have always found them an honest and upright people; and I have the greatest of admiration for their national stamina. Despite massacres and Turkish atrocities, they cling stubbornly to their national instincts and ambitions.

Several well authenticated stories of Armenian massacres have come to my attention. Some of them far surpass anything which has been published for sheer brutality and wanton slaughter. One story, which impressed me greatly, I had from the lips of a survivor of a hill massacre which never was known to the Western world. He lived in what once was a village of a thousand people. One night they lay down to sleep in fancied security. Then the night was hideous with yells, shots and the breaking in of doors. A troop of Turks suddenly had descended upon them. Houses were set ablaze and as the unfortunate people awoke, and still dazed with sleep, they were shot down as they tried to escape. The barbarous attackers paid no heed to age or sex. Little children were thrown back into their burning homes and frail women and aged men were massacred without pity. When the morning dawned, of the entire population of what a few hours before was a happy, prosperous village of 1,000 souls, only a bare fifty escaped. Their homes were nothing but blackened ruins, their loved ones were shot down like mad dogs and they themselves were refugees among hills searched by implacable enemies. It would be impossible here to write of the adventures and privations of this band of refugees as told to me by one of the survivors. Suffice it to say that after many had perished from the rigors of climate and ravages of disease, they managed to make their way to safety. My informant left the country of his birth forever and came to Canada, where now he lives in peace and without fear of Turkish cruelty and their murderous assaults.

When one remembers that for centuries the history of the Armenian race has been one of bloodshed and persecution, one cannot but admire them for the tenacious way in which they have endured their evil fortune and clung stubbornly to both their religion and their dreams of national unity.

THE UNCOUTH BULGARIAN.

OF the Bulgarian I need write but little here. As a people they lack the fine qualities of the Turks and the Albanians and they do not assimilate as do the Armenians. My experience with the Bulgarians has been anything but happy. They are both sulky and stubborn, and they can be discourteous in the extreme. I remember one night when they were making a great deal of noise in the park, which adjoins the rectory ground, I went over to them and requested that they conduct themselves in a way more becoming to the land in which they lived. They paid no attention to my request and it was not until I threatened them with police proceedings that they moved away.

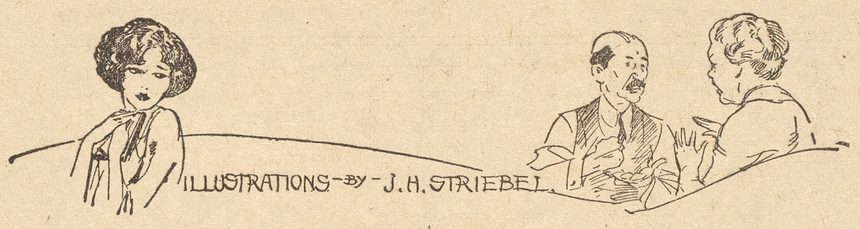
On the other hand, I had a somewhat similar experience with the Turks, but it terminated with the greatest of harmony. It happened one evening when there was illness in the rectory. A party of Turks were sitting in the park playing their concertinas. I went over to them and explained that owing to illness, I would appreciate very much if they would discontinue their concert. Not only did they do it at once, but they apologized most profusely for the trouble to which they had unwittingly put me.

I believe that in the contrast between these two incidents is shown the fundamental difference between Bulgarian and Turkish character.

I do not mean to intimate that all Bulgarians are sulky, ill-tempered people; but I can truthfully say that they have caused

Continued on Page Eight.

THE POTTERS



By J. P. McEVOY

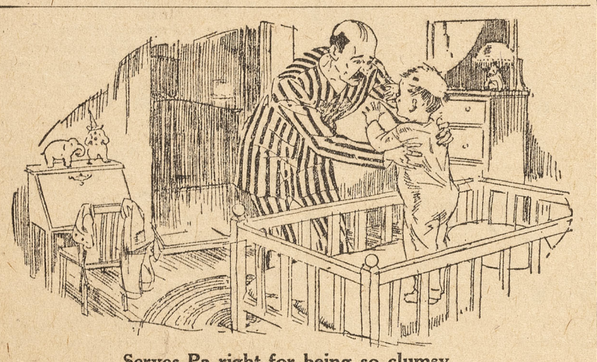
PROLOGUE.

The only opportunity Ma has to discuss the affairs of the family with Pa is that brief interlude between the time Pa lays his weary head on the pillow and the moment he drops off to sleep . . . it is an ideal arrangement for Ma, because there is little possibility of her losing any arguments . . . so, while she had planned originally to defer discussion of Mamie and Red and their impending marriage until some other day, the sight of Pa in bed, tired and sleepy, was too much for her . . . here is a marvelous chance to change his mind, says Ma; I can convince him he should let them get married, if I can only keep him awake long enough . . . certainly nothing could sound more reasonable than that. . . .

Scene I.—The Potter Bedroom.

Pa is in bed, dressed in his violently striped pajamas, Pa's only concession to the secret defiance that still flickers faintly in his breast . . . he has neckties, of course, that he doesn't dare wear on the street . . . if he could only summon the courage! . . . but in the privacy of his bedroom he satisfies to some extent his desire to escape the humdrum of life by wearing loud pajamas . . . Ma is seated at the dressing table rubbing cold cream into her face with those mysterious upward passes guaranteed to reduce the most multiple chin to its original single blessedness . . . those tired lines around the eyes are also receiving their nightly attention. . . . Demosthenes, who could make speeches with his mouth full of pebbles, probably learned the trick from observing Mrs. Demosthenes talk fluently with her mouth full of hair pins . . . just as Ma is now doing. . . .

MA *(brushing her hair):*
What did you say to Red to-night?
PA *(defensively):*
Not a thing that wasn't right.
MA: You hurt his feelings just the same.
PA: I told him he couldn't marry Mame
You talked just awful to-night to Red . . .
(deftly):
I don't see why we should interfere—



Serves Pa right for being so clumsy.

Till he had a job and had made some dough.
What's wrong about that, I'd like to know?
MA *(shifting hairpins to other side of mouth):*
Mamie was crying, too . . . she said
We married on little enough, my dear.
PA *(sleepily):*
When we got married the things were cheap . . .
Go on to bed . . . I wanna sleep . . .
MA *(pursuing her line of thought undisturbed):*
He's got a job, he told me so,
And we could help a bit, you know.
PA *(determined):*
Mamie distinctly understands
When once I've got her off my hands
I'm not gonna keep her man and her . . .
Say, wothahel is a husband fer?
MA *(icily):*
Just a minute—you needn't swear;
There's no occasion to rant and rare . . .
(off on another tangent):
Your poor little girl . . . to make her weep . . .
PA *(wearily):*
Didn't neither . . . let me sleep . . .
MA *(separating strand of front hair and thoughtfully winding it on curler):*
They'll get along . . . he's very bright,
And thoughtful, too, and so polite . . .
And he waits on her as quick as a wink.
He's a dear, sweet boy . . . that's what I think.
PA *(scornfully):*
Say, I'm not looking for boys to keep . . .
Get her a man . . . and let me sleep . . .
MA *(starting on second curler):*
He is a man, and a real one, too,
And you'll be proud of him 'fore he's through;
And he's so devoted . . . so kind and sweet . . .
A man like that is hard to beat,
And Mamie loves him, and he loves her—
Isn't that true?
PA *(starting to snore softly):*
Gwr-r-rr . . . Blur-r-r-r-r.
MA *(loudly):*
Aren't you paying attention to me?
PA *(happily):*
Kaaaaaa . . . Wheeeeee . . . Kaaaaaa . . . Wheeeeee.
MA *(louder):*
Wake up . . . you can't go to sleep that way . . .
I'm talking to you . . .
PA *(drowsily):*
Wha' yu shay?
MA *(severely):*
You didn't hear a word of what I said,
And I was talking of Mamie and Red.
Their lifelong happiness is at stake,
And look at the int'rest that you take!
It's enough to make a mother weep.
PA *(heavily):*
Yesh, thash ri' . . . I wanna shleep.
MA *(applying the cold cream with the magic motions alluded to):*
Here I'm worrying all I can,
And you want to sleep . . . just like a man!
You might have listened to what I said . . .
PA *(pulling covers over his head):*
I wanna sleep . . . Gwan to bed!

(Ma gives the final touches to her makeup and crawls into bed. . . . Pa settles down luxuriously and gives covers extra tug . . . they come out at the bottom, leaving his toes waving in the open air . . . many a home has been wrecked because the covers were not tucked in securely at the foot of the bed. . . .)

PA *(fiercely):*
I wish you'd learn to make a bed . . .
MA *(aloofly):*
I wish to speak of Mamie and Red.
You haven't listened to what I've said.
PA *(resignedly):*
Say your say and let me rest—
Hurry and get it off your chest.
MA *(with maddening placidity):*
It seems to me you're too severe;
Why don't you let them marry, dear?
They won't need much at the very first,
And if it came to the very worst,
Why, we could help them get a start . . .
PA *(wearily):*
Help them nothing . . . have a heart . . .
For the luva mike turn out the light
And go to sleep . . . don't talk all night.
MA *(turning out light—that's little enough to do for the poor man):*
As I was saying, they'll get along;
They won't need to go so strong
On fixing up their place this year,
And we could help a little, dear.
If they should get their little flat,
Wouldn't you love to help with that?
PA *(snoring blissfully):*
Cawfooshhhhh . . . Kawwwwwww . . .



"Why don't you answer when I speak?"

MA *(shaking him):*
Here, wake up, I'm talking to you.

(Meanwhile in the next room the baby has been stirring restlessly . . . all this mumble bumble in Ma's room is disturbing a perfectly nice ice cream eating dream.)

MA *(exasperated):*
Is this the attention that I get?
PA *(arousing):*
For the luva mike, you talking yet?

(Ducks under pillow and presses it down over his ears. . . . Ma talks on, sitting up in bed in the dark . . . a slight noise from the baby's room.)

MA: Why don't you answer when I speak?
PA: Are you gonna keep this up all week?
I won't have it, and that ends that . . .
BABY: O, Daddy, I wanna d'ink.
PA *(sore):*
Now you've started the little brat.
MA: Don't you call our child a brat.
PA: He's not a brat, then, he's a pest.
Get him a drink and give me a rest . . .
BABY *(insistent):*
I wanna d'ink, Daddy.



"You might have listened to what I said."

MA *(who has a one-track mind on which trains can run in complete circles without once jumping the track):*
We wouldn't have to give them a cent,
And they wouldn't need to pay much rent—
Just a little flat in simple taste,
And if Mamie's careful not to waste
And he works hard they'll do all right.
PA *(desperately):*
Are you gonna keep this up all night?
MA *(soothingly):*
Now, Pa, you don't have to start a fight . . .
You're not as sleepy as you think.
BABY *(loud):*
I wanna d'ink! I wanna d'ink!
PA *(getting out of bed with every muscle protesting):*
Hush up in there, you'll get your drink;
It's enough to put one on the blink.
MA *(virtuously):*
You have no right to start a fuss—
You owe a little time to us . . .

(Settles down in bed with a satisfied air of having told Pa what's what and put him in his place . . . meanwhile Pa has conscientiously bumped his bunions getting a drink for the Baby, who merely touched his lips with it and refused to take any. . . . Pa sleepily spills water in Baby's bed and has to give him a dry sheet . . . serves Pa right for being so clumsy . . . finally gets to bed, pulls covers over his head, holds pillow over cover, and hopes for the best.)

MA *(continuing where she left off):*
Don't you think yourself he's bright,
And so considerate, so polite?
And they could really live quite cheap
If they won't go into debt too deep.
Don't you think yourself they could?
Your judgment, Pa, is pretty good.
PA *(dead to the world):*
Cawfoosh . . . Squeeeeee . . . Kaaaaaa . . . Squeeeeee.

(The end? Not at all, but Ma finally gives up in despair and goes to sleep . . . looks as though Mamie and Red will have to give it up for a while unless they elope . . . unless they elope—wonder if they have ever thought of that?)

(And that's that—until next Sunday.)

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ARDELIA IN ARCADY

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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WHEN first the young lady from the College Settlement dragged Ardelia from her degradation—she was sitting on a dirty pavement and throwing assorted refuse at an unconscious policeman—like many of her companions in misery, she totally failed to realize the pit from which she was digged. It had never occurred to her that her situation was anything less than refined, and though, like most of us, she had failed to come up to her wildest ideals of happiness, in that respect she differed very little from the young lady who rescued her.

"Come here, little girl," said the young lady invitingly. "Wouldn't you like to come with me and have a nice, cool bath?"

"Naw," said Ardelia, in tones rivaling the bath in coolness.

"You wouldn't? Well, wouldn't you like some bread and butter and jam?"

"Wha's jam?" said Ardelia conservatively.

"Why, it's — er — marmalade," the young lady explained. "All sweet, you know."

"Naw," and Ardelia turned away and fingered the refuse with an air of finality that caused the young lady to sigh with vexation.

"I thought you might like to go on a picnic," she said helplessly. "I thought all little girls liked—"

"Picnic? When?" cried Ardelia, moved instantly to interest. "I'm goin'!"

She brushed the garbage from her dress—Ardelia was of that emancipated order of women who disapprove of the senseless multiplication of feminine garments, and wore, herself, but one—and regarded her rescuer impatiently.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "I'm all ready. Hump along!"

"We'll go and ask your mother first, won't we?" suggested the young lady, a little bewildered at this sudden change of attitude.

"Jagged," Ardelia returned laconically. "She'd lift y'r face off yer! Is it the Dago picnic?"

The young lady shuddered, and seizing the hand which she imagined to have had least to do with the refuse, she led Ardelia away—the first stage of her journey to Arcady.

Ardelia's origin, like that of the civilization of ancient Egypt, was shrouded in mystery. At the age of two months, she had been handed to a policeman by a scared looking boy, who said vaguely that he found her in the park under a bench. The policeman had added her to the other foundling waiting that day at headquarters, and carried them to the matron of the institution, devoted to their interest. Around the other baby's neck was a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and a slip of paper pinned to her flannel petticoat labeled her Mary Katherine. The impartial order of the institution therefore delivered Ardelia, who was wholly unlabeled, to the Protestant fold, and one of the scrubbing-women named her.

Later she had taken up her residence with Mrs. Michael Fahey, who had consented to add to her precarious income by this means, and at the age of four she became the official nurse of Master John Sullivan Fahey. A terribly hot August, unlimited cold tea, and a habit of playing in the gutter in the noon glare proved too much for her charge, and he died on his third birthday. The ride to the funeral was the most exciting event of Ardelia's life. For years she dated from it. Mrs. Fahey had so long regarded her as one of the family, that though her occupation was gone, and her board was no longer paid, she was whipped as regularly and cursed as comprehensively, in her foster-mother's periodical sprees, as if they had been closely related.

What time she could spare from helping Mrs. Fahey in her somewhat casual household labor, and running errands to tell that lady's perennially hopeful employers that her mother wasn't feeling well to-day, but would it do if she came to-morrow, Ardelia spent in playing up and down the street with a band of little girls, or, in the very hottest days, sitting drowsy and vindictive, at the head of a flight of stone steps that led into a down-stairs saloon. The damp, flat, beer-sweetened air that rushed out as the men pushed open the swing-doors was cool and refreshing to her; she was in a position to observe any possible customers at the three push-carts in her line of vision, and could rouse a flagging interest in life by listening to anyone of the altercations that resounded from the tenements night and day. Drays clattered incessantly over the pavement, peddlers shouted, sharp gongs punctuated the steadier din. A policeman was almost always in sight, and one of them, Mr. Halloran, had more than once given her a penny for lemonade. In the room above her head an Italian band practised every evening, and then Ardelia was perfectly happy, for she loved music. Often before the band began, a hurdy-gurdy would station itself at the corner, and Ardelia and the other little girls would dance about, singly and in pairs, shouting the tunes they knew, rejoicing in the comparative coolness and the generally carefree atmosphere. Ardelia was the lightest-footed of them all; her hands held her skirts out almost gracefully, her thin little legs flew highest. Sometimes the saloon-keeper—they called him "Old Dutchy"—would nod approval as Ardelia skipped and pranced, and becken her to him mysteriously.

"You trow your legs goot," he would say. "We shall see you already dancing, no? Here is an olluf; eat her."

And Ardelia, who loved olives to distraction, would nibble off small, sour, salty mouthfulls and suck the pit luxuriously while she listened to the Italian band.

EXCEPT for Mrs. Fahey's errands, which never carried her far off the street, Ardelia had never left it in her life, and her journey to the Settlement-house was one of interest to her. She was a silent child, but for occasional fits of gabbing and chattering with the little girls in the street; and though she did not understand why the young lady from the Settlement should cry when she introduced her to two other ladies, nor why so many messages should be left for her mother, and so many local and general baths administered, she said very little. She was not accustomed to question fate, and when it sent her two fried eggs—she refused to eat them boiled—for her breakfast, she quietly placed them in the credit column as opposed to the baths, and held her peace.

Later, arrayed in starched and creaking garments which had been made for a slightly smaller child, she was transported to the station and for the first time introduced to a railroad car. She sat stiffly on the red plush seat with furtive eyes and sucked-in lips, while the young lady talked reassuringly of daisies and cows and green grass. As Ardelia had never seen any of these things, it is hardly surprising that she was somewhat unenthusiastic; but the young lady was disappointed by this lack of ardor. She was so thoroughly convinced of the essential right of every child to a healthy country life, that she was almost disposed to blame Ardelia for not sharing her eminently creditable conviction.

"You can roll in the daisies, my dear, and pick all you want—all!" she urged eagerly. But no answering gleam woke in Ardelia's eyes.

"Aw right," she answered guardedly, and stared into her lap.

"Look out, dear, and see the fields and houses—see that handsome dog, and see the little pond!"

Ardelia shot a quick glance at the blurring green that dizzied her as it rushed by; the train was a fast express making up for lost time. Then with a scowl she resumed the contemplation of her starched gingham lap. The swelteringly hot day, and the rapid unaccustomed motion combined to afflict her with a strange internal anticipation of future woe. Once last Summer, when she ate the liquid dregs of the ice cream man's great tin, and fell asleep in the room where her mother was frying onions, she had experienced this same foreboding, and the climax of that dreadful day lingered yet in her memory. So she set her teeth and waited with stoical resignation for the end, while the young lady babbled of green fields, and wondered why the child should be so sullen. Finally she laid it to homesickness, and recovered her faith in human nature.

At last they stopped. The young lady seized her hand, and led her through the narrow aisle, down the steep steps, across the little country-platform, and Ardelia was in Arcady.

A bare-legged boy in blue overalls and a wide straw hat then drove them many miles along a hot, dusty road, that wound endlessly through the parched country fields. To the young lady's remark that they needed rain sadly, he replied, "Yep!" and held his peace for the following hour. Occasionally they passed another horse, but for the most part the only sight or sound of life was afforded by the hens clucking angrily as the travelers drove them from their dust baths in the powdery road. Released from her horror of foreboding, Ardelia took a more apparent interest in her situation, and would perhaps have spoken if her chaperone had opened conservation; but the young lady was weary of such efforts, disposed to a headache from the blinding heat, and altogether inclined to silence. At last they turned into a driveway, and drew up before a gray wooden house. Ardelia, cramped with sitting still, for she had not altered her position since she was placed stiffly on the seat between her fellow-passengers, was lifted down and escorted up the shingle-walk to the porch. A spare, dark-eyed woman in a check apron advanced to meet them.

"Terrible hot to-day, ain't it?" she sighed. "I'm real glad to see you, Miss Forsythe. Won't you cool off a little before you go on? This is the little girl, I s'pose. I guess it's pretty cool to what she's accustomed to, ain't it, Delia?"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Slater, I'll go right on to the house. Now, Ardelia, here you are in the country. I'm staying with my friend in a big white house about a quarter of a mile further on. You can't see it from here, but if you want anything you can just walk over. Day after to-morrow is the picnic I told you about. You'll see me then, anyway. Now run right out in the grass and pick all the daisies you want. Don't be afraid, no one will drive you off this grass!

The force of this was lost on Ardelia, who had never been driven off any grass whatever, but she gathered that she was expected to walk out into the thick, rank growth of the unmowed side yard, and strode downward obediently, turning when in the exact centre of the plot, for further orders.

"Now pick them! Pick the daisies!" cried Miss Forsythe excitedly. "I want to see you."

Ardelia looked blank.

"Huh?" she said.

"Gather them. Get a bunch Oh, you poor child! Mrs. Slater, she doesn't know how!" Miss Forsythe was deeply moved and illustrated by picking imaginary daisies on the porch. Ardelia's quick eyes followed her gestures, and stooping, she scooped the heads from three daisies and started back with them, staring distrustfully into the depths of the thick clinging grass as she pushed through it. Miss Forsythe gasped.

"No, no, dear! Pull them up! Take the stem, too," she explained. "Pick the whole flower!"

Ardelia bent over again, tugged at a thick stemmed clover, brought it up by the roots, recovered her balance with difficulty, and assaulted a neighboring daisy. On this she cut her hands, and sucking off the blood angrily, she grabbed a handful of coarse grass, and plowing through the tangled mass about her feet, laid the spoils awkwardly on the young lady's lap.

Miss Forsythe stared at the dirty, trailing roots that stained her linen skirt and sighed.

"Thank you, dear," she said politely, "but I meant them for you. I meant you to have a bunch. Don't you want them?"

"Naw!" said Adelia decidedly, nursing her cut hand and stepping with relief on the smooth floor of the porch.

Miss Forsythe's eyes brightened suddenly.

"I know what you want," she cried, "you're thirsty! Mrs. Slater won't you get us some of your good, creamy milk? Don't you want a drink, Ardelia?"

Ardelia nodded. She felt very tired, and the glare of the sun seemed reflected from everything into her dazed eyes. When Mrs. Slater appeared with the foaming yellow glass she wound her nervous little hands about the stem of the goblet and began a deep draught. She did not like it, it was hard to swallow, and instinct warned her not to go on with it, but the thirst of a long morning—Ardelia was used to drinking frequently—urged her on, and its icy coldness enabled her to finish the glass. She handed it back with a deep sigh. The young lady clapped her hands.

"There!" she cried. "Now, how do you like real milk, Ardelia? I declare, you look like another child, already! You can have all you want every day—why, what's the matter?"

For Ardelia was growing ghastly pale before them; her eyes turned inward, her lips tightened. A blinding horror surged from her toes upward, and the memory of the liquid ice cream and the frying onions faded before the awful reality of her present agony.

Later, as she lay limp and white on the slippery hair-cloth sofa in Mrs. Slater's musty parlor, she heard them discussing her situation.

"There was a lot of Fresh Air children over at Mrs. Simms'," her hostess explained, "and they 'most all of 'em said the milk was too strong—did you ever! Two or three of 'em was sick, like this one, but they got to love it in a little while. She will, too."

Ardelia shook her head feebly. She had learned her lesson. If success, as we are told, consists not in omitting to make mistakes, but in omitting to make the same one twice, Ardelia's treatment of the milk question was eminently successful.

After a while Miss Forsythe went away, and at her urgent suggestion Ardelia came out and sat on the porch under the shade of a black umbrella. She sat motionless, staring into the grass, lost in the rapture of content that follows such a crisis as her recent misery, forgetful of all her earthly woes in the blessed certainty of her present calm. In a few minutes she was asleep.

WHEN she awoke she was in a strange place. Outside the umbrella all was dusk and shadow. Only a square white mist filled the place of the barn, the tall trees loomed vaguely toward the dark sky, the stars were few. As she gazed in half-terror about her, a strange jangling came nearer and nearer, and a great animal with swinging sides, panting terribly, ran clumsily by, followed by a bare-legged boy, whose thudding feet sounded loud on the beaten path. Ardelia shrank against the wall with a cry that brought Mrs. Slater to her side.

"There, there, Delia, it's only a cow. She won't hurt you. She gives the milk"—Ardelia shuddered—"and the butter, too. Here's some bread and butter for you. We've had our supper, but I thought the sleep would do you more good."

Still shaken by the shock of that panting, hairy beast, Ardelia put our her hand for the bread and butter, and ate it greedily. Then she stretched her cramped limbs and looked over the umbrella. On the porch sat a bearded man in shirt sleeves and stocking feet, his head thrown back against the chair, his mouth open. He snored audibly. Tipped back in another chair, his feet raised and pressed against one of the supports of the porch roof, sat a younger man. He was not asleep, for he was smoking a pipe, but he was as motionless as the other. Curled up on the steps was the boy who had brought them from the station. Occasionally he patted the mongrel collie beside him, and yawning, stretched himself, but he did not speak.

"That's Mr. Slater," said the woman softly, "and the young man is my oldest son, William. Henry brought you up with the team. They're out in the field all day, and they get pretty tired. It gets

Continued on Page Eight.

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels—Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative to physic your bowels when you have

Headache	Biliousness
Colds	Indigestion
Dizziness	Sour Stomach

is candy-like Cascarets. One or two to-night will empty your bowels completely by morning, and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil, and they cost only ten cents a box. Children's love Cascarets, too.



AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

Demand For Lights On All Vehicles Province Wide

Mayors, City Councils, Reeves, Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce and Other Organizations Including, of Course, All Motor Clubs, Support O. M. L. Recommendations to Select Committee of Legislature—Hearings Have Now Been Held in Six Centres—Menace of Lightless Vehicle Must be Eliminated.

Mayors, councilors, presidents and other officers of Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce at practically every hearing held by the committee of the Legislature, have urged the need of a provincial law requiring all vehicles to carry lights at night while on the streets and public highways.

Needless to say the members of the sixty odd motor clubs of the province that, with the central organization in Toronto make up the Ontario Motor League, have made earnest representations to the same effect for the Motor League has carried on a crusade to this end for years.

The unanimity of opinion of city fathers, heads of industrial, trade and labor organizations, as well as of motorists, that that greatest menace to life, limb and property on our roads and highways at night—the lightless vehicle—should be eliminated is, perhaps, the most salient feature of the representations made to the select committee.

It will be recalled that a few years ago a traffic committee was appointed in Toronto. Among the organizations that selected representatives were the Board of Trade, City Council, Canadian Manufactures Association, Ontario Motor League, Ontario Safety League, Retail Merchants' Association and Trades and Labor Council. The committee voted unanimously in favor of the Ontario Motor League recommendation that all vehicles be required by law to carry lights at night.

From time to time the Ontario Motor League recommended to the Government that it bring in a lights-on-all-vehicles bill and time and again the Government declared that public opinion on the subject was not sufficiently mature; that more educational work should be done to align the public thought on the subject. To this end, among other things, the Ontario Motor League succeeded in having passed a law empowering the cities and towns to pass by-laws requiring lights on all vehicles. One after another a number of the leading live centres of the province have passed such by-laws. However, it is in the country that the greatest need for lights on all vehicles exists for city illumination more or less reduces the hazard of the lightless vehicle.

How well public opinion has been aligned in grasping the need for lights on all vehicles is evidenced by the unanimity of the representations made to the select committee on this very vital matter.

For many, many years all vehicles in Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Holland (even Russia in pre-Bolshevik days) several of the South American republics, and the leading States of the Union have had laws in effect compelling all vehicles to carry lights at night.

In view of the crying need for lights on all vehicles and the general public demand that in the interest of public safety they be made compulsory by law it is scarcely to be thought of that the select committee will do other than include a lights-on-all-vehicles clause in the bill it will draft for legislature, consolidating the Motor Vehicles Act the Highways Travel Act and the Load of Vehicles Act and amending their provisions.

Following the meetings held in Toronto, the select committee has held hearings in Ottawa, Brockville, Gananoque, Belleville and Kingston. Next week further meetings will be held in various centres in Western Ontario. As no comprehensive reports of any of the hearings held to date have appeared in the Toronto papers the following of the last meeting will be of commendable interest to motorists as it is more or less typical.

The members of the select committe of the Ontario Legislature included the Hon. Mr. Biggs, Minister of Public Works and Highways chairman; A. M. Rankin, M.P.P. for Frontenac, vice-chairman; Hon. Geo. S. Henry, M.P.P., for East York; M. M. MacBride, M.P.P. for Brantford; K. K. Homuth, M.P.P. for Waterloo; James W. McLeod, M.P.P. for Stormont; M. MacVicar, M.P.P. for East Elgin; J. E. Johnston, M.P.P. for East Simcoe; J. C. Bickell, Registrar of Motor Vehicle Licenses, Secretary; Col. S. C. Biggs, Solicitor for the Department; and Wm. Charles Coo, of the Ontario Railway Board.

Those who met with the committee in the Limestone City included Mayor Corbett, W. F. Nickle, K.C., M.P.P.; T. M. Asselstine, president; H. D. Wightman, secretary; and ex-Mayor Nickle, the last three forming the delegation from the Kingston Automobile club; Chief of Police Robinson, Reeve Sibbitt, Elmer Davis, president of the Board of Trade; and T. McGinnis, Highway engineer.

The Hon. Mr. Biggs, who presided, opened the meeting by explaining that the committee was seeking to gather first-hand information by visiting the larger centres on how to revise, bring up to date and improve the Motor Vehicles Act and other legislation relating to traffic and the highways. He invited informal and the freest discussion.

Mayor Corbett, the next speaker, in rising to state that he had turned the question over to Chief Robinson's department, extended a hearty welcome to the visitors. Good work was being done along this line in Kingston, he said, and he referred to Kingston Automobile Club as a most active organization, which had erected signs along the local highways and in many other ways was co-operating with the Department.

Mr. T. M. Asselstine was then called on and presented on behalf of the Kingston Automobile Club, the following suggestions, which it will be observed are substantially the same as the recommendations made by the central organization of the Ontario Motor League in Toronto, and which have been supported by the Ontario Motor League Clubs, elsewhere as in Kingston;

"We would like to see all the Provincial Acts relating to operations of all classes of vehicles on the streets and highways consolidated into one act.

"A quicker method of notifying parties they are to be summoned for infractions of the traffic laws and regulations. Summons should be in the hands of the accused not later than ten days after the alleged offence committed.

"That there should be a time limit in which civil actions for damages may be brought. A limit of three months is suggested, and only if 7 clear days' notice of the intention to bring action has been delivered to the defendant. Want of this 7 days' notice not to be a bar to action provided judge thinks the defendant is not prejudiced.

Jay Walking.

"That where an accident occurs in middle of block, between the street intersections, not on the regular crossings, that the onus of proving negligence should be placed on the complainant. Three cases recently tried at Kingston show the tendency of juries to take this view of 'Jay Walking' in 'Elmer v. Stansbury,' a County Court case the jury reduced the damages awarded to the plaintiff by reason of his crossing the street in the middle of the block and also traveling in a diagonal direction; in 'Knott v. Smith', a Supreme Court case, the jury found against the plaintiff on similar grounds, and in a Division Court case where a youth stepped off the pavement in front of an approaching motor car and received certain injuries the action failed because the judge held this to be contributory negligence.

Favors Spot Light.

"We approve of the use of 'Spot lights' provided their use is restricted the same as headlights. Attention was called to the fact that in certain parts of the province genuine non-glare lights are not in use and we respectfully ask for a more rigid enforcement of the regulation.

Would Examine Drivers.

"Our club strongly approves of some system for the examination and licensing of all drivers of motor vehicles, both as to ability on the mechanical side and as to the physical condition of the applicant. We are strongly opposed to permitting persons of badly defective vision or other physical disabilities to operate cars. We also feel that no juvenile permits should be issued without the applicants' parents, guardians or employers entering into a substantial bond and applicants qualifying by the stiffest form of examination.

"Along with the licensing of drivers we endorse a scheme of endorsation of drivers certificates for offences against the Motor Vehicles' Act. When these offences total three, we would suggest the cancellation of the license for a period of say three months; if on return of the license three further infractions occur we would suggest the deprivation of all driving privileges for at least one year, and after that such penalties as may meet such a confirmed case.

30 M. P. H. in Country.

"We strongly approve of extending the speed limit on the Provincial Highways in the open country to 30 miles per hour, providing that the licensing of drivers and endorsement of licenses as stated above be a condition precedent to such increase.

"While our local Police Magistrate has accepted the idea of a parking light on the left side of a car, visible fore and aft (as in Toronto), we feel that this should become a universal law or regulation throughout the province.

"The car on right has by law the right of way but we submit from a minor line that where that car is approaching a main line of traffic it should not be permitted to claim such right of way until a break occurs in such main flow of traffic; this occurs when lanes and narrow streets open on main thoroughfares.

"We strongly recommend that all vehicles carry lights at night.

Fee System Iniquitous.

"We are strongly opposed to any fee system of payment of traffic officials, be they magistrates or constables or other officials. Such a system is certainly pernicious and absolutely wrong in principle."

The recommendations of the club formed the subject of discussion for the remainder of the conference.

Defends Spot Light.

Mr. Elmer Davis rose in a strong defence of the swivelled spot light. He had used the light for six years and he had found it of great convenience and safety. The objections to it rose entirely from abuses and the great majority of motorists should not be forbidden its use because a few abused it. For dark nights on narrow roads, for reading signs, for watching ditches and turns and for making repairs it was invaluable.

Mr. Davis also spoke in favor of having a red light showing in the rear of all vehicles. He admitted the horse drawn vehicle was senior but claimed that changing conditions necessitated changed laws.

W. F. Nickle, K.C., M.P.P., in speaking on the headlight problem, suggested the establishment, in large centres, of testing and adjusting stations. A seal could then be affixed by the Government official to protect the driver in case of legal action. The spotlight, he added, could never be made fool proof. (Neither, dear Mr. Nickle can headlights nor motor vehicles nor what not).

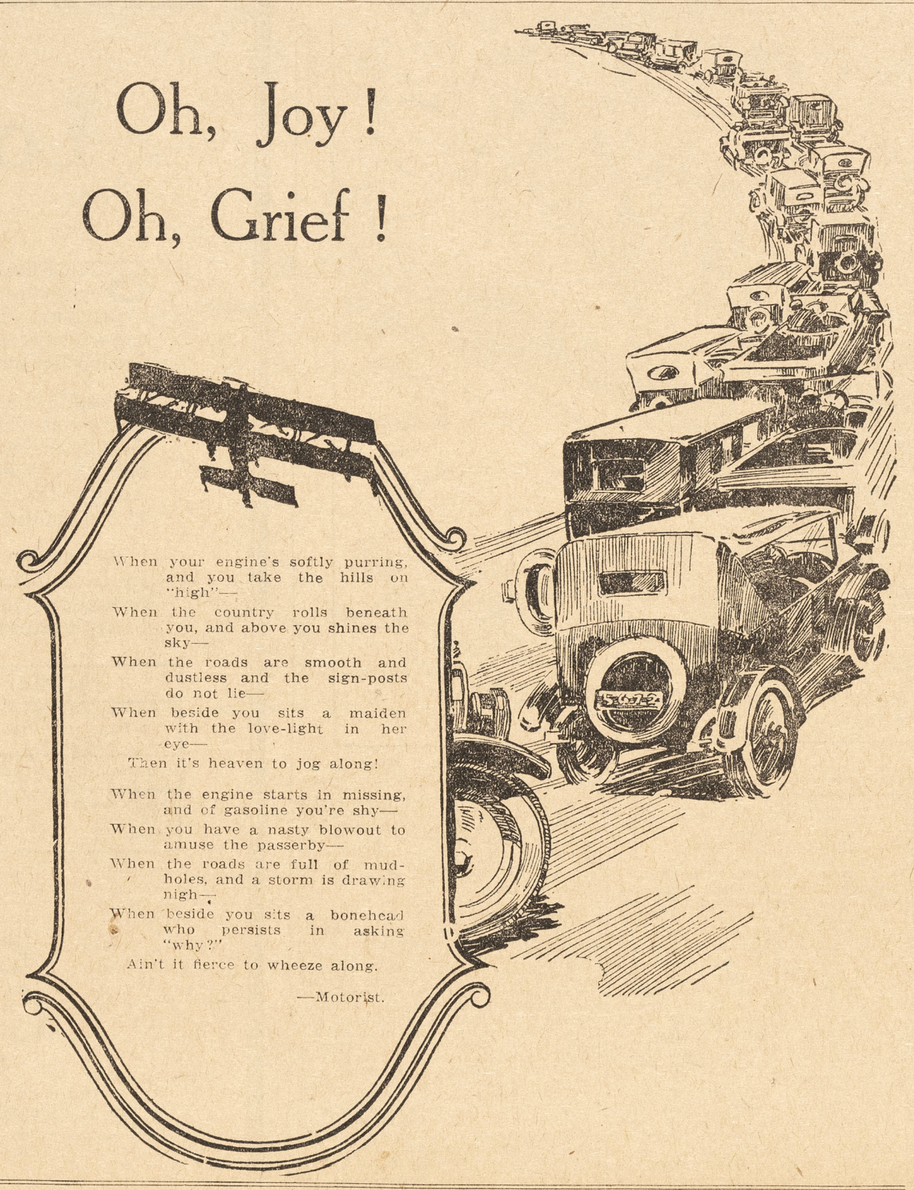
Inconsistent Laws.

Another important point which he brought up was the conflict of statute and municipal road laws which tended to confuse the motorist. This was perhaps only on fine points but the car driver could not be sure of his ground. It would be wise to have all such municipal laws revised by the Department and put in a concise form that all could understand.

Regarding the examination of

Continued on Page Six.

Oh, Joy! Oh, Grief!



When your engine's softly purring, and you take the hills on "high"—

When the country rolls beneath you, and above you shines the sky—

When the roads are smooth and dustless and the sign-posts do not lie—

When beside you sits a maiden with the love-light in her eye—

Then it's heaven to jog along!

When the engine starts in missing, and of gasoline you're shy—

When you have a nasty blowout to amuse the passerby—

When the roads are full of mudholes, and a storm is drawing nigh—

When beside you sits a bonehead who persists in asking "why?"

Ain't it fierce to wheeze along.

—Motorist.

PREMIER KING OPENS MONTREAL SHOW.

Montreal, Sept. 30.—The Montreal Closed Car Show was opened here to-day by Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada. Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Militia, the Hon. J. L. Perron, Minister of Roads for the Province of Quebec, also assisted at the invitation of the Montreal Automobile Trade Association. Thirty-four makes of cars are on display in the Craig Street Drill Hall, which has been specially decorated for the week's salon.

Concerning "The Globe's" Reckless Writing, Reckless Walking and Driving

By H. BASIL WARREN.

Hon. Frank Biggs, Hon. Geo. S. Henry, W. F. Nickle, K.C., M.P.P., and T. M. Asselstine, related instances in their experience where pedestrians had in their opinions deliberately endeavored to be injured by motor vehicles, in the course of the Kingston sitting of the Select Committee of the Legislature appointed to simplify and co-ordinate the provisions of the Motor Vehicles Act, the Highways Travel Act and the Load of Vehicles Act, and to consolidate them.

Chief of Police Dickson had an analysis made of the so-called motor vehicles accidents in Toronto in which non-motorists were the victims and found that in approximately eighty per cent. of the cases the injured and not the motorist was at fault. Some time ago, Hon. Francis M. Hugo, a Canadian, then Secretary of State for New York State, declared statistics showed that in over ninety per cent. of similar accidents in New York State the victim's recklessness (usually a pedestrian) was the cause. The reports of Commissioner Enricht of New York City, tell a similar story.

One can scarcely drive a single city block without encountering jay walkers. There is not a motorist who has not burned up many dollars' worth of tire threads in saving the lives of pedestrians who carelessly or recklessly step daily into the road ahead of his or her car. Many motorists have had no option but to smash their cars in order to save pedestrians and cyclists from their suicidal folly. The motorists in these cases have no redress. Pedestrians whose lives have been thus saved by motorists have yet to produce one whom gratitude or sense of justice has moved to the extent of a "thank you," let alone an offer to pay for the damage done as a direct result of his or her recklessness.

For one reckless driver I believe it is an underestimate to say that there are a thousand reckless pedestrians. All motorists are pedestrians and, paradoxical though it may sound, many careful drivers are careless walkers. The explanation of this, I suppose, is in part that the motorist was primarily a pedestrian and as such from infancy became an addict of the pedestrians' bad habits. It is attributable in part also to the fact that self preservation and the preservation of his property, the car, entails eternal vigilance when driving. Doubtless the prejudice of the law and court in favor of the pedestrian and against the motorist and the extent to which mass habit affects the individual also play their part in this seeming anomoly.

Public opinion has also had a finger in the pie. Until comparatively recently practically all the newspapers scareheaded so called "motor" accidents in a manner strikingly partizan and anti-motorist. Thus blaming the motorists irrespective of the cause of casualties made for the maintenance of recklessness on the part of pedestrians and adversely prejudiced—more, poisoned—public opinion.

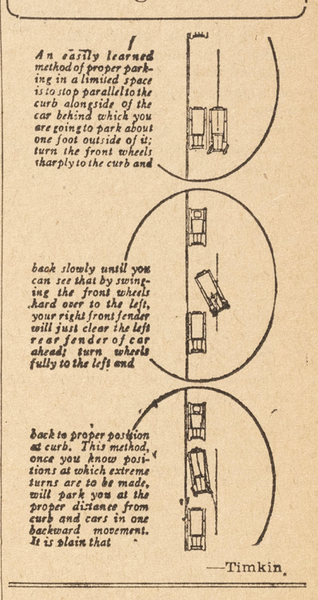
To-day, the worst offender in the province, so far as I have seen, is the Toronto Globe. Headings of this type scream in it almost daily:—Six More Auto Victims Swell Appalling List—or words to that effect. Such heads further no good purpose but they do promote bad ones. Whether the editor who is guilty of these heads is merely trying to be sensational, or is venting a personal spleen against motorists, mitigates not at all their pernicious effect. Their very inequity is sufficient reason for their suppression. The vast majority of these "auto" accident captions should read, to revise that appearing above, "Six More Victims of Reckless Walking." Such heads would not only, by implication, rightly place the cause, but would also be excellent safety propaganda.

Of course there are reckless drivers, though they make up a very small proportion of the whole. It is to eliminate these as far as possible that the Ontario Motor League has recommended to the Select Committee of the Legislature that all drivers be licensed and required to carry their license cards. These cards are to have entered on them all convictions made against the holders. A certain number of convictions of certain kinds would result in suspensions, others in cancellations, of driving privileges. But even with reckless drivers eliminated there would still be from seventy-eight to ninety odd per cent. of the number of so-called motor accidents.

Regulation of pedestrian traffic must come. Pedestrians should be required to cross intersections in compliance with the traffic officers' signals. Between intersections and designated and properly marked pedestrian right-of-ways, if the law was amended to place the onus of proof on the pedestrian, reckless walking and resulting accidents would be decimated.

Meanwhile less reckless writing will reduce reckless walking with salutary effect.

Parking Pointers.



—Timkin.

No Cogent Argument Against Spot-light

Objections Raised Are Equally Applicable to Headlights and, for That Matter, Motor Cars Themselves—Fixed Spotlight Merely an Auxiliary Headlight—Spotlight Rightly Used One of the Best Safety Devices and Most Useful Accessories Ever Invented for Motor Cars.

BY W. B. H.

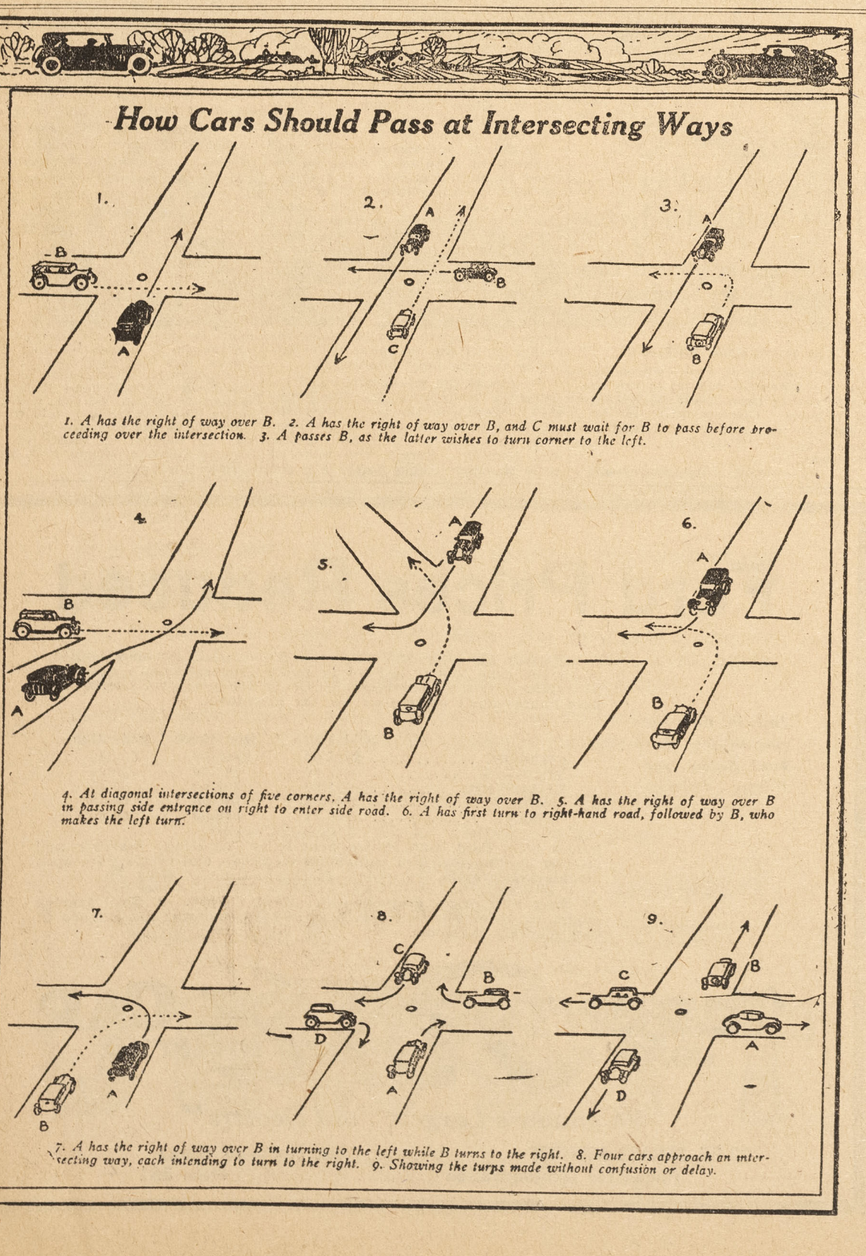
"Hon. Mr. Henry stated that the use of a moveable spotlight with a dimmed light on a different level, often confused an approaching motorist. He also pointed out that to increase the number of spotlights was to increase the number of abuses.

"Hon. Mr. Biggs said that the Ottawa conference favored a fixed spotlight on the left, throwing its beam on the edge of the right side of the road. For repairs a flashlight could be used," he declared.

One is reminded by Hon. Messrs.

Continued on Page Six.

How Cars Should Pass at Intersecting Ways

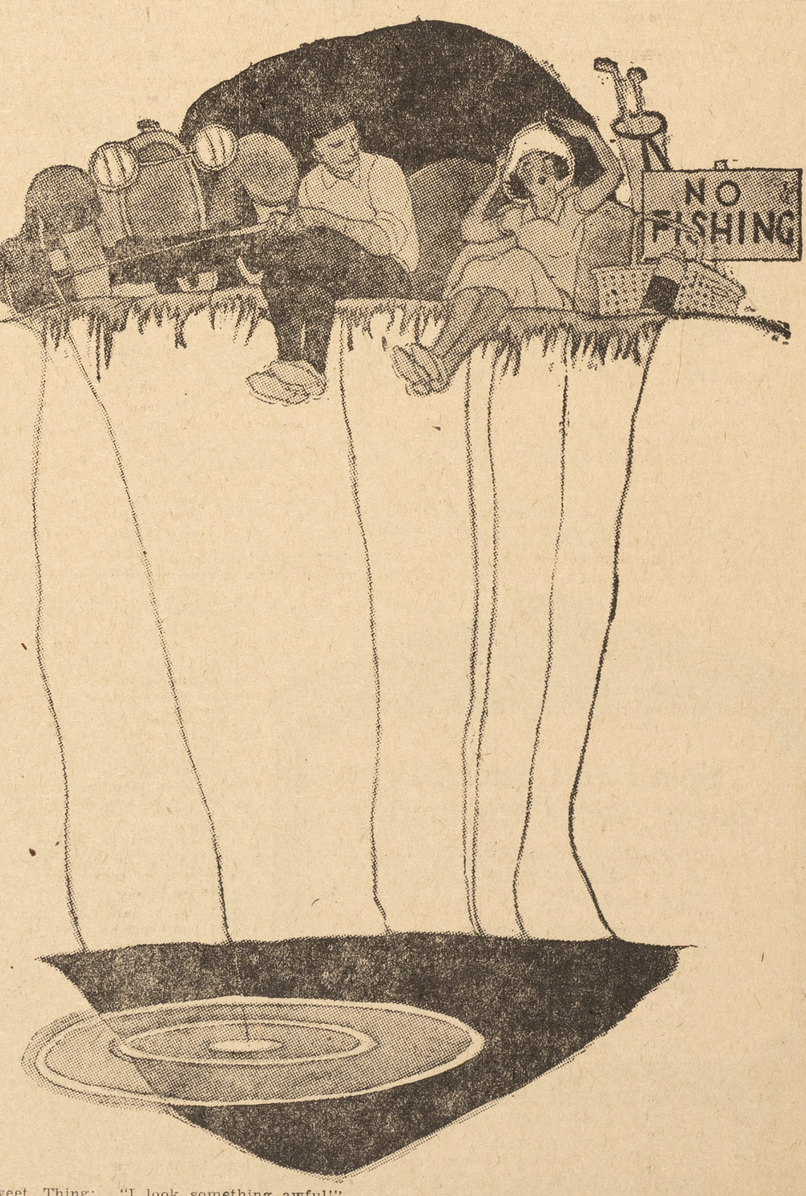


1. A has the right of way over B. 2. A has the right of way over B, and C must wait for B to pass before proceeding over the intersection. 3. A passes B, as the latter wishes to turn corner to the left.

4. At diagonal intersections of five corners, A has the right of way over B. 5. A has the right of way over B in passing side entrance on right to enter side road. 6. A has first turn to right-hand road, followed by B, who makes the left turn.

7. A has the right of way over B in turning to the left while B turns to the right. 8. Four cars approach on intersecting way, each intending to turn to the right. 9. Showing the turns made without confusion or delay.

Doesn't Believe in Signs.



Sweet Thing: "I look something awful!"
Motorist: "Didn't you see the sign?"—Judge.

Record Output Forecasted For 1923 By Car Makers

Outlook Now Described as Roseate—Many Car Manufacturers Had Set a Peak Output Schedule for Fall and Winter—Increasing Price of Steel to Result in Higher Car Prices?—General Automotive Industry and Trade News From Detroit.

By F. ED. SPOONER.
Special to The Sunday World.

Detroit, Sept. 30.—With the vacation season ended, the coal and rail strikes ended, business men and business houses are concluding their plans for an active campaign of business. The busy season is just starting for the automotive industries. That statement is made in spite of the record-breaking business of the first eight months of the year. What has past over was but a drop in the bucket to what is coming. Every member of the automotive industry realizes that capacity production is not going to be sufficient to meet the demands in the coming years.

With so favorable an outlook, the makers are not plunging as of old. They are not rushing into new buildings and into plans for enormous expansions. True, that a few are adding to their factories to meet demands, but their actions are conservative and taken only after a very thorough canvass of the field with a look into the future.

Someone predicted the other day 30,000,000 automobiles in the United States within a period of years. That is a lot of cars, and replacements, with that number of cars running, would be far beyond the possible product of the makers to-day. Yet that estimate does not stampede the manufacturers. Not they! For theirs has been a bitter experience, and it will be some time before there will be so complete a recovery that the past will be forgotten. All are, of course, anxious to take care of all of the business that it is possible to secure, to meet every demand, yet they are not in the state of mind to allow of wild extravagance in building. Conditions are fine and business is fine and everything looks rosy, yet the utmost in conservation is going to rule for some time.

Nor will new companies rush into the field, for stock must be sold and the public has lost in so many companies throughout the land that unknown new automotive stocks are tabooed and stock selling companies are confining their attention to more lucrative fields, such as radio and like new ventures.

Large companies will undoubtedly start up and succeed, as did Durant, Wills, Ste. Claire, and Rickenbacker, but the tendency will be to combinations of old and established companies, with increases of output for each unit and combination selling. Such combinations are likely to secure finance and more likely to reach success than the newer organizations. To cite the many organizations which have sprung up in late years, sold stock to thousands, and then failed utterly, losing everything for the stockholders, is not necessary, for the number have been so many that few among the millions of motorists but have taken a flier in some one or other of them and lost.

It will be time for enlargements all around when the market is settled, when affairs in the business world are all set for the general run of prosperity, which is now at our doors. To-day there is every indication of prosperity at hand. Unemployment has been conquered and prices are going up generally. People buy on a rising market and do not buy on the falling market. Prices of automobiles have not risen, but that is a sure development for the future, although many still predict more cuts with show time. It is said that such cuts will be due to quantity production, but conditions, which are daily arising, seem to mitigate against further cuts. The increase in the price of steel to meet increases given voluntarily to the workmen will add to the cost of motor cars, overcoming reductions of cost through increased production.

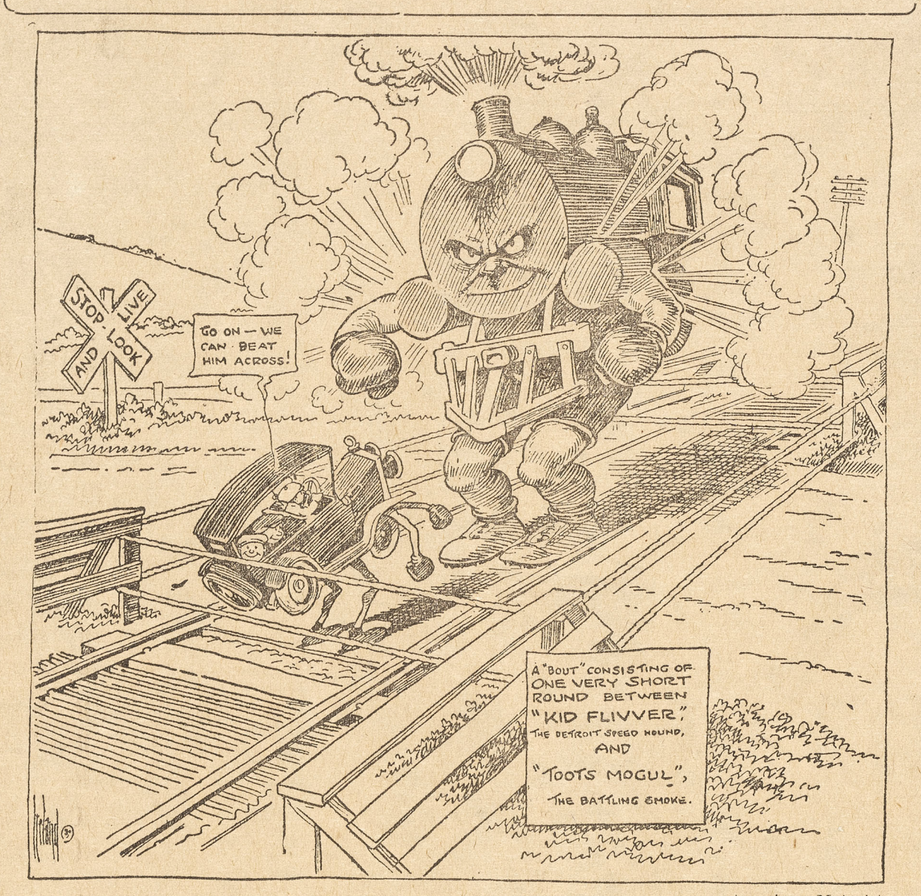
Labor figures show that business is sound, that industry is well on the road to normalcy, and when all business reaches that stage motor cars will be wanted more and more; in fact, will become increasingly important, for business to-day must be carried on by motor power more than ever. As prosperity increases, general business will be taxed to its utmost to care for demands, and motor cars aid in meeting such a crisis.

Advertisers to-day do not put on a hard face. There is no more talk of a lack of demand, of a buyers' strike, of any lack of buying. The merchants realize that continuance of improvement depends upon liberal advertising, and are making their preparations accordingly. This is evident more and more every day.

As indicating the real strength of the automotive business, the effect of the motor price reductions of the Summer was of small consequence. Cuts stimulated trade for those who made them, and with those who did not business went right along, apparently at record gait, as total production figures show. There was no falling off in demand with those who maintained their prices. The seasonable slump looked for during the Summer amounted to but little, and price changes did not influence the showing to be made for the full year. It is said that many who did not meet the price cuts of the Summer will make important announcements at show time, but their action then may be checked by increases brought about by the rise in prices of raw materials, and increases in the prices paid to help it in the face of increases in salaries paid in other fields.

There can be no doubt, though, of the seriousness of the Summer price cut to some. Larger producers did not affect their earning power materially when they brought their prices down, for their output increase overcame that. But the smaller makers, assemblers, were forced to demand concessions on the part of their parts and material makers to enable them to face the situation. With the bottom now at hand, prices cannot be lowered in the face of material and labor costs. The situation, as it exists, might result in eliminating smaller companies. In fact, such would be the case were it not for demand which takes the product, no matter what the price. In reality the so-called "second choices" are benefitting from the situation to-day as, when a buyer cannot secure the car of the maker of large production at the price and at the time a car is necessary, he will naturally turn to a car of a smaller manufacturer and buy even at greater price. The large makers, those of big production, do not admit that they are forcing the elimination of the smaller ones.

Why Do They Do It?



—American Motorist.

THE POPULAR MOTOR SHIP.

In some quarters, it is still thought that a ship equipped with oil-engines instead of steam plant is something of a novelty, and that shipowners who order such vessels are embarking upon a new and untried experiment.

In disproof of this belief, The Motor Ship, in the current issue, points out that a new vessel which it describes as the 47th motor ship constructed by one firm alone, and that no fewer than 98 vessels have been built, equipped with engines of the type manufactured by this particular firm. These 98 ships have a total displacement of 1,204,799 tons, and the machinery installed amounts to 296,330 i.h.p.

When it is realized that in Great Britain alone there are nearly twenty firms engaged on the manufacture of motor ship machinery, it will be agreed that very rapid progress is being made in the development of this new type of craft, which appears to have a remarkable future before it.

pany, Mr. Jennings had been a district representative of the Dodge interests for five years.

R. N. Harger has just been appointed advertising manager of Dodge Brothers. Mr. Harger is well known in the advertising field of automotives.

It was announced in New York last week that manufacture of the Star automobile would be moved to the Elizabeth, N.J., plant of Durant Motors, Inc., very soon. At present, because of factory conditions, the Star is not being turned out in quantities much greater than 25 daily. This is because it is desired to be entrenched in the newly purchased and huge Elizabeth structures before concentrating on the output schedule which will call for at least 120,000 cars the first year. This figure, added to production in California, which has just begun, and at Lansing, Mich., will bring the total for the year 1923 well over the 200,000 mark.

The Canadian Department of Customs reports a 600 per cent. increase of motor traffic into Canada, 617,285 automobiles entering Canada for touring purposes during the last calendar year, as against 93,300 for the previous one. Of the total arrivals, 615,074 cars remained in the Dominion for less than one month, and 2,211 for more than one but less than six months. This motor traffic represents an expenditure in Canada of more than $108,000,000.

W. C. Durant last week personally broke ground in Flint, Mich., for the new factory which will turn out the new $1,180 Flint Light Six. Work on the construction will be pushed. The Flint car will also be made at Leaside, Toronto, and Long Island City. A showing of Flint models will undoubtedly be made within a few weeks.

N. E. McDarby, advertising manager of the Moon Motor Car Company, of St. Louis, Mo., has begun an extensive tour through Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, Louisiana and Tennessee on behalf of the Moon Company, to obtain first-hand information regarding conditions in these sections.

Plans of the Courier Motors Company, Sandusky, O., call for the building of 750 cars during the remainder of this year. For next year's production the company has set a schedule of from 3,000 to 4,000. The company has retained most of the old distributors of the Maibohm Motors Company, to whose assets it succeeds. A number of new ones will be added. Production has begun on the custom-built six-cylinder models recently announced, and it is stated that enough orders are on hand to keep the plants at capacity for many months. The Courier car itself, while retaining the basic Maibohm body lines, has many new mechanical features. Officers of the new company are: A. C. Burch, President (former Director of Sales and Vice-President of the Clydesdale Motor Truck Company); O. O. Brace, Vice-President (President Sandusky Nut Company); E. E. Ernst, Treasurer, and J. G. Pyle, Secretary and General Counsel.

John N. Willys, President of the Willys-Overland Company, has returned from his European trip.

Charles A. Singer, Jr., died suddenly in a New York hospital recently. For several years Mr. Singer was prominently identified with the company manufacturing the Palmer-Singer cars. That company passed out of the automobile industry six years ago, and since the end of the war Mr. Singer has been a member of the firm of Partridge, Singer and Baldwin, exporters, specializing in the sale abroad of American cars.

A new manufacturing building is to be added to the plant of Dodge Brothers, it is reported, as a means of raising capacity to the point indicated by the present demands of dealers. The addition will have 500,000 square feet of floor space and will cost in the neighborhood of $1,500,000, permitting an increase in output from 650 to 800 cars daily.

An event of interest to the automobile industry occurred recently when the meeting of the incorporators of the Tire and Rim Association of America, Inc., was held. This new body takes over and continues the activities of the Tire and Rim Association and provides for complete representation of the tire, rim, wheel and related parts industries. The new association covers the entire field of tire and rim standardization, while continuing the work of rim inspection, and its plans include close co-operation with other bodies engaged in related work. In addition to the home office of the corporation in Hartford, Conn., the new association will continue to use the offices occupied by the Tire and Rim Association in the Leader-News Building, Cleveland.

Reports are now connecting the name of Edward VerLinden with the production of a new car. Mr. VerLinden resigned as President of the Durant Motor Company of Michigan a few weeks ago, when he was succeeded by Carroll Downes. It is understood the legal difficulties in which he was involved with the General Motors Corporation, following his resignation from that institution have been composed.

Plans for reorganization and refinancing the Holmes Automobile Company, Canton, O., are being worked out. In connection with this work is the announcement made last week that the Holmes Company has completed a new four-cylinder air-cooled car, which has been developed by the company during the past year. It is expected that the car will sell for a price in the neighborhod of $1,200.

N. E. Oliver, well known through his associations with the Diamond Rubber Company and the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, has been elected vice-president of the Quaker City Rubber Company. Mr. Oliver also has become a director of the Quaker City Company.

Claire L. Barnes, at one time secretary and sales manager of the Detroit Steel Products Company, has been appointed director of merchandizing for the William H. Rankin Advertising Agency, with headquarters in Chicago. Mr. Barnes is also well known through his connection at one time with John N. Willys. More recently he has been president of the Merchants' Underwriting Company, of New York City.

Howard E. Coffin, chairman of the organization committee of the National Aeronautic Association, and vice-president of the Detroit Aviation Society, has received from President Harding a letter endorsing the national airplane races, to be conducted from Selfridge Field, October 12, 13 and 14. The chief executive observes that a "strong and healthy commercial aviation development is a prerequisite to all adequate plans involving our national security."

Dean E. Baskerville, well known body designer and engineer, has been added to the staff of the Maxwell Motor Corporation. Mr. Baskerville, who for the past six years has been body engineer of Dodge Brothers, resigned his office there to act in a similar capacity in the Maxwell organization. Prior to his association with Dodge Brothers he was connected with the Packard Motor Car Company, the Motor Car Supply Company, the Highland Body Company, and the Troy Manufacturing Company.

Dodge Brothers has donated eleven tracts of forest and lake sites to the State of Michigan for motorist, picnic and camping parks. The parks total 627 acres, and are within fifty miles of Detroit. The purpose of the donation is to provide a memorial to the late John F. and Horace E. Dodge, and to provide public picnic grounds for motorists. Ten of the eleven parks have large lakes or river frontage, and the other is a rugged, mountainous parcel, noted for its natural scenery.

Let There Be Fair Play On the Highway

Movie Company Starts Campaign On the Screen to That End.

By RUTGERS NEILSON.

The motorist is fast approaching the day when he will be in the majority rather than the minority class of citizens. Consequently, he is a person to be reckoned with and one deserving of "Fair-Play on the Highway."

At the present time the transient motorist is having a hard time of it when in some towns not his own and "Topics of the Day" films are championing him with a plea for fair-play. The message tells its own story:

Many rural communities are having their advancement retarded by the attitude of their officials toward transient motorists. Abandon the idea that every automobilist is to be milked, mulct and bilked to supply fees for justices and constables, and amusement for court (?) loafers. It's a detriment to local business men. Harassing the automobilist drives potential investment away. Every community owes its growth to the outsiders who visited it. Close your town to visitors and you die of dry rot.—"Topics of the Day" Films.

Traffic is increasing daily and methods of regulation must be devised to handle it safely and fairly, as well as expeditiously. A conspicuous example of excellent handling of motor traffic is that of the State of Connecticut. This state strives for the friendly assistance of the motorist in accelerating traffic and preventing accidents. As Connecticut is the gate-way to New England, the system has been put to a hard, practical test. This effort toward the prevention of violations rather than the trapping of violators is proving most successful.

To arouse the public mind and interest in "Fair Play On The Highway," "Topics of the Day" is screening its message in over three thousand theatres in the United States and Canada. Surely, the motorist as a tax and license payer has the same rights as any other law-abiding citizen. That this campaign may attain its aims is our sincere hope.

Four Events in Genoa Club Racing Meet

Turin, Italy.—On the steep slopes which lead from Pontedecimo to Giovi, in the Ligurian Appennines, there took place recently a daring motor race, organized by the Genoa Automobile Club.

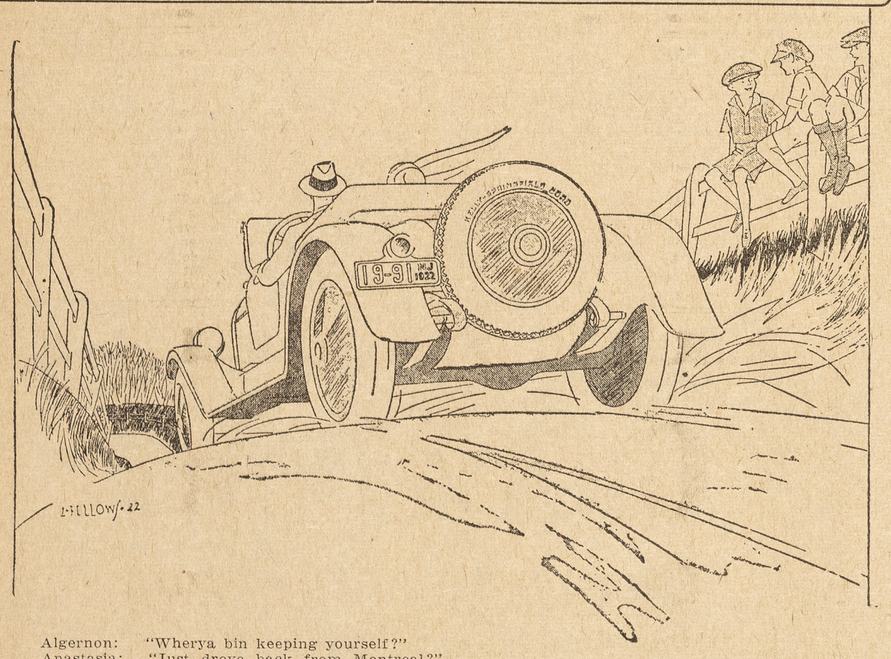
This difficult competition, followed with close attention by the assembled crowd of spectators, put to a severe test the resistance of the cars and the ability of the drivers in face of the difficulties of the tortuous Appennine road.

In the race reserved for standard cars, the class for 1,500 cubic centimetres cars was headed by Massari in a Fiat, which accomplished the 9,200 kilometres in 11 min. 2-5 sec., at an average of 52,836 kilometres per hour, followed by Beccaria in a Fiat, in 11 min. 6 4-5 sec.; Valpreda, in a Fiat, in 11 min. 25 1-5 sec., and Poggio, in a Fiat, in 11 min. 31 3-5 sec.

First in the class for cars up to 3,000 cubic centimetres was Ravano, in a Ceirano, in 12 min. 22 4-5 sec.; second, Boccini, in a Scat, in 13 min. 30 1-5 sec. In the class for vehicles over 3,000 cubic centimentres Allegri came in first on a Nazzaro in 10 min. 4-5 sec., and Meozzi second, in a Lancia, in 10 min. 27 sec.

For the racing cars, the classification was as follows:—1, Rabagliati, in a Hispano-Suiza; 2, Alberti, in a Bugatti; 3, Becchi, in a Spa.

The Verdict Was "Justifiable Homicide."



Algernon: "Wherya bin keeping yourself?"
Anastasia: "Just drove back from Montreal?"
Algernon: "Howdya find the road?"
Anastasia: "Didn't have to. Motor League did it for me."

Increased Demand
Lower Prices

STUDEBAKER factories are today operating at full capacity in an endeavor to meet the widespread demand for Studebaker motor cars.

Despite the full production schedules which have been steadily maintained, the combined Studebaker factories, on August 1st, had more than 15,000 unfilled orders on hand.

Savings resulting from capacity manufacture were passed on to the public through Studebaker's reduction in prices, effective August 7. It is a Studebaker policy of seventy years' standing to share manufacturing savings with the customer.

The quality of Studebaker cars has not been decreased one iota. At their new low prices they represent the greatest intrinsic values on the market. In justice to the purchasing power of your dollar, see the Studebaker line, embracing 13 models, before you buy any car.

Note these new exceptional prices.

MODELS AND PRICES—*f. o. b. Toronto, Ont.*

LIGHT-SIX 5-Pass., 112" W.B. 40 H. P.		SPECIAL-SIX 5-Pass., 119" W.B. 50 H. P.		BIG-SIX 7-Pass., 126" W.B. 60 H. P.	
Touring	$1,560	Touring	$2,025	Touring	$2,575
Roadster (3-Pass.)	1,560	Roadster (2-Pass.)	2,000	Speedster (4-Pass.)	2,825
Coupe-Roadster (2-Pass.)	2,000	Roadster (4-Pass.)	2,025	Coupe (4-Pass.)	3,575
Sedan	2,500	Coupe (4-Pass.)	3,100	Sedan	3,800
		Sedan	3,325		

Cord Tires Standard Equipment.

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"Built-in-Canada"

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Adel. 6780.

Dealers:
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THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

Brothers FEDERAL Traction Capacities

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But then,—the
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is a most unusual Truck

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Tel. Adel. 5343. F. STRATFORD.

Ford Prices Reduced

Just in time for you to buy that Ford Sedan for Winter Driving

A big cut in the price of Ford Cars is announced. Business houses—now's the time to buy a Ford to make your salesmen's time fully productive. Get a Ford Sedan or Coupe for your own use in business hours—don't bring your big car downtown.

	Old Price	New Price	Reduction
CHASSIS	$445.00	$395.00	$50.00
TOURING	535.00	495.00	40.00
ROADSTER	495.00	455.00	40.00
COUPE	840.00	780.00	60.00
SEDAN	930.00	870.00	60.00

Prices f.o.b. Ford, Ont. Government Sales Tax extra. Starting and electric lighting standard equipment on Sedan and Coupe. On open models $85.00 extra.

At these new prices everyone can afford a Ford. A Ford touring model can be purchased for as little as $238.00 down, and balance in easy monthly payments.

TORONTO MOTOR CAR COMPANY LIMITED
"Canada's Largest Ford Dealers"
52-56 JARVIS STREET (Just North of King)
Phone for Demonstration Main 381

You Were Enquiring About Condition of the Road From--?

Department of Public Highways of the Province of Ontario Issues Bi-Monthly Report on the Condition of the Main Travelled Roads of the Province—Much Construction Under Way Throughout Ontario.

1. **Toronto to Kingston**—Road closed on account of pavement construction from the Halfway House to Scarboro Post Office. Detour at the Halfway House. Rouge Hill to Port Hope—good. Detour from Rouge Bridge one mile east. Detour in fair condition. Culverts being constructed at Whitby and Welcome. Overhead detours. Port Hope to Belleville—good gravel road. Detour around culvert under construction three miles east of Colborne in good condition. Belleville to Kingston—good. Four miles rough near Odessa—no detours.

2. **Kingston to Quebec Boundary**—(Through traffic to Montreal advised to cross to American side at Kingston by Ontario Motor League)—Kingston to Gananoque—macadam construction 9½ to 12 miles east. Grading and culverts 1½ miles west. Gananoque road in good shape but would advise traffic to go slowly. Gananoque to Brockville—fair. Heavy construction going on so in wet weather would advise detouring from Gananoque to Seeley's Bay, Lyndhurst, Athens and then to Brockville. Brockville to Prescott—good. Prescott to Morrisburg—good. Morrisburg to Aultsville under construction; motorists are requested to drive carefully. Aultsville to Dickenson's Landing—fair. Dickenson's Landing to Cornwall—good. Cornwall to Meadow Bay—under construction. Through traffic to Lancaster is requested to detour by Glen Road and Finneys' Bridge. Lancaster to Quebec Boundary—fair. three roadside culvert detours east of Cornwall. three roadside bridge detours in Lancaster township. All in fair condition.

3. **Whitby to Lindsay**—Fair. Road heavy over newly graded sections. Culverts under construction in the vicinity of Brooklin, Myrtle, Manchester. Blackwater and Oakwood. Overhead detours.

4. **Port Hope to Peterboro**—Road—good. Macadam under construction between Fraserville and Kendry. If desired could detour east at Centreville to Peterboro.

5. **Picton to Foxboro**—Fair road.

6. **Kingston to Ottawa**—(via Smith's Falls)—Kingston 6 miles rock fill. Elgin 5 miles grading, Lombardy to Smith Falls—advise traffic to drive slowly. Culvert construction. Road fair with no detours. Gravel over whole distance. Smith's Falls to Port Elmsley—road in good condition. At Port Elmsley turn right to first road, then left to Highway. Port Elmsley to Perth—road under construction but passable. Perth to Innisville—road good. Innisville to Carleton Place—road under construction but passable. Carleton Place to Ashton—road under culvert construction. Ashton to Bells' Corners—road under construction passable and no detours. Bells' Corners to Ottawa—road in good condition.

7. **Ottawa to Prescott**—Road is in good shape to Manotick. Would advise detouring to east side of Rideau St. at Manotick for remainder of way to Ottawa.

8. **Ottawa to Point Fortune**—Ottawa to Green's Creek—asphaltic pavement. Detour at Green's Creek—bridge under construction. Green's Creek to Orleans—drive slowly as road under construction. Orleans to Clarence—paved with bituminous macadam—detours at Cardinal Hill and Rockland. Clarence to L'Orignal—road fair in dry weather but bad in wet weather. L'Orignal to Hawkesbury—good macadam road recently oiled. Hawkesbury to Point Fortune—road under construction.

9. **Ottawa to Pembroke**—Carling Avenue under construction from Ottawa city limits through Britannia, but open to traffic. Britannia to South March—macadamizing, grading and culvert construction going on but condition fair. South March through Carp to Marathon—good; a few detours around culverts. Marathon through Kinburn to Antrim—grading and gravelling, but road in fair condition. Antrim to Arnprior—good. Arnprior to Renfrew—good except through grading operations two miles west of Arnprior and on the 7th line of McNab. Renfrew to Haleys under construction but passable. Haleys to Cobden—fair. Cobden to Beachburg—good; one detour at Cobden. Beachburg to Peneton—good. Peneton to Pembroke—under construction but passable.

10. **Toronto to Severn**—Toronto to Thornhill—paving and culverts under construction. Road closed to through traffic. Motorists and traffic from the west should use the Vaughan Road or Bathurst Street; from the east use Don Mills Road or Markham Road. Newmarket to Bradford—fair. Bradford to Barrie—good. Barrie to Orillia—good. Orillia to Severn good. Detour at Painswick to the west through one concession. North of Orillia detour to the west through one concession. Both detours in fair condition.

11. **Port Credit to Owen Sound**—Port Credit to Cooksville—surface good. Cooksville to Britannia under construction. Section closed to traffic during day—detours well marked and changed as required. Balance of road good. Advise Toronto to Brampton traffic to use Weston Road. Brampton to Chatsworth—good gravel road throughout except 4 miles north and 6 miles east of Shelburne which is under construction—passable but rough in wet weather.

12. **Toronto to Hamilton** (via Dundas St.)—To Cooksville—good. Cooksville to Erindale—fair. Drive slow over Erindale Bridge. Erindale to 16 Mile Creek Bridge newly graded—heavy in wet weather. 16 Mile Creek to Nelson Hill—good. Nelson Hill to Waterdown closed to traffic. Waterdown to Clappisons—good. Detour at Waterdown across C.P.R. tracks—drive with care.

13. **Hamilton to London**—Hamilton to Dundas Forks excellent asphalt pavement. Short detour at Binkley's subway in fair condition. Detour from one half mile west of subway, detour fair. Ancaster to Trinity excellent asphalt road. Trinity to Alberton—detour rough and very heavy in wet weather. Alberton to Brantford—macadam and concrete pavement. Brantford to Paris—road a little rough owing to construction. Paris to Eastwood—excellent gravel and macadam road. Eastwood to Woodstock closed to through traffic owing to construction. Detour fair. Woodstock to Ingersoll—rough owing to construction Ingersoll to Crumlin—excellent gravel road. Crumlin to London—excellent concrete pavement.

14. **London to Windsor** (via Chatham)—Lambeth to Melbourne—gravel road in good condition. Melbourne to Thamesville—good gravel road in good condition except 3 miles sand west of Wardsville. Motorists should run slowly over this and also over sections of gravel newly scarified. Thamesville to Chatham—good clay when dry. Culvert construction and new grading on this section. (from Chatham to Tilbury). Tilbury to Maidstone—clay roads, fair when dry; culvert construction and new grading west of Comber. Detour between Chatham north to Brockfield Side road (1½ miles)—fair when dry. Detour between 1½ miles east and Chatham—fair. Also detour from Chatham 4 miles westerly to 12-31 side roads. Good when dry.

15. **London to St. Thomas**—London to Lambeth concrete pavement. Lambeth to Talbotville under construction. Detour between Talbotville and Lambeth fair in dry weather, bad in wet weather. Through traffic use Wellington Road.

16. **St. Thomas to Windsor**—St. Thomas to Clearville—gravel road in fair condition in dry weather. Under construction over entire section; bad in wet weather. No detours. Talbotville to Windsor—roads generally in fair condition but construction work being carried on at various points between Windsor and Orford Township. Grading between Maidstone and Essex—east of Wheatley and east of Blenheim. Culverts being built east of Cottam. Detour between Windsor and Jackson's Corners—traffic should enter Windsor through Howard Avenue pavements. Detour between Oldcastle and Maidstone on account of paving.

17. **Hamilton to Jarvis**—Four miles good; remainder rough. Construction north of Caledonia for 8 miles. Temporary repairs south of Hagersville.

18. **Hamilton to Niagara Falls**—Hamilton to St. Catharines—good. Local detour at Beamsville—macadam road. Detour at Grimsby—fair gravel road. St. Catharines to Niagara Falls—fair. Detour between St. Catharines and Niagara Falls—fair except at Merritton which is bad in wet weather. Detour between St. Catharines and Queenston—fair road; bad in wet weather. Traffic warned not to use St. David Hill to Niagara Falls.

19. **Niagara Falls to St. Thomas**—Niagara Falls to Welland—stone road. Construction in hand from Welland north 4 miles. Short detour north of Welland. Traffic from Welland should take road to Port Colborne to Forks Road thence west to Dunnville; or through Fonthill to Fenwick to Dunnville. From Dunnville to Nelles' Corners—stone road good; thence via Hagersville to Jarvis as construction is in hand from Nelles' Corners to Jarvis through Walpole. Jarvis to Simcoe—gravel road where open for traffic. Simcoe to Delhi—open for traffic. Construction 5 miles west of Simcoe and culvert construction. Delhi to Tillsonburg—fair gravel road. (Detour between Jarvis and Simcoe by going south on Port Dover Road one mile thence west to Simcoe. Fair clay and gravel road. Detour one mile east from Simcoe—turn south ½ mile thence west to Simcoe—fair sand and gravel road. Motorists from Hamilton or Niagara should travel via Hagersville and continue west to Waterford-Simcoe road thence south.) Tillsonburg to Springer Hill—under construction but open to traffic. Bad in wet weather. Springer Hill to St. Thomas—gravel road in good condition.

20. **Brampton to Guelph**—Light grading west of Hurontario Street, also culverts under construction. Heavy grading at Norval Village—drive slowly at this point. Georgetown to Acton—fair surface. Acton to Rockwood—grading operations—will be necessary for detour at Crewson Corner for a week during rock cut operations. Rockwood to Guelph—fair surface.

21. **Guelph to Owen Sound**—Guelph to Fergus—detour to west at city limits to road between Con. IV and V, thence north to the town line between the twps of Pilkington and Guelph, thence east to Provincial Highway,—balance of road to Fergus—good. Fergus to Kenilworth—clay road under construction, rough and very muddy in wet weather; detour to west 4 miles north of Fergus. Kenilworth to Durham—good gravel road. Durham to Chatsworth—good gravel road except for five miles north of Durham which is freshly gravelled. Chatsworth to Owen Sound—good gravel road to Ashley P.O. Balance of road under construction and rough. Detour at Rockford to west via Inglis Falls.

22. **Arthur to Kincardine**—In good condition except on sections where grading is in progress, which are rough and will be heavy in wet weather. Several roadside detours—3 miles south-east of Teviotdale—culvert construction—fair condition except in very wet weather.

23. **Hamilton to Guelph**—Hamilton to Clappison northerly traffic turn 500 feet south at Clappison's Cut along new graded road thence northerly through Clappison's Cut. Clappison to Black Corners closed. Detour east through Waterdown. Black's Corners to Freelton surface good. Light grading in progress. Freelton to Puslinch—good.

24. **Hamilton to Kitchener**—Hamilton, to Dundas—grading and construction in Binkley's Hollow. Traffic to proceed slowly. Dundas to Galt—heavy construction on this section—grading on Dundas Mountain. Traffic to proceed slowly. This road is closed to traffic on two sections and through traffic from Hamilton and Dundas to Galt is advised to proceed by way of Brock Road from Dundas to Freelton thence along 9th concession Beverly straight into Galt. Galt to Kitchener—heavy construction. Road closed to traffic from village of Centreville to Kitchener. Detour through village of German Mills to Kitchener. Through traffic from Galt or Preston to Kitchener is advised to proceed by way of Blair, Doon and German Mills to Kitchener.

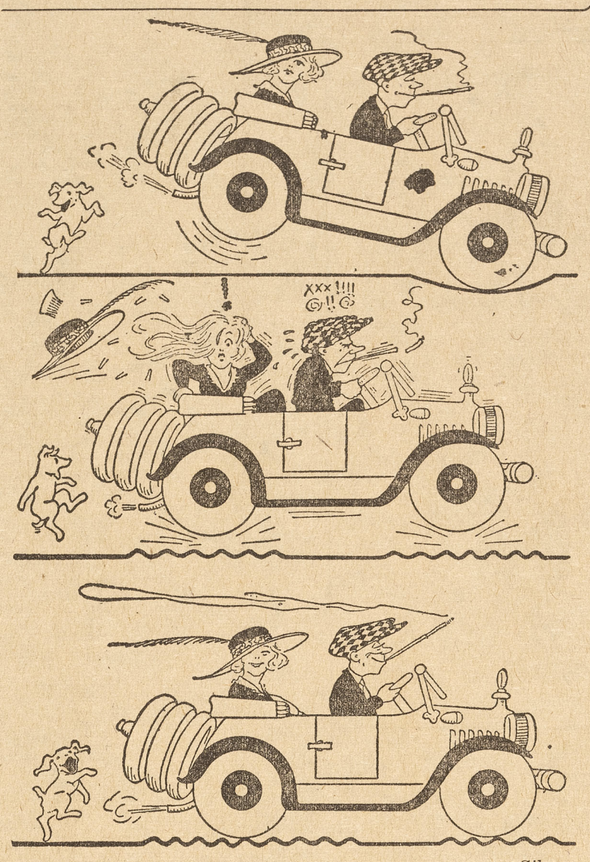
25. **Guelph to Kitchener**—Highway closed to traffic for 2½ miles east of Townline. Traffic to proceed to or from Guelph on the 1st road south of the Highway, which is in fair condition.

26. **Kitchener to Goderich**—Kitchener to Stratford heavy grading throughout. In poor shape and traffic advised to use road 1¼ miles south of Highway from Kitchener to Hamburg; and one mile south from Hamburg to Stratford. Stratford to Goderich, very fair except from Mitchell east 3¾ miles. Take road 1¼ miles south.

27. **Stratford to Sarnia**—Road in good condition except stretch between Elginfield and Arkona where grading is in progress.

28. **Stratford to London**—Road in good condition.

Before and After Snubbers.



—Gilmer.

ONTARIO HAS NEARLY FIVE TIMES NUMBER OF CARS IN QUEBEC.

A report on the number of automobile licenses issued up to the 15th of August by the Automobile Branch of the Government since the 1st of March, shows that there are 56,180 licensed automobiles in the Province of Quebec as compjared with 54,670 for the whole of last year. Out of this number 20,009 are in the City of Montreal and 2,674 in the City of Quebec. Last year the figures were for Montreal 19,032 and Quebec 2,427.

Packard Announces Marine Engines

Col. Vincent, Father of Liberty Aeroplane Motor, Designs Three Types.

Following the victory of Col. J. G. Vincent with a Packard marine motor mounted in his boat, "Packard Chriscraft" in the Gold Cup races at Detroit, the Packard Motor Car Company is experiencing a big demand for marine motors, a new product of the company's engineering division, of which Col. Vincent is the head.

Besides the "Gold Cup" motor the company is turning out two other types of marine motors, one known as the Packard Sweepstakes Motor and the other as the Packard Junior Marine Motor.

The Packard Junior is much similar in design to the motor used in the Single-Six passenger car. It has six cylinders cast in block and with a bore of 3 3-8 inches and stroke of 5 inches. It develops 45 horse power at 1,800 revolutions per minute and is particularly well adapted for installations requiring a light medium duty engine. This covers a majority of the medium-sized boats such as light runabouts, yacht tenders and general purpose boats in which it will develop a speed up to 20 miles an hour.

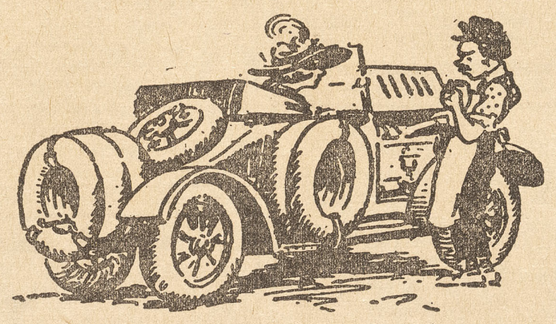
Complete with clutch and reversing gear the motor weighs only 635 pounds.

"The "Gold Cup" motor has six steel cylinders with steel water jackets, of the type used in aviation motors. It has a bore of five inches and a stroke of 5¼ inches, giving 618 cubic inches of piston displacement. At 2,000 revolutions per minute it develops 185 horse power and at that motor speed it developed as high as 42 miles an hour with the Packard Chriscraft in the Gold Cup races.

A full pressure oil feed is used. The carburetor is of the airplane motor type made by the Zenith Carburetor Company. Just what speed the motor is capable of driving a displacement boat of the Gold Cup type is unknown as the Chriscraft was not opened to its full capacity at any time during the recent races. Trial runs against time soon are to be made.

The Packard Sweepstakes marine motor is much the same as the Gold Cup power plant in design with the addition of six cylinders. The 12 cylinders are mounted in a V with an included angle of 60 degrees. The motor has a total piston displacement of 1,237 cubic inches and develops 375 horsepower at 2,000 revolutions per minute. This type of motor will meet the requirements laid down in the rules for the $25,000 sweepstakes races to be held in Detroit next year for displacement type runabouts.

As Roy Wold Say: "Ask 'Em to Buy."



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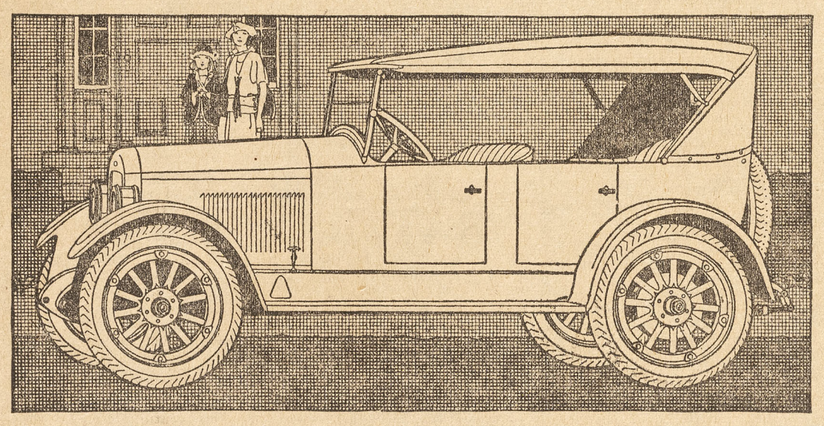

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States Spending Nearly Billion a Year on Roads

Eventually All Main Roads Will Have a Fifth Avenue Pavement, According to Former Chief Economist of U. S. Bureau of Roads—States Have Sunk Hundreds of Millions on Too Narrow and Too Light Pavements — An Interesting Article, Despite Its "Brag."

By J. E. PENNYBACKER.
Former Chief Economist, U. S. Bureau of Public Roads.

Fifth Avenue, New York City, is more than the stateliest thoroughfare in the American Metropolis. It is in a sense an institution firmly established in the affectionate pride of Americans irrespective of their places of abode. I do not mean that Fifth Avenue holds a unique place in the regard of our people but rather that it takes rank with the other show places of America which tends to make the American chest swell a little larger with each inventory of the outstanding features of his native land. As examples, I might mention Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon as God-given treasures and, as among the wonders created by man, the Washington Monument with its simple dignity, the immensity of achievement of the Panama Canal, the lofty sky line of New York and the historic interest of Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. To the American citizen comes a sensation of affectionate ownership much like that which the devotee of art experiences as he wanders throught his own cherished collection.

I do not mean to create the impression that Fifth Avenue is the only great thoroughfare entitled to a place in this gallery of American masterpieces, I use the term rather in a representative sense. Washington has its historic Pennsylvania Avenue, its Sixteenth Street, known as "The Avenue of the Presidents"; Chicago has its wonderful Michigan Boulevard, and Philadelphia its far-reaching Broad Street. In fact most of our cities have their Fifth Avenues by whatever name. If they have not they should have them. It is good to be a joint owner of something so tangible and beautiful and yet as democratic as a great and impressive street or highway.

Far out of sight and sound of the cities America is building a marvelous network of Fifth Avenues, many of them having a pavement equal to that of Fifth Avenue and some of them already famous throughout the length and breadth of the land. I do not mean to infer that they are counterparts of Fifth Avenue but in their own way they are equally impressive and equally entitled to admiration and affectionate regard. On the Pacific Coast there is the wonderful scenic route known as the Columbia River Highway, surpasing in some respects the noted Alpine roads throughout Switzerland. Within the past few years there has been carved out of the rocky breast of Old Storm King Mountain on the Hudson River a smooth highway destined to be a show place to the thousands of tourists who visit New York. The Governors of Pennsylvania and New York joined in the ceremony which opened the beautiful Lackawanna Trail, a superb stretch of highway twenty-eight miles long filling in the remaining gap between Binghampton and Scranton and traversing some of the most picturesque country in all of North America. Down in North Carolina on a great Central Highway from the mountains to the sea they are building hundreds of miles of pavements identical with those which sustain the ceaseless stream of Fifth Avenue traffic—while stretching across the country from coast to coast like a 3,500 miles ribbon is the Lincoln Highway, much of which is now in the progress of being transformed into modern pavements.

This vast road-building program involving an outlay of nearly a billion dollars annually is transforming the lonely by-ways into fascinating Fifth Avenues with smooth, velvety pavements, dustless, noiseless and enduring.

The standard high-grade country road until a few years ago was the macadam pavement, named after that practical English road-builder, John Louden Macadam, its inventor. His theory was that earth if compacted and kept dry would sustain any load. He designed a pavement made up of broken stone rolled so that the fragments interlocked, and filled the voids with smaller stone and rock dust. When this pavement was wet and thoroughly rolled, the rock dust and water formed a mortar and made, with the rock fragments, a crust which kept the earth subgrade dry and thereby sustained traffic. The steel-tired vehicles and horseshoes wore just enough new dust from the rock constantly to renew this mortar as portions of it were blown off the road in dry weather. With the coming of the automobile, however, a wholly new condition arose; the rubber tires did not wear off any new rock dust, but in their rapid movement lifted the rock dust from the road, while cross-currents of air carried it from the road to the abutting fields and gardens, much to the disgust of the property owners, and seriously to the damage of the pavement, which, robbed of this essential binding material, ravelled and disintegrated.

The problem of the engineer, therefore, was to obtain a binding material which would be so powerfully adhesive as to resist the suction of the shear of the automobile wheel, and which would render the road at once dustless and waterproof. Such a waterproof adhesive, known as asphalt, was already in use in the construction of pavements like that on Fifth Avenue and on most of the principal streets in European and American cities. Asphalt is one of the many useful products of petroleum, that marvelous servant of man which ministers to so many human wants. It is a striking fact that petroleum yields not only the gasoline which drives the automobile, and the lubricating oil which reduces friction in operation, but it also provides asphalt for the pavement upon which the automobile moves. And it is a fact that asphalt in many cases is an ingredient of the paint on the car body and of the rubber in the tire. Finally, asphalt is the essential constituents of two-thirds of the roofs constructed annually in the United States. Proof of the remarkable waterproofing and preservative value of asphalt was afforded a few years ago by the discovery in asphalt pits near Los Angeles of hundreds of complete skeletons of prehistoric animals, including the sabre-tooth tiger and the mighty mastodon. Scientists estimated that these skeletons were not less than 2,500 years old and might be 500,000 years old.

Some of the earlier city pavements were constructed of rock naturally impregnated with asphalt, and later pavements were of asphalt mined from lakes or deposits left as a residue after evaporation of the lighter oils. Four-fifths of the asphalt now produced, however, comes from the great oil refineries, where an asphalt of practically 100 per cent. purity and of any desired consistency can be obtained by removing the lighter constituents of the petroleum used. Sixty per cent. of our petroleum asphalt comes from Mexico, and a considerable portion from California and Wyoming, as the Mexican, California and Wyoming oils are rich in asphalt base, while most of the Eastern and mid-continent oils have a greasy or paraffin base. We are, therefore, largely dependent upon Mexico for our excellent Fifth Avenue pavements.

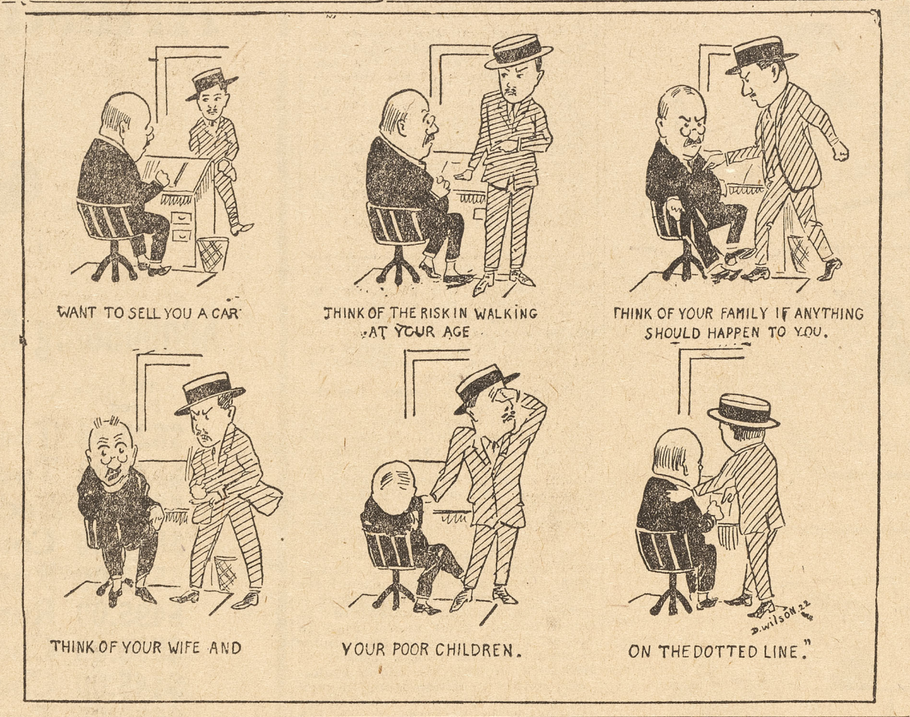
At first it was considered too costly to adapt the city pavements to country roads, and so it was sought to utilize an oil containing asphalt in connection with the macadam highways. The asphaltic oil was therefore merely sprayed over the surface of the old macadam roads. While it at once rendered them dustless and to a large extent stopped disintegration, it was, after all, no more than a top dressing, and all of the defects of the old road were destined eventually to show through. This explains in a measure why a great many roads which seem to have an asphalt surface are defective when, as a matter of fact, they are merely the old, worn-out macadam roads carrying a top dressing of the asphaltic material. A little later on the engineers in building the macadam roads incorporated asphalt into the pavement by pouring the hot melted material on to the layer of stone and allowing it to penetrate deeply enough into the pavement to coat each stone fragment. The result was a type known as asphalt macadam, of which New York State now has over 3,500 miles, while New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, California, Oregon and other states have a few thousand miles more. We have become so accustomed to getting the best of everything regardless of cost that we sometimes lose sight of the magnitude of past achievements. Consider what it would mean to have the hundreds of thousands of automobiles churning up dust on the old-style macadam road and realize that in this small group of states these 5,000 miles of dustless, noiseless, waterproof roads have eliminated some at least of the old ills of travel. We can therefore be a great deal more lenient toward the defects which the inexperience of the earlier road-builders and the shortage of funds made inevitable in the initial building of this type of road, for this was a pioneer type. The engineer had to develop a type by degrees in the face of a growth of motor traffic which was phenomenal. These old asphalt macadam roads have rendered excellent service over a period of time running back 12 or 14 years, and have yielded a return several times their original cost.

Hardly had the engineer solved the problem of sustaining the fast moving passenger motor traffic when the lumbering motor truck hove into sight. Here was a new problem, not that of speed, but of weight. The motor truck does not as a rule use pneumatic tires, but depends upon solid rubber or cushion tires. Its weight runs all the way from the little one-half ton "tin lizzie" to the ponderous juggernaut which, with its load, weighs 30,000 pounds or more. Recent tests at the United States Bureau of Public Roads brought out the rather startling fact that a loaded truck moving at a rate of fifteen miles an hour delivers a blow to the pavement, if the wheel has a one-inch drop, equal to a weight six times as great as the weight of the load at rest. For example, if there is a 7,500-pound weight resting on one rear wheel, and that rear wheel moving fifteen miles an hour encounters an obstacle which causes it to drop one inch, it may deliver a blow equivalent to a weight on that one wheel of 45,000 pounds. Manifestly these lightly built macadam roads, even though asphalt had wonderfully improved them, could not stand such a terrific bombardment, and so the engineers turned their attention to solving the new problem of impact.

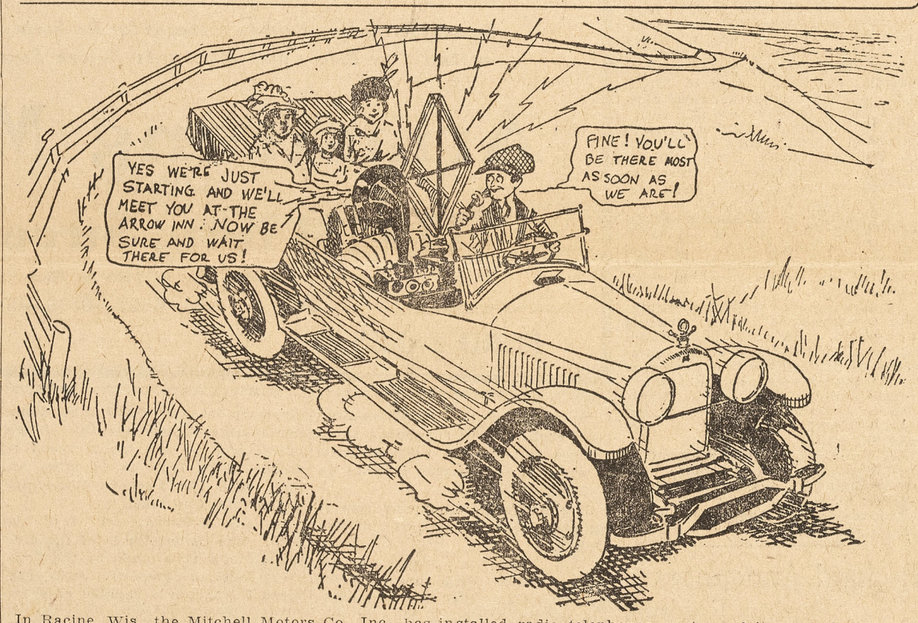
Two theories were advanced in designing a pavement to resist impact. One was to build with massive rigidity thus opposing to the impact of the wheel sheer strength, and the other was to intempose some flexible material which would give resiliency to the pavement, yielding where yielding was necessary, and standing when it had yielded to the point of having beneath it the entire supporting power of the foundation and the earth subgrade. The first school contended that the pavements must be constructed as a beam to take a maximum load, just as a building or bridge would be designed. The second school held that the comparison is not an apt one, as the pavement in a sense must resist a bombardment or a series of impacts, while rigid structures must carry weight but are not primarily designed to resist impact. Most city streets are constructed according to the second method, or rather a combination of the two, through the construction of a rigid portland cement concrete base, and a flexible asphalt top that, in a sense, serves as a shock absorber. In the earlier stages the combination of portland cement concrete base and asphalt top was regarded as too expensive for country highways, but the increasing motor truck traffic necessitated the thickening and widening by addition of cement of the undersurfaced slabs, and the use of re-enforcing metal, so that to-day it is possible to lay the combination city type or the re-inforced rigid type at about the same cost.

In extending our fifth avenues out into the far reaches of the country, we must make them safe and beautiful. Our pavements are too narrow for safety; they should be widened. There should be clear vision along the main traveled highways through the widening of curves and the cutting away of foliage and other impediments to clear the view. Grade crossings should be eliminated. Finally, the highway should be made a thing of beauty by the removal of unsightly advertising signs, clearing up the roadsides and ending the practice of making the road sides dumping grounds. Beauty and comfort should be promoted by the planting of trees, shrubs and hedges. The broad highway is the common property of rich and poor. It is the symbol of democratic freedom and liberty of movement and of good fellowship. It should have our earnest care and thought.

As the Cartoonist Visualizes It.



A Fact, Not a Futurity.



In Racine, Wis., the Mitchell Motors Co., Inc., has installed radio telephones on two of its cars between the occupants of which conversation is successfully carried on up to a range of two miles.

PEERLESS OUTPUT TO BE DOUBLED.

Sales of the new Peerless models to dealers and distributors have been closed one year in advance, according to R. H. Collins, president of the Peerless Motor Car Company. This means that in the coming year more than twice as many cars will be produced as were formerly turned out in the Peerless plant.

Demand For Lights On All Vehicles

Continued from Page Three.

drivers, as suggested by the Motor Club, he did not think a law could be made to prevent a man's driving a car. He would approve of a reasonable examination and leave to judge and jury whether the man showed negligence. Again a law to call for bonds for minors would be legislation against the poor.

To Eliminate Checkerboarding.

Mr. MacBride believed the day was coming when motorists would maintain something like the Workmen's Compensation Board to distribute the damages resulting from motor traffic.

"Why not make the statute laws comprise all the laws necessary?" commented Mr. Biggs, speaking against such a checkerboard system as described by Mr. Nickle. Mr. Nickle had brought up a good point, he said.

The two automobile cases at the last Division Court, where accidents occurred through failure to see signals, were cited to illustrate Mr. Nickle's point. There is nothing in the statute laws regarding signalling with the arm re turning or stopping. Mr. Biggs said the stop light being attached to the brakes is rather a speed light.

Chief Robinson told the conference about difficulties he had met with in his work of judging the age of seniors, of deciding when a light was a moveable spot light, and when a car was a commercial car.

A point which he strongly emphasized was the need of giving police vans, fire engines and ambulances absolute right of way on the road. He would approve of a distinguishing whistle or horn, which all motorists would recognize and draw up to the pavement. He recalled the collision here last year between the Black Maria and a private car when the police were answering a hold-up call. The collision resulted in a $3,500 action against the city.

Mr. Robinson also favored legislation to protect hospital and school areas as quiet zones.

Hon. Mr. Henry claimed hospital zones were not recognized in Toronto and that there were greater danger spots in other parts of a city than around a school, where the children were under control.

Mr. Asselstine spoke of the good results achieved by the Kingston Automobile Club in its efforts to educate the children regarding dangers on the street. Since the Club's children's essay contest and free moving pictures this Spring there had not been a crossing accident in Kingston.

Mr. Asselstine said a man had been reported to him from three different quarters as trying to get run over. Mr. Henry claimed there were many such cases in Toronto and Mr. Biggs told of a woman who stepped off the curb in front of him. He honestly believed she was looking for an easy living.

Another recommendation made by Chief Robinson was to have the issuers of licenses in possession of a device for regulating the dim light systems on cars before the yearly permit is given.

Mr. McGinnis complained of having trouble with autoists who would persist in racing over roads under construction, greatly to the injury of the highway, and endangering the lives of the workmen. They seemed to pay no attention to signs. He asked that the inspectors on the various jobs have authority of Provincial constables in such cases.

Hon. Mr. Biggs replied that under the Summary Convictions Act Mr. McGinnis, his inspectors or his foremen could swear out information against anyone offending in the above manner. He said the Department had been securing convictions in this way this Summer.

Ex-Mayor Nickle, a director of the Kingston Automobile Club, commented further on the suggestions submitted by Mr. Asselstine.

He said the spot light rays, if used, should not go beyond the radius of the left headlight.

He criticized the laws regarding minors as unreasonable. A man with a technical training had to have a license to drive a 6-ton truck throttled down to 11 miles, yet any fool could jump into a car and step on the gas. A street car conductor had to have a license to drive a street car at 20 miles. Nor did he think he should be bumped into by a one-armed driver.

There was sufficient speed allowed now, the roads were not built for speedways, and he was not in favor of 30 miles unless on Provincial Highways and provided all drivers were licensed.

Regarding lights on all vehicles he related a local case in 1920 when 50 car drivers were summoned for having no lights, though there were just as many vehicles offending the same night, who went untouched.

He claimed also that it was wrong to pay magistrates in fees. He told of a local magistrate charging $7.50 in costs in a speeding case. It was damaging to Kingston's tourist trade to have an American visitor hauled up for speeding as soon as he had passed the city. He suggested instead that the constables give warnings on the first offence.

Mr. Biggs pointed out that the Provincial constables were on salary.

Mr. Nickle also spoke of the ridiculous varying speed signs throughout the country. But they did no harm, replied members of the committee.

He also claimed that fines were not sufficient for the offence of passing standing street cars. Lifting the license for three months would be more effective. Some motorists considered fines as overhead expenses.

This concluded the conference.

Mr. Johnson, seconded by Mr. McLeod, moved a vote of thanks to the various Kingston organizations who had met the committee. Both speakers showed beyond a doubt that they considered the conference an unqualified success.

Hon. Mr. Henry spoke of the broad manner in which the Kingstonians had approached the subject. Mr. Asselstine, he said, had treated the question, not as a motorist but as a citizen, considering the welfare of all. The conference had been as successful, if not more so, than any other they had held. Mr. MacBride also spoke to the motion, which was gracefully received by Mr. Asselstine on behalf of the club.

No Cogent Argument Against Spot-Light

Continued from Page Three.

Biggs' and Henry's remarks on the spotlights that, while the tongues of men are oftimes a public nuisance and a menace, it would really be a hardship for them if their use were banned. As yet no cogent reason has been adduced in support of bannnig the spotlight that is not equally applicable to motor cars. Indeed, for that matter, what good thing is there that when abused does not become a nuisance or a menace. When properly used, the spotlight is one of the best safety accessories ever invented for motor vehicles. Heavy penalties would discourage their abuse. Many modern swivel types are equipped with stops that prevent their elevation to where their projected rays would glare in the eyes of oncoming drivers, yet permit of their right angle elevation so as to provide road sign illumination. Dismounted, most of the new type of spotlights make excellent trouble lights, as extension cords are a feature of them. Reversed they provide a backing light, a real necessity in country driving. The integral star-view spotlight mirror is another safety feature. The so-called "fixed" spotlight has none of these advantages, as it is merely an auxiliary headlight. The Ontario Motor League and Ontario Safety League both strongly recommend the legalization of the use of spotlights, with the imposition of heavy penalties for their abuse. I am advised that Chief of Police Dickson's car carries a spotlight. The Fire Department's motor vehicles do. So do some of the highway engineers' cars, as well as those of tens of thousands of motorists. For the past eight years I have not been without the service of a spotlight, and if I can help it, never will be. Only three times in eighteen years of continuous driving have I seen spotlights misused.

With severe penalties for their abuse, the use of spotlights is permitted in most of the states of the Union. If the Select Committee of the Legislature does not recommend their legalization in Ontario it will have been guilty of so much dereliction of duty.

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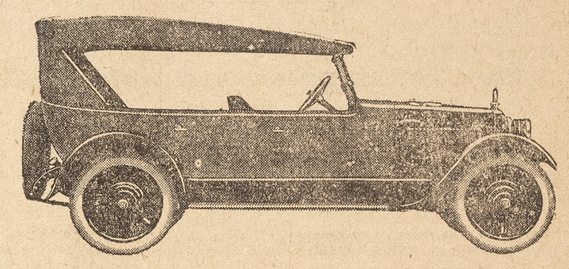
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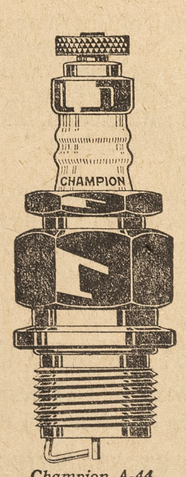
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Automotive Merchandising---Can You Beat It?

Here Are Two Li'l' Stories From Life That Are In No Way Embellished.

By W. B. H.

As I have not his permission, his name is withheld and in its place the extraordinary sobriquet, John Doe, will serve.

John is between 30 and 40 years of age—an aggressive and successful salesman, who consequently appreciates merchandising wherever he encounters it. John has been a motorist for years. Now and again he buys a new car for he likes his car's performance to approximate perfection.

When car selling was slow last Winter, John decided that he would buy a new car. He was not "sold" on any particular make in the price class on which he had determined, so he made the rounds of the dealers handling cars in that category. On one day he called on five. The salesmen in only two of the five asked for his name, and only one of the two followed up his overture. He sold John the car following a few minutes' demonstration.

Those were the days when selling was admittedly not cushy, but—the average salesman had enormously exaggerated sales resistance by selling himself on the futility of sales effort. He had repeated such incantations as "You couldn't sell the C.P.R. Building for a nickle," until he had in a measure come to believe them. A victim of autohypnosis, his sales effort was at its ebb when it should have been at flood tide. The greatest sales resistant he encountered was himself.

That's that—and it occurred last Winter here in Toronto.

This is this—and it occurred this month in New York City on the great B'way motor row, according to the current issue of Motor World:

Nowhere, probably, has the industry flowered so gorgeously as on Broadway—the only Broadway—where rentals reach kings' ransoms, and super-salesmen swarm like bootleggers along the three-mile limit.

Have we provided sufficient atmosphere? Then let's to the story.

The scene is a palatial Broadway salesroom. Immaculate tile floors. Tapestried walls. Massively carved balcony overhanging back, where shadows deepen beyond the expanse of plate glass fronting on Broadway—the only Broadway.

Enters a young man. Purpose is unmistakable in his deliberate advance. Halfway down the floor he slackens his step and stops before a powerful, low-slung sport model.

A salesman on the balcony rises from his chair, walks to the balustrade, surveys the newcomer with a cold, calculative glance—and returns to his "Snappy Stories".

The young man tarries before the sport model: even drops to his haunches the better to view the spring suspension.

Then from behind a richly upholstered and scintillating limousine emerges an overall-bedecked porter, mop in hand.

"Does yo' want tuh see somebody?"

It's gospel truth—every word of it.

It happened to-day on Broadway—the only Broadway.

And—this is the age of merchandising.



New Lexington Closed Model Announced

New Brougham Is a Compact Looking Though Roomy Car.

One of the problems presented by the new style trend in closed cars, is how to obtain ample room, together with compactness. The new Lexington brougham, just announced, takes precedent as a striking example of the great strides forward that have recently been made in closed car coach designing and artistry, says an official of Rhodia Motors, Limited, distributors.

"Viewed from a distance, this four-passenger car gives the impression of close-fitting lines, with the sum total effect of eagerness for action. There are no cumbersome bulges or angles and not an ounce of superfluous weight.

"Yet one receives the most pleasant surprise upon stepping into the interior. Inside, the car looks and is unusually roomy and comfortable—a paradox of the coach builder's skill.

"Unusual attention has been paid to the elegance of detail and fittings. The rear seat is both wide and deep, and the high back contributes to its exceeding restfulness. The two chairs in front offer Pullman-like ease. There is a trunk in the rear, which contains two removable suitcases."

Motor Camping in the Autumn

Not Without Its Advantages Over "the Good Old Summer

By H. CLIFFORD BROKAW.

Camping by automobilists bids fair to be a popular outdoor sport until late into the Fall. Some enthusiasts have gone so far as to declare their intention of keeping it up all Winter. "What we have found to be such an excellent recreation during the Summer," these campers declare, "ought to be just as much fun in the cooler months of the Autumn."

Certainly no small proportion of the cars seen on the highways this heated term just drawing to a close have carried evidences of camping experiences. Blanket rolls, pillows, folding beds, bed spreads, tent poles and cooking utensils could be seen bulging from all parts of cars or hanging on the sides, fronts, and rears, not to mention the large number of trailers that one sees hitched to touring motor cars.

Some cities do not consider it too much trouble to turn over sections of their parks for motorists who are urged to honor their municipalities by camping in their midst. Even the smaller towns, and, in the country, farmers have gone in for the same sort of hospitality to travelers in motor cars. They provide tables, fireplaces, toilet facilities, drinking water and all sorts of conveniences. And one usually finds these places used by these vacationists. On the other hand many spurn such modern conveniences. They prefer to rough it more. Consequently it is not uncommon to see cars parked anywhere along the highway and tourists busy at outdoor cooking and erecting tents.

That a pastime so popular in the Summer should become extinct in the Fall is inconceivable. In fact some who are seasoned in this sport claim that when the leaves begin to fall, nature puts at the disposal of the motorists a copious supply of material by which more satisfactory sleep can be secured. Some have complained that the ground has been rather hard compared to their mattresses and springs at home. These assert that with a few armfuls of leaves a camp bed can be created which will make the house bed feel like a row of boards in comparison.

Another advantage which is mentioned is the exclusiveness which can be secured. A great many of those who tour in the Summer, not appreciating the enjoyment to be had during the Autumn, will stay at home week-ends and attend the football games. This will give those who do venture forth, less crowded roads on which to drive and doubtless the exclusive use of their favorite places. Some are selecting semi-permanent sites which they expect to improve each week-end, and they are fairly sure that on their return to them each time, they will not be occupied by others as would be apt to be the case in the Summer.

While most of the Summer campers will not admit that they were inconvenienced in any way by mosquitoes, bugs, or insects of any sort, yet those who contemplate camping this Fall are quick to agree that one advantage of this sport in the cooler weather will be the absence of many such pests. They advise, however, that motorists should take along with their tents a bit of mosquito netting to cover up the openings.

Of course there will be little if any discomfort from the heat as often obtained in the hottest months of the year. The air will be more snappy and invigorating. It is also pointed out that a few week-ends of camping during the Fall will help to harden those who participate so that they can better stand their homes during the rest of the week which are likely to be chilly on account of the coal situation. Extra blankets should be carried and plenty of clothes should be worn, to insure a maximum of comfort.

In a mile's walk along the bank of a small stream not fifty miles from the city I found six camps established and was informed that they would be occupied week-ends by motorists until snow flies. There were tents and cooking equipment that were left in these places week after week. No one had molested these things in any respect. Folks seem to have a high respect for the property of such campers.

These people have cut up wood and have brought it into their respective camps. They expect to enjoy their recreation in solid comfort. One of the groups did not miss a week-end at one of these camps all last Winter, and expects to duplicate the record this coming cold weather season. When they could not get through with their car, which was seldom, they took the train as far as possible and finished the trip on snowshoes.

It is safe to prophesy that the camping season for motorists will extend farther and farther into the Fall each year. "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the Shock" the motorists who are still touring into the country for week-ends will be legion.

SERVES 'ER RIGHT.

The recent style edict from Paris—they're wearing 'em longer, it seems—may bring back the old-fashioned girl. You remember her—when she climbed into the automobile she stepped on her skirt.

DOING BUSINESS IN THE DARK.

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing, but nobody else does. —Autogram.

To Be Or Not to Be—a Gray-Dort "Six"?

Officials Refuse to Confirm Or Deny Report—Rumor Gains Wide Credence.

An important addition to the lists of Canadian-built cars, if rumors are true, will be a Gray-Dort six. This big company, for a number of years building a complete line of four-cylinder automobiles, is said to be planning a sensational new six.

Officials of the Gray-Dort organization refuse to confirm or deny the report. But it seems a logical step for them to take. A number of years ago Robert Grey turned his immense carriage business into a motor car business just at the moment that the balance swung in favor of the automobile. He has produced new models and new bodies at the proper moment to meet a public need. Undoubtedly there exists in Canada a considerable proportion of motorists who prefer a six-cylinder car.

Rumor has it that the six-cylinder Gray-Dort will not be just another six but one which will meet the demand for six cylinder cars which has heretofore gone unsatisfied. Whether it will be a new speed and hill-climbing marvel or one of the lowest priced sixes yet offered rumor does not say.

Converts His Old Car Into Railroad Car

Had Done Over 90,000 Miles With It Before Its Conversion.

After an automobile has been driven 90,000 miles, most people think that it is time to scrap it, but Phil Carroll, superintendent of the Kansas division of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, thought differently, and he has made a McLaughlin-Buick touring car into a private railroad car which he travels in over the lines of his division.

The car probably holds the record for the most unique use that a motor car has ever been put to, and while greatly altered to conform to the running on tracks instead of the roads, it still gives good service, Mr. Carroll says, and is more satisfactory in many ways than the regulation type of private car.

The wheels of the car were altered first and the disc type used with special rims which just fit the rails and have flanges on the inside similar to the regulation locomotive wheel. A cowcatcher has been added to the front of the machine and a special radiator shell and hood was installed.

Over the regulation body, a special top has been built which corresponds to the present-day style of Winter top, but built mostly of glass with special ventilation holes being cut on each side, with covers to close them at will.

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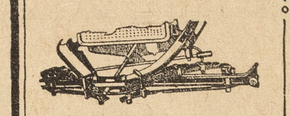

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There is a rear compartment with ample room for personal luggage, samples, or surgeon's kit.

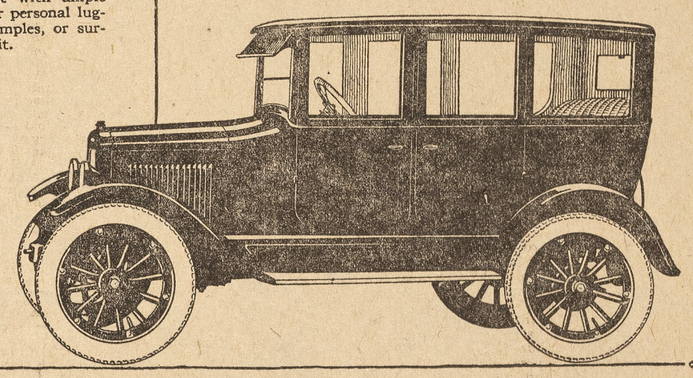
Overland TRADE MARK REG.

The Ideal Family Car

For the busy man who must make hurried trips from one place to another—for the housewife who must make frequent visits to town in all kinds of weather—for the entire family who want comfortable, dependable and low-cost transportation, there is nothing quite like the Overland Sedan.

It combines comfort, economy and good looks in a truly remarkable way.

Low in first cost—low in upkeep and low in depreciation—the Overland Sedan is the ideal family car.



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FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW *Registered U. S. Patent Office* —*By Hanlon*

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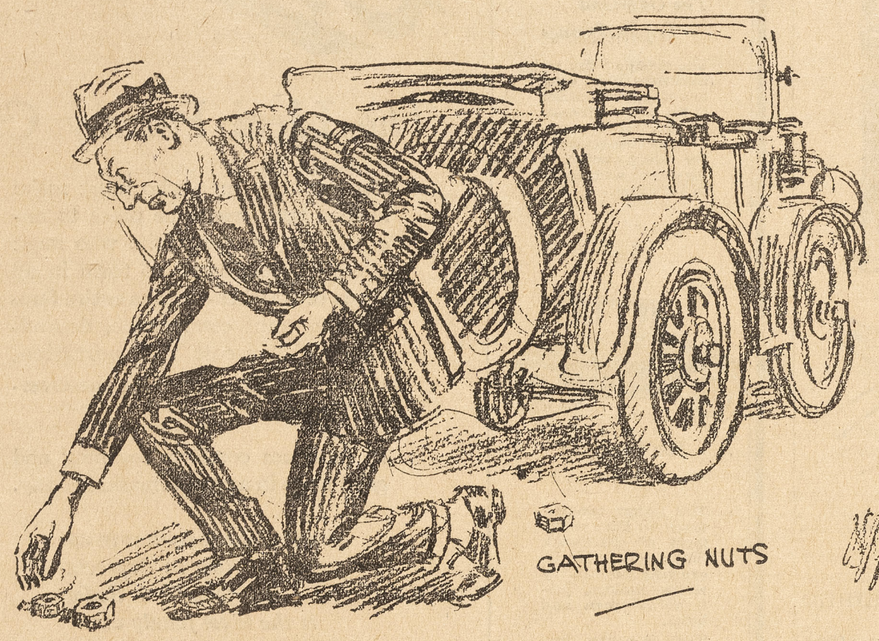


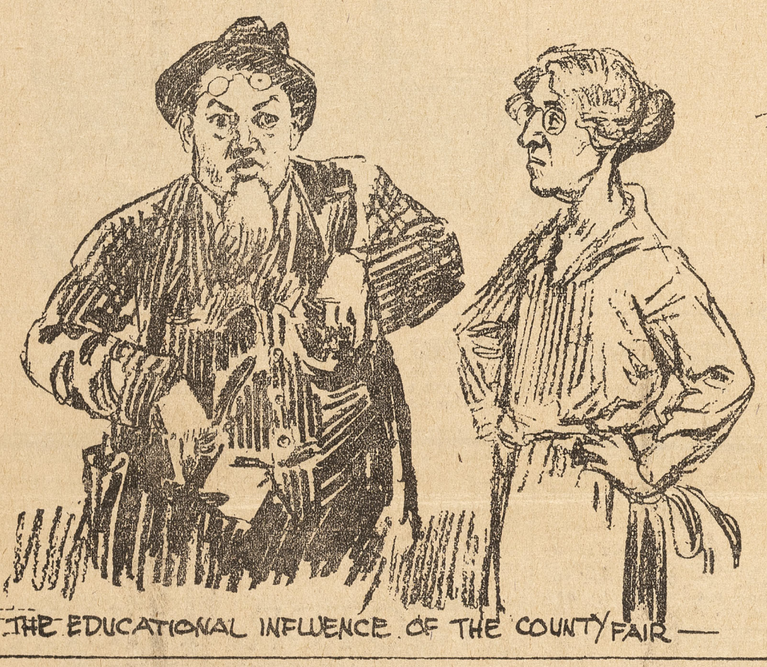
GATHERING NUTS



PRESERVING TIME



HAY FEVER ADDICT



THE EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE COUNTY FAIR —



BROWN OCTOBER AILMENTS

ARDELIA IN ARCADY

Continued from Page Two.

nice an' cool out here by evenin', don't it?"

She leaned back and rocked silently to and fro, and Ardelia waited for the events of the evening. There were none. She wondered why the gas was not lit in all that shadowy darkness, why the people didn't come along. She felt scared and lonely. Now that her stomach was filled, and her nerves refreshed by her long sleep, she was in a condition to realize that aside from all bodily discomfort she was sad—very sad. A new, unknown depression weighed her down. It grew steadily, something was happening, something constant and mournful—what? Suddenly she knew. It was a steady, recurrent noise, a buzzing, monotonous click. Now it rose, now it fell accentuating the silence dense about it.

"Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!" then a rest.

"Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!"

She looked restlessly at Mrs. Slater. "Wha's 'at?" she said.

"That? Oh, those are katydids. I s'pose you never heard 'em, that's a fact. Kind o' cosy, I think. Don't you like 'em?"

"Naw," said Ardelia.

Another long silence intervened. The rocking chair swayed back and forth, and Mr. Slater snored. Little bright eyes glowed and disappeared, now high, now low, against the dark. It will never be known whether Ardelia thought them defective gas-lights or the flashing, changing electric signs that add color to the night adversements of her native city, for contrary to all fictional precedent, she did not inquire with interest what they were. She did not care in fact.

After half an hour of the katydids, William spoke.

"Nick Damon's helpin' in the south lot t'day," he observed.

"Was he?" asked his mother, pausing a moment in her rocking.

"Yep."

Again he smoked, and the monotonous clamor was uninterrupted.

"Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig! Zig-a-zig!"

Slowly, against the background of this machine-like clicking, there grew other sounds, weird, unhappy, far away.

"Wheep, wheep, wheep!"

This was a high, thin crying.

"Burroom! Brrroom! broom!"

This was low and resonant and solemn. Ardelia scowled.

"What's 'at?" she asked again.

"That's the frogs. Bull-frogs and peepers. Never heard of them, either, did ye? Well, that's what they are."

William took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Come here, sissy, 'n I'll tell y' a story," he said lazily.

Ardelia obeyed, and glancing timorously at the shadows, slipped around to his side.

"Onc't they was an ol' feller comin' 'long cross-lots, late at night, an' he come to a pond, an' he kinder stopped up an' says to himself, 'Wonder how deep th' ol' pond is, anyhow?' He was just a leetle—well, he'd had a drop too much, y' see—"

"Had a what?" interrupted Ardelia.

"He was sort o' rollin' 'round—he didn't know just what he was doin'—"

"Oh! Jagged!" said Ardelia comprehendingly.

"I guess so. An' he heard a voice singin' out, 'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!'"

William gave a startling imitation of the peepers; his voice was a high, shrill wail.

"'Oh, well, 's' he, ''f it's just knee deep I'll wade through,' an' he starts in.

"Just then he hears a big feller singin' out. 'Better go rrround; Better go rrround! bettergo-round!'"

William rolled out a vibrating bass note that startled the bull-frogs themselves.

"'Lord!' said he, "is it s'deep's that? Well, I'll go round, then.' 'N' off he starts to walk around.

"'Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!' says the peeper.

"An there it was. Soon's he'd start to do one thing, they'd tell him another. Make up his mind he couldn't, so he stands there still, they do say, askin' 'em every night which he better do."

"Stands where?" Ardelia looked fearfully behind her.

"Oh, I do'know. Out in that swamp, mebbe."

Again he smoked, and the younger boy chuckled.

Time passed by. To Ardelia it might have been minutes, hours, or generations. An unspeakable boredom, an ennui that struck to the roots of her soul, possessed her. Her muscles twitched from nervousness. Her feet ached and burned in the stiff boots.

Suddenly Mr. Slater coughed and arose. "Well, guess I'll be gettin' to bed," he said. "Come on, boys. Hello, little girl! Come to visit with us hey! Mind you don't pick poison vine."

He shuffled into the house, and the boys followed him in silence. Mrs. Slater led Ardelia into a little hot room, and told her to get into bed quick, for the lamp drew the mosquitoes.

Ardelia kicked off her shoes and approached the bed distrustfully. It sank down with her weight and smelled hot and queer. Rolling off, she stretched herself on the floor, and lay there disconsolately. Sharp, quick stabs from the swarming mosquitoes stung her to rage; she tossed about, slapping at them with exclamations that would have shocked Mrs. Slater. The eternal chatter of katydids maddened her. She could not sleep. Across the swamp came the wail of the peepers.

"Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!"

At home the hurdy-gurdy was playing, the women were gossiping on every step, the lights were everywhere—the blessed, fearless gas lights—the little girls were dancing in the breeze that drew in from the East River, Old Dutchy was giving Maggie Kelly an olive; Ardelia slapped viciously at a mosquito on her hot cheek, heard a great June bug flopping into the room through the loosely waving netting, and burst into tears of pain and fright, wrapping her head tightly in her gingham skirt.

IN the morning Miss Forsythe came over to inquire after her charge's health, accompanied by another young lady.

"How do you do, my dear?" said the new lady kindly. "How terribly the mosquitoes have stung you! What makes you stay in the house, and miss the beautiful fresh air?

"See that great plot of daisies—does she know that she can pick all she wants, poor little thing? I suppose she never had a chance! Come out with me, Ardelia, and let's see which can pick the biggest bunch."

And Ardelia fortified by ham and eggs, went stolidly forth into the grass and silently attacked the daisies.

In the middle of her bunch, the new young lady paused. "Why, Ethel, she isn't barefoot!" she cried. "Come here, Ardelia, and take off your shoes and stockings directly. Shoes and stockings in the country! Now you'll know what comfort is." as she unlaced the boots rapidly on the porch.

"Oh, she's been barefoot in the city," explained Miss Forsythe, "but this will be different, of course."

And so it was, but not in the sense she intended. To patter about bare-legged on the clear, safe pavement, was one thing; to venture unprotected into that waving, tripping tangle was another. She stepped cautiously upon the short grass near the house, and with jaw set and narrowed lids felt her way into the higher growth. The ladies clapped their hands at her happiness and freedom. Suddenly she stopped, she shrieked, she clawed the air, with outspread fingers. Her face was gray with terror.

"Oh gee! Oh, gee!" she screamed.

"What is it, Ardelia, what is it?" they cried lifting up their skirts in sympathy, "a snake?"

Mrs. Slater rushed out, seized Ardelia, half rigid with fear, and carried her to the porch. They elicited from her as she sat with her feet tucked under her and one hand convulsively clutching Mrs. Slater's apron that something had rustled by her "down at the bottom," that it was slippery, that she had stepped on it, and wanted to go home.

"Toad," explained Mrs. Slater briefly. "Only a little hop-toad, Delia, that wouldn't harm a baby, let alone a big girl nine years old like you."

But Ardelia, chattering with nervousness, wept for her shoes, and sat high and dry in a rocking-chair for the rest of the morning.

"She's a queer child," Mrs. Slater confided to the young ladies. "Not a drop of anything will she drink but cold tea. It don't seem reasonable to give it to her all day, and I won't do it, so she has to wait till meals. She makes a face if I say milk, and the water tastes slippery, she says, and salty-like. She won't touch it. I tell her its good well water, but she just shakes her head. She's stubborn's a bronze mule, that child. Just mopes around. 'S morning she asked me when did the parades go by. I told here there wa'n't any but the circus, an' that had been already. I tried to cheer her up, sort of, with that Frech Air Picnic of yours to-morrow, Miss Forsythe, and s' she, 'Oh, the Dago picn'c,' s'she, 'will they have Tony's band?'

"She don't seem to take any interest in th' farm, like those Fresh Air children, either. I showed her the hens an' the eggs, an' she said it was a lie about the hens layin' 'em. 'What d'you take me for?' s'she. The idea! Then Henry milked the cow, to show her—she wouldn't believe that, either—and with the milk streamin' down before her, what do you s'pose she said? 'You put it in!' s'she. I never should 'a believed that, Miss Forsythe, if I hadn't heard it."

"Oh, she'll get over it," Said Miss Forsythe easily, "just wait a few days. Good-by, Ardelia, eat a good supper."

But this Ardelia did not do. She gazed fascinated at Mr. Slater, who loaded his fork with cold green peas, shot them into his mouth, and before disposing of them ultimately added to them half a slice of rye bread and a great gulp of tea in one breath, repeating this operation at regular intervals in voracious silence. She regarded William, who consumed eight large molasses cookies and three glasses of frothy milk, as a mere afterthought to the meal, gulping furiously. He never spoke. Henry she dared not look at, for he burst into laughter whenever she did, and cried out, "You put in it! You put it in!" which irritated her exceedingly. But she knew that he was biting great round bites out of countless slices of buttered bread, and in utter silence. Now Ardelia had never in her life eaten in silence. Mrs. Fahey, when eating, gossipped and fought alternately with Mr. Fahey's old, half-blind mother; her son Danny, in a state of chronic dismissal from his various "jobs," sang, whistled and performed clog dances under the table during the meal; their neighbor across and above and below resounded the busy noise of the crowded, clattering city street. It was the breath in her nostrils, the excitement of her nervous little life, and this cold-blooded stoking took away her appetite, never large.

Through the open door the buzz of the katydids was beginning tentatively. In the intervals of William's gulps a faint bass note warned them from the swamp:

"Better go rrround! Better go round."

Mrs. Slater filled their plates in silence. Henry slapped a mosquito and chuckled interiorly at some reminiscence. A cow-bell jangled sadly out of the gathering dusk.

Ardelia's nerves strained and snapped. Her eyes grew wild.

"Fer Gawd's sake, talk!" she cried sharply. "Are youse dumbies?"

THE morning dawned fresh and fair; the trees and the brown turf smelled sweet, the homely barnyard noises brought a smile to Miss Forsythe's sympathetic face, as she waited for Ardelia to join her in a drive to the station. But Ardelia did not smile. Her eyes ached with the great green glare, the strange, scattered objects, the long, unaccustomed vistas. Her cramped feet wearied for the smooth pavements, her ears hungered for the dear, familiar din. She scowled at the winding, empty road; she shrieked at the passing oxen.

At the station Miss Forsythe took her limp little hand.

"Good-bye, dear," she said; "I'll bring the other little children back with me. You'll enjoy that. Good-bye."

"I'm comin', too," said Ardelia.

"Why—no, dear—you wait for us. You'd only turn around and come right back, you know," urged Miss Forsythe, secretly touched by this devotion to herself.

"Come back, nothin'," said Ardelia, doggedly; "I'm goin' home!"

"Why—why, Ardelia. Don't you really like it?"

"Naw it's too hot."

Miss Forsythe stared.

"But Ardelia, you don't want to go back to that horrible smelly street? Not truly?"

"Betcher life I do!" said Ardelia.

The train steamed in; Miss Forsythe mounted the steps uneasily. Ardelia clinging to her hand.

"It's so lovely and quiet," the younger lady pleaded.

Ardelia shuddered. Again she seemed to hear that fiendish, mournful wailing:

"Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!"

"It smells so good, Ardelia! All the green things!"

Good! that hot, rustling breeze of noonday, that damp and empty evening wind!

They rode in silence. But the jar and jolt of the engine made music in Ardelia's ears; the crying of the hot babies, the familiar jargon of the newsboy:

"N'Yawk moyning paypers! Woyld! Journal!" were a breath from home to her little cockney heart.

They pushed through the great station, they climbed the steps of the elevated track, they jingled on a cross-town car. And at a familiar corner Ardelia slipped loose her hand, uttered a grunt of joy, and Miss Forsythe looked for her in vain. She was gone.

But late in the evening, when the great city turned out to breathe, and sat with opened shirt and loosened bodice on the dirty steps; when the hurdy-gurdy executed brassy scales and the lights flared in endless sparkling rows; when the trolley gongs at the corner pierced the air, and feet tapped cheerfully down the cool stone steps of the beer-shop, Ardelia, barefooted and abandoned, nibbling at a section of bologna sausage, secure in the hope of an olive to come, cake-walked insolently with a band of little girls behind a severe policeman, mocking his stolid gait, to the delight of Old Dutchy, who beamed approvingly at her prancings.

"Ja, ha, you trow out your feet goot. Some day we pay to see you, no? You like to get back already?"

Ardelia performed an audacious pas seul and reached for her olive.

"Ja, danky shun, Dutchy," she said airily, and as the hurdy-gurdy moved away, and the oboe of the Italian band began to run up and down the scale, she sank upon her cool step, stretched her toes and sighed.

"Gee!" she murmured, "N'Yawk's the place!"

The Near-East in Our Midst

Continued from Page One.

much trouble at various times in their colonies. I remember one morning when church service was about to open, the door of a house close by swung back with a bang and two men were precipitated into the street with a rush. I was just about to enter the church at the time and I saw the whole affair. I immediately went over to the house and demanded to see the keeper. After some trouble I located him. He could speak a little English. I told him very plainly that if his boarders must fight, they would have to fight in the house and not in the street, beside the church. He was inclined to be churlish, but I brought him to time by the usual threat of notifying the police. There were no more disorders, so far as I knew, but I later discovered that when the two men were thrown out of the house another had been stabbed.

During all the years in which the Turks lived in my parish I never knew of an instance where they fought among themselves, let alone entered into any frays with other foreign communities about them.

As I write these words there is much discussion as to whether the Nationalists will precipitate another war upon the world. I do not think that they will and from my knowledge of the Turk and his history I think we need have no fear of a holy war. Dead ashes never take fire and Mohammedanism has long lost its fire. Only the prejudices and bigotry of it remain, and prejudice and bigotry are negative things. Therefore, I do not believe that it would ever be possible to raise the standard of a holy war with any degree of success. It has been tried before and it has invariably failed. It would fail again.

THE WAY TO BE WELL

Good Health Maintained Through Rich, Red Blood.

There are many men and women who, every few weeks, have spells of weakness, during which time they are little better than invalids; yet at other times they feel very well. Why does their health fluctuate so?

In the case of men worry and over-strained nerves are usually responsible for this state of unfitness and inability to face the anxieties of daily life.

As for women, her back aches, she is dizzy with sick headaches, and often has stabbing pains in the side. The only real health is all-the-year-round health; and the secret of it is good, red blood and plenty of it. One way to keep the blood in good condition is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There is scarcely a nook or corner in Canada where someone will not be found who will tell you the benefit they have had through the use of these pills. And the reason is that through the improved condition of the blood they strengthen and tone up the nerves of worried, enfeebled men and women, and at the same time have given new vigor to pale, delicate girls and thin, weedy boys. The value of these pills in all run down conditions is shown by the statement of Mrs. Lawrence Brown, Walton, N.S., who says:—"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was in a weak, bloodless and nervous condition, suffering from all the depressing symptoms that accompany this run down state of health. I had taken much medicine but it did not do me any good, and as I had a family of small children, I was much discouraged. Then reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I decided to try them, and I can honestly say that I feel these pills have saved me from prolonged misery. My health is now good, and we now keep the pills in the house for use as a family medicine."

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

THE BIGGER FOOL.

The manager of a factory engaged a new man and gave instructions to the foreman to instruct him in his duties. A few days afterward, the manager inquired whether the new man was progressing with his work.

The foreman, who had not agreed very well with the man in question, exclaimed angrily:

"Progressing! There's been a lot of progress. I have taught him everything I know, and he is still an ignorant fool."