Magazine Section

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Side-Lights on Side Shows

By CLARENCE A. WORTHAM.



PART TWO.

ANIMAL shows are the hardest of all shows to operate. I never yet heard an up-to-date showman speak enthusiastically of one. In the first place, the overhead expenses are tremendous; there is a greater element of risk attachd to them than there is to any other attraction; and, lastly, they do not prove a popular entertainment to the general public.

When you attend an animal show and watch performing lions, leopards or other trained members of the big cats, have you ever thought of the possibilities of their escape? Risky, you probably would say, if such a thought ever entered your head, but highly improbable.

Here you would be entirely wrong. Big cats do escape and more frequently than I care to think of at this minute. More than once I have been called upon by same frantic trainer to go and help him re-capture some pet lion which got away and was enjoying himself upon a vacant lot. But I never responded to such an appeal. I have the greatest of respect even for a "tamed" lion when he gets loose. There is always the possibility that he may forget he ever was tamed, and if such should prove the case I fear there would be a large casualty list before he was brought safely back to his cage again.

So far as I know, however, the big cat that escapes usually is more frightened than the posse which goes out to re-capture him; but I have heard stories of lions and leopards that have turned at bay when cornered; and the details were both thrilling and bloody. I have no ambition to figure in one of these big cat fights.

The general rule is that the big cat which effects an unexpected escape is so frightened after the experience that it takes him some days to recover his nerve again. Though this seriously detracts from the peril in recapturing him, it likewise detracts from the value of the animal as a performer. He is slow in doing his work, nervous of the people who are watching him and, therefore, makes a poor showing. I have known one cat that escaped practically to ruin an animal act for days; for no matter how finely the cats are trained, if one member of the troop loses his nerve the whole effect is spoiled. His ungainly actions and slowness stand out like a red blot on a white robe.

WHAT A COUNTRYMAN FOUND.

WHEN speaking of the big cats escaping I do not mean to intimate that there is any danger involved to the people who daily come to see animal shows. There is not. No cat will try to make a dash for freedom when performing in the ring. He is only too anxious to get his act done and return to his cage again. The cage to the cat is his home. He eats, sleeps and lives there. He looks upon it as a place of safety from the perils of civilization into which fate has dumped him, wholly regardless of his own inclinations and instincts. The danger of the big cats escaping comes during the night, when some accident happens in moving or when a careless attendant leaves the door of the cage unlatched. Then the big cats are liable to come forth and disport themselves; and the element of real excitement forthwith enters into the world of the canvas lot.

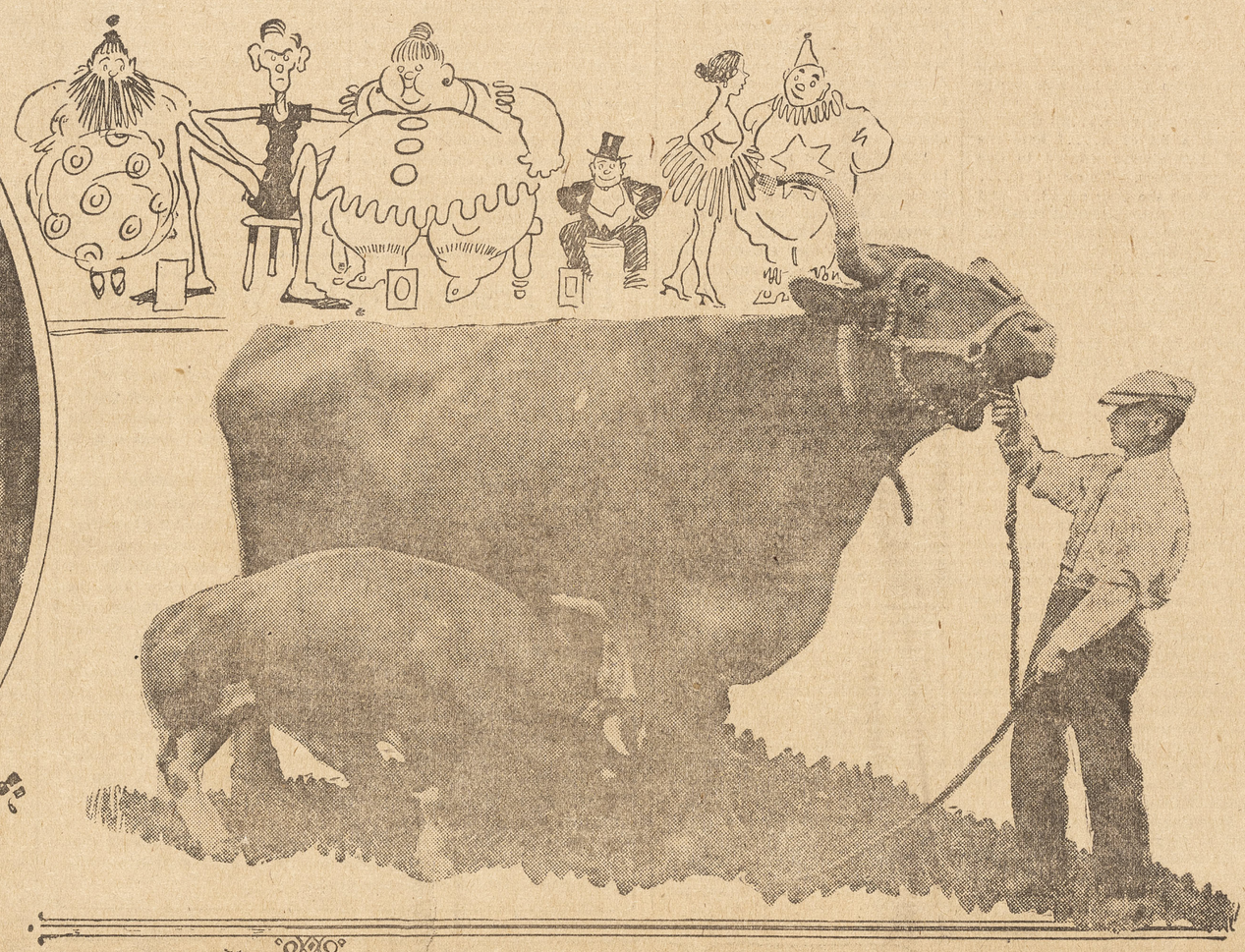
It is remarkable the ease with which the big cats can effect an escape. I remember one night in Oklahoma. We were playing a small town for a couple of days. It was nearly midnight and I was sitting in a restaurant with a couple of my managers talking over the day's business and enjoying a light lunch. Suddenly the door opened and a couple of visitors from the neighboring country entered. Each one of them was carrying something under his arm which wriggled and spat most savagely. They walked right up to me:

"Say, mister," one said. "I think you've lost a couple of your dogs. We found them hiding in a doorway, so we brought them to you."

He held out a perfectly good, performing leopard for me to take. Fortunately the manager of the animal show was with me. I waved him over to that unfortunate individual.



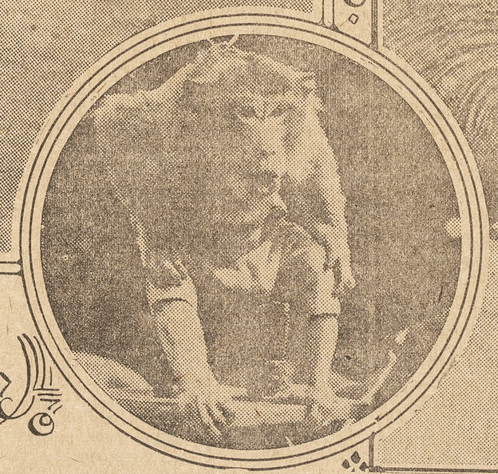
He's handsome inside the cage, but outside!—then he's a nuisance.



Just cattle, perhaps, but not so tame as others I have known.



The lovely lady may have to lassoo wild "cats" before the day is out.



The monkey may escape and climb into odd nooks, but there are many more troublesome animals, yes, indeed.



An elephant at large is just about the most destructive thing alive.

"It's not mine," I replied. "There is the man who runs the show they belong to. Give them to him."

The countrymen turned to deposit their leopards in the manager's arm; but he was not having any of them, either.

"It's pretty dark out," he told the two, "you two just carry them along to the tent, while I lead the way." My manager fairly ran out of the restaurant.

I went along with the party. If two leopards were found at large, I knew that four others, which were also in the cage, had escaped. It was a serious affair. However, the countrymen did not think so. They trudged along with their snarling and spitting burdens until the cage was reached. As I suspected, it was empty. They dumped the two fugitives back into captivity again.

"Funny you keep pretty dogs like that in a cage," they remarked to the manager.

"Dogs!" that individual snorted. "Them's not dogs; them's leopards and there are four others loose."

"Leopards!" the two countrymen looked at each other in pained surprise. "Leopards! We pick up two live leopards and there are four others loose! Guess we had better be going."

It was with the greatest of difficulty I persuaded them to go over to my car, so I could suitably reward them; and they deserved everything they got. By picking up those two leopards they had done something which not even the trainer would have dared to do.

It now remained to re-capture the remaining four leopards. This was not easy. Eventually they were located hiding behind some boxes and under canvas folds. With much difficulty they were hazed back into their cage again. When the whole affair was over I believe they were six of the most frightened leopards in the whole world.

WHEN LIONS ARE AT LARGE

I THINK the most unusual experience I ever had with escaped animals happened in Texas. We were playing a good sized town and the lot on which we were located adjoined a big field. It was green with grass and proved to be a pleasant place to exercise our horses. My private wagon faced the lot. On the morning in question I was sitting at my desk, working away with the door and windows open. Mrs. Wortham had just joined me and my pet dog "Gyp" was playing outside. Suddenly she came bounding into the wagon with a startled yelp and crouched beneath my desk. I paid no attention to her; but kept on working. Then Mrs. Wortham gave a gasp of surprise and touched me on the arm. I looked up and in the field, right before me, were four lions, jumping over each other and generally behaving like playful kittens. I made one leap for the door and barred it. Then I shouted to some tent hands, who happened to be nearby, and told them to go and get the lion trainer. They took one look at the lions and made a wild rush to get away. I think three out of the four tried to find the trainer some place about a mile away. The other, however, went straight to the animal tent and got him.

There was no difficulty in getting the lions back to their cage. They went frolicking in most good-naturedly. I guess they believed that their loving trainer purposely had let them out to stretch their legs and enjoy themselves. Of course, a searching investigation was made into the escape and eventually it was established that one of the attendants had carelessly left the cage door on the latch, so that the animals could force it open by pressing their weight against the bars.

Accidents as I mentioned previously, are a big factor in providing avenues of escape for animals. I remember one time this last-Summer when the lion cage turned over, as we were moving it to a show lot. The door was broken in and when I arrived on the scene two constables were standing beside the cage with drawn revolvers. They were ready to shoot my quartette of lions dead if they attempted to leave the cage. Fortunately the lions were more afraid to come out than the police were if they should. The trainer was quickly notified and he kept guard until hurried repairs were made to the cage.

Another time, down in Texas, a bad windstorm struck the town in which we were playing. The same lion cage was blown over and the door wrenched open. Three lions escaped but they were driven back to the cage by attendants armed with sticks. I think the poor cats were so dazed by their cyclonic experience that they could have been driven from one town to another like a flock of sheep.

Personally, I only figured once in the escape of a big cat and then it was somewhat inglorious so far as I was concerned. I was walking past the cat show one morning when the trainer ran out of the tent in wild excitement. "Hurry up and come in, Mr. Wortham," he shouted, "one of the lions is out."

"Where is he?" I asked, not feeling any too comfortable.

"He's hiding inside the fold of the tent, right beside you," the trainer yelled. "Come and help me drive him back."

"Do your own driving," I replied, moving away mighty fast. "I've got an important engagement."

I didn't wait a second and I heard the trainer swearing at every thing in general as I left. I had a shrewd suspicion that as soon as I got out of hearing I should be cursed in particular. Later I discovered that a pair of "razorbacks" were pressed into service to drive the cat into the cage again. How he got out was never discovered.

ENTER THE ROGUE ELEPHANT.

THE big cats are bad enough when they manage to escape but they are mere trifles when compared with elephants. Fortunately, I never had any personal experience with an elephant when he went on a rampage but I have been in the same town with circuses when such things have happened. At the time I owned a small herd of elephants myself and what I saw gave me matter for deep and intensive thought. My herd was the same as performed in the Prince of Wales Durbar, but I got rid of them a couple of years ago.

For some time I had been giving the elephant problem my deep consideration. As an attraction they had their fine points; but it was a question to me whether they were paying for their keep. I had decided to let the problem stand over for future examination and dismissed it from my mind. Then one morning, a few days later, I woke up and said aloud: "My goodness those elephants eat an awful lot!" Forthwith I decided to get rid of them and within a week they were sold. By the sale I just saved the expense of two tons of hay per day, which was quite an item.

My first insight into the danger of keeping a herd of elephants came in Kansas City. We played it just after the Sells-Floto Circus. The circus owned one of the biggest bulls known to captivity, "Tusco." He went on a rampage one night. Without warning he pulled up his stake and made off through a corn-field. Before he could be captured he had ripped down cottages, plucking off the roofs with his trunk as if they were made of matchwood and demolishing the walls by leaning his ponderous weight against them. It was necessary to use the entire elephant herd to round him up. Eventually they succeeded in surrounding him; then they closed in, hammered him with their trunks; and squeezed him with their bodies. After an hour of punishment he was belabored and thumped into some kind of submission, and forced back to the circus grounds, loaded with chains.

The damage done by "Tusco" was tremendous. A council was held and it was decided to kill him. "Tusco" was very fond of popcorn balls, dipped in molasses. He was fed them, heavily dosed with arsenic and other poisons. But the poison seemed to take no effect upon his big body and, at length, it was deemed necessary to shoot him. Six bullets were required to kill him.

At present the Barns' show has an elephant in its herd which affected like "Tusco" was. He takes a notion, every once in a while, to pluck up his stake and walk off. So far he has not done a tremendous amount of damage but no one can tell when he might. An elephant of that type is liable to go bad any second. I wouldn't have him in a show of mine for any price. Some day this Barns' elephant is going to break out on a big rampage and he's going to cost Barns more than his show is worth in settling damage actions.

THE animal which gives us the greatest trouble at present is the wily kangaroo. He is liable to make a break for freedom any minute and when he does the at-

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NOSTALGIA

By Beatrice Redpath



THE white stucco wall behind him seemed to soak in the heat. A lizard sunned itself on the caked mud beyond the balcony, opening and shutting its eyes which were like shining colored beads. A huge cactus plant had a thin film of dust over its pronged leaves. Everything was parched and dried, scorched by the terrible hot anger of the sun.

He closed his eyes; the heat seemed to sing in his ears. Through his shut eye lids he could still see the hot yellow glare of sunlight, but gradually, very gradually, the glare seemed to change into something even more blinding, more white and dazzling, into reaches upon reaches of white unspotted snow.

It covered the fields, it weighed the bare twigs of the trees, it bent down the green arms of the spruce, it fell softly against his eye lids, soft murred flakes....soft as sleep.

He was walking through it, lifting his feet slowly, his blood running fast, his cheeks tingling in the sharp clear cold. And now the flakes had stopped falling and he was walking along a straight white road. Shadows were sharp clear amethyst, the sky an intense deep blue. Little sleighs slipped past him, the runners pressing the snow into lines of hard silver. Farmhouses seemed to huddle down beneath the high drift of the snow, their windows blinking into the sunlight like small bright eyes. From each chimney the smoke rose in thin spirals, as though frozen by the sharpness of the crystal air. There was the sound of sleigh bells....the crisp crack of the snow beneath one's feet.

A girl walked beside him, swinging a pair of skates by a strap. She wore a small fur cap from under which her hair escaped in small tight curls.

"Won't you miss....all this?"

"Not a bit of it....I hate the cold. I've always wanted to live in the tropics. Think of it.... flowers all the year round....and sunshine, the wonderful sunshine of the tropics. It's the opportunity of a life time."

"I wonder....I wonder."

No time for more words for the frozen length of the river stretched before them, blue and silver, winding through the green and black of spruce woods. They skimmed the clear hard surfaces, like birds flying against the wind, to the silver chime of their skates against the ice.

Under the primrose colored evening sky they went slowly back along the straight white road. The lighted windows of the little farm houses peered at them through the dusk. The rose of the sky had stolen the dazzle from the snow and tinted it with opalescent color.

In doors there was the high leap of the flames in the chimney, the spurt of sparks, and thick warm intimate shadows creeping into the corners of the rooms.

Moonlight upon snow....trees like tall black waiting giants.... each single and particular star throbbing with its clear sharp light. A single birch tree shone like a silver wand against the black of the spruce.

Snowflakes upon his eyelids.... soft as sleep....soft as sleep.

He opened his eyes. The lizard had not moved from the path. Its eyes were like shining colored beads. A huge cactus plant had a thin film of dust over its pronged leaves. Everything was parched and dried, scorched, by the terrible hot anger of the sun.

Side-Lights on Side Shows

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tendants have no end of trouble. He made one of his spectacular dashes when one of my shows was playing the Canadian National Exhibition and the entire midway was in an uproar. Contrary to the usual opinion there is considerable danger in trying to re-capture Mr. Kangaroo. One blow from his tail will snap a man's leg like a match. The great game when he tries to escape, is to grab his tail and hang on to it. It is a rough job and one liable to give painful bruises; but so long as an attendant can hold tight to the tail, Mr. Kangaroo cannot go far; and it is an easy matter to rope him and drag him back to his cage again. But once he gets away untrammeled by attendants' clutching arms it is more difficult to round him up than any of the big cats. I have known my men to chase Mr. Kangaroo for five hours before they could get a rope over his head and convince him that his brief holiday was over.

In the seven shows which I own the freak animal plays a big role as an A-1 attraction and naturally I am always on the lookout for them. At present I have the biggest and the smallest bull alive. I also have the only known cow with a double body. I think this the best of my freak animal attractions. I secured her at the Dallas State Fair. A farmer was exhibiting her and the moment I saw the freak I knew that she was exactly what I required to round out my own show. I bought her then and there. Another fine freak is the pig with an elephant's head. Him, I picked up in Louisiana. I am always on the lookout for freak animals. I advertise for them but they are hard to get. Many times farmers have freaks which they think are worth their weight in gold, when, as a matter of fact, they are of little or no value to a showman. But if the showman does not buy them at the farmer's own price the latter invariably thinks the showman is trying to rob him.

From my point of view the most difficult problem is not so much buying your freak as keeping him in good health after he is bought. Freaks are delicate animals. Some of them, which I own, are constantly under the veterinary's attention. Sickness is one of the main difficulties with an animal show. One day you may have a freak animal or a big cat worth some hundreds of dollars; the next day you may have nothing but an empty stall or a half-filled cage. Your investment has disappeared over night. It is sunk in a hole in the ground.

The Wild West Show.

WHILE not exactly an animal show, the Wild West Show also has a considerable sum of money invested in live stock. At least I know that my Wild West shows have. The one which belongs to the carnival that I manage in person has some of the finest bronchos that ever came off a ranch. Naturally I value them highly. Fortunately they are hardy animals and they seldom get sick.

I do not think I should have had a Wild West Show had it not been for the "movies." Until the "silent drama" became popular Wild West Shows were big money makers. But Bill Hart and such film cowboys killed it flat. Wild West pictures are the least expensive to produce and consequently, in the early days of the motion picture, a full string of western romances, with cowboys, Indians, and bandits, were staged and flung upon a suffering people. When the patrons of the "movies" saw wild west pictures month after month they did not care greatly to pay money to see a sawdust ring imitation. They simply stayed away and the Wild West Shows went broke. The Buffalo Bill Show and the 101 Ranch, two of the finest Wild West productions ever shown, went out of business on account of the "movies."

I have noticed lately that the Wild West Show is gradually coming back to its old-time popularity. This I believe is due to the fact that the motion picture producers are now putting on a higher grade of film and are not seeking plots which can be screened at little cost. But the Wild West Show has far to go yet before it will regain its old-time popularity. Only a few years ago Jess Willard attemptel to make a Wild West Show pay. He was travelling with it first as a chief attraction; but later he was talked into buying it. As near as I can figure out he lost something like $100,000, in the venture before he threw it up in disgust.

The Wild West Show, however has its advantages. As a carnival attraction I consider a Wild West Show an important feature. While I have not one with all my carnivals, I believe that I easily could use one with each carnival and make it pay. A certain class of patron will visit this type of show and, when run in conjunction with other attractions, is a distinct asset. This is more than I can write of the animal show. Only a small percentage of our patrons demand this attraction, but they are large enough to force the showman to continue them. Otherwise, I believe that I should dispense with animal shows as quickly as possible. The risk is out of all proportion to the returns. But then what can a poor showman do? The public are his masters, and they are hard to please. They crack the whip and he must jump with just as much alacrity as does the trained lion when the trainer snaps the lash. But, unlike the lion, the poor showman never manages to escape from his masters, even for an hour. Even when in Winter quarters his task is unending. He must think up new ideas, work out new animal acts, and, in a word, do everything possible to win favor with his big boss, the Public. It is a tremendous task, but if well done the reward is fitting. The public may be hard to please, but when pleased they give unstintingly of their praise. Personally, I would sooner serve the public than any other boss in the world. I know that I will get a fair deal. The public plays no favorites. They judge every man by his work. What better and fairer conditions than these could be asked? I know of none. I am strong for the public.

The Strange Character Of Oaths and Vows

By H. H. KINZETT.

AT the tea-table the other evening a lively young lady making a statement clinched it by saying "Cross my heart," as an oath of a sort. Of course, it was said in a jocular spirit, but it set me thinking. Why do we have to take oaths to support our statements? Why cannot we just say "Yea or Nay?" As I thought upon this many a curious circumstance came into my mind.

The earliest instance occurring to my memory of the taking of an oath was when Abraham returned from a successful foray, when the King of Sodom said to him: "Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself." But he would not accept anything, saying: "I have lift up my hand unto the Lord, that I will not take from a thread to a shoe latchet." Seemingly in those early times the use of the oath was a usual thing.

The sacred writers also make the Almighty himself say "For I have lift up my hand to heaven, and say I live for ever." Then Jephthah's terrible vow when he made oath to God that he would offer up "whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me....it shall be the Lord's and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." His only daughter came to meet him, but he performed his vow for it was stronger than natural ties and affection.

I well remember the troublous times in the British House of Commons when Bradlaugh, the duly elected member for Northampton, being an Atheist, refused to take the oath, but he would affirm. Three times were the unseemly struggles carried on, fightings, and shoutings, and struggles with the police, with imprisonment in the Clock Tower, and all the rest. It was a disgraceful time for the "mother of Parliaments," but it was not until Gladstone made it clear that the man was the duly elected representative of the people and was entitled to sit no matter what his religious convictions might be. In 1888 a Bill was passed making affirmation legal, so Bradlaugh was allowed to sit in peace.

What a farce was made of the oath business in some quarters at one time! I once had some spoiled stamps that I wanted good ones for, so I went to the appointed place. "Take off your hat. Take the Book in your right hand, not your left, and take your glove off man, kiss the book and repeat after me, etc. Good heavens! I might have been a malefactor; and all for a few stamps, think of it. Dickens in Pickwick tells us how clerks were sworn in his time "the oath being invariably administered without any effort at punctuation and usually in the following terms:—Take the book in your right hand this is your name and handwriting you swear that the contents of this your affidavit are true so help you God a shilling you must get change I haven't got it."

Universally Practised.

THE first thing that strikes one is the universality of the practice, and while not exactly appertaining to the lowest tribes of men yet it was quickly learned and acted upon by them. Amongst the Nagas of Assam two men will seize a dog or fowl by the feet and head, make their curse-oath, then cut the creature in two with a single blow of the knife emblematic of the fate of the perjurer.

Another will stand in a circle of rope, and if he breaks his oath may he rot as the rope does. Or he may take hold of a gun, spear, or tiger's tooth with the words, "If I dot not perform my promise faithfully may I fall by this."

In Siberia, at least before the Trotsky-Lenine regime, when any lawsuit arose between the Russians and the fierce Ostyaks, bear's head was brought into court when the Ostyak would make motions of eating the head, and would call upon the bear to eat him in like manner if he speaks what is not true. Many of the Hindu tribes swear on the head or skin of the tiger.

In olden times it was the custom to swear by the Styx and Tiber, the rivers being sacred:

"Father Tiber, Father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray,"

and the prevalence of river worship with its attendant oath is still extant in many places. To swear on the waters of the Ganges, for instance in the most binding of pledges among the Hindus, and if violated the goddess of the river would execute fearful vengeance, on the children especially.

Among the Romans it was the custom to slay a hog with the sacred flint, representing the thunderbolt of Jove, at the same time invoking the god to smite the Roman people on the breaking of an oath; while in the old Slavonic nations of Prussia, a man placed his right hand on his neck and his left on the sacred oak with "may the thunder gods destroy me if, etc."

In course of time as people grew more observant they saw that animals kill and lightning strikes the perjurers and truthtellers alike, and so Aristophanes in his "Clouds" makes Socrates ridicule the idea of oath-taking and penalties. He points out that perjurers go unscathed, while even the very temple of Zeus is a mark for his thunderbolts, and the tall oak is frequently struck; as if either could possibly perjure themselves.

This spirit though lingered on in legend, and is not yet extinct by any means. Eusebius relates in his Ecclesiastical History how certain villains brought a false charge against the Bishop of Jerusalem, confirming their oath before the council—one wished to be burnt by fire, one die of pestilence, and the last to become blind; which he gravely tells us happened accordingly for the first lost his house and all that was in it by fire; the second was consumed by pestilence; while the third, confessing the crime, wept so copiously that he lost his sight.

People began at last to transfer retributive perjury to regions beyond the grave, thus the Siamese Buddhist when he takes an oath calls down all sorts of punishment if he breaks it, fantastic they are too, for his tortures in Hell are to consist in carrying water in wicker baskets to quench the thirst of the judge of that place; afterwards to migrate into the body of a slave, there to dwell for myriads of years, after that to be born a beast for five hundred generations, and so on.

Some Curious Oaths.

AMONG curious oaths the Hebrew practice of putting the hand under another's thigh, as in the case of Abraham and Eliezar may be mentioned, and dipping weapons in a mixture of two bloods were both solemn oaths. Swearing by weapons was common though inconsistent. Parthenopeaeus swears by his spear to level the walls of Thebes, and Lucian tells us that the Scythians swore by sword and wind, which denoted life and death.

Oaths by weapons lasted well into Christian times, thus we find the Lombards swearing lesser oaths by weapons and greater oaths by Gospel.

Now lifting the hand on high as we have seen is a most ancient custom, and so the familiar gesture has spread throughout Christendom descending to modern times. It is interesting to note that at our extremely ancient Parliament at Shrewsbury in 1398 the Lords took an oath on it never to suffer the transactions of this Parliament to be changed; the members of the Commons held up their hands to signify their taking upon themselves the oath.

In our formula we say "So help me God" note how familiar the phrase sounds in the ancient Scandinavian remarkable formula, repeated by the witness: "Name I to witness that I take oath by the ring, law—oath, so help me Frey, Niord, and almighty Thor." When the Danes swore to our Alfred to leave his kingdom it was without doubt the great oath on the holy ring or bracelet which was to be found on the altars of every head court among these people.

Jews swear on the Pentateuch with hats on; Scottish witnesses with hands uplifted; Chinamen require a saucer to be broken before their Oriental consciences will permit them to tell the truth.

As to the dictum of Christ on the matter "Swear not at all," most of his followers at first, I believe, did really shrink from taking oaths; Chrysostom says that the oath is "a snare of Satan," and "do as you choose, I lay it down as a law that there be no swearing at all. If any bid you swear tell him Christ has spoken, and do not swear." Anyway it has been found expedient for the custom to remain, and that the oaths administered amongst civilized nations are chiefly intended for maintaining governments and securing the permanence of public business, and come under the headings of political, ecclesiastical, and legal.

Whether taking the oath prevents lying is a moot point, but as Mr. Justice Darling once said: "The truth will out even in an affidavit." But he is very sarcastic.

WOMEN COMBINE.

There are now 868 clubs of business and professional women in the United States with an aggregate membership of 30,000.

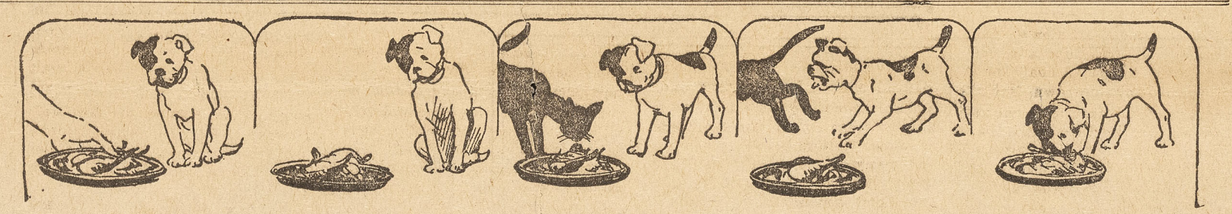
The Tragedy of the War Canoe

By AIMEE D. LINTON.

NESTLING towards the Opeongo Hills and some forty miles north-east from Algonquin Park is Golden Lake. It is best known as an Indian Reserve of ancient date of the Algonquin Indians, once so numerous in North-Eastern Ontario. It has also become a well-known Summer resort.

A short time ago some Y. M. C. A. boys while wandering along the shores of this lake stumbled over some human bones half-buried in the sand. Upon full investigation of the facts at hand it was settled beyond a doubt that the bones were those of the seven men who were drowned in the year 1860 from a big war canoe built by the Golden Lake Indians for an Eganville crew. This crew won the war canoe race from two hundred other canoes on the Chats Lake when the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) crossed over the Chats Lake from Arnprior. The canoe was long and narrow, built for racing, but was not seaworthy in a storm, particularly if overloaded. So that when the eight men from Eganville, the ablest crew that ever came up the Bonnechere, and all expert swimmers, attempted to cross Golden Lake in a storm, the canoe overturned. Of the eight only one was saved, John Gillies, of Eganville, the smallest man among them, rosy cheeked and with a mop of yellow curls. He clung to the canoe for hours, and was finally rescued.

Though friends of the drowned men searched the lake all that Fall their bodies were never recovered. Now, after sixty-two years, the waters have yielded up their dead.



Folks Back Home

Sketches by J. H. Striebel

By Robert Quillen

LOVE.

The fact that these people of this nation spend many millions of dollars annually to support their religious institutions affords sufficient proof that their faith is a big factor in their private lives and in the life of the country.

And yet, oddly enough, the belief obtains almost everywhere that religion is chiefly the business of the preacher, and that laymen who discuss it in a mixed gathering are cranks having little acquaintance with good manners. We are a funny people.

All of which is introductory to the statement that no other thing can cause greater anguish than unrequited love. The man who loves a woman and receives only indifference in return, and the woman whose heart is held by a man who cares nothing for her, knows a measure of suffering that more fortunate folk feel is much less grievous than the agony endured by mothers and fathers whose children have grown indifferent to their affection and make no return of it.

Those who love can not be happy except they receive love in return. And the greater their capacity for loving, the greater is their hunger when love is denied them. Love demands adoration. Love hungers for adoration.

And when mankind is enabled fully to understand this truth, it will understand why the first and greatest commandment lays upon all the people of the earth the obligation to love the Father who made and preserved us a nation.



AUNT HET.

"I reckon every woman likes to marry a good man, but she likes to think he could of been mighty wicked if he'd had a mind to."

CONCERNING SURVIVAL.

History itself is not older than race prejudice. Race prejudice is no less natural to man than his hatred of a rival, and it will endure while human nature endures. The task of civilization is to curb and tame it.

One people never hates another that is inferior by a safe margin. When Japan was in swaddling clothes, all America petted her and called her Cutie. It was only when she began to be a power that Americans took counsel of their uneasiness and learned to hate the little yellow men.

Of late years there has developed a consistent propaganda against a race that lives among us. It is a race that lives apart and feels no effect of the melting pot.

If this race devoted its energies to the drawing of water and hewing of wood, there would be none to hate or malign it. But because it tackles more profitable tasks an contrives by industry and shrewdness to make life burdensome for competitors and earn for itself the right to ride behind twelve cylinders, those who envy are full of malice and think something should be done about it. Nothing need be done about it. The field is open and the fight is fair. And the best survive, now as always, despite propaganda, ridicule and persecution. If we are a race of good sports, let us hope the best man wins.

UNCLE GUS.

"I didn't sleep much la' night," said Uncle Gus, as he suppressed a yawn and began to refill his pipe. "It wasn't a guilty conscience troublin' me, neither. I knowed I wouldn't sleep when I et cabbage fo' supper. I hear tell o' folks lettin' a guilty conscience nag at 'em,



but I don't believe in it much.

"A conscience is provided to keep a feller from doin' meanness, not to pester him after he's done it. These folks what keep on grievin' about the' sins ain't really feelin' bad. They kind o' enjoy repentin' reglar an' frequent.

"I've knowed folks what kep' mournin' and mournin' for loved ones what had died—lookin' at ol' pictures an' things like that jest to be harrowin' the' feeling's so's they could cry some mo'. The grief a feller keeps green is nothin' but a kind o' selfish pleasure.

"And these folks what has a conscience that don't never let up is like that; repentin' gits to be a kind o' morbid pleasure.

"I don't believe in it. I'll stan' fo' jest so much, an' then I don't want to hear a cheep out o' my conscience. Enough is a plenty. I've always found it a purty good plan to fo'give myself without no delay. If the Lord can do that, the' ain't no sense in me not doin' it."

WILLIE WILLIS.

The Sunday School teacher asked little Willie Willis last Sunday what it is that makes us turn our thoughts to higher things and wish to be good. And there was the germ of a sound philosophy in his reply: "Stomach ache."

: : The Girl and the Butcher Boy : :

Nearly all literature is biography. Even the writer of best sellers works into his stories the experiences that have been his own: and if he has no acquaintance with adventure, he at least contrives to place in the mouths of his characters his own prejudices, follies, and philosophies. And this vanity of writing men has led the butcher boy into error.

It appears that a certain author, obviously bald, fashioned a hero in his own image. The hero was tall and dark, with mysterious eyes, and the hair receded from his forehead, thus accentuating the height of his noble brow. This area of baldness, according to the author, gave the hero a distinguished look.

And the butcher boy read, and fell. He yearned to look distinguished. And with shears and safety razor he attacked the foreground of his skull and made a deep V of barren territory.

The girl across the street was not impressed. Said she to Daughter this morning: "I don't believe any girl loves a bald man unless she does before he gets that way They look so slick."

Alas, poor Hiram! How little he knows the dear creatures. If they are under 30, the man who looks distinguished doesn't appeal to them except in story books. They demand youth to match their youth. And if they fall for the old boys, it is only because the youngsters have little money to spend on them.



CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels—Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative to physic your bowels when you have

Headache	Biliousness
Colds	Indigestion
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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.

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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.



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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. It leaves your hair clean, soft and fluffy—nothing to wash or rub off. No interference with shampooing—wave and dress as usual.

Easy to apply—results sure and certain—no streaking or discoloration, restored hair perfectly natural in all lights. Accept free trial offer.

Mail the coupon today for a trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. Then when you know you take no risk in the use of this scientific laboratory preparation, get a full size bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

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Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is
jet black____ black or dark brown____ medium brown____ light brown, drab or auburn____
Name_____
Address_____
Please print your name and address plainly

Nature

By Caltha

THE glorious crimson of the swamp maple, bedded in the green of the trees on the hillside fringes the edges of the marsh. All over the plains and through the open woods the asters have broken into bloom. There are over seventy species to be found some not at all attractive, and some very beautiful. The bushy Novae-Anglie (New England Aster) whose large purple heads of flowers with yellow centres, and aromatic foliage, is a handsome plant; from it the perennial asters of the garden have been evolved. The prettiest of the group is the aster Multiflorus. Its foliage is heath-like, and its dense masses of tiny flowers, packed along the stem, make a hillside look as if a snowstorm had passed over the spot. The branching asters in pale blue are very pretty, and shine out among the golden-rod bravely. A field of Golden-rod and asters backgrounded by the reds and yellows of the trees, with perhaps some black-green evergreens mixed in, makes a picture to carry in one's memory-box for a long time.

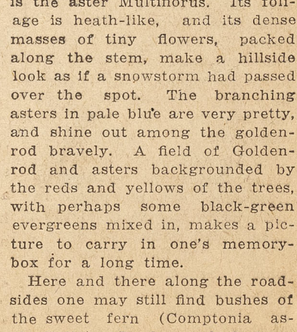
Here and there along the roadsides one may still find bushes of the sweet fern (Comptonia asplenifolia). Its leaves look fern-like, and it has two kinds of aments (or catkins) one fertile which are round, like a burr, and the sterile ones, which are long and slender. The leaves are very sweetly aromatic, and after a rain, or in the evening in the falling dew, the whole air is perfumed. If a strong decoction be made of the leaves, and applied in cases of poison ivy, it gives relief.

Once it was plentiful along all our country roads, but like many others of its brothers of the woods, has been swept out of existence. Some day when we have a wild flower club to save our wild growths, perhaps a few specimens of the comptonia may be still found to preserve to show what used to be common.

In the ponds the bladder-wort is closing its business for the season, and the bladders which kept the plants floating through the Summer are squeezing themselves flat, so that the plants can sink down into the mud which is their Winter quarters.

Autumn is with us, and we must make the most of its beautiful days to gain health, strength and material to help us through the long days of Winter.

HEADNOISES BOOK FREE



If you have a full feeling in the ears, if you hear sounds but cannot distinguish words, if you have head noises, write for a new book being given away from the office of Ear Specialist Sproule, 319 Cornhill Building, Boston.

The book explains many of the causes of deafness and head noises. It is full of information and interest for sufferers from ear troubles and is illustrated by pictures of the nose and throat and eustachian tube passages where the trouble comes on.

Send for this book at once and learn of an efficient New Method for the treatment of ear troubles at home. This Method has helped many, many people to regain clear, distinct hearing and to get rid of their head and ear noises.

The book is yours just for the asking. Write your full name and address on the dotted lines and mail the Free Book Coupon to Ear Specialist Sproule, 319 Cornhill Building, Boston, Mass.

Free Ear Book Coupon

FULL NAME .....
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Mostly About People Worth Knowing

Divides School Cost by Ten Becomes Quickly Famous

A SCHOOL structure, an innovation in buildings for schools of higher education and said by the Carnegie Foundation investigators to be "a real contribution to the educational world," is nearing completion in Terre Haute, Indiana. It is the Rose Polytechnic Institute, an endowed school for young men and of which Dr. Philip Woodworth is the head. The building at once combines the simplicity that factory plans would call for and the artistic bearing of a hall. It is thought to be the first of its kind in the country.

When Dr. Woodworth was brought to Terre Haute more than a year ago to see what could be done concerning the new building plans he found at first glance that they called for an outlay of $3,000,000. He began immediately a cost-reducing campaign by eliminating the ornateness of the several buildings as well as recommending that they all be arranged under one roof.

In suggesting to his board that



DR. PHILIP WOODWORTH.

simple lines be carried in the structure, the school president said: "Young men who are learning to be engineers should have the proper background for the pursuit of their studies. It would seem unfit for overall-clad boys to appear in a drawing-room." Thus it came about that the revised plans of the Rose Polytechnic were along factory lines with the simplicity thereof, and when completed it will have cost one-tenth of the original plan.

Carnegie Foundation took note of all the mentioned arrangement, making comment that the intsitute can furnish good working space, capable of being developed into the best technical laboratories with a housing cost of approximately $3 per square foot of floor space. The price represents one-fourth of the average brick building construction, and it is exactly one-tenth of the same floor area designed on the types of the Princeton buildings by famous New York architects.

Educators from many parts of the country have been attracted already to Terre Haute for inspection of the building. A number of captains of industry have written letters to the Rose Polytechnic president, congratulating the school on its unusual environment, expressing the belief that young men trained in such an environment will have the advantage over men trained in institutions where the surroundings are essentially academic and classical and where the engineering work has to be squeezed in.



GIRL AIDS IN RUNNING NEWSPAPER.

The Hon. Ursula Bathurst, daughter of Lord and Lady Bathurst, is a coming young newspaperwoman, beside being one of the most popular members of the younger court set. She assists her mother who is the owner of a large London daily, in running the paper. They are making the rest of the field hustle.



HON. FRANK OLIVER.

Cat Came Back For Hon. Frank Oliver

Reporter Showed Zest in Applying Editor's Training.

By P. W. LUCE.

WHEN the Hon. Frank Oliver was in personal charge of his newspaper, the Edmonton Bulletin, it was often rough sailing in the journalistic seas of Northern Alberta. But Oliver was not easily daunted. He had taken his first type cases and hand press from Winnipeg to Edmonton by ox train in the early days, and in the beginning his circulation was so limited that he did practically all the work himself while waiting for settlers to come into the new country.

A good reporter as well as a good printer, it was natural that Mr. Oliver should insist on a high standard of ability among his staff when the Bulletin eventually became able to financially support reporters. The proprietor insisted that when a man was sent out for a story, he had to bring it back. No excuses were accepted.

"If you can get a man to talk at all, you can make him talk enough for half a column," he would tell his employes.

After a while, Mr. Oliver became more and more engrossed in politics. He was sent to Ottawa, and in 1905 he became Minister of the Interior, a position which he held until the Reciprocity landslide.

On his way back from the capital after having been appointed to a cabinet position, Mr. Oliver had occasion to spend the night in a little town which boasted an aggressive morning paper. The train had got in late, and the minister went straight to bed.

A few minutes later a reporter, tipped off by the hotel clerk, was rapping at Mr. Oliver's door, asking for an interview.

In picturesque and emphatic language, the Minister of the Interior announced that he had retired for the night, and said he'd be everlastingly darned if he'd talk for publication.

The reporter insisted, but Mr. Oliver refused to budge. He said he was tired and wanted to sleep. He promised to see the newspaper man in the morning....why the devil couldn't he take "No," for answer, and go away?

"The trouble is that I was raised in a hard school," explained the reporter. "I used to work on the Edmonton Bulletin, and Frank Oliver taught me always to get the story, no matter how much the other fellow disliked speaking for publication at that time. I'm thinking this is a fine chance of letting him see how well his raining sticks!"

"I guess I'll have to let others do unto me as I do unto them," misquoted the Hon. Frank, as he got up and opened the door. And, to prove that persistence pays, he gave out a first-class story.

DEAD (?) LANGUAGES.

One newspaper man, after reading a telegraphic "story" sent out by another of his craft, complimented him upon the terseness of his language. "You have said in three-quarters of a column what it would take me a column and a half to say," he remarked. "How did you do it" The answer was simple. "I studied Latin and Greek and acquired in that way a better judgment as to English words.

Toronto Man Saw America's Cup Won

Edward Galley Has Vivid Story Of Original Race.

EX-ALDERMAN EDWARD GALLEY, of Toronto, although not a yachtsman, is for one particular reason more interested than any other resident of the city—and possibly any other Canadian—in the announcement that Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to make still another attempt to win the cup that the United States yacht America captured and took away from England seventy-one years ago.

Mr. Galley was among the spectators who saw the race in which the America captured the cup—an experience which possibly no one else living in Canada to-day has had.

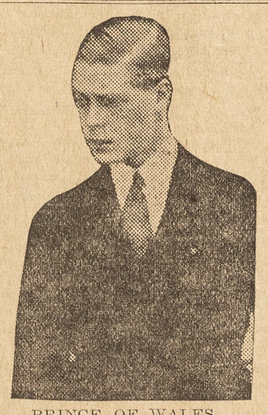
"The race is just as vivid to me now as if it took place yesterday," enthusiastically declared Mr. Galley, who is now approaching his eighty-eighth birthday. "I was at the time—then a youth of seventeen—working on a building at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, from the site of which we had a magnificent view of the channel. The



EX.-ALDERMAN EDWARD GALLEY.

race started from off Cowes. And of course we were sure and certain that the American boat would be outsailed by our own British yacht or yachts—for I can not recall whether there were more than two competitors. You can, therefore, imagine our surprise and chagrin when we saw the America come sailing past the Needles on the homeward stretch away in the lead. In fact she had such a lead that after crossing the finishing line she had time to come to anchor and lower her sails before her competitor had crossed.

"And this was not the only occasion on which I saw the America out-distance our home boats. The following day there was another race, and although the America was not a competitor, she hoisted sail after the others had started and gave chase. And again she crossed the line ahead of the procession."



PRINCE OF WALES.

PRINCE OF WALES MET "THE BOSS"

HAS Royalty a boss? H. R. H. the Prince of Wales thinks it has. When he made his now famous trip to Canada, among many engagements which he fulfilled was one with the old-established quoiting club at Halifax, N.S.

Many years previously, his Royal father, who was then an officer in the British navy, was a member of this quoiting club, having joined when he visited Halifax with his ship.

The Prince of Wales was introduced to an old member of the club, who was president when Prince George was a member.

"I shall always remember with pleasure my visit to this club," said the Prince in thanking the members for their welcome, "and when I go home I shall tell my father that I have seen the boss."



THE MODERN QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Duchess of Athol, wife of the Duke of Athol, and known in nobility as Queen of Scots, because the Duke as head of the Clan Murray of Scotland holds Royal Court, just as the King does in London, for three months of the year. The Duchess is extremely popular and very active in social and welfare work in the country north of England.

Saw Algonquin Park Develop Immensely

Veteran Superintendent G. W. Bartlett Is Now Retiring.

MR. G. W. BARTLETT, the retiring superintendent of Algonquin Park, was born in Islington, England, but came to Canada at the age of fifteen years, and spent many years in connection with railroading and lumbering. Under James Worthington, manager of construction, he had charge of the building of the C.P.R. from Nosbonsing Lake to Sturgeon Falls. When he received his appointment in 1898, the park headquarters were being moved from Canoe Lake to Cache Lake, and the staff consisted of six or eight rangers. As time went on they were increased to thirty-six, and the area of the park to some 1,741,440 acres. Substantial shelter houses were built and furnished throughout the park and portages cut to the hundreds of lakes. Visitors began to pour in and many of the camps, including Camp Minessing, Highland Inn and Hotel Algonquin, were built.

Live animals were supplied to other parks, many going to United States, Prince Edward Island and even to the Old Country. This brought in a yearly revenue of several thousand dollars. This practice was eventually discontinued in order to allow more game to overflow into the surrounding sections. The lakes in the park were from time to time stocked wtih trout from the Government hatcheries.

Croat Statesman Has Awkward Time

Jugo-Slavia Is Not So Unified As Patriots Could Wish.

DR. ANTON TROSICH PAVISICH is one of the big men now trying to make a nation out of the South Slavs. From this distance it would look to be as easy a task as making a nation out of the English, Dutch and Germans. The Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are all Slavs. Yes, and so are the English, Dutch and Germans of Teutonic origin. And how the English and Germans love one another!

During the late war, more precisely and hopelessly described as the first world war, the Croats and Slovenes fought for Austria and the Serbs against Austria. The fortunes of war gave the Croats and Slovenes the choice of becoming Italians or trying to set up a tiny country of their own or of proclaiming their love for the Serbs. So there was set up the kingdom of Jugo-Slavia with Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia as King and Belgrade as capital.

The races have some things in common. They are the south-west-



DR. PAVISICH.

erly vanguard of that Slavic race movement which surged across Central Europe a thousand years ago, just as the Czechs are the northwesterly vanguard of that irruption. But during the intervening and unhappy millennium they have become sadly estranged and divided. Their religions, languages, customs, even their alphabets have become different.

To-day the Croats are complaining bitterly that the Serbs are trying to force an alien religion, education and rule on them. Dr. Pavisich, author and statesman, and now Minister to the United States from the Tripartite Kingdom, is a Croatian and one of the few leaders of his people who are not in opposition to the new regime. Under the circumstances he is probably safer in Washington than at home.

Mrs. Davis Is Indian Chief Elected to Office By Osages

WOMEN of the Osages, the richest tribe of Indians in the world, because of their heavy oil royalties, have asked for the vote at tribal elections. This is proof No. 1 that the Indian women are changing.

Proof No. 2 was demonstrated recently at Muskogee, Okla., when the Seminoles elected Mrs. Alice B. Davis of Wewoka, Okla., chief. She is the first woman to be chief of a tribe of North American Indians, according to Indian historians.

Mrs. Davis was elected to the highest honor within the gift of her tribe to bestow, through ability. Although a sister of John F. Brown, who served the Seminoles as chief for many years, this relationship did not bring the honor. Mrs. Davis was elected, according to the Seminoles, because she is a natural leader and always has been willing to serve her tribe.

The situation among the Osages is said to differ because it marks a development in tribal relations which long has been expected. Ordinarily the women do not vote at tribal elections. While they long ago assumed many rights, there has been restriction as to their participation in tribal politics.

When the matter was brought before the Osages at their last tribal meeting, the women plainly told the men how they felt about it. Unlike the English women, these suffragists gave no indication of militancy. Indian women are naturally reserved and excellent listeners. Mrs. Arthur Yellowhorse told the men that she represented the women of the tribe in the request that they be permitted to vote at tribal elections.

The men promptly named a special committee to take the request under advisement. This request has developed a split among the Osage leaders and is serving to draw the line between the progressives and the standpats. The younger element, the Indians who are making good as business men and farmers, are in favor of women participating in the elections. As politicians however they have no great standing. The question will be decided next Spring.



FRANCE'S SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Louis Riboulet, Chief Brigadier Police Judiciary of France, who trailed and captured Landru, the modern Bluebeard, and who has many other sensational cases to his credit. At present he is in the United States studying police methods.



100 YEARS OLD AND WORKS.

"Too busy to be distracted," is the way August Rhode of Stephenson County, Ill., said to be the world's oldest florist, explains the secret of his longevity. Mr. Rhode has just celebrated his hundredth birthday in characteristic fashion by putting in some overtime work on his plants which he cultivates for business and for pleasure too. This photograph shows Mr. Rhode in his carefully kept garden.

Armless Preacher Of New Brunswick

Three Coniinents Have Helped to Make This Pastor.

REV. JOSEPH T. HUTTON, a British armless clergyman, is now located on Grand Manan Island, New Brunswick. At the age of sixteen when employed as wiper on an English railroad at Hunslet, Leeds, he lost both arms near his shoulder and was confined in the hospital seven weeks, having had three operations performed in fourteen days.

At the age of twenty-six he entered the Theological Seminary at Dunoon, Scotland, where he studied for three years, and on leaving Principal Rev. D. MacGregor, D.D., wanted to ordain him, but he concluded to wait until he had a few more years study. He started off for Melbourne, Australia, after leaving the seminary and remained on that English continent two years preaching.

His first parish was at Clark's Harbor, Nova Scotia, where he remained nearly four years, and was also preacher at Queensport, Half Island Cove, and Jeddore, N.S., nor far from Halifax, for two years previous to accepting the call for the thriving fishing village of North Head on the twenty-mile long Canadian Island of Grand Manan, N.B.

Three years ago he was married to Miss Sherriff, of Liverpool, N.S., and they received a call for special missionary work near Calgary, in the Canadian North-West, remaining there a few months before returning to West Jeddore.

The armless preacher learned to ride horseback by holding the reins in his mouth, and can write an excellent and clear "hand" with pen or pencil, which he holds in his mouth, but he invented an attachment to strap on his right shoulder, and had his brother-in-law put it together so that he can write at home with a pen more satisfactorily. Previous to being married he was obliged to have a boy or man accompany him on all trips, even to Australia, as it is somewhat difficult for him to get about alone and transact business without arms. His wife is of great assistance, is a good cook and provider in the home, goes with him on every trip, but Rev. Mr. Hutton does not need aany aid in the pulpit as he does not use notes.

MAJOR-GENERAL WHEELS GO-CART

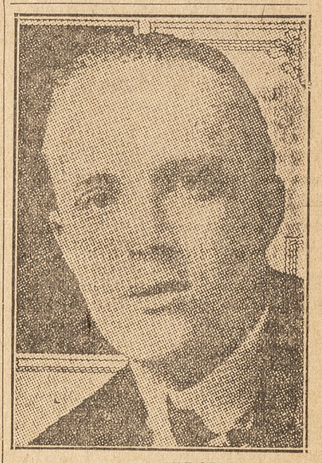
IT IS not every day that a full-blown, Major-General, resplendent in his uniform, is to be seen pushing a go-cart along a public street, yet this has been seen in Toronto.

Hon. Mr Justice Logie, when he was general officer commanding the Toronto Military District, was motoring along Queen Street one day when he noticed a woman alight from a street car with a small baby in her arms. The street car started off before the woman could remove her go-cart off the hook at the rear of the car.

General Logie gave orders for his chauffeur to speed up and overtake the street car. Having overtaken the speeding street car, the general took the go-cart off the hook and wheeled it back to the owner.

Hugh Walpole Not as Dreamy As Writers Are Supposed to Be

HUGH WALPOLE, latest English man of letters to come to America to do a "Margot" on the lecture platform circuit, qualifies



HUGH WALPOLE.

himself neither as materialist nor visionary, but conceives his mission to be to elevate the heroic in the spirit of man.

When he speaks of spirit, it is to be understood in the ordinary sense, not with special signification attached to the term by either Conan Doyle or Volstead.

Walpole has a vigorous frame, a scholar's ample forehead, dreaming, humorous eyes void of irony, and a contradictory mouth, both tender and aggressive.

American readers are familiar with his magical delineations of common place people and surroundings. But his two years in the Russian Red Cross, 1914-1916, have added iron to his character and a pathos to his writing.

"Modern American literature is now on its own," said Mr. Walpole. "The older school was but a branch of English letters. Your recent writers, such as Hergesheimer, Sinclair, Lewis and Don Marquis are writing literature that is alive, expressive and purely American."

Referring to the subject of literary censorship which has recenty caused a stir in the news, he said:

"I am not in sympathy with the position of H. G. Wells, who, addressing a press society in London, said that the novel claimed everything for its field. This theory falls short of true art. For instance, 'Ulysses,' by James Joyce, is in many ways a note book in which events and impressions are set down pell-mell.

"English is so downright a language that the material must relate directly to your artistic conceptions. You can't say things that offend good taste. The continental languages are a different medium.

"As to my lecture program, I shall discuss 'The English Novel of the 20th Century,' based on my personal acquaintance with The Older Men, the Realists and the Younger Generation. Then I shall present my prophecy for the Future of English Letters."

Ardent Forester Is King of Italy

Made American Forget He Was Talking to a King.

ELBERT Francis Baldwin of New York, one of the directors of the American Forestry Association, makes a graphic report of his recent visit to the King of Italy, when he formally presented five million Douglas Fir seeds for the rehabilitation of Italy's forests destroyed during the war. The seeds were the gift of Charles Lathrop Pack of the association.

"One minute after I met King Victor Emanuel," writes Mr. Baldwin. "I forgot that I was talking to a king. He seemed a forestry expert, pure and simple. It had taken two months' hard work to obtain, through our Embassy, an audience with His Majesty. But it was worth while, if for nothing more than to discover that, learned and experienced in many a department of science and government, Victor Emanuel was also up in forestry.



KING OF ITALY.

"As a boy, he would plant young trees at his father's country places and rise at 4 o'clock in the morning to water the trees properly himself—and not merely see that it was done. 'In my own place, outside the city,' he added, 'I have grown foreign trees and I want to see how the Douglas Firs will do there.' He told me of his desire to extend the quantity and quality of tree growing.

"The chief query in the King's mind seemed to be whether the seed would germinate in fairly dry soil—and most of Italy is pretty dry. 'Yes,' he concluded, 'the great difficulty, I think, will be the drought. You must have noticed it. Just now we need rain very much. Yet, despite frequent clouds, we have had only a few drops of rain in a long time. I do not suppose, however, that the Douglas Fir is as dependent on moisture as are some trees. I certainly hope that it will thrive fairly well in our soil and, where the conditions of our hill-slopes are similar to those in your States, will be as good a grower as it is there.'"

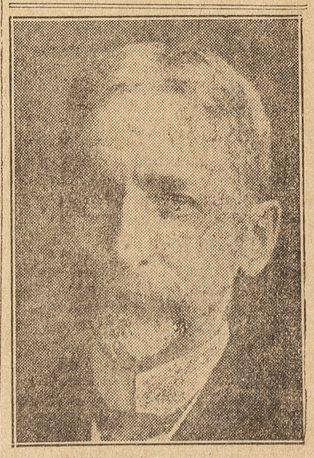
DIPLOMATIST BUYS ST. DONAT'S CASTLE

RICHARD EDMUNDS PENNOYER of California, the first secretary of the American Embassy, Berlin, and Lady Winifred Pennoyer have bought the remarkable old St. Donat's Castle on the Glamorgan Coast, near Llanwit, Wales, and are taking up residence there about the middle of October.

The building is a sixteenth century structure. It stands in 120 acres of ground.



HON. MR. JUSTICE LOGIE.



HON. W. E. RANEY.

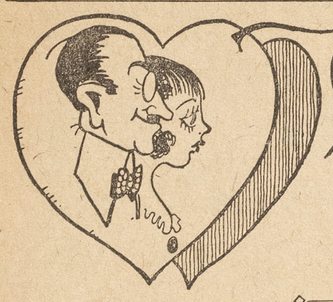
MR. RANEY'S TREAT.

Could anyone imagine the Hon. W. E. Raney, K.C., Attorney-General of the Province of Ontario, offering a drink to a thirsty reporter? Well, he did. It was at Erin, Ontario. The United Farmers were holding a picnic there on a sweltering hot day. The newspaper man would have been glad to strike any oasis in the desert.

"Would you like a drink?" asked the Honorable the Attorney General.

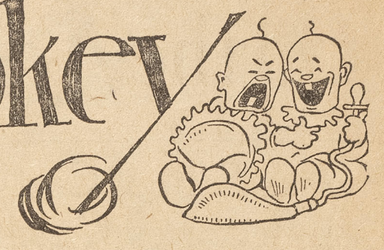
"Sure," cried the newspaper man.

"Well, there's the pump."



The Adventures of Peter and Pokey

By Norma Phillips Muir.



SOMETIMES I wonder if it is possible that Peter is not as perfect as I once thought he was. Not that I'm not perfectly balmy about him, and all that sort of thing, but quite frequently he annoys me, and what annoys me still further is the fact that he doesn't worry about it like he used to do.

After we were first married, if I was quiet or unusually thoughtful, Peter would hang around me like a pet pup, and nearly drive me crazy trying to find out whether I was not feeling well, or if there was anything he had done to hurt my feelings. But now, if I appear to be blue, Peter will haul off and slap my shoulder and say: "Perk up, old girl, there's still corn in Egypt," or something equally cheering.

He says that he loves me more than ever, but that he's told me so and shown me, so that by now I ought to have absorbed the fact, and not need it served three times after meals daily.

"Now that we're the father of a family it behooves us to leave off courting and rustle the grub," he announced, when I asked him about the difference I thought I noticed in him. "Seriously, sweetheart," he added, "I've noticed myself, not that we were drifting away from each other, but that we were both magnifying little things to the point where they became big enough for us to—sort of quarrel over. Nerves I guess, but we've got to cut it out before it becomes a habit."

"It's been mostly my fault, I know," I admitted, "but with having twins thrust upon me, and then your mother and Aunt Joan and Pansy, and nearly drowning a woman and nearly killing a caddy, it's not much wonder, is it?"

Peter laughed at my summary of events, and then gave me a great bear-hug.

"You've certainly kept monotony and I from getting acquainted," he grinned; "and yet, if I were you, I'd just rest for this last week of our holidays. Even if we do get a little bit bored with peace, let's try it, just for a change."

"I'll rest after to-day, Peter," I promised him, "but to-day I'm going to work."

"What at?" asked Peter suspiciously.

"It's a secret," I told him, "you aren't to know."

"Then you can't do it," he said decidedly. "I can't trust you not to get into trouble and I'm taking no chances."

"But Peter," I wailed, "it's for you, and it's a surprise."

"Doesn't matter," he insisted, "either you tell me or you don't do it, see?"

"I didn't promise to obey," I said rebelliously, "and I don't think much of the way you're trying to keep from quarreling. It's just plain old woman curiosity on your part. That's all."

"Where are you going?" he insisted.

"Down to the kitchen."

"What are you going to do in the hotel kitchen?" said Peter in his "attention-ladies-and-gentleman" voice.

"I won't tell you, and I'm going, so there," I said, but when I went past him Peter caught me and began to laugh again.

"All right, spitfire, go ahead," he said, "but if you get into any trouble don't send for me."

"You're a dear," I said, "what are you going to do?"

"Oh—something," he smiled. 'I may ask Lisbon to show me around the place—storage plant, pantry, kitchen and all that sort of thing."

"Wouldn't that be nice," I said pleasantly, "but Peter, if you get into trouble—don't send for me." And with this parting shot I left him.

How much was to happen before I saw him again.

You see, Peter is most awfully fond of crab apple jelly, and several very fine crab-apple trees, quite laden with apples, grew around the hotel. I had happened to be sampling these, a couple of days prior, when the kitchen maid came out with a basket to pick some.

"Can you make apple sauce out of these?" I asked her.

"I don't know ma'am, but the cook's going to make crab jelly," she said.

"My but I'd like to be able to make some," I remarked, "I don't suppose they'd allow me to do it in the kitchen, would they?"

"I don't think so, ma'am, but I can see," she said, and in five minutes she came running back. "The cook wants to see you, ma'am," she announced, and led me kitchenward.

"I'm that sorry m'm," began the cook, "but Mr. Lisbon wouldn't let you in the kitchen at all at all."

"And I don't suppose he'd allow you to do any for me, if I paid you?" I suggested.

"That he wouldn't, m'm," she said decidedly, "he's a rascal sure, and one of Satan's own, m'm. I'm that sorry."

"Well, you can't help it, thank you," I said disappointedly, "but it seems a shame for all that fruit to go to waste."

"It does that," she rejoined, and then as I turned to go I had an inspiration. "Do you think that any of the cottages around here would be open so that I could just get into the kitchen?" I asked.

For a moment the cook hesitated, and then she said:

"If you would be wantin' to take a chance, lady, why there's Lisbon's own cottage. His wife has gone, and they shut everything up for the season."

"Where is Mr. Lisbon staying?" I asked.

"Him? Here." she answered laconically.

"W-w-well, I think I'll try it," I decided. "You're sure he won't be going there for anything?"

"I'm sure he's too lazy to be climbin' up there for anything if he don't be havin' to," she said, "and I'll keep an eye on him and head him off if he starts."

THAT settled it, and with minute directions from the cook I planned my jelly campaign. The kitchen girl purchased the bottles for me in the town the following day, and also got what sugar was needed. The cook loaned me a preserving kettle, a big spoon, funnel jelly bag, and had the chore boy get her an extra stove drum of oil, for it was on an oil stove that I had to cook the jelly. Under cover of night these things had all been smuggled up the hill and deposited, with the apples n Lisbon's back porch.

"Remember dearie and don't have your wick turned too high," admonished the cook as I was about to start. "Make the flame burn blue, and whativer you do, don't cook the stuff more'n exactly twinty minutes."

"All right," I promised, and I was half way out of the kitchen before I remembered that he jars would have to be sealed.

"Wax," I wailed, "I forgot he wax."

"I'll give it to you, and don't be gettin' it too hot aither." said the cook, "Sh—here comes Lisbon, run m'm."

"If my husband is with him you've never even seen me," I hissed, and hugging wax and matches to me, I ran.

I might have known by the ease with which I got in that luck like that wouldn't last. Lisbon had neglected to nail the kitchen window and it took less than a minute to force the catch with the paring knife which lay on top the basket of apples. In five minutes I was inside, with all my paraphernalia, and thanking my stars that there was almost a full drum of oil in the stove. That was the second warning!

I worked like mad, and before it seemed possible I had the stems and blossom ends off the apples, had them halved and quartered, and on the top of the stove. The cook had shown me just how to light the stove, and I had practised before her, so that the lighting gave little difficulty. But the flame wouldn't burn blue. When I turned it up and down, quick like she did it spluttered alarmingly, and when I turned it up high it went out in places, and turned the isinglass all black.

"She didn't tell me whether to light one of them or the whole three, I soliloquized," and I don't know whether it'll blow up if it burns red instead of blue, or not."

One of the burners went out, at this point, and I remembered that she had told me not to have any draft in the room, so I promptly shut the window, which was the only means of airing the room. Then I attempted to light the stove again, and to me horror the match dropped out of my fingers —INSIDE THE WICK.

"Peter!" I yelled, and flinging up the window I hurled myself out of it, and fell down the path. When I had been going for about a minute and had heard no explosion behind me, I gathered up enough courage to pause and look backward, and as nothing seemed to be happening I went warily back, and visioning nothing amiss in the kitchen I climbed in again.

"I didn't see any snake when I first noticed those apples," I remarked, "but I bet there was one there all right, murmuring 'crab apple jelly Ruth, crab apple jelly —and give some to the man.'"

The cook had told me to crush the fruit, and I had forgotten all about it until the water and fruit were beginning to get hot, and that made it more difficult to handle. Also she had neglected to give me anything with which to crush it, but in the cupboard in the kitchen I was lucky enough to find a flat iron, and this did the work thoroughly without being affected by the heat.

"Now, let simmer for ten minutes," I remembered, and while the fruit was simmering I unpacked the bottles, took the tops off of them and suddenly realized that I was in a fix. The cook had only given me one big kettle and I needed three. One to sterilize my jars, one to cook the fruit in, and one for it to drip into when it was in the jelly bag.

"Two would do, but I can't possibly manage with one," I thought, and so I had to rifle Lisbon's cupboard again. I found a lovely big granite dish-pan for the fruit to drip into, and an aluminum kettle which I could use for sterilizing my jars.

"Of course, I'll have to have all the burners going," I chided myself, "Two for under the fruit and one to bring the water to a boil for sterilizing."

Now that it is all over I vaguely remember having read once, somewhere, to put the bottles on in cold water and bring them to a boil, but at the time I didn't remember it. By the time the fruit had simmered for the prescribed ten minutes I had the bottles washed and ready to fill with boiling water when it should be boiling, if it ever did that.

I put the jelly-bag inside the tin, and then, cup full by cup full poured the mashed fruit and juice into the bag. Then I tied the mouth of the bag with twine, and put the tin on the floor. I squeezed and squeezed, but because between squeezes I had to put the bag back into the juice I didn't get very far ahead, and at last I decided that what I needed was a stick. There wasn't a stick in the kitchen anywhere, not even a broom whose handle I might have utilized, but in the living room, over the fire-place I discovered a big Union Jack, and the stick it was on was just what I needed. I took the two kitchen chairs and put them almost the distance apart which the length of the flag-pole measured. Then I rested the flag-pole on the edge of each chair—the ends of it, I mean, and tied the jelly bag firmly in the middle, overhanging the kettle. Then I squeezed to some purpose, for the juice ran in a steady encouraging stream into the pot beneath it.

"Nice bossy," I giggled, squeezing away at the bag, "gee, wouldn't it be funny if we could buy cider cows and ginger ale cows, and lemon-crush cows, instead of just plain milkers and Jerseys. Buy a cider cow and feed it yeast cakes and raisins, and oh boy, what a beverage!"

THINKING that I must remember that to tell Peter I worked away until I was sure there wasn't another drop of juice in that bag, and then, just to make sure I let it drip while I opened the sugar bag and looked around for something to measure it with. The cook had also forgotten a measuring cup, and the cupboard didn't harbor one, in fact the cupboard held nothing which I wasn't using except more irons, a food chopper, an egg beater and a tea-kettle.

I decided that I'd have to use a pint jar to measure with and in reaching for the jars, which were on one of the chairs I inadvertantly moved the chair, and Slop! down went the jelly bag into the kettle, dragging one end of the Union Jack with it.

"Sufferin' snakes," I yelled, "there goes Lisbon's flag!"

Of course it wasn't gone, but it wasn't quite as dignified looking when I had rung all my jelly juice out of it. Quite a bit of red had run out into the jelly, so I guess it wasn't as good a bunting as it looked.

"Well, it'll make the jelly a prettier color anyway," I said philosophically as I squeezed the old bag dry again, but I made up my mind that I wouldn't tell Peter that part of the story ever. He isn't fussy, but he might not want to eat the jelly for fear the dye'd make him sick, and I made up my mind that after all I'd suffered to get it, he'd eat the jelly if it did make him ill.

"Now," I said, referring to my card of direction, "measure juice and sugar, cup for cup into the kettle. Bring to a boil for twenty minutes. Cup for cup—sounds like an eye for an eye," I thought.

Just at first I had a little difficulty, for I did not know then, as I do now that I should have measured all the juice first and then put in an equal amount of sugar. I would measure one jar of juice and then one of sugar, with the result that I got a bit stuck up, between the two.

Anyway I had eight jars of juice, and calculated that I'd be able with the sugar, to fill my twelve jars with jelly. I put it back on the stove to cook, and turned my attention to the water I had put on to sterilize the jars. It hadn't even started to boil yet.

"A watched kettle never boils," I quoted, and then I began to visualize Peter's pride when I showed him the jelly, and his relief that I hadn't been caught before I finished, and his anxiety to know that I'd left everything as it should be left.

"Unless he measured the oil in his stove before he leaves, and does so again when he comes up," I recited to myself, "he will never know that any-one has been in the cottage. Even then he might put it down to time's inevitable evaporation.

"Boil, darn you, boil," I addressthe water, "it's eleven o'clock now and we lunch at one."

After I had spoken I remembered that Peter had asked me, with tears in his voice to try and refrain from using so much slang. "For our children's sake," he had said, "we gotta cut it out."

"You mean it is necessary for us to eliminate all colloquialism from our repertoire," I corrected him, and now I had said "darn" again.

"Yield not to temptation, for swearing is sin,
If cusses you mutter, you'll n'er be a cherubim,
Talk a la Dan Webster, hot phrases eschew,
Then when you're a dead one, St. Peter will sure welcome you."

I sang. "Peter'll like that, unless he thinks I'm referring to him in the last line," I thought. "Hurray, the water boileth."

The fruit was boiling too, but that didn't worry me, for I still had twenty minutes before it would be done.

I took a bottle in each hand and gently lowered them into the water. There was an ominous, cracking sound, and my bottles went to pieces.

"Well, if that wouldn't jar you," I exclaimed. "I wonder if I'm not doing it right. She said to sterilize them with boiling water. Maybe she meant to fill them."

Very gingerly I lifted the kettle, and poured the boiling water into a jar....at least I started to, but the jar went in two pieces with a mighty explosion, and I just missed dropping the kettle of water on my feet.

"There goes another," I moaned, "and I've enough jelly to fill 'em all. I'll wash the—things in warm water and let it go at that."

BY THE time the nine bottles were standing in a shining row the twenty minutes were up, and I turned the lights out from under the boiling juice. 'Now to try it and see if it jells," I ejaculated. I looked about for something to put a spoonful on, but there wasn't a dish or cup or saucer anywhere to be seen, and the other cupboards were locked. I had to try that jelly before I bottled it, and I had only three quarters of an hour left to bottle the juice, wax it and clean up. Then I was to put the fruit-jars, all-filled, on the window ledge and lower the window, and the cook would come for them after dark. Alas, the cook never saw that jelly.

In desperation I finally noticed that the white kitchen chair had a neat little well or round, sunk (for greater comfort) in the middle of the seat, and knowing that there was no chance of my sitting down. I poured two spoonfuls of the liquid into the centre of the chair, and watched anxiously to see what it would do. It didn't run.

It stayed just where it dropped from the spoon, and it seemed to glaze over when I stuck my finger in it, a moment or so later, it was gummy.

"If I'm not a regular lalapalooza I'll eat my—" I began, and then I remembered our anti-slang campaign, and desisted. I caught myself singing again, and the refrain to the tune of "My Country 'tis of Thee" was "My jelly it has jelled," and so on, ad infinitum, and all that sort of thing.

I didn't lose any time getting it into the bottles, and with the aid of the dinky little funnel, didn't spill more than a half pint. But —I had a good three pints left, and no jars to put it in. I rooted around Mrs. Lisbon's cupboard again, but with no better results than before, but in the living room I found a pressed glass fruit bowl, and decided to fill it, wax it and leave it as a little testimonial of my gratitude. I filled it, and then washing out the kettle put the wax in it and lighted the burners again. I always have said and I always will say that the fault was the cooks, primarily in not giving me a small tin for the wax.

The jelly bag was still pendent from the flag-pole between the two chairs, and the jelly in its nine bottles and bowl was on the cupboard shelf, all finished except for the wax.

The surface of the kettle was too big for the amount of wax I had, and it was necessary to tip the tin sideways for it to melt. I have no idea how it happened, unless a small amount slopped over into the flame, but all at once that big kettle was ablaze, and snapping and cracking like the Twenty-Fourth of May.

I was petrified for a moment, and then I did what I contend any other woman would have done under the circumstances. I grabbed the pan with the water in it, and hurled it over the conflagration. There was an explosion like I have never heard save from a safe distance and a ball of wax and fire went to the ceiling, singing my front hair as it went.

"Oh Lord," I whimpered, before I had courage to look up, 'don't start anything now, with me here all alone." Then I looked, and I didn't wait to pray any more. With a roar like a sergeant-major on parade ground I leaped for the window, tripped over the Union Jack and went down, the jelly bag and I making connection just under my chin. I grabbed it, and with one last look at the flaming room I cleared the window and raced for the hotel.

NO ONE was on the verandah, and instinct directed me to the dining room. Instinct was right. Luncheon was on, and there, at our table, as unconcerned as a sparrow on an evetrought, sat Peter, with a man guest. All this I took in in a second. Then Peter looked up, and I saw amusement, amazement, and then stark horror imprint themselves on his face. He half rose, as though he couldn't believe his eyes, and then I hollered.

"Peter—Jelly—Fire!" I yelled, and waving the Union Jack and the jelly bag, I turned and rushed out again, with Peter, his friend and half the dining room at my heels.

As I passed a chair on the verandah I snatched at the steamer rug on it, and ran, dragging it after me. We were all there in a moment, and in another Peter and his friend had snatched the rug from my hold and had smothered out the fat-fed flames which had not spread beyond the patch where the wax had landed.

Peter and his friend and I were the only ones in the kitchen, and when he was sure the fire was out, Peter stepped back through the window, and without a look at me, spoke to the guests who were watching from the steps:

"How my wife came to discover this fire, I do not know," he said, 'but discover it she did, and it is due to her zeal that the cottage here is saved. I wonder if you would all aid me, for the sake of her shocked nerves, by not saying anything about this to ANY ONE who is not here. If it gets noised about she will be questioned, by the guests, transient, and hotel help, and I would save her this nervous strain. Can I depend upon you?"

There was a chorus of assent, and then Peter, with a gesture like that of Caesar dismissing the soothsayer, waved them down the hill and came back into the kitchen.

"Now," he said sternly, "what does this mean?"

'Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?" I asked, stalling for time.

'Mac, this is—my wife," said Peter dramatically, 'not that you'd know her if you 'ever met her again," he added, 'she doesn't usually present such an unusual appearance."

I offered my hand to Mac, and owing to the fact that I had recently been clasping the jelly bag, it was a sweeter greeting than he had expected. Peter meanwhile had allowed himself to sink into a chair, and when I noticed which chair it was he had chosen, my heart fell even farther.

"Pokey, what were you doing here?" asked Peter again.

"I should think that was quite obvious," I retorted. "You see me and you see the jelly bag."

'Yes, and I see a Union Jack, and a blackened wall and ceiling," he added. "What happened."

"There was just a hint of relenting in his voice, and waving Mac into the good chair I tried to seat myself on Peter's lap, but he pushed me away.

"Ruth you're simply covered with jelly and goo," he protested, 'I can't take you on my knee now, I'd ruin my suit."

"The worst is yet to come I sighed, I regret to inform you, Peter, that at the present moment of time you are sitting in jelly."

Peter rose to his feet, put a hand to that part of his person which my jelly had contaminated, and gave vent to an expression which showed me that he too could still call up a cuss when occasion demanded.

"This is the everlasting limit," he yelled, 'after my asking you this morning to keep out of trouble for the rest of the time we were here."

Mac rose as though to escape.

"Don't go, please," I said politely, 'you are not interfering with Peter's fluency or enjoyment at all."

Peter sort of calmed down after that, and I explained just exactly what had occurred.

"I was doing it for a happy surprise for you," I concluded, and of course that sort of spiked Peter's guns.

"But good Lord Pokey, what will Lisbon say?" he groaned.

"If he doesn't know he can't say anything," I pointed out. "Where is he?"

"Gone to town," said Peter.

"Good, then while I wash up everything here, you boys find a plane and trim the scorched off those boards," I directed, 'then we'll put the jelly in a box and carry it down to the hotel. When Lisbon comes home we'll tell him that I was passing here, and noticed smoke, I forced the window and threw some water on the blaze, and then ran for you. Your friend here an engineer, suggested that the greatest safety lay in planing away all the surface which might hold any heat, and that is what you did. That will do away with the wax, which is the only suspicious thing about it. See?"

Peter and Mac exchanged admiring glances.

"What about the flag?" asked Mac.

"Burn it—" I said—"burn the end where the jelly is. I used it to try and smother the flames until you got the rug into action. See?"

'Anything else?" 'asked Peter.

"Yes, we must fill the oil drum up three quarters," I remembered Now you scoot for the plane, and I'll clean up the muss."

IN AN hour's time you would never have known that Lisbon's cottage had been the scene of a hot conflagration. The tins were put back in the cupboard, the chairs and floor and shelf were washed freed of all stickiness, the oil drum was as Lisbon had left it, the stove had never a streak of juice upon its shining surface, and even the window ledge was clean, and free from the row of bottles which were to have graced it.

They were in a basket covered with newspaper, on Peter's arm, and Peter wore, instead of the coat which matched his suit, a sweater coat which hung down in the back, reaching half way to his knees and fulfilling the purpose it was worn for.

"Are you sure we've not forgotten anything?" he worried, as he and Mac and I were about to go.

"Yes," I said positively, "Gosh no. There's the dish of jelly I was leaving for Mrs. Lisbon."

"Dump it," commanded Peter, "and knowing that he had suffered much during the day I did not argue, but emptied the dish beneath the cottage steps. It fascinated me, and I would have lingered to watch it, but Peter's voice summoned me.

"Come on Pokey," he cried. "You've got another job to do before you're through with to-day's work. You've got to get this sweet mess off my best pants. And believe me," he added, "I deserve all I get if I let you out of my sight again. If the Bits have your proclivity for getting into trouble I'll be hoary-haired at thirty. Pokey, come on."

"Peter dear, please come here, just for a minute," I begged, and Peter, handing the basket to Mac came reluctantly back to the steps.

"You aren't hurt or anything are you?" he asked anxiously as he saw kneeling there, all doubled up on the step.

"No," I said, "Peter, you know what we were talking about this morning, about not quarreling any more?"

"Yes, I remember," he admitted.

"And you were cross, weren't you?"

"Well—maybe, but you gave me an awful scare, and Pokey, wait till you see yourself, and I had been raving about you to Mac."

"Oh that!" I said, "I'll fix that by dinner time. Give me a bath, clean clothes and a powder puff and you'll not have to eat any crow. But Peter, you do love me?"

Peter looked back to see if Mac was watching, and his answer to my question was eloquent.

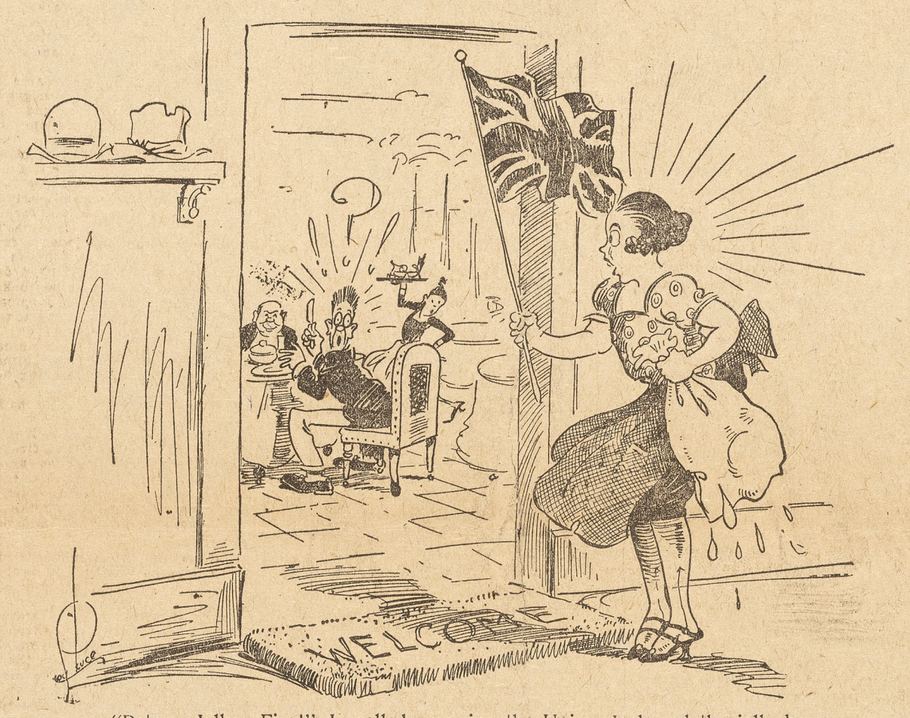
'Then you'll not get angry again if I show you something I'm interested in?"

"N-n-no," he said.

"Then look," I said triumphantly, and pointed to where, underneath the steps there shone a round rose colored mound. "Peter" I cried, "I did it all myself, the very first time, and—My Jelly's Jelled."

Peter looked from me to the jelly and then back to me, with my singed hair, blackened, jelly smeared face and sticky dress.

"You're a wooly wonder," he grasped, "and all that sort of thing."



"Peter—Jelly—Fire!" I yelled, waving the Union Jack and the jelly bag.

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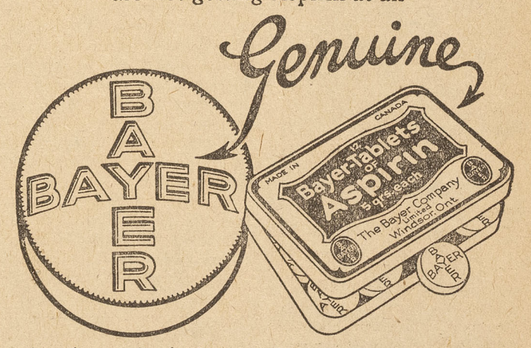

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On the Altar of the White Elephant

By C. M. P. Cross

Complete in This Issue

THERE was a rush of brown men, a fleeting flash of white, a girl's stifled scream, a swish of branches, and a crackle of parched twigs. Then they were gone.

The lurching, creaking bullock carts of the ox train jerked to a stop. Drivers scrambled frantically for shelter beneath them. From front and rear four perspiring, bedraggled white officers came running to the middle cart, the skulls of the bullocks of which had been split by deadly Vedah axes. The driver's body was lying huddled on his little seat pierced through by the gaping wound of a shovel spear. The four paused aghast.

The cart was empty.

A shred of white cloth hung on the thorns of a broken bush at the roadside. With a choking cry one of them plunged furiously in its direction to rush into the jungle in pursuit. The other three threw themselves on him, and by brute force and numbers held him back.

"Steady, Walker, steady!" said one of them, relentlessly using a hammer-lock on his arm. "They have got Julia, but it will be sure death for you and for her as well, if you go into that jungle. There must be a mistake somewhere. Keep cool a little while and see what happens. This plague and the drought have got the nerves of the Vedahs all right. Look—"

As he spoke one after the other in swift succession a series of blow pipe arrows soared up from the jungle, turned slowly and pitched down toward them, plunging their venomous points, the least scratch of which was death to anything that breathed, into the ground almost at their feet. Silently and with appalling accuracy they fell raising a low feather-topped hedge between them and the jungle.

In perfect alinement, each arrow exactly a hand's breadth from those on its either side, the barrier rose, and spread out five feet on either side of them. Then the arrows ceased as suddenly as they had begun. The menace of these tufted shafts of bamboo was clear even to the Occidental mind.

The blond giant relaxed his hold on Walker. The four stood mutely staring at them and beyond at the jungle. Suddenly Walker, with a quick gesture at the shafts, and hope rising in his tone, broke out: "See they are white. They are not war arrows at all. They mean something to do with the nats or some of their infernal tabus. There are so many in these Mysore hills. Let's push on to the dak bungalow at the Mingin ford and try to get in touch with some of the chiefs. If I can reach Weh Loo, his tribe must be somewhere about here, we can surely fix things up. I ought to have known better than to let Julia come along, but it is too late now."

It was night. A score of fires flamed and smoked in the evening mist of the little clearing between the dak bungalow and the banks of the Rojadavari River. The forms of the Bengali cart drivers, shrouded in their white turban cloths against the chill of the night damp of the river, glided like ghosts to and fro among them as they prepared their evening meal.

On the verandah the four white men and the wives of three of them had choked down a dismal dinner by the last rays of the dying sun. A servant with silent bare feet brought a lantern and set it on the table. It only served to accentuate the outer darkness and the gloomy despair of their hearts. They said nothing. Each was too busy with their own forebodings.

Presently Walker roused himself. It seemed as if a new shadow had come to mingle with the others cast by the dim lantern. He was worrying. As yet he had found no way of communicating with Weh Loo or any of the Vedahs. Usually they had swarmed by scores into every camp of the whites, in search of empty tins, even when they had no more definite business. But to-night not one had been seen. Where was Julia now? He must be doing something.

THE new shadow at the head of the stairway leading up from the ground to the verandah, took more definite form, and a gasp bordering on terror went around the circle as a wizen, black, naked figure drifted into the clear light of the lantern and squatted down at Walker's feet. A slender bamboo blow pipe was in one hand and several arrows projected from the frizzled, matted mass of his hair. His right hand toyed with the helve of his ax thrust into the girdle of his scanty loin cloth.

It was Weh Loo. For a minute he squatted there staring fixedly at the floor. Finally he began to speak, impersonally as if talking to himself.

"I would talk with Walker Sahib."

The others caught the hint of his guttural clicks, and silently rose and stole away, leaving Walker sitting bolt upright in his chair gripping its arms tensely as he waited for the little black hunter of the jungles to deliver his message.

Weh Loo shifted uneasily three times. He took his ax from his girdle and laid it on the floor. Finally he abruptly raised his eyes to Walker's face.

"Sahib, this day the Bwes took from thee the woman that was to be thy wife. Ingleese ways are not Vedah ways, and sahib, though I understand not why thou had not long since taken her to wife as we Vedahs would or as the other sahibs do, my tribe would not have touched her. Thou and she say she came to help us against the devil of death that slays us night and day in our villages. In truth, some she has saved, for the death rattle was in the throat of Bijah, my son, when she gave him drugs and cut his arm with her syreenge knife, and he, lived. But, sahib, as the Bwes and Mohoko say, what avails one 'nurse' when the Vedahs die by hundreds.

"Now, sahib, the word has gone forth from Mohoko, the holy one the priest of Hakasaw Hathi, that terrible is the anger of the White Elephant because of the command of you, Ongleese, we no longer offer women and men to him and no more are his altars red with their blood. Nor will his wrath be cooled, Mohoko says, by the blood of black men. It must be a Kala Wah, and a memsahib.

"Sahib, we love her who was to be thy wife, and thee, too, sahib, but we die, sahib, and, sahib, it seemed to the council of the old men that as Mohoko said, the young memsahib that was to be thine would be of least cost.

"Sahib, there be other memsahibs in thy country even without number as you told me, and, sahib, she has cost no axes, no spears. Her rings we will bring to thee and much wealth will we give thee so that thou may buy another, and perhaps a better memsahib. See, here are her rings. And, sahib, the other sahibs had already paid the price for their memsahibs after the way of the Inglees which is not the way of the Vedahs, as we know. Sahib, we weep, but, sahib, we die. There is no other way. Nothing else but a memsahib will satisfy Hakasaw Hathi. Mohoko has spoken, and he knows.

Weh Loo ended and held out a little package wrapped in palm leaf. It was some minutes before Walker succeeded in throttling his feelings. His impulse was to seize Weh Loo as a hostage or choke the life from his wizen body, but he got hold of himself by a desperate effort. That would never do. It would only seal Julia's doom.

He remembered well the occasion when he had almost come to blows with Mohoko in an effort to have the Sagine villages kill off the hordes of plague-infested rats that swarmed about their villages, protected by the sacred character ascribed to them by this chief yogi of Hakasaw Hathi. They had been enemies ever since, and now Mohoko had struck in a way that bit closest to his heart and life.

He must do something. For an hour he argued and pleaded with Weh Loo, but there was no change in the little old man's answer. "Sahib, we die. What else can we do? Mohoko has ordered. I could do nothing if I would. We die, sahib. It is our only hope."

Walker begged him in vain to at least tell him where and when the sacrifice would take place. Weh Loo only flashed a sly look at him, and dryly commented, "The Punjabi's guns must not come sahib."

With these words, he dissolved like a shadow into the darkness, leaving the little package at Walker's feet. He was dazed. The blow had fallen with such appalling suddenness, and there seemed absolutely no hope. For some time he sat staring vacantly at the lantern. His mind was a blank. he could think of no expedient.

JULIA was gone, and was to be sacrificed on one of the many altars of Hakasaw Tathi, scattered through the wild fastnesses of the Mysore hills. He had seen many of these fiendish relics of the past, the rude figure of the colossal white elephant, and the great sacrificial slab before it. Such a fate for Julia was too horrible to face there alone in the darkness and uncanny shadows of the lantern.

He pulled himself to his feet and started in search of the others. He stumbled over the package. It was as if a stab had gone through his heart. Mechanically he stooped and picked it up. He must not forget that. Some black marks on it drew his attention. Dully he held it closer to the lantern. The letters were badly smeared by handling for charcoal is a poor pencil, but he thought he could still read the word "inside." It seemed like opening a sepulchre, but he anxiously removed the wrappings.

On the inside he found two words painstakingly printed with the ceremonial white paint of the Vedahs, "Thada Gee" and "Taboung."

He stared at them for an instant perplexed. Then their significance came home to him, and in a tumult of joy, hope, and despair he began to pace the verandah. Julia had sent him word in the only way she could not to arouse the suspicion of her guards. Where she had got the paint he could not guess, unless it were part of that used to deck her as he had seen the animal victims of the Vedahs decorated. He fretted none about that, however.

He knew well the secluded extinct crater in the Nilgahari range, which of old had been the most sacred of the blood-stained sanctuaries of the Vedahs, and the new moon of the month of Taboung was but two days away. They must have been freer with their information to Julia, confident that she could have no way of conveying it to the outside world. There had never been much, however, that she had not been able to worm out of the Vedahs when she tried.

But what could he do? That was the puzzle which he struggled with, as he feverishly paced the verandah. Thada Gee had at least five egresses which he knew of. No white man could guess how many others there might be. Even if there were time to get troops up from Madras they could do nothing more than compel the Vedahs to shift the scene of their diabolical rites, and possibly postpone it a few hours.

It would be impossible to approach Thada Gee with any number of men without being detected by the jungle watchers in ample time to permit the Vedahs to slip away by one of the other ravines with their victim.

If anything were done, he must do it quickly and do it alone.

His mind wandered to the particular image of Hakasaw Hathi, as he remembered its gigantic outlines with its enormous tusks rudely chiseled on the cliff side of the crater of Thada Gee, by some race of remote antiquity, more skilful than these simple superstitious Vedahs who had appropriated their handiwork as a deity. An inspiration came to him. He almost cried out in joy, yet he hardly dared hope. It was so silly, and still why should it not work?

He rushed into the bungalow, found the others sitting in the main room whither they had withdrawn, roused them from their moody doze, into which they had fallen while waiting, blurted out an incoherent sketch of Weh Loo's message, and with the dexterity and speed of a maniac eluded Cummans's clutches, and was gone like an apparition into the night.

Out at the saice's quarters there was a stir among the ponies. In a moment one of them with a white form clinging like a leach to its bare back, and furiously lashing its sides with a bamboo switch, tore off into the jungle.

Then came the sahibs from the bungalow, shouting and raising the camp in quest of Walker Sahib. Lights danced hither and thither, dark and shrouded forms raced madly about, fleeing from imaginary Vedahs or searching wildly for Walker Sahib. Slowly the panic and the tumult of the camp quieted down again. The sahib was not to be found. There was nothing to be done till morning and all stole away finally to a restless sleep.

AT DAWN a reeking pony stumbled up the drive of the hospital at Arcot. Walker slipped down from the saddle and threw the halter rope to a saice who appeared to receive it. His face was creased with the lines of fatigue and soul-rending anxiety, but his eyes burned fiercely with a feverish determination and hope.

Without a pause he strode back to the elephant sheds. A big tusker at his appearance dropped the bit of trash he was toying with, curled his trunk up over his head and greeted him with a squealing toot of an elephant trumpet. A haggard grin came over Walker's face as the trunk uncoiled and came nuzzling down to his pockets.

"Sorry, Taj, old boy, but I did not have time to bring any sugar now. I shall have some next time, though. I wish your tusks were bigger, but you are no mammoth or mastodon, so we shall have to make these do if we can." He slipped a tape around them in several places, made some notes on a scrap of paper, and went away leaving Taj gurgling his disappointment as he resumed his restless swaying and toying with a wisp of straw.

In the godown Walker found two lengths of wahgo wood, light and soft as punk, but withal fairly strong. He shouldered them, and vanished into his bungalow. All day he worked with a draw shave, paste, and some strips of white enameled paper.

At dusk he came again to Taj with some sugar, and persuaded him to try on the results of his day's labor. He was satisfied. He spent another hour gathering a number of articles together and packing them into a sack. Then he snatched a hasty meal and sank down on his bed in a sleep of utter exhaustion.

At the first pearl grey tinge of dawn he awoke. The sleep had helped, but he was still quivering from fatigue and overwrought nerves. He swallowed a little chota hazzri, put a few last things into the bag, and went out to the elephant shed. Ba Tin, the mahout, was just finishing fixing the pad on the back of Taj. The last knots were soon tied, and Taj obediently lifted Walker and his bundle onto his neck. They were off.

Walker vouchsafed no explanations for his wierd expedition. There would be time enough for that when he came back with Julia. If he failed to save her, he was determined not to return, and in that case none would be needed.

The servants asked no questions. The idiosyncracies of Walker Sahib were past understanding, and one more made no difference to their bewilderment. As yet no news had come in from the rest of the party to cause trouble.

While within the city walls, Walker kept Taj to the back streets to avoid the bazaar crowds, and made good time shuffling along the gritty red brick metaled road between the gray stucco walls, beneath the marvelously blue sky. They passed through the gate without hindrance, though the swirling, jabbering throng stared in surprise to see a sahib playing the mahout. Out on the gray military road winding like a dusty snake over the miles of interminable brown rice fields the crowd grew thinner, and Taj once more could swing his ponderous legs as he wished.

The miles passed. The road ended at the edge of the hills, and Taj took to the bed of the Puni, threading his cumbersome way agilely up among the boulders in its bed. From time to time he was obliged to leave the stream and scramble up its banks to tear his way for a mile or two through the matted tangle of vines, bamboos and grass of the jungle till the river bed once again became practicable.

Nothing but an elephant could have gone that way, and even Taj's great strength was sorely tested at times.

The sun climbed up and slowly dropped down toward the horizon. Still Taj went on unhurrying but without a pause. The heat of the sun, the lurching and swaying of the great bulk, the rattle of the stones beneath the feet of Taj, varied occasionally by the swish of grass on his sides, lulled Walker into a half-doze.

At length the towering jagged green-coated pinnacle of Thada Gee came into view. Walker roused himself, mumbled a few words, and Taj swung off into the deep jungle, squdging along in the damp mold beneath the giant teaks and pingadoes. Only now and then could they catch a glimpse through the thick filigree of branches and leaves overhead of the peak they were heading for, but it was enough to guide their way among the maze of trunks. The sun sank and a slight damp chill spread through the jungles.

Finally, they came out into a little glade close by the base of Thada Gee. There was still a pool in its midst though the scorching dry season had sucked it down to insignificant dimensions. Taj required no second urging to stop, and lift Walker and the bag down. Then he waded in and slopped down with a splash and sigh, drinking and blowing streams of water over himself.

THE light was going fast, and Walker lost no time in setting to work. He extracted a canvas bucket, a wall brush, and a large package of calcimine from the bag, and set to work transforming Taj into a true white elephant. Taj liked the scrubbing and did not protest, save when the operation was over and Walker ordered him to leave the pool and resume the march. He obeyed, however, and in the gathering darkness they started on skirting the base of the mountain till they came to the mouth of the ravine for which Walker was looking. Up it they turned.

It grew dark and the bamboos and trees arching overhead made the darkness at the bottom of the watercourse complete. Walker could see nothing but the white head of Taj gleaming softly through the darkness as it swayed rhythmically to and fro before him. Everything now devolved upon the elephant's strength and surefootedness.

He had felt certain that even disguised as they now were, it would be impossible to get into the Thada Gee by any of the other easier passes without being discovered, and having the fraud penetrated and the Vedahs spirit Julia away as well as kill him into the bargain. He had never been over this way, but its entrance had been pointed out to him by old Weh Loo himself, who had also shown him the narrow rift in the cliff, where it came out in the crater right at the side of the image of Hakasaw Hathi.

He had anticipated a rough, hard climb, but nothing like the precipices Taj was called upon to heave himself up. The gully grew steeper, and Taj gurgled from time to time when boulders slipped under his feet as he picked his way over and among them. Now and then there was a rift in the jungle overhead, and Walker could catch a glimpse of the precipitous sides shooting up on either hand, and above, of the stars shining softly down.

As they went on he became conscious of a murmur which grew in intensity. As they neared the divide it became clearer, and there came welling down the rocky walls the rattling thumping of tom-toms and the sound of a wild chant in time to pulsating hand-clapping. The trail was nearing its end. With a last fierce effort Taj reached the crest and paused to breathe, his whole giant frame shaking with his great pants.

Walker had himself lifted down and fitted the huge false tusks to Taj's own, by no means despicable, ones. Then Taj lifted him back and they waited.

Walker looked to his automatic, and spread a sheet over himself, but still he hesitated, staring down the canon.

Too soon would be as bad as too late.

He was beyond the reach of the light from the enormous fire that illuminated the immense amphitheatre of the Thada Gee in infernal fashion, but he could see the great billows of smoke and flame surging skyward, and occasionally through its rifts, catch glimpses of thousands of black faces and staring white eyeballs, packed in as close as they could stand on the other side of the fire and seeming to fill the crater.

The fire was some hundred and fifty feet in front of the image of Hakasaw Hathi. Between the two rested the enormous white marble block of the altar-stone.

On it was seated a white-robed figure.

Walker caught his breath. It was what he had been expecting, but the reality stunned him. He did not need the firm, brave erectness of the figure to tell him it was Julia, Julia waiting to play the leading role in the climax of a gruesome tragedy at the hands of these fear-crazed, superstitious savages, crowding there before her in their thousands, while their yogis in sextuple line pranced around the stone in the frantic evolutions of the death dance.

Walker had seen the thing before, but when nothing more important than a bullock had been the occasion. It must be nearing the end. The hideously painted yogis, drumming and shouting, raised higher their frenzied chant, and the whole mass joined with them till the echoing rocks of the rim of the crater seemed to sway in time with the crude rhythm of the incantation.

THE time was ripe. A prick of the ankus and Taj lurched timidly down the canon. The noise and fire made him fearful, but he obediently shambled on. They were nearly to the entrance of the canon when a yellow-painted figure sprang from the lines of yogis and leaped to the top of the altar stone, ax in hand. He began to whirl it furiously around Julia's head till it looked like a blurred halo. It was the climax.

The death stroke was at hand, and in spite of the paint Walker recognized the fiend of Mohoko. He breathed a prayer. If he could only have been in time. Why, why had he waited so long at the crest? He pricked Taj on, but he dared not shoot. The risk of hitting Julia was too great. Taj was swaying terribly and going faster than he had ever known him to go before. He could not risk it.

The horde of savages was too intent with the scene on the altar to notice aught else, till the great white bulk of the elephant issued from the abysmal darkness of the canon, as if from the bowels of the earth, and was in the midst of the ring of ranting, delirious yogis. A gasp of terror and horrified amazement swept over the Thada Gee, and as if uttered by a single voice they whispered the words "Hakasaw Hathi." Then silence reigned supreme.

Taj paused a little, disliking the fire. Then calmly and with the stately spring of a durbar parade, he moved straight toward the sacrificial stone. The crowd of yogis opened to make a passage, and fell prostrate on the ground at either side as he passed. Walker could feel like the weight of centuries, the thousands of eyes riveted on him, and seeming to pierce through and through the flimsy sheet that concealed him.

Mohoko, too, had stopped, frozen to the stone by fear at the apparition sweeping on toward him. Suddenly he leaped down from the altar and rushed straight at Taj, brandishing his ax and shouting; "Bo Ho Po Bo Ho Po, fraud, fraud! See I slay."

Taj paused not, curled his trunk up out of harm's way, and straightened his left fore foot with a slow, methodical kick that hurled the yogi of yogis a crushed pulp, back against the side of the altar.

Another prick of the ankus, and the great white trunk uncoiled, twisted itself about Julia, and lifted her to her lover's arms. As they closed about her and she heard his voice, her overwrought nerves gave way. She fainted.

Taj moved on. To right and left the dense sea of humanity parted in abject groveling, superstitious terror. Hakasaw Hathi had come in person to claim his victim, and no Vedah would bar his way.

Down the crater Taj stalked white and awful, as the firelight faded with distance into the dim starlight of the outer night. The great sacrifice was over.



"The death stroke was at hand, and in spite of the paint, Walker recognized the fiend of Mohoko."



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.

Trappist Monastery Sold By Auctioneer

Men Who Aroused Wrath of Napoleon Were Founders.

WHAT Napoleon's wrath could not do, misfortune has done and the Trappist monastery in Nova Scotia passes under the auctioneer's hammer. The first Emperor of the French could not induce this strictest sect of the Cistercians to do his bidding, so they had to flee to Switzerland for their lives. Thence some of them sought a new centre of life in the western world. The first monastery was built at Tracadie under the direction of Father Vincent de Paul, who was nearly killed in the French Revolution. From 1812 to 1892 all went well, but successive fires wrecked the various industries conducted by the monks and now at the Little Clairvaux the raucous "Going-Going-Gone" is heard.

But the branches at Oka, Quebec, and in the United States continue. Oka is flourishing with almost a hundred souls. The Trappists rise at 2 o'clock in the morning for their first devotions, work with their hands all day and go to bed at sundown; have but one meal a day, never touch fleshly food nor fish nor eggs, and have the vow of perpetual silence, using signs except when conversing with the Abbot.

At Oka they are great farmers. Oka has suffered from fires almost as much as Tracadie, but Oka has proved a centre of productive and interesting work. New breeds of stock have been developed. Recruits are obtainable for Oka.

Perhaps the love of the French-Canadian for religion and labor explain the success of the one place. Tracadie looked to old France for recruits and did not get them. The few remaining monks went to join the colors during the Great War and have not returned to Canada. Tracadie goes. Oka goes on. The soldiers fail but the farmers succeed. Such are the ironies of life.

British Journalist a Farmer in West

Howard A. Kennedy Served Canada in Great War.

FOR the purpose of making another visit to a country that he saw first as a newspaper correspondent during the Riel Rebellion, Howard Angus Kennedy, a British journalist now located in Montreal, was recently in Edmonton, a guest of Prof. A. L. Burt of the university of Alberta, on his way to the Peace River district, which he wishes to see at close range.

Mr. Kennedy calls himself a farmer as well as a journalist, for he is the owner of a farm near Lacombe, and expresses keen interest in the agricultural development of Alberta. But the bulk of his life work has been in active newspaper service, beginning with special correspondence for the Montreal Witness in 1881. After nine years on the Montreal paper, he returned to England and for ten years more was editor of the London Times' weekly edition. Then came a number of world tours as special correspondent, including Canada.

Farming in Alberta appealed to to Mr. Kennedy to such an extent that he finally decided to try it for himself and bought a farm at Lacombe in 1912. Four years later he went to Ottawa to engage in war work, his services there including the organization of the publicity department for the military hospitals commission and the direction of the editorial branch of the soldiers' civil re-establishment department, at which he was engaged until the signing of the armistice.

Mr. Kennedy says he likes both farming and the newspaper game so well that the only way he can choose satisfactorily between them is to keep his hand in both, and his present trip through Alberta has a combined journalistic and agricultural motive.

Does Your Stomach Let You Sleep

Simple Intestinal Antiseptic Will Remove Gas and Sourness and Give Stomach a Rest.

"I have received wonderful improvement from Adlerika (intestinal antiseptic). I can sleep ALL NIGHT now, something I could not do for years." (Signed) Cora E. Noblett. Note: Sleeplessness is often caused by gasses and sour decaying food in the system, which should be brought out.

Intestinal Antiseptic.

There is now offered to the public a preparation having the DOUBLE action of an intestinal antiseptic and a COMPLETE system cleanser. This preparation, known as Adlerika, acts as follows:

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

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

Reports From Physicians.

"I congratulate you on the good effect I had from Adlerika since I prescribed it." (Signed) Dr. L. Langlois.

"I have found nothing in my 50 years practice to excel Adlerika." (Signed) Dr. James Weaver.

"I use Adlerika in all bowel cases. Some require only one dose." (Signed) Dr. F. M. Prettyman.

"After taking Adlerika feel better than for 20 years. Haven't language to express the AWFUL IMPURITIES eliminated from my system." (Signed) J. E. Puckett.

Adlerika is a constant surprise to people who have used only ordinary bowel and stomach medicines, on account of its rapid, pleasant and COMPLETE action. It is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

Sold in Toronto by leading druggists.

THE FAMILY LIVED IN TWO SMALL ROOMS

Two rooms comprised this family's "home"—two rooms in a small house, in the centre of Toronto. The family consisted of a father, mother and two small children. No wonder the father contracted consumption, living under such conditions—and cure seemed impossible, for if the breadwinner ceased work the mother and babies would have no means of support. They would lose even the poor home that now shelters them. But kind friends, the Samaritan Club of the National Sanitarium Association saw to the support of the family, and the father has gone to the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, where such as he find life anew.

MY CHINESE MARRIAGE

By M.T.F.

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NEXT morning after the amah had dressed young Alicia, while the cheerful child was following me about the room with her eyes and talking merry baby talk, I took her up and went, earlier than usual, to see Mother. I found her sitting up in bed. She was dressed for the day, and the blankets were rolled back against the side of the wall, making a comfortable couch for her. Thinking of Chan-King, I looked at the row of little cabinets extending across the back, half-way up towards the canopy. I remembered Chan-King's telling me of the year when he was still small enough to stand under these fascinatingly carved cabinets, where his mother stored her trinkets and toilet articles, embroidery silks, perfumes and the endless paraphernalia of her quiet life, and of the pride he felt when he bumped his head one day and found that he must stoop to be comfortable.

Wilfred was just high enough now to stand easily under the cabinets, but, in some mysterious fashion, the little image of him presented at this moment to my fancy became that of the small, far-away Chan-King, whom I was forever re-creating in my mind as I went about the house where he had lived his pleasant youth.

This morning I laid Alicia on the bed near Madame Liang. She bent over her and made a moue into the rosy face. I was much pleased when Madame Liang was unusually attentive to Alicia, though my sense of justice always reminded me that my own Scotch mother would probably have made more of the boys. But our Alicia was the first daughter in two generations of my husband's family, and, even though the sons were of priceless value to the clan, she was loved and cherished tenderly. It seemed to me at times that the household was more fond of her than of all the boys together, including Madame Springtime's young Kya-Song, who filled the left wing of the compound with his shouts of glee as he played riding-horse on his precarious bamboo stool. I remembered with amusement the western idea that daughters are unwelcome, always, in Chinese families.

While Madame Liang patted the baby, talking to her coaxingly, I asked what she wished me to do.

She indicated on her dressing-table a box of stereoscopic views, which I brought to her. They formed a complete story, but had become very much confused. As I could read the foreign titles, would I kindly arrange the pictures in proper sequence? The ease and speed with which I accomplished this task won her instant approbation.

This was merely one of the numberless small things I did for her thereafter. In my new estate I was in attendance on my mother during many hours of the day. I walked with her in the garden in fine weather, I sat with her and sewed, threading needles as for my own mother and even helping her to make those marvelous small shoes that she fashioned so carefully to the form of her feet. One day I told her how amazed I had been when I first learned from Chan-King that Chinese wives made the family shoes, but how readily I could understand, when I saw the dainty embroidered footwear he referred to, that shoemaking was indeed a womanly craft.

She and Madame Chau used to take great pride in making for themselves the most frivolous of shoes. Madame Chau's were the smaller, being barely two and one half inches long, whereas those of my mother were twice that length and different in shape. I discovered the reason for this: Madame Chau clung tenaciously to the old style, but Mother had gradually let out her bandages and altered their arrangement, keeping pace with the change that followed the abolition of the old custom.

I became deeply interested in the custom of foot-binding. In Shanghai, all the pupils of my school and (with certain notable exceptions) the women of my social world had natural feet, and the majority of them wore American pumps and Oxfords or English boots. Bound feet, though I saw them frequently in public, seemed very remote. But now, save the girls of twelve and under, who had profited by the new order of things, the women among whom I lived all had bound feet. It may be worth noting, when one remembers how America, with its own great unwashed, jokes at the expense of the Chinese of whatever rank or station, that, in accordance with the fastidious cleanliness of upper-class Chinese, the bound feet were exquisitely cared for, and the narrow, white, specially woven bandages were changed every two or three days. As I watched the daintily shod women of my mother's household, I realized that never before had I appreciated, in reading the literature of my adopted country, the aptness of comparing the walk of a woman with bound feet to the grace of bamboo swaying in the breeze. Never had I suspected the charm attached to twinkling flashes of embroidery beneath a paneled, many-plaited skirt. My own number-four feet assumed alarming proportions. I grew positively ashamed of them. One day as Mother and I sat together in armchairs, with a black-wood tea-table between us, I placed my feet in line with hers, and said, sighing, "Ah, they look very bad, indeed!" She waved a deprecating hand. "Never mind," she said with courtesy and truth; "they may not look so well, but they certainly walk better."

Of course I was glad that the small Alicia belonged to Young China, and would purchase no golden lilies with a cask of tears, as I had often read that every woman with bound feet must do. But I now decided that the cask must have been filled in the years of girlhood. For the women about me seemed to suffer no pain—only an occasional numbness, relieved by brisk massage from knee to ankle under the hands of a maid. I was surprised at the ease and energy with which they got about, merely balancing with small forward and backward steps when stopping—unless they had a servant's arm, or a cane, for support.

I thought our mother infinitely superior in the grace and dignity of her carriage. Madame Springtime, who had slightly enlarged her feet, at the command of her husband, moved slowly and with a lack of grace characteristic of the younger generation. Madame Chang moved ponderously and with difficulty. Madame Chau hurried with quick, fluttering steps. On occasion she would even run races with Alfred, our merry second son, now two-and-one-half years old. She would catch his hand, lean forward and hurry him the length of the hall, the two of them laughing gaily. Now and then I would fold my hands, balance on my heels and essay a "willow walk," to the great amusement of Mother and Madame Chau.

Life went very evenly for me in my Chinese mother's house after my husband's departure. His father had not come home for his semi-annual visit, and the second son was away again. Even the quiet-mannered third son, who looked just like his mother, and who used to bring me roses from the garden every day, had sailed for the island port to take his place in the family business. We were under a benevolent matriarchate in the snug compound among the brown hills now brightening to springtime green.

Madame Liang was infallibly generous and kind. I never heard her speak sharply except occasionally to servants who had by their carelessness caused something to go amiss, impeding the smooth progress of daily family life. I used to watch her with interest as she directed the household affairs from the throne of her great bed. She rarely gave her orders at first hand, but would summon a relative or an upper servant, who would receive and pass them down to those for whom they were intended. This imparted to her orders an empress-like finality and importance. The servants gave her complete allegiance.

She took great pride in conducting me through the complicated structure where generations of Liangs had lived and died. Extending back from the main establishment was a series of smaller ones like it, each with its own courtyard, its main hall containing the family altar, its private chambers opening on each side. Similar chains of "homes within a home" extended east and west, at right angles to this central chain. Mother showed me the rooms she had occupied as a bride, with the chamber where Chan-King was born, when the older Madame Liang ruled affairs with a firm yet kindly hand. I felt deeply moved by all this, more than ever a part of the family.

I made many small mistakes, I know, in my effort to practise the toleration, industry and courtesy exemplified in that family group, but Mother, unlike many of the over-sensitive, easily offended Chinese women of her class, was divinely patient. She never asked me anything that she deemed unfitting for me and she showed a wise discrimination in all the small tasks she assigned. I sometimes accompanied her to the temple, or to the ancestral graves, but only as a spectator. Her religious toleration required no compromise. She wanted me to see where grand-parents and great-grandparents were laid to rest. She knew I was interested and filled with respect. To Madame Springtime fell the task of caring for the family altar and keeping up the daily devotions before the sacred shrine.

This young wife was in every way so typical of the old-fashioned Chinese woman, trained but not educated, disciplined but not broken, that I found her a continual source of interest. She was naturally shy and silent, but after a time we talked a little, and one day she showed me her bridal trunks of the facts of existence came as a pleasant surprise to me.

I liked also the curious contrast between their simple view of elemental things and the formality and rigor of their personal etiquette. It is the manner of an old and ever cultivated race, who have long since ceased building at the foundation and are now occupied with the decorations of life.

Their scheme of daily living is based on the firm belief that the normal mode of human existence is family life. To this end it must be preserved at any cost. Life cannot develop in discord. If the amenities are worth anything at all, they are worth preserving constantly and at whatever personal sacrifice.

Life behind the arched gate was so pleasant and so filled with small, daily occupations that I



A few days later we left behind the great river, and sailed for America.

of white lacquer with red and gold decorations, filled to the top with her bridal finery, exquisitely folded, and the clothes for her first child, which had been provided by her parents as a part of her wedding outfit.

This latter custom of Chan-King's native province appealed to me. It was typical of the many simplicities I found among my adopted people. Those small, brilliant-colored garments of padded silk and brocade and linen were symbols of hope, good omens for happiness and fruitful marriage. Accustomed as I was to falsely puritanic ideals concerning the important realities of life—marriage and birth—their frank attitude toward fundamentals, their unquestioning acceptance

thought little of going about. The village had no theatre. On festal days performances were given by traveling troupes, on temporary stages, in temples or private houses. But we occasionally attended the theatre in the great city near by, and, when we had guests staying with us for several days, they sometimes accompanied us. We were rather an impressive sight, I fancy, borne at a brisk trot, in half a dozen sedan-chairs, down the irregular path at dusk, preceded and followed by men servants carying lanterns.

The children led a sheltered, happy existence, with servants and young relatives to amuse them indoors or without, as the weather permitted. They were liberally supplied by the indulgent grandmother, with pocket-money in the form of handfuls of coppers instead of the strings of cash that sufficed an earlier generation. From passing venders they bought bows and arrows of brightly painted bamboo, whistling birds and theatrical figures of colored earthenware, inflated rubber toys and an endless variety of rice-flour cakes, sesame-seed confections, peanut taffy and millet candy. On festal days the choice was wider than ever, with fluffy bunches of sugar wool (fine-spun syrup) and brittle candy toys blown from molten taffy with all the glass-blower's art, in the form of lanterns, birds and fish, mounted on slender sticks. At certain seasons, there were huge fish made of bamboo frames, paper-covered and realistically painted, which swam in a breeze with lazy grace, or kites similarly fashioned to represent birds and dragons, which winged upward in fascinating flight.

There was a limited foreign settlement in this same city and several of the American and British women came to call on me. Some of them were frankly curious to know how I had come through the "ordeal by family," as one of them expressed it, though of course they were very tactful.

Mother was much interested in these visitors, many of whom—if able to speak Chinese—I presented to her. When they left, she would often ask questions as to their nationality, their husbands' occupation, the number of their children. As for that question, most of them confessed to one child or, occasionally, two. But I shall never forget the call of a strikingly handsome, auburn-haired woman and the conversation that followed her departure. In reply to the usual inquiry, I said, "No children at all! But she has five dogs and has just bought, in Shanghai, two more, which are coming down on the next steamer."

"No children at all, and five—**seven dogs!**" said Mother in tones of horror. And then we burst out laughing. But quickly she sobered. "Foreign women do not care for children," she said.

"I do," I protested. "I like many children."

"You," said my mother with a smile, "are a Chinese wife."

But happily my next caller was a sweet-faced American woman, the proud mother of six, two of whom she brought with her. So our national reputation was saved.

In these days, I thought a great deal about intermarriage as a problem. Back in Shanghai, a returned student who visited in our home for several days had said to Chan-King afterward, "I almost married an American girl while I was in college. I wish now I had been brave enough to do so." At that time I felt very sorry for the unknown girl who had missed all the happiness that was coming to me, and now I was more sure than ever of the true quality of my happiness. There was no doubt at all on that score. But I realized the many, many ways in which everything might have been spoiled. Had my husband been less considerate, less sincere and loyal, had his family been less kindly and broad-minded, had I myself been capricious and wilful or unable to adapt myself to surroundings, I might every day have plumbed the depths of misery. I decided that no rules could be made about intermarriage. It was an individual problem, as indeed all marriage must be. So, when a young girl back home in America wrote to me for advice, believing herself in love with a Chinese classmate, and concluded, "You, Mrs. Liang, must settle the question for me," I answered, as I should not have done a year earlier: "That is a question that you two alone are competent to settle. No one can advise you safely, for a mistake either way may result in lifelong unhappiness. But I might venture to suggest that love strong enough to stand the test of intermarriage does not seek advice. It is sure of itself."

In a household where only my eldest son and I spoke English, my lingual struggles were unexpectedly mild. Chan-King had left me a list of every-day phrases, and my ear grew very keen in my constant efforts to understand the rapid speech going on around me all day long. In a short while I could understand virtually everything said to me.

During the long conversations that Mother and I had in the quiet of the evening, we talked much of Chan-King and she displayed treasured relics of his boyhood; a small jacket of deep red velvet, a worn cap, a silver toy and the identical schoolbook in which he began to study English. I loved them all, loved her the more for cherishing them and was made supremely happy by being given a photograph of Chan-King at an earlier age than any he possessed. She was very much interested in all our photographs, too. She was vastly amused at Chan-King arrayed for college theatricals and, when I brought out pictures of myself at all ages, of my parents and grandparents, she traced family resemblances with unerring perception. Sometimes we looked at magazines that Chan-King sent us from the capital or talked of various foreign customs. I soon found it very easy to talk with her and with her help I learned also to read and write simple Chinese characters, for a very liberal-minded father had given her educational advantages enjoyed by few girls of her generation.

When the hands of her small ebony clock pointed to twelve, she would touch my hand gently and say, "Time for you to sleep."

"But first I must write to Chan-King," I would answer.

She would shake her finger at me with kindly caution. "It is too late," she would answer. "You must sleep."

I would hold out firmly on this point. "But my mother, if I do not write to Chan-King, I cannot sleep!"

She would assent then, and next day I would carry the pages to show her, for my letters to Chan-King and his voluminous responses were a source of much amusement to her. I translated these letters to her as faithfully as my limited Chinese would allow, and in my letters always added messages dictated by her.

I was learning the romanized method of writing Chinese, which for our dialect had been remarkably developed and standardized. Mother was much interested when I showed her how to write familiar words with foreign letters, and Chan-King always answered these messages in kind, though his mother and he carried on a regular correspondence in the Chinese characters.

"Those children write long letters to each other, fifteen and twenty pages at a time," she often told her friends with manifest delight.

Beyond this personal companionship with my mother, which I enjoyed very much, there was no restraint put upon me in any way. I was free to walk out alone, to return calls and to shop in the city.

My own sense of fitness prompted me always to present myself at the door of my mother's apartment before I left the house, to explain to her the nature of my errand and to ask for her approval. Accepting the little formality for the courtesy it was, she never once demurred. She was accustomed to this respect, and I saw no reason for withholding it. All the invitations I received from acquaintances, either foreign or Chinese, I declined or accepted as she advised, because I relied upon her unfailing knowledge of people and social customs.

Twice during those months of Chan-King's absence death came near. Once it was a clever young boy, an only son, in whom high hopes had been centered; and then, the young girl who had accompanied Mother to Shanghai. She was no servant in the ordinary sense, but an orphaned distant relative of Mother's. Madame Liang was always kind and generous with her, and when, soon after her return from the trip to Shanghai, which had been a great event in her quiet life, a promising marriage offer was made, she was sent forth to her new home with a complete bridal outfit. Hearing at last of our presence in the family home, she put on her wedding dress of pale green and came to see me. Her evident pleasure in the meeting touched me poignantly. With bright eagerness she told me of her husband, her kind mother-in-law. With pride she described her tiny son. After a gay hour with the children she left, promising to come again. But I never saw her afterward. Death took her abruptly from her happiness.

I began to think of death as something not so remote after all. Several times a group of us—children and cousins and friends and servants—made short chair-trips into the hills. The sight of thousands of graves, their stones whitening the hillsides for miles in some places, impressed me more and more with the comparative shortness of life.

Scattered over many of these hills are curious monuments of stone, called "widow arches," each one standing alone, usually by a roadside, in commemoration of a faithful wife who, in ancient days, killed herself at the death of her husband. A widow who wished to make this sacrifice would, after a short lapse of time, announce her intention of committing suicide. The members of her family would erect a high stage for her and invite relatives and friends to attend the ceremony. At the chosen hour, the lady would hang herself, and a high stone arch would later be erected as a memorial of her devotion and heroism.

In the Chinese family, the widow who does not remarry receives honor and veneration second only to the mother-in-law. With age, she acquires added authority. She is not forbidden to remarry, but the conditions of second marriage are made difficult enough to discourage any but the most intrepid. The children of her first husband remain in the house of his people, and the family of her second husband do not give her any too cordial a welcome.

One naturally prefers free will in these things, Yet I had a wholehearted sympathy with the idea of life-widowhood, long before I dreamed it was to be my portion. Painful as the sight of the "widow arches" was to me at first, my convictions made the Chinese view of them seem not unnatural, though I knew the custom had been forbidden by imperial edict some two centuries earlier.

Even in the days when Chan-King and I believed that our love would somehow give us earthly immortality, the idea was strong in me that to those who loved truly, death could only extinguish the torch for a moment to relight it in the clearer flame of eternity. Then, I cherished this thought in the background of my mind. Now, I live by it.

For this reason, too, I have always found the Chinese attitude toward the dead very comforting. They never for a moment relinquish hold on their loved ones. The death-day anniversay is as festal an occasion as the day of birth The pageant of life marches without a break, birth to death and beyond, and birth again, the generations endlessly touching mystical hands, until the individual feels himself to be part of an endless procession that passes for a moment into a white light and out again, feels himself touching those who came before and those who come after—one of a long line, bound together irrevocably.

With all their ethics of personal sacrifice and their preoccupation with the idea of eternity, the Chinese have no ascetic contempt for the material world and they earnestly desire and seek length of days. Among the varied symbols and characters used to express good wishes—as health,, honor, riches—those for "long life" hold pre-eminence. They are wrought in rings, bracelets, hair ornaments, and are sewed into bridal garments and upon children's little coats and caps. I always felt this enormous respect for life in all their daily customs—the preparing of the baby clothes when the bride left her father's house, the nuturing and strengthening of the clan with many children, the reverent regard for the graves of the ancestors to whom the living owed their grace of existence.

On several occasions I accompanied my mother on her visits to the ancestral graves. I remember the last time, only a few days before Chan-King's return, that I walked with her, holding one of her hands, while with the other she grasped her gold-headed cane. She wore a light costume—a plaited black skirt and lavender "coat" and lovely black kid shoes. Servants followed with her baskets of offerings.

We stood at a respectful distance, in silence while she performed her rites. All about were placed papers, weighted down with small stones. She knelt and, clasping her hands, devoutly repeated her prayers under her breath. Then, assisted by a servant, she burned the paper symbols of refreshment and replenishment for the dead. Firecrackers were exploded to clear the air of evil spirits, and the ceremony was over.

As we returned to the village, everywhere people called out to her from their doorways and she invariably replied with friendly courtesy. In the outskirts we stopped for rest and a visit at the home of a cousin. When we left, many of the relatives and friends went with us a little way, crying out repeatedly, "Good-by!" and "Come again, come again soon!" I saw the sunlight on Tiger Mountain; I smelled the saltness of the sea. As we passed around the great boulders that hid them from our sight, the modulated cadence of their "Come again, come again soon!" floated to us. It was the last time I should hear it as I was then, and I did not even dream that it was so.

For a month I had been expecting the arrival of Chan-King. His letters were always love-letters, with added paragraphs saying that he was getting on well with his work and would have much to tell me of it when he came home. At last a letter told us to expect him by a certain steamer, on a certain day. But schedules were still in confusion because of the war. That steamer was delayed, and Chan-King sailed for another port, meaning to change there. More delays followed. More letters of explanation. More delays again. Mother and I both became heart-sick with hope deferred. At last, one morning, worn out with watching, I slept later than usual, and on that morning Chan-King came home.

Awakened out of a long drowse, I heard a stir in the quiet house, the clang of a gong, a rush of padded footfalls in the outer hall. Happy voices mingled in greeting at the door of my mother's apartment. I threw on my robe, tucked Alicia under my arm and ran across the room, flinging the door open even as Chan-King had his hand raised to knock at the panel. I saw him dimly in the wavering light. He was smiling, and behind him stood his mother, also smiling. Each of us solemnly spoke the other's name, trying to erase, with a long look, the memory of all those months of absence. Then he saw the baby. "Li-Sia, my thousand catties of gold!" he said, in Chinese. Alicia smiled and held out her arms to him. "She recognizes him!" said Mother, in pleased surprise. We three stood together a moment, silently, gathered around the child. I felt myself more deeply absorbed into the clan—a Chinese woman, dedicated anew, heart and spirit, to my adopted people.

Later, Chan-King explained to me the reason for his home-coming. His legal service for the government had been completed and his expected appointment had come at last. We were to return to America, where he would be in the Chinese consular service. After a period in this work, a bright future in the diplomatic field seemed assured. It meant leaving my beloved China, where I had firmly taken root. But we agreed that the exile would be for only a few years and that we would return surely to our Promised Land, there to enjoy our span of "long life with honor."

Now our leisurely existence was broken up to a degree. Almost immediately we set about preparations for our new life in America. Chan-King looked forward with absorbing interest to the change, almost as if he were going home. My instant reaction was one of joy, swiftly followed by sorr w at giving up things now loved and familiar. I wanted to appear cheerful, as a duty to those around me. I did not want to seem too cheerful, lest Mother think me glad to go.

In this period, at last, I met my Chinese father. One beautiful day in early Autumn, Chan-King and I went down to the city, returning in mid-afternoon. As our chairs were set down before the entrance, the gatekeeper announced to Chan-King his father's arrival. I was filled with swift apprehension. Again chance had decided my costume: I was wearing—not the conservative Chinese garb in which I had met my mother—but a frilly American dress of blue and white summer silk, a white lace hat with black velvet and pink rosebuds and white kid pumps. Chan-King had on white flannels and a Panama hat. The latter he handed to a servant, as also his cane. As we entered the main room together, a figure rose from beside Mother to receive us. I saw an elderly man of medium height, with grim, smooth-shaven face and gray hair. He was wearing a long gown of deep blue silk, with a black outer jacket and the usual round cap of black satin. My husband first greeted him and then presented me. While I stood uncertain, there was a courteous inclination of the gray head, the grimness of expression dissolved in a wonderfully winning smile, and, surprisingly, as Mother had done, my Chinese father extend-

Continued on Page Ten.

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PART II.—THE WHITE HEIGHTS.

CHAPTER VII.

Mudros, in the Isle of Lemnos.

I.

THE motor-launch beat away from the Rangoon. Monty, standing in the stern, lit a pipe, and stared over the match-flame at the empty troopship. Jimmy Doon, sitting in the bows, surveyed the hill-locked harbor, and said to me:

"Well, there's one comfort: We shan't be killed on Gallipoli."

"Why not?"

"Because we shall certainly die at Mudros."

Doe was brooding over the ships of the Navy on the water, and over the white camps of the Army on the dull, bleak hill-slopes.

"I didn't know there were so many ships in the world," he said.

It was a wonderful revelation of sea power. There were battleships, heavy and squat; cruisers, more slender and graceful; low-lying destroyers, coal black or silver grey; and hospital ships, which, in their glistening white paint, were as much more lovely than the men-o-war as ruth is more lovely than ruthlessness. Our little launch was passing heavy-gunned monitors, skirting round submarines that lay above the surface like the backs of whales; and panting along beneath the enormous Aquitania, whose funnels appeared to reach a higher sky than the surrounding hills. Flags flew everywhere; the white-ensign from the masts of the Navy, the red ensign from the troopers, and the martial tricolor from the vessels of the Frenchmen.

Jimmy Doon sighed and pointed ashore. "Look at the unseemly hospitals," he said.

As he spoke we were steering towards a little landing jetty, called the "Egyptian Pier," and could see the Red Cross floating over the camps.

"Hospitals at Malta," groaned Jimmy, "hospitals at Alexandria, hospital ships all over the Mediterranean and the Aegean—Ray, it's dangerous: we'll go home."

But, instead, we stepped ashore. At once the reflected coolness of the water deserted us; the heady heat off the dusty land hit our flesh like the hot air from an oven; and a glare from the white, trampled dust and the white canvas tents troubled our eyes and set our temples aching. And the rolling hills, empty of growth, except grass burnt brown and thistles burnt yellow, gave us a shock of depression.

"Damn, oh damn," said Jimmy.

"Precisely," agreed Monty.

We walked on, till we reached an array of square tents that formed No. 16 Stationary Hospital. Here pale and emaciated men were wandering in pyjamas between tents marked "Dysentery," "Enteric," and "Infectious Wards."

"Damn," repeated Jimmy.

Then we came upon a barbed-wire compound, and, caught by the morbid fascination of all prisons, looked in. It was full of sick and wounded Turks, who lay on stretchers in bell-tents, and, by a miserable pantomime of raising two fingers to their lips and blowing into the air, besought of our charity a cigarette. We went in, and handed Abdullas among them. And that—now I come to think of it—was our first encounter with the enemy we had been sent to fight.

At the Rest Camp Doe and I were pushed into a tent that, insufficiently supplied with pegs, was flapping irritatingly in a rising wind. Sighing for the cosy cabins of the Rangoon, we tossed our equipment on to the earthy floor and lounged into the mess for lunch. In the mess tent we sat down to trestle-tables, laid with coarse enamelled plates and mugs.

Monty turned to Jimmy, and asked: "What was that remark you made just now, James Doon?"

"Damn," answered Jimmy with great readiness.

"Thanks," said Monty.

After lunch there came to Doe and myself the only pleasing thing in a day of gloom. That was the joy of dressing up in the true tropical kit worn at Mudros; brown brogue shoes; pale brown stockings, turned down at the calves; khaki drill shorts, displaying bare knees; khaki shirts open at the throats, and with sleeves rolled up above white elbows; our topees, and no more. And, since we were sure we looked very nice, we decided to walk abroad among men. Besides, the shameful whiteness of our knees and forearms must be browned at once by a walk in the toasting sun.

We set off for the village of Mudros East. It proved to be a collection of ramshackle dwellings as little habitable as English cowhouses; of stores, where thieving Greeks sold groceries to the soldiers; and of taverns, whose vines hung heavily clustered over porch and window. There was an ornate and lofty Greek Orthodox Church, and a little, unconsidered cemetery, where the bones of the dead were working their way above the ground.

In the streets of this tumble-down town walked every type of Gallipoli campaigner: British Tommies, grousing and cheerful; Australians, remarkable for their physique; deep-brown Maoris; bearded Frenchmen in baggy trousers; shining and grinning African negroes from French colonies; stately Sikhs; charming little Gurkhas, looking like chocolate Japanese; British Tars in their white drill; and similarly clad sailors of Russia, France and Greece.

It was while strolling through this fancy-dress fair that we suddenly came upon the camp of the French, and were briskly saluted by a French sentry. We returned a thrilling acknowledgement. For it was the first time that our great Ally had greeted our advent into the area of war.

Lord! how the wind was rising! And with it the dust! The grey motor ambulances, as they purred past with their sick, raised dust storms, that blew away over the roofs in clouds as high again as the houses. The ships and the harbour, though it was a sunny, cloudless day, could only be seen through a flying veil of dust. Quickly the vines, overhanging the porches, became white with dust; our teeth and palates coated with it. We hastened home to the sorry shelter of the mess that we might wash the dust down our throats with tea.

But bah! we went out of the dust into the flies. The mess was buzzing with them; and they were accompanied in their attacks upon our persons by bees, who hummed about like airships among aeroplanes. I dropped upon the table a speck of Sir Joseph Paxton's excellent jam, now peppered and gritty with dust, and in a few seconds it was hidden by a scrimmage of black flies, fighting over it and over one another. Other flies fell into my tea, and did the breast-stroke for the side of the mug. I pushed the mug along to Jimmy Doon, and pointed out to him, with the conceit of the expert, that they were making the mistake of all novices at swimming; they were moving their arms and legs too fast, and getting no motive power out of their leg-drive.

"Don't talk to me about 'em," said Jimmy. "I'm fast going mad. I'm not knocking 'em off my jam, but swallowing the little devils as they sit there. If I didn't do that, they'd commit suicide down my throat. Every time so far that I've opened my mouth to inhale the breeze, I've taken down a fly. It's tedious."

Ah! this wit was all forced gaiety, and the more depressing for that. It generated melancholy, as a damp fire generates smoke. I felt there was something wrong around me this afternoon—a shadow of evil. The conversation died: only the flies buzzed monotonously over us, as though we were offal or carrion; and the wind blew the dust in hail-storms against the canvas walls of the tent. And then it came—the terribly evil thing. The O.C. Rest Camp entered the mess, and announced with cynical cheerfulness:

"Well, we've lost this campaign. The great new landing at Suvla has failed."

There was a ghastly silence, and a voice muttered, "God!"

"Yes, and had it succeeded we'd have won. But the Turks have got us held at Suvla beneath Sari Bair, same as they've got us held at Helles beneath Achi Baba. The news is just filtering through."

With horror I listened to the cold-blooded statement. The shock of it produced a beating in the head, and a sickness. And I felt foolish, as though I might do something lunatic, like giving a witless shout, or running amok with a table-knife. I touched Doe, and whispered, "I'm going to get out of this. The old fool doesn't know what he's talking about."

I went away, and flung myself down on my valise in my flapping tent. I lay on my back, my hands clasped behind my head, and gazed up into the tent-roof loud with flies. Suvla had failed! It was a lie—an alarmist lie! Why, only yesterday we had exulted in it as the winning move, declaring that the game was over bar shouting, and regretting that we could not be in at the death. What was it reminding me of—this sudden "black-out," just as the lights had been brightest? Ah, I had it: that moment, when, in the flush of winning the Swimming Cup for Bramhall, I learned that I had lost it. How similar this was! Then the prize had been a silver cup, which had been fought for by a parcel of schoolboys. Now the grander trophy was that silver strip of the Dardanelles which men called "the Narrows," and the combatants were a pack of nations.

Suvla had failed! Why was I identifying my tiny self with a huge thing like Britain, and feeling that, because she had failed in her great fight for the Dardanelles, so I would fail, and purposely, in my little struggle after moral beauty? What a fool I was—but that was how it was working out. Beauty be hanged! Monty was badly wrong in proclaiming that nature was chiefly beautiful, and life on the whole was good. And, if he were wrong, why, then there was no further need to toil after a beauty of character to match the beauty of seas and hills. Good heavens! Beauty in the Mudros Hills! They were but homes of thirsty grass and dying thistles, dust and torturing flies. These ideals of Monty's were vapoury. Why not throw them up—throw up moral effort? I would. There was NOT more beauty——

It was at this moment that Monty himself stood in the tent door.

"Down, Rupert?" he asked. "What's the matter?"

I looked up into his eyes, and saw in them that inquiring sympathy which could so quickly transfigure him from a lively friend into a gentle priest.

"Oh nothing," I said. I was in no mood just now to tell him anything. "Bored, that's all."

And then I looked round, and noticed that the tent was full of a violet light. It was as if limelight had been turned on from behind a violet glass.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "The air's all colored!"

"Yes," said he. "I was coming to tell you to look at the sunset. It's bad old Mudros's one good deed."

Out to the tent door I went, and looked over the harbor to the western shores. And there, very rapidly, the ball of the sun was going down behind the hills with an affair of gold and crimson lights, while all the hills were violet. The color was so strong that it came out and flushed with violet the black hulls of the ships. And they, strangely motionless, lay mirrored in a water of white and gold.

"Listen!" said Monty.

For from all the camps the British bugles were singing the sad call of "Retreat"; the French trumpets wailing "Sundown," and their rifles firing a rapid fusillade to speed the departing day. Meanwhile the heat had died into a refreshing coolness; the wind had dropped, leaving the dust undisturbed on the ground; and the flies were roosting in the tops of the tents.

Very soon it was quite dark. Then everything lit up: first, the camps on the hills, their innumerable hurricane-lamps resembling the lights of great cities; then, the vessels in the bay—and, in the quiet of the windless evening, their bells, telling the hour, came clearly over the water. The long hulls of the hospital ships marked themselves off by rows of green lights and large, luminous red crosses. Reflected in the still water, they gave to the basin the appearance of a pleasure lake, gay with red and green fairy lamps. The battleships hid their bellicose features in the darkness, and, since one or two of them had their bands playing, might have been pleasure steamers. And from an Indian encampment behind us came a weird incantation and the steady beat of the tom-tom.

Somehow, in the beauty of the Mudros night, I felt a spring of new hope in our campaign. We would win in the end. And with this re-born confidence went nobler resolutions for myself. To-morrow I would resume moral effort. To-morrow I would begin again.



In the streets of Mudros walked every type of Gallipoli campaigner.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Green Room.

I.

The story of our two-months' delay at Mudros is largely the story of Monty's eccentricities. As for Doe and myself, we just watched with growing pride our knees burning in the sun to a Maori brown. When we bathed in the bay and saw that, while our bodies as a whole were a pale English pink, our elbows, knees and necks, that were daily exposed to the sun, were turning to this beautiful tint, we would place our limbs side by side to see which of us achieved the greater depth of color. For this we drew our pay.

Jimmy Doon received early his orders to join his regiment on the Peninsula. He left us, declaring that he only contemplated paying a flying visit to the front, as the very sound of the guns convinced him that he was a civilian at heart. He would be back soon, he said.

Monty appointed himself Chaplain to No. 16 Stationary Hospital, and set to work. And during this period at Mudros he was just about as regrettable and impossible in his behaviour as I have ever known him. He procured a gramophone, and, touring the tents, in which the sick men lay, would set the atrocious instrument playing, "Kitty, Kitty, isn't it pity in the city you work so hard?" The invalids loved the jingling refrain, and added to the plague of Mudros by roaring its chorus. Then Monty would return in the worst of tempers to our tent, and, putting the instrument roughly away, sit down and look miserable. If Doe asked permission to feel his pulse or see his tongue, he would shut him up with the words, "Oh, stuff!" but once he laughed sarcastically and burst, with all the Monty enthusiasm and emphasis, into a diatribe against Broad Churchship, the ignorance of laymen, the timidity of the clergy, wishy-washy sermons—in short, the criminal lack of dogmatic teaching. Not seeing any connection between dogmatic teaching and a gramaphone, Doe looked so amazed that Monty laughed, and grumbled:

"It's fine priestly work I'm doing for these lads, isn't it? Work any hospital orderly could do. I ought to be hearing their confessions, and saying Mass for them. Instead I play them 'Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity—?' But they don't understand—they don't understand."

"But, gracious heavens," said Doe, "you can't be always doing priestly work. And we know to our sorrow that you do have sing-song services sometimes. Why, last night you had at least a couple of hundred bawling hymns at the tops of their voices, and making the night hideous. Wasn't that priestly enough?"

"No," he snapped. "It was a service any layman or hot-gospeller could hold. There they were—a mass of bonny lads, all calling themselves 'C. of E.', and none of them knowing anything about the Mass or confession. Ah, they don't understand. It breaks my heart, Rupert. All sons of the Church; and they don't know the lines of their mother's face!"

"Well, why on earth," said Doe, impatiently, "do you run your beastly gramophone and your rousing services, if they're not your proper work?"

"Why, don't you see?" murmured Monty, turning away to watch the sun setting behind a sweep of violet hills, "I must pull my weight. I can feel patriotic at times. And, if I can't be a priest to the big majority, I can at least be their pal. That's how a padre's work pans out; a priest to the tiny few, and a pal to the big majority. I suppose it's something. Perhaps it's something."

II.

It was Monty who first called Mudros. "The Green Room." The name was happily chosen, for here at Mudros the actors either prepared for their entry on the Gallipoli stage, or returned for a breather, till the call-boy should summon them again. In it, after the manner of green rooms, we discussed how the show in the limelight was going. We saw much that made us gossip.

We saw the huge black transports bear into Mudros Bay. Many were ships that were the pride of this watery planet. Like a duchess sailing into a ball-room came the Mauretania, making the mere professional warships and the common merchantmen look very small indeed. But even she, haughty lady, was put in the shade when her young but gargantuan sister, the Aquitania, floating leisurely between the booms, claimed the attention of the harbor, and reduced us all to a state of grovelling homage. And then the Olympic, not to be outdone by these overrated Cunarders, would join the company with her nose in the air.

They were packed with yellow-clad and helmeted soldiers, who were as noisy about their entrance as the great ships were silent. Tommy, coming into harbor at the end of a voyage, had a habit of announcing his approach. So, when we on land heard over the water shouting, singing, genial oaths, "How-d'ye-do's," and "What-ho's"; and such advices as "Cheerioh! The Cheshires are here!" "We'll open them Narrows for you;" "Here we are, here we are, here we are again," or the simple statement "We've coom!" we left our tents, and just went into our field-glasses, as one goes into a theatre.

The men in the transports were delayed a night in the harbor, and on the following day disgorged into the floating omnibuses that plied nightly to Suvla or Helles. These omnibuses were old Isle of Man passenger steamers, jolly old tubs, doing their bit like papa and uncle and grandad in the National Guard at home. Being due to arrive with their crowds of fighting men at the Peninsula in the darkness of midnight, they would get under way just before dusk. They went out with the sun, travelling straight and slowly between the hulls.

To the lads, thus being drawn to the danger-zone, a send-off would be given in salvos of cheers from the sides of the anchored vessels, the bands of the Navy sometimes playing them out with the old airs of England. And the lads themselves, enjoying their evanescent triumph, and feeling like the applauded heroes on a carnival car, would shout back a merry response, or pick up the chorus of the tune rendered by the distant band.

Many a still evening Doe and I watched their departure knowing that soon we should go out of the port like that in the red of a sunset. And Monty, hearing the cries of "Good Luck," "Love to Johnny Turk," "Finish it off quickly." "Hi, put yer trust in Gawd, and keep your 'ead down," and the faint strains of "Steady, boys, steady, we'll fight and we'll conquer again and again," would bewail the fact that he was too far off to cheer, and give vent to rising and choking feelings. He wanted to pat these departing lads on the back. For in the Green Room they had dressed for their parts, and were now going through the door on their way to the stage.

III

Were we really winning on the Peninsula or losing? August, in spite of that black remark of the O.C. Rest Camp, decided that all was well. The fresh arrivals on the troopships brought with them like a breeze from the homeland that atmosphere of glowing optimism which prevailed in England in the early August days. The same news came from the opposite direction. For the streams of wounded, who in the weeks following the Suvla invasion poured into our Mudros hospitals, told us that the Turk was fairly on the run. "It can't last long," they said. "We've only to climb one of them two hills—either Sari Bair on the Suvla front, or old Achi Baba at Helles—and the trick's done. From the top of either of 'em we shall look down upon the Narrows, and blow their forts to glory. Up'll go the Navy, and there y'are!" It would be over by Christmas, they believed; for Christmas was always the pivot of Tommy's time.

So spoke August, drinking deep from cups overflowing with confidence. September detected a taste of doubt in the cheery optimism of the Green Room, and like a loyal British September, spat out the unpalatable mouthful. But the taste remained.

Nothing but stagnation seemed to be prevailing on the Peninsula. The incessant roll of guns could no longer be heard at Mudros. The old-time shifts of wounded ceased to pour into our hospitals. In their stead came daily crowds of dysentery, jaundice and septic cases. And these men told a different tale from the wounded, who, a month before, had returned from the stage like actors aglow with triumph. All reported "Nothing doing" on Gallipoli.

And the Big Rains were fast drawing due. The time was at hand when the ravines and gorges that cracked and spliced the Mudros Hills would roar to the torrents, and the hard, dust-strewn earth would become acres of mud, from which our tent-pegs would be drawn like pins out of butter. We remembered Elijah on Mount Carmel, and looked at the sky for rain.

But we looked in alarm and not hope. For, if the Narrows were not forced before the rains and sea-storms began, the campaign, we understood, would be doomed to disaster. The rain would turn our great Intermediate Base, Mudros, into a useless lagoon, and the sea-storms would beat on the beaches of the Peninsula, smash the frail jetties built at Suvla and Helles, and, by preventing the landing of supplies, condemn the Suvla army and the Helles army to annihilation or surrender.

"Surely, oh surely," said Monty, looking up one day at a cloudy sky, "something largely conceived will be attempted before the rains work havoc among the communications on land, and the storms slash at the communications by sea. We must be going to win."

"O Lord, yes," echoed I.

But September with its dry weather began to wane, the rains started a plaguey pelting, and the winds commenced to excite the placid Aegean, while we still awaited big movements and final things.

IV

Then the evil Peninsula sent straight to Monty's feet something that seemed like a direct message of scornful warning to our little Rangoon group. It was such a message as defiant kings have sent to banter those who contemplated an invasion of their realms. This is how it came.

Day after day (you must know) in the early morning, the dead, sewn up in their blankets, were landed from the ships that had picked them up in a dying condition at Suvla and Helles. They were laid in rows on the little landing-jetty, the "Egyptian Pier." After a while the men would put them by in a mortuary tent, where they rested till the evening, when a G.S. waggon conveyed them to the cemetery.

Generally Monty, whose duty it was to bury them, would sit on the driver's seat and ride to the cemetery, after persuading Doe and me to ride with him.

On a certain September evening Monty glanced at the Camp Commandant's "chit," and read it aloud to us:

"'Seven bodies for burial at 1700.' Are you coming?"

Doe turned towards me. "Coming, Rupert?"

"No. I'm too tired."

"Oh, rot, you scrimshanker, You've been hogging it all the afternoon."

"Yes, come on," said Monty. "We'll drive on the wagon."

The G.S. wagon with its seven blanketed forms was outside waiting for Monty. It was drawn by two teams of mules with mounted drivers. The driver's seat was therefore vacant, and on to it Monty, Doe and I climbed. The wagon started, as Monty whispered; "It's rather like the Dead Cart in the days of the Great Plague, isn't it?" We never spoke loud with that load behind us."

The wagon jolted along the straight white road to the cemetery, which was a little dusty acre on a plain between the hills. We halted at the gate, and Monty, getting down from his seat robed by the front wheels. And, when the seven bodies had been removed on their stretchers from the waggon and laid in a line upon the the road, the corporal of the Burial Party saluted Monty, and said:

"One's an officer, sir. Will you take him first?

"I'll go in front," answered Monty. "Then the seven bodies, one after another, the officer's body leading. Feet first, of course."

"Very good, sir." The corporal, seeing that the bearers stood ready at the head and foot of each strecher, said quietly:

"Bearers, raise!"

All the bearers bent in simultaneous motion, and lifted the stretchers from the road.

"Slow—march!"

The procession moved off, Monty in front picking his way between the graves towards those open to receive the day's dead. The Greek grave-diggers rested on their spades, and bared their heads. Some stray French soldiers sprang to attention, and saluted. A few curious British and a tall brown Sikh copied the Frenchmen, remaining at the salute till the procession had passed. And, when the open graves were reached, all these stragglers gathered round to form a little company of mourners.

Having seen the bodies laid by the graves, the corporal bent over the form of the dead officer and removed from his breast that small piece of paper, which was always pinned to the blanket to state the man's identity; in this case it happened to be a Government envelope, marked "On His Majesty's Service." The corporal handed it to Monty.

I recall the moment of his action as the last quiet moment before an unexpected shock. I seem to remember that it was a very graceful body: long and shapely, that lay there, outlined beneath the tightly-wrapped blanket. It looked like an embalmed Egyptian.

Monty read the envelope, and frowned. He read it again, crumpled it up, and looked down at the long, slender form of the dead officer. Then, glancing round for Doe and me, and catching our eyes, as we watched him in curiosity, he handed the envelope to us. We smoothed out its crumpled folds, and read: "On His Majesty's Service. Lieut. James Doon."

This was the message that the Peninsula had contemptuously tossed to us.

Monty began the service, but I scarcely heard him. I was staring at the blanketed form, and thinking of Jimmy as he had been; Jimmy with all his bitter jests about death; Jimmy grumbling on the Rangoon because he would have to stay at Mudros "til the end of the world"; Jimmy leaving for the Peninsula with the words that he would be back soon. I thought how strange it was that we should have been sitting on that G. S. wagon, without knowing that we were taking a last ride with Jimmy Doon. I pictured again Jimmy being borne into the cemetery, feet first, at the head of his six dead men.

"Man that is born of a woman—" Monty was saying, and, as the words fell, the bearers raised with ropes the corpse from off its stretcher, and began to lower it into the grave.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—" At this point the kindly French and British onlookers and the tall brown Sikh picked up their handfuls of earth, and threw them upon the body as their compliment to the dead.

The sight of Jimmy going down into his grave on the lengthening ropes started in me a real grief, and, when the strangers paid their simple respect to the unknown dead, I felt momentarily stricken and shivered with pride that I had known him whom they thus honored. But all this passed away, and left a dull indifference. The war was fast teaching me its petrifying lesson—to be incapable of horror. I tried to recover my sorrow, thinking that I ought to do so, but I could feel no emotion at all. "This sort of thing," ran my thoughts, "seems to be the order of the day for the generation in which we were born. It's all very fine, or all very unfair. I don't know. The old Colonel and Monty said it was very glorious, so no doubt it must be. But, whatever it is, we're all in it. Poor old Jimmy."

So I fell into a mood that was partly the resignation of perplexity, partly a sulkiness with fate. With the same blunted mind, perceiving no pain, I watched the Greek diggers, at the end of the service, as they began to shovel the earth on to my friend's body. First they tossed it so that it fell in a little pile on his breast; then they threw it, dust and clods, over his feet, till at last only the head, hooded in its blanket, was uncovered. They turned their attention to that, and the earth fell heavily on Jimmy Doon's face. I turned unfeelingly away.

Poor Jimmy, a mere super in the Gallipoli drama, had played his trifling part on the stage, and was now sleeping in the Green Room.

Was it all very fine, or all very unfair? In my tent that evening I worried the problem out. At first it seemed only sordid that James Doon should have his gracious body returned by that foul Peninsula, like some empty crate for which it had no further use, to be buried without firing party, drums or bugles. But every now and then I caught a glimpse of my mistake, I was thinking in terms of matter instead of in terms of spiritual realities. I must try to get the poetic gift of the old Colonel and Monty, whose thoughts did not prison themselves in flesh but travelled easily in the upper air of abstract ideals like glory and beauty and truth. But it was difficult. Only in my exalted moments could I breathe in that high air.

And I could not climb to-night. Perhaps if they had but sounded the "Last Post" at Jimmy's burial, I should have lost sight of its grossness and caught the vision of its glory. I was wondering if this would have unveiled the hidden beauty, when, very strangely, the bugles in all the camps rang out with the great call. It was dark, and they were sounding the "Last Post" over the close of the day's work. But for those who preferred to think so, it was blown over the day's dead.

(To be continued.)

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On the Top of the Tower

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

By MAURICE LE BLANC

HORTENSE DANIEL pushed her window ajar and whispered:

"Are you there, Rossigny?"

"I am here," replied a voice from the shrubbery at the front of the house.

Leaning forward, she saw a rather fat man looking up at her out of a gross red face with its cheeks and chin set in unpleasantly fair whiskers.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, I had a great argument with my uncle and aunt last night. They absolutely refuse to sign the document of which my lawyer sent them the draft, or to restore the dowry squandered by my husband."

"But your uncle is responsible by the terms of the marriage-settlement."

"No matter. He refuses."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"Are you still determined to run away with me?" she asked, with a laugh.

"More so than ever."

"Your intentions are strictly honorable, remember!"

"Just as you please. You know that I am madly in love with you."

"Unfortunately I am not madly in love with you!"

"Then what made you choose me?"

"Chance. I was bored. I was growing tired of my humdrum existence. So I'm ready to run risks.... Here's my luggage: catch!"

She let down from the window a couple of large leather kit-bags. Rossigny caught them in his arms.

"The die is cast," she whispered. "Go and wait for me with your car at the If cross-roads. I shall come on horseback."

"Hang it, I can't run off with your horse!"

"He will go home by himself."

"Capital!....Oh, by the way ...."

"What is it?"

"Who is this Prince Renine, who's been here the last three days and whom nobody seems to know?"

"I don't know much about him. My uncle met him at a friend's shoot and asked him here to stay."

"You seem to have made a great impression on him. You went for a long ride with him yesterday. He's a man I don't care for."

"In two hours I shall have left the house in your company. The scandal will cool him off——Well, we've talked long enough. We have no time to lose."

For a few minutes she stood watching the fat man bending under the weight of her traps as he moved away in the shelter of an empty avenue. Then she closed the window.

Outside, in the park, the huntsmen's horns were sounding the reveille. The hounds burst into frantic baying. It was the opening day of the hunt that morning at the Chateau de la Mareze, where, every year, in the first week in September, the Comte d'Aigleroche, a mighty hunter before the Lord, and his countess were accustomed to invite a few personal friends and the neighboring land-owners.

Hortense slowly finished dressing, put on a riding-habit, which revealed the lines of her supple figure, and a wide-brimmed felt hat, which encircled her lovely face and auburn hair, and sat down to her writing-desk, at which she wrote to her uncle, M. d'Aigleroche, a farewell letter to be delivered to him that evening. It was a difficult letter to word; and, after beginning it several times, she ended by giving up the idea.

"I will write to him later," she said to herself, "when his anger has cooled down."

And she went downstairs to the dining-room.

Enormous logs were blazing in the hearth of the lofty room. The walls were hung with trophies of rifles and shotguns. The guests were flocking in from every side, shaking hands with the Comte d'Aigleroche, one of those typical country squires, heavily and powerfully built, who lives only for hunting and shooting. He was standing before the fire, with a large glass of old brandy in his hand, drinking the health of each new arrival.

Hortense kissed him absently:

"What, uncle! You who are usually so sober!"

"Pooh!" he said. "A man may surely indulge himself a little once a year!...."

"Aunt will give you a scolding!"

"Your aunt has one of her sick headaches and is not coming down. Besides," he added, gruffly, "it is not her business....and still less is it yours, my dear child."

Prince Renine came up to Hortense. He was a young man, very smartly dressed, with a narrow and rather pale face, whose eyes held by turns the gentlest and the harshest, the most friendly and the most satirical expression. He bowed to her, kissed her hand and said:

"May I remind you of your kind promise, dear madame?"

"My promise?"

"Yes, we agreed that we should repeat our delightful excursion of yesterday and try to go over that old boarded-up place the look of which made us so curious. It seems to be known as the Domaine de Halingre."

She answered a little curtly:

"I'm extremely sorry, monsieur, but it would be rather far and I'm feeling a little done up. I shall go for a canter in the park and come indoors again."

There was a pause. Then Serge Renine said, smiling, with his eyes fixed on hers and in a voice which she alone could hear:

"I am sure that you'll keep your promise and that you'll let me come with you. It would be better."

"For whom? For you, you mean?"

"For you, too, I assure you."

She colored slightly, but did not reply, shook hands with a few people around her and left the room.

Shots From the Wood.

A GROOM was holding the horse at the foot of the steps. She mounted and set off towards the woods beyond the park.

It was a cool, still morning. Through the leaves, which barely quivered, the sky showed crystalline blue. Hortense rode at a walk down winding avenues which in half an hour brought her to a country-side of ravines and bluffs intersected by the high-road.

She stopped. There was not a sound. Rossigny must have stopped his engine and concealed the car in the thickets around the If cross-roads.

She was five hundred yards at most from that circular space. After hesitating for a few seconds, she dismounted, tied her horse carelessly, so that he could release himself by the least effort and return to the house, shrouded her face in the long brown veil that hung over her shoulders and walked on.

As she expected, she saw Rossigny directly she reached the first turn in the road. He ran up to her and drew her into the coppice!

"Quick, quick! Oh, I was so afraid that you would be late ——or even change your mind! And here you are! It seems too good to be true!"

She smiled:

"You appear to be quite happy to do an idiotic thing!"

"I should think I am happy! And so will you be, I swear you will! Your life will be one long fairy-tale. You shall have every luxury, and all the money you can wish for."

"I want neither money nor luxuries."

"What then?"

"Happiness."

"You can safely leave your happiness to me."

She replied, jestingly:

"I rather doubt the quality of the happiness which you would give me."

"Wait! You'll see! You'll see!"

They had reached the motor. Rossigny, still stammering expressions of delight, started the engine. Hortense stepped in and wrapped herself in a wide cloak. The car followed the narrow, grassy path which led back to the cross-roads and Rossingy was accelerating the speed, when he was suddenly forced to pull up. A shot had rung out from the neighboring wood, on the right. The car was swerving from side to side.

"A front tire burst," shouted Rossigny, leaping to the ground.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Hortense. "Somebody fired!"

"Impossible, my dear! Don't be so absurd!"

At that moment, two slight shocks were felt and two more reports were heard, one after the other, some way off and still in the wood.

Rossigny snarled:

"The back tires burst now.... both of them....But who, in the devil's name, can the ruffian be? ....Just let me get hold of him, that's all...."

He clambered up the road-side slope. There was no one there. Moreover, the leaves of the coppice blocked the view.

"Damn it! Damn it!" he swore. "You were right; somebody was firing at the car! Oh, this is a bit thick! We shall be held up for hours! Three tires to mend!.... But what are you doing, dear girl?"

Hortense herself had alighted from the car. She ran to him, greatly excited:

"I'm going."

"But why?"

"I want to know. Some one fired. I want to know who it was."

"Don't let us separate, please!"

"Do you think I'm going to wait here for you for hours?"

"What about your running away?....All our plans....?"

"We'll discuss that to-morrow. Go back to the house. Take back my things with you....And good-bye for the present."

She hurried, left him, had the good luck to find her horse and set off at a gallop in a direction leading away from La Mareze.

There was not the least doubt in her mind that the three shots had been fired by Prince Renine.

"It was he," she muttered, angrily, "it was he. No one else would be capable of such behaviour."

Besides, he had warned her, in his smiling, masterful way, that he would expect her.

She was weeping with rage and humiliation. At that moment, had she found herself face to face with Prince Renine, she could have struck him with her riding-whip. Before her was the rugged and picturesque stretch of country which lies between the Orne and the Sarthe, above Alencon, and which is known as Little Switzerland. Steep hills compelled her frequently to moderate her pace, the more so as she had to cover some six miles before reaching her destination. But, though the speed at which she rode became less headlong, though her physical effort gradually slackened, she nevertheless persisted in her indignation against Prince Renine. She bore him a grudge not only for the unspeakable action of which he had been guilty, but also for his behaviour to her during the last three days, his persistent attentions, his assurance, his air of excessive politeness.



ONLY THE TOGS WERE EXOTIC.

Returned Soldier: "Parlex vous Francais, Mam'selle?"
Magnito Murphy: "Aw, g'wan—whatcha givin' us!"

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She was nearly there. In the bottom of a valley, an old park-wall, full of cracks and covered with moss and weeds, revealed the ball-turret of a chateau and a few windows with closed shutters. This was the Domaine de Halingre.

The Meeting.

SHE followed the wall and turned a corner. In the middle of the cresent-shaped space before which lay the entrance-gates, Serge Renine stood waiting beside his horse.

She sprang to the ground, and, as he stepped forward, hat in hand, thanking her for coming, she cried:

"One word, monsieur, to begin with. Something quite inexplicable happened just now. Three shots were fired at a motor car in which I was sitting. Did you fire those shots?"

"Yes."

She seemed dumfounded:

"Then you confess it?"

"You have asked a question, madame, and I have answered it."

"But how dared you? What gave you the right?"

"I was not exercising a right, madame; I was performing a duty!"

"Indeed! And what duty, pray?"

"The duty of protecting you against a man who is trying to profit by your troubles."

"I forbid you to speak like that. I am responsible for my own actions, and I decided upon them in perfect liberty."

"Madame, I overheard your conversation with M. Rossigny this morning and it did not appear to me that you were accompanying him with a light heart. I admit the ruthlessness and bad taste of my interference and I apologise for it humbly; but I risked being taken for a ruffian in order to give you a few hours for reflection."

"I have reflected fully, monsieur. When I have once made up my mind to a thing, I do not change it."

"Yes, madame, you do, sometimes. If not, why are you here instead of there?"

Hortense was confused for a moment. All her anger had subsided. She looked at Renine with the surprise which one experiences when confronted with certain persons who are unlike their fellows, more capable of performing unusual actions, more generous and disinterested. She realized perfectly that he was acting without any ulterior motive or calculation, that he was, as he had said, merely fulfilling his duty as a gentleman to a woman who has taken the wrong turning.

Speaking very gently, he said:

"I know very little about you, madame, but enough to make me wish to be of use to you. You are twenty-six years old and have lost both your parents. Seven years ago, you became the wife of the Comte d'Aigleroche's nephew by marriage, who proved to be of unsound mind, half insane indeed, and had to be confined. This made it impossible for you to obtain a divorce and compelled you, since your dowry had been squandered, to live with your uncle and at his expense. It's a depressing environment. The count and countess do not agree. Years ago, the count was deserted by his first wife, who ran away with the countess' first husband. The abandoned husband and wife decided out of spite to unite their fortunes, but found nothing but disappointment and ill-will in this second marriage. And you suffer the consequences. They lead a monotonous, narrow, lonely life for eleven months or more out of the year. One day, you met M. Rossigny, who fell in love with you and suggested an elopement. You did not care for him. But you were bored, your youth was being wasted, you longed for the unexpected, for adventure . . . in a word, you accepted with the very definite intention of keeping your admirer at arm's length, but also with the rather ingenuous hope that the scandal would force your uncle's hand and make him account for his trusteeship and assure you of an independent existence. That is how you stand. At present you have to choose between placing yourself in M. Rossigny's hands . . . or trusting yourself to me."

She raised her eyes to his. What did he mean? What was the purport of this offer which he made so seriously, like a friend who asks nothing but to prove his devotion?

After a moment's silence, he took the two horses by the bridle and tied them up. Then he examined the heavy gates, each of which was strengthened by two planks nailed cross-wise. An electoral poster, dated twenty years earlier, showed that no one had entered the domain since that time.

The Deserted Chateau.

RENINE tore up one of the iron posts which supported a railing that ran round the crescent and used it as a lever. The rotten planks gave way. One of them uncovered the lock, which he attacked with a big knife, containing a number of blades and implements. A minute later, the gate opened on a waste of bracken which led up to a long, dilapidated building, with a turret at each corner and a sort of a belvedere, built on a taller tower, in the middle.

The Prince turned to Hortense: "You are in no hurry," he said. "You will form your decision this evening; and, if M. Rossigny succeeds in persuading you for the second time, I give you my word of honor that I shall not cross your path. Until then, grant me the privilege of your company. We made up our minds yesterday to inspect the chateau. Let us do so. Will you? It is as good a way as any of passing the time and I have a notion that it will not be uninteresting."

He had a way of talking which compelled obedience. He seemed to be commanding and entreating at the same time. Hortense did not even seek to shake off the enervation into which her will was was slowly sinking. She followed him to a half-demolished flight of steps at the top of which was a door likewise strengthened by planks nailed in the form of a cross.

Renine went to work in the same way as before. They entered a spacious hall paved with white and black flagstones, furnished with old sideboards and choir-stalls and adorned with a carved escutcheon which displayed the remains of armorial bearings, representing an eagle standing on a block of stone, all half-hidden behind a veil of cobwebs which hung down over a pair of folding-doors.

"The door of the drawing-room, evidently," said Renine.

He found this more difficult to open; and it was only by repeatedly charging it with his shoulder that he was able to move one of the doors.

Hortense had not spoken a word, She watched not without surprise this series of forcible entries which were accomplished with a really masterly skill. He guessed her thoughts and turning around said in a serious voice:

"It's child's-play to me. I was a locksmith once."

She seized his arm and whispered:

"Listen!"

To what?" he asked.

She increased the pressure of her hand to demand silence. The next moment, he murmured:

"It's really strange."

"Listen, listen!" Hortense repeated, in bewilderment. "Can it be possible?"

They heard, not for from where they were standing, a sharp sound. the sound of a light tap recurring at regular intervals; and they had only to listen attentively to recognize the ticking of a clock. Yes, it was this and nothing else that broke the profound silence of the dark room; it was indeed the deliberate ticking, rhythmical as the beat of a metronome, produced by a heavy brass pendulum. That was it! And nothing could be more impressive than the measured pulsation of this trivial mechanism, which by some miracle, some inexplicable phenomenon, had continued to live in the heart of the dead chateau.

"And yet," stammered Hortense, without daring to raise her voice, "no one has entered the house?"

"No one."

"And it is quite impossible for that clock to have kept going for twenty years without being wound up?"

"Quite impossible."

"Then. . . ?"

Serge Renine opened the three windows and threw back the shutters.

He and Hortense were in a drawing-room, as he had thought; and the room showed not the least sign of disorder. The chairs were in their places. Not a piece of furniture was missing. The people who had lived there and who had made it the most individual room in their house had gone away leaving everything just as it was, the books which they used to read, the knicknacks on the tables and consoles.

The Clock Strikes.

RENINE examined the old grandfather's clock, contained in its tall carved case which showed the disk of the pendulum through an oval pane of glass. He opened the door of the clock. The weights hanging from the cords were at their lowest point.

At that moment there was a click. The clock struck eight with a serious note which Hortense was never to forget.

"How extraordinary!" she said.

"Extraodinary indeed," said he "for the works are exceedingly simple and would hardly keep going for a week."

"And do you see nothing out of the common?"

"No, nothing . . . . . or, at least . . ."

He stooped and, from the back of the case, drew a metal tube which was concealed by the weights. Holding it up to the light:

"A telescope," he said, thoughtfully. "Why did they hide it? . . . And they left it drawn out to its full length. . . . That's odd. . . . What does it mean?"

The clock, as is sometimes usual, began to strike a second time, sounding eight strokes. Renine closed the case and continued his inspection without putting his telescope down. A wide arch led from the drawing-room to a smaller apartment, a sort of smoking-room. This also was furnished, but contained a glass case for guns of which the rack was empty. Hanging on a panel near by was a calendar with the date of the 5th of September.

"Oh," cried Hortense, in astonishment, "the same date as to-day! . . . They tore off the leaves until the 5th of September. . . . And this is the anniversary! What an astonishing coincidence!"

"Astonishing," he echoed. It's the anniversary of their departure . . . twenty years ago to-day."

"You must admit," she said, "that all this is incomprehensible."

"Yes, of course . . . but, all the same . . . perhaps not."

"Have you any idea?"

He waited a few seconds before replying:

What puzzles me is this telescope hidden, dropped in that corner, at the last moment. I wonder what it was used for. . . . From the ground-floor windows you see nothing but the trees I expect, from all the windows. in the garden . . . and the same.

We are in a valley, without the least open horizon....To use the telescope, one would have to go up to the top of the house.... Shall we go up?"

She did not hesitate. The mystery surrounding the whole adventure excited her curiosity so keenly that she could think of nothing but accompanying Renine and assisting him in his investigations.

They went upstairs accordingly, and, on the second floor, came to a landing where they found the spiral staircase leading to the belvedere.

At the top of this was a platform in the open air, but surrounded by a parapet over six feet high.

"There must have been battlements which have been filled in since," observed Prince Renine. "Look here, there were loop-holes at one time. They may have been blocked."

"In any case," she said, "the telescope was of no use up here either and we may as well go down again."

"I don't agree," he said. "Logic tells us that there must have been some gap through which the country could be seen and this was the spot where the telescope was used."

He hoisted himself by his wrists to the top of the parapet and then saw that this point of vantage commanded the whole of the valley, including the park; with its tall trees marking the horizon; and beyond, a depression in a wood surmounting a hill, at a distance of some seven or eight hundred yards, stood another tower, squat and in ruins, covered with ivy from top to bottom.

Renine resumed his inspection. He seemed to consider that the key to the problem lay in the use to which the telescope was put and that the problem would be solved if only they could discover this use.

Through The Telescope.

HE STUDIED the loop-holes one after the other. One of them, or rather the place which it had occupied, attracted his attention above the rest. In the middle of the layer of plaster, which had served to block it, there

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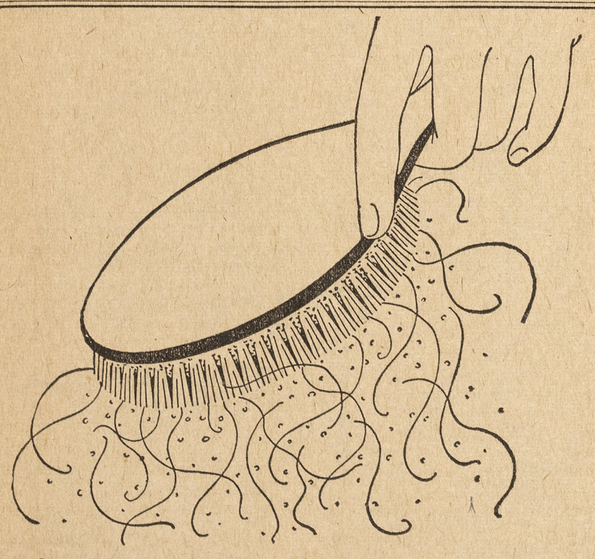

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ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER

Continued from Page Eight.

was a hollow filled with earth in which plants had grown. He pulled out the plants and removed the earth, thus clearing the mouth of a hole some five inches in diameter, which completely penetrated the wall. On bending forward, Renine perceived that this deep and narrow opening inevitably carried the eye, above the dense tops of the trees and through the depression in the hill to the ivy-clad tower.

At the bottom of this channel, in a sort of groove which ran through it like a gutter, the telescope fitted so exactly that it was quite impossible to shift, it however little, either to the right or to the left.

Renine, after wiping the outside of the lenses, while taking care not to disturb the lie of the instrument by a hair's breadth, put his eye to the small end.

He remained for thirty or forty seconds, gazing attentively and silently. Then he drew himself up and said, in a husky voice:

"It's terrible....it's really terrible."

"What is?" she asked, anxiously.

"Look."

She bent down, but the image was not clear to her and the telescope had to be focussed to suit her sight. The next moment she shuddered and said:

"It's two scarecrows, isn't it, both stuck up on the top? But why?"

"Look again," he said. "Look more carefully....under the hats ....the faces?..."

"Oh!" she cried, turning faint with horror, "how awful!"

The field of the telescope, like the circular picture shown by a magic lantern, presented this spectacle; the platform of a broken tower, the walls of which were higher in the more distant part and formed as it were a back-drop, over which surged waves of ivy. In front, amid a cluster of bushes, were two human beings, a man and a woman, leaning back against a heap of fallen stones.

But the words man and woman could hardly be applied to these two forms, these two sinister puppets, which, it is true, wore clothes and hats—or rather shreds of clothes and remnants of hats—but had lost their eyes, their cheeks, their chins, every particle of flesh, until they were actually and positively nothing more than two skeletons.

"Two skeletons," stammered Hortense. "Two skeletons with clothes on. Who carried them up there?"

"Nobody."

"But still...."

"That man and that woman must have died at the top of the tower, years and years ago....and their flesh rotted under their clothes and the ravens ate them."

"But it's hideous, hideous!" cried Hortense, pale as death, her face drawn with horror.

Thirty Minutes Later.

HALF an hour later, Hortense Daniel and Renine left the Chateau de Halingre. Before their departure, they had gone as far as the ivy-grown tower, the remains of an old donjon-keep more than half demolished. The inside was empty. There seemed to have been a way of climbing to the top, at a comparatively recent period, by means of wooden stairs and ladders which now lay broken and scattered over the ground. The tower backed against the wall which marked the end of the park.

A curious fact, which surprised Hortense, was that Prince Renine had neglected to pursue a more minute enquiry, as though the matter had lost all interest for him. He did not even speak of it any longer; and, in the inn at which they stopped and took a light meal in the nearest village, it was she who asked the landlord about the abandoned chateau. But she learnt nothing from him for the man was new to the district and could give her no particulars. He did not even know the name of the owner.

They turned their horses' heads towards La Mareze. Again and again Hortense recalled the squalid sight which had met their eyes. But Renine, who was in a lively mood and full of attentions to his companion, seemed utterly indifferent to those questions.

"But, after all," she exclaimed, impatiently, "we can't leave the matter there! It calls for a solution."

"As you say," he replied, "a solution is called for. M. Rossigny has to know where he stands and you have to decide what to do about him."

She shrugged her shoulders: "He's of no importance for the moment. The thing to-day...."

"Is what?"

"Is to know what those two dead bodies are."

"Still, Rossigny...."

"Rossigny can wait. But I can't. You have shown me a mystery which is now the only thing that matters. What do you intend to do?"

"To do?"

"Yes. There are two bodies.... You'll inform the police, I suppose."

"Gracious goodness!" he exclaimed, laughing. "What for?"

"Well, there's a riddle that has to be cleared up at all costs, a terrible tragedy."

"We don't need any one to do that."

"What! Do you mean to say that you understand it?"

"Almost as plainly as though I had read it in a book, told in full detail, with explanatory illustrations. It's all so simple!"

She looked at him askance, wondering if he was making fun of her. But he seemed quite serious.

"Well?" she asked, quivering with curiosity.

The light was beginning to wane. They had trotted at a good pace; and the hunt was returning as they neared La Mareze.

"Well," he said, "we shall get the rest of our information from people living round about....from your uncle, for instance; and you will see how logically all the facts fit in. When you hold the first link of a chain, you are bound, whether you like it or not, to reach the last. It's the greatest fun in the world."

Once in the house, they separated. On going to her room, Hortense found her luggage and a furious letter from Rossigny in which he bade her good-bye and announced his departure.

Then Renine knocked at her door:

"Your uncle is in the library," he said. "Will you go down with me? I've sent word that I am coming."

She went with him. He added: "One word more. This morning, when I thwarted your plans and begged you to trust me, I naturally undertook an obligation towards you which I mean to fulfill without delay. I want to give you a positive proof of this."

She laughed:

"The only obligation which you took upon yourself was to satisfy my curiosity."

"It shall be satisfied," he assured her, gravely, "and more fully than you can possibly imagine."

M. d'Aigleroche was alone. He was smoking his pipe and drinking sherry. He offered a glass to Renine, who refused.

"Well, Hortense!" he said, in a rather thick voice. "You know that it's pretty dull here, except in these September days. You must make the most of them. Have you had a pleasant ride with Renine?"

"That's just what I wanted to talk about, my dear sir," interrupted the prince.

"You must excuse me, but I have to go to the station in ten minutes, to meet a friend of my wife's."

"Oh, ten minutes will be ample!"

"Just the time to smoke a cigarette?"

"No longer."

He took a cigarette from the case which M. d'Aigleroche handed to him, lit it and said:

"I must tell you that our ride happened to take us to an old domain which you are sure to know, the Domaine de Halingre."

"Certainly I know it. But it has been closed, boarded up for twenty-five years or so. You weren't able to get in, I suppose?"

"Yes, we were."

"Really? Was it interesting?"

"Extremely. We discovered the strangest things."

"What things?" asked the count, looking at his watch.

Renine described what they had seen:

"On a tower some way from the house there were two dead bodies, two skeletons rather....a man and a woman still wearing the clothes which they had on when they were murdered."

"Come, come, now! Murdered?"

"Yes; and that is what we have come to trouble you about. The tragedy must date back to some twenty years ago. Was nothing known of it at the time?"

"Certainly not," declared the count. "I never heard of any such crime or disappearance."

"O, really!" said Renine, looking a little disappointed. "I hoped to obtain a few particulars."

"I'm sorry."

"In that case, I apologize."

He consulted Hortense with a glance and moved towards the door. But on second thought:

"Could you not at least, my dear sir, bring me into touch with some persons in the neighborhood, some members of your family, who might know more about it?"

"Of my family? And why?"

"Because the Domaine de Halingre used to belong and no doubt still belongs to the d'Aigleroches. The arms are an eagle on a heap of stones, on a rock. This at once suggested the connection."

This time the count appeared surprised. He pushed back his decanter and his glass of sherry and said:

"What's this you're telling me? I had no idea that we had any such neighbors."

Renine shook his head and smiled:

"I should be more inclined to believe, sir, that you were not very eager to admit any relationship between yourself....and the unknown owner of the property."

"Then he's not a respectable man?"

"The man, to put it plainly, is a murderer."

"What do you mean?"

The count had risen from his chair. Hortense, greatly excited, said:

"Are you really sure that there has been a murder and that the murder was done by some one belonging to the house?"

"Quite sure."

"But why are you so certain?"

"Because I know who the two victims were and what caused them to be killed."

Prince Renine was making none but positive statements and his method suggested the belief that he was supported by the strongest proofs.

M. d'Aigleroche strode up and down the room, with his hands behind his back. He ended by saying:

"I always had an instinctive feeling that something had happened, but I never tried to find out.....Now, as a matter of fact, twenty years ago, a relation of mine, a distant cousin, used to live at the Domaine de Halingre. I hoped, because of the name I bear, that this story, which, as I say, I never knew but suspected, would remain hidden for ever."

"So this cousin killed somebody?"

"Yes, he was obliged to."

Renine shook his head:

"I am sorry to have to amend that phrase, my dear sir. The truth, on the contrary, is that your cousin took his victims' lives in cold blood and in a cowardly manner. I never heard of a crime more deliberately and craftily planned."

"What is it that you know?"

The Murder.

THE moment had come for Renine to explain himself, a solemn and anguish-stricken moment, the full gravity of which Hortense understood, though she had not yet divined any part of the tragedy which the prince unfolded step by step."

"It's a very simple story," he said. "There is every reason to believe that M. d'Aigleroche was married and that there was another couple living in the neighborhood with whom the owner of the Domaine de Halingre was on friendly terms. What happened one day, which of these four persons first distrusted the relations between the two households, I am unable to say. But a likely version, which at once occurs to the mind, is that your cousin's wife, Madame d'Aigleroche, was in the habit of meeting the other husband in the ivy-covered tower, which had a door opening outside the estate. On discovering the intrigue, your cousin d'Aigleroche resolved to be revenged, but in such a manner that there should be no scandal and that no one even should ever know that the guilty pair had been killed. Now he had ascertained—as I did just now—that there was a part of the house, the belvedere, from which you can see over the trees and the undulations of the park, the tower standing eight hundred yards away, and that this was the only place that overlooked the top of the tower. He therefore pierced a hole in the parapet, through one of the former loopholes, and from there, by using a telescope which fitted exactly in the grove which he had hollowed out, he watched the meetings of the two lovers. And it was from there, also, that, after carefully taking all his measurements, and calculating all his distances, on a Sunday, the 5th of September, when the house was empty, he killed them with two shots."

The truth was becoming apparent. The light of day was breaking. The count muttered:

"Yes, that's what must have happened. I expect that my cousin d'Aigleroche...."

"The murderer," Renine continued, "stopped up the loophole neatly with a clod of earth. No one would ever know that two dead bodies were decaying on the top of that tower which was never visited and of which he took the precaution to demolish the wooden stairs. Nothing therefore remained for him to do but to explain the disappearance of his wife and his friend. This presented no difficulty. He accused them of having eloped together."

Hortense gave a start. Suddenly, as though the last sentence were a complete and to her an absolutely unexpected revelation, she understood what Renine was trying to convey:

"What do you mean?" she asked.

I mean that M. d' Aigleroche accused his wife and his friend of eloping together.

"No, no!" she cried. "I can't allow that! . . . You are speaking of a cousin of my uncle's? Why mix up the two stories?"

"Why mix up this story with another which took place at that time?" said the prince. "But I am not mixing them up, my dear madame; there is only one story and I am telling it as it happened."

Hortense turned to her uncle. He sat silent, with his arms folded; and his head remained in the shadow cast by the lamp-shade. Why had he not protested?

Renine repeated in a firm tone:

The Accusation.

THERE is only one story. On the evening of that very day, the 5th of September at eight o'clock, M. d'Aigleroche, doubtless alleging as his reason that he was going in pursuit of the runaway couple, left his house after boarding up the entrance. He went away, leaving all the rooms as they were and removing only the firearms from their glass case. At the last minute, he had a presentiment, which has been justified to-day, that the discovery of the telescope which had played so great a part in the preparation of his crime might serve as a clue to an enquiry; and he threw it into the clock-case, where, as luck would have it, it interrupted the swing of the pendulum. This unreflecting action, one of those which every criminal inevitably commits, was to betray him twenty years later. Just now, the blows which I struck to force the door of the drawing-room released the pendulum. The clock was set going, struck eight o'clock....and I possessed the clue of thread which was to lead me through the labyrinth."

"Proofs!" stammered Hortense. "Proofs*"

"Proofs?" replied Renine, in a loud voice. "Why, there are any number of proofs; and you know them as well as I do. Who could have killed at that distance of eight hundred yards, except an expert shot, an ardent sportsman? You agree, M. d'Aigleroche, do you not?....Proofs? Why was nothing removed from the house, nothing except the guns, those guns which an ardent sportsman cannot afford to leave behind—you agree, M. d'Aigleroche—those guns which we find here, hanging in trophies on the walls!.....Proofs? What about that date, the 5th of September, which was the date of the crime and which has left such a horrible memory in the criminal's mind that every year at this time—at this time alone—he surrounds himself with distractions and that every year, on this same 5th of September, he forgets his habits of temperance? Well, to-day, is the 5th of September....Proofs? Why, if there weren't any others, would that not be enough for you?"

And Renine, flinging out his arm, pointed to the Comte d'Aigleroche, who, terrified by this evocation of the past, had sunk huddled into a chair and was hiding his head in his hands.

Hortense did not attempt to argue with him. She had never liked her uncle, or rather her husband's uncle. She now accepted the accusation laid against him.

Sixty seconds passed. Then M. d'Aigleroche walked up to them and said:

"Whether the story be true or not, you can't call a husband a criminal for avenging his honor and killing his faithless wife."

"No," replied Renine, "but I have told only the first version of the story. There is another which is infinitely more serious .... and more probable, one to which a more thorough investigation would be sure to lead."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. It may not be a matter of a husband taking the law into his own hands, as I charitably supposed. It may be a matter of a ruined man who covets his friend's money and his friend's wife, and who, with this object in view, to secure his freedom, to get rid of his friend and of his own wife, draws them into a trap, suggests to them that they should visit that lonely tower and kills them by shooting them from a distance safely under cover."

"No, no," the count protested. "No, all that is untrue."

"I don't say it isn't. I am basing my accusation on proofs, but also on intuitions and arguments which up to now have been extremely accurate. All the same, I admit that the second version may be incorrect. But, if so, why feel any remorse? One does not feel remorse for punishing guilty people."

"One does for taking life. It is a crushing burden to bear."

"Was it to give himself greater strength to bear this burden that M. d'Aigleroche afterwards married his victim's widow? For that, sir, is the crux of the question. What was the motive of that marriage? Was M. d'Aigleroche penniless? Was the woman he was taking as his second wife rich? Or were they both in love with each other and did M. d'Aigleroche plan with her to kill his first wife and the husband of his second wife? These are problems to which I do not know the answer. They have no interest for the moment; but the police, with all the means at their disposal, would have no great difficulty in elucidating them."

M. d'Aigleroche staggered and had to steady himself against the back of a chair. Livid in the face, he spluttered:

"Are you going to inform the police?"

"No, no," said Renine. "To begin with, there is the statute of limitations. Then there are twenty years of remorse and dread, a memory which will pursue the criminal to his dying hour, accompanied no doubt by domestic discord, hatred, a daily hell.... and, in the end, the necessity of returning to the tower and removing the traces of the two murders, the frightful punishment of climbing that tower, of touching those skeletons, of undressing them and burying them. That will be enough. We will not ask for more. We will not give it to the public to batten on and create a scandal which would recoil upon M. d'Aigleroche's niece. No, let us leave this disgraceful business alone."

The count resumed his seat at the table, with his hands clutching his forehead, and asked:

"Then why....?"

"Why do I interfere?" said Renine. "What you mean is that I must have had some object in speaking. That is so. There must indeed be a penalty, however slight, and our interview must lead to some practical result. But have no fear; M. d'Aigleroche will be let off lightly."

The Price.

THE contest was ended. The count felt that he had only a small formality to fulfil, a sacrifice to accept; and, recovering some of his self-assurance, he said, in an almost sarcastic tone:

"What's your price?"

Renine burst out laughing:

"Splendid! You see the position. Only, you make a mistake in drawing me into the business. I'm working for the glory of the thing."

"In that case?"

"You will be called upon at most to make restitution."

"Restitution?"

Renine leant over the table and said:

"In one of those drawers is a deed awaiting your signature. It is a draft agreement between you and your niece Hortense Daniel, relating to her private fortune, which fortune was squandered and for which you are responsible. Sign the deed."

M. d'Aigleroche gave a start:

"Do you know the amount?"

"I don't wish to know it."

"And if I refuse? . . ."

"I shall ask to see the Comtesse d'Aigleroche."

Without further hesitation, the count opened a drawer, produced a document on stamped paper and quickly signed it:

"Here you are," he said, "and I hope . . ."

"You hope, as I do, that you and I may never have any future dealings? I'm convinced of it. I shall leave this evening; your niece, no doubt, to-morrow. Good-bye."

In the drawing-room, which was still empty, while the guests at the house were dressing for dinner, Renine handed the deed to Hortense. She seemed dazed by all that she had heard; and the thing that bewildered her even more than the relentless light shed upon her uncle's past was the miraculous insight and amazing lucidity displayed by this man: the man who for some hours had controlled events and conjured up before her eyes the actual scenes of a tragedy which no one had beheld.

"Are you satisfied with me?" he asked.

She gave him both her hands:

"You have saved me from Rossigny. You have given me back my freedom and my independence. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Oh, that's not what I am asking you to say!" he answered. "My first and main object was to amuse you. Your life seemed so humdrum and lacking in the unexpected. Has it been so to-day?"

"How can you ask such a question? I have had the strangest and most stirring experiences."

"That is life," he said. "When one knows how to use one's eyes. Adventure exists everywhere, in the meanest hovel, under the mask of the wisest of men. Everywhere, if you are only willing, you will find an excuse for excitement, for doing good, for saving a victim, for ending an injustice."

Impressed by his power and authority, she murmured:

"Who are you exactly?"

"An adventurer. Nothing more. A lover of adventures. Life is not worth living except in moments of adventure, the adventures of others or personal adventures. To-day's has upset you because it affected the innermost depths of your being. But those of others are no less stimulating. Would you like to make the experiment?"

"How?"

"Become the companion of my adventures. If any one calls on me for help, help him with me. If chance or instinct puts me on the track of a crime or the trace of a sorrow, let us both set out together. Do you consent?"

"Yes," she said, "but...."

The Bargain.

SHE hesitated, as though trying to guess Renine's secret intentions.

"But," he said, expressing her thoughts for her, with a smile, "you are a trifle sceptical. What you are saying to yourself is, 'How far does that lover of adventures want to make me go? It is quite obvious that I attract him; and sooner or later he would not be sorry to receive payment for his services.' You are quite right. We must have a formal contract.

"Very formal," said Hortense, preferring to give a jesting tone to the conversation. "Let me hear your proposals."

He reflected for a moment and continued:

"Well, we'll say this. The clock at Halingre gave eight strokes this afternoon, the day of the first adventure. Will you accept its decree and agree to carry out seven more of these delightful enterprises with me, during a period, for instance, of three months? And shall we say that, at the eighth, you will be pledged to grant me...."

"What?"

He deferred his answer:

"Observe that you will always be at liberty to leave me on the road if I do not succeed in interesting you. But, if you accompany me to the end, if you allow me to begin and complete the eighth enterprise with you, in three months, on the 5th of December, at the very moment when the eighth stroke of that clock sounds —and it will sound, you may be sure of that, for the old brass pendulum will not stop swinging again—you will be pledged to grant me...."

"What?" she repeated, a little unnerved by waiting.

He was silent. He looked at the beautiful lips which he had meant to claim as his reward. He felt perfectly certain that Hortense had understood and he thought it unnecessary to speak more plainly:

"The mere delight of seeing you will be enough to satisfy me. It is not for me but for you to impose conditions. Name them: what do you demand?"

She was grateful for his respect and said, laughingly:

"What do I demand?"

"Yes."

"Can I demand anything I like, however difficult and impossible?"

"Everything is easy and everything is possible to the man who is bent on winning you."

Then she said:

"I demand that you shall restore to me a small antique clasp, made of a cornelian set in a silver mount. It came to me from my mother and everyone knew that it used to bring her happiness and me too. Since the day when it vanished from my jewel-case, I have had nothing but unhappiness. Restore it to me, my good genius."

"When was the clasp stolen?"

She answered gaily:

"Seven years ago....or eight ....or nine; I don't know exactly ....I don't know where....I don't know how....I know nothing about it...."

"I will find it," Renine declared, "and you shall be happy."

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WRIGLEY'S



The Perfect Gum

Made of purest materials—

In modern, sanitary, sun-lit factories—

No expense spared to have it as clean, wholesome and full of flavor as possible—

Wax-wrapped and sealed to *keep* it as good as when it leaves the factory:

WRIGLEY'S is *bound* to be the *best* that men, machines and money can make!

It's good—
and good for you

aiding digestion
whitening teeth
clearing breath

Soothing to overwrought nerves and a general pick-me-up.

Great in goodness—small in price

C 100

Look to Your Eyes

Beautiful eyes, like fine teeth, are the result of constant care. The daily use of *Murine* makes eyes clear and radiant. Enjoyable. Harmless. Sold and recommended by all druggists



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

For "Quality"



Call for them by name,
It is your safeguard.

35

HAIR TROUBLE

LET CALVACURA STOP YOUR HAIR FALLING

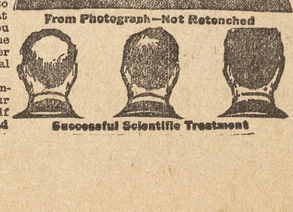
LET US SEND you an interesting sworn statement of the remarkable results obtained from CALVACURA by Mrs. Lina Belperio. Also hundreds of other letters from pleased customers.

DELAYS ARE DANGERDUS. If you suffer from Dandruff, Falling Hair, Baldness, Prematurely Gray Hair, Stripy, Sticky or Matted Hair, Itching or Eczema of the Scalp do not neglect it. Try to relieve the trouble at once. Let us send you our illustrated book, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness," and a liberal sample of Calvacura.

SIMPLE TEST—Examine the hair on your comb. Take warning if the root is pale, dry, dead looking. Correct the trouble if you want to save your hair and make it grow.

LET US PROVE to you that the CALVACURA METHOD of Hair Culture stops hair falling, drives away dandruff and eczema of the scalp, promotes growth of new hair.

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.



Successfully Treated
THE CALVACURA METHOD
INVARIABLY PRODUCES GRATIFYING RESULTS

Address Union Laboratory,
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DO IT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

The Woman's Point of View

By FLORENCE DAVIES

CALLED HIS BLUFF.

A BRAND new weapon against banditry has been discovered. Any woman can use it; it's cheap and easy to operate, and always ready on a moment's notice.

It's nothing but laughter.

"Woman's laugh unnerves boy thief," reads the caption in a daily newspaper. "Drops his gun and runs away," the sub-head adds.

That girl had the right idea. If she had screamed, the young rascal would have thought he must be a fierce fellow and stuck to his nefarious business. But when he heard laughter he lost confidence in himself and fled.

"In case of doubt or in time of need, first try laughter," would be a good motto for everyone to adopt. There's no telling what could be accomplished by first attempting to laugh your enemies out of existence.

Boy bandits are not the only nuisances who can be laughed out of existence. All sorts of people who take themselves too seriously, either in respect to your heart or your purse can be put to flight by a hearty laugh, when threats or argument would be futile. There's nothing as fatal to the too ardent suitor as laughter.

If you don't like a chap and wish to high heaven he wouldn't embarrass you with attention, laugh at him just once. Once will be enough.

"A man can stand any amount of argument or haughty disdain when he makes love to a girl," confessed a popular bachelor. In fact the more vehement her protests the more flattered he feels. But let her just giggle and its all off."

There are no end of problems which can be giggled right out of the way. If you find yourself getting angry, try laughing first. The chances are that the other fellow will laugh too, and then the idiocy of quarrelling over trifles will suddenly become perfectly apparent.

And that's not all. Brave women have even been known to beat poverty at its worst by laughing at it, for there are humorous aspects of that old goblin that only the courageous can see.

To be sure there are griefs and hurts which go too deep for tears and too deep for laughter. They are not to be bluffed, and laughter in the face of difficulty is nothing more than a gigantic game of bluff.

A few of life's uncompromising realities refuse to be laughed out of existence or backed off the boards by bluff. But only a few, fewer in fact than we imagine. Most of them are bluffs themselves, like the boy bandit, who dropped his gun and fled at the first giggle. So, in the face of tragedy or at least near-tragedy, lets try laughing first and see what happens.

WHEN THE HAIRPINS FAIL.

A VAUNT the idea that lovely woman is no inventor! Out of Russia, shining against the huge and woeful background of that distressed land like a glint of sunshine rimming a black cloud, comes a news note to the effect that a Russian woman has invented a new way of hairdressing in which only three hairpins are needed.

It seems that this inventive style-setter had only three hairpins to bless herself with after the vicissitudes of revolution had swept away most of her personal belongings. She might have bobbed her hair, as so many Russian girls are doing, it is said, for reasons other than the "cute" effect a la flapper. Instead of that, this particular young Russian experimented until she had a new coiffure to offer her sisters, one easy to manage presumably, since three hairpins did the trick.

Some jokesmith recently announced, "The more bobbed heads, the more hairpins to fix the flivver with." In poor dismantled Russia to-day there are few flivvers to get out of order and few hairpins to tinker with, but one likes to think that feminine invention isn't killed out by privation and sorrow.

It is a cheery talent, that, which leads to turning a misfortune into a real gain—looking a liability square in the face and twisting it into an asset. We know a short-story writer who, when she sprains her ankle, or breaks her best platter, or looses her pocket-book, or finds her best blouse in holes after a trip to the laundry, challenges herself to work that piece of hard luck into a story or poem which shall bring in more than the episode costs her. Better than growing "teary 'round the lashes," and capable of being made a really fascinating indoor sport, that way of managing!

Many discoveries and inventions have been the result of accident, like the first faintly tinted note-paper, which resulted from a housewife dropping her blueing bag into a vat of pulp. Blueing bags have gone out of style, along with candle-wicking and little spinning wheels, but it would be interesting to know how many of to-day's "offerings," widely heralded in full-page color-print advertisements, were produced by some odd turn of luck, advantageously combined with inventive skill.

THE VANISHING HOSTESS.

"MEMORIES of a Hostess" is the title of a new book. One wonders how many women of to-day could have written it, for the announcements explain that it is taken from the diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields, who entertained a great many notable people fifty or sixty years ago.

Probably very few of us could furnish the material for such a volume. The truth is that about the only people who could write a book like that to-day are the stewards of our best clubs and the managers of our best hotels and favorite tea rooms.

"The Billingses are going to be in town next week," we say; "those nice people we met at the lake last Summer; dear, dear, what shall we do?" "Oh, well let's take them over to the club." Or perhaps it's a hotel, and we decide to meet John, who comes straight from the office, at the hotel for dinner, and then go to the theatre. Perhaps a drive seems easier and a dinner at a road ouse or tea room somewhere near town—anything but home and a home dinner and the home life and fireside shared.

"It's too much trouble," we explain, and there's nothing that a Canadian seems to hate more than that kind of "trouble." We are long on the cheque book and short on patience. John pays the bill and we eat around.

I wonder if that isn't a mistake. We women explain it by saying that it's too hard to get help now. If one has no servants the home dinner is too much of an undertaking, and if one has servants they object.

But that's all wrong, for there is all the difference between sharing a home dinner with a friend and taking him to a public eating place that there is between seeing him personally and sending your maid to take a message. One gives of itself, the other only pays the bill.

The fault is twofold. In the first place we have the wrong notion about what is necessary for the entertainment of guests, and in the second place we women folks make too much work of the ordinary meal under any circumstances. We must learn more simple combinations.

It wasn't the number of dinner courses which Mrs. Field provided for her guests, or the stylish new way that she mixed the salad, which made her hospitality shine for half a century. It was just herself. Most women seem to forget that guests are only plain folks like themselves, who eat, sleep, walk and talk just as we all do, and that in their own homes they welcome a pork chop for dinner occasionally, or a plate of corn beef hash or even a warmed over meal in a perfectly human way.

If once we had the courage to offer people simple entertainment embellished with good cheer and a warm welcome, we might rediscover the real delights of hospitality and not leave all the honors to be shared between the club steward and our husband's cheque book.

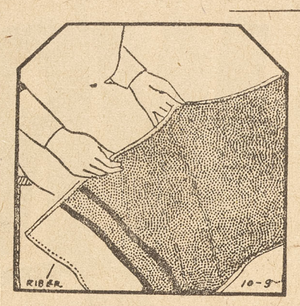
ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Good home-made bread is the finest food on earth—the one food that everybody eats — that everybody likes—and that agrees with everybody.



MADE IN CANADA

The Housewife's Idea Box



Lengthen the Life of Your Bath Towels

It is the unhemmed edge of the bath towel that tears first. You can therefore lengthen the life of your towels by this simple little means. Bind the unhemmed edges with matching tape. You will be surprised to find how much this will help. THE HOUSEWIFE.

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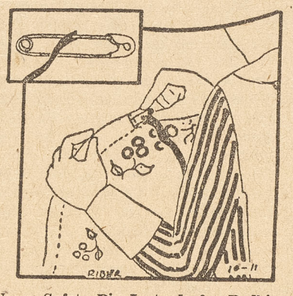

Use a Safety Pin Instead of a Bodkin

You will find that a safety pin is much more convenient than a bodkin for running ribbon or tape through headings or insertions. Pin one end of the ribbon to a safety pin. It cannot slip off as it sometimes does from a bodkin.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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To Prevent Loss of Articles From your Muff

You will soon be using your muff again. How can you prevent the loss of small articles such as handkerchief, gloves, etc., which you often keep in your muff? Sew several two-inch pieces of one inch wide ribbon securely to the inside of your muff. To the loose end of each ribbon fasten a large safety pin. Pin securely the articles you wish to leave in your muff and you cannot lose them. THE HOUSEWIFE.

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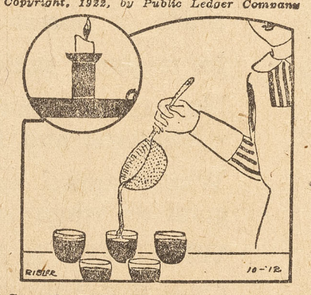

Save the Ends of Paraffin Candles

Save all ends of paraffin candles. When you have a sufficient quantity melt them in a pot or can. Remove the cord wicks and use the paraffin for sealing jelly. THE HOUSEWIFE.

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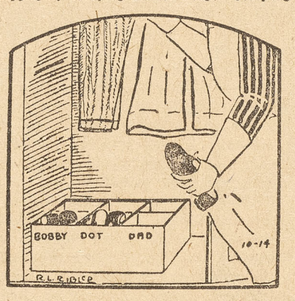

A Neat Way to Keep Rubbers and Shoes

As economical and tidy way to keep rubbers and shoes in a closet is to use a box. Divide a large wooden box into pigeon holes, each large enough to hold one pair. You can paint the box white, and with black paint place the name of the owner beside the division. This is especially convenient where there are a number of children in the family.

THE HOUSEWIFE.



Use a Paper Bag for Flouring Chicken

When you wish to flour chicken or solid croquettes for frying, use a paper bag. Fill the bag with flour that has been peppered and salted. Put the chicken into the bag; shake well. The piece of chicken will be thoroughly floured without soiling your hands or using an extra plate.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

Peep Into Our Readers' Kitchens; Seven Best Recipes

A SUBSTITUTE for fruit cake which keeps moist and fresh for days, but which owes its fruitiness to apple sauce, is the following:

Apple Fruit Cake.

1½ cupful apple sauce
1½ cupful butter
1 cupful sugar
1 cupful raisins
1 cupful citron cut in fine pieces
1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon
½ teaspoonful ground cloves
½ teaspoonful allspice
1 teaspoonful of lemon extract
2 teaspoonfuls of soda.

Stir the soda into the apple sauce. Beat well and let stand while preparing the other ingredients. Cream the butter and sugar, then add the apple sauce and spices and lastly flour enough to make a stiff dough. The quantity will vary with the amount of juice in the apple sauce, so no exact measure can be given, but it must be stiff enough to just pour from the bowl. Bake in a loaf tin in a slow oven for three-quarters of an hour or until a straw stuck in the middle of the cake comes out clean.

For the picnic lunch or afternoon tea these small maple hermits are excellent. The second or third day after making them (if kept in a tightly closed tin) their flavor improves.

Maple Hermits.

¾ cupful light brown sugar
1 cupful butter
2 eggs
¾ cupful maple syrup
1 cupful English walnut meats
1 cupful raisins
1 cupful currants
1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water

Flour to make stiff dough.

Drop about a teaspoonful at a time on a well buttered tin and bake in a moderately hot oven. If it is not convenient to use maple syrup use half a cupful of milk instead and flavor with half a teaspoonful of cloves and one teaspoonful of cinnamon.

The following bran muffin recipe was given by a physician, who said it would be an absolute cure for ordinary constipation if one were eaten at each meal. Since he charged $5 for this recipe it ought to be good:

Bran Muffins.

Two cupfuls wheat bran, six teaspoonfuls molasses, one cupful graham flour and one-half cupful sour milk.

Mix thoroughly and bake in gem pans in a moderately hot oven twenty minutes. The recipe makes ten muffins.

Chicken King for Ten People

Remove the meat from a five-pound chicken which has been boiled and allowed to cool. Cut in small pieces.

One pound mushrooms, one small green pepper cut fine, one pint cream, one pound butter, three egg-yolks, one tablespoonful lemon juice, one tablespoonful onion juice, one-half teaspoonful paprika, salt to taste and three tablespoonfuls flour.

Melt the butter, add pepper and mushrooms and cook a few minutes, stirring constantly until the mushrooms are tender. Add flour and salt, mix thoroughly and cook until frothy. Now put the saucepan over hot water, add the chicken, cover and let stand until heated through. Beat together the egg yolks, lemon juice and paprika, stir into the chicken and cook until the whole is thick and creamy. Serve at once.

Oriental Eggplant Salad.

Peel a large eggplant, cut in small cubes, put in cold salted water and bring to the boiling point.

Pour off this water and add fresh cold water with a little salt in it and boil till the eggplant is tender and is easily pierced with a fork. Drain and chill in the refrigerator.

Serve on crisp leaves of lettuce with French dressing to which has been added finely chopped onions and chives. It is also delicious served with tomato and mayonnaise.

Plum and Orange Conserve.

This conserve is picturesque as well as delicious. Choose large, red plums, sixty of them. Wash, stem and stone. Add the juice of three oranges to the plums and the yellow rinds cut in thin strips. To each pound of the orange and plum mixture add three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar. Cook down thick (for about two hours).

A One-Pot Dinner.

Cut a pound and a half of seckel pears in halves. Remove stems and seeds, but leave skins on. Add three-quarters of a pound of fresh, tender string beans cut in small pieces and one-half pound thinly sliced bacon. Cover with water and cook until tender. Then add about twelve small new potatoes (previously cooked with their packets on, then skinned), a little salt and pepper. Thicken the sauce with flour and butter rubbed together—about a tablespoonful and a half to one cupful of sauce.

Serve a light dessert with this—such as a water ice and wafers or cheese and coffee.

Uncooked Meat.

If uncooked meat is allowed to lie in its own juice it is likely to become tainted. It is wise to put it on a platter with a hollow centre that will hold the juice under the meat without touching it.

The Advertisements Are Source of Much Knowledge

By ROSE BERTIN.

WE OFTEN hear people say of someone else, "Oh, she reads everything in the papers," and then with a laugh, as if it were an unusual thing to do, "even the advertisements," and "even the advertisements" is the subject of my meanderings this week. Of course we all know that were it not for the advertisements the publishers could not give us such a volume of good reading matter as they do, but that's not my point. I want to talk about what advertisements mean to the "shut-ins," among whom there are many omnivorous readers of advertisements as well as the letterpress. To these the advertisements in daily, weekly and monthly publications are a great source of pleasure as well as knowledge. I once knew a lady who rarely ever left her own home, and yet she knew about all the new inventions, could discuss them intelligently, knew all about the best cosmetics, although she used few of them, knew about materials and fashions—in fact, she was one of the most up-to-date women you would want to meet, and much of her knowledge was obtained from reading the advertising as well as the other pages of the publications that came to her home.

I know another who, while not exactly a "shut-in," rarely actually goes to the shops to do her marketing and other purchasing, yet she is one of the best shoppers you could imagine, because she scans the advertising pages of her pet periodicals systematically. She takes her catalogues, time-tables and advertising columns as seriously as the dictionary, and expects them to be just as reliable, and as a rule they are.

Once I knew a young man who was marvelously well informed on all the latest heating devices, the newest automobile inventions, plumbing and various other things with which he had very little to do, and ragging him one day about all he knew of these things and where he found it out, he told me that he always bought the best magazines and found the advertising pages just as interesting as the fiction, special articles and other contents.

Now, the advertising manager of this paper didn't ask me to write this, but I have been rather surprised to find the highbrow attitude some people take towards the advertising columns, and having considerable respect for them myself, I thought I'd turn the searchlight on them from a different angle, and I'm sure the "shut-ins" and many others will agree that advertisements are not only informative but interesting as well, and if the publication they appear in is reliable, they are sure to be also.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Catarrh Of the Stomach Is Dangerous

"Thousands Have It and Don't Know It," Says Physician. Frequently Mistaken for Indigestion—How To Recognize and Treat.

"Thousands of people suffer more or less constantly from furred, coated tongue, bad breath, sour burning stomach, frequent vomiting, rumbling in stomach, bitter eructations, gas, wind, and stomach acidity, and call it indigestion when in reality their trouble is due to gastric catarrh of the stomach," writes a New York physician.

Catarrh of the stomach is dangerous because the mucous membrane lining of the stomach is thickened and a coating of phlegm covers the surface so that the digestive fluids cannot mix with the food and digest them. This condition soon breeds deadly disease in the fermented, unassimilated food. The blood is polluted and carries the infection throughout the body. Gastric ulcers are apt to form and frequently an ulcer is the first sign of a deadly cancer.

In catarrh of the stomach a good and safe treatment is to take before meals a teaspoonful of pure Bisurated Magnesia in half a glass of hot water as hot as you can comfortably drink it. The hot water washes the mucus from the stomach walls and draws the blood to the stomach while the bisurated magnesia is an excellent solvent for mucus and increases the efficiency of the hot water treatment. Moreover the Bisurated Magnesia will serve as a powerful but harmless antacid which will neutralize any excess hydrochloric acid that may be in your stomach and sweeten its food contents. Easy, natural digestion without distress of any kind should soon follow. Bisurated Magnesia is not a laxative, is harmless, pleasant and easy to take, and can be obtained from any local druggist. Don't confuse Bisurated Magnesia with other forms of magnesia, milks, citrates, etc., but get it in the pure bisurated form (powder or tablets), especially prepared for this purpose.

HOW TO SAVE WHEN SHOPPING

By RUTH LEIGH.

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

TRAVELING BAGS.

WHEN you are buying a suitcase and want a good, strong one, inquire as to the kind of body used in the making. (Body refers to the part over which the leather or other covering material is placed.) If you are told that the body is a three-ply basswood, you may know that you are getting the strongest wearing, most satisfactory base for any suitcase. Basswood is light and tough, so that it retains its shape no matter how the case is filled; it never bulges. You can tell a basswood foundation, as the corners are rounded. That is a good way to distinguish it.

Most of the popular-priced suitcases (and occasionally some of the expensive kind), have a tarboard foundation. Tarboard is a paper-like base that is made from paper waste and old tarred rope. The tar makes the base waterproof. Such a foundation is usually gray or red. A suitcase with a tarboard foundation is not so satisfactory, as it is inclined to bulge and eventually lose its shape.

The very cheap suitcases are made over pasteboard and fibre bodies, so that they give only a few months' wear and then must be discarded.

On the body or foundation of your suitcase depends the wearing qualities. It may be covered with a fine, high-grade leather, but if the body or frame is not firm the covering will make very little difference.

A suitcase is a thing which most of us desire for permanent use, so that is why it does not pay to choose an inferior material.

LIVER.

AS the experienced housekeeper knows, there is probably nothing in the butcher shop about which one needs to be more careful in buying than liver. You should be careful to determine that it is in a healthy condition, as it is an organ which is not infrequently diseased. You will recognize good liver by its clearness, smoothness and its absence of spots. Spots and streaks indicate a dangerous condition, and you should immediately reject such liver.

Most people prefer calf's liver, as it is more tender and delicate, but the liver from good beef is cheaper and very satisfactory. There is a great difference in it, however, some being hard and tough.

On the other hand, some housekeepers prefer pig's liver. Of the three types calf's liver is usually the most expensive and the most palatable.

Kidneys are cooked by some housekeepers, although not so extensively as liver. They are stewed or braised. Calf's kidneys are preferred, next lamb's, mutton and beef. Usually they weigh about two pounds.

Beef heart is another economical and palatable meat. It is quite solid, and a good-sized heart is often enough for fourteen people. If you have some left, it is very good served cold for breakfast.

Fashion's Forecast

Annabel Worthington



No. 8288. These pajamas will be found a most comfortable sleeping garment for either small boy or girl. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material with ¼ yard 12-inch contrasting for collar.

No. 1358. A lovely model is here shown for your new fall day-time frock. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material.

No. 1343. One of the best apron styles ever designed, for it is so simple, yet attractive. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material and 8½ yards binding.

No. 1439. Bloomers for the young girl have become very popular. Sometimes they are made of the same material as the dress and worn instead of petticoats, and when they are made of serge they are worn with a middy in the gym. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yards 36-inch material for bloomers and ½ yard 36-inch material for underwaist.

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.

Surpassing

all others in Delicacy and Fragrance.

"SALADA" TEA

SEALED PACKETS ONLY EVERY LEAF PURE

MY CHINESE MARRIAGE

Continued from Page Six.

ed his hand. I felt that he was interpreting me in the light of all she had told him, that his cordial handclasp and kindly words of welcome were his ratification of the judgment. Then, with a courtly gesture, he assigned me to his lately occupied chair beside Mother, while he and Chan-King took seats together opposite us. Mother smiled into my eyes with her happiest expression. I felt that Chan-King's background was complete. Long before, I had conceived of it as harsh and threatening, but I had now proved it to be wholly kind and protecting. At my recent fear of this last test I wondered and smiled.

Father was much gratified at finding his grandsons able to converse fluently in his native speech. He would gather them all about him for an hour at a time, asking questions to test their practical knowledge, or telling stories to amuse them. Alicia also delighted him. At simple Chinese commands, she would now clasp her hands or fold them and bow profoundly. Mother was very proud of her wee granddaughter and would often say, "She is just as Chan-King was at her age!" And her husband would invariably assent with an indulgent smile. There existed between these two—conservative types though they were—an evidence of mutual affection and respect, of real companionship, that touched me profoundly. I was glad that Father was to be with Mother when Chan-King and I took ourselves and our three children from the home where, according to the old Chinese custom, we all rightfully belonged.

The question of leaving one or more of our children there for a time was discussed one afternoon later.

"Under ordinary circumstances," said Father to Chan-King, "you would go alone, as your brother does, leaving your entire family with us. At the very least, you would allow one child to remain in your stead. But, of course, your mother and I understand that these are not ordinary circumstances. Your wife is an American. She has been considerate of our point of view in many ways—more than we expected—and in this matter we do not fail to consider hers, which is no doubt your own as well. We understand that according to the American view the children belong with their parents, always. We cannot, of course, deny your right to this manner of living. But we want you to feel that, if you can leave even one child with us, we shall be very happy. You understand what protection and care will be given it."

For a moment there was silence. My heart was very full, and, even had it been my place to speak, I should have been unable to do so. Mentally I pictured Mother's loneliness at losing so many of her children. Vainly I tried to imagine our home in America with even one small face missing. I watched my husband, noted the tiny traces of conflict in his face, impassive perhaps to the casual glance. At last he spoke.

"Father, Mother," he began earnestly, "we do indeed appreciate your great kindness and generosity. You will understand that, just as you understand most truly our situation. We know that here with you our children would have many advantages that we, perhaps, cannot give them. But which one could we leave to enjoy those advantages? Not Wilfred, for he is our eldest son, on whom we place great dependence. And Alfred—of us all he seems less fitted for the southern climate. The Summer heat has left him a little pale and listless. He needs the sea voyage. As for Alicia, she is the baby, and our only daughter. Do not think us unmindful of all you have done. But I fear we should not know how to make our home without our children."

After all, it was evidently not unexpected. They shook their heads a trifle ruefully at each other and then smiled.

"Very well," Father assented. "But this you must promise; that at intervals, whenever your work permits, you will come back—all of you—and spend a year with us again. Do not let the children forget us nor their Chinese speech. In four years, at most, all come back together."

We promised readily, Mother and I repeating the phrase to each other, "In four more years, all come back together." Our eyes were full of tears.

That night I said to my husband, "We should have left one of them."

But Chan-King was a clearer thinker, just then, and knew the truth of this situation better than I did. "Which one?" he asked me, significantly, in a tone that made me see the essential hollowness of my protest.

On the Sunday before our ship sailed, Chan-King and I bade farewell to China. In company with our parents and many other relatives we walked to the top of a very high hill, where an old temple, which commanded a magnificent view for miles around, crouched contentedly among the rocks, in the gray sunshine. It was a temple of the three religions, with huge stone images of Confucius, Buddha and Lao-tse grouped in its outer court. Together, Chan-King and I climbed to the crest of the terraced rock. I looked about me, down upon the proud, bright little village, alert and colorful on the hillside, upon the scattering fertile patches in the midst of the barren mountains where tigers build their lairs. The eternal hills swept the lowering, clouded skies, rolling away from us, silent, shadow-filled. A surging love of the very soil under my feet, a clinging to the earth of China, overwhelmed me. I wished to kneel down and kiss that beloved dust. "Oh, Chan-King," I said, shaking with emotion, "This is home! I wish we were not leaving, even for a day!"

"We will come again soon," he said, in Chinese, "and we will live here when we are old."

That evening we sat together in the quiet garden. From Mother's apartment came the sound of her young nephew's voice as he chanted his morrow's lessons. We heard the subdued merriment of two little maids, teasing each other in the hall beyond. Along the outer path a sedan-chair passed with rhythmic sway, the bamboo supports creaking a soft accompaniment to the pad-pad of the bearer's sandaled feet.

From varying distances came the clang of a brass gong, shuddering on the stillness, the staccato sound of slender bamboo sticks shaken together in a cylindrical box, the measured beat of a small drum-rattle, as the different street venders announced their wares. Over the hills, now purple in twilight, the round moon swung leisurely into the violet sky. Strange breaths of incense wafted about us. The sea-breeze stirred the branches of a nearby dragon's-eye tree, where the ripening fruit-balls tapped gently against each other like little swaying lanterns. For long moments we sat in silence, with clasped hands.

Out of that silence my husband spoke softly, words I had long yearned to hear: "Absence, Margaret, teaches many things. Once it showed you your own heart. This time it has taught me to believe with you in the immortality of love like ours. Physically, we may be separated at times, but mentally, spiritually, you and I are one for all eternity."

The moon rose higher, perfect, even as our love.

A few days later we left behind the great river and sailed for America. The rest may be told in a few words, for after all, no words could adequately tell it. A week after our arrival in America, Chan-King was stricken with influenza. For several years he had been in the shadow of a slow illness, but with stout resistance and such bouyant recurring periods of good health that we had for a time almost forgotten that early and sinister threat. But those years of struggle were all thrown into the balance against him when the decisive hour came. After six days, he died. Quietly, with terrible implacability, death closed over him. We feared a sudden end, it is true, but were still incredulous of such a calamity. We gave each other what assurance we could: our ultimate farewells were simple renewals of faith, a firmer tightening of our hands for our walk in darkness. "Of all the world, you are my love," he said, many times. "More than any one else you have understood, you have been unfailing—you have been my wife." And almost as he spoke, my arms held no longer my living beloved, but only the clay where his spirit had been and would come no more.

So, by the visible evidences, my history is finished. But it has begun anew for me, not as I wished, not as I hoped, but on a level that I can endure. For I have my children and my memories and my home in China which waits with the gentle healing of sight and sound and place . . . and I have learned that in love, and only in love, we can wring spiritual victory out of this defeat of the body.

THE END.

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made.

Here's an easy way to save $2, and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for $2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

BY JANE DOE

Girls Who Spoil Their Chances.

I ALWAYS wondered why the Blank-Dash love affair never came to anything. He was charming, but poor; she was a city stenographer, also poor, but very sweet.

When she married someone else I asked him to tell me. This is all he said: "Oh, she was the kind of girl who demands a lobster and champagne standard regardless of a fellow's cold-mutton pocketbook. She was too greedy for me. I couldn't keep up with it."

* * *

She sat in the park on Easter Sunday with a man friend, watching the gay parade. She was very smart and attractive, and everyone stared.

But after a while I noticed they also smiled a little, and on passing her by discovered the reason for the attention she was drawing to herself. She was showing far too much silk stocking to be delicate, and she could not have been entirely oblivious of the fact, either.

* * *

She held the centre of the stage at the tea-party. That is, she did all the talking. But she was amusing because, being all "hens," we didn't take her too seriously.

But when two men came in, one of whom happened to be interested in her, she still rattled on about the numberless boys she was corresponding with, and various others who positively "adored" her. And the man who rather liked her got glummer and glummer.

* * *

She worked in a university city, and was jolly and pleasant to the boys and had a rare fund of humor. One by one her colleagues acquired the plain gold ring and the man that goes with it. She wondered why no one ever asked her.

A frank friend told her why: "You're too fond of using paint and powder. Men don't like to be seen out with a girl who draws unwelcome attention. And you do draw the stares, my dear."

* * *

A friend of mine had a girl pal. She also had a brother. Girl pal fell desperately in love, and didn't have sense enough to keep it quiet. Ran after him until he got fed up, and kept out of reach of her blandishments.

My friend told her how silly she was, and reminded her that the girl who throws herself at a man's head doesn't always reach his heart.

* * *

She was always so charmingly dressed. And men liked to take her about because some of her glory got reflected on them, and most men adore pretty clothes on a pretty wearer.

But the man who cared for her hesitated. He said he wanted something more than an animated wardrobe, and at the rate she dressed he would only be able to keep her in white kid gloves and hats.

A Bride From the Factory.

THE airs assumed by some people about the make a will disposing of their earthly fortunes always annoy me.

They're so impertinent.

And I've never quite understood why the possession of a few thousands gives folks the right to scratch the face of posterity, snub its dreams and otherwise make nuisances of themselves long after they should be decently buried and at rest.

Mean with their money in life (else why is there so much to leave?), they go on being mean in death.

I suppose, however, they have a right to do as they will with their own, but it's a great pity (for them) they can't take it with them.

Some dead men's shoes must pinch like the devil.

Having made my opening speech, we will now proceed to unveil the memorial or will of a certain deceased factory owner which gave rise to these remarks.

There is no need to quote it all, the following clause being quite sufficient to show which way the wind—the ill-wind—blows:

"A son shall not benefit if he has intermarried with any person who shall at my decease be or have been at any time employed as an operative by the company."

In plain words:

No factory girls need apply for the hand, heart, pocketbook, name and other worldly goods, including "for better and for worse," of any of the loving gentleman's heirs.

Dear, dear.

And we should worry and get ourselves wrinkles.

It's their funeral—not ours.

And I see the clause is explained by the fact that at one time one of the gentleman's sons was keeping company with a girl working in his father's mill.

Which shows you he had better taste than his pa.

Good luck to him.

From what I know of the factory girl she's all right, and a fit enough bride for any man she cares to cotton to.

There's not a woman in the land who can touch her for her uncommon common sense, her grit, her pluck, her indomitable fortitude in the face of hard times, and her capacity for unremitting toil.

My advice to the heir of a factory fortune who is face to face with a clause like that is to forget it and marry the factory girl of his heart.

If he is lucky enough to possess one.

And she, being the right sort, will soon be showing him the way to a fortune on his own account—always providing he's the right sort.

Just as hundreds of her kind and calling have done before her—to this country's fame and glory!

If he builds his love-nest in the heart of a bonny sensible factory girl he will be laying up real treasure for himself while he lives.

And what is ever so much better in every way than any sort of treasure he may accumulate and leave behind him when he's dead.

Wanted—A Mistress.

WHO will arrange meals so that I have a little peace and quiet on Sundays, instead of having to spend all the morning cooking the dinner, and all the afternoon clearing it away.

Who will invest in all the labor-saving devices she can afford, and do her best to ensure that no unnecessary task is given me just to keep me busy.

Who won't, when I cook the ducks the master shot, expect me to dine off a boiled egg.

Who won't, on the days she elects to make a special cake, dirty every blessed thing in the kitchen and then leave me to do the baking of it after all.

Who will be considerate and give me more than half a second's notice when she wants me to lay down the scrub brush for the hooks and eyes of her afternoon visiting gown.

Who won't permit the children to cheek me, or expect me to submit dumbly (and spanklessly) to their tantrums.

Who will remember that there are days when I, too, feel as if I could do with a week in bed, and let me slack within reason when those times come.

Who won't make me feel a criminal when I am compelled to take to my bed with the 'flu or a bilious attack, and let me find a turned-upside-down kitchen when I get up again.

Who won't send me out for a stamp or a jar of pickles just when I have got my shoes off and am enjoying a little respite from work.

Who will give me an armchair in the kitchen, the daily paper to look at (same day), and the right to enjoy my meals in complete peace.

Who won't object to my going to the pictures in the evenings after my work is done, and who won't get hysterical if I want to run out and post an important (to me) letter during the day.

Who will not insist on my doing a whole day's work before lunch on my day out and washing up when I get back.

Who won't forget that she was once a girl herself, and that Love's young dream comes alike to maidens of all ranks of life.

Who will do her best to study me as I shall do my utmost to study her; who will see that I get a certain amount of leisure and time to myself; who won't want me to get up at a phenomenally early hour; and, above all, who will always remember that I am a human being, and not a time-and labor-saving device only.

PAGES FROM A SKETCH BOOK By Lou Skuce.



THE VANQUISHING OF NANCY

By M. McCULLOCH-WILIAMS.

"YOU'D love me if I were a pie,
For my syrup and eke for my crust.
Therefore, sir, I'm asking you why,
You are raising this terrible dust?"

Thus Nancy improvised, her head the least bit aside, her eyes dancing wickedly at sight of Lauren, most abject of all her thralls. He stood half-way betwixt the door and window seat, his mouth mutinous, his eyes glowery. A letter had preceded him—the kind of letter jealousy writes and seals with a threat. Lauren had indeed threatened the empress of his heart that unless she ceased aspiration for universal masculine dominion, he was going to cut and run for it—she could take him, else have him leave her for good and always.

He had thought he really meant it—but all the way to the Fitch place he had been in blue funk, fearing she might also think so. Suppose she should take him at his word, give back his ring and plunge ever more badly into a sea of summer flirtations? That would be hard—she was already hitting on all six cylinders that way, according to the gossip of Plainhill. A select suburb, home of famiies, naturally it disapproved of their being put out of court by an upstart without a single accomplishment.

True, Nancy danced like a willow in the wind, but never bothered as to steps. She rode in any old costume she happened to be wearing, played golf with as little regard to sartorial requirements, and at auction "bid her hand" without regard for anybody's rules or signals. Also and further, she called sports clothes loud, even vulgar, flip hats messy and beady things savage. Notwithstanding, she managed to look always like a picture, and to have all the most eligible beaus at her beck and call. Aggravating, considering her status as an accident. If the street had not got most of the Jennings money, Nancy and obedient granny would never have had a chance to snap up the Jennings cottage for a year.

The rector had vouched for them—a work of supererogation considering their bank account. Its lustihood possibly made them so little of sticklers for the social mint, anise and cummin. Granny's world beginning and ending in Nancy, yet in its kindly round embraced all who were in need of kindness. Still, she wouldn't join things—not the village improvement, the special Provident, the mothers' circle, nor even the library association. "We shall stay only until Nancy gets to wanting somewhere else," she explained. "Of course, we'll do our part—but as outsiders—then there won't be any trouble leaving."

That had been lived up to. Her gardener had furnished plants for all the gardens whose owners lacked wherewithal to buy them—by help of the rector she was a very special individual providence—new babies might have howled down blessing on her gray head, so soft and plenteous were the layettes she supplied. The Fitches had brought books aplenty—they bought few new ones, so had evidently none to spare. If Nancy wanted to dip into the latest sensation it was sent her from some city agency under special contract. Granny read little beyond her Bible, prayer book, and the morning paper. The paper kept her from stagnating, she said. What more could an old woman desire?

She stopped midway the heavy leader she was conscientiously wading through to ask plaintively: "Laury, do you know anything about stocks? Or bucket shops?"

"Enough to let them alone," Laury growled, glad deep down of the stay in his progress Nancyward.

Nancy sat up very straight, saying primly to Granny: "Don't tempt innocence, Grannykins. I know you're a born gambler at heart; it's your head that won't let you play the market. Everybody hasn't got such a head. Take care to set a proper example."

"Now, ain't that Satin reproving sin? Laury, she has bought herself another bracelet, with her winnings at the Eton bridge last week," Granny complained.

Lauren looked relieved—Nancy made a face at granny. "I'm glad to know," he said, "been wondering where it came from since yesterday—"

"And thinking it came by the Ben-Bob Bobo route," Nancy broke in. "Be ashamed of yourself for a silly-kin—as though I'd wear any trumpery thing you idiots here would choose."

"Even a ring? Like this?" Laury questioned, moving close enough to drop a fine plain small box in Nancy's lap. She opened it gingerly, took out what it held, but did not slip it upon her dimpled finger—instead, held it up so the light, winking through its thready gold, struck rainbows from the two diamonds of clearest water, set delicately at the ends of the gold thread. After a long look she said softly, "Apologies, Laury. The ring is inspired. Where, oh, where did you find it?"

"Didn't find it—had it made to order—my own design." Laury stammered, then suddenly: "But it is inspired—by you."

"Well said! Well done, young sir!" Nancy countered in her most sparkling, elderly manner. "What a pity you have forsworn me. I wonder what you will do with it?"

"Throw it in the river—unless I can put it where it belongs," Laury cried, catching her hand and trying to unclinch it. The fingers, strong, struggle. He smiled at her silently—his eyes saying for his lips: "Don't you see I can't?" The look made Nancy furious—it was so near to upsetting her determination. He ought by rights to rage at her—then she could flout and deny him to her wicked vanity's full content. She had no thought of letting him go free—then nor ever. But neither for all their dimples, balked him; nothing short of violence would suffice to straighten them. Swiftly he knelt and covered them with kisses. Nancy tried to snatch her hand away but Laury held it with a firm, gently varying clasp that yielded without loosing.

"Let go my hand," she said imperatively after a minute of tacit struggle.

He did nothing of the sort. Instead, he rose slowly to full height—6 foot 2, one hand still holding hers, the other stretched protectingy around her, the emblem and sign manual of loving strength. "You are the very best girl in all the world," he said. "Trouble is you need such a lot of making. Because I've shown myself all sorts of a fool, you've no heed to try matching me. There! That's better—why, the ring fits perfectly," slipping it in place upon the member she had involuntarily unflexed, and again lifting it to his lips. A move that cost him something—namely, a hard sidewise blow that gashed his cheek with a point of the diamond nearest. Blood spurted from the slash, spotting Nancy's white frock, even staining her furious fingers.

Sight of it turned her white, sick, faint—she would have sunk to the floor but for his compelling hand. He felt her breast heave, saw tears gather and fall, heard Granny cry out in alarm—then the world went black for him also; he barely managed to stumble toward the davenport and fall rather than sit down. But the blackness lightened at Nancy's cry: "Laury! I—I hurt you—but hurt myself—worse," as she stanched the red flow with her soft handkerchief over while she pressed her softer lips.

HEALTHY CHILDREN ALWAYS SLEEP WELL

The healthy child sleeps well and during its waking hours is never cross but always happy and laughing. It is only the sickly child that is cross and peevish. Mothers, if your children do not sleep well; if they are cross and cry a great deal, give them Baby's Own Tablets and they will soon be well and happy again. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, banish constipation, colic and indigestion, and promote healthful sleep. They are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates and may be given to the new-born babe with perfect safety. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CAMPBELL'S

REDUCTIONS ON FUR COATS

Owing to the weather conditions of the past few weeks, we are offering a number of handsome models in Hudson Seal, Persian Lamb, Muskrat and Raccoon at extraordinary reductions—actually at makers' prices.

See Window Display.

CAMPBELL WOMENS WEAR
LIMITED

Phone Adel. 5295. 124 Dundas St. W., off Bay St.

MANY TROUBLES COME THROUGH THE BLOOD

If Kept Rich and Red Good Health Will be Yours.

Nearly all the common diseases are caused by bad blood, weak, watery blood poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the cause of headaches and backaches, lumbago and rheumatism, delibity and indigestion, neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve troubles. It is bad blood that causes disfiguring skin diseases like eczema and salt rheum, pimples and eruptions. The severity of the trouble indicates how impure the blood is, and it goes always from bad to worse unless steps are promptly taken to enrich and purify the blood. There is no use trying a different medicine for each trouble, for they all come through the one cause—bad blood. In conditions of this kind Dr. Williams Pink Pills have been found very beneficial, as they have a direct action on the blood, enriching and purifying it. That is why this medicine is so often successful, after other remedies have failed—they reach the root of the trouble in the blood. Mr. Albert E. Giffin, Mount Pleasant, P.E.I., tells what these pills did for him. He says:—"Some months ago I was in a badly run-down condition. My blood was poor, I had no appetite and my work left me completely tired out. I fell off in weight, was altogether in a miserable condition. I was taking medicine, but it was not doing me any good. At this stage a friend who had used Dr. Williams Pink Pills with beneficial results, advised me to take them, and acting on his advice I did so. The result can be summed up in a few words: I took the pills for a little more than a month, when I can honestly say I never felt better in my life. I can now eat a hearty meal, do my work with comparative ease, and have gained in weight. I advise weak, run-down people to give these pills a fair trial."

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

DYE SWEATER, SKIRT, DRESS STOCKINGS OR DRAPERIES IN "DIAMOND DYES"

Buy "Diamond Dyes" and follow the simple directions in every package. Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Worn, faded dresses, skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything, become like new again. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

SEASONABLE RECIPES FOR EVERYDAY LIVING

BY JOHANNA FARRAND.

(Copyrighted.)

All measures are level.
The half-pint cup is used.

A GOOD soup is a test of any cook's ability, and yet the underlying principle of soupmaking is very simple—the extraction of the soluble substances by long, slow cooking. Meat, fat, bones, seasonings, water and vegetables are necessary. All must be clean, likewise the soup pot. Meat is cut in small pieces to expose as much surface as possible to the water; bones should be cracked and broken for the same reason. Seasonings are added carefully, and the best flavor is obtained from vegetables, if the vegetables are added, in small pieces, about one hour before the soup is strained. The quantity of water depends upon amount of meat and bone used—three cups of water to one pound of meat and bone gives one pint of strong broth. The water is added cold and the whole should stand one hour, then heat quickly to boiling, reduce to simmering and cook slowly about six hours, the pot being covered. Then strain into another pot and the fat forms an excellent seal for an excellent pot of stock.

Vegetable Soup.

1 quart stock,
¼ cup rice,
1 carrot,
1 potato,
1 onion,
Piece of turnip,
1 cup tomato pulp,
½ teaspoon salt,
1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Put stock on to boil, add washed rice, then prepare vegetables. Wash and scrape or pare, cut carrot, onion and turnip in dice, cut potato in half-inch cubes, add to stock with tomato and salt, boil gently for 30 minutes, keeping quantity of liquid up to original amount. Just before serving add parsley. This will serve eight.

Delicate Apple Pudding.

¼ cup butter,
1 cup sugar,
3 eggs,
8 tart apples,
Rind of 1 orange,
Nutmeg.

Butter a shallow pyrex dish. Cream the butter in bowl, add sugar, then egg yolks, beat well, add apples, pared and chopped, also orange rind and nutmeg. Mix, then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into bake dish. Sprinkle top with sugar and nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven about ½ hour. Serve hot or cold with grape jelly.

Soft Gingerbread.

½ cup butter,
1 cup brown sugar,
2 eggs,
¾ cup molasses,
½ cup milk,
2½ cups flour,
2 teaspoons baking powder,
½ teaspoon salt,
½ teaspoon soda,
2 teaspoons ginger,
½ teaspoon mace,
½ teaspoon cloves.

Butter 18 small pans or a shallow baking pan. Cream butter in bowl, rub in the sugar, add eggs well beaten. Measure and mix flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices, measure molasses, add to egg mixture with small quantity of flour, beat well, rinse cup with milk, add milk to egg mixture little by little with flour. Beat the whole well and bake in a moderate oven—small cakes about 20 minutes, large cake 35 to 40 minutes.

Dressed Beef Heart.

Wash heart thoroughly in cold water, remove veins and arteries and fill cavity with a dressing made of

½ cup dry bread,
1 slice chopped onion,
½ teaspoon Summer savory,
½ teaspoon salt,
Speck pepper,
1 tablespoon butter.

Soak bread in cold water, then squeeze dry, add seasonings. Mix well and put in cavity. Pull edges together, fasten with wooden skewers. Peel, slice and cook one onion in 2 tablespoons of dripping in deep granite bowl, brown heart in the fat, then half fill dish with boiling water. Bake heart 1 hour, basting with water often. Place heart on small warm platter, thicken water in bowl with 1 tablespoon flour mixed to a paste with 2 tablespoons cold water, serve as gravy.

Beef Stock.

1 shin of beef,
1 shank of veal,
1 slice of bacon,
1 tablespoon butter,
2 onions,
2 blades mace,
6 cloves,
6 whole peppers,
1 bay leaf,
1 tablespoon salt,
Cold water to cover.
2 carrots,
Outside leaves of celery,
Paring of red apple,
Parsley.

Have the pieces of bone well broken, wipe off with damp cloth, cut off meat and cut in cubes. Put bacon, butter and onions in soup kettle, add half of meat and toss till well browned; remove from fire, add remainder of meat, bones, spices and salt, cover well with cold water. Let stand 1 hour. Then heat to boiling, reduce heat and simmer for 6 hours, adding vegetables 1 hour before straining. Keep kettle covered. Strain into another kettle and use as desired, boiling original quantity each time cake of fat is broken.

Baked Cabbage.

1 cabbage (medium size),
1 tablespoon butter,
1 slice onion,
½ teaspoon salt,
¼ teaspoon pepper,
½ teaspoon sugar,
½ teaspoon mustard,
1 tablespoon vinegar,
½ cup water.

Cut cabbage in quarters, soak in cold salt water ½ hour, then shake dry, remove tough stalk and cut in coarse shreds. Melt butter in bake dish, cook onion in butter, then add cabbage and seasonings mixed with water. Cover dish well, bake in a moderate oven ¾ hour, stir occasionally, add water sparingly. This may be baked at same time as beef heart.

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HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

A Fish Hint.

Never put the fish in the kettle and pour boiling water over it, as this will break the skin. Lower the fish into the water.

Lighter Cake.

Cake will be softer and lighter and have a better texture if the batter is allowed to stand a while before baking.

To Serve With Salad.

A pretty touch is added to the salad course if cream cheese is shaped into small balls and then rolled in paprika until thoroughly covered.

Tender Cabbage.

When cooking cabbage or Brussels sprouts, be sure to remove all yellow and outside leaves and stalks before boiling. Leave the lid off to preserve the color.

What Would You Give For Good Eyesight?

City Physician Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight as Much as 50% in a Week's Time in Many Cases by a Simple Home Treatment.

Dr. Judkins, former Chief of Clinics at the Union General Hospital, Boston, Mass., and House Surgeon at the New England Eye and Ear Infirmary, says: "I have found oculists too prone to operate and opticians too willing to prescribe glasses, while neglecting the simple formulas which form the basis of the Bon-Opto home treatment for the eyes. I am thoroughly convinced from my own experience with Bon-Opto that it will strengthen eyesight at least 50% in one week's time in many instances." Dr. Judkins' statement will bring hope to thousands of victims of eye-strain and other eye-weaknesses, as well as to many who wear glasses because of weak eyes and defective vision. Many whose eyes were failing report remarkable results from the use of Bon-Opto.

One man says: "I was almost blind—could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without my glasses and my eyes do not hurt any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me."

A lady who used Bon-Opto says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using Bon-Opto for fifteen days everything seems cleatr. I can read even fine print without glasses.' Another who used it says: "I was bothered with eyestrain caused by overworked, tired eyes, which caused violent headaches. I have worn glasses for several years both for distance and close work and without them I could not read my own name on an envelope, or the typewriting on the machine before me. I can do both now and have discarded my long distance glasses altogether. I can count the fluttering leaves on the trees across the street, now, which for several years looked like a dim blur to me. I cannot express my joy for what Bon-Opto has done for me."

It is believed that thousands who wear glasses will be able to discard them in a reasonable time and others will be able to strengthen their eyes and be spared the trouble and expense of getting glasses. If you have trouble with your eyes and want relief, go to any drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet into a fourth of a glass of water; with the liquid bathe the eyes as directed. You will notice your eyes clear up right from the start and inflammation and redness will quickly disappear. If your eyes bother you even a little it is your duty to care for them now before it is too late. Many now hopelessly blind might have saved their sight if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: A prominent physician to whom the above was shown, said: "Yes, Bon-Opto is truly a wonderful eye remedy. Its ingredients are well known to eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. I have used it very successfully in my own practice on patients whose eyes were strained through overwork or misfit glasses. It is a preparation I feel should be kept on hand for daily use in every family." Bon-Opto is not a secret remedy or a patent medicine. It is an ethical preparation, the formula of which is printed on the package. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50% in a week's time in many instances or your money will be refunded. Bon-Opto is sold by all good druggists.

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EDITORIAL

OXFORD VS. BATES

Bates has beaten Oxford. Which leads one to ask, What or who is Bates? Bates is the college that beat Oxford at debating. Further, Bates is in Maine and a "right smart college, too," judging by the thrilling score of the debate. The Bates team won by a two-to-one decision of the judges and a twelve-to-one decision of the audience. It should be explained that this was a Bates audience. Oxford invaded Bates and bally well got beaten, what!

Last year, it seems, Bates visited Oxford. Just why it was Bates and not Yale or Harvard that crossed the pond has not been disclosed. All true sons of Bates will explain that the Bates College team of Lewiston, Maine, were American champions at the debating game. From arid Maine to damp Oxford was as bad for Bates as the return journey proved to be for Oxford. Last year Bates lost.

All the world will now await a clash on neutral grounds. For this intellectual world's series some spot in the Atlantic will probably have to be selected. Oxford, if really anxious to win, will have to keep those twelve-to-one Bates rooters from chartering a special excursion ship for the contest.

As a matter of serious fact, all that the contests have disclosed is a great disparity in styles of debate. The Bates men rip out points with the staccato rapidity of a machine gun in order to pile up a mountain of counts. Meanwhile, the Oxonians contend conversationally and casually. The American style is that of the courtroom, the British that of the club or of Parliament. Oxford's style is not "inside ball" and Bates really, well, doncher know, it isn't cricket. So it is like comparing cucumbers and crank shafts, pleasing possibly but profitable—hardly.

FARM VILLAGES

"I like folks better than stumps." So said an Englishwoman who had returned to Toronto after a brief experience on an Ontario farm. Isolation is a great deterrent to pioneering. There is such a thing as the city mind, and most Anglo-Saxons are city-minded. They do not lack courage or fortitude. They will endure hardship in a shack on the outskirts of Toronto, but they simply must have neighbors or their souls starve.

How to settle Canada with Britons becomes under such conditions a problem. New Ontario is worse than the West to them, for one can at least see a shack or two across the prairie. In bush life, isolation seems to be inevitable, but is it? The French-Canadians who first settled in the Lower St. Lawrence Valley contrived to prevent isolation by building all houses along the river. Along the St. Lawrence in the Eastern counties of Ontario there are settlements where for miles the farm-houses are close enough to make a Rosedale street. The farms are mere ribbons in width and are difficult to work, but life is sociable.

Surely some means of grouping houses could be evolved for back country areas. If the four homesteaders on a 640 acre block in the clay belt of Northern Ontario could build their log houses near together, would not life be endurable for all but those who must have their movie show every night of the week?

THE UNCHANGING EAST

Some years ago an Ontario clergyman visiting in New Brunswick inadvertently mentioned that the then Minister of Railways had been one of his parishioners. Every Maritime Province eye in that drawing-room brightened and soon the guest was requested to use his "pull" to keep a certain summer train running in October. Only ten or twelve passengers were available and the loss of money to the country would be considerable, but that did not matter, oh no, not at all. The hosts were almost indignant when the visitor refused to have anything to do with such an idea.

The Great Eastern Railway policy of getting everything possible out of a long-suffering Dominion has at last been traced to its origins. A St. John, N.B., newspaper tells how a public meeting was held at St. Andrews, Charlotte County, on October 5, 1835, "to promote the desirable and splendid object of a railroad from St. Andrews to Quebec." Eighteen years later the first sod was turned on the New Brunswick and Canada Railway. There were great celebrations but apparently little concern with financing. Somebody would provide. It was a "desirable and splendid project" rather than a practical business undertaking. The foremost orator of the day, Hon. L. A. Wilmot, later a father of Confederation, made his reputation as 'spell-binder by a glowing 'spiel about railways, delivered at Portland, Maine, in 1850, on an occasion when even the newspaper reporters dropped their pencils, being either spell-bound or bored.

Ever since that period it has been suspected by the rest of Canada that railways to an Easterner mean hot air, brass bands, graft and pull. And, judging by the railways that Laurier built down East, the Great Eastern Railway policy has not altered since 1835.

GERMAN RELIGION

American Lutherans returning from Germany report a revival of interest in church matters in their Fatherland. The old Church of Luther has been disestablished by the republic and, curiously enough, the people are not following the lead of their Government in getting out of touch with the Church. But there are drawbacks.

In the Lutheran Church at Cottves, a city of 60,000 people, an American recently saw 1,500 persons in attendance. That was considered a large congregation for this generation. The offering that Sunday totalled 600 marks, or nearly $1, which was remarked publicly to be a very large sum. Without State aid, for the first time, the German Lutherans are slowly learning to give voluntarily. So serious had been the reaction against ecclesiastical taxes before the war that many had been renouncing their membership. Now membership is growing and the people are learning to run their own churches.

Later on the Germans will give better. For the present they are largely dependent on American aid. Those Americans who so liberally bought German marks during the past two years also sent enough money to Germany to keep their mother church and its missionary work alive. Even so it is a wealthy German congregation which pays its pastor more than $100 salary per year.

When the condition of the churches in Anglo-Saxon countries is compared with the German conditions it is easy to see that wartime charges of irreligion in Germany were hardly exaggerated.

Don Marquis . . Column . .

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Impressions of England.

WE have never been abroad; and it is quite possible that we may never go. But why should this keep us from writing our impressions of foreign countries? We will begin with England . . . with London.

* * *

THE Tower of London is just across the street from Westminster Abbey. Mr. Lytton Strachey, an emaciated person in a steel-gray dressing gown, sits behind the bars of an upper window in the Tower writing, writing very slowly and thoughtfully, with a long iron pen. From time to time Mr. Sartchey peers cautiously out of the window, observing with a frown a little group of persons who are standing on the front steps of the Abbey. Among these is Mr. Bernard Shaw; it is evident from Mr. Shaw's gestures and the laughter of his companions that Mr. Shaw is being very witty at the expense of the Abbey itself.—Mr. Strachey wishes he could hear; but he does not wish to be caught looking or listening.—The question in Mr. Strachey's mind is whether Mr. Shaw is sincere in what he is saying about the Abbey, or whether he does not really wish to be buried there, in spite of coming two or three times a week to idle about and spoof it.—It is at least very strange that he cannot keep away.

* * *

OPENING on the Embankment, between Temple Bar, where the head of Cromwell scowls down on the passersby, and the Houses of Parliament, is the Cheshire Cheese.—A nervous gentleman, with a neat beard and kindly eyes, is walking up and down in front of the Cheshire Cheese. He makes as if to enter and then is overcome by shyness and passes on. He does this again and again.

* * *

HE is dressed, the nervous gentleman, in the most faultless attire. As he takes off his silk hat to mop his perspiring brow we notice that there is a small golden crown, set with diamonds and rubies, inside the hat.—Presently he is joined by a Duke, whom we know to be a Duke because he is dressed exactly like a Duke in one of Shakespeare's plays.

* * *

"WHY is Your Majesty wearing your crown inside your hat, to-day?" the Duke asks the nervous gentleman.

"Your Grace," replies the King—for the nervous gentleman is none other, "I do not wish to appear ostentatious, especially before Mr. Chesterton."

* * *

"I DOUBT," says the Duke, "whether Mr. Chesterton will mind what you wear or how you wear it. Come, come, Your Majesty! You must control your shyness! Mr. Chesterton is a great man, and I am sure that he will put you at your ease at once!"

* * *

MR CHESTERTON himself appears at this instant in person at the door of the Cheshire Cheese. In one hand is a large pewter tankard of ale and in the other a ruddy mutton chop, which he is gnawing from the bone.

He recognizes the King at once, and waves genially with the tankard. The King blushes with pleasure, and Mr. Chesterton laughs uproariously when the Duke tells him of the King's embarrassment.

* * *

"WHY, Your Majesty," says Mr. Chesterton, reassuringly, "I would not be difficult with the lowliest member of the aristocracy." He pauses a moment, and then adds graciously: "Let alone yourself."—Then as a thought strikes him, he bursts into a second roar of laughter.—"Your Majesty," he says, "put that crown on your head and wear it openly. . . . Let the Duke carry your hat. Wells is here to-day, lunching with me, and I want to see his face when you come in and sit down with him with the crown on."

* * *

HOW Mr. Wells takes it we don't know. For we do not enter. Just then a fire engine passes through the street, the bells clanging, and Margot Asquith is galloping after it on an enormous bay horse, which hurdles motor cars and policemen and everything else that gets in the way. We follow Margot and the fire engine.

(To be Continued.)

Memoirs of Our Own Ex-Kaiser.

I HAVE already written how my sense of justice and love of all humanity impelled me to take up the cudgels for the workingmen of Germany in spite of the frequently unexpressed misunderstanding of Queen Victoria of England and Prince Bismarck, but I have not told you how my heart bled when I thought of the condition of the poor workingman in Serbia, France and other countries. Franz Josef of Austria was pious, tender-hearted, good and full of loving kindness, like myself, and I used to urge him to invade Serbia for the sake of the Serbian workingmen, but for many years he resisted me.

What he would not do for Serbia I determined that I would eventually do for France. Of course, Alsace-Lorraine had been united in loving and appreciative union with Germany before the throne was ascended by me, but such is the kindliness and generosity of my nature that I yearned to do for all of France what had been done by my noble Hohenzollern predecessors for Alsace-Lorraine.

(To Be Continued.)

Statistical.

IF all the boots of all the world
Were laid out leg to leg,
They would not be one-half enough
To hold the Anti-Dry Law stuff
By many a thousand keg.

Aunt Prue Is Busy on the Dressing Gown.

AUNT PRUDENCE HECKLEBURY is making the Slippers and Dressing Gown which she intends to present to Dr. Frank Crane, her Ideal Man, of a beautiful dove-colored material; the dove color being symbolical of purity and innocence.

She will be ready to sew in the first Motto in about a week; she is hesitating between several of them. We shall keep our readers advised, presenting the Mottoes as they go on.

Aunt Prudence is so enthusiastic that, in her mind's eye, she always sees the good doctor now in his Dressing Gown with the Mottoes on it. Perhaps his large and appreciative audience, as the months pass, will gradually come to see him that way, too.

A Communication From Archy the Cockroach.

in constantinople
it has been
a favorite sport
to take poor little
cockroaches and make
them race till
they fell exhausted
when i first heard of it
i said those turks
are not the right
sort of people
and recent events
have shown i was
right archy

FREQUENTLY, when an artist tells a lie about Nature, she becomes flattered and tries to live up to it.

The Fable of What Transpires After the Wind-Up

By GEORGE ADE

ONCE upon a time Ferdinand breathed right into Adele's translucent Listener those three Words which hold all Records as monosyllabic Trouble-Makers.

They have a harmless look on the Printed Page, but when pulled at the Psychological turn of the Road, they become the Funeral Knell of Bachelor Freedom and a Prelude to cutting the String on whatever has been put by.

The Serpent, operating in the guise of a Lover in a Serge Suit, has lured, cajoled, wheedled, and finessed until the poor trembling Child, only twenty-four years of Age, was alone with him in what the Landscaper had worked off on her Papa as a Formal Garden.

They stood clinched there in the dull Sunset Glow, with a Pergola for a Background. It was all very Belasco and in strict compliance with the League Rules laid down by W. Somerset Maugham.

According to the No. 3 Drama and every bright red Volume selling for $2.00 at a Department Store, this was

THE END.

The Curtain should begin to descend very slowly, with Ferdinand and Adele holding the Picture.

It seems, however, that they had not come to the real, sure-enough Finis. The Terminus was some distance down the Line.

The Curtain refused to fall.

"What is the idea?" asked Adele, somewhat perturbed. "We have hit the logical Climax of our Romance. As I understand it, we are now supposed to ascend in a Cloud and float through Ethereal Bliss for an indefinite Period."

Inside Stuff From Dearest Friend.

"Right-o!" said Fiance. "According to all the approved Dope, we are booked to live happily ever after."

Just then Her Best Friend came rapidly down the Gravel Walk with Anxiety stenciled on her Features.

The accepted Swain seemed to hear a low rumbling Wagnerian Effect from out the Clear Sky. In Music-Drama it is known as the Hammer Theme.

It is included in the Curriculum at every Fem Sem.

Ferdinand had a Hunch that somebody was getting ready to drop Cyanide of Potassium into his Cup of Joy.

"Oh, Adele!" said the Friend, just like that. "Oh, Adele, may I speak to you for a Mo-munt?"

Ferdinand made his Exit, much peeved, and the Friend expressed a Hope that she had arrived in time to throw the Switch and avert the Wrecking of a Life.

Far be it from her to Snitch, but it was her Duty to put Adele wise to whatever one was whispering Under Cover.

She had no absolute Proof that he had carried on with a Front Row Floss in Kitchener, but it was Common Talk that one of his Uncles had been a Regular at a Retreat where the Doctor shoots a Precious Metal into the Arm.

It would be terrible to marry someone and then find out that he Drank, the same as all the other Married Men.

Leaving Adele in a Deep Swoon, the true Friend hurried to the nearest Public 'Phone to spread the dismal Tidings.

In the meantime the elated Lover had loped all the way to the University Club to spring it on the Navajos and receive their Felicitations.

His Rapture had rendered him fairly incoherent, and he was gurgling like an after-dinner Percolator; but he finally made it evident that he had been Hooked.

A deep Silence ensued, most of those present looking out the Window at the passing Traffic.

Finally a Shell-Back, who had been leading a Life of Single Torment ever since Sumpter was fired upon, asked in a sepulchral Tone and without looking up from his Hand, "Has the Date been set?"

Ferdinand tried to tell them that he was going to the Altar and not to the Electric Chair, but he couldn't get a single Slap on the Back.

The only one envincing Interest was a He-Hen named Herbert, who took him into the Cloak-Room to plant a few Canadian Thistles in the Garden of Love.

Mr. Yes—But is Cautious in His Approval.

Herb said he had always liked the Girl, even if she had given a couple of his Best Pals the Willy-kathrow.

His Advice was to up and marry her before she had time to pull one of her temperamental Stunts and hand out the Rinkaboo.

Possibly if she could be weaned away from her eccentric Relations and governed with a Firm Hand she would turn out O.K.

Still, it was a tall Gamble. Under the Circumstances, he didn't see that there was anything for Ferdinand to do except mop up a few Drinks and hope for the Best.

When Ferdy looked at himself in the Mirror at Midnight, he didn't know whether he was Engaged or merely operating under a Suspended Sentence.

Next morning he had to bare his Soul to the Head of the Firm. This reversed Fluff should have been known as Mr. Yes-But.

He was strong for the Married State, but it was only advisable to have the Girl analyzed by a Chemist and passed upon by a Board of Experts before a Bid was submitted.

The Sunflower Paths of Dalliance were leading mostly to Reno, Nevada, and the Article commonly known as Love was merely a disinclination to continue eating Breakfast alone.

He said a Good Woman was a Jewel, but if one of them got a fair Run and Jump at a Check-Book she could put the National City Bank on the Hummer.

Probably it was all right to go ahead, and take the High Hurdle, but the percentage was against the Candidate, and the Cost of Living was never so altitudinous.

Ferdinand retired from the Royal Presence feeling that he had been duly authorized to walk a Tight Rope over Niagara Falls.

As soon as the Bride-Elect had taken enough Headache Powders to prepare her for the Ordeal, she sent for the Suspect to come up to the House and outline his Defense.

They put in a humid Evening. When the falling Tears had made the Drawing-Room too soppy for further use, they moved into the Hallway and he continued to think up Alibis.

Father Almost Tips His Hand.

At 11 P.M. he had explained Everything, repudiated many life-long Friendships, deodorized his College Career, flouted the Demon Rum, and resigned from all Clubs.

The Birds were singing up and down the Main Stairway and Grandfather's Clock played nothing but Mendelssohn.

She lay damply pillowed on his Bosom. He was intensely relieved and yet vaguely conscious of the Fact that she had beat him to it. There had been a General Settlement, and he had figured merely as a Supreme Goat.

In his anxiety to get the Kinks out of his own Record he had failed to hold her up for anything except a Pardon.

Before terminating the Peace Conference, it was suggested that inasmuch as everyone else in the World had been notified, probably it would be just as well to let her Male Parent in on the Secret. Not that Father is regarded as a Principal in the up-to-date Household. Still, he is useful as a Super.

The old Gentleman was so soft that he nearly tipped his Hand. He gave Ferdinand a regular Cigar and then stalled for about 30 Seconds before indicating a Willingness to sign any form of Contract.

He pulled the Old One to the effect that the House would not seem the same after Addie had gone away, meaning that Breakfast would be served in the Morning and the Night Shift abolished.

When Ferdinand got back to his room and counted up, he had to admit that Father was the only Outsider who seemed to be plugging for the Alliance.

But all petty Suspicions and unworthy Doubts flickered and disappeared when Nightfall came and Queenie was once more cuddled within the strong right Fin, naming over the Men that he mustn't speak to any more.

The Usual Compromise.

The course of True Love ran smooth for a couple of Days, and then came a letter from his People, expressing the hope that he had picked out a devout Unitarian. Otherwise the Progeny would start off under a terrible Handicap.

He knew that Adele favored the Suffrage Thing and that she had read a Book on how to recover from a Dance by lying down and giving a Recitation, but he never had suspected her of any real Religious Scruples.

Before he could tell her how the Little Ones had been predestined, she notified him that her kinsmen had been peering into the Future and that all the problematical Offspring had been put on the Waiting List at the First Baptist Church.

Here was a grand Opening for Ferdinand. He resolved to make a Stand and issue a ringing Ultimatum. He might as well tip it off to her and the whole Tribe that he was to be Caesar in his own Shack.

So he went up to her House ready to die in the last Ditch rather than yield to the advocates of Immersion. After viewing the Problem in all its Aspects, he and Honey compromised by deciding that the Bairns were to be Orthodox Baptists.

Having sponged every Blot from the Escutcheon and laid out the Labels for all Generations yet unborn, the incipient Benedick thought there would be nothing more to it except Holding Hands and watching the Calendar.

Just then a Dressmaker swooped down and stole away the Light of his Life.

Every time he went up to scratch on the Door and beg for a Kiss, a Strange Lady with Pins in her Mouth would come out and shoo him away, explaining that the Pearl of Womanhood was laid out in the Operating Room, being measured for something additional.

They Become As Strangers.

Occasionally he saw her, at one of the many Dinners decreed by Custom. They had to sit Miles apart, while some moss-grown Offshoot of the Family Tree rose and conquered his Asthma long enough to propose a Toast to the Bride.

What they really craved was a Dim Corner and a box of Candied Cherries.

The only Speeches they wished to hear could have been constructed out of the 40 words of Standard Baby Talk, comprising what is known as the Mush Vocabulary.

Yet they had to muster the same old property Smile every time that Charley Bromide or old Mr. Platitude lifted a shell of sparkling Vinegar and fervently exclaimed, "Thuh Bride."

Even after the Menu had been wrecked and the satiated Revelers had laboriously pried themselves away from the decorated Board, there was no escape.

The Women Folks led Adele away to some remote Apartment to sound a Few Warnings, while the Men sat around in the Blue Smoke and joshed Ferdinand to a fare-ye-well.

Each morning he found in his Mail a few Sealed Orders from Headquarters and about as many Stage Directions as would be required for putting on the Annual Show at the Hippodrome.

When he was not begging some one to come and Ush for him, he was either checking over the Glove List with a terrified Best Man or getting measured for a full layout of dark Livery that made him look like a refined Floor-Walker.

It seemed that Adele had a Step-Mother who had been crouched for Years waiting for a chance to bust into the Papers. Nothing would do her but a regular Phantasmagoria, with two Rings and an elevated Platform.

She wanted Ribbons down the Aisle and little Girls sprinkling Posies, a Concert Orchestra buried under the Palms, and a few extra Ministers of the Gospel just to dress the Pulpit.

To The Altar in An Ambulance.

Every superfluous Accessory devised by the Nerve Specialist and approved by the Court of Bankruptcy was woven into the Nuptial Circus when Ferdinand and Adele were made one and Unhookable.

The Rehearsals somewhat resemble the Moving Pictures of the Durbar at Delhi.

As a final Preparation for the Stupendous Pageant, the Groom sat up all night in the Dipsomania Club, watching the Head-Liners of the Blue Book demolish Glassware.

According to the dictates of Fashion, one who is about to assume the solemn Responsibilities of Matrimony should abstain from Slumber for a week, devoting the time thus saved to a full consideration of Food and Drink.

The Ambulance bore his Remains to the Church. A few faithful Hang-Overs lifted him through the Portals, with his Toes dragging somewhat in the Rear.

They propped him against a Pilaster and told him his Name and begged him not to weaken, no matter what the Preacher might put up to him.

Soon after he saw a Haggered Creature all fluffed about with White advancing unsteadily toward him. With the Make-Up, she did not look a Day over 47.

He did not hear any of the Service, but those who were more fortunate told him afterward that it was a very Pretty Wedding, and that the Presents they got were Simply Great.

MORAL: Too many Trained Nurses discommode Cupid.



"Occasionally he saw her at one of the many dinners—they had to sit miles apart."

THE MILL-RUN

W. H. HUDSON.

Birds, trees and flowers that are still untamed,
An autumn twilight by the woods or shore,
All open spaces, wild and unreclaimed,
Have lost some way the ancient glow that flamed
Since their lost mate and prophet comes no more.

Here was the spirit of all hills and plains,
The troubadour of wilderness and sky,
A wandering brother of the suns and rains
And all the winds that sang their far refrains
For him alone, before their last goodby.

And yet to-day he still is part of all,
One with the turf he loved that guards him still,
The stray, lost winds at dawn that come to call,
And each wild bird that sings by hedge or wall
Must know his spirit listens from the hill.

And some day when we've passed the outer gate
To find, at first, dim trails both strange and new,
What greater gain than hear him whisper, "Mate,
Before us now eternal spaces wait
Where we shall see the endless ages through."

—GRANTLAND RICE.

* * *

TO A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY.

(Who wrote asking us—No! as a matter of fact it was me!—for the names of some books she should read.)

Well, old dear, you will forgive us for making this semi-public use of your letter, because it seems to us that if we can give an answer helpful to you it may be useful to some others. And confronted suddenly with the reality, the need for a wise answer, instead of the opportunity for some fantastic speculations, which are more dear to the utterer of a column, we find ourself suddenly conservative and old-fashioned.

* * *

We cannot recommend to boys or girls anything but the old stuff—stuff that our fathers and grandfathers had recommended to them. There have been some great books written since Dickens, Scott and Thackeray, so many that even of those which we have read we might easily complete a column in their mere enumeration. Indeed our private belief is that this is the Golden Age of English fiction, and that the past half century has seen a greater glow in the heavens of English story-telling than all the centuries that preceeded it. But we scan the firmament in vain for the books written in the past thirty years which might do as much for the sixteen or eighteen-year-old flapper, as Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Eliot did for her grandparents.

* * *

THE GOLDEN BOOKS

Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies" is a book that every young person should read, because it is not only a masterpiece in itself but a guide to masterpieces, and the young need these guides quite as much as they would need a guide and catalogue in looking through a great art gallery. All of Stevenson and all of Kipling among the moderns can be recommended and most of it will be as agreeable to the eager, inexperienced palate of sixteen as to the jaundiced jowls of sixty. Jane Austin, George Eliot, Mary Wilkins Freeman have stood the test of many years, though they did not write especially for the young. Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" is as valuable a contribution to literature as Wells' "Outline of History" or Thompson's "Outline of Science," and it has the advantage of being written so that young people can understand what it is about . . . . Also, we are old-fashioned enough to say that by far the most interesting book ever written is the Bible, and no author of stories that ever we have heard of has approached the parable of the Prodigal Son or the story of Uriah the Hittite.

* * *

We were discussing with a very wise man the other day Alexander the Great, and the fact that he had the incalculable advantage of having as his tutor, Aristotle, one of the greatest of men, who could present to the young king all the wisdom of the past, and we remarked that few people after all lacked good advice, but the faith and force of character to act upon it. In the end Alexander went back on Aristotle, whom he failed to rate as highly as we in after centuries have rated him. We wonder, too, sometimes whether the progress of the world is due to the fact that a few do heed the wisdom of the past and somehow or other force or cajole the many to follow them, or whether it is due to the fact that the many refuse to follow.

* * *

In the matter of reading, however, the first essential of a book is that it shall be interesting, for if it is not interesting few will read it. If by chance it should prove a masterpiece, as, for instance, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," which only a few people have read, it will never have any general acceptance or influence unless those who have read it have the art of making the ideas it presents interesting to others. That is what has made Wells' "Outline of History" so important. That is what makes Henri Fabre so great a man, because he has the art of representing the ordinary life of a spider as thrilling as any detective story ever we read.

* * *

How to make a book interesting is a secret mastered by many but by us unplumbed, but we do know precisely how it comes that many books that should be of absorbing interest seem insipid and banal to the modern reader. Our young correspondent knows it too, for she says that if soon she does not get some good books to read the habit of reading magazines will have her in its grip. "I'll go on magazine reading all my life," she says, "and I certainly don't want to do that." We have no doubt at all that the magazines and the newspapers have done a great deal to destroy one's taste for enjoyment of the beautiful in literature, although they have done something to inculcate and direct it. But the safe thing to do is to stop reading magazines. Speaking generally we believe that a reader has to choose sometime or other between magazines and books, and while the average new book is probably no better than the average magazine, the reading habits are as different as the habit of taking a shot of heroin before bedtime and the habit of taking a glass of hot water before breakfast. The last may do you neither good nor harm, but the first is no such neutral.

* * *

So we suggest as a proper first step to reading some good books and getting from them the full nourishment they contain a swearing-off of magazines. It is like quitting condiments and spices until the appetite for plain food returns. Then when the normal hunger asserts itself we should mention "David Copperfield" and "Bleak House" and "Lorna Doone" and "Henry Esmond" and "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Ivanhoe" and "Adam Bede" and Thackeray's "Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" and Stevenson's "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," and of the men who are writing today, James Stephens' "Here Are Ladies" and "The Crock of Gold." If all of these or any of these can mould one's literary taste it will be moulded right; it will not yield again to the magazine bacillus, though one may later on confront the magazines in the moderate spirit of being able to take them or leave them alone, and we ourself take enjoyment in two or three magazines and three or four newspapers. So, to begin this cure we are mailing, before these lines will strike your astonished eyes, "Sesame and Lilies."

* * *

Great disasters may weaken one's faith in Almighty Providence, says Sinickle Snears, but they strengthen one's belief in humanity.

* * *

Generally the editors of the Smart Set, Messrs. George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, are in agreement, but we desire to submit these questions to them:

Do you think that because our copy of the October Smart Set omitted the usual and advertised theatrical article by Mr. Nathan we are entitled to a refund?

Or do you contend that because Mr. Mencken's article on books was printed twice, even if once upside down, the omission is atoned for?

——J. V. M.



The Children's Page



HELPERS' MAIL BOX
CONDUCTED BY AUNT ROSE

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—This is the last chance to enter the stamp contest. If you know anything about stamps at all I advise you to try for the stamp prizes offered, as they are certainly worth a good deal.

Next week I am considering starting a series of very short articles on story writing. How would my embryo authors and authoresses like that?

NEW MEMBERS.

Alice Fisher, Glenholme Ave., city, is a new member of Captain Catherine Fenn's. Why not write us a letter and let us know your number on Glenholme Avenue?

Janet Spratlen and Florence Spratlen, 76 Burgess Avenue, city, and George Vyles, 486 Pall Mall St., London, are all new members of Captain Ernest Johns.

Dorothy Woods, age 11, 269 Gerrard Street, city, would like very much to become a member under Edna Harper and would like some of the girls about her own age to write to her. She also sends some books for the "Corner" and five cents for the Fund. Thank you very much, Dorothy. I see you are going to be a good Helper. We have no rules that are very serious, except that all letters and stories to the Page must be written on one side of the paper only, and stories and poems, if you care to send in any, must be your very own work.

106 Spring St., Newport, Vermont.

Dear Aunt Rose: I would like to join your Helpers Club as a member of Major Hazel B. Dykeman, and I hope that I will be a good Helper. I live in Newport, a small city in the northeastern part of Vermont. Newport is a Summer resort and many people from all over the New England States and many other places come here to spend their Summer months. We are very proud of our lake. Lake Memphremagay is thirty miles in length and four miles wide in its widest part; it extends into Canada and therefore one-half of the lake is in the United States, while the other half is in Canada. There are many islands in the lake, cottages are seen on both sides of the lake and also on the islands. Many people camp in tents. Newport is a very young city, it became a city about five years ago, three towns uniting and therefore formed a city. The chief occupation here is railroading, although we have a number of mills and a few factories. The Canadian Pacific Railway meets the Boston and Maine Railroad here. We have very good times here during both Summer and Winter, but I much rather have Winter sports. Most any night during the Winter gay parties are seen going snowshoeing, skiing, skating or sliding. I would be pleased if some of the members will correspond with me. I will close now, although I could write for a long time about my State, but this will be all for this time.

Your loving niece to be,
Dorothy Hildreth.

I'm sure you will be a good Helper, Dorothy. I hope you will find it interesting.

Onondaga, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose: I have been reading your interesting Page for a long time all last Winter and Summer, but I dropped off reading it for we did not get it for a long time, but I want to join now. I wish I was in Toronto so I could see you. I want a badge. Enclosed find 10c for badge and 10c for the sick children. I wish some girls from 10 to 12 years to write to me. I will close now.

Your loving niece to be
Marion Deagle.

Thanks for the extra ten cents for the Fund, Marion.

Souris East, P.E.I.

Dear Aunt Rose: I have been reading the Children's Page for over a year, and I have decided to join as a member of Gertrude Jennings. I think the captain's badge is wonderful. I saw Gertrude's yesterday. I have one member, Mary M. McDonald. I would like to correspond with Helpers about 14 years old.

Your loving niece to be
Norma Cheverie.

If you would like a Helper's badge, Norma, they cost ten cents.

HELPERS' LETTERS.

102 Ivy Avenue, City, Oct. 4.

Dear Aunt Rose: Please find enclosed ($13.25) thirteen dollars and twenty-five cents for which Captain Dorothy Bruce Jaffray and my Brother Edgar Stirling Jaffray, also a member of the Children's Page, assisted by their play-mates, Josie Ward, Gladys Trunks, Ella Campbell, Overton Stevenson of the Children's Page are able to send you. Edgar and I held a bazaar at our home, 102 Ivy Avenue, for the incurable children and the enclosed money is the amount we took in. It is not as much as Edgar and I would have liked to make, but perhaps next time we might be able to get more. Wishing the Children's Page every success,

I remain your affectionate niece,
Captain Dorothy Bruce Jaffray.

I certainly want to thank you all, Dorothy and Edgar, Josie, Gladys, Ella and Overton! You did wonderfully and are true Helpers indeed.

Trenton, Ontario.

Dearest Aunty,—Your advice was quite alright regarding the story. I wrote it at night and was rather tired. I'll admit that I didn't take much pains with it. Three of my girl friends were here all afternoon. We played all sorts of games. I read "The Water Babies" a long time ago; it was real nice. I'm sending you a list of the books I like best. Do you like dancing, Aunty? I just love to dance. Mother has neuralgia of the teeth; it must be very painful. I'll be ever so glad when the snow and ice come; I love Winter. I'll close now, with oodles of love.

Kathlyn Lapointe.

Thanks so much for the 21 cents, Kathlyn. It was for the Fund, wasn't it? Thanks also for the list of books. Yes, I love dancing—what kind do you do?

360 Lippincott Street, Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—We were in quarantine for six weeks with scarlet fever, and later a Bible school took my attention for six weeks, and I've been going to write and going to write for a long time, till now I am writing.

Aunt Rose, do you think my little sister, Arline, could start the club? She is five years old.

Your loving niece,
Grace Nealy.

It would be quite all right for Arline to join, Grace, if she likes to have parts of the Page read to her, and would like to wear the badge.

488 Pall Mall St., London, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I hope that you had a good time while you were on your holidays. Did Frank Carlton form a club? You know, he was talking about forming one. I am in the last grade in Public school now and am hoping to enter Collegiate next year. I remain,

(Capt.) Ernest Johns.

Glad to get your three new members, John—also your letter. I'm sure Albert is not at all offended with you, probably just too busy with school to write. Yes, I believe Frank started a club but I have not heard how it is getting on.



A WISHING CAP.

IF SOME kind Fairy Queen would give
A Wishing Cap to me,
I'm sure I'd be the happiest girl
That ever you did see!

As soon as it was growing late;
I'd put it on my head,
And wish the time would never come
For me to go to bed.

I'd wish my Pussycat could talk,
And Fairyland was near—
I'd wish that I could always live
On jam and ginger-beer!

—Adapted.

210 Adelaide St.,
Chatham, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I am trying to get some more members but have not yet succeeded.

I read the story called "Grunty Growl," every Sunday and I think it is very interesting.

I have not heard from any members so far. But I am hoping to hear from some of them.

Your Helper,
Ernest Brown.

589 Ossington Ave.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I hear that you were on your holidays. I hope you had good weather and a good time. It must be pretty nice to be a Page Marshal in fact I would like to be one myself but as there are not enough boys on the street I guess I will have to stay a captain.

Yours truly,
Captain Walter Carters.

Thanks very much, Walter. I certainly had a wonderful holiday. Maybe you could get some boys on some other street to join.

418 Wellesley St.
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I am very busy nowadays, seems to me I have hardly time to breath. I'm up in the morning, eat my breakfast, hurry to school, work all morning, eat lunch, hurry back to school, hurry home, work at my elocution an hour, do my homework till supper, eat supper, hurry back to homework, sometimes finishing in time to go out, most of the time doing it. Thus you have my school day.

I am also interested in the stars, and studying them, which is very difficult. Stars are a fascinating study, and from my earliest childhood I have longed to unearth their secrets. But the books on stars, are so very, very, uninteresting, and prosaic, they would dampen the most ardent student on stars. Do you know any good books on stars, Auntie? A book that explains why Mars is called the god of war, why Venus is known as "star of love," who named the little dipper, why is the north star, called the north pole star and so forth. I suppose such a book does not exist.

Your loving niece,
Captain Marjorie Provost.

You're always welcome, Marjorie. Thanks for the story and the list of books. I know just the kind of book you want about the stars for I studied them myself once and had the same trouble. However, I never really did discover just the right one. The best thing I know would be to call up Miss Smith in the Children's Department of the Reference Library on College St. She surely ought to be able to help you.

146 Montrose Ave., Toronto, Ont.

My Dear Auntie,—Well, here I am again. I have some news for you. You know I have 16 members. Well, I have four more, and I am a "Page Marshal," am I not? They are all friends of mine, and are at our house, watching me writing. Auntie, some of my members have sent their money for their badges, but they haven't received them. What is wrong, have you run out of them? Ettie and Goldie Fielding, on Euclid Avenue, were the ones that sent their money. Will close now. You can add one more "P. M." to your list.

With heaps of love,
Dorothy Tapp.

Page Marshals always have to have their pictures on the Page. Can you send me a nice, clear one of yourself, Dorothy? I have plenty of badges, but when Ettie and Goldie joined they promised to send their 10 cents just as soon as Exhibition was over. If they did I have not received it yet. Please let me know about it.

1203 Ossington Ave.

Dearest Aunt,—I hope you enjoyed your holidays, not worrying over your burdensome nephews and nieces. I'm having a perfectly awful time trying to answer all my letters. In fact, it can't be done all at once.

Oh! I say, I'm sending in my contribution to the book-readers' corner. I love reading, don't you, Auntie? Mother calls me a regular bookworm 'cause I devour every book I can lay hold on. Now! You know I don't eat the book; I only read it. I'm in my second form at Tec. now, so I'm getting more homework, thusly being obliged to neglect the answering of some of my letters, so I'm hoping none of my correspondents will be offended if they are not answered at once. I must take leave and go now, so

Yours as ever,
(Capt.) Evelyn Rawn.

Your correspondents will surely understand that you cannot keep up a long list and your school work as well. Thanks so much for the book suggestions. I'm sure you must be a great reader. I did not use the last few suggestions, as I was afraid they were rather too old for most of our Helpers. I'm sure you'll understand.

154 Greenwood Ave.,
Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I have started the Technical School, and like it very much, especially the Art course. I am taking up Fashion-Plate Designing. I take a private lesson too, every Tuesday night after school. Really Aunt Rose it is most interesting. I have been away from school for nearly two weeks, with a severe cold, but expect to go back Monday. I have a bottle of India Ink, it is certainly nice for drawing. Don't you think so?

Yours very sincerely,
Anna Schell.

Thanks for the little drawing, Anna. I will try to use it soon—though I will have to strengthen some of the lines in order to stand the reduction. I'm glad you like Technical school. I took Art lessons there too, and liked it fine.

257 Hook Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I hope you are well. I am at home now, and I like at home. I will get some more members. I had a good time at Lakeside Home. I will close. With love from

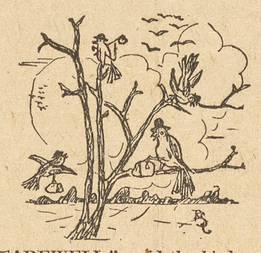
Ethel Lewis.

I am glad you are home again, Ethel, for you must be quite well again.

ARE YOU A GOOD LOSER?

THE boy or girl who cannot lose a game without losing his or her temper at the same time ought never to play games. If your enjoyment of a recreation depends on your coming out ahead of someone else, choose another kind of recreation. People are not likely to make a success of life who are not "good losers," who cannot keep a cheerful face and light heart when luck is against them.

THE BIRD'S GOOD-BYE.



FAREWELL," said the birds,
"It is time we were flying;
For Summer's best gifts
From the landscape are dying.
"Dear Summer has gone,
For we find—willy-nilly—
That lately each dawn
Is decidedly chilly.
"The very last bee
O'er the meadows is humming.
It's easy to see
That the Autumn is coming."

—Adapted.

120 Glenholme Ave.,
Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I am sending you another poem of my own. How was the pencil-sketch I sent in? I have another new member, Alice Fisher of Glenholme Ave. Were you at the Exhibition? I was there twice, and had a god time. I was there on the last Saturday when the fire started in the Railway Building. Well I am back at school again. When are we going to have another contest Aunt Rose? I am enclosing ten cents (10c), for the fund, also the money for a badge for Alice my new member.

I remain, your niece,
Captain Catherine Fenn.

Thanks for the poem and the ten cents for the Fund. The pencil sketch was nice, but I cannot use any drawings unless they are in black India ink.

30 Chalmer St., Galt, Ont.

Dear Auntie Rose,—Here is a new member from Newport. I guess you will wonder how I got her for a member. You see I belong to another club and I have correspondence in it too. I happened to mention your club and as she was very interested I sent her all details and a Page, and I'm seeking for another one the same way—I hope I get her.

Your loving niece,
Major Hazel B. Dykeman, Age 14.

Walkerton,

Dear Aunt Rose,—Thanks ever so much for putting my story in the paper. I think Elizabeth Ann's stories are lovely. I'm so glad little Jean George joined—we found each other in another club. It seems so funny we're not related at all yet her second name was my grandmother's name—on the other side.

Well, I must close.

Major Jean C. George.

I had a hard time deciding which side of your letter to use, Jean—you know you wrote on both! No that painting wasn't by D. V. S. She can't do anything but pen and ink sketches.

HELPERS' FUND.

My but we have done well this week! With the $13.25 which Dorothy and Edgar Jaffray sent us added to the regular contribution, we had $13.70 to swell the Fund for the Incurable Children. Wasn't it lovely of Dorothy and Edgar to send such a big sum?

Lovingly,
AUNT ROSE.
Corner King and Bay Sts., City.



THIS quaint little couple are Dorothy and Edgar Jaffray who, with several of their friends—also Helpers—held a bazaar on their front porch from which they made $13.25 which they immediately donated to the Helpers' Fund for Incurable Children.

Dorothy and Edgar are shown here in the costume which they wear when dancing the Gavotte. During the war they danced a good deal for patriotic purposes, and often go yet to help entertain the sick soldiers at Christie Street Hospital. Dorothy has received several medals for her dancing, including the championship of Ontario medal for the Highland Fling.

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 .....

BOOKS

WHEN I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing; how they keep up our hope; awake new courage and faith; soothe pain; give ideal life to those whose homes are cold and hard; bind together distant ages and foreign languages; create new works of beauty, bring down truths from heaven — I give thanks for this gift, and pray God we may all use it aright and abuse it never.

—James Freeman Clarke.

BOOK READERS' CORNER.

"A Pilgrim Maid," by Marion Ames Taggart, is a book that any girl could read. It is a book rich in historical lore, and tells of a girl's faithfulness and patience in the midst of difficulties in her narrow life of the Pilgrims.

"The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller, is a great historical story of the children of Israel, and how they were delivered from Egypt. It forms the theme of a great story. I advise Helpers about fourteen or fifteen to read it, and also "Soul of Tarsus," by the same author, which second book is even greater than the first one.

"Old Plymouth Trails," by Winthrop Packard, is a wonderfully interesting book, which, while not fiction, is full of knowledge of early Plymouth days. I am sure any girl or boy who likes good books should read it. Oh, just read it; it abounds in nature, and I can hardly praise it enough.

"A Maid of New Amsterdam," by Athour and Emily Benson Knipe, is a book which will last always in your memory. A stirring tale of "ye olden time." Also "Diantha's Quest," by the same authors. It is one good book, and the heroine is a winsome little maid.

"Merry Lips," by Marie Beulah Dix, is also a story of olden times, and relates how a girl helps her father and escapes from her relatives by disguising herself as a boy.

The above are all dandy books, and I recommend each and every one, for I have read them all many times.

Marjory Provost.

I think your list is splendid, Marjorie, and would like to specially recommend "Merry Lips" to all the Helpers who have not yet read it.

I have enjoyed "Heidi," by Spyri Johanna, very much, and would advise if for those who like country and mountain stories.

D. Woods.

I have never come across Heida, Dorothy. Is it a children's book?

"If Winter Comes," "Clean Heart," "Happy Warrior," by A. S. M. Hutchison; "Purple Springs," by Nellie McClung; "The Glad Lady," by Amy Blankard; "The Beloved Woman," by Kathlyn Norris; "The Girl From Montana," by Grace L. Hill; "In Another Girl's Shoes," "Twelve Years For Rachel," by Berta Ruck; "The Inner Flame," "In Apple Blossom Time," "The Princess," by Clara Louise Burham; "Raspberry Acres," "Juliet in England," "The Brown Study," by Grace Richmond. These books are all excellent, and real good wholesome reading.

Sent by Kathlyn Lapointe, age 14 years.



THE LANTERN PATCH.

I GO to grandpa's in the fall,
They have no picture shows at all,
Nor soda water fountains there,
But pretty soon you do not care.
Each day has lots of things to do;
To-day brought something that was new.
I climbed the fence without a scratch.
And found a Jack-o'-Lantern patch.

A CLEVER STRATAGEM.

THE church of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, is renowned for its beautiful spire. So elegant is the structure that even Sir Christopher Wren, who seldom was at a loss for patterns, was glad to copy it. For many centuries it has looked down on the smoky city, an object of pride and admiration to the town-folk; but once upon a time they came very near to losing it. The Civil War was raging, and an army from Scotland laid seige to Newcastle. The town, however, refused to deliver up the keys, and the gates were too well guarded to be attacked with success. A plan was therefore devised for bringing the people of Newcastle to their knees. An officer with a flag of truce carried a message to the mayor, informing him that if he did not surrender at once, the spire of St. Nicholas' should be destroyed by cannon balls.

But the mayor did not surrender. Instead, he collected all the Scotch prisoners of war in Newcastle, and ordered that they be confined in the belfry of the church immediately under the spire. Then he sent a message to the enemy telling them exactly what he had done, and inviting them to cannonade the spire—if they like.

The ruse was wholly successful, and the church was left untouched.

STORIES BY HELPERS

HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

By Catherine Fenn, Age 11.

Now the holidays are over,
For two months we've been in clover;
No books or studies to worry about,
Nothing to do but play and shout.
Now let us hope this coming term
Will help us to study hard and learn,
So the reading, writing and arithmetic
May be taught without the hickory stick,
And when Christmas holidays come along,
Like good girls and boys we'll join the merry throng.

MOVING DAYS.

By Mary Spencer, Age 14.

"Do you really and truly realize that we're going to move next door to Lucy Gannet?" asked Helen to her tiny sister Jean. "Won't that be splendid," piped Jean. What a busy family it was for about three days. Everybody was on the go. And even "Libby," their cat, was getting her tiny babies carried out from the barn to a comfortable box in the hall, where all the luggage was put so you can see that she was kept busy for there were six to care for, and besides it was a long ways from the barn to the hall. So all meant work. Such a hustle and bustle! The truck was to stand at the front door in less than an hour. Yes in one hour! "How, under the name of goodness could all that be taken out in that time," sighed her mother. Well, anyways, it was every solitary thing was out! By very very much exertion, sweating and hard labor the furniture was packed in the large moving van, which hurled them off away from the old home into another unknown one which was to be their future one for a long time.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A KITTEN.

Written for Him By Rose Gibson.

Hello Girls and Boys! I haven't seen a page for ever so long. I am a funny bow-legged kitten (if I do say so). Now! if you will listen I will tell you the history of my life, so here it is:—

The first thing I remember is a loud noise (a very funny thing to remember). It was the children playing around me. I was only two weeks old, and was very little.

Well! when I grew to be about 4 weeks old I had to look out for myself. My mother went away. In a day or two I was to be given away.

The children I was given to treated me badly: Such as swinging me by my tail, and pulling out my precious whiskers.

One day somebody picked me up (but not by the tail), and carried me home with them, and now I wouldn't go away if I could.

Well, I will go, as the children are calling me to have a breakfast of milk and toast.

Good-bye Girls and Boys, my name is Jimmy.

BARNEY TAKES A CHANCE.

By Louis Marks, Age 10.

One day as Barney was looking out of the window he saw his cousin Jack come in the house.

Barney, said Jack, Scout-master Durkand wants to see you and I at his office to-night.

Alright, said Barney I'll be there. That night when the boys were there, he said. he had a message for them to take to a man who lived in the outskirts of the city.

Why is it an important message, asked Barney.

Well said the Scout-master you know the war that is going on well unless we get it delivered by to-morrow we have no chance of winning the war. And another thing said the Scoutmaster, do you know how to drive a car?

Yes, said the boys we do.

Well then said the Scoutmaster, you boys may go now. While the boys were riding they were arrested for speeding. You will need to pay twenty-five dollars said the officer. I will to-morrow said Barney, jumping into the car and was lost to sight in the dust the car made and luckily Jack was with him.

And this is how Barney took his chance.

MARY'S LESSON.

By Edna Tushingham.

One morning bright and early Mary crawled out of bed.. Mr. Sandman had not quite left her and she was mumbling to herself why do I have to get up; it is not school days, nor I don't have to go to church. She got dressed, although it took her a great while to do so. She tiptoed downstairs so she would not have to put her baby sister asleep again if she awoke her. "Mother why do I have to get up so early this morning," she asked, as she met her mother at the bottom of the stairs. "Why dear don't you remember this is the day you are to go to the Exhibition," answered Mrs. Blair, which was her name. "Oh, mother, I forgot; when can I go or at least I mean what time can I leave?" she asked, getting very excited. "You may go as soon as you finish your breakfast," for Mary had already started to eat. She ate her cornflakes in a great hurry. "Now mother I have finished my breakfast," she said. "Yes, dear, here is two dollars and you have three and a half of your own, so that makes five-fifty; that is quite a lot dear," said her mother. "Well, good-bye mother," said Mary as she kissed her mother good-bye. "Good-bye dear and have a nice time. I think a girl twelve years of age can can look after herself, but anyway don't get hurt," said Mrs. Blair, as she stood at the door and waved her hand. Mary left her house in the highest spirits, thinking of the girls she was to meet there and the fun she was to have. She took a King Street car, which let her off at the east entrance right near the Midway and there she met her friends. They all went through the buildings and at last she looked at her bag she had got with something she had bought, but there was not enough in it to suit her, but she did not say a word. She had a good time and was very tired when she reached home. "Well dear did you have a nice time?" asked her mother. "Yes, I had a lovely time, but I did not get many things, but I saw a girl in a wheel chair and she had a lot of things. I wish I was in a wheel chair and I would get a lot of things," she said. "Oh dear you must not say that, it isn't very nice," returned Mrs. Blair. Mary did not say anything else, but went to bed. The next morning she awoke rather late, for she was very tired, so she had slept in. She got up and dressed herself and was going downstairs when something happened, but she went tumble tumble all the way down the stairs. "Oh dear are you hurt?" asked Mrs. Blair, running from the kitchen. "Oh, my leg," answered Mary, starting to cry. Mrs. Blair helped her to the chair, then telephoned the doctor. It did not take him long to arrive to see Mary's leg, which he announced was broken, and she was not to stand on it for three weeks. "Oh, dear, I can't go to the Exhibition again," she said. "Yes you can. I will bring you in a wheel-chair," and she went, but after all she said, "I would rather walk then have to go in a wheel-chair even if I don't get many things."

"STAMP COMPETITION" FOR HELPERS.

1. For what reason was the 1898, 2 penny stamp of Trinidad issued?

2. What country in South-Western Europe issued a number of stamps called the "Death Masks"? What was the date of this issue?

3. What South American country issued a 5 centavo triangle stamp in 1908?

4. What are the two different colors of paper that the 5 cent stamp of Canada, 1898 to 1899 is printed on?

5. Why was the Maple Leaf issue of Canada condemned by the Universal Postal Union?

6. What kind of watermark appears in the stamps of the Union of South Africa? (The answer must not be done in drawing.)

RULES.

1. The answers to the questions must be your own work, and on no condition must you receive aid from experienced collectors.

2. Write each question down first, then put the answer, after. Number each question. Good writing will also be considered for points, by the judges. Also put your name, address and age at the head of each sheet of paper.

3. Send entries to S. R. Wellington, 279½ George St., Toronto, not later than October 20 —next Friday. There will be 1st and 2nd prizes only.

Prizes will consist of—first, 45 stamps to the value of $2.00; second—35 stamps to the value of $1.50.

THE BEAUTY OF TOADS.

THERE is a great deal of beauty about a toad if you know where to look for it—which is true of a great many other things besides toads. This beauty lies in its brown eyes, and children who study nature in school, upon being shown the toad's eyes, forget how ugly they thought it was before, and often want to take the little creature up in their hands to get a letter look at this "precious jewel in its head."

Did you ever stop to think of reasons why the toad is not handsome and more attractive? If the toad were not of a dull hue like a clod of earth and also like a clod in its rough, shapeless body, it could not carry on its business, which is to eat insects. If a toad were as pretty as a humming-bird, for instance, it not only could not catch the insects upon which it feeds (because they would not think it a harmless clod then as they do now) but his enemies—such as the hawk, the snake and the owl—would see Mr. Toad, too, and eat him up, just as they do now whenever they get a chance.

Insects destroy enough fruit and grain in this country every year to start thousands of boys in business, build hundreds of schools and colleges and do many other useful things. Here is where the toad comes in between us and ruin. He has been known to eat eighty-six house flies in less than ten minutes, and, if he can do that with so nimble a thing as a house fly, you can imagine what a record he makes with bugs which cannot so quickly get out of the way.

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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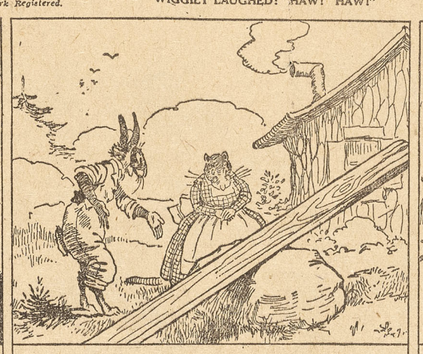
TEETER-TAUTER, BREAD AND WATER! SEE-SAW, MARJORIE DAW. AND WHEN THE BEAR, WENT UP IN THE AIR, UNCLE WIGGILY LAUGHED: "HAW! HAW!"

Text by HOWARD R. GARIS
Author of the Famous UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORIES
Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL



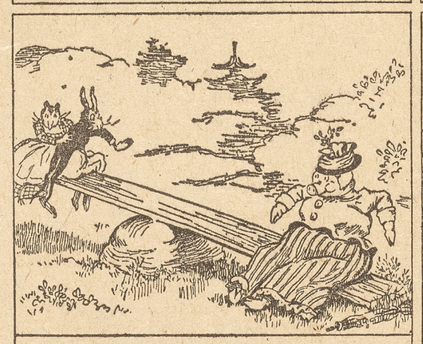
1. One day, when Uncle Wiggily was hopping around, looking for an adventure, he heard some jolly shouts and laughter. "That doesn't sound a bit like trouble!" laughed the bunny. He saw where some of the animal children had made a see-saw teeter-tauter. "Oh ho!" laughed he, with a twinkle of his pink nose. "That's just what I want to amuse Nurse Jane. I'm going to make her a big see-saw!"



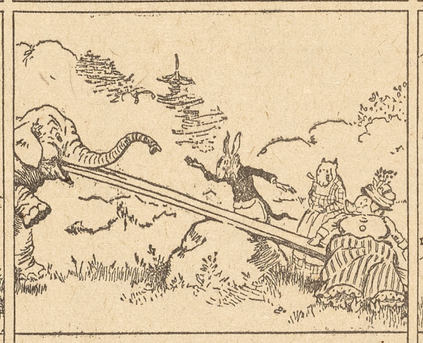
2. After some hard work Uncle Wiggily made a teeter-tauter by balancing a plank over a large rock. Then he called his muskrat lady housekeeper from the hollow stump bungalow. "Come, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy," invited the bunny, "I'll give you a teeter-tauter!" And when Nurse Jane saw the plank she asked now it worked. "You get on one end, and I'll get on the other," he said. "Up and down we'll go!"



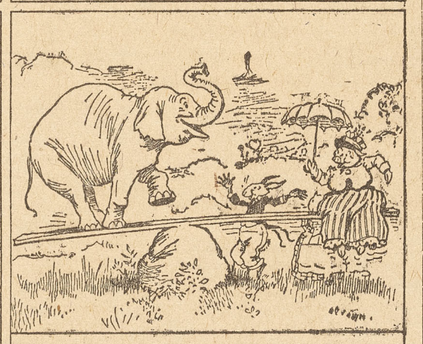
3. "Oh, I'd be afraid to get on there!" squealed Nurse Jane. "Nonsense!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "It's as safe as an automobile!" So Nurse Jane sat on one end of the see-saw, and Uncle Wiggily got on the other end. As he and Nurse Jane bobbed up and down, along came Mrs. Twistytail, the fat and heavy pig lady. "Oh, how charming!" grunted Mrs. Twistytail. "Will you teeter me, please, Uncle Wiggily?"



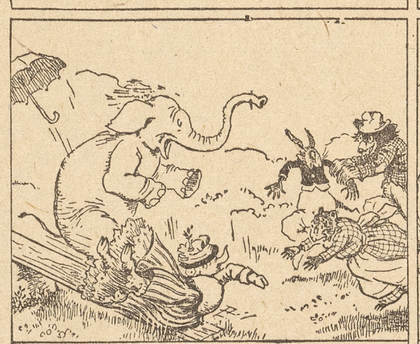
4. Uncle Wiggily wanted to be polite, and he didn't want to tell Mrs. Twistytail that he thought her too heavy for a see-saw, so the pig lady got on one end of the board. Uncle Wiggily was not heavy enough to lift her up. Neither was Nurse Jane and the bunny together. "What shall I do?" grunted the pig lady, as she held the bunny and muskrat lady high up in the air. "Oh, I have an idea," said Uncle Wiggily



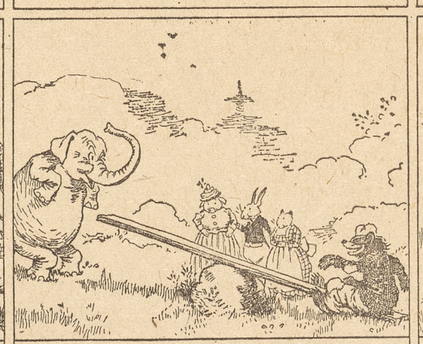
5. Uncle Wiggily slid down off the see-saw and helped Nurse Jane off. "You sit where you are, Mrs. Twistytail," said the bunny. "I'll go get a friend of mine to help." Uncle Wiggily came back with his friend the circus elephant. "Pull Mrs. Twistytail up in the air," said Uncle Wiggily, "and then you get on the other end of the board, Mr. Elephant." The circus chap raised his trunk and pulled the see-saw down.



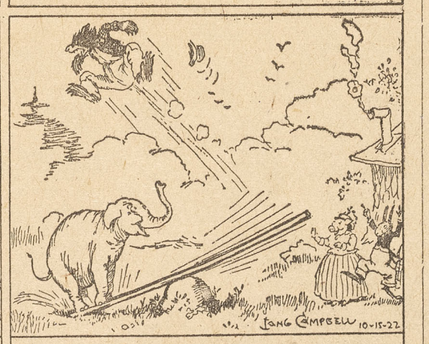
6. "Now please don't teeter-tauter me too much, Mr. Elephant!" grunted the pig lady, as she raised her parasol over her head. "I'll be careful!" trumpeted the elephant through his trunk. He balanced himself on the plank so that Mrs. Twistytail went up very easily. "I'm glad she's having a good time," said Uncle Wiggily to Nurse Jane. "And I'm going to have a good time, soon," growled the Bushy Bear.



7. "I want ears to nibble!" suddenly growled the Bushy Bear, and he caught hold of Uncle Wiggily in his claws. "Here! Don't you hurt my friend, Uncle Wiggily!" shouted the elephant. The big circus chap leaped from the see-saw so suddenly that Mrs. Twistytail came down rather hard. "Oh!" cried Nurse Jane. "Are you hurt?" Uncle Wiggily was wondering how he could get away from the bad Bear.



8. "Wait a moment, Mr. Bear!" said the elephant. "Before you nibble Uncle Wiggily's ears don't you want a ride on the see-saw?" The bear growled and said he guessed he did. "Let go of Uncle Wiggily and sit on the plank, and I'll give you a fine ride!" said the circus chap. The Bear took his place on the lower end of the teeter-tauter. "Hold hard! I'm going to get on the other end!" said the elephant



9. "Watch this! It's going to be good!" whispered the elephant to Uncle Wiggily. All of a sudden the big heavy chap jumped with all four feet on the free end of the see-saw. Down went the elephant like a load of bricks! Up in the air went the Bear like a sky rocket. "Oh! Wow!" howled the Bushy Bear. "Didn't I tell you to hold tight?" laughed the elephant. "Ho! Ho!" And Uncle Wiggily danced for joy!

And if the chimney doesn't blow smoke in the face of the clock, and make it cry tears all over its hands, the next pictures and story will be about UNCLE WIGGILY'S SCARECROWS.

THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE

Notes on Sporting Events In the Old Country

London, Sept. 23. (By Mail)—Though football monopolizes the attention of sport lovers all over the country, this week has been featured by a very vigorous final kick in the cricket realm preparatory to its going into Winter quarters. The great match at the Oval—Yorkshire v. the rest of England—provided many thrills, chief among which was the wonderful 96 put together by the veteran Rhodes, who played his usual neat and somewhat uneventful game—though to be sure his performance was one of great moment to his side—who by its aid pulled themselves out of a bad hole. Rhodes was always patient, always correct, always severe on a really bad ball. Especially fine was his off driving, that stroke through the covers with the left leg well across, the bat perfectly straight and the ball perfectly timed.

Everyone seemed disappointed that he missed his century by four runs. There were those who said that in a match the result of which matters little, .P. G. H. Fender, who happened to be bowling at the time, might have given him a full pitch on the leg side when he was so near the hundred. But actually Rhodes missed a long hop which preceded the ball off which he was caught at the wicket and after all cricket is cricket with each side out to win, points or no points.

Analysis of Yorkshire's record during the present season is illuminating, there being plenty of evidence that the bowling has been both better and more varied than that of any other county. In thirty matches only four totals of over three hundred were obtained against Yorkshire, 353 by Nottinghamshire, 339 and 317 by Surrey, and 307 by Lancashire, and the only individual score of a hundred was 178 by Ernest Tyldesley for Lancashire at Sheffield. With full allowance made for the large number of soft wickets since the middle of June, this is an extraordinary record. No wonder Yorkshire won 19 matches and finished at the top of the championship table. As a winning factor, there is nothing like first rate bowling.

A cursory glance at the averages strengthens the conviction that English cricket suffers a great deal from lack of representative games. Playing only in county matches many fine cricketers miss the distinction that in other circumstances might come to them.

Parker may be taken as a conspicuous example. It is true he was picked for England last year at Manchester, but apart from that one match he has very rarely played for a strong side. All his good work has been done for Gloucestershire. Astill is in much the same position. He gets his thousand runs and takes his hundred wickets for Leicestershire, but outside of county cricket nothing is seen of him.

There were some fine goal scoring feats in Association football at the week-end. In League 1, Buchan, of Sunderland, and McIntyre, of Blackburn Rovers and formerly of Fulham, each scored 4 goals, the latter obtaining his with brilliant drives within ten minutes. Hat tricks (three goals) were plentiful, particularly in the amateur games. Although there were many goals in League I. and II., they were scarce in the Southern section of League III. Only Norwich City (4) scored more than once, the other 21 clubs scoring 9 goals between them. Southampton's two goals against Barnsley were the first scored by the Hampshire Club in Second Division football this season.

Fulham Blackpool and Derby County are still unbeaten in Division II., as are Portsmouth and Swindon, in Division III. (South). Portsmouth remain the only club in the three senior leagues without a goal scored against them.

Incidents arising out of the ordering off the field of players are not considered anything extraordinary, but the referee who ordered off a spectator a couple of days ago at Tufnell Park started something that looked like a good sized row for a moment. The incident took place during the match between London Caledonians and Dulwich Hamlet and arose out of the referee hearing the game being discussed in an objectionable manner by the spectator in the presence of women. He ordered the offender off to the accompaniment of some well chosen remarks.

The lessons of the opening games fail to bear out the dictum of some mischief-makers, that because of reduced salaries, some players would be tempted to take matters easily. The fact is that competition for league points is greater than ever, and the quality of the football has improved as compared with the last three seasons, a fact which is borne out by the number of goals scored denoting that forward play is improving. It is in attack that football of recent years has compared badly with two decades ago, says an old Corinthian, writing to a London paper, and he goes on to say: "Most of the big teams have little to complain about in defence, and the general idea of covering the goal is as good, if not better, than in the old days. One is impressed with the quality of the half-back play, though attacking methods seem to have fallen away from the standard of 25 years ago. We certainly have no forwards these days of the old Corinthian type, but has not the improvement in defence a lot to do with this?"

The fact is that so great has been the growth of the leagues that it is more difficult to get a team of outstanding all-round ability now than ever before, but there are at least half a dozen great sides this year.

Only Chelsea can boast an unbeaten record at the end of the second week of the season, and clubs which have been unfortunate to have players injured find themselves in grave trouble owing to the scarcity of good reserves for every position, which must be the ambition of every manager. It is hard to remember a season when accidents have been so plentiful. The majority of First Division clubs have been compelled to make changes in their teams and many famous players will have to rest for weeks. This fact alone should dispel illusions about players taking matters easily, which is an unjust slur on the professional.

Play in several Rugby Union games over the week-end revealed the fact all too plainly that most of the players are not yet fit; consequently the matches could not be taken as an accurate guide of the form likely to be displayed later on. Leicester, who included Day, Smallwood and Fred Taylor, had a strenous game with Neath, who they beat by 6 points to 3, while Cheltenham, well served by an admirable defence, got the better of Bristol XV. Cardiff and Pontypool divided honors in an even contest, but the Swansea and Glenneath players found passing very difficult with a greasy ball. In this game Barter and Lewis, both of Swansea, were hurt and had to retire.

Gloucester, without Ayliffe, were too good for Bath, who lacked Considine's services. David, the Oxford Blue, scored one of Gloucester's tries. Northampton's winning try against Birmingham was obtained just before the close.

Without a doubt the most pressing problem of the moment in the Rugby Football world is the matter of grounds. The numbers of new players and clubs are growing rapidly every year, but new grounds do not, and many a club would be able to put more teams in the field had they the vital facilities. The Rugby Union Committee are fortunately alive to the fact and are willing to help clubs to buy any freehold land they may require for the game.

The woman's final of the South of England Tennis Championships at Eastbourne provided the tit-bit of the whole meeting when Mrs. Peacock defeated Miss McKane, the rising star, who shone so well at Wimbledon this Summer, 6-0, 3-6, 7-5. Mrs. Peacock started off in a most aggressive manner, and kept Miss McKane purely on the defensive. By persistent attack she won the first seven games before Miss McKane could get going. Then, after being led 3 -2 in the second set, Miss McKane won seven games in succession. In the final set Mrs. Peacock, playing perfectly, levelled up to three all. Miss McKane led at 4-3 and 5-4, which was her last success, as Mrs. Peacock won the next three games. Miss McKane's natural attacking stroke is deep down to the back and corner, but this is Mrs. Peacock's strong point, and she compelled Miss McKane to attack on the forehand corner, where she is neither so accurate nor severe, thus getting under her guard effectually.

The England water polo team played brilliantly against Scotland at Blackburns Baths on Saturday. The Scots were outclassed all the way, and after being three goals down at half-time, lost by 12 goals to 1. England were strong all round, with Hodgson the great man of the match. He played the game of his career. The Scots could do nothing with him in the second stage, when he made practically all the openings that led to goals. The Scots must have been very glad when it was all over.

The SPORTLIGHT
by Grantland Rice

Two Places.

THERE are two places I shall see no more,
No matter where I wander down the world.
By what far country or by what dim shore,
Or by what strange and distant current whirled,
There are two places that will stand for me
As they last seemed from some old memory.

ONE is a river that I one day thought
Was just as wide and deep as any sea;
An oldtime river, where its low banks caught
The slanting shadows of an ancient tree.
So why should I return to find my dream
Led only to some shallow, muddy stream?

ONE was a mountain that I thought was high
As any snow-capped Himalayan crest,
Whose lofty summit seemed to pierce the sky,
Unchallenged even by an Everest.
So why return to find the ancient thrill
An upland slope or some bleak, stubby hill?

PITCHING, of course, is a big part of any world series, but once in a while a stray bat stumbles in the way of a pitched ball, and causes no end of trouble.

"WHY have they turned baseball into an infield game, with six infielders and no outfielders needed?" speaks F. L. K. "I wonder if these club owners know how nauseated most of the fans are becoming over these dinky flies that turn into home runs because the fences are so close in? Fine outfielding has been one of the greatest features of baseball, but they have killed it in so many parks now that a great outfielder isn't any more useful than a post would be."

THERE is no comparison to be made between a fast outfielder handing down a lusty blow to the outskirts and a half-sick pop-up looping into the right field stands as a bored outfielder leans against the wall, with no chance to make an easy catch. Over 60 per cent. of the home runs made this season would have been easy outfield chances in a real ball park.

WHAT they should do now is to provide outfielders with books and magazines to help kill off an afternoon as the pop-ups float over the abbreviated walls.

Another High Spot.

IN the midst of world series flurries and football excitement those still clinging to a deep interest in the way of golf will have something to look forward to when the two long-hitting Jesses, champion and ex-champion, meet again in a Leslie Cup test.

Sweetser stopped Guilford at Brookline abruptly, but Guilford is always a power to be reckoned with and it will be interesting to see how the new champion can hold on with the old in their second meeting over the well-trapped Piping Rock course.

"'BATTLING' Siki willing to meet Greb, Wills or Dempsey." So far he has made no offer to meet all three in the ring the same night, however.

JACK Dempsey might place this placard above the ring: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Certainly Levinsky, Willard, Fulton and Carpentier have never amounted to much after facing the big mauler with the iron fist and the iron jaw.

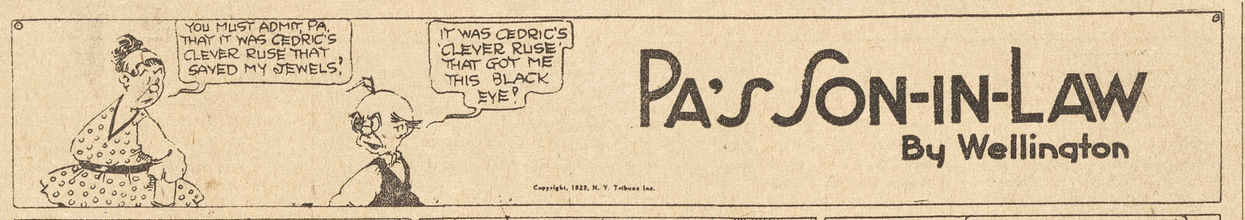
ADVERTISERS
IN
The Sunday World

are reminded that copy must be in as follows:

For the Magazine Section—Not later than Monday at 12 noon.

For the Theatrical and Automotive Section — Not later than Wednesday at 2 p.m.

For the News Section—Not later than Saturday at 12 noon.





Battling Siki.

"BATTLING" Siki, the Sengalese, May be a champ or he may be cheese;
The Siki swat hurt Carp a lot,
But the Dempsey pace is a bit more hot.
They say he's tall as a Sikimore
In the candle light of a Wabash shore;
Whether he can or whether he can't,
I hope he isn't a Sikiphant,
There must be a ring in the atmosphere
When "Sic him, Siki," rolls loud and clear.
And according to Carp, who felt the warp,
As he heard the birds and the tinkling harp,
He knows how to trip with his shins and knees,
Does "Battling" Siki, the Sengalese.

NOW and then some prediction comes true. "When Carpentier lost to Dempsey," a Frenchman told us some time ago, "he lost to a better man in every way. But you will find that he is going to lose his next fight to his own conceit and carelessness. Georges is a fine boxer, but not quite as brilliant as he thinks he is."

"Battling" Siki's Advent.

"BATTLING", Siki, conqueror of Georges Carpentier, happens to hold one of the only two boxing crowns that rest on the other side of the Atlantic.

The light-heavyweight championship may not be an important title, but it is still a title, and the Senegalese delegate will therefore be one of the most interesting foreign competitors of the Winter season. He may be a bust, but anyone who can demolish Carpentier in six rounds is at least entitled to take a trimming and collect his share—once.

If Siki and "Kid" Norfolk are brought together those present will be as close to the primitive existence of civilization as they could hope to get.

Judging him by looks alone, Norfolk might have been lifted from the jungle country of Africa no later than yesterday. And in this respect Siki, judging his pictures, is a perfect runner-up.

These two could make an interesting evening, and that is 90 per cent. of boxing's purpose in the world.

If Siki can demolish Norfolk effectively, he can then be thrown to Harry Wills and the result sent along to Dempsey's tender care.

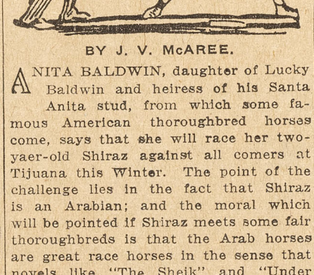
The Case of Wills.

IN the practice of his chosen profession Harry Wills seems to be losing more and more ground.

But outside of Dempsey just at this moment, how much money would you care to bet at even terms on anyone else to remove the black panther's hide? Floyd Johnson, the big Westerner, is on the way to a challenging role, but he is young enough to bide his time.

IT has been suggested that the world series be made a roving proposition as the golf and tennis championships now are, but so far as we know, no move in this direction has yet been officially made.

CUTTING the CORNERS



BY J. V. McAREE.

ANITA BALDWIN, daughter of Lucky Baldwin and heiress of his Santa Anita stud, from which some famous American thoroughbred horses come, says that she will race her two-yaer-old Shiraz against all comers at Tijuana this Winter. The point of the challenge lies in the fact that Shiraz is an Arabian; and the moral which will be pointed if Shiraz meets some fair thoroughbreds is that the Arab horses are great race horses in the sense that novels like "The Sheik" and "Under Two Flags" are great novels. That is to say, they are great if you don't know any better. But if the course is surveyed by experts, and if authorities are in the stand the stories we have named and any Arabs that anyone can name will suffer a severe showing up. It is only in fiction that the Arab steed figures as a race horse.

BUT the speed of the Arab horse is an illusion that dies hard.

Among practical horsemen it died a long time ago, but idealiste and enthusiasts revive it frequently. The late King Edward, for instance, was a believer in the Arab, and in 1877 matched one of the breed against a moderate thoroughbred for £500 over a course of four miles at Newmarket. The thoroughbred won by an eighth of a mile. In races in India the thoroughbred and the Arab have met often over varying distances, but the results confirm one in the belief that for all racing distances the best of the Arabs is not quite as good as the thoroughbred selling plater. Faced with the track tests, the Arab enthusiasts are driven back to the contention that the best of the Arabs are not available for competition; that they are so jealously nurtured by their breeders and owners that one of them has no more chance of appearing in bare-faced competition with the infidel thoroughbred skate than a favorite of the Sultan of Turkey would have of publicly rearing her wiles against the obvious infatuations of Little Egypt at a Seeley dinner.

THEN the late Wilfred Scarven Blunt, one of the great, if eccentric, Englishmen of his time, and Homer Davenport, famous American cartoonist, whose work had all the hair-raising effects of "The Face On the Barroom Floor," but who had a love of beauty nevertheless, imported and bred Arabian horses, which were the progeny of the best stock to be had. They wrote in their praise and exhibited them, but if any of them ever achieved anything in competition with the Infidel dogs of horses it was only after their blood had been mingled with that of the unbelievers. That is to say, what ability the Arabs have attained in recent years was gained by the same process as proved successful two centuries and a half ago. We all know that the thoroughbred has been evolved through the mating of the three great Arab sires—the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Arabian and the Byerly Turk—with the native English mares, and because every thoroughbred accepted by the Stud Book traces to one of these sires, we have assumed that they derived their merits from these Orientals.

IN fact, the word "thoroughbred" has established itself because of the prepotency of the Arab stallions, and a horse is a "thoroughbred," not because it is thoroughly well bred or because it is pure bred, but because it is "through bred"; in other words, its fundamental breeding is through one or other of these imported horses, mated to one or other of the mares in England, whether they happened to be of the native stock or the so-called Royal mares which were imported by Charles II., which were mostly of Arab or Barbary blood. As a matter of fact, both the Godolphin and Darley studs were Barbs.

WHILE it is true that practically all modern race horses trace back to the three Oriental sires we have named, it does not follow necessarily that they derive their racing qualities from them. Many adherents among students of the question are of opinion that the real foundation of the modern race horse was laid by the native English mares, and to this theory we are inclined to be hospitable. There were horses bred for racing purposes in England hundreds of years before the advent of the illustrious trio. This trio was by no means the first of Oriental importations. Horses had also been brought from Germany, and though none of these horses that we are aware of has left a lasting name in turf history, many of them must have been real race horses, for there can be no question that when the Byerly Turk and the Godolphin Arabian and Darley Arabian arrived, they had a rich soil to fertilize in the native English mares.

MOREOVER, these mares had been developed by the test of racing. They were not pure bred—and of course they were not thoroughbreds, since the thoroughbred remained to be developed, but they were race horses, and the product of many generations of race horses. The Arab was pure bred, but he was not a race horse in the sense that applied to the mares to which he was mated. We have no means of knowing whether an English horse matched against an Arabian at a mile three hundred years ago would have won or lost. We do know that the combination of Arab and native English is far superior to the pure Arab, and we might be justified on this account in supposing that what the English mares contributed to the cross was more important than what the Arab contributed. Compared with the modern thoroughbred, the modern Arab is supreme in one quality alone. That is soundness. He is hardier and could live on less food, but in these respects is not superior to the broncho, and nobody contends that a broncho is a better race horse than a thoroughbred.

THERE never would be a controversy on this question—and on many others of the same kind, if the disputants would keep a couple of points in mind. The first point is that human skill and care when applied to the development of domestic animals can achieve remarkable results. The second is that the people of the British Isles have been trying to produce horses that can run fast for a couple of miles, while the Arabs have honored the horses that could carry them a hundred miles a day through the desert, and live on a couple of date stones and a fig. If the Arabs are good breeders they have bred the horse that can gallop fast and far on small nourishment. If the British are good breeders, they have produced in the thoroughbred a horse that is unequalled in the tasks before him. The thoroughbred is better at short distances, and the Arab at long distances. But here is another factor which enters. The Old Country breeders are the best in the world, and since this fact is universally admitted we are not required to explain why. So we see that the Arab has not only no chance over distances which the thoroughbred has been specially produced to run, but that over the longer courses the thoroughbred can beat the Arab. Our own view, which of course tends to be anti-Moslem, is that if the best five hundred thoroughbreds were mobilized against the best five hundred Arabs at distances ranging from three jumps to three thousand miles, the venue shifting from the Woodbine to the Sahara, the Arabs would be lucky to win seven of the races.

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Tales of a Wayside Tee

BY GRANTLAND RICE.

"WHY, is it," asks one of the humbler clientele who isn't quite content with his 93, "that golf is such a hard game to learn and such a difficult game in which to make any improvement? I don't believe there is any other sport at which so many work so hard and so earnestly, with as little return in the way of improved form." This is quite true. There is no other game between the sun and the sod where so many thousands work for improvement with such heartbreaking earnestness and sincerity, with such comparatively light returns.

And the reasons for this are numerous enough.

Advancing Aforesaid Reasons.

One reason for this lack of improvement is that while one might build up almost to perfection the outward form, he still will not advance very far if certain inward essentials are missing.

For example, one finally acquires the correct stance, the correct grip and a first-class knowledge of the mechanical swing. But through over-eagerness or some other cause he gets his body in ahead of his hands or hands in ahead of the club. No matter how perfect his play be up to this point, a ragged result is almost sure to follow.

Or with this almost perfect swing he may lift his head just a moment too soon and once again disaster intrudes its haunting presence upon the scene.

By all this we mean that some slight error, due perhaps to hitting at the ball too quickly, or to some other lack of good timing, will bring on as much punishment as completely incorrect form.

On the other side of it, a golfer with an unorthodox stance and grip may get the club head in at just the right moment and get away a brilliant stroke.

We have seen more than a few golfers with almost flawless-looking swings who couldn't break 95.

To look at their practice efforts, directed against a dandelion or a cigar stump, you might put them down in the low 80s, or even the middle 70s. Yet through lack of their ability to apply power at the right place, to control their nervous and muscular forces, they can play little sound golf.

And there are others who look more like wood choppers than golfers, who swing like an old gate, and yet who get good results for the simple reason that they stick with the few essentials. Their grip may be unsound, their stance may be out of focus, their swing may be awkward-looking—but in spite of all this they keep their heads as anchors and hit on through the ball.

Another Example.

Take up the matter of putting, the simplest stroke in the game to follow.

What good will it do one to have the grip and stance of a Travers or Hagen—and then lift the head just a fraction too soon, as so many thousands do? Or swing back just a trifle too hurriedly and stab at the ball?

The main factors in good putting are to keep the head and body still, to bring the club head back evenly and to hit through evenly and firmly along the line to the hole. Stance and grip may help secure these results, but they are only a small part of the whole, which also demands nerve control and confidence.

No putting form will stand up on days where one lacks the touch or the control of his nerves.

Then there is this matter to consider—a certain golf swing will seem to be almost perfect. But at the top it will lack balance, with an incorrect distribution of weight where the golfer is in no position to get any real power in the stroke. And certain almost invisible faults can make such a great difference—such as the club head not quite getting there in time and thereby cutting across the face of the ball for a soul-numbing slice. If the ball-player hits a trifle later he may double to right field, in place of singling to left. But if the golfer hits too late his slice may sail out of bounds or find some savage-looking trap.

Yet golfers can find improvement if they will only go at the game in the right way—which doesn't mean four-ball matches every time they go out, nor yet mechanical practice without any intelligent mental application. With a sound instructor and the time and application for practice one can make great strides, but he must work upon the mental side of the game, as well as upon the physical, since the two must go together.

THE SAME OLD GAME.

IT'S the same old game that we all must play,
Whatever the name may be.
We hit our stride and we have our day
In the smear of the jamboree.
We bat Three-Twelve and the draft comes in
For a shot at the Big Show push;
We scramble on for the fame and tin,
And then it's back to the bush.
Old dog,
A has-been back to the bush.

IT'S the same old game, whatever the name,
Lawyer, merchant or bard.
A dash for the kale and a grab for fame
Through a schedule rocky and hard.
Second division was built for some,
Where others drive through the push,
But the end is the same for the star and the bum
When the call comes back to the bush.
Old dog,
When the call comes back to the bush.

WE go from the bush and we have our day
In the whirl of a driving job,
But what is the end of the pennant play
For a Kipling, Dempsey or Cobb?
The brain grows fagged and the eye grows dim
And the huzza sinks to a hush;
A new troop tramps to the glory hymn,
And the old trails back to the bush
Old dog,
Good-night—and back to the bush.

M. G. ON THE W. S.

SING a song of sixpence,
And eke of dollar bills;
Four and thirty thousand fans
Paying for their thrills.

WHEN the gates are opened,
The doubloons start to grow,
Isn't that a pretty dish
Where all the cake is dough?

"IF Siki fights Wills he will have to give away more than thirty pounds." And he will have to take more than he gives away.

ON the other paw, if Siki is permitted to enter the ring with one of those Sengalese bowie knives, as is often the custom of his tribe, even Dempsey might pause a brief moment before letting a right hook fly.

Auction Bridge

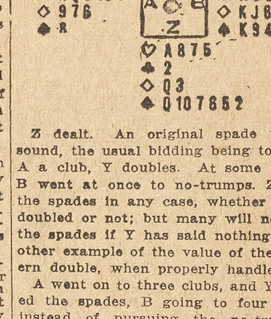
By R. F. FOSTER.

Author of "Foster On Auction," "Auction Made Easy," "Foster's Complete Hoyle," etc.

Duplicate auction is growing so popular that there are several points which are worth considering in the essential differences between that and the straight rubber for a stake.

One of these is fixed and invariable value of a game. In the ordinary rubber, the first game and the rubber game are worth a great deal more than any others, and a partial score may be a help. In duplicate, partial scores are valueless, and every game won on the deal is worth an invariable 125 points.

This allows us to calculate the difference between going game and taking penalties with greater accuracy. One condition is that, if you are going to play for penalties, you must double, to make them worth while. The rub comes in the decision as to your chances to make game on your own contract. Take this case, which came up at the Knickerbocker last April in the duplicate games:



Z dealt. An original spade is not sound, the usual bidding being to pass; A a club, Y doubles. At some tables, B went at once to no-trumps. Z calls the spades in any case, whether Y has doubled or not; but many will not call the spades if Y has said nothing. Another example of the value of the modern double, when properly handled.

A went on to three clubs, and Y helped the spades, B going to four clubs, instead of pursuing the no-trumper. Now comes the difference. At some tables, Z passed, and Y doubled the four clubs, with the result that the contract was set for 800 points, less 54 in honors. At others, either Z or Y went on to four spades, and at one table they made five, against bad play, scoring 206 points; now reckoned as 210, to make it even figures for the final addition of the scores.

At one table, B went to five clubs, over the four spades, and went down 400. At another he doubled the four spades, and lost an additional 100 points.

Here is the play at one table, when clubs were set three tricks on a bid to make four odd, doubled.

Y led the king of hearts, on which Z dropped the encouraging eight. Y next led the trump, and dummy put on the ace, leading another heart. Z passed this up, and Y won with the queen and led another trump, which A won, giving dummy a ruff on the third heart.

Dummy then led a spade, which went to the jack, and Y came through with a small diamond, dummy putting on the king and leading a spade, which A trumped. A diamond, through Y, went to Z's queen, and the ace of hearts took a trick. Now, all A can make is his two top trumps, as he must lose a diamond, Y getting rid of one on the ace of hearts.

It is interesting to note that the original heart lead loses a trick, as dummy will never get in that ruff if Y starts right out with the trumps. It is usually a pretty good rule to lead trumps when all the other suits are undesirable ones to lead from.

The play probably would have gone this way: A would win the first trick, and either lead a spade or try the diamond finesse. If the spade, Y is in to lead another trump. Now the diamond finesse loses to the queen, and Y is in with a heart to lead a third trump. Then he stops the diamond lead with the ace, and Z makes ace of hearts. Y trumping the jack, losing two trumps and a diamond at the end.

When this hand was played at spades, the pair that went game did it this way: Z trumped the second club and led a trump. At some tables he finessed the jack, but that makes no difference. When he finessed or put on ace and led the jack, B won with the king and led another club, which Z trumped. If dummy had finessed, a trump lead followed; otherwise, Z picked up B's trumps.

A heart lead puts Y in to make king and queen and lead a small diamond; ace to queen. When B puts on the king, Z gives up the queen, as B is marked with all diamonds and must lead up to Y's tenace in that suit. If Z keeps the queen he cannot go game.

The play when dummy finessed the trump went another way to game. Z trumped the third club and led another trump to make the ace of trumps. A small heart put Z in again to pull B's trumps. Now the discard of the diamond queen is not necessary, as Y still has a top heart and can get in to make the diamond.

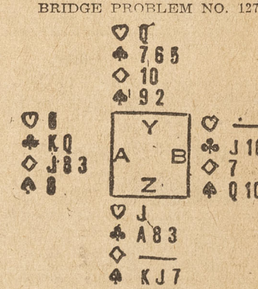
This is the solution to Problem No. 126, in which there were no trumps, Z to lead, and Y-Z to win five tricks:

Z starts with the ace of clubs, upon which Y plays the ten. The seven of clubs follows, Y playing the jack, so as to be sure of putting B into the lead twice in clubs, forcing him to lose two tricks in hearts.

The discards kill A's protection in the other suits, as it will be found that, whether B makes the top club at once and then leads hearts, or leads a heart and then wins a club, A will have to give Z a diamond trick or let Y make two spades.

If B gives up the nine of clubs on the first trick to avoid this solution, then Z follows with the four, instead of the seven, and B wins with the queen, putting Z in with the seven. In this case, Z leads the losing heart, wins the next trick with the ace, and again A's discards settle matters.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 127.



Hearts are trumps, and Z leads. Y and Z want five tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

WIRELESS BUREAU FOR THE AMATEUR OPERATOR

THIS week we shall describe a Reinartz tuner type of receiver with which Mr. Rupert McMichael, 30H, has heard amateur stations and broadcasting stations in practically every district in the States. But before beginning our description of this set in particular we wish to say a few words about the theory and principles of operation of single circuit tuners in general.

The Reinartz tuner, named after its originator, Mr. John L. Reinartz, I.Q.P., of South Manchester, Conn., is essentially a conductively coupled, or single circuit, tuner. That is to say, it does not possess a distinct primary coil and secondary coil. One coil acts as both primary and secondary. This general principle applies to all conductively coupled tuners, as opposed to inductively coupled tuners in which there is a distinct primary coil and secondary coil. As a result of abolishing one of the coils and making the other one act as both primary and secondary, the conductively coupled tuner possesses two advantages and one disadvantage.

The first advantage is a slight increase in signal strength. In the inductively coupled set, the signal current set up in the receiving aerial circulates through the windings of the primary coil. In so doing it induces a similar electrical current in the secondary coil, and this induced current acts upon the detector and phones. However, there is some loss of electrical energy in the process of transformation of the current from primary to secondary. But in the conductively coupled set the detector is metallically, or "conductively," connected to the aerial and ground. There is no induction of current from the primary to the secondary circuit, and hence the unavoidable loss of energy at this point is to a great extent overcome. As a result, there is a corresponding increase in the strength of the signals.

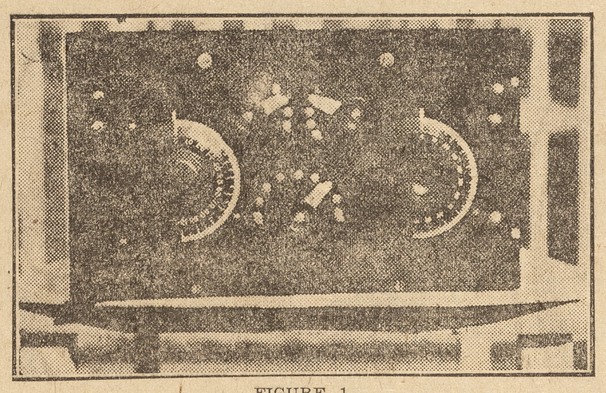


FIGURE 1.
Showing a front view of the exterior of the set.

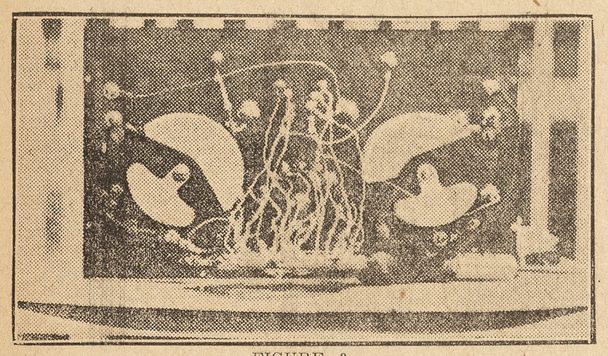


FIGURE 2.
A view of the back of the panel.

The second advantage is a simplification of the tuning of the set. When there is a primary coil and a secondary coil, three controls are necessary. (This does not include the controls required to deal with a tickler coil or other method of regeneration.) Considering only the primary and secondary, a control is required to tune the primary circuit, a second control is required to tune the secondary circuit, and a third control is required to vary the coupling between the two circuits. In a conductively coupled set two of these controls are eliminated. It is no longer necessary to vary the coupling between the two circuits because there is only one circuit, and it is no longer necessary to tune the two circuits separately, for the same reason. Hence the only control required is the one that provides for the tuning of the single circuit. This greatly simplifies the operation of the set.

The one disadvantage of conductively coupled sets is that they are not extremely selective, or in other words, their tuning is rather broad. If you tune a conductively coupled set to receive on a wave-length of 400 meters you will experience more interference from stations with wave-lengths from, let us say, 350 meters to 450 meters than you would with an inductively coupled set. That is to say, a conductively coupled set will not tune out stations that you do not want to hear as readily as will an inductively coupled set. This is sometimes an annoying disadvantage in large cities where several powerful transmitting stations may be situated within a few miles of the receiving set, but in the majority of cities, towns, and rural districts it is practically negligible.

The Reinartz tuner, being a conductively coupled set, possesses the two advantages and the one disadvantage referred to above. The disadvantage, however, is quite slight, and is far outweighed by the two great advantages. Any increase in signals strength is always an undeniable advantage. And any simplification of the operation of the set is another undeniable advantage, for it permits a more rapid tuning-in of transmitting stations.

In addition to these, the Reinartz tuner contains one other great improvement over the more conventional types of regenerative receivers. The feedback, or regeneration, is accomplished by a combination of static and electromagnetic methods (an adaptation of the system envolved by Mr. Roy A. Weagant, one of the Radio Corporation's engineers) instead of by tuning the plate circuit. As a result, it is not necessary to readjust the feedback for each change in tuning. The feedback may be set so that the tube is properly oscillating, and the tuning can then be varied through its entire range, involving the operation of but a single control. This is a great factor when rapid tuning is desired.

With this unavoidably long account of the principles of the Reinartz tuner, we shall now proceed to describe the actual construction of the set. Mr. McMichael has his set entirely contained in two separate cabinets. In one of the cabinets is the tuner itself, and in the other is a detector and two-step amplifier. This week we shall describe the tuner and next week the detector and amplifier. However, for the convenience of those who may not care to instal the two-step amplifier, we have this week shown the hook-up of the tuner with the amplifiers omitted and only the detector and phones included.

Figure 1 shows an exterior view of the front of the tuning cabinet. The cabinet is of one-quarter inch oak twelve inches long, seven inches high, and seven inches deep. The front panel is a piece of condensite celoron twelve inches long, seven inches wide and one-eighth of an inch thick. On the panel there are mounted five binding posts, three switches, and two knobs and dials. On the back of the panel there are two variable condensers, and a small spider web inductance coil.

This spider web inductance coil is the only part of the set that is the least bit difficult to make or instal. A cross-sectional view of the core on which the spider web inductance is mounted is shown in figure 4. It consists of a thin piece of cork two inches in diameter and about a quarter of an inch thick. Projecting radially from the periphery of this piece of cork are nine evenly spaced spokes. These spokes may consist of nine matches or strong tooth picks forced about three-sixteenths of an inch into the edge of the cork. Next, string should be wound around the coil in a zig-zag manner from one spoke to another till the winding of the string is about a quarter of an inch high. The winding of wire is then put on the coil. It consists of a total of 85 turns of No. 26 single cotton covered wire wound in zig-zag fashion on the nine spokes. The beginning of the winding is brought out as a tap, and a tap is also brought off every 15 turns for the first 45 turns. At the forty-fifth turn the wire is cut. This will give a forty-five turn coil with four taps from it, as shown in P in Figure 3. Immediately on top of this the winding is continued. From the second or outer section of the winding (marked Q. in figure 3) taps are taken off to an antenna switch at the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th turns, and a ground connection is taken off at the 10th turn. Continuing the winding, sixteen untapped turns are next wound on, and then taps are taken off for a grid switch at the 26th, 33rd, and 40th or last turn, for tuning purposes.

To get best results with the set no shellac should be used on the coil, and the core of cork and string should be removed, leaving only the framework of matches or toothpicks to support the wire. The cork centre can be removed by pulling out the matches slightly and then removing the piece of cork. After this it is an easy matter to unwind the string. As may be imagined, after the cork centre is removed, the coil will not stand very rugged handling, as it is only held in shape by the nine matches. If difficulty is experienced in making the coil hold in shape, it may be found necessary to put a slight touch of pure shellac at the places where the wire crosses the matches, but this is not recommended unless absolutely necessary.

Referring to Figure 1, the left-hand knob and dial connects with a 23-plate variable condenser (0.0005 mfds.). It is the feed-back condenser, and by its use the degree of regeneration or oscillation is accurately controlled. The right-hand knob and dial connects with a 13-plate variable condenser. By means of this condenser the tuning of the set is accomplished. In the lower centre of the panel there is an eight-point antenna tuning switch. Directly above it are two other switches. The left-hand one, possessing three contact points, is the grid circuit turning switch. The right-hand one, possessing four contact points, is the plate coil tuning switch.

Two binding posts in the upper left-hand corner of the panel connect to the aerial and ground. On the right-hand edge of the panel there are three more binding posts. The top one connects the tuner to the grid of the detecting tube, the centre one to the filament battery, and the bottom one to the plate of the detecting tube. In Figure 2 is shown a view of the back of the panel.

The complete hook-up for the tuner, with a single vacuum tube and phones, is shown in Figure 3. The heavy double line encloses all the apparatus that is contained in the tuner cabinet. The aerial, ground, detector, phones, etc., are outside the tuner cabinet. The positions that the five binding posts on the front of the panel occupy in the hook-up are marked by the letter X.

This set is primarily intended for short wave amateur DX work. With the average antenna it has a wave length range of from about 150 to 375 metres. This also includes most broadcasting stations. For spark reception it is as good as any other type of set, and for C.W. reception it is without an equal. With this set and one step of amplification Mr. McMichael has heard amateur stations in practically every district of the United States. Such an efficient little set, combining as it does simplicity of operation and ease of construction, is well worth building.

QRX for Silent Hours.

At the last general meeting of the Wireless Association of Ontario, held at the University of Toronto on Sept. 28, it was decided that a silent period should be observed every night from 7 till 10.30. The purpose of this nightly silent period is to allow those who are interested in radiophone concerts to listen to broadcasting stations. Every member of the association is bound to refrain from transmitting during these hours, so that there may be as little interference for the broadcast listeners as possible. After 10.30, however, the air will be free, and anyone may use it who wishes. It is the hope of the association that other radio organizations will co-operate with them in making this silent period universal throughout the Dominion.

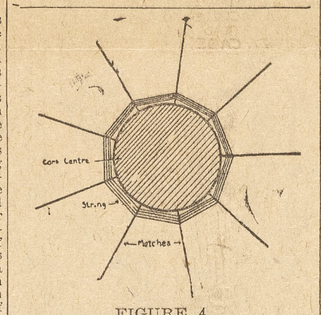


FIGURE 4.
A diagram of the core of the coil.

THE PROFESSOR'S CORNER.

This department is conducted for the benefit of all amateurs who desire to ask questions pertaining to radio. Not more than three questions can be answered for each correspondent, and no letters can be answered by mail unless a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

C. A. R. (Kitchener)—1. With 600 turns of wire on the primary and 3,600 turns on the secondary of your 110-volt transformer, the secondary should produce about 660 volts. There will be some drop in voltage due to the internal resistance of the rectifier cells, but you should be able to figure on at least 500 volts of rectified current. However, you can't get more electrical energy out of a transformer than you put into it. For this reason, if it takes 110 volts at ½ ampere to light a 50-watt lamp, then when you step up the 110 volts you will get 660 volts but only one-twelfth of an ampere. Hence the electrical energy amounts to the same, about 50 watts, in both cases.

H. L. Q. (Haileybury)—1. For transmitting on 180 metres an aerial 65 feet high and 150 feet long is rather too large. Would suggest that you use a three-wire T type aerial, about 100 or 110 feet long.

G. H. (Kitchener)—1. You failed to state whether you wanted the transformer to operate on 25 or 60-cycle current, and also what the primary voltage is. These both have a great effect on the design of the transformer, and without them it is impossible to tell you how to make the transformer you desire.

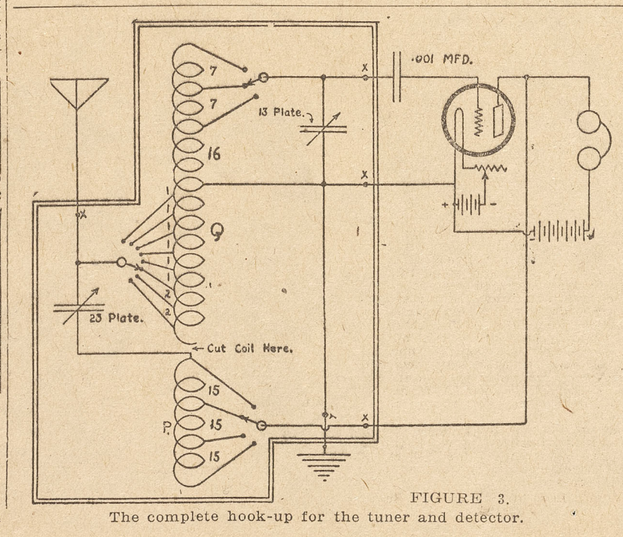


FIGURE 3.
The complete hook-up for the tuner and detector.

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Fierce, Wild Race Are Kurds of the Middle East

"THE Kurds, some of whom have just set up in the edge of Persia what is claimed to be the world's newest republic, are in appearance perhaps the closest approach to the Western world's conception of what brigands should look like," says a bulletin from the Washington, D.C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"And though these people to a great extent are marauders, they perhaps have every reason, so far as environment is concerned, to lead such lives. Their ancestors, in the days of Assyria's power, were harried by the soldiers of that civilization of the plains, and were repeatedly driven into the mountains. From these exiles they invariably returned to fall upon their enemies. Down through history these people were pushed from the lowlands until they were forced to make the best of the hills. When Xenophon and his Ten Thousand marched through Asia Minor it was the Kurds—then the Carduchi—who gave him the greatest trouble.

Mohammedan Aryans.

"The Kurds of to-day are still the unsubdued scourage of the people of the plains. They are a sturdy, strong-featured race of Aryans, allied to the Persians on one hand and to the Armenians on the other. Their home is in the southern part of the Armenian plateau, among the headwaters of the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers, and in the Zagros Mountains, which run southeastward from Lake Van to the Persian Gulf and form the boundary between Turkey and Persia. There they tend their flocks; for the majority are primarily shepherds, although they cultivate the soil so far as possible.

"Although most of the Kurds possess villages, composed of clusters of low, flat-roofed houses of stone or mud, all the tribes are more or less nomadic. The majority live in dark-brown, many-peaked tents of goat's hair during the Summer, not wandering far from home, but merely going up into the high mountains, where it is too cold and snowy to dwell in Winter.

"A considerable number, however, live a purely nomadic life, wandering hundreds of miles along regular routes between the warm plains of Mesopotamia in Winter and the cool, grassy uplands in Summer. Among the pure nomads society is organized upon a half-patriarchal system, while the semi-nomadic Kurds are either divided into tribes or clans, like those of medieval Scotland, or are ruled by feudal lords, whose power is often absolute.

A Race of Marauders.

"Poverty is the rule among the Kurds; their mountain fastnesses are difficult of access, and they themselves are strong and hardy by reason of their life of exertion. The people of the neighboring fertile lowlands, on the other hand, are relatively well-to-do, and are comparatively unprotected and averse to war. All these factors combine to make the Kurds a race of plunderers. "No race," says the famous Geographer, Reclus, "neither Baluch, Bedouin, nor Apache, has developed the marauding instinct to a higher degree than have the warlike Kurd tribes."

"In the Turkish portion of the more or less indefinite 'Kurdistan,'—the region under three governments in which the Kurds are found—three peoples now dwell, and in a sense compete; Kurds, Armenians and Turks. The Kurds, being the conquered race, hold the mountains and some of the less accessible valleys and basins. The Armenians occupy a position intermediate between the Kurds and the Turks. Sometimes they live in the heart of the mountains and are of a decidedly warlike character. Often they occupy somewhat secluded basins, or even hang on to some portions of the fertile plains which they possessed before the World War. The Turks, as befits the most recent conquerors, are generally confined to the richest plains and the cities.

"The Kurds of Persia are in turn racially quite distinct from the Persians and have rarely been submissive to the central government. They are in reality semi-barbaric, nomadic tribes that live on their flocks and by hunting in these wild mountain valleys. They have their own national costume, which is perhaps the most picturesque in all Persia.

Less Fanatical Than Arabs.

"Almost always armed to the teeth, these tribesmen look particularly romantic when dashing down a boulder-strewn hillside on their sure-footed ponies; the gleam of a rifle slung over a shoulder; flowing purple turban loosely bound around a huge black felt hat; broad, colorful scarf about the waist, half hiding two or even three bandoleers and above which projects hilts of a knife and a locally made revolver or perhaps a German automatic Mauser; baggy trousers, gaily tassled and embroidered saddle-cloths, and a certain air of bravado withal that vividly recalls an Oriental, a more brilliant Velasquez or those gallantly attired heroes so naively shown in old Persian miniatures.

"The Kurdish women are generally somber in dress, but do not hide the beauty of their faces under veils as strictly as the Persian women.

"Whether living in Turkey, Persia or the new state of Irak, the Kurds are Mohammedans. But they are not as serious or fanatical in religious matters as the Arabs and the Turks. Nominally they belong to the Shiah sect of Mohammedans. Some of them, however, are very cosmopolitan in their religious observances, and when away from home readily join in prayers in either a Shiah or Sunni mosque. They have even been known when in Armenian villages to join in the Christian service of the Armenian Church, kneeling and bowing with the congregation."



U. S. LEGION'S OFFICIAL HEADDRESS,

Miss Thelma Sines, of Logansport, Indiana, in the headdress which may become official for members of the American Legion Auxiliary. The star in the foreground is of blue, showing that the wearer herself, or brother, husband or father or sweetheart saw service during the world war. And wherever the wearer is entitled to it, a gold star may be substituted for the blue one. The headdress will receive its official recognition before the Legion convention in New Orleans this month.

FOOLISH VS. POOR.

A lot of unhappy marriages could be avoided if girls only would learn that when a man is poor there is a chance of his getting over it, but if he is a fool he never will, no matter how much money he has.

A FOLIO.

H. H.—The number of words in a folio varies. In England, in law documents, conveyances, deeds, etc., the folio is 72 words; in chancery and parliamentary proceedings, 90 words. In New York and other States one hundred words constitute a folio.

Eight Thousand Words a Day Written by This One Writer

WILL IRWIN claims the world record for having written the largest number of words of newspaper copy in the shortest time. Will has other claims to fame, but his achievement in "covering" the San Francisco earthquake and fire from a New York office deserves special mention. As a mental feat it was indeed extraordinary.

Will had come from his old home in San Francisco to live in New York two years before the disaster. The day before the earthquake he had quit the New York Sun to become editor of McClure's Magazine, but the Sun was desperate. Operating a news bureau in opposition to the Associated Press, the Sun had only one reporter in Frisco and he was falling down. All his copy was being thrown on the floor by the telegraph operators. They would not send a word of his out of the burning city.

So Will became reporter again, or rather press bureau. For the next few days he produced copy at the rate of between 8,000 and 14,000 words per day. When his fingers got too tired to work the typewriter keys he would dictate hour after hour a readable account of the events. Out of his head? Pure fabrication? Hardly.

First, he telegraphed all his old friends in Frisco to send him brief telegrams. These the operators would handle. These he "expanded" out of his rich knowledge of his old home town. But how? Try to name in succession all the stores and houses on the main street of your home town. Try Yonge Street.

Irwin did it. At ordinary times he could not do it, but his mental "second wind" or second sight came and for days he never tired, for eight days he never slept more than two hours in twenty-four, continually reeling off his story.

A telegram saying that flames had crept along a certain street from a certain place to another specified place would reach him. Instantly his mind would commence to picture store after store, name after name, house after house, and his copy had all the vividness of the eyewitness.

On the third day the word came that the whole city was going. So he produced the famous description which, headed "The City That Was," is still selling in book form.

On no day did he produce less than eight columns, over eight thousand words. This lasted eight days.

And there was no reaction. On the ninth day he was out for an outing with friends and sat up half the night listening to music.

On the tenth day he had forgotten nearly all about San Francisco. He could scarcely name the buildings in one block of Mission Street.

Not only was he under a mental and nervous strain but under an emotional strain all the time, for his family were in the burning city and no word had come from them.

As he wrote the tears fell. At the end of the second day he felt so tired that "I thought I could not go on, but I did and then, suddenly, I felt no fatigue at all; I felt capable of going on forever."

There are plenty of newspapermen in Toronto who have produced 8,000 words in one day, but not each day for eight days. And everyone hopes that they will never have to duplicate Irwin's feat with Toronto substituted for San Francisco.

STATURE AS MEANS OF DECIDING RACE

STATURE is by no means a general criterion of race. It would not be difficult to find groups of Englishmen, Kaffirs and North American Indians whose mean height would scarcely differ. Yet it is, in many cases, a valuable means of distinction, as in separating the Teutonic and the Celtic ancestry in the population of England. The height of the mean or typical man is five feet seven inches, and that of woman five feet two inches. An historical account describes the Teutonic peoples as tall, the Irish and Slavs as medium stocky, and the Mediterranean peoples as medium slender.



THE DANCE FLOOR

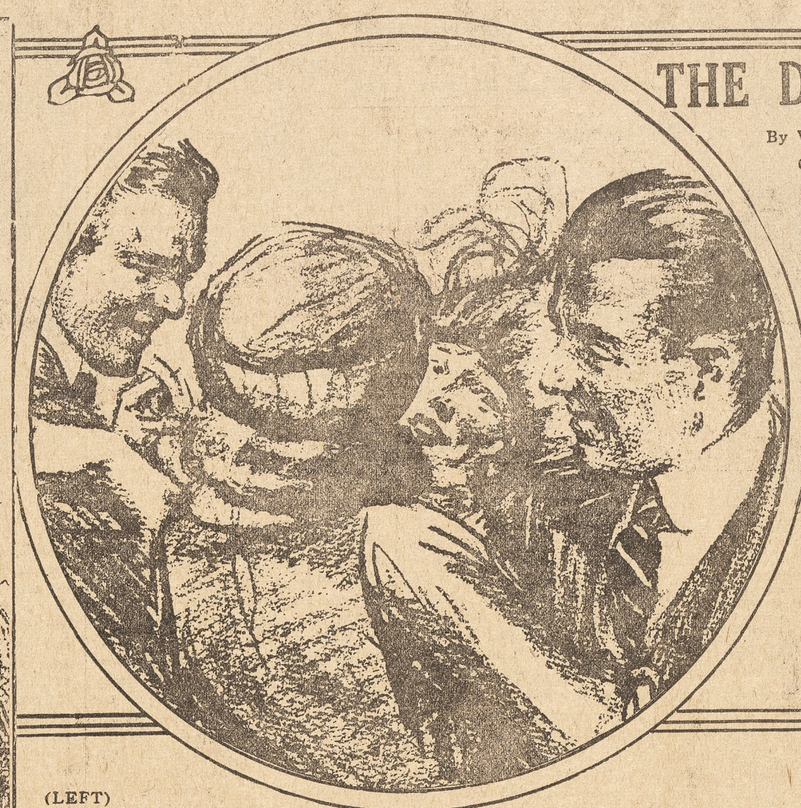
By W. E. HILL

Copyright 1922 by The Chicago Tribune



(LEFT)

A little cooling off between foxtrots.



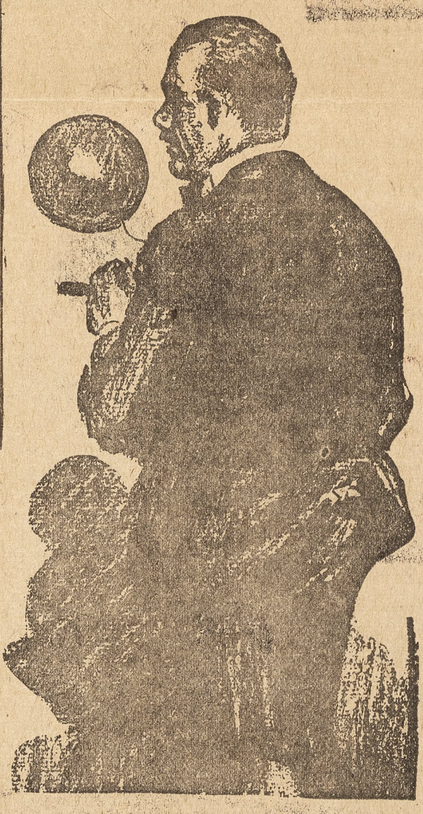
Roscoe and Mae, and Eddie and Gladys, are having a beautiful time dancing around bumping into each other. They call themselves "the big four," and what Roscoe and Mae don't think of Eddie and Gladys do.



Don't you get it into your head for one minute that all the good dancers grow in the city. Just look at all the tricky exhibition stuff Mr. and Mrs. Fred Herring, of Rockton, Ontario, are putting over! See all that lovely fringe on Mrs. Fred's sweater, and learn once and for all that country folks can be just as to-date with their sport clothes as city people.



A section of any dance floor. The couple at the extreme left are trying the light fantastic for the first time since the year they were married—about the time the maxixe was all the rage. They're not getting on very well. In the background is the young man with the fascinating line. Oh the killing things he's saying to Bernice—The rascal! Next, is the very large man and the very little girl. The very little girl is fond of singing with the music. The man doesn't sing, he just perspires and perspires. And, lastly, there is the flapper with the bobbed hair, who tosses her head and gets her hair all over her partner's face, thereby running the risk of bringing on his hay fever.



Gentleman with something on the hip about to be very gay with a toy balloon.

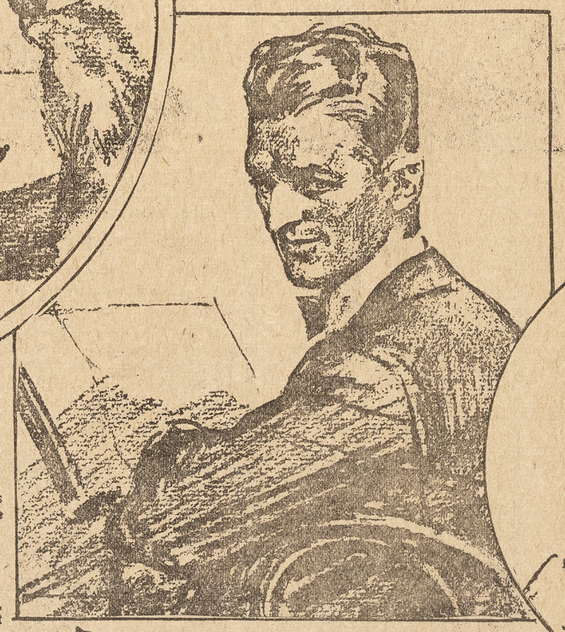


"Well, did you ever?" Mrs. Walrus and her maiden sister, Miss Rhoda Buck, have just been asked for a dance by a strange gentleman half seas over and their evening is made. What won't they have to tell about the dangers of the big city when they get back to Rodney Centre? Rhoda, bless her little heart, thinks that maybe the young man really thought he'd been introduced, but Mrs. Walrus knows better. "It's Rhoda's new earrings did it! Earrings always give one a fast look," is Mrs. Walrus's opinion.



(LEFT)
No. 1.
Max is one of those single-track dancers who recognizes no obstacles and makes way for no man. Sadie is busy watching out for the bumps.

(RIGHT)
No. 3
Leader of the orchestra, forgetful for the moment of the wife and kiddies, sights something pretty good looking across the way.



If looks could kill, the buyer who stepped on Hattie's new slipper would never again see the light of day!



Oct 15-22

Theatrical Section

The Toronto Sunday World

Theatrical Section

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The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob

WEEK-END THOUGHTS OF A MONDAY NIGHTER

THE more we wallow around in an endless flood of vaudeville shows and revues, the more we thank heaven for the Hart House Theatre. Our little playhouse in Queen's Park may not be an absolutely perfect institution of its kind, but the percentage of achievement during the three years of its existence has been higher than many of us dared to hope. What is more, we know in advance that an effort will be made there each season to present only plays that are worth doing. You may not like this one, and I may not like that one. You may think that you could make a better list, and I may have a substitution or two that I would have suggested. But the fact of the matter is that your selections or mine would be open to just as much criticism as those of the Hart House syndics.

Small Beginnings.

The great thing about the Hart House Theatre is that it is doing something, and only by action can we ever hope to accomplish anything in the way of a native drama. There are pessimists who feel that our little theatre is such a very, very small beginning. As a matter of fact, every valuable movement in the theatre in our time has had a small beginning. The ones that started on a large scale like the New Theatre in New York encountered calamity and left nothing behind them in the way of results or influence. They left plenty of hollow laughter.

One has only to go to New York and compare the disaster at the New Theatre—now the Century—with the history of the Neighborhood Playhouse in order to realize that small beginnings are often more healthy than large ones. During the present season, the Neighborhood Theatre is taking a rest, like the Provincetown Players, but the two women who have made it an institution intend to resume their activities in 1923.

Settlement Work.

The New Theatre and the Neighborhood Playhouse came into existence about the same time. Nearly fifteen years ago two young women, Miss Alice and Miss Irene Lewisohn, wishing to be of service to the people of the East Side of New York, offered their services to the Henry Street Settlement in Grand Street. Miss Irene was interested in dancing and Miss Alice in producing plays, and in order to bring the neighborhood together for a common interest and constructive purposes the Misses Lewisohn began putting on little performances with members of the neighborhood, for the neighborhood, in a small gymnasium with the usual curtain sliding on a wire, etc. As the interest increased and the audiences grew larger, Clinton Hall was used for the performances. Realizing that a playhouse would be of great constructive value and inspiration to the neighborhood, the Misses Lewisohn decided, in 1913, to build one and present it to the Henry Street Settlement.

The Playhouse was originally built for the housing of two main activities, the Neighborhood Players and the Festival Dancers. These, of course, had subsidiary activities in the way of classes and lectures. Originally the main plays of the year were presented exclusively by people of the neighborhood; men and women who worked during the day and used their leisure time in the evening in that most enjoyable way for self-expression. Unfortunately industrial life to-day often forces many young people into stultifying jobs, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that they have a chance in their play time to develop their tastes and enlarge their horizon.

Found Dunsany.

It was this group that first presented Lord Dunsany's thrilling one act play "A Night at an Inn." There was no one in the cast but that worked at some trade during the daytime, and yet every dramatic critic of prominence and every actor and actress, who was able to do so, made the journey to Grand Street in order to see that astonishing performance. In the guest book, one of the treasures of this theatre, Lord Dunsany has expressed his gratitude by writing, "Dunsany, whose spirit was discovered waif like in Grand Street, an unknown immigrant about 1915."

Although the friends and admirers of this little art theatre are legion, special patrons include such names as Emanuel Reicher, Walter Hampden, Olive Wyndham, Ruth Draper, Charles Rann Kennedy, Edith Wynne Matheson, John Galsworthy and Rabindranath Tagore.

More Ambitious Work.

In addition to the amateur activities of the organization, the stage has many times been offered to earnest professional groups wishing to try an artistic experiment. Each season has seen several such endeavors housed in this beautiful little theatre.

Madame Yvette Guilbert's "Guibour," the fourteenth century miracle play, was first reviewed by her at the Neighborhood Playhouse, so was "The Queen's Enemies," by Dunsany. Mrs. William J. Le Moyne, Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Ruth Draper have given their charming recitals there. Thomas Wilford, the inventor of the Clavilux color organ, owes his start and public recognition of his great invention to this institution, because it was there that he first presented his color symphonies. Granville Barker's "The Madras House" also made its American debut at the Playhouse.

In addition to the plays mentioned above, some of the performances given in this theatre during its seven years of existence have been: "The Glittering Gate," by Lord Dunsany; "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," by George Bernard Shaw; "A Marriage Proposal," by Tchekoff; "The Price of Coal," by Harold Brighouse; "Great Catherine," and "The Inca of Jerusalem," by G. Bernard Shaw; "The People," by Susan Glaspell; "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning; "The Beautiful Sabine Women," by Andreyev; "The Mob," by John Galsworthy; "The Harlequinade," by Barker and Calthrop; and "The Royal Fandango," ballet by Gustavo Morales.

Look at that record and compare it with the stars and the losses at the New Theatre.

Our Own Case.

We do not mean to say that the Neighborhood Theatre and the Hart House Theatre are parallel cases. The Grand St. playhouse began its career much more humbly than the institution in Queen's Park. We were a little more conscious right from the beginning that the Hart House Theatre might in time take an important place in the history of the Canadian drama. The story of the Neighborhood Playhouse is quoted for the benefit only of those persons who think that our little theatre is only a passing fad. By the time it is in existence fifteen years it may have in its museum of playbills the record of the first plays of dramatists who will be as well known by that time as Lord Dunsany, the waif, who had his first experience of American hospitality in the settlement playhouse in Grand Street, New York.

Long Distance Glimpses of the Broadway Stages

By PERCY HAMMOND.

MISS JANE COWL and Miss Ethel Barrymore have not been treated with kindness so far this season by their favorite Muse. Both of those pre-eminent ladies of the Drama have roles of considerable histrionic splendor; but, alas! as we used to say, they have nothing to play them in. Miss Barrymore is stupendous, as it is her wont, in a messy adaptation of Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd," by Ludwig Lewisohn, who is the dramatic critic for a weekly periodical and a member of the New York deep-thinking set. Mr. Lewisohn—a despised "intellectual"—put, if I may be permitted to say so, something over on Hauptmann, Miss Barymore and Arthur Hopkins, her new manager, and in doing so made "Rose Bernd" a gaunt and shabby mongrel.

"Rose Bernd."

Excepting "Emma McChesney," this "Rose Bernd" is the most footless thing that Miss Barrymore ever wasted her brilliant art upon. She, of course, is uncanny in her impersonation of a hapless peasant girl whose God-given sex causes her to be impassioned at the wrong time. Rough, rural men desire her; there is against her a tragic combination of lust, intrigue, circumstance and environment, and at the end she is to be seen and heard hysterically telling how she has strangled her illegitimate progeny because she did not know what else to do with it.

Mr. Lewisohn has translated "Rose Bernd" with all the ingenuous incompetence of a solemn critic trying to bend his stiff knees to the theatre. Instead of the simple, believable language of a country-side life, he employs what used to be known as bad grammar—the "I says" and the "I seens" and the "I haven't noes," confusing ridiculously in the process of translation the idioms of the two languages. It sounds something like a collaboration between Ring Lardner and Samuel Shipman. Being perhaps a drama lover, you have never heard an ill-word spoken about the precocious scenery of Robert Edmond Jones, who does all of our worth-while things. Well, hear it now; for Mr. Jones's feeble scenic accompaniment to "Rose Bernd" is affectation at its direst and in it there is more handicap to illusion than there is in even Mr. W. A. Brady's cheapest and most spurious routine counterfeits.

"Malvaloca."

The Actors' Equity, presenting Miss Jane Cowl in "Malvaloca," a Spanish drama, disappointed us a little on Monday evening. The occasion was supposed to mark the beginning of the embattled players' offensive against the Argonne of the commercial theatre. So it should have been strong and fine and new and vigorous. But it proved to be otherwise. Just a sappy, theatrical insignificant, prolix, drooling and picturesque parade of actors in front of a loud grandstand full of their admirers, "Malvaloca" was composed by the Brothers Quintero, and adapted to Miss Cowl and the Equity by a son of the late J. Sloat Fassett. Mr. Fassett, one surmises, improved upon the original. Not enough, however, to make it worth the Equity's while.

It was not worth while unless the play was meant to be a symbol of the actors' revolt. Miss Cowl, as Malvaloca, represented a bad girl with noble instincts. Like the cracked convent bell in the play, she was imperfect. The cracked bell was put in a crucible, after much talk, and when it had been melted and recast it was able to give forth pure and melodious carillons. So was the sinning Malvaloca changed by the heat of her lover's passion, and remolded nearer to his heart's desire. Thus the symbol—Malvaloca represents the Broadway Drama; and the Equity the furnace and the lover that makes her whole again. "Malvaloca" is not, I think, worth going to. It was worth going to last Monday night, however, when all the histrions were present in gala mood and attire. As participants in the most vivacious of the revolutions, the Equity audience bustled about with great fervor, waving hands, wafting kisses and chattering vehemently between the acts. At that, I suspect, the Equities were not the happiest among those present. I chanced to get a glimpse of Archibald Selwin, a mercenary manager, and Avery Hopwood, a commercial dramatist, and both of them, after the second act, were laughing their heads off. This was just after President Francis Wilson had told the audience that Love was the only thing, and that Love was the inspiration of the Actors' Equity.

"Thin Ice."

Percival Knight, having written a play called "Thin Ice," acts in it as a butler to a rich and distressed Long Island household. This butler, really, is an Englishman of distinguished family, but, mussed up by the war (in which he was a captain and hero), he comes hither for humble employment. His master turns out to be the good fellow who was lieutenant to him in the First Canadians. Mr. Knight removes the cartridges from the gun; he reconciles the troubled man and wife; he ejects not one false lover, but two; he tears up a check; he makes many pungent remarks, and at the end he betroths himself to a pretty heiress (Miss Olive Wyndham). Many persons are fond of that sort of a show.

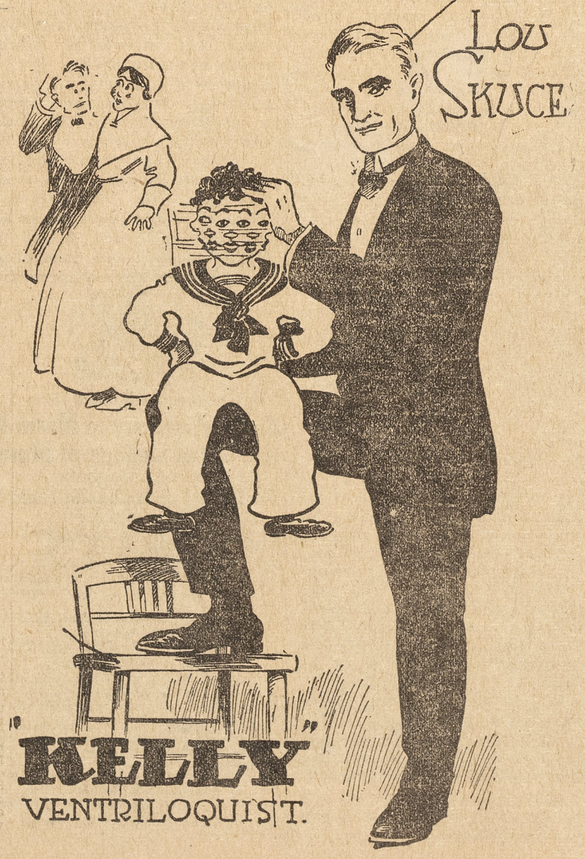
A Notable Play.

Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties" is the best play in town for discerning adults. It is as fine a thing as any of Pinero's dramas used to be, which means, of course, that it is much finer. It excels Pinero as Pinero excelled Oscar Wilde, and as Wilde excelled his predecessors. "Loyalties" is about a Jew and some London Christians. I'd like to write of it at length next week, and I shall do so if there are only a few objections. Meantime, intelligent playgoer, make "Loyalties" your first playhouse destination if and when you come to New York.

PONZI DRAMATIZED

At last the Ponzi affair has reached the stage—or, at all events, a play bearing upon it. It is entitled "Opportunity Knox," and is the work of one William H. McMasters, who covered the Ponzi case for a Boston paper. It was tested at Mr. Frazee's Boston laboratory, the Arlington.

IMPRESSIONS by Lou Skuce



FIFTY YEARS AN ACTOR.



John Drew, who is appearing this season in "The Circle," in which play he was seen at the Alexandra Theatre early in the year, will complete his fiftieth year on the stage next March. Plans are being made to observe the jubilee of this much admired actor.

When Ellen Terry Spoke Pointed Words of Reproof

IT is frequently stated that in London the actors take the laurels away from the actresses, and that in New York their actresses are much better than their actors. Generalities are always dangerous, but over in England the critics have more than once of late shaken their heads over the younger women of the stage. Quite recently Miss Ellen Terry, the grande dame of the English theatre, caused a flutter over there by making the statement that "actresses should go home to bed when they have finished their work, so as to be able to work better the next day."

Of five of the leading members of the theatrical profession who have so taken sides on the issue, three support her without reservation and the other two believe that there is much to be said on both sides of the question. Here is the present line-up:

Miss Sybil Thorndike—"Miss Terry forgets that practically no actress of these days, certainly no very young actress, has the parts to learn that she had. Also, when Ellen Terry was a young woman she had children of her own to look after. In moderation I think that every young actress should get about and enter into various phases of life. She cannot expect to portray life if she does not experience it. It is absurd to hold that the theatre should be all that there is in life for those who follow it."

Miss Edna Best—"So long as Miss Terry does not object to actresses playing lawn tennis and swimming I am rather inclined to agree with her. But to go on to supper or a dance after the theatre is so tiring that I get no pleasure out of it. To my mind, late nights are bound to tell on your freshness; most of the supper dances are smoky; all the dancing places are too hot and close."

An Actor Speaks.

Seymour Hicks—"Miss Terry is absolutely right. Most of our young actresses—and our young actors—are apt to stay up far too late and to make their calling too cheap. They seem to think that going on the stage means to start on £10 a week in return for their appallingly incompetent services, to play golf indifferently and to avoid interfering with their perfect jazzing by overworking themselves in the theatre in the evening. Not only do they ignore the business of learning to act, but they are ruining the profession. They go and sit cheek by jowl at supper in public with the people who have paid to see them on the stage. It destroys the illusion; it kills the secrecy which should surround us as mummers. How can any one believe in a Hamlet who is heard eating his soup in a restaurant after the theatre, or in a Juliet who jazzes to a nigger band until 3 a.m.?"

Lady Tree—"Sir Herbert Tree used to say that he detested seeing actors and actresses going about showing themselves off 'like lions at the Zoo,' and I have always agreed with this view. The serious actress should be a mystery to the public. On the other hand, with a certain class of actress, gadding about makes her more popular."

Miss Irene Vanbrugh—"It all depends upon individual circumstances and one cannot lay down an iron rule. If work stands first, I can see no great harm in going out after the theatre—if you have the luck to be invited."

But it is an interesting coincidence that nearly all of these people have reached an age when the gay night life probably does not appeal to them and when, as Miss Vanbrugh said, the invitation may not always be forthcoming. The fact remains that none of the younger and more frolicsome set whose names and photographs daily advertise what little night life there is in London have yet taken up Miss Terry's challenge.

"IF WINTER COMES"

"If Winter Comes," dramatized by Basil Macdonald Hastings, opened in English provinces recently with Owen Nares in the role of Mark Sabre. It will remain on tour—strange procedure for an English production—until some time in January, when it will be seen in London. In the meantime, A. E. Matthews, lately seen in New York in "Bull-Dog Drummond," has succeeded Mr. Nares in "Quarantined" at the Comedy in London.

Mention of "If Winter Comes" brings one to Cyril Maude, who, it was announced, would act that play in America. Mr. Maude has just acquired a new farce called "The Dippers," and if it is successful he will bring it to this country. A lately returned friend of the actor's reports that he is exceedingly anxious to pay another visit to America.

OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN GOES TO THE MOVIES

IF EVER I draw up a list of "Don'ts" to guide the conduct of moving picture heroines, one of them will be "Don't go into any man's room, if he wears evening clothes and a little moustache."

No heroine ever yet disobeyed that rule without getting herself into a peck of trouble. Invariably the man whose good opinion she desires more than anything else in the world sees her pop out of the window or out of the door. He does not want to believe the worst, but he fears that she is not the woman he thought her.

If the heroine runs the risk, she should always be careful that her reason for doing so is something that she can tell the world, as our American cousins so broadly put it, with their typical liking for hyperbole. Dear heroine, don't go to a man's room with some noble purpose that has to be kept secret after you have been caught popping out, for of course no heroine ever yet popped out of a man's room and got away with it.

If young Mr. Heedless has forged a cheque, don't go after it, simply because you cannot tell about the forged cheque afterwards. Oh, how many anguished heroines have dragged their way through four unhappy reels because they could not tell that Mr. Heedless had forged a cheque!

"Rose O' the Sea."

It was because Anita Stewart had never heard those don'ts, or had, at least, decided to disregard them that she overwhelmed herself with misery in "Rose o' the Sea." It is one of those picture plays which make you feel all the time that you have seen it before. The incidents are reminiscent and even when things look blackest for Anita Stewart, you see quite plainly that it must come out all right.

Here again you have one of those lovely heroines who come out of an unpromising environment, and prove to be things of sweetness and delight. In this particular picture, Mr. Heedless had forged a cheque, which was in the possession of a chap who could be spotted as a rotter at first glance. Anita was the one person who was supposed to be able to make a man out of Mr. Heedless, so she went to the rotter's rooms to get the cheque.

Need I tell you what happened? The rotter backed up against the door and locked it. Anita had to seek refuge in his bedroom. Then she popped out of the window, and the man who helped her down off the balcony was the last man in the world whom she wanted to see at the moment. You will realize that she could not mention the forged cheque.

The misunderstandings that followed landed poor Anita in a very drab boarding house.

But the man she loved found her in the end when he discovered how unjust were his suspicions.

There is no suspense in "Rose o' the Sea" because you know exactly how these stories work out. Anita Stewart is easy to look at, and for that reason you do not mind sitting through any photo-drama in which she appears. At least, her latest vehicle cannot offend anyone, even it it does not cause much excitement.

"Blood and Sand."

It is not easy to give an opinion of "Blood and Sand." One's feelings regarding it are so very mixed.

In the first place, I am sure that it will be popular wherever it is shown. It ought to be one of the season's best sellers. Rodolph Valentino must appear in picturesque roles. He has the sort of romantic personality that requires colorful surroundings to set it off. The girls adore him when he wears a shawl and silk panties, as some one has said. Under those circumstances, you do not notice that he oils his hair. But the moment he wears human clothes, like you and me in our business suits, the sleekness of his hair hits you in the eye.

There has never been a more romantic figure on the screen than Valentino in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." He gave you the same feeling in "The Sheik," and again in "Blood and Sand" he had a rôle that fitted him perfectly. That fact alone ought to assure the success of his latest photo-play.

The novel on which this play is based was written as an attack on the Spanish institution of bull fighting. Ibanez intended to prove to his countrymen that the life of a toreador was one that brutalized a man and dragged him down morally. "Blood and Sand" is as truly a novel with a purpose as anything that Dickens ever wrote. That side of it makes no difference to us in this country. One doubts whether you can upset the popularity of any sport by means of literature. You could prove beyond all danger of an answer that baseball is a mouthy and vulgar sport that expresses the worst side of the character of the nation that boosts it, but the World Series would still draw its millions. However, this story of a toreador who gave up the love of a faithful wife to accept the favors of a worthless sensation hunter, who turned from him when his star began to pale, makes a good drama. It is an effective vehicle for Valentino.

I have heard of some Valentino fans who did not like "Blood and Sand" berause the bull-fighting was so brutal. Of course you cannot expect bull-fighting to be done in the spirit of a quilting bee. The photography showing the bull fights is an astonishing achievement.

Another critic assures us that the pictures of Spain are not accurate. I have got my notions of the life and costumes of the Spaniards from performances of "Carmen." Accordingly, "Blood and Sand," seemed quite an authentic picture of Spanish life to me. After all, movie producers have to make their local color to fit the popular notion rather than the facts, as travelers know them.

As already ventured, by way of prophecy, "Blood and Sand" will be popular, and on the whole, it deserves to be.

"The Storm."

When "The Storm" came here on the legitimate stage, I wondered why it ran all one season in New York. The mechanical forest fire, which formed the climax of the story, was so obviously not a fire at all that one found difficulty in being thrilled by it. The movies have made it impossible to do those things behind the footlights any more. We are not going to strain our imaginations to the point of believing in fires that would not frighten a child. We are not going to get excited over a horse race in which the animals are jumping on a tread-mill and not moving an inch. Even before the invention of the movies, the chariot race in "Ben Hur" seemed to me a wash-out. The scenery was doing all the racing, and anyone could see that the race was fixed. It is the same with forest fires on the stage—you simply do not believe them.

On the screen, the forest fire in "The Storm" gave you a genuine thrill. The people looked to be in peril. The snow storm was just as real. You felt that the characters had a narrow escape when the snow slide nearly caught them in the pass. Most thrilling of all was the scene in which the old man leaped from the high cliff into the rapids.

The story of "The Storm" holds the interest, even though it has not much about it that is original. Two men and a woman get marooned for the Winter in a hut in the mountains. One of the men is country-bred and the other the product of the cities. One is a hero, and the other a cur. Need I tell you which is which? Why is it that the movie producers always show the city to a disadvantage when compared to the country, even though they depend on the city people for most of their returns? The city man adopts all sorts of methods, from bestiality to cheating, in order to defeat his rival, but the forest fire proves which of them is the real man.

I have seldom seen better movie photography than you will find in "The Storm." It is an exciting photo-play, with some natural comedy as a relief. You will have a good evening at this one.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Pinero's "The Enchanted Cottage," acted in London last season was played by Jessie Bonstelle's stock company in Providence recently—its first American production. The release of the play to stock companies at this point of the proceedings makes one wonder if Mr. Brady and the Shuberts really intend to produce it on Broadway as announced. It is very unusual for a drama by a man like Pinero to be released for stock before it has a New York presentation.

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MUSIC

HE LEFT BEHIND A NOBLE MEMORY

DEATH has removed another of the stalwarts of song, writes Oscar Thompson in Musical America. In the passing of Sir Charles Santley, the most famous English baritone of the Victorian era, a great oak of the last century fell. A ruddy personality to the last, he was in his eighty-ninth year when the end came on Thursday, Sept. 21. After a lifetime of roving, in which he knew the pinch of want and the sting of many keen disappointments, as well as fame and success such as were shared by few vocalists of his day, he slipped into eternity from his home in London—the city in which he achieved the most memorable triumphs of a career that spanned continents and seas, extending from his homeland to America, from Italy to South Africa, and from Egypt to Australasia.

Santley was born in Liverpool, Feb. 28, 1834, twenty-three years before Bispham first opened his eyes and tried his voice in Philadelphia, and he survived the American, who died in 1921, by a scant eleven months.

Gounod and Santley.

Many years have elapsed since Santley was in his prime, and his successes in opera, concert and oratorio seem almost legendary to-day. The names of the artists with whom he sang—Mario, Giuglini, Gardini, Tamberlik, Wachtel, Sims Reeves, Parepa-Rosa, Alboni, Grisi, Tietjens, Trebelli, Nilsson, Ronconi and Karl Formes only add to the dimness and distance of his heyday on the operatic stage. Perhaps its best remembered ancedote—since it is recounted everywhere in books on the opera—is that of the origin of the air, "Dio Possente" ("Even Bravest Heart"), which Gounod added to the score of "Faust" especially for Santley's benefit, after the young English baritone had achieved a striking personal success as Valentine—a role which had previously seemed a a rather secondary one. The air, as interpolated, was first sung by Santley at the performances of the work in London in 1864.

In his own story of the incident, related in his book "Student and Singer," published in 1902, Santley said that the air was written at his suggestion. "When 'Faust' was produced in English early in 1864," he wrote, "I suggested that Gounod might write a song for me, taking the melody which occurs in the prelude in the first act as a theme. At first he demurred, as he considered he had not been well treated with regard to the business arrangements connected with the work; but he consented when he learned it was for me, and in a few days sent me the pianoforte score of 'Even Bravest Heart.'"

So negligible was the role of Valentine considered after the first Paris performance that it was only by earnest petitioning that Santley, who regarded the death of Valentine as the finest ensemble in the opera, could persuade Mapleson to let him essay it in London. The baritone's fellow artists also tried to dissuade him from wasting his time on it.

Refused to Italianize Name.

Something essentially hale, characteristically hearty and fundamentally British distinguished Santley from other famous singers of his century. Mapleson related in his "Memoirs" of efforts which provincial managers and others made to induce the baritone to change his name to Signor Santalini; his illustrious confrere and fellow-baritone, Jack Foley, having become known the world over as Signor Foli. But plain Charles Santley he remained (Gilbert and Sullivan might have dedicated to him the ditty "In spite of all temptation" in "Pinafore!") until by the process of knighting at the hands of his sovereign he became, in 1907, Sir Charles Santley. He was even better known for his performances of English opera (including both such native works as "Robin Hood," "Pauline," "The Rose of Castille," and "The Lily of Killarney," and translations of imported scores) than for his seasons of Italian opera under Mapleson and others. A writer of those times described him as "the best musician" among the English singers of the generation.

One of the Handelian airs with which his name was inseparably connected, "Oh, Ruddier than the Cherry," gives a suggestion of the man and the artist. His life had in it something resonant and orotund. He referred to himself humorously as a "Liverpudlian"; he loved his pipe, his roast beef and good wine, and—as he himself described it—he "slept not long but broadly." "Simon the Cellarer" was a song after his own heart. So was "To Anthea." These, with "Oh, Ruddier than the Cherry," "The Erl King" (which he always sang in English) and "Non piu Andrai" from Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," were almost inescapable whenever Santley appeared on the concert stage. "Hearts of Oak" clung to him, wherever he went.

Of his vocal art, there are veteran auditors who can speak from personal recollection. The writer of these lines is not one of them, and can only fall back on opinions that have been expressed elsewhere by others. Among American critics, Henry T. Finck has paid generous tribute to Santley in his book, "Success in Music and How it is Won." The English writer, Fuller Maitland, said that Santley's singing of songs was as dramatic as if they were scenes on the stage. Yet, we are told, he never fell into the error of making lyrics sound operatic.

Characteristics of His Art.

The voice was not one of unusual sensual beauty, nor primarily remarkable as an instrument, though it had power, vitality, resonance and intensity. "The quality"—to quote an article in Grove—"was less remarkable for richness or sonority than for its eloquence of expression, and had a timbre which in love-music more easily represented fiery passion than soft langour. This fire was never more perfectly in it's place than in 'Elijah,' where it was prominent from the opening recitative until the end. His distinct enunciation, and power of varying the tone-color, were among his technical merits, but, beyond and above these, was the informing spirit of energy finely held in control."

In his volume, "Reminiscences of my Life," written when he was seventy-five, Santley recalled humorously that in spite of his much-praised enunciation he had heard it said that he spoke English with a foreign accent, and at various times he was referred to as an American, an Irishman, an Italian or a Dutchman! Though of Welsh ancestry, he styled his own speech "Irish-Liverpool." With evident relish, he told of a time when Mrs. Reeves, wife of the redoubtable but eccentric tenor, remarked that if Santley would only pronounce English as well as he did Italian, he would "do."

Began His Career as Tenor.

Unlike Jean de Reszke, who began as a mediocre baritone and became the foremost tenor of the lyric stage, Santley was first a nondescript tenor and subsequently found himself as a baritone. Music, he has written, cost him "a Niagara of tears." His father was a musician, his mother sang, but both had a Puritanical abhorrence of the stage. He was permitted to study music, but not to attend the theatre. At six, so he has recounted, he sang to amuse visitors at tea. He entered the drudgery of a counting house at fifteen. Two years earlier he had heard a performance of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" which had left him unstirred. But clandestine visits to the theatre soon awakened in him an aspiration to be an actor. The singer Staudigl was his first musical idol. Recognition of his vocal talents resulted in his being permitted to go to Italy, where he studied with Gaetano Nava. This was in 1855, when he was twenty-one years old. Meanwhile he had concluded that he was not a tenor and after a brief period of growling as a bass he discovered his rightful voice as a high baritone.

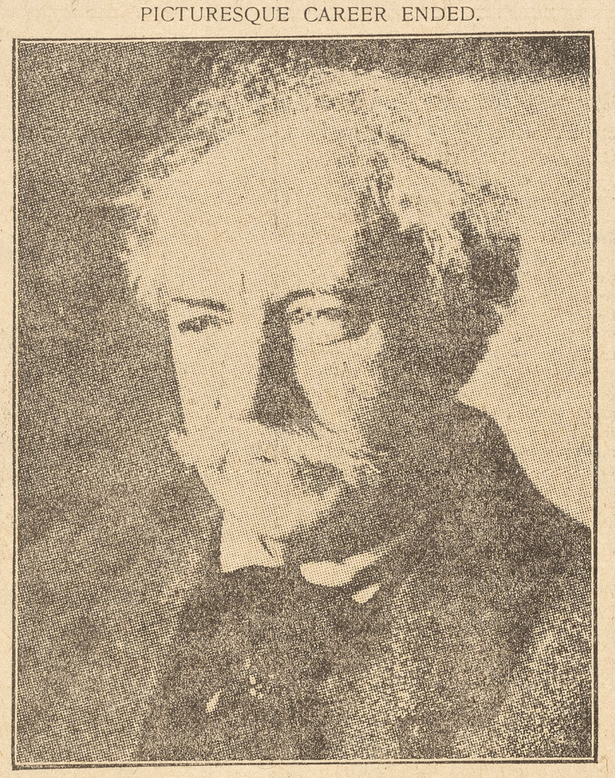
The swirl of opera in Italy soon ensnared him. He made his debut as The Doctor in "La Traviata" at Pavia, but after singing several other small parts returned to England, where he resumed his studies with so famous a master as Manuel Garcia. "Garcia," he said, "taught singing—not surgery." His first appearance before an English audience came in 1857, when he sang the music of Adam in "The Creation." Other early oratorio engagements were followed, in 1859, by his English opera debut as Hoel in "Dinorah," with subsequent appearances in "Trovatore" and "Lurline." In the years immediately following, he alternated between Italian opera and operetta singing in "Robin Hood," "La Reine Topaz," "Fra Diavolo," "The Lily of Killarney," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Les Huguenots," "Don Giovanni," "Rigoletto" (which he added to his repertoire while on a visit to Barcelona), "Freischutz," "Zampa," "The Water Carrier," "Joconde," and other favorite works of the day. He was the first to sing the name part of "The Flying Dutchman" in England, when an Italian performance was given of it in 1870 under the title of "L'Olandese Dannato."

Honored at His Jubilee.

Of his later years, there is little to be said. He began teaching in 1894, when he was sixty, having, as he put it, arrived "at years of discretion." The remark of Pauline Viardot Garcia that for the first lessons a master of singing ought to pay the pupil, not the pupil the master, since the master learns a great deal more than the pupil, was justified, he said, by his own experience. He owned himself keenly disappointed at the results of his labors with the students who came to him. So many of them were slovenly, so many obtuse! Several periods of ill-health imposed financial as well as physical drain. Things went from bad to worse and the future looked gloomy for him, until old friends—chief among them the Earl of Kilmorey, who had been his pupil—organized a benefit concert (as Santley and others many years before had done for the tenor Mario when he was in similar distres) and celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Santley's first appearance in London with a "jubilee" program which netted a large sum. This was in November, 1907, and it was at this time that King Edward conferred on the old singer the distinction of knighthood. Subsequently little has been heard in this country of Sir Charles, though he continued to sing in "Elijah" and other oratorios, and it would not be surprising to hear that a few days before his death he had frollicked through "Oh, Ruddier Than the Cherry."

"I take no formal 'Farewell,'" he wrote in 1909; "we may meet again. If it should not be here, I hope we may meet where there will be one Composer, one Conductor, and that we may all join in one choir and sing His praise for ever and ever."

PICTURESQUE CAREER ENDED.



Sir Charles Santley died in London last month. He belonged to an older generation of singers, and occupied a unique position among the great British vocalists.

MAKING OUR MUSIC LOOK LIKE SPORT

IT is not an uncommon thing for people who are interested in the arts to assume a pitying attitude towards those men who devote themselves to sport.

One criticism is that modern sport does not promote sportsmanship. The losing team and their friends so often unite to blame the referee rather than their own lack of ability.

"Soak the umpire." "Robber!" "Why don't you play marbles?" All those expressions of disapproval and others like them have been associated in our artistic minds with that unsportsmanlike thing known as sport.

Now, the first thing that the current musical season has taught us is that wherever there is a contest, that spirit of "Jump on the umpire" may enter in. Even music is not peculiar that way,

It may seem funny, but it is true.

Toronto Is Beaten.

Last week, Mr. D. S. Linden took a choir to Buffalo to compete in a choir contest which was to be held in that city. With Toronto's reputation as a choral centre, it seemed as though the lustre of our name ought to have defeated any choir that might enter against us. As a matter of fact, there was only one, and it hailed from Utica. Whoever heard of anybody even trying to sing in Utica?

When the choirs had finished plunging about in "The Open Sea" and when they had wafted their way through "The Wind and the Day," the judges came forward and did a surprising thing. They gave Toronto only second place, and that, in a contest between two competitors, was not so very good.

Those of us who learned the judges' decision over the wire, without hearing the singing, knew just exactly how every other Torontonian would feel. "How dare any judge say that any Toronto choir cannot sing better than any other choir!"

Then we all, with one accord, began to shout after Dr. A. S. Vogt of Toronto, and Dr. Tertius Noble of New York, "Yer rotten, yer rotten." It sounded more like a baseball game than an international musical contest.

The fact remained that Toronto had been beaten by a "village choir."

It Was a Pity.

It seems to us a great pity that Canadians should have been the first persons to booh the umpires. There were other musicians in the hall, and if the decision was so hopelessly bad, surely some American who knows about choral music will say so. Then if it would sooth our pride and make us any happier, we might quote them. We might even add a dignified "Hear, hear."

If the musical observer of the Sunday World had been present, he might have felt that the Festival Choir had not received a fair decision. Indeed, if one may judge from the work of the choristers when they gave a concert at Massey Hall ten days ago, they are just about as fine an organization as this city has produced. Perhaps a little violent in their contrasts, but remarkable for the vitality of their singing.

But here is a point to be remembered. There is not a writer on musical subjects in Toronto today who is competent to set up his opinion against that of Dr. Vogt or Dr. Noble. Both those men are experts. Dr. Vogt is a Canadian who has achieved an international reputation through his knowledge of choirs and choir singing. It must be admitted that the rest of us, even when we are expressing our opinions of musical events, are amateurs, fairly widely experienced perhaps, possessing a certain amount of taste, though we hasten to add "perhaps" most emphatically, but we are nevertheless amateurs.

So far as judging choral music is concerned, we would say to Dr. Vogt that, like Gunga Din, he is a better man than we are. Following that conviction to its logical conclusion, we would assume that the choir from Utica deserved the honor. Perhaps there are people in Utica who sing, after all.

Reason for Regret.

The local expressions of indignation will not alter the decision. Still, it is to be regretted that that the criticisms were launched. The contest turned out to be an international one, and we are going to be accused of being bad losers. Even though the whole world declares that the man who lost in any given competition should have won, he is nevertheless proclaimed a bad loser if he, himself, is the first one to blame his defeat on the referee.

Those of us who happen to be Canadians, with parents and grand-parents who were Canadians before us, grew up with the impression that bad sportsmanship was something characteristically American. We were warned by fathers and mothers too that we were behaving like "little Yankees" if we could not win gracefully and lose with good temper and without finding fault with the decisions. That early teaching sticks. It rather humiliates us as Canadians to put ourselves in a position where we may be accused of being bad losers. In our heart of hearts, we may be resentful losers, but we try to keep up a brave front so as to look like the other thing.

We trust that our cousins across the line will not say too much about the manner in which we have taken the defeat of the Toronto Festival Choir by the Utica Philharmonic Society.

Credit to Mr. Linden.

Let us add that Mr. Linden deserves every credit for the manner in which he has endeavored to uphold the choral traditions of Toronto, and his efforts have been persistently dogged by disappointments. His concert in Massey Hall must have been a most disheartening affair, with the endless rows of empty seats where the audience should have been. For some reason or other, people did not seem to be aware that the concert was being given. We have come across several followers of choral music who knew nothing about it. They knew about the choristers from the Bell Telephone Company, but were unaware of the more ambitious effort. That fact together with the hot weather doubtless accounted for the lack of support given the choir.

We did not hear the Utica Choir, and we have every confidence in Dr. Vogt. On those points we have endeavored to make ourselves clear. But let us add our congratulations to Mr. Linden on the excellence of his chorus. We have never heard choral singing in Massey Hall that gave us more pleasure—of course we mean in compositions like those which the chorus rendered.

The Toronto Festival Chorus represented the best that our city can produce. If anybody thinks that assertion sounds like a backhand slap at the other local choirs, then it will have to go as that.

The trouble is that this whole affair has served to get our musical season off to a rather comic start.

BAX WRITES A SYMPHONY.

The word goes that Arnold Bax, the tone-poet of "The Fairy Hills" and "November Woods," has finished a full-grown symphony to be played in London next Winter. The activities of the British composers grow more and more interesting.

FAMOUS "CARMEN" BLIND.

Minnie Hauk, Baroness von Hesse-Wartegg, is totally blind at her home in Lucerne, Switzerland. A few months ago the Baroness, whose sight had been failing for several years, submitted to an operation in Paris, hoping that her eyes would become normal. After the operation, and in the belief that it had been successful, a celebration was held in her home. The celebration over, she discovered that the hope she entertained had been vain. She has to depend on the services of attendants for her daily wants. Minnie Hauk was the first to sing "Carmen" in America.



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EVERBODY PLEASED.

The citizens of Brussels so rejoiced in the return of Ysaye, the violinist and conductor, to dwell and work among them that they struck a medal of commemoration. By all accounts Cincinnatans would as heartily have struck one to celebrate his departure from their city.

John Drew Looks Back Over an Honorable Career

WHEN John Drew came to Toronto last April in "The Circle" few people realized that the American actor was on the threshold of his fiftieth year on the stage. In fact when John Drew opened the other day in Chicago in Somerset Maugham's play, he was entering upon his jubilee year.

John Drew properly belongs to New York. To be sure, Philadelphia may claim him, for it was there that he made his first appearance as a youth in his mother's theatre on Arch Street. But it is in New York that the best years of his long career have been spent, and there will be those who will see to it that John Drew is not far from Broadway when on March 23, next, the fiftieth milestone is reached.

Years rest lightly on John Drew. One might almost believe that in East Hampton, where he spends his summers there lies hidden away that mysterious fountain which Ponce de Leon failed to locate in Florida. A representative from the New York Post who sat and talked with him the other day after a particularly long and wearisome rehearsal, found the 1922 John Drew to all appearances unchanged from the mental picture he had of the John Drew of a decade or more ago.

Moustache is Changed.

Yes, there was a change. The ever-meticulous Drew moustache has changed. It has grown shorter. Instead of flowing as it once did, it is now close-cropped, trimmed at the end, and pointed up just a trifle. The effect is perhaps a bit more swagger than before—but fashion has done this, not age. More than growing old gracefully, Mr. Drew has seemingly solved the secret of not growing old at all.

What is even more remarkable, Mr. Drew has apparently succeeded in coming through the past half century without acquiring the old timer's usual crop of theories. There is no bemoaning the "good old days" in his talk. The stage and the actor's profession have undergone tremendous changes since Drew first made their acquaintance. In fact, much of the business of the theatre of to-day may be said to have nothing in common with the theatre of his early days. But the changes, as he views them, have been largely for the better, or at any rate they have their reasons for being.

Has there been a decline in acting? Mr. Drew thought over this question carefully before replying.

"No," he said at length. "I would not put it that way. There has been a change, that is all. Acting, like playwriting and everything else about the stage, goes by epochs. We are just now in what I might call the ultra-modern epoch. Acting of the old school is not called for. In the days when Boucicault was writing, for example, certain requirements were made upon the actor which no longer exist to-day.

"The actor of the Boucicault school has disappeared, but this is not to say that the actors of the modern school are not doing some very fine things. Many of them are. Plays, in general, are probably better acted than they used to be. And in certain instances, such as in the plays of O'Neill, there are opportunities for fine acting, opportunities which bring out the highest art of the actor, such as few plays of the past had to offer."

Stock Companies.

Turning to the stock company, Mr. Drew said he thought that his once-honored institution was not dead but sleeping, and that its return to life might be expected.

"The stock company of other days was the result of conditions," he explained. "Should these conditions return we will again have the stock company with us. Take the new Equity Theatre venture, for example. Here is a step which the actors themselves are taking. They are going to produce their own plays. It may be the beginning of a revival of the stock company. When an actress like Jane Cowl deserts the star business to take part in such a venture it is something to think about."

However, the stock company of the future—if it should come—will not be an exact reproduction of the stock company of the past. In all events, Mr. Drew does not believe there will ever be another Daly's.

"Daly's," he explained, "was unique. It was an agglomerate, a cohesive group of players, brought together by a sort of process of attrition—the kind of thing that happens only once."

Mr. Drew confessed that, looking back, his happiest years—and they were all "happy years," he says—were those spent at Daly's.

"In particular," he added, "when I played opposite the Katherine of Ada Rehan."

The old stock company, Mr. Drew contends, was a valuable adjunct to the theatre. It was in a stock company in his mother's Arch Street Theatre that Drew first got his start, and the experience he gained there was of the greatest value.

An Excellent School.

"It should be remembered," he said, "that the stars of those days, when they came to a city, did not bring their own companies with them. They got their support from the local stock players. It was excellent training for the other players. Perhaps no better training school for actors has ever been evolved. Then, too, the director of the stock company was a man who knew his business. He had to. Young actors learned nearly all they knew at the hands of the old stage directors, who were men of real ability. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said to-day. A good stage director has become a rara avis."

What of the movies, Mr. Drew was asked. Have they hurt or helped the stage?

"In general, I think their effect has been slight," he replied. "It has been confined almost entirely to the cheap melodrama and the one-night stand business. First-class drama has not suffered. Some good actors have, perhaps, drifted away because of the larger salary inducements, but I think it has been shown that a really good actor can combine both his work on the stage and for the screen without injury to either.

"What the movies have done mainly is to drive old-fashioned, cheap melodrama out of business by doing that sort of thing infinitely better. Secondly, they have provided good jobs for many actors who, because of vocal limitations, were not well suited to the speaking stage. In that respect, they have been a good thing."

As to Shakespeare and the possibility of a Shakespearean revival, Mr. Drew has by no means lost hope. True, the race of Shakespearean actors is a none too numerous lot—he mentioned Mantell, Sothern and Walter Hampden as almost the only torch-bearers left—but there are indications that the younger generation has not entirely lost touch with the tradition. From Drew's own household two newcomers may be expected. John Barrymore, as everybody knows, will shortly essay the role of "Hamlet."

A New Rosalind Coming.

"And my niece," confided Mr. Drew with the air of one who is letting out a family secret, "is most eager to play Rosalind."

If this is a premature announcement, Miss Barrymore will have to settle the account with her uncle.

Censorship—especially of the stage—leaves John Drew cold. He doesn't believe in it. In his own case, he has never met the animal at close quarters, but—you never can tell.

"Take 'The Circle,'" Drew remarked. "It is a really fine play. New York found it so, and it has been so received as far West as the Coast. Yet it remained for Salt Lake City to discover that the play was immoral. Think of it!"

The outstanding achievement of stage censorship in London, Mr. Drew remarked, was that for many years "Camille" was forbidden there. Accordingly, he declines to wax enthusiastic at the mention of the word censorship in any form. The best he could say of the New York plan of "trial by jury" was:—"Let us wait and see how it works."

Further than this, Mr. Drew refused to commit himself.

Unionization of actors, in Mr. Drew's opinion, has been a good and necessary thing for the profession.

"It was forced upon the profession by the grasping and unreasonable attitude of, I will not say all, but some managers. Actors had to organize for their own protection. The result of their organization has been a decided benefit. As a business, acting has gained a great deal. As an art, it has lost nothing. There may be those who feel that in organizing like any other group of workers the actors were bound to suffer on the artistic side. I have never felt that way about it. If the profession has suffered artistically, I fail to see it."

Apropos of his approaching anniversary, it is worth noting that while Daly's and many another famous theatre in which he has played are no more, the old theatre on Arch Street, Philadelphia, is still doing business. Mr. Drew confessed that he made a sentimental pilgrimage to the old playhouse not so long ago.

"It was not much changed," he said. "Philadelphia grew away from that part of the city and I found the theatre practically as it was fifty years ago. I talked with the manager and took a look about, for old time's sake, but unfortunately I did not remain to see a performance."

It might be added that one of the reasons why Mr. Drew did not remain was that the theatre in which he faced his first audience is now given over to performances of drama in Yiddish.



THE DOLLY SISTERS CUTTING A DASH.
Yanci and Rosika Dolly returned recently to New York after their triumphs in London revues. Apparently they did not intend to be overlooked on Broadway when they selected their clothes.

MUSIC

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

Cameron McLean, a Scottish baritone, hailing from Detroit, Mich., will give a recital at the King Edward Hotel, November 1st, when he is to present a program consisting entirely of Scotch numbers.

Dr. Healy Willan has arranged to give a series of four organ recitals in the Music Hall of the Conservatory of Music. The first of them is set for Monday, October 30th, and the others will be given on November 27th, February 5th and March 5th.

Miss Madeline Collins, who has been singing at Shea's Theatre during the past week, is an Australian, but she has won her position as a singer in England. In London at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, she sang Nedda in "Pagliacci," Musetta in "La Boheme" and Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." She also sang with considerable success in the music halls of the Old Land.

Barbara Roberts, the child pianist, has just won a part scholarship at the Hambourg Conservatory in consideration of early developed ability. This clever child was taught and developed by Mr. Vivian Carson.

The Hambourg Conservatory announces the opening of classes in French under the tuition of M. R. Guyot. These lessons may be had privately or in class. In the latter case, it is desirable that applicants be enrolled soon, as the classes are now forming.

Gerald Moore, the young pianist, who was formerly associated with the Hambourg Conservatory and who upon leaving Toronto studied in England with Mark Hambourg, returned to this city for a month or so this Summer. He has now gone back again to England to pursue his studies under the same teacher. Upon his next visit to this Continent, it is hoped that he can arrange for a longer stay, although it is probable that he will be on a concert-tour. Incidentally, he is to start on the well-known Max Mossel tours through England and Scotland this Autumn.

The Orpheus Society's program will include the following numbers to be given for the first time by the choir. The list includes arrangements of many superb folk-songs by eminent composers, including the boisterous "Swansea Town" a sailor's song arranged by Holst, which Mr. Baker heard on his recent visit to London. The choir are most enthusiastic over the many points of interpretation which Mr. Dalton Baker is able to show them, owing to his personal success as a concert singer with folk-song in general. "O! That the Learned Poets" (Orlando Gibbons); "All Creatures Now Are Merry Minded" (Benet); "O! Can Ye Sew Cushions" (Granville Bantock); "Allister McAlpine's Lament," arranged by Vaughan Williams; "Early One Morning," arranged by Dunhill; "Evenen in the Village" (Dorset Dialect) (Balfour Gardiner); "O! Wild West Wind" (Elgar); "Phyllida and Corydon" (Stanford); "Thru' Bushes and Briers," arranged by Vaughan Williams; "Simon the Cellarer," arranged by Ernest Newton; "Swansea Town," arranged by Gustave Holst.



MARIE NOVELLA,
the new pianist who will be heard at Massey Hall on Tuesday evening.

One of the outstanding musical events of the forthcoming season in New York and Boston is the series in each city of five piano recitals of Ernest Hutcheson, in which series he covers comprehensively the five greatest masters of piano composition, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. Because of the educational value of this series, Miss Vida S. Coatsworth has arranged to make it possible to present the scenes in Toronto. The five recitals of Mr. Hutcheson will be presented in Forester's Hall, on Thursday evenings, November 2, November 23, December 14, January 11 and February 1.

When Mischa Elman, the celebrated Russian violinist, appears in Massey Hall, on Friday evening, October 20th, it will be his first recital in Toronto in three years. This is one reason why Toronto admirers of this genius are making early reservations for seats. It is remembered with what success Elman has captivated his Toronto audiences heretofore. Year by year his popularity has grown until to-day there are few artists who attract a greater number of followers. Elman possesses the faculty of making everyone thrill at his playing. One really does not need to be a student of music to thoroughly enjoy an evening in his presence. To the uninitiated as well as the musician, his artistry is a magnificent charm. His appearance here will be counted one of the outstanding musical events of the season.

The awarding of a gold medal, donated by Henri Czaplinski in memory of the late Madame Hambourg, will be a feature of particular interest at the Hambourg Conservatory Violin Master-school recital at Massey Hall, on Thursday evening next, at 7.30. This memorial award will be given according to the decision of a judge to be announced later. M. Czaplinski, professor of the Master-school, has specially written a Cadenza, also dedicated to the memory of Madame Hambourg, to be played in the Beethoven Concerto (D major), by Marjorie Stevens. Other concertos on the program are the Bach, for two violins; the Mozart, D major; the Bruch, G minor; the Mendelssohn; Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saens; and the Lalo Spanish Symphony. The soloists are Cecil Figelski, Harry Milligan, S. K. Jaspan, John Langley, Marjorie Stevens, Eileen Ferguson Graham and Clarence Causton. Each of these will be accompanied by the Conservatory's Orchestra, under the baton of Boris Hambourg.

Pablo Casals, the internationally famous 'cellist, will appear in a new role in Massey Hall next January at the annual concert by the National Chorus of Toronto when he plays the 'cello obligato for two old English numbers which will be sung by Dr. Albert Ham's boy choristers. The boys are considerably elated at the thought of singing with so distinguished an artist assisting.

Great enthusiasm and a splendid turnout marked the commencement of the orchestral classes at the Canadian Academy of Music on Tuesday evening. This year's class is the largest since the inauguration of the school, and many new faces were noticed among the players.

A letter received by Luigi von Kunits from his pupil, Kathleen Reid, who is touring through the north of Ontario, states that in spite of the bush fires in the vicinity, large and enthusiastic audiences are greeting the concert party everywhere.

Milton Blackstone, of the Canadian Academy, has been appointed violin pedagogue at the Trinity College School at Port Hope, and will spend every Saturday there in that capacity.

A SINGER FROM RUSSIA.



Mme. Nina Koshetz was formerly a leading soprano in the Imperial Opera of Moscow. She came to America recently with the Ukrainian National Chorus, which won cordial praise from the New York critics when the choir opened its tour there a few days ago.



MISCHA ELMAN.
Who gives a recital at Massey Hall next Friday evening. It is his first appearance here in three years.

MUSIC ELSEWHERE

Leopold Mugnone, whose brief visit to New York is remembered, and who should have been retained there, if some of the critics are to be believed, is announced as chief conductor for a brief season at the Teatro Lirico in Milan. He will open his series with "The Huguenots," sung by O'Sullivan, Mary Llacer and de Luna, and will later give "Aida" and "Otello," by Verdi, his lifelong friend.

Toscanini, according to Bruno Zirato, has engaged a young tenor, Michele Fleta, who made a sensation at Buenos Aires, to sing in "Rigoletto" and "Lucia," in the coming season at the Scala in Milan.

Alice Viardot, granddaughter of Pauline Viardot and grandniece of Malibran and the younger Garcia, gave a concert in Paris at the home of the Baroness Marchesi. She began her education under the guidance of her famous grandmother, who said: "I die without regrets. Alice will replace me." The Figaro recounts a remarkable history of this family of marvelous singers, dating back a hundred years to Garcia, the elder, of Seville, who with his children first gave Italian opera in New York.

"How many unknown ancestors of Alice Viardot," exclaims the Figaro, "have been possessed of the demon—or the god—of music? In any case, the grandniece has shown an organ pure as crystal. Her concert was triumphal, displaying flexibility of voice and variety of talent. She passed without difficulty from a song of Schubert to a dramatic pice like the "Death of Dido' in 'Les Troyens.' Her voice is rich in the contralto register and her diction admirable. The place for Alice Viardot is at the Opera, where we hope soon to hear her."

Alfredo Casella, the Italian pianist, before beginning his second American tour, will be heard in Vienna, Prague, Cologne, Munich, Frankfort and Berlin. He plays in November in Paris, and, after a month's tour of Italy, will go on to England for two weeks prior to sailing for America on January 1st. Besides engagements with the Boston Symphony and the Chicago Orchestra, Casella will give here in recital such nevelties as Strawinsky's "Piano Rag Music," Castelnuovo's "Cipressi" and his own "Sonatina."

After more tha nfourteen years, "Pelleas and Melisande" has been revived in German at Frankfort as one of the last productions of the season. Much of the credit for the fine presentation is given to Kapellmeister Rottenberg. The cast included Wirl and Kandt in the title roles, Schnider, Spiegl and Breitenfeld. The Debussy opera was received enthusiastically.

October finds "a greater amount of activity" in musical England. The symphony concerts provided by the Queen's Hall Orchestra and the London Symphony Orchestra will be resumed. Among the conductors of the latter are Albert Coates and Eugene Goossens. Mr. Goossens, whose gifts as a conductor as well as a composer have already won wide and general recognition, should be able to impart considerable distinction to these concerts. M. Sapellnikoff, the Russian pianist, is to make his reappearance in London at the Queen's Hall symphony concerts and the Royal Philharmonic Society's concerts. It is six years since he was heard in England, where he was one of the first of his countrymen to play the popular B-flat minor piano concerto of Tchaikovsky.

Mme. Tetrazzini arrived in London to spend the next three months in that country before proceeding upon an extended American tour. In conversation at her hotel she mentioned that she had recently been flying with one of her pupils, Attilio A. Baggiori, in the neighborhood of Naples, and said that they took one trip over the crater of Vesuvius, passing at a height of 1,500 meters. She enjoyed the experience thoroughly. Talking of her daily life in Naples, she said she had been accustomed to get up as early as 6 o'clock in the morning to busy herself with housework, to give her pupil an hour's singing lesson, and then to go straight on to two hours' study and practice on her own account.

Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, returning from a seven weeks' tour in Czecho-Slovakia, gave two lectures at King's College, London University, on the history of Bohemian opera. The first was devoted to Smetana, Dvorak and Fibich, the second to living composers, and especially to the music-dramas of Leos Janacek, the greatest of the new Moravian school. Janacek's latest opera, "Kat'a Kabanova," is about to be given in Berlin and Frankfort. Musical illustration of the first lecture was by Fanny Davies and Cecilia Brenner, while excerpts of the Janacek opera were sung by Mischa-Leon.

Judging from the comments of German critics, Otto Goritz has pleased his countrymen with his second operetta, "Am Goldenen Tor" ("At the Golden Gate"), which recently had its premiere in Hamburg. Taking as his subject the life on a ranch near San Francisco, the former Metropolitan Opera singer has succeeded in weaving together a more or less simple tale involving the mock marriage of a German-American farmer's adopted daughter to a city rascal and her subsequent escape and real marriage to "a good, 100 per cent. German youth" just arrived from the fatherland. There are plenty of cowboys, negroes and German-American farmers, all of whom dance and sing in what the Teuton writers call characteristic style, to the great delight of the Hamburg audiences. The melodies are simple but effective, and the instrumntation is praised. Director Baars and Conductor Perack did their share to make the premier a success, as did Rudi Rahe in the character of a booze-loving negro named Lincoln. Herr Goritz was made the object of an ovation by the first night audience.

STARTS MONDAY

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See News Section for Announcement of Next Week's Attraction at SHEA'S HIPPODROME

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Comedy and Drama at Strand Theatre

"Grandma's Boy" and "The Valley of Silent Men" Showing.

A big combination bill at the Strand Theatre this week will please patrons who cannot get enough of Harold Lloyd in his latest comedy "Grandma's Boy." There is scarcely a day goes by that one does not hear comments and enquiries about dates for this show, and so the Strand has yielded to the extraordinary demand, and booked "Grandma's Boy" for the week. There are few who have not some recollection of a dear old granny.

"Made in Canada" is a label no one can afford to overlook. It means that another new industry is making progress in this country—an industry which few people thought could succeed very well and for a long time producers were extremely careful. However, the powerful Curwood story "The Valley of Silent Men," was filmed entirely at Banff and at Lake Louise—the scenery, lighting effects and photography are so remarkable that the actors Alma Rubens and Lew Cody seem to live and breathe instead of being characters in a moving picture.

"Remembrance" Is Picture At Allen

Rupert Hughes Made Photo-Play Filled With Heart Interest.

Many motion picture productions have been called "big" and "great" when massive sets were built and thousands of persons engaged for various scenes, but the photoplays which have made the most money and which have maintained their hold over the public the longest are not those which depended altogether or even mainly, upon physical "bigness," but those which had what is called "heart interest."

The reader can check up from his own experience the photoplays which made the most vivid and lasting impression upon him and the massive spectacle will not be included in the list, save in the rare instances when the spectacle also made a successful play upon the emotions. The pictures that are remembered the longest and with the most affection are those which appeal directly to the heart through their reality; their characters might be our next door neighbor so intimate are the actions in which they are involved and so sympathetic the treatment accorded them.

One picture that has appealed most deeply to the American public is Rupert Hughes' story of home and mother, "The Old Nest." Its appeal was to the fundamental instinct which makes the home the foundation-stone of our democracy. Pursuing the same line of thought, Rupert Hughes has made another Goldwyn photoplay, "Remembrance," coming to the Allen Theatre on Monday which is a companion piece to "The Old Nest." It pictures Father in just as intimate and sympathetic a vein as the earlier photoplay represented Mother. It has "heart interest" in the same degree; the human, homely touches which make a photoplay so appealing; the comedy which life mingles so industriously with the pathos and tragedy of existence.

"Remembrance" is another big Goldwyn feature—one of its "big twenty" super-features for the current year. It was directed by Mr. Hughes and has a notable cast, including Claude Gillingwater, stage star who has made so deep an impression upon the motion picture public, as Father; Kate Lester as his wife; Dana Todd, Richard Tucker, Patsy Ruth, Miller, Esther Ralston and Nell Craig as his children; Cullen Landis as the humble clerk who saves the family from catastrophe, and several other popular screen players.



CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.
Who plays the father in "Remembrance," the feature picture at the Allen Theatre this week.

"Manslaughter is Showing at Regent

Cecil de Mille Presents Silent Drama of Unusual Power.

The sensational picture which comes to the Regent Theatre this week is the latest production of Cecil B. DeMille. It has been made at tremendous cost and pains. A cast which includes some of the best Paramount players available was chosen to interpret the Alice Duer Miller story "Manslaughter," which was one of the best sellers of 1922. Thomas Meighan heads the list of well known actors and actresses, among whom are Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, John Miltern, George Fawcett, Julia Faye, Sylvia Ashton, Dorothy Cumming, Casson Ferguson, and Edythe Chapman.

When the novel "Manslaughter" was first published in serial form in "The Saturday Evening Post," it was hailed as a triumph of realistic writing. The subject appealed because of its timeliness, and the growing conviction for carelessness in operating motorcycles, automobiles and other vehicles by wealthy men and women who expected to evade the law because of their money. The story contained a powerful moral. Many characterizations showed the author's ability to paint vivid word pictures, and the plot made people sit up and take notice at least for a short time.

When Cecil B. DeMille chose "Manslaughter" for translation to the screen, Jeanie MacPherson adapted the story and the production is one of the most elaborate seen in years. When it is a question of making pictures which will astound people by their magnificent display, there are few directors who can equal or surpass De Mille. This last photoplay has all the spectacular appeal of "Saturday Night," "Forbidden Fruit," "Joan the Woman," added to a powerful theme such as the story by Alice Duer Miller.

Thomas Meighan heads a cast of excellent actors who portray the types in the story so realistically that one has difficulty in realizing that it is merely a picture. Leatrice Joy is a beautiful woman and a clever actress who handles the role of Lydia Thorne most capably. The young woman has been spoiled by an over-abundance of money and nobody to dictate as to how to use it. She knows absolutely no law but her own desire, and it is no surprise when her recklessness gets her into trouble.

The program consists of the usual comedy, in this case a Felix Cartoon, Pathe News showing "Mary and Doug.," and a musical presentation by Jack Arthur, who is giving a "Pagliacci" number.

"Under Oath" Will Be Seen At Loew's

Elaine Hammerstein Is to Be Featured Actress in Picture.

"Under Oath", announced as the attraction at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre this coming week, affords local motion picture devotees an opportunity to see in action a long list of prominent film stars.

Foremost of these stars is Elaine Hammerstein, famous the length and breadth of the star-spangled states for her brilliant work in films, past and present. Playing with Miss Hammerstein are three leading men of great popularity. These three men, Mahlon Hamilton, Niles Welch and Wallace MacDonald, form a trio that would be hard to beat..

In this, the latest of her starring pictures, Elaine Hammerstein scores a conspicuous success as a society girl arrayed against a self-made business power. It is the story of the lion opposed to the mouse; but in this case, the mouse and the lion fall in love with one another and marry.

Miss Hammerstein plays the role of Shirley Marvin, daughter of a Wall Street millionaire. Shirley returns from her vacation to find her father suffering from a nervous breakdown, the result of a business battle he has been waging with Jim Powers, another great power in the Street. Powers has worked himself up to his present high position from the lowly status of a dockhand. He has come into control of vast interests, and he has swept all before him in his rush to great wealth. To battle Powers, Marvin has been compelled to take money belonging to others.

For eight years Powers has been attempting to "get" Marvin where he wants him. He is determined now that no one shall cheat him of his victory. Appealed to by Marvin's attorney, Powers agrees to let Marvin off if the unfortunate millionaire will consent to a marriage between his daughter, Shirley and Powers' younger brother, Steve.

Shirley is shocked when she learns the proposition. But her father's condition, the fact that she desires to save him with all her heart and soul, prompts her to go to Powers and accept. He, very much struck by the girl's fearlessness, releases her from her promise. Steve, the brother, is indignant and immediately goes over to the Marvin side, giving them certain information that will indict Powers. But Shirley has discovered that Powers is a real man, and risking her own reputation she saves the lion. She has grown to know the real man beneath the shell. He tells her that he is going to try it again and asks her to share with him his new life.

"Human Hearts" Is At the Hippodrome

Famous Old-Time Drama Turned Into Effective Movie.

The mere fact that a stage play scores a great success is no certain indication that a screen presentation can duplicate the feat, in fact the odds are against it, therefore, when the film version exceeds the excellence of the original it is a real triumph for the producer. Universal can well be proud of "Human Hearts," the picturized version of Hal Reid's eminent stage success, which swept the country a decade or so ago. "Human Hearts" will be shown at Shea's Hippodrome this week, commencing Monday matinee, October 16th.

House Peters, one of the finest emotional actors in pictures to-day, brings to the role of Tom Logan a sympathetic understanding and dramatic ability of such a high order that the characterization can well be termed a masterpiece of emotional acting. Throughout the production is perfectly cast. In fact, it is one of the few pictures that really deserves the distinction of being called all-star."

Edith Hallor's work as the city siren marks her as an actress whose work will be worth watching. She portrays womanly softness and coyness, as well as hard heartedness and bitterness, in a finished style one sees all too seldom.

Others deserving special mention in the large cast are Russell Simpson as "Pa" Logan, Gertrude Claire as "Ma," George Hackathorne as Jimmy Logan, Mary Philbin as Ruth, Snitz Edwards in the comedy relief part of the village cutup. The picture was directed by King Baggot and it is of interest to note that it was this same King Baggot that played the role of Tom Logan in a sketchy photoplay of "Human Hearts" filmed many years back. The original and 1922 productions differ as much as day and night, but Baggot's experience in the part fitted him to direct the picture far better than anyone else.

"Human Hearts" proves beyond question that it is possible to make pictures that one can see without being offended by stretched moral viewpoints. It leaves you with a clean taste in your mouth and a new respect for the cinema art.

SIMPLY "TESS".

Mary Pickford has decided to call her new picture simply "Tess". This picture will bear the shorter name, although it is frankly a remaking of her old success, "Tess of the Storm Country." The revision of the title is one of the thousand tiny details which will make the present-day version of the story an improvement over the early film. Every idea, no matter how small, that is modern or novel, whether it be in technique, setting, costuming, lighting, casting, acting or directing, will be considered in the new production so long as it conforms to the atmosphere or adds to the force of the original story. The name of "Tess", as the old production was popularly referred to anyhow, will at least distinguish the new one from the former film, should an unauthorized copy still be floating about in the obscure channels of screendom.



CHARLES RAY AND HIS WIFE.
Charlie Ray is an unusual movie star. He has not tried to get any publicity out of matrimony. He has been married for some time to a woman who is domestic and does not appear in the films. Here they are together.—Photo by Photograms, New York.

Notable Stars In "Fools First"

Marshall Neilan Made Photo-Play That Comes to Pantages.

A notable cast appears in "Fools First," Marshall Neilan's latest production which is coming to the Pantages Theatre this week. And it is one of the largest seen recently in any film, including players who have been starred in their own productions in the past.

In the leading parts are Richard Dix, Claire Windsor, Claude Gillingwater, Raymond Griffith and George Seigman. Others appearing in important characters are Leo White, Helen Lynch, Shannon Day, Harold Goodwin, Robert Brower, Jack Duffy, Bobby Fuere, E. Villa, Clyde McCoy, George Dromgold, William Irving, Theodore Van Eltz, Fred Kelsey, William Machin, George Hernandez, Charles French, Hazel Keener, Mone Collins and Carlo Clarke Warde.

The story of the film was suggested by Hugh McNair Kahler's "Fools First," which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. By special arrangement with Marion Fairfax, who has been responsible for many Neilan scenarios, this noted author-producer wrote the script of the story, which is considered one of the most unusual of the year.

"Fools First" was directed in its entirety by Neilan in Hollywood and San Francisco. The plot is perhaps the most dramatic theme yet offered by this producer. The story as portrayed on the screen presents unusual situations created by Neilan and effectively worked into the plot.

Among its novelties are scenes actually taken within the First National Bank of Hollywood, the famous St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, and San Quentin penitentiary, California.

THIS WEEK'S BILLS AT SUBURBAN HOUSES

AT THE PALACE.

For the first half of this week beginning Monday, the big attraction at the Palace will be Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand." "Gymnasium Jim," and the Pathe News complete the program. Beginning Thursday, the attraction for the last half of the week is "Man To Man" with Harry Carey. The comedy is "The Fresh Kid," and there is the usual Pathe News.

AT THE OAKWOOD.

At the Oakwood for three days commencing Monday, "Blood and Sand" with Rodolph Valentino, Nita Naldi and Lila Lee, is the feature picture while there will also be the Pathe News, and a comedy called "Strictly Modern."

"The Kick Back" with Harry Carey is the attraction for the second half of the week beginning Thursday. "Gymnasium Jim" and "The Adventures of Tarzan" on Saturday afternoon only complete the bill.

AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Gloria Swanson in "Her Gilded Cage" is the attraction for the first half of this week, beginning Monday—"False Alarm" is the name of the comedy, and there will be the Pathe News. For the last half of the week, Thomas Meighan is the attraction in "If You Believe It, It's So," also "Toonerville Topics," and on Saturday afternoon only, there will be the Adventures of Tarzan."

"GYPSY LOVE" WILL BE AT THE MADISON

The Vitagraph Special, "Gypsy Love," adapted from the famous novel "Miarka, The Child of the Bear," by Jean Richepin, will be the feature at the Madison Theatre, Bloor and Bathurst Sts., Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Ivor Novello, the well known composer of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" takes the leading role in this stirring tale of Gypsy life the filming of which was done in France. For the balance of the week, John Gilbert appears in "Arabian Love" a vivid romance of desert life, Special comedy feature pictures round out the program.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

New Stuff !

You know—the sort of drama that only Marshall Neilan can shoot!
Remember what he showed you in "River's End," "Go and Get It," "Dinty"?
Only a foretaste—that's all—just an appetizer for the thrill, the action, the surprise and romance you'll find in

MARSHALL NEILAN'S



The drama of a man who came back—and the woman who brought him. Cast includes—

IT IS DIFFERENT — CLAIRE WINDSOR, RICHARD DIX, CLAUDE GILLINGWATER — IT IS UNUSUAL

Coming Soon --- WESLEY BARRY in "RAGS TO RICHES"

Week Starting Monday, Oct. 16th
Always - The - Biggest - Show - Value - In - Toronto
Continuous--Noon to 11 p.m.

VAUDEVILLE PROGRAM
—GEMS FROM GRAND OPERA—
MOLERA REVUE
A Septette of Gifted Artists in a Lavishly Staged Operatic Offering

—SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT—
TORONTO'S POPULAR CARTOONIST
LOU SKUCE
In His Vaudeville Debut, and Offering a Real Novelty Entitled
"THE CREATION OF A CARTOON"

—THE GIRL WITH PERSONALITY—
JULIA CURTIS
A Clever Entertainer, Presenting an Original Vocal Novelty

—A STORY OF THE NEWLY WEDS—
"BUNGALOW LOVE"
By WILLARD MACK, WITH
Les MORGAN and GRAY Beryl

—A PLEASING MIXTURE OF LAUGHS, DANCE & SONG—
MAY AND HILL
In an Original Creation Called
"STOLEN KISSES"

—THE ACME OF ACROBATIC SKILL—
THE DeLYONS DUO
Marvels of Strength and Endurance.

NEWS REVIEW | SELECTED COMEDY

HARVEY ROBB
AT THE MAMMOTH PIPE ORGAN



"Say, Jimmy, I don't see how carryin' all this water to the elephants is goin' ta make movie actors out of us."
"Well, th' guy said after we brought up all the elephants wanted we'd be fill 'em stars."
Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company.

LUIGI ROMANELLI IS BACK AT THE ALLEN

All Toronto is invited to "come out" and welcome back Toronto's famous orchestra leader, Luigi Romanelli, who has just returned from a tour of the leading European cities, and who will commence a weekly Monday night Grand Symphonic Concert at the Allen Downtown Theatre.

Commencing Monday night Oct. 16th, Mr. Romanelli will present to the patrons of the Allen a very rare treat in the line of good music. Following are some of the selections which will be rendered:—

"Hungarian Rhapsody," No. 2, by Franz Liszt. This is one of the most popular of the fifteen rhapsodies this famous composer wrote.

"Suite Peer Gynt," No. 1, by Edward Hagerup Grieg. This suite was composed as incidental music for Ibsen's Peer Gynt and consists of four movements.

"Characteristic Piece" (from "Chauve Souris") "Parade of The Wooden Soldiers," by Jessel. This piece took New York by storm.

"Overture, 1812," by Peter I. Iljitsch Tschaikowsky. This overture represents the battle of Boridine in which the Russian Hymn intermingles with the French Marseillaise.

Lovers of music should not miss this presentation at 8.30 p.m. Monday night.

PICTURES SHOWING AT ALLEN THEATRES

ALLEN'S PARKDALE.

"The Fatal Marriage," D. W. Griffith's production, starring Wallace Reid and Lillian Gish will be the feature attraction at Allen's Parkdale Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. During the last three days of the week, "The Loves of Pharaoh," an Oriental spectacle, will be shown.

ALLEN'S ST. CLAIR.

For the coming week the Allen's St. Clair Theatre offer as their attraction on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday "The Better 'Ole," that great story of the lighter side of the British Army during the great war. For the last three days of the week will be seen D. W. Griffiths picturization of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" under the caption of "The Fatal Marriage," starring Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid.

ALLEN'S COLLEGE.

Two wonderful pictures are to be seen at Allen's College Theatre this week where on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Richard Barthelmess will be seen in "Sonny," a picture as beautifully great as "Tol'able David," and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, "The Loves of Pharaoh," an extraordinary spectacle depicting a chapter from the diary of Pharaoh himself, will be the feature attraction, with the last round of the "Leather Pushers" on the same bill.

ALLEN'S BEACH.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the great American picture "The Prodigal Judge," featuring Jean Paige in a production that strikes the human cord and goes home. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Wallace Reid and Lillian Gish in "The Fatal Marriage" based on Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

ALLEN'S DANFORTH.

D. W. Griffith's greatest masterpiece "The Orphans of the Storm," will be the attraction at the Allen Danforth Theatre all this week commencing Monday with a matinee on Wednesday and Saturday. It is the first time in the city that this wonderful picture has been played at popular prices.

PHOTOPLAYS AND STARS

AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
WEEK OF OCT. 16

ALLEN'S BEAVER Dundas St., West Toronto
Mon., Tues.—"The Silent Call," super special production." Wed. Thurs.—"Lavender and Old Lace," featuring Marguerite Snow. Fri., Sat. —"The Better 'Ole." See Alf, Bert and Old Bill. Special Saturday mat.

BLUE BELL, Parliament & Dundas E.
Mon., Tues.—Wallace Reid, Theodore Roberts, in "Across the Continent." Elmo Lincoln, in "The Adventures of Tarzan." Comedy, "Free and Easy." Wed. only—Alice Lake, in "The Golden Gift." Thurs., Fri., Sat., —Rodolph Valentino and Alice Terry in "The Four Horsemen." Special Saturday matinee.

COLONIAL, Queen at Bay Opposite City Hall
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Anita Stewart, in "The Invisible Fear." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"The Silent Call." Other attractions. Vaudeville Tuesday and Friday nights. Continuous 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

MADISON Bloor at Bathurst
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Gypsy Passion." This feature played before Royalty by command. Al. St. John, in "The Village Sheik." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—John Gilbert, in "Arabian Love." Special Saturday matinee.

REVUE, Roncesvalles & Howard Park Ave.
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Priscilla Dean, in "Wild Honey." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Douglas MacLean, in "Passing Through." Selected comedies and other excellent attractions. Special Saturday matinee.

Censorship of the Stage Becomes Nonsenseorship

These are the days of censorships, actual or potential, and also the days of tracts for the times. Sometimes the tracts are weighty and woeful. Again they affect gayety and gibing. They may be mere pamphlets or, assembled, make thickish volumes. Of these light pens but thin substantial bulk, is "Nonsenseorship," a miscellany about and against these intrusions upon liberty in life and the arts, put together and published by Putnam's in New York. Heywood Broun, Wallace Irwin, Frederick O'Brien, Frank Swinnerton, H. M. Tomlinson, are among the names signed to the chapters. One, written by Alexander Woollcott of The New York Times, traverses censorship and the theatre. From it quotes hereunder.

EVERY American playwright goes about his work these days oppressed by a foreboding. He suspects that before long a censor is going to materialize out of thin air to take stern and morose charge of the American theatre. It is true that no statutory precipitation of such an agent has been definitely proposed. It is true that the policeman from the nearest corner has not gone so far as to drop around and warn him that he'd better be careful. Nevertheless, he has the foreboding. He perceives dimly that a desire to chasten the stage is in the air. And he is right. It is. It has been ever since the war. . . .

The passage of the Eighteenth Amendment robbed the prohibitionists of their chief excitement; then the signing of the armistice took away the glamor of public-spiritedness from all those good people who had such a splendid time keeping an eye on their presumably treasonable neighbors. Behold, then, the Busy Body (which is in every one of us) all dressed up and nowhere to go. The itch became tremendous. The moving pictures caught it first. No wonder the American playwright is uneasy. He ought to be. He dreads a censorship of the theatre because he suspects (not without reason) that it will be corrupt, that it will work foolishly, and that having taken and relished an inch, it will take an ell.

A Large Audience.

He is the more uneasy because he realizes that the theatre presents a special incitement and a special problem—a problem altogether different from that presented by the bookstall, for instance. The play, once produced, is open to all the world. It may have been written with the thought that it would amuse Franklin P. Adams, but it is attended (in a body) by the Unintelligentsia. It may have been heavily seasoned in the hope that it would jounce the rough boy of Baltimore, H. L. Mencken—and lo! there in the third row on the aisle, is Dr. Frank Crane, being made visibly ill by it. Your playwright may write a piece to touch the memories and stir the hearts of elderly sinners, but he has to face the fact that the girls from Miss Spence's school may come fluttering to it, row on row. . . .

And though, in the moments when he is disposed to temporize, he sometimes thinks that suspect plays might, like saucy novels, be first inspected in manuscript, he knows full well that no such tactics are really feasible in the theatre. Your publisher, inwardly hot with resentment, may nevertheless take the occasional precaution of showing the script of a thin-ice book to the authorities—even to the self-constituted ones—thereby forestalling prosecution by agreeing to delete in advance such phrases and incidents as seem likely to agitate those authorities unduly. But the flavor and significance of a play depend too much on the manner of its performance and cannot be clearly forecast prior to that performance any more than the hue of a goblet can be guessed before the wine is poured. I can testify to that—I, who in my time, have seen players make a minx out of Ophelia, a mild-mannered mouse out of Katharine, an honest woman out of Lady Macbeth and a benevolent old gentleman out of Shylock. I have seen French players cast as the servants of Petruchio invade "The Taming of the Shrew" with a comic pantomime in which they fought for their turns at the keyhole of Petruchio's bedroom wherein Kate was being subjected to a little off-stage taming. It would have amused Shakespeare immoderately, I imagine, and certainly it would have surprised him. Until his piece is spoken, even the author cannot tell—and thereafter from night to night, he cannot be sure. . . . So, it seems apparent that any real supervision of the theatre must function with relation to produced plays and cannot deal with mere unembodied and undetermined manuscripts.

Foolish Censors.

Our playwright's suspicions that such supervision, if managed by a politically appointed censor, would work foolishly, are justified by all that he has heard of such functionaries as they have worked in other fields and in other lands. This was true of the gag which the doughty Brieux finally pried off the mouth of a French playwright. It has certainly been true of the mild and intermittent discipline to which the remote and slightly puzzled Lord Chamberlain has subjected the English dramatists. Indeed, when their mutinous mutterings finally jogged Parliament Chamberlain was somewhat taken aback Chamberlain was somewhat take aback by the tactics of Shaw, who, instead of hissing him for forbidding public performances of certain Shaw and Ibsen plays, derided and denounced him instead for the plays he had not suppressed. And instead, for every play which the Lord Chamberlain had suppressed, the old playgoer of London could point to five which, had he been more intelligent, he might more reasonably have suppressed in its place.

But after all, those scuffles on the Strand do not seem part of the strange customs of a fusty-dusty never-never land. So our American playwright turns, instead to the purifications affected nearer home. He looks apprehensively into the matter of the movies. As an occasional scenario writer, he has been instructed by bulletins sent out for his guidance, little watch-your-step leaflets, which list the alterations ordered in the earlier pictures by the august Motion Picture Commission in the State of New York. Most of them are fussy little disapprovals of language used in the titles. You musn't say: "I shall kill Lester Crope." Better say: "I shall destroy the false Lester Crope" or something like that. You musn't say "roue." You musn't say: "I don't like that rich old roue hanging around you." Better say: "I don't like that rich old sport." And when, in a moment of self-indulgence, the title-writer allowed himself the luxury of writing "In a moment of madness, I wronged a woman," the censor seems to have turned scarlet and issued the following order: "Substitute for 'wronged' the word 'offended' or something similar." At all events, no playwright can be scoffed at as an alarmist who ventures to fear that a censorship of the drama will, in practice, be foolish. At the thought of such frivolous and fabulous blue-pencillings of his next drama (which is to be his master-piece, by the way) our playwright becomes profoundly depressed and every time he goes out to dinner or finds himself with a small, cornered audience at the club, he winds up the talk of this bugaboo of his.

Two Comments.

Out of the resulting prattle, two widespread impressions always come to the top, two familiar comments on the subject which, whenever questionable plays are mentioned, seem to emerge as regularly and as automatically as does the applause which follows the playing of Dixie by any restaurant orchestra in New York. Both comments are absurd.

One comes from the man who can be counted on to say: "They tell me that the show at the Elting—what's it called? 'Tickling Toddie's Tummy?'—Well, they say it's pretty raw. Certainly does beat all how there are some men who just have to see a show soon's they hear it's smutty. I can't understand it."

This may be called the Comment Ingenuous. A man who never fails to edge into any group when the bent head and the hoarse chuckle tells him that a shady story is on, a man who would have to think hard to name a friend of his to whom he would not rush with the latest scandalous anecdote brought in by the drummers from Utica—such a man will, nevertheless, express a pious surprise when crowds flock to see the latest Hopwood farce, just because it is advertised as indecorous. It is not known why he is surprised.

Or, if he is not surprised, then he falls over backwards and makes the comment cynical. When he hears that "Under Betty's Bolster" is making a fortune while "The Gray Iconoclast" is playing to empty benches, next door, he gives a sardonic little laugh (which he reserves for such occasions) and says: "Of course. You might have known. Old Channing Pollock was right when he said: 'Nothing risque, nothing gained.' Don't the smutty shows always make money? Doesn't the public invariably stampede to the most bedridden place? Isn't the pornographic play the most valuable of all theatrical properties?"

To which rhetorical questions, the answer in each case, as it happens, is "No." The blush is not, of course, a bad sign in the box office. But the chuckle of recognition is a better one. So is the glow of sentiment. So is the tear of sympathy. The smutty and the scandalous have a smaller and less active market than homely humor, for instance, or melodramatic excitement or pretty sentiment. When "Aphrodite" was brought here from Paris, it was, for various reasons, impossible to recapture for the translated dramatization the flowers of abnormal eroticism which lent the book a certain phosphorescent glow at home. So its producers relied on lots and lots of nudity to give it acclaim here. At this the Hearst papers did some rather pointed blushing and the next morning, there was a grand scrimmage at the box office and seats were hawked about for grotesque prices. Whereupon the Comment Cynical could be heard on all sides. But when at the end of the season, or so later, Aphrodite was withdrawn with a shortage of $190,000 or so on its books, the Cynics were too engrossed with some other play to mention the fact. To be sure that shortage was more than made up next season on the road, but it ought to be mentioned that "Aphrodite" knew the indignity of many and many an empty row in New York.

Clean Plays Win.

The great fortunes, as a matter of fact, are made with plays like "Peg o' My Heart" and "The First Year," both as pure as driven snow. It is true that Avery Hopgood has grown rich on his royalties. But not as rich as Winchell Smith, who has dealt exclusively with sweetness and light. Also those who laugh most cautically over the Hopwood estate usually find it convenient to ignore the fact that the greatest single contribution to it has been made by "The Bat" at which Dr. Straton might conceivably faint from excitement, but at which he would have to work pretty hard to do any blushing.

So much for the familiar catch-words and their validity. A little discouraged by the fatuity of all lay discussion, our playwright may be pictured as retreating to the clubrooms of the American Dramatists and there finding . . . that such debate draws them into matters unarguable. They know, too, that the force of modesty, is one of the strongest and most ancient instincts of civilized man, that probably it is a sound and healthy one, inextricably involved in the race's instinct of self-preservation and self-perpetuation. They dread a Censor most for fear his appetite will grow by what it feeds on. They know that the Lord Chamberlain began by exorcising obscenity from the English theatre and ended by banning so fiercely Puritanical a play as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" because it admitted the existence of brothel-keeping as a business and by shutting up such innocent merriment as "The Mikado" because its jocularity might offend the (at the moment) dear Japanese.

Might Get Mixed.

Most American playwrights would derive a certain enjoyment from watching a posse of citizens in wrathful pursuit of one of these theatrical managers who are big brothers to the trembling crones that totter up to you on the Boulevard des Italiens and try to sell you a few obscene postal cards. But most American playwrights would feel a genuine apprehension lest such a posse, confused in its values and its mission, might then turn and lock up Eugene O'Neill because of the rough talk that lends veracity to "The Hairy Ape" or because of the steady scrutiny which stripped naked the unhappy creatures of his play called "Diff'rent."

They would be perfectly willing to co-operate with a State official appointed to prevent the use of naughty words on the American stage, but they darkly suspect that he would then require every heroine to bring a letter from her pastor and would end by interfering with all the plays which suggested, for instance, that government had been known from time to time, to prove corrupt; wealth to become oppressive; and law, on rare occasions, to seem just a wee bit unjust. They are minded to resist any supervision of the theatre's manners for fear it might shackle in time the theatre's thought. To-day and to-morrow they may seem temporizing or at least negotiating with the forces of suppresssion in any community, but they are really seeking all the time to frustrate those forces. And will so seek ever and always, law or no law. It was just such frustration they were seeking when after a season of ruined heroines (and ruined managers) they all gravely sat down in April, 1922, and drew up a panel of three hundred pure-minded citizens from which a jury could be called to pass on any play complained of.

They have the comfort that any such supervision, to-day or to-morrow, legalized or roundabout, mild or incessant, is bound to be superficial, spasmodic and largely formal. They know that in the long run the theatre in each day and community will manage somehow to express the taste of that day and community. They know that it is among the sweet revenges of life that the o'erleaping censor always defeats himself.

In Boston.

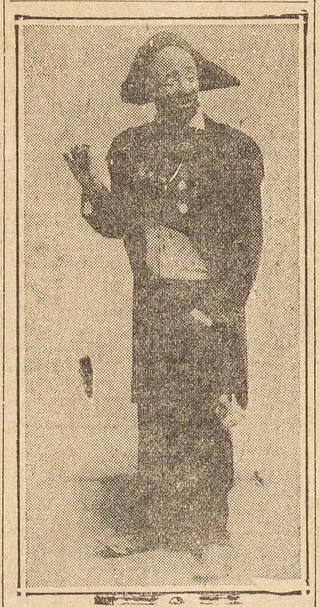
They derive a curious comfort from the story of the reviewer for a Boston journal who once described a musician as remaining seated through a concert in the pensive attitude of Buddha contemplating his navel. It is a story within whose implications lies all that has ever been said, or will be said, about censorship. The copy-readers and make-up men, it seems, should see nothing especially infamous in their reviewers' little simile. As poor George Sampson said of the outraged Mrs. Wilfer's under-petticoat: "We know it's there." At all events, the offending word passed all the sentries and was printed as written, when, too late, it caught the horrified eye of the proprietor. At the sight of so crassly physical a term in the chaste columns of his own paper, he rushed to the telephone at the club and called up the managing editor. The word must come out. But the paper was already on the presses. Even as they spoke, they were whittling out copy after copy. Too late to reset? Yes, much too late. But was there not still some remedy which would keep at least part of the edition free from that dreadful word? Wasn't it still possible to root out the type at that point, to chisel the word away and leave a blank? Yes, that was possible. So the presses were halted, the one word scraped out, the presses whirled again, and the review, with a gap in the line, went up and down Beacon Street. Whereat Boston that night shook with a mighty laughter—the contented laughter of the unregenerate.



CLAIRE WINDSOR AND RICHARD DIX,
in "Fools First," the feature picture showing at Pantages this week.



AN ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY STAR.
Arthur Margetson has been brought to America from London to become the star in the next Winter Garden production. It is the first time that the Shuberts have gone to London for a Winter Garden star entertainer.



FRANK X. SILK.
Who will be seen in "Knick Knacks" at the Empire Theatre.

ABOUT THE ACTORS IN "MANSLAUGHTER"

Many people who know that Thomas Meighan played in "The College Widow" and soon became famous after his first work in pictures, do not know that he was born in Pittsburgh, and that his first stage experience was with that clever actress Henrietta Crosman in "Mistress Nell," and that he played a season with Grace George in stock. He was extremely popular as a juvenile, and his first picture was made for Lasky in the old days which are really not so far back after all with Laura Hope Crews, in a picture called "The Fighting Hope." His most recent successes are "Cappy Ricks", "The Bachelor Daddy", "If You Believe It, It's So," and "Our Leading Citizen," Never since "The Miracle Man" has Thomas Meighan acquitted himself so well as in "Manslaughter"—never has be been so convincing. He plays the strong-minded, straight-forward district attorney as only a man of his character could. Anything false would come to the surface and make the screen portrayal seem unreal. O'Bannon is certainly Mr. Meighan's best work.

Leatrice Joy will soon be acclaimed one of the screen's most beautiful women and also one of the best actresses working before the camera. A native of the South, of New Orleans in fact, a city which has always been noted for its beautiful women, Miss Joy graduated from a fashionable convent there and soon went into moving pictures. It was in response to an advertisement calling for attractive looking young girls for motion pictures, that she was engaged by the Nola Film Company and shortly after appearing in her first pictures in New Orleans. She went to New York where she worked for Paramount in one reel comedies. Among her best known roles are those she played in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," "Ladies Must Live," "Poverty of Riches," "Saturday Night," and her wide experience has given her a grasp of things which proved very valuable when it came to portraying Lydia Thorne in "Manslaughter."

Lois Wilson is a star in her own right and like Thomas Meighan she hails from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She studied to be a school teacher, but fortunately for the movies changed her mind, and went on the stage in "The Dumb Girl of Portici." She numbers among her screen triumphs, her work with Warren Kerrigan, Wallace Reid, Frank Keenan, and Bryant Washburn. After working with these people came an important part in "Midsummer Madness," then she played Maggie Wylie in "What Every Woman Knows" and later achieved a genuine triumph in "Miss Lulu Bett." George Fawcett plays the judge, and he is one of the best known character actors on the American stage. Born and educated in Virginia, he has been before the footlights for thirty years and brings rich experience to his screen work. "Sentimental Tommy," "Idols of Clay," "The Great Love", and "Paying the Piper" are among some of his recent successes.

Julia Faye, Sylvia Ashton, James Neill, Casson Ferguson, and Dorothy Cumming are among the members of the cast.

MOVIE NOTES.

Alexander Salvini, a member of the celebrated Salvini family of Italy, who plays the part of Horatius in "Nero," is coming to America to act in motion pictures, says the Fox office, and may also appear on the stage here. . . . Lionel Barrymore has been engaged for the role of Blackie Dawson in "The Face in the Fog," one of Jack Boyle's "Boston Blackie" stories, which will be filmed as a Cosmopolitan production under the direction of Alan Crosland. . . . Marshal Neilan's first picture under his alliance with the Goldwyn Company will be "The Stranger's Banquet," an adaptation of the novel by Donn Byrne. . . . "Night Life in Hollywood" is the title and Wallace Reid, Theodore Roberts, Sessue Hayakawa, J. Warren Kerrigan and others are said to be the persons of a picture which has been brought east by Mrs. A. B. Maecher. So the natural query is, What is it?

ROAD-SHOW FILMS MORE NUMEROUS

The road-show idea seems to be spreading among the picture people. As is generally known, photoplays are usually released to exhibitors who rent them for a specified period for exhibition in their theatres. Even where the theatre is owned or controlled by the company producing a film, the practise is, in effect, the same. The picture follows a well-beaten path of distribution. Sometimes, of course, an especially ambitious production is put into theatres in large cities for indefinite runs before it is released generally. Mr. Griffith often does this with his films and so does Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. The Fox and Metro companies have also adopted the practise, as is instanced by "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Monte Cristo," "Nero" and other films. But these long-run showings are pre-release exhibitions in a few of the larger cities and only postpone the general release of films through the regular channels.

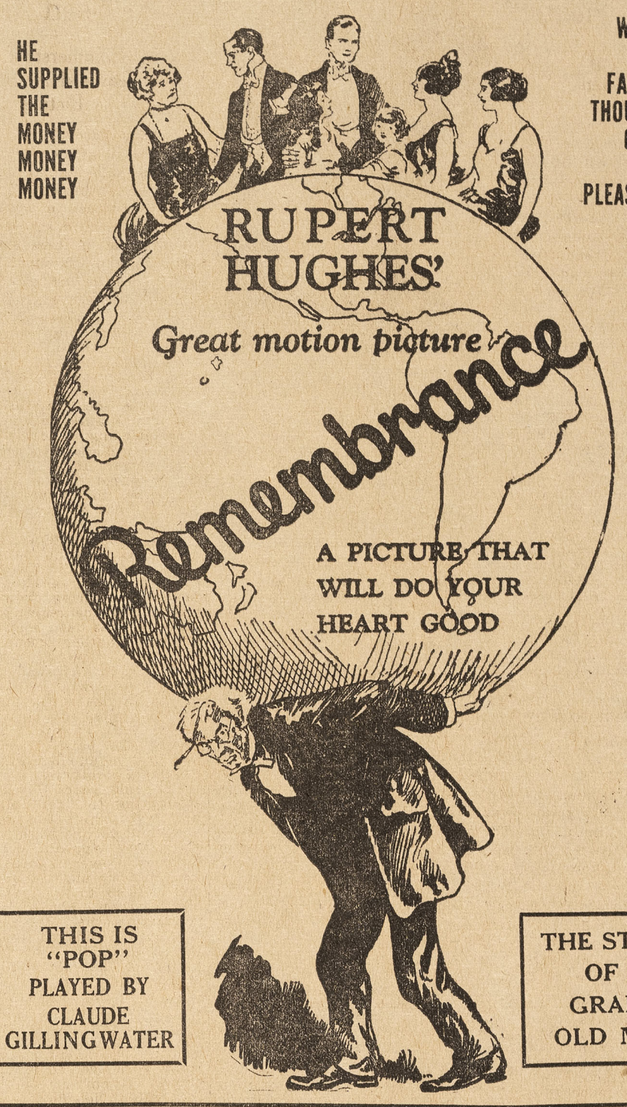
The road show idea is something different, however. When a producer sends a film out on the road it is routed under his management just as a theatrical company on tour. Of course, several prints of the film may be sent out simultaneously, but, if so, they are simply like so many road companies touring in different territories. If, after it has gone over the country thus as a road show, a film is released on a rental basis to exhibitors, it is only because it has not exhausted its drawing power as a road show and is deemed sufficiently strong as a box office attraction to stand repeated exhibition in territory through which, as a rule, it has already passed. The point is that it is introduced to the public as a touring show conducted, usually, by its owner or producer, and not as a film regularly going the rounds of the motion picture theatres. The difference to the public is that they see the road-show film in halls and theatres rented for the occasion as well as in regular motion picture houses that happen to be available for it, and pay more than they are accustomed to give up for movies—though, of course, the film may be worth the increased price of admission and the building in which it is shown may be suitable for its exhibition.

At any rate, the number of road-show films seems to be increasing. Anyhow, these remarks are called forth by the report that Douglas Fairbank's "Robin Hood" and Jackie Coogan's "Oliver Twist" will both be sent out as road shows by their respective producers.

"POP" FELT LIKE ATLAS—— HE SUPPORTED THE WORLD

HE SUPPLIED THE MONEY MONEY MONEY

WHILE HIS FAMILY THOUGHT ONLY OF PLEASURE



RUPERT HUGHES'
Great motion picture
Remembrance
A PICTURE THAT WILL DO YOUR HEART GOOD

THIS IS "POP" PLAYED BY CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

THE STORY OF A GRAND OLD MAN

GRAND SYMPHONIC CONCERT

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SYMPHONY CONCERTS BY THE ALLEN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, AUGMENTED TO THIRTY-FIVE PIECES—DIRECTION LUIGI ROMANELLI—TO BE GIVEN AT THIS THEATRE EVERY MONDAY EVENING AT EIGHT-THIRTY, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE REGULAR
—ALLEN PICTURE PROGRAMME—

Commencing MONDAY, OCTOBER 16th

Allen (DOWNTOWN)

Continuous Performance Noon Till Eleven

TORONTO'S SUPER SUBURBAN THEATRES

ALLEN'S BEACH
MON.-TUE.-WED.
JEAN PAIGE in
"THE PRODIGAL JUDGE"
One of the outstanding productions of the year.
THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
WALLACE REID and LILLIAN GISH in
"The Fatal Marriage"
An enthralling love story.

ALLEN'S BLOOR
ALL WEEK
MATINEES WED. & SAT.
D. W. GRIFFITH
Presents
LILLIAN and DOROTHY GISH in
"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"
The first time shown at Popular prices.

ALLEN'S PARKDALE
MON.-TUE.-WED.
D. W. GRIFFITH'S Picturization of "ENOCH ARDEN"
"THE FATAL MARRIAGE"
With LILLIAN GISH and WALLACE REID
THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
The Oriental Spectacle,
"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"

ALLEN'S COLLEGE
MON.-TUE.-WED.
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
In
"SONNY"
Also a Comedy Special
"THAT SON OF A SHEIK."
THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
"THE LOVE'S OF PHARAOH."
The Passions and Glory of a Forgotten World Recreated.
"ROUND VI"—The Leather Pushers.

ALLEN'S ST. CLAIR
MON.-TUES.-WED.
WE'RE 'ERE AGAIN
BERT, BILL AND ALF
In
"THE BETTER 'OLE"
THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
LILLIAN GISH and WALLACE REID in
"The Fatal Marriage"

ALLEN'S DANFORTH
ALL WEEK
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
First Time in the City at Popular Prices.
D. W. GRIFFITH
Presents
LILLIAN and DOROTHY GISH in
The World's Greatest Masterpiece
"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

MADISON THEATRE
Bloor and Bathurst.
MONDAY-TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY
"Gypsy Passion"
Adapted from Jean Richepin's famour novel, "Miarka, the Child of the Bear."
THURSDAY-FRIDAY-SATURDAY
JOHN GILBERT
In
"ARABIAN LOVE"
SPECIAL COMEDY PICTURES.

PALACE DANFORTH AT PAPE
MATINEE DAILY
MONDAY-TUESDAY
RODOLPH VALENTINO
IN
"BLOOD and SAND"
THURSDAY
HARRY CAREY IN "MAN TO MAN"
VODVIL TUESDAY FRIDAY

ALHAMBRA BLOOR AT BATHURST
DAILY MATINEE
MONDAY-TUESDAY
GLORIA SWANSON
IN
'HER GILDED CAGE'
THURSDAY
THOMAS MEIGHAN
"If You Believe It, It's So"

OAKWOOD ST. CLAIR AT OAKWOOD
Parking Space for 300 Cars.
MONDAY-TUESDAY
RODOLPH VALENTINO
IN
"BLOOD AND SAND"
THURSDAY
HARRY CAREY IN "THE KICK BACK"

BIG DOUBLE BILL

STRAND
MATINEES - 25 CENTS
NIGHTS - 35 CENTS
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S SMASHING STORY
"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
AND THE FUNNIEST MAN ON EARTH
HAROLD LLOYD IN "GRANDMA'S BOY"

At the Theatres -:- What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

Artistic Revue at the Alexandra

Ted Lewis Featured in Cast of Greenwich Village Follies.

The Greenwich Village Follies will come to the Royal Alexandra on Monday night for a week's engagement. The visit of the picturesque Greenwich Village Follies to Toronto always marks a significant date in the theatric calendar, for these "Follies" have a smart and ingenuous manner. The current "Follies" blazes with stage pictures that reflect the subtle imagination of its creator, John Murray Anderson, Anderson's artistry is notably in evidence in the de Lipsky Transformation Scene, the Beardsley number in black and silver, the "Reminiscent Melody" episode, the delicate "Snowflake" incident with lacelike loveliness, and the vivid tableau in "The Last Dance." The de Lipsky Transformation Scene is a distinctly artistic contribution to the native stage. Through the deft manipulation of light on color, fabric and texture, an interior is changed to an exterior before the very eyes of the audience.

Just as much good taste has been exercised in the choice of players as in the design of the revue. The company is headed by Ted Lewis, known the length and breadth of the land as the king of jazz, and includes such renowned stage personalities as Joe E. Brown, a comedian of distinction; Eva Puck and Sammy White, a dancing pair that knows no superior; Bird Millman, most famed of all the aerial artists; La Sylphe, statuesque interpretative dancer; Molly Dodd, Valdoia Vestoff, John Mahan, Maren Berdine, Roy Purviance, Basil Smith, Billye Weston and Albert Deano.

This third annual production of the Greenwich Village Follies played all of last season at the Shubert Theatre in New York, where it proved a veritable sensation. Thus far but five cities have inspected this exotic revue. Toronto will be the sixth. The "Follies" shortly enter Chicago for an all-Winter run.



TED LEWIS AND JULIETTE BIZET,
in "The Greenwich Village Follies" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre.

"Everywoman" Will Be at the Uptown

Vaughan Glaser Revives Walter Browne's Modern Morality Play.

While "Everywoman," which is this week's offering of the Vaughan Glaser Players at the Uptown Theatre, is absolutely a modern play as regards characterization, action and environments, it is fashioned after the model of the ancient morality plays, those products of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries of which "Everyman" is the best known example. While every character in "Everywoman" is symbolical of various abstract virtues, vices and conditions, the author, the late Walter Browne, has succeeded in making them also concrete types of actual men and women of the present day. He has given us an allegory, in the shape of a stage play, sufficently dramatic and soul-stirring in its story and action to form an unusually attractive entertainment, quite apart from its allegorical significance.

"Everywoman" is intended to afford pleasure and entertainment to all classes of intelligent playgoers—hence the music, the songs, and choruses, the dances, the spectacular scenic effects, and the realism of day life. It is not a sermon in disguise. "Everywoman" is one of the few plays that have succeeded and which has combined drama, musical comedy and opera in one evening's entertainment. To everyman it may suggest an admonition, the text of which is contained in the epilogue to the play:

Be merciful, be just, be fair
To Everywoman, everywhere.
Her faults are many. Nobody's the blame.

An important feature will be its musical equipment of twenty-six numbers, especially composed by George Whitefield Chadwick one of the few Americans to achieve high standing as a symphonic writer. The numbers include three solos, a trio, four choruses, a male quartette, several dances, and incidental and entr'acte numbers.

THEATRICAL NOTES HERE AND THERE

PILGRIMS of the stage returning from abroad say that two bright names in the American theatre have crossed the Atlantic. Arthur Hopkins and the Theatre Guild are virtually the only names among American producers that excite any interest in Berlin. Mr. Hopkins has become known on the Continent as a discriminating entrepreneur, and he has an ardent following. The Dresden Theatre arts exhibit gives considerable space to specimens of his stagecraft. The work of the Theatre Guild is in high repute. This organization is best known as a buyer of good plays. In Paris, of course, F. Ziegfeld, Jr., shines high in the vaulted sky as a preceptor in revue. . . . Philip Goodman, whom historians of the theatre will grave on monuments as the man who shamed Don Marquis into dramatizing "The Old Soak," recently arrived from Germany, bringing sheaves of plays which are to be done in association with Mr. Hopkins. The most important is Housenclayer's "Mankind," which Max Reinhardt made five attempts to produce. And there are "The Son," which is enjoying an unusual run in Germany; "Gas," by Kaiser, author of "Morn to Midnight"; "The Black Son," by Frederick Wolff, which is a version of Anatol France's "Penguin Island," and a tremendous piece of nonsense; "Nine Points of the Law," a beautifully plausible shocker by Herman Scheffauer; "Bluff," by Elsie Orten, and "Dollar," a satire on the American millionaire, in which Germany takes revenge for the American policy of getting rich as a result of the war that ruined the Teutons. . . . Florence Reed expects at least a season's run in "East of Suez." When she finally returns to the management of Charles D'Ilingham he will choose for her vehicle one of four plays, which are now being written. Mr. Dillingham is also to present her in two Pinero revivals, plays which theatregoers have been asking for. Miss Reed will appear in "Iris" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." . . . John Barrymore's "Hamlet" is the next production to which Arthur Hopkins will turn his attention, now that Ethel Barrymore's repertory season has been launched. . . . Donald Brian, it is said, has been engaged for "Up She Goes," the musicalized "Too Many Cooks," by Frank Craven, which William A. Brady will produce. . . . Josephine Royle, daughter of Edwin Hilton Royle, is playing the role created here by Kathleen Cornell in "A Bill of Divorcement," on tour. . . . Royle, by the way, has completed a new emotional drama. . . . One hears that Willard Robertson, who is appearing in "Whispering Wires" in New York, has sold a play to Margaret Anglin. . . . Everett Butterfield and Frederick Lewis have written a comedy which they call "Paddling Your Own Canoe." . . . "The Star Sapphire" is one of the plays that critics on the road pronounce a hit. When the Robert Housum play which E. Ray Goetz is producing finally reaches Broadway John Miltern will be seen in the role which Claude King played during the tryout weeks. King recently returned to California to appear in "Bella Donna" with Pola Negri. . . . A one-night stand company of "The Demi-Virgin" is now rehearsing. . . . Wagenhals and Kemper think that road business is great. All you have to do is deliver the goods, they say. For instance, "The Bat" has played four engagements of a week each in Detroit. Here are the figures in order, taken right out of the firm's books—$13,528, $16,217, $14,975, $15,541. The figures for similar engagements in Baltimore are—$18,247, $14,106, $15,039, $15,830. The play is certainly showing consistency. . . . After E. Ray Goetz presents "The Star Sapphire," William H. Gilmore will start rehearsals of "Hayseed," which will be Mr. Goetz's next production. It is a play with music by A. E. Thomas, Brian Hooker and George Gershwin. Engaged for the cast so far are Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, well known in vaudeville, and Olin Howland. . . . Abby Merchant, whose comedy "The Ever Green Lady," recently reached New York, has another play, "The New Englander," which will be produced during the season. Marguerite Maxwell, who is playing in "East Side—West Side" in New York, is to be starred next year in "The Uncommon Heroine," now being written by Henry Hull and Leighton Osmun, authors of her present vehicle, it is reported. . . . Oliver Morosco is sending the productions of "Mike Angelo," the play in which Leo Carillo is to appear, and of Thompson Buchanan's "Sporting Thing to Do" East. . . . Stewart and French, who produced "The Torch-Bearers," have accepted two comedies by George Kelly, the play's author, for early production. Numerous managers and stars sought the plays. Rosalie Stewart, the right wing of this firm, is the second woman producer to reach Broadway this season. While she is a newcomer as a dramatic producer, hers is a lustrous name in vaudeville. In the last five years Miss Stewart has produced a trifle more than 25 per cent. of the big acts on the "big time" circuits. Bert French, her partner, formerly a dancer, put on a number of her vaudeville acts.

Alla Nazimova has refused an offer of $2,000 a week to appear in "Mon Homme" of Andre Picard, the French playwright, responsible for Lenore Ulric's subtletantrums as Kiki. We state this on authority of Henry Baron, producer, who made the attempt to draw Nazimova back to the stage. Picard's play is one of those thrilling Apache things, and the leading woman has a dual role. Some bright young actress who can measure up to Mr. Baron's idea of the character is now being sought. Nazimova, we learn from other sources, wants a play in the grand manner before she returns to legitimate productions.

Ethel Barrymore's next play in her repertoire season at the Longacre Theatre is to be "As You Like It." Of course McKay Morris, who is running away with male honors in "Rose Bernd," will be Orlando to her Rosalind. He will make a great wrestler, we hazard. He is under contract for the season with Arthur Hopkins to do repertoire. Watch this boy go.

"The Old Soak", at the Plymouth, incidentally, is averaging $15,000 a week these parlous times.

Miss Barrymore wants to do a Greek tragedy after Shakespeare.

Nora Bayes has a new musical comedy. Jules Hurtig presents the Bayes attraction, "The Queen of Hearts", book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II., and Frank Mandell; music by Gennsler.

"The Music Box Revue No. 2" opens at the Music Box next week in New York, with John Steele, Charlotte Greenwood and Clark and McCullough among the principals, and new music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, who again produces it in association with Sam Harris. William Harris has a Galsworthy play that may follow the success dopesters assign to "Loyalties". He also has a Tarkington play, but has found nothing so far for Fay Bainter. Do you amateur playwrights want to try one for Miss Bainter? Here's the formula: A little girl, a lot of trouble and a guy who sticks through three acts of misfortunes.

"The Love Child", the Bataille play, has been staged by Al H. Woods. Sydney Blackmer, who has the title role, had the hyphen taken from love-child because, he explained, the other way around it sounds more romantic. That's painting the lily.

John Golden and Austin Strong are at Lake Placid, sitting up nights over "Seventh Heaven", which goes into rehearsal with Helen Menken in the principal role. Who is the London producer dickering to carry "Spite Corner" to London in January? One such is doing so.

Al H. Woods may try the Theatre Guild's pet later on. He has a play by Arthur Schnitzler that is being worked over, and a Norwegian drama, called "Beyond One's Strength", which evidently takes its name from the author's experiences in writing his own.

Speaking of Als, it is heard that Mr. Jolson's "Bombo," at the Apollo Theatre in Chicago, turned up $39,000 two weeks ago, with one $3,000 matinee. This is the record for musical stuff there. And Al H. Woods presents a play by Mrs. Wallace Irwin, "All Front and No Back," in Newark shortly, with Maude Fealy's stock players giving it the trial spin.

Here's something. De Wolf Hopper, you know, was last seen going South on a special train with seventy-five Gilbert and Sullivillains! Biggest road success in years in the cotton belt. Two-dollar-and-a-half top, with five operas, Pinafore, Pirates, Erminie, Mikado and Ruddigore, and they drive in from miles around, stacking the flivvers in front of the theatres. Goes to prove that these tenth-carbon copies of second-rate girlie shows do a flop down there from a matter of taste and not hard times.

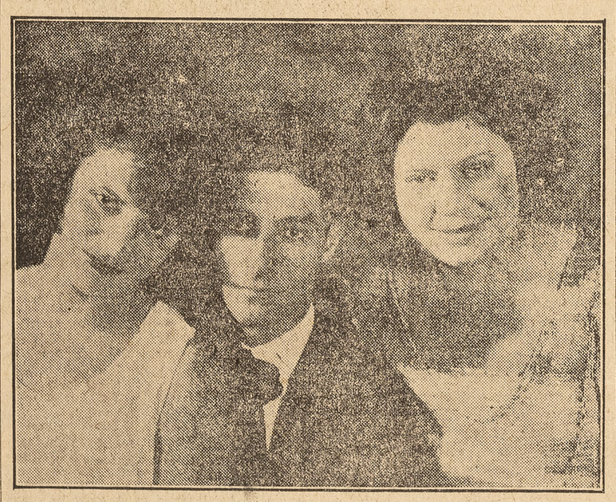
Elsie Ferguson brings "The Wheel of Life" to Broadway in about a month. It was a London success.

The Shuberts want William A. Brady to put "The Insect" play in the Century Theatre, but the producer fears that Czecho-Slovak imagination may get lost in such a huge space.

James Montgomery, who wrote the book for "Irene," is working on "The Little White House" for a second presentation about December.

"Malvaloca" has one big set about which three acts are grouped, just as in "Banco." The Equity Players begin by setting an economic example. Business is still indisposed in New York. Ticket offices that have purchased ahead for out-of-town successes have come to grief after they struck Broadway. It is a bad year for picking them The New York theatres making real money are not plentiful. Several weak sisters have been saved by clever advertising.

Don Marquis contributes a bon mot for a tail-piece. He says it is now time for Armour and Company to issue a bulletin praising "Blood and Sand."



GEORGE JESSEL AND THE COURTNEY SISTERS.
Who will be seen this week in "The Troubles of 1922" at the New Princess Theatre.

DINEHART AND BROWN.

The appearance of Alan Dinehart in Martin Brown's "The Exciters," in New York, recalls the fact that the Messrs. Dinehart and Brown have been associated before. Some four or five seasons ago, when Brown's "A Very Good Young Man" was produced by Arthur Hopkins, it was Dinehart who played the role of the singing waiter, thereby scoring a considerable personal success. "A Very Good Young Man" was one of those plays that come along about once or twice in a season—the kind that hugely delights a certain audience, and yet mysteriously fail to be popular. Since then Brown, originally a musical comedy dancer, has been writing plays with both hands. Hitherto he has just missed success, but the signs are that this is his year. In addition to "The Exciters," there is his adaptation of Bataille's "The Love Child," which Mr. Woods will produce in another week, and there is also another foreign play "The Masked Lady," which Brown has adapted for Mr. Woods. Then, too, there is "A Gentleman's Mother," which Sam H. Harris tried out in the Spring, and which, it is said, will reach New York after some revision. And—the list is a long one—the Selwyns and Mr. Harris are the joint owners of still another, called "The Great Music."

WINWOOD'S REPERTOIRE

Out in Chicago they are reworking the repertoire yarn Estelle Winwood, who is now acting "The Rubicon" at the Central Theatre, is next to be seen at that playhouse in "The Tyranny of Love," and "perhaps John Galsworthy's 'The Fugitive' and Arnold Bennett's "The Love Match." And, says the announcement, the theatre will then be renamed the Winwood.



Elaine Hammerstein
in
"Under Oath"

AN INTERESTING STORY OF A REMARKABLE CHARACTER TRANSFORMATION THROUGH LOVE

EXTRA FEATURE
SELLERS-GOUGH FUR COMPANY
FASHION DISPLAY
WITH A GALAXY OF
PRETTY MODELS
IN A
GORGEOUS REVUE
OF ALL THE
LATEST CREATIONS IN FURS
FASHION DISPLAY AT 3.30 and 9.30 P.M.

VAUDEVILLE
MABEL BLONDELL REVUE
An Artistic Organization Offering
PEP — JAZZ — NOVELTIES
SENNA and STEVENS
In "A CHINESE LAUNDRY."
Nick—VERGA—Gladys
A COUPLE FROM SUNNY ITALY.
CLIFF BAILEY DUO
ECCENTRIC, SILENT FUNSTERS.
CARLE and INEZ
In a Humorous Comedy Idea
"A DOORSTEP ROMEO."

LOEW'S
YONGE STREET
ENTIRE WEEK
OCT. 16

YONGE and BLOOR
Phone: NORTH 8,800
UPTOWN THEATRE
Monday Eve. at 8.15 and All Week
VAUGHAN GLASER PLAYERS
IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S FAMOUS SUMPTUOUS PANORAMIC PAGEANT
EVERYWOMAN
A Modern Morality Play by Walter Browne--Combining Drama, Grand Opera, Musical Comedy--in a Soul-Stirring Story.
The Greatest Wonder Play of the Age.
40 PLAYERS -- MASSIVE PRODUCTION
Evenings at 8.15
25c, 50c, 75c
No Increase in Prices
Mat. Thur.-Sat. 2.15
2000 RESERVED SEATS AT 25c
ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS EVE'GS AT 8; MATINEE AT 2

HOME OF MUSICAL BURLESQUE
EMPIRE THEATRE
WHERE ALL THE LADIES GO
TWICE DAILY
HARRY HASTINGS Offers
2.15—8.15
THE SMARTEST SHOW IN TOWN
"KNICK-KNACKS"
FEATURING
FRANK X. SILK AND KITTY WARREN
ORIGINAL "ATTA BOY HORACE"
LIGHTNING SOUBRETTE
A GLORIOUS CHORUS OF
20--CURLY-HEADED FLAPPERS--20
THE COLUMBIA AMUSEMENT COMPANY INTRODUCED A POPULAR INNOVATION IN THE LADIES' WEEK-DAY MATINEES. THOUSANDS OF THE FAIR SEX ATTEND THESE PERFORMANCES, AT WHICH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION IS TEN CENTS.

With the Vaudevillians

Attractions on Programmes of the Variety Theatres

American Dancer Will be at Shea's

Valerie Bergere Will Also be Seen in Japanese Playlet.

Acts typical of Broadway, that Mecca of all vaudeville performers are to be found on Shea's bill this week.

Maryon Vadie is one of America's best dancers, and Ota Gygi was a court violinist to the King of Spain until coming to this continent to do concert work. These two artists joined forces and with the Portia Mansfield dancers and Mary Isant, pianist, offer a repertoire of dance poems. Eight numbers make up the program including solo dances by Maryon Vadie, group numbers by the Mansfield dancers and a violin solo by Ota Gygi.

Aileen Stanley, is a handsome young woman who a few seasons ago appeared in vaudeville. Later she joined the Rock Revue, "Silks and Satins." Now she has returned to vaudeville.

Valerie Bergere created the role of "Mme. Butterfly" in the Belasco production. She has this season a new Jap comedy for vaudeville called "O Joy San," by Katherine Kavanaugh, a member of Miss Bergere's company. Miss Bergere's company has been with her for many seasons and besides Miss Kavanaugh includes Herbert Warren, Violet Barney, Effie Bordine and Harry Smith.

Shaw and Lee are "nut" comedians; Claude and Marion are a couple who are "Still Arguing."

Jones and Jones are black face comedians who present the southern levee types with the songs and dances.

The Hartwells do a turn on a double swinging rope and Harvard, Holt and Kendrick present "The Big Game," playing basket ball on bicycles.

Opening Monday matinee, October 23rd, at Shea's William Faversham, one of America's most distinguished actors, will be seen in a one-act drama, "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," by Alfred Sutro. Mr. Faversham is supported by a fine company.



MARYON VADI,
of the dancing team of Vadi and Gygi at Shea's Theatre this week.

How a Cartoon Comes Into Being

Novel Act That Will be Presented at Pantages Theatre.

The Pantages Theatre has adopted the slogan "the greatest show value in Toronto." The feature picture to be offered this week is "Fools First" which is a Marshall Neilan production and which is built upon a new theme with Richard Dix, Claire Windsor and Claude Dillingwater in the leading roles. The management of the Pantages always on the lookout for something new and novel have arranged a surprise for next week in the engagement of Toronto's popular cartoonist, Lou Skuce, who will appear in person and present an original novelty entitled "The Creation of a Cartoon." Mr. Skuce has finally been persuaded to appear behind the footlights and let the thousands who have been following his drawings for years, see him in the flesh.

Lovers of grand opera will be more than pleased with the Molera Revue which is composed of a septette of talented singers who will render a classical program of operatic numbers; Julia Curtis, one of vaudeville's most charming entertainers will be heard in a series of remarkable imitations of popular stage stars. Les Morgan and Beryl Gray will present their new comedy playlet "Bungalow Love" written by the well known author Willard Mack. May and Hill will offer a snappy program of humorous songs, eccentric dancing and laughable dialogue and the DeLyons Duo will be seen in a remarkable performance of balancing and gymnastics.

FIRST A MOVIE.

Murray W. Garsson has bought the screen, stage and book rights to "Way Down South," a story by Harry P. Diggs and Adelaide Leitsbach. Reversing the usual procedure, he will use the material first for a motion picture. Next, according to report, he will make a stage play of it, and finally he will have the story published in book form. Miss Leitsbach, it is now understood, is now at work on the scenario for an eight reel film.

CAINE WROTE TITLES.

Hall Caine wrote the subtitles for the film version of his story, "The Christian," which Maurice Tourneur is directing for the Goldwyn Company.



KITTY WARREN.
In the cast of "Knick Knacks" at the Empire Theatre this week.

"Knick Knacks" is Show at Empire

Harry Hastings Presents Silk Stocking Revue This Week.

Harry Hastings' "Knick Knacks," presenting "A Silk Stocking Revue Up and Down Broadway," will entertain showgoers, who seek at the Empire Theatre exactly the diversion they most enjoy. The "Knick Knacks," start a week's engagement Monday matinee and will give the customary twice-a-day burlesque offering of musical burlesque. Twenty singing and dancing choristers will engage in a diversity of ensembles in which changes of costumes will be as frequent as the shift in scenes Frank X. Silk and Kitty Warren will be featured in a cast of twelve principals with the Three Syncopators leading the vaudeville lists. New glimpses of Broadway, New York's Chinatown, Atlantic City's Boardwalk, with a chorus scene and vistas of the once "wild" West will be reflected in the scenic equipment, and there will be novelties in stage effects and lighting to keep the "revue" incidents as attractive as the advance notices are assuring. Carney and Carr, demonstrators of modern dances; Christy Denney and Hulse, musical entertainers, and Madlyn Worth, a sprightly ingenue, are prominently listed among the principals and specialists.

"Troubles of 1922" at New Princess

George Jessel and Courtney Sisters Will Head the Cast.

"Troubles of 1922" is the title of the musical revue that will be seen at the Princess Theatre this week in conjunction with the Shubert vaudeville. It is said to furnish good entertainment due principally to the efforts of George Jessel, who, besides being an excellent comedian, is the author of the book. He is said to have written some genuinely humorous dialogue and has given the piece quite an elaborate mounting in the way of scenery and costumes. "Troubles of 1922" is a satire on the business of producing musical shows. Jessel plays the part of an impecunious young man who induces his mother, an old-fashioned Jewish woman, to invest her savings in setting him up as a producer. In most of the ludicrous situations that ensue Jessel shows himself a clever comedian. There is an attractive chorus, said to be above the average, and some of the musical numbers are catchy; altogether the revue is a highly entertaining performance. The vaudeville which precedes it has the Courtney Sisters, Fay and Florence, as one of the star acts. They are said to have some pleasing songs and they know how to put them over. Mlle. Ann Codee and Frank Orth do a comedy act while Flo and Ollie Walters sing and dance. Gertrude Hayes, Jr., Dolly Manuel and Jack Edwards do some clever dancing and George Jessel is highly entertaining with his chatter.

NEXT BARRY PICTURE.

The completed cast for Wesley Barry's picture, "Heroes of the Street," includes Marie Prevost, Jack Mulhall, Wilfred Lucas, Aggie Herring, Wi Walling and Wedgewood Nowell. William Beaudine is the director.

DOROTHY VERNON.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is to be done by Mary Pickford after all, it seems. The rights to the story were bought by the Kenma Corporation, and it was originally planned that Madge Kennedy should appear in the proposed production. Now it is announced that the rights have been sold to Miss Pickford, who, presumably, will play the title role of the piece herself.

Mabel Blondell Presents Revue

Sellers-Gough Fashion Show Also a Feature At Loew's.

A Fashion Show, vaudeville of the brightest kind and photoplay attractions are all on the list for Loew's Yonge Street Theatre this coming week. In addition to the big Elaine Hammerstein photoplay feature, "Under Oath," and the regular screen attractions, there will be five big acts of vaudeville at the head of which stands the Mabel Blondell Revue. This is a pretentious Melodious Syncopated Cocktail. An extra feature will be the big Sellers-Gough Fashion Show in which a number of pretty models will display all the latest creations in furs. These girls are top-notchers in their line and the fur garments which they will display will open the eyes of the men as well as the members of the fair sex. The management of the theatre is arranging some startling effects for this display and there is no doubt but that this big Fashion Show will be the hit of the season. This is entirely separate from the vaudeville bill which is made up of the Blondell Revue and the following acts; Cliff Bailey, the eccentric silent funsters; Nick and Gladys Verga, a lively couple from Sunny Italy; Carle and Inez in a humorous comedy idea, "A Doorstep Romeo!" and Senna and Stevens in "A Chinese Laundry."

LOU SKUCE TRIES VAUDEVILLE FLIER

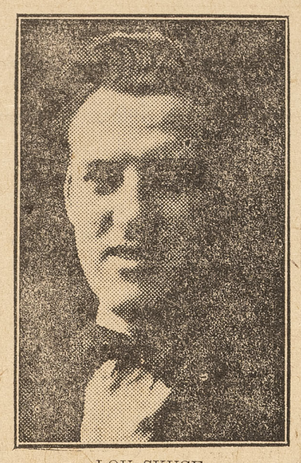
Lou Skuce—himself—was visible to the unsuspecting public all last week in a number of Ontario cities and towns, putting on his own show, and on Monday opens at the Pantages. Lou lifts the lid from the mysterious inner workings of a newspaper office and shows the people all about the production of a cartoon. Those who have known Lou as champion paddler, rugby and hockey player, oarsman and illustrator, are not always aware that he is also an experienced showman. He is himself his own best act, although he has owned and directed many a good act in his day, and "The Making of a Cartoon," combining original drawings before the audience with a clever motion picture film made in Toronto, is his snappiest production to date.

Since arrival somewhere in Ontario, thirty-five years ago, Lou has been filling the film of his own career with lively incidents. Playing hookey and hockey, entering newspaper life as a copy boy, paddling to seven Canadian titles, playing rugby with the famous Ottawa Rough Riders and Parkdale Canoe Club. Lou had rounded out a strenuous career before being pitchforked into the life of a cartoonist.

While playing hockey on the Winnipeg Strathconas with Fred Lake and other war horses, Lou got a dislocated hip and a decided crimp in his bank roll. To prevent bankruptcy he started doing cartoons for the Winnipeg Saturday Post. He continued his work at the Ontario School of Art and in New York and Chicago, emerging as one of the most human and versatile workers in the field of newspaper art.

His interests are as wide as life itself and that is the secret of his early success in the theatrical and newspaper worlds. With the Toronto Sunday World since 1909, he has done original comic strips and full page color comics, and original full page color designs, in addition to dramatic, sporting, political and fashion cartoons. In the magazine world he does colored covers, and straight and humorous illustration, and is regular illustrator of the work of Stephen Leacock and J. K. Munro in Maclean's Magazine.

To do his latest act Lou had to master two new branches of his art, directing his first movie and appearing in it himself besides learning to "work" as cartoonist in full view of an audience. He has kept to the front by mastering all the new processes and within the past year has adapted himself to the rotagravure process. If necessity demands he can turn his hand to practically all of the crafts which his latest production depicts, being able to do his bit at all of the processes that intervene between artist's easel and the newspaper at your breakfast table.



LOU SKUCE.
The well-known artist of The Sunday World, who is taking a flier into vaudeville, and will be seen at Pantages.

"PRINCE AND PAUPER" USED IN THE MOVIES

Another of Mark Twain's novels has been used on the screen. It is predicted that "The Prince and the Pauper" will, beyond a doubt, be one of the most popular pictures of the year. But it was not the work of American producers, ever on the alert, if we are to believe their frantic protestations, for "good screen material." It was a photoplay made, presumably before the war, in Central Europe, and closely resembles in treatment the best German films that have so far reached America.

The American distributors have been reticent as to just where the picture was made, and who the people are who produced it. We are told that it was directed by one Alexander Kardo, whose work in some particulars is similar to that done by Ernst Lubitsch. Its faults, and they are many, are the same faults that one has noticed in other European films. The photography in many cases is poor. The continuity is irregular and jumpy. The use of the double exposure is evidently not developed in Europe to the technical perfection it has reached in America. But the massing of light and shade, the treatment of crowds in the mass, the superb and masterly use of buildings to give dignity to the smallest bit of action—these are virtues which American producers would do well to emulate.

A Boy Actor.

The nine-year-old boy, Tibi Lubin, who played the Prince and also the Pauper, was a surprise to those who are accustomed to the "cuteness" of American child actors. Although there are many American juvenile players who give satisfactory and memorable performances, they rely, for the most part, on their curls and baby cuves for popularity. Too often we seem to hear, beyond their acting, if it can be called so, the voice of the director giving minute commands. But this European child is quite evidently an actor. He does not depend on close-ups in which many glycerine tears roll down his cheeks for effects in pathos. Dancing up and down with bobbing curls is not the only way in which he registers happiness. He is instinctively a pantomimist, and there is an entire absence of machine-made gestures to emphasize his characterizations. There are almost no close-ups in the picture at all, yet every emotion is clearly shown. As the poor little ragamuffin, Tom Canty, he is sniveling, depressed and furtive. There are only his kingly dreams to lend dignity to his miserable little existence. As the Prince, he takes on a royalty of demeanor, a kingly condescension. The subtitles, taken in most instances from the book, do not need the phraseology of kings to make one realize his dignity. There is royalty in every movement, in his proud walk, his expansive gestures, and treatment of his inferiors.

Other Roles.

The minor characters are all well played. The part of John Canty, the pauper's father, is excellently taken by an actor named Francis Herter. The director has treated all his lesser characters in an original way. He has shown them in their surroundings and has made them act against the background of their environment, rather than as isolated persons. It is much more easy to visualize the brutality of the father when shown among his companions, in the wretched hovel he calls home, wandering along squalid streets, in fluttering rags, sleeping in the cold wind on muddy river banks, than it would be had separate acts of brutality been shown in the ubiquitous close-up. It is a more artistic method, and one that leaves something to the imagination.

Henry VIII. is, played by Alfred Shreiber. We do not remember ever having seen him before, but his performance was excellent. Miles Hendon, whose character is somewhat subordinated in this screen version to other characters and events, is played by Francis Everth. He makes Hendon a bluff, rollicking fellow whose devotion to the little lost Prince is finally rewarded. Lady Edith is played by Ditta Ninjan, and there are fleeting glimpses of the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth. Isabel, Infanta of Spain, is done by Lilly Lubin. Whether or not she is the sister of the star we do not know, but we do know that she showed in a lesser degree the talents of the little boy. With only a few appearances, and no close-ups, she leaves an impression on the audience. As the poor little overdressed puppet in the hands of crafty statesmen, she gives a clear impression of pathos. A. D. Weisse is the Lord Chancellor.

The picture ends with the coronation of the real Prince in his pauper's rags. In no motion picture of the year has such an impressive treatment of crowds been shown. The people shouting in wild excitement "Long live the King!" are real people, not puppets in the hands of a clever director. In spite of photography that is not always clear, it is a finale that will long be remembered by motion picture audiences.

TOO MUCH VARIETY.

The annoying miscellaneousness of motion picture theatres, which may show, say "The Golem," or "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," one week, and "My Old Kentucky Home," or an episode of "The Mistress of the World," the next, was stated as one of the causes of public dissatisfaction with the movies, in an address delivered in London recently by E. A. Baughan before the Stoll Picture Theatre Club. In reporting the address, The Universe said:

"Perhaps his (Mr. Baughan's) most valuable contribution to the subject was a warning to exhibitors to find what class of people comprised their audience and play to them. The future of the cinema lay, he said, in the classification of picture houses and the classification of films as had been done with theatres and plays. For instance, the Lyceum patron did not expect to see a Haymarket play any more than the Haymarket patron expected Lyceum melodrama. There was no democracy in art, and consequently no universal appeal."

The writer in The Universe does not seem wildly optimistic about the effect of Mr. Baughan's warning, however. He comments on it as follows:

"The warning is not ill-timed, but will it be heeded? With a few notable exceptions, cinemas require us to seek the blessings of the unexpected, whatever may be our tastes. They do, of course, fall into rough divisions (good, bad and indifferent), but then even good and bad tastes differ. And few will sit through Episode 19 of 'The Yellow Curl' on the off chance of seeing 'Milestones.' On the other hand, in some localities, anything is accepted. 'Going to the pictures' becomes as ritualistic as a drawing room tea party. In both cases, there is nothing to eat."

But in both cases people take in a lot of stuff and call it food.

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Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, $1

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AMERICA'S GREATEST REVUE
The BOHEMIANS Announce 3rd Annual Production
GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES
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JOE E. BROWN, EVA PUCK & SAMMY WHITE
LA SYLPHE, BIRD MILLMAN & 30 Famous Artists' Models
POSITIVELY FIRST TIME FOR THIS NEW 3RD ANNUAL PRODUCTION TO PLAY THIS CITY

Nights, $1 to $2.50. Wed. Mat., 50c to $1.50. Sat. Mat., 50c to $2.



"HUMAN HEARTS" AT THE HIPPODROME.
Mary Philbin, Russell Simpson, Gertrude Claire and Edith Hallor, who appear in "Human Hearts," the special feature attraction at Shea's Hippodrome this week. The film is adapted from the well known stage play by Hal. Reid, father of "Wally," and features House Peters.

PRINCESS
NEXT WEEK
COMMENCING MON. MAT.
SHUBERT VAUDEVILLE
$1 BEST SEATS
HOW DO THEY DO IT FOR THE PRICE ?
MATINEES DAILY 50c.-25c.
LOOK WHO WE HAVE HERE.
ED. DAVIDOW & RUFUS LE MAIRE OFFER
America's Foremost Young Comedian — GEORGE JESSEL
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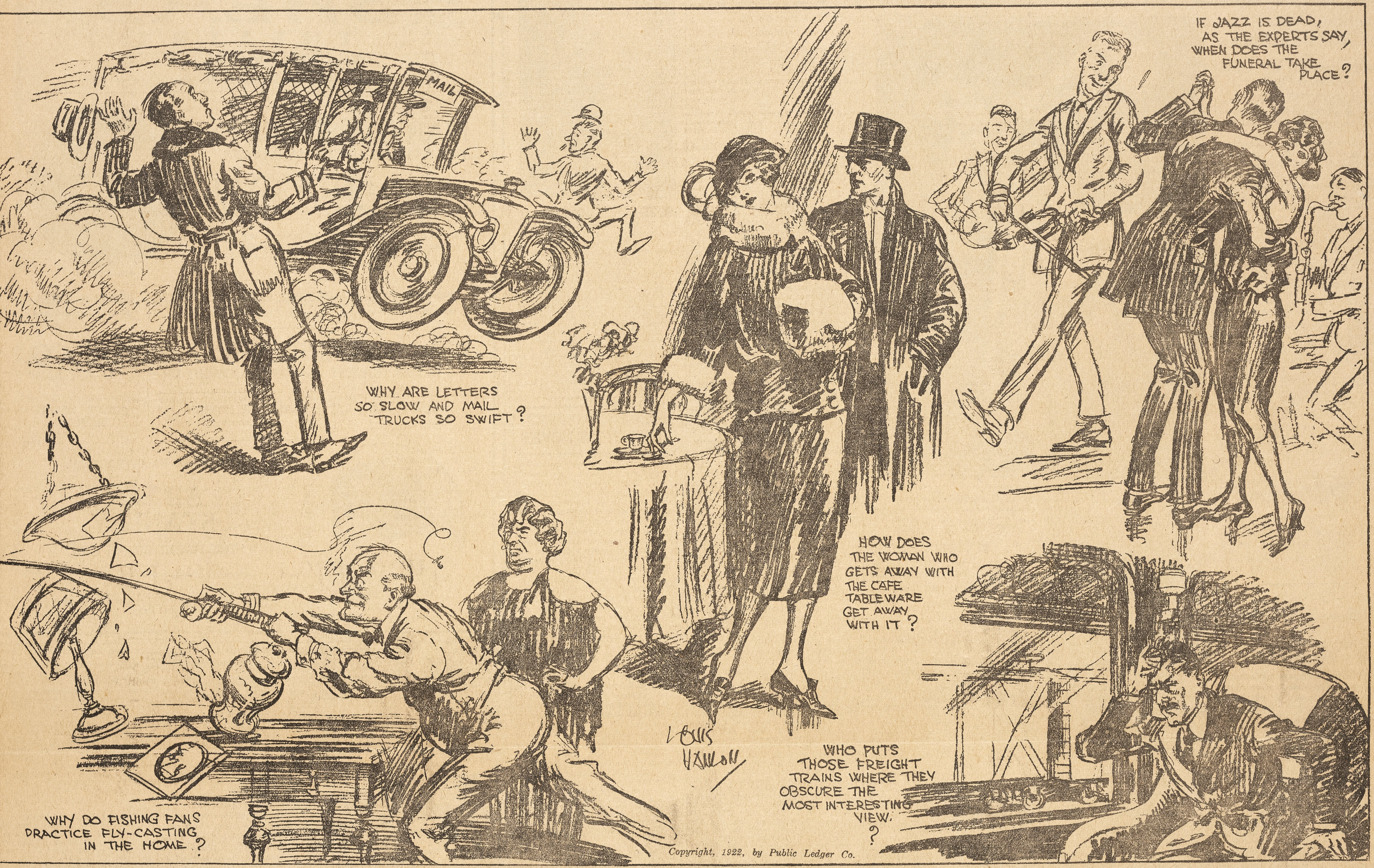
Vaudeville's Celebrated Star Sister Act — COURTNEY SISTERS
IN
"TROUBLES OF 1922"
A Comedy Satire on the Revue Craze WITH
THE DELIGHTFUL PARISIAN STAR
M'LLE ANN CODEE
BEAUTIFUL
25 TROUBLE MAKERS 25
AND
5—HEADLINE VAUDEVILLE ACTS—5
"'Troubles of 1922' is unquestionably the best musical comedy since the season opened."—DETROIT NEWS.
"A musical show to be heartily recommended."—DETROIT TIMES.

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW

Registered U. S. Patent Office —*By Hanlon*



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NUTTY PROBLEMS

Like a Proper Sailorman!

Continued from Page Two, Automotive Section.

heard o' them, I'll bet. 'N I was in th' best of them! Western Ocean packets, West Indiamen, China clippers, Cape Horners an' Australian wool-clippers . . . I sailed in 'em all in my day. I was in th' old Thermopylae, b'gawd, when she run from Melb'un in sixty-three days. I bin in th' Cutty Sark. I bin bo'sun in Blue Nose ships—tough packets where a man had to be a sailor or th' mates made shark's meat out o' you! Yes, b'gawd, I bin through th' bloody mill, I have, 'n there's no bloody ord'nary seaman what's goin' to give me any chin!" And he glared fiercely at the young fellow again.

He opened his sea-bag and turned it up. A dilapidated suit of yellow oilskins—picked up on a fish-wharf by the look and smell of them—and a thin grimy blanket fell out. He had nothing else. He hung the oil skins up alongside his bunk and hove the blanket into his sleeping box.

"You haven't much of a kit," I remarked to him quietly.

He nodded slowly. "Aye! A parish rig, son, but it'll do me, I reckon. I won't need 'em long." He lisped the words so low that none of the others heard, but the significance of it impresssed me.

Next morning we got our anchor and towed out to sea and the tug let go the hawser off the Sambro light-ship. When making sail, old Williams was invariably the foremost hand at a halliard or brace and the ablest men gave way to him. When he came panting up to a pulling or hauling job we always gave him a "fore-all" place even though he was so weak that one could hardly feel his weight on the rope. Occasionally he would sing out the hauling time in a hoarse, cracked voice—an "E-yah! O hah! Hey-yah!"—but he generally had to knock off for want of breath. He essayed a chantey on the t'gallant halliards one day, but it was so ancient that no one could sing the chorus. The poor old man was living in the past.

As the time passed he seemed to age visibly. One could almost see him shrivelling up. His motions were daily becoming more feeble and the only thing about him which showed a spark of vitality was the fire in his eyes. His speech even became more shrill and there was a querulous quaver in it. Matching the fierce glare in his eyes, his temper became fiery. He cursed everyone and criticized everything in a kind of a petulant contempt.

We were hauling aft the mainsheet one day in mid-Atlantic when he collapsed and fell to the deck. He tried to rise to his feet and tally on, but couldn't muster the effort. "Carry him into his bunk," ordered the mate kindly, "and let him stay there!"

"Bunk be damned, mister!" shrieked the old fellow. "I'll be all right with a little shot o' rum, mister. I jest took a faint spell." But the officer noticed the red trickle at the corner of Williams' mouth and motioned us to carry him forward. We laid him in his bunk to the accompaniment of his shrill curses and there was no more heft to him than to a child.

The skipper ordered the steward to give him milk and rum and soft food. He drank the liquor but refused to touch the boiled rice and tapioca. "Think I'm a bloody baby," he piped viciously. "You've a ruddy cheek to offer me that muck, you damned stew-pot walloper!" He condemned the steward to all enternity.

ALL that night he raved and shouted of longforgotten ships and the men who sailed them. The famous clippers of fo'c'sle story were mentioned in his talk—Leander, Sir Lancelot, Cairngorm, Stornoway — brave ships of brave days. One moment he fancied he was setting a topgallant studdingsail and shouted commands long forgotten in sail of to-day; another time he was cautioning a phantom mate at a lee-wheel when running the Easting down in Southern Ocean. "Meet her, bully! Don't let her swing! Never mind squintin' at th' big sea astern. Watch th' ship!"

He lay thus for many days until we met up with a dirty easterly roaring out of the British Channel. All night long we stripped her in the rain and bitter wind until we had her snugged down and lying-to under fore and main lower-tops'ls an foretopmast stays'l. With the coming of the gale, old Williams seemed to revive and when I looked in at him at four bells in the morning watch, he asked for a mug of coffee. I brought him the drink and asked how he was. "Better, son, better," he croaked. "But I ain't agoin' to set foot on shore again. I'm goin' out this time. . . . on deep water. No more shore for me. I'm through with it. T'hell with it! I was always all right at sea. Th' shore has burned th' guts 'n th' heart out o' me. I made my money at sea and I spent it ashore. Th' rum, son, th' rum. Sixty years at sea, m'lad, an' here I am with niver a home or a wife or a dollar. A suit o' rags, a blanket, 'n a bunch o' discharges—that's all to show for it. But I've had my fun, son. I don't regret it. I sailed in th' best and the worst. I know searfarin'. Sixty years an' never in steam. Always in th' wind-bags. Never in steam, so, d'ye hear? never in steam. No steam-boats for Jim Williams."

I left him then and went on deck. He gave me something to think about. Sixty years at sea! A long time, truly Old Williams had seen the life as it was in the roaring days of the clipper sailers. Sixty years. . . . and he had nothing but his memories. He would be the last of them—the stun's'l shell-backs —the men of iron who drove the wooden ships. Nowadays the ships were iron and the men were wood.

It blew hard and dirty all the day and the dark came down with the ship tumbling in a heavy sea and the wind screaming in the gear aloft as she rolled to windward. We were standing-by in the donkey-boiler house sheltering from the rain and wind when there came a thundering slatting from aloft. The noise brought us out on deck as a great length of chain-sheet came rattling down, and up in the blackness one could hear the flogging of canvas and the slashing of a chain on an iron yard. Sparks of fire followed each metallic slash and someone shouted, "Weather sheet of th' main-tops'l has carried away!" The mate's whistle shrilled in the noise and the man who answered it came for-ad. "Man th' weather gear!" he bawled. "Clew her up and make fast!"

THE crowd of us tallied on to the bunt-lines and clew-lines and hove the weather-side of the sail up to the yard and then clawed our way up the weather rigging with the wind disputing our climbing and the rain slashing at our oilskins. We gained the lower-tops'l-yard, the whole watch of us, and strung out on the foot-ropes to fist the wet canvas, full of wind, and bellying back over the spar. It was as black as the inside of a sea-boot aloft and you couldn't tell who was next to you.

I was tugging away at the weatner-yard-arm when I was conscious of a body squeezing in alongside of me. I had just taken a turn with the gasket and shouted to my neighbor to reach down under the yard and pass the end of the gasket up to me again. A querulous voice answered. "All right! All right, I'll get it!" Peering for the first time at the figure now crouching down on the foot-rope reaching for the gasket, I was astonished to make out the form of old Jim Williams!

When he stood up again I shouted in his ear, "Get down! Get down! You'll be falling to the deck!"

He was lying over the yard with both hands grasping the iron jackstay. His head was bare—I could see his white hair in the gloom—and he had neither boots nor oilskins on. His coat and pants were bellying and flapping in the wind. He lay motionless.

I made my gasket fast in double quick time that I might attend to the old fellow. I was afraid that he had gone out in the effort of climbing aloft and lying out on the yard, but when I shook him gently by the shoulder, he lifted a hand from the jackstay as if in protest and his thin voice piped faintly, "All right! All right!"

With some of the hands called down from aloft we got him between us and in some fashion carried him to the top. Then a husky Dane shouldered him and carried him down on deck, where the mate met us.

"What th' devil's happened?" he shouted.

"Old Williams got aloft and he's all-in!"

The officer peered at the sodden bundle of humanity over the Dane's shoulders. "Well, I'll be scuppered!" he ejaculated. "The old Turk couldn't stay below when there was work to be done. Carry him in the fo'c'sle and I'll try and get a tot of rum for him."

We laid him in his bunk and he lay like one dead. His eyes were closed and he was breathing very, very faintly. There was the ominous blood trickle at the corners of his mouth. Old Williams would never leave his bunk alive. We could see that.

The mate came in with a tumbler of rum and we lifted up the old man's head and managed to force a little of the spirit between his lips. He gave a sigh and murmured, "Rum!" It was as though he were invoking the deity that had cursed his existence. We gave him one or two more sips, and he opened his eyes and stared at us. The fire had gone from them now and they were dulled with the approach of death. Weakly, he motioned with his hand. "Rum!" he gasped, and we gave him another swallow.

He saw me leaning over him and grasped my wrist. Feebly drawing me nearer, I sensed his wishes and bent my head to his. "I'm slipping my cable, son. Goin'—out—with—th'—tide." He gasped and continued, "I—shipped —to—die—in—a — wind-bag—" another gasp, "in—deep—water." We gave him another sip. "My— last—job—weather—tops'l —yard —like a proper—sailor—man." His eyes closed and we thought he was gone, but he drew me to him again—very feebly, this time.

"Stitch me up . . . piece old sail . . . fisted many a time. Have—sails—make—neat — job. So . . . long!" He turned on his side with a convulsive shudder and went to meet the Great Pilot.

We dropped him over-side in the grey morning. The mate, who was a real sailor, acceded to his last request and furnished the sailmaker with a piece of old topsail canvas to fashion a shroud for the dead man. The Finnish sailmaker wielded his palm and needle with neatness and care as though the soul of the departed was standing-by to see that a proper seaman-like job was made in covering the dead clay.

And at eight bells, when the body lay on a grating place on the rail, a rift appeared in the leaden clouds and a ray of sunshine threw a golden beam on the flag which covered the dead. It seemed as though the solar orb was paying a tribute to the passing out of that ancient sailorman and throwing a spotlight on the Red Ensign—the old red duster of Britain's Merchant Marine—under which he lay and under which he sailed . . . for sixty years.

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Physician Explains Who Should Take Newer Form of Iron

Practical Advice on How To Help Build Up Great Strength, Energy and Endurance

"Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "It may also transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles without ever realizing the real cause of their trouble. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body something like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"For want of iron you may be an old man at thirty, dull of intellect, poor in memory, nervous, irritable and all 'run-down,' while at 50 or 60 with plenty of iron in your blood you may still be young in feeling, full of life, your whole being brimming over with vim and energy."

But be sure the iron you take is the newer form of iron and not metallic iron which people usually take. This newer form of iron is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples, while metallic iron is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acids on small pieces of iron filings and is therefore an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron. This newer form of iron is so highly concentrated that one dose is estimated to be approximately equivalent to eating one-half quart of spinach, one quart of green vegetables or half a dozen baked apples. It is like taking extracts of beef instead of eating pounds of meat.

Over 4,000,000 people annually are using this newer form of iron known as Nuxated Iron. It quickly helps make rich red blood, revitalize worn-out exhausted nerves and give increased strength and energy. Your money will be refunded by the manufacturers if it does not produce satisfactory results.

For sale by all druggists

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CITY BRED.

The son of a Toronto man who last year moved to an Ontario town, was at once entered in one of the Public schools.

One day he was told to write a sentence containing the word "copse." Now as the word had a familiar sound and he was from the city, his sentence read:

"The boy dodged the cops."

TRUE.

Just one more of the many things observed while week-ending is that you can get all the wild strawberries and wild cherries you want in the country—but the city's the place to get the wild peaches.

Submarine Officer Turns Actor While War Prisoner

SEVENTEEN years ago he was a sub-lieutenant on Prince Louis of Battenberg's cruiser when the British Admiral visited New York. Seven years ago he was captured after he drove the first allied submarine under the mine fields of the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora. Last Summer he was on the doubles team that defeated the Spaniards at Wimbledon in tennis. This Autumn he was playing the part of the host in Galsworthy's "Loyalties" at the Gaiety Theatre in New York.

Meet Commander H. G. H. Stoker, D.S.O., Royal Navy, retired, who went from a cruiser to the London stage. After 20 years in His Majesty's Navy he reached the command of a capital ship, only to find he wanted to be an actor.

"How did you happen to go on the stage?" Commander Stoker was asked.

"Because I happened to go into submarines twelve years ago," he replied. "You see, I was in the first lot of officers in England detailed to submarine duty. At the beginning of the great war I was a lieutenant-commander and the Admiralty loaned me to the Australian Commonwealth, to command the submarine they contributed to the naval forces.

"The morning the Anzacs landed at Gallipoli, April 25, 1915, the Admiral decided to send a sub through the straits into the Sea of Marmora. Lieut.-Commander Holbrook, V.C., had penetrated the mine fields of the straits to a distance of seven miles and had sunk a Turkish transport. Since his exploit other subs had tried the stunt and had been sunk.

"'You have a try at it to-day,' he said to me . . . 'but I do not think you'll make it.' Well, we got through, stayed there two days, sank a transport and then were disabled in a fight with four gunboats. We had to come to the surface, so we opened the seacocks and let her go to the bottom. The Turks picked us up. After ten months in prison I made a break for liberty and after 17 days' wandering in Asia Minor was recaptured.

"I was taken to Constantinople to solitary confinement. Mr. Morgenthau got me out of that in time to save my reason. When I went into the prison yard the other officers saw my long hair was an asset.

"'He can play the old woman,' they said. And I was given the old woman in 'The Monkey's Paw,' the Jacobs play the prison theatrical club was staging. That's how I came to go on the stage."

IRELAND WOULD RUN BEFORE TODDLING

THE Provisional Government of Ireland has recently attempted to force compulsory Irish into all official correspondence, in spite of the agreement that English and Irish should be equally permissible. In a circular sent out to the Congested Districts Board it directed that all letters, instead of beginning "Sir" and ending "Your obedient servant," should be prefaced with the prescribed forms —for a lord "A Higherna Uasail," for a baronet "A Pharonaigh Cnoraigh," for a priest "A Athair Urramaigh," for a Protestant clergyman "A Dhuine Uasail Oirmhidinigh," for an ordinary layman "A Chara," and that letters should end with the words "Is mise, lemeas nior," with a supplementary direction that great care must be taken to put in all the accents. One may recall a deputation which presented an address to Napoleon III. It was delivered in what was thought to be the purest Parisian, and in his reply the Emperor said how much he regretted that his education had precluded the study of Irish.

Automotive Section

The Toronto Sunday World

Automotive Section

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The Coming of Autumn in Scandinavian Mythology

By H. H. KINZETT.

APULEIUS tells a beautiful story, or allegory, of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche. The god told his bride that she was never to seek to know who he was, and to keep his secret he only visited her when night had fallen, leaving her at sunrise. The tale is too long to tell here, but her curiosity, egged on by the spitefulness of her sisters, caused her to seek his couch with lighted lamp while he slept, when a drop of hot oil from her lamp fell upon the love god, who awoke and fled.

Psyche wandered from place to place the world over seeking her immortal love, persecuted by Venus, his mother, and after enduring the most dreadful troubles, Cupid came to her assistance, pleaded her cause before Jupiter, secured her immortality, and happiness was assured to both.

The tale I have to tell is one from the mythology of our Scandinavian ancestors, who knew nothing of the Greeks, yet have produced one quite as beautiful though with a different ending, yet with much similarity, only in the first Psyche (the soul) finds Cupid or Eros (immortal love) after her trials, Freyja never does. Let me tell you the story as I remembered it.

In Asgard, the city of the gods, lived the beautiful Freyja, wife of Odur, the son of the immortals. Their palace at Folkvang was always thronged with guests, who loved her beauty and the charm of her music, while they never wearied to listening to the words of Odur her husband.

On a day, a great feast was to be held in Odin's vast hall of Valhalla, and among the honored guests were to be Heimdall, the son of nine virgin sisters, and the watch or sentinel of Asgard, and Aegir the ocean god husband of Rana; to meet them Odur with his fair wife Freyja were specially invited.

"Everyone will be splendidly dressed, only I shall have nothing to wear," murmured Freyja disconsolately, and though Odur pointed out that she was more beautiful without ornament than many with she was not satisfied, but set off at once on a visit to her brother Frey at Alfheim, who would give her at least some flowers.

She was so full of her fancied grievance that she took no heed to her footsteps but went down, down, until she reached the cavern of the four dwarfs. It grew darker the deeper she went, and at length waking to her surroundings: "Where am I" she exclaimed. As she wandered aimlessly along between walls and caves of rock she suddenly found herself in Svartheim.

The place was lighted by the lanterns carried in the caps of groups of little men who were hard at work digging for the precious stones of the earth, with which they covered the walls of their underworld, these were formed into many coured coronets marvellous to behold.

Among these workers were four dwarfs who appeared to be directing the others in their labors, who, as soon as they saw Freyja, bent down over something they held between them, with strange chattering and grimaces. She was curious to know what it was, so drawing near to them peeped over their shoulders. What she saw was the necklace Brisingamen. How lovely, brilliant, exquisitely worked it was. She was almost blinded at its radiance.

At the same moment a passionate longing arose in her heart for its possession; she must have it, she must wear it at Valhalla; always must it hang round her white throat, glitter on her fair bosom. "Unless I have it," she thought, "life is no longer worth having." The dwarfs held it out to her, looking cunningly at each other the while, then burst into such peals of laughter, that echoed from cavern to cavern, until all the caverns of the earth were filled with the sound of it. She turned her head on one side, stretched out her hand, hurriedly grasped the necklace with her small fingers, and sped away to the green hillside.

She sat down, she put the fatal gift around her neck and looked half shyly at her image in a pool nearby: How beautiful she looked. She would outshine every guest at the feast in Valhalla. Then she entered her palace at Folkvang, and sought her husband to show him her treasure, and make him admire it and her enhanced beauty. But he was not there, Odur had gone.

Everywhere she searched but in vain, Odur and Brisingamen could not, could not dwell together in Folkvang, and he had gone to the home of the immortals for ever.

But Freyja did not know this, she only knew that her loved one was not there, nor did she know where to find him. She sat down wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, watering the jewels that lay on her bosom with her tears.

Sadly enough she went to Father Odin, who was on his throne. "Father Aesir listen to my weeping. Frown not upon me. Everywhere have I searched through Folkvang and Asgard, but I cannot find my husband. Give me leave to seek him far and near, across the earth, sea, sky, even to the borders of Jotunheim." "Go, Freyja," said Odin, "and good fortune go with thee."

Every part of the world was visited by her, weeping golden tears as she went her way, that became rivers bearing weeping and beauty to every land. And in her journeying she came to the largest city in the world. Here she knocked at palace doors, and stately mansion, at humbler dwellings, at cottages, but found him not.

Roads, narrow lanes, mountains, lakes, woods, everywhere, but her search was vain, she was never to find him. One dark night, as she lay beside the still waters of a lake, she slept, and in her sleep Loki, the evil one, came and took her head in his hands and whispered in her ears as she slept: "You were quite right, Freyja, to go and get something for yourself in Svartheim. It was wise to care more for your dress and beauty than for Odur. You went down to Svartheim and found Brisingamen. Then the Immortal went away, but is not Brisingamen better than he? Why do you cry, Freyja? Why do start so?"

Poor Freyja. She tried in her sleep to release her head but could not, "Brisingamen is dragging me down," she cried, and laid her small hand upon the clasp without knowing what she did. In her travels she came to Jarnvid the Iron wood where black trees, hard as iron, seemed to stretch their limbs to heaven in the effort to pull the sky down, and which extended even to the walls of Jotunheim. She saw the Iron Witch, whose hideous offspring peopled the forest, and asked her for news, but got only cruel words for answer that stuck in her heart like knives. She stood there weeping dismally, she did not know where else to go.

At length she came to the wide sea coast at even-tide when the western sun crimsoned the sky and the small waves rippled over the beach like so many smiles. Here talking reclined Aegir, the principal guest of that fateful evening, who was talking about her and her strange story with his nine fair daughters. She listened with beating heart, spellbound at the concluding words of the ninth wave; "Odur will never return nor Freyja forget to weep. "When she heard this she wrung her hands crying" Oh. Father Aegir trouble comes, comes surging up from a wide sea, wave over wave, into my very soul."

Then old Aegir shouted aloud and dashed into the deep, sea and sky mingled in wild confusion, and night fell upon a most dreadful storm. Poor Freyja sank exhausted on the shore, where she lay unconscious, until the sleepy little Siofnia came and bore her tenderly in her arms to Folkvang her beautiful home, where she lived with her sisters and friends, but Odur never returned, nor did poor, foolish Freyja cease to weep.

Freyja was the goddess of love, Frey her brother, was the god of fertility and peace, and the dispenser of rain. Both presided over the clouds, air, and water generally.

This tale is a nature story after all, the necklace is the rich Autumn tints of flowers, leaves and fruits, which when worn by Freyja, her husband—the fertility of the genial year, goes and Winter is at hand.

A MONOGRAMMED TURTLE.

By AIMEE D. LINTON.

Twenty years ago, Charles Navin, who lives on the Raquette River Road near Cornwall, caught a mud turtle on the river banks. Acting upon a sudden fancy, he carved his initials on the back of the turtle and released it. Then he forgot all about it. But the other day his youngest son caught a huge turtle. To his utter amazement he saw on the back of the turtle his father's initials. To repeat history, he carved on the back of the captured amphibian his own initials and then let it go. The father identified the initials as his own and states that in the twenty years the turtle had more than doubled its size.

The Key of Old Fort Anne Comes Home



Fort Anne, Officers' mess, now a museum.

By BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL—the historic Port Royal of Acadia—recently was the scene of a momentous event, when a delegation representing the Massachusetts Historical Society visited it and returned to the ancient fortifications the massive key that once had belonged to the main gateway and had been carried to Boston by Colonel Nicholson following the conquest of the French in 1710.

For 103 years the key had been the cherished possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and its return to Fort Anne is a gracious act of courtesy in recognition of the generous gifts of Great Britain to Plymouth, Mass., during the Tercentenary Celebration a few years ago. Several cannon, bearing a history dating back to the time of the launching and sailing of the Mayflower, and the original history of Governor Bradford, possessions treasured in England, were during the celebration sent across the seas and presented to Plymouth.

The Boston delegation, bearing the historic key to Fort Anne, included Grenville H. Norcross and Julius H. Tuttle, representing the Massachusetts Historical Society and Julien Silsby, connected with the Society of Colonial Ware. The ceremony of presentation was impressive in its simplicity. The key was received by L. M. Fortier, President of the Historical Society of Annapolis Royal, whose energies are expended in preserving the history and traditions of Port Royal.

Gateway Is Gone.

GONE is the gateway which the ancient key locked, but it has been accorded a royal place in the museum of Fort Anne—once the officers' mess, and completed by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. Intensely interesting is this museum with its long, narrow roms, the straight stairway and the fireplaces numbering more than thirty. Invaluable is the collection of relics relating to the history of Annapolis Royal, distinguished as the second oldest town on the continent of North America.

Curious pictures, copies and original documents yellowed with age and memorial tablets hang upon the walls of the museum. One of the tablets, erected by the Provincial Government, bears the following inscription:

"This tablet placed here by the Government of Nova Scotia, A.D., 1921, commemorates the three hundredth anniversary of the issue of the charter of New Scotland by King James I. of England, VI of Scotland, A.D., 1621, the birth of an idea which lived and had its final fruition in the taking of this fort and conquest of Acadia in the reign of Queen Anne."

Another tablet, which bears historic interest relating to the entire Dominion, hangs on a wall of the museum and reads:

"This tablet placed here by the Bench and Bar of Canada, A.D., 1921, marks the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment and sitting in this Fort, A.D., 1721, of the first court administering English Common Laws within what is now the Dominion of Canada."

The collection of relics includes curios relating to both the French and English occupation of Port Royal and the Indian settlement preceding the invasion of the white man, as well as many interesting trophies of the late war. The museum has become a popular haunt for thousands of tourists each year, and their interest is not confined alone to the ancient building once the officers' mess. The museum is but one of the interesting sights in the National Park of Annapolis Royal, which occupies more than 30 acres of land formerly it was the Garrison Grounds, but now under the control of the Dominion Parks Commission.

From the museum the visitor is lured across the grassy sward to view the old ramparts of Fort Anne, the moats and bastions of sacred memories as relics of the days of seige between the French and the English stand the two powder magazines, one known as the "Black Hole," with attending cannon silenced, but pointing as guardians of the fort out over the sparkling, blue waters of the Annapolis Basin. Shadowy and musty are these powder magazines with their walls of stone. A sun dial overlooking the banks of the Basin recalls the years that have passed since the first explorer sailed up the harbor and made a landing on the spot.

Canada's First Town.

MOST interesting is the statue erected to Pierre du Gast Sieur De Monts—companion of Champlain and founder of Port Royal. This monument, designed by Hamilton McCarthy of Ottawa, was erected in 1904, when the birth of Port Royal was celebrated. As an explorer, authorized by Henry IV., of France, to people the land, to search for gold and silver and to construct forts, De Monts entered the Annapolis Basin in 1604. He was accompanied by Samuel Champlain, Baron Pontrincourt, Pontgrave, and a company of agriculturists. Impressed by the beauty of the scenery, the fertility of the meadows and the safety of the harbor, Baron Pontrincourt secured a grant of the site from De Monts and named the point Port Royal, thus giving birth to the first French settlement in North America and which was destined to become the second in antiquity to St. Augustine, in the towns of the continent.

Reminiscent of the olden days of Fort Anne is the neighboring French Burying Grounds, with its weather-beaten, grass-entangled stones, many of the inscriptions undecipherable. Shaded by old trees, under the grass-grown mounds, nameless with the passing of years, lie those people whose lives were woven into the making of the early history of Port Royal.

The recovery of the key to Fort Anne's demolished gateway is a beautiful, connecting link with the story of its capture, when the key was carried victoriously to Boston by Colonel Nicholson, It was the British triumph, which gave to Great Britain for all time possession of Port Royal. Following his conquest, Colonel Nicholson changed the name of Port Royal to Annapolis Royal in honor of Queen Anne.

The Fort's Conqueror.

COLONEL FRANCIS NICHOLSON was a man of no mean statesmanship. In 1689 he served as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New York, when Jacob Leisler, took possession of the government at the close of James the Second's reign, the revolution having changed the British dynasty. In 1690 Nicholson was made Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, and in 1692 appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Maryland, where he ruled for six years. In 1698, he returned to Virginia as Governor-in-Chief. In 1710, accompanied by Colonel Samuel Vetch, he went to England to promote interest in the expedition which would conquer Acadia.

As the general in command of the expedition; the fleet of man-of-war and transports numbering 36; Nicholson sailed from Nantasket, Boston Bay, September 18. Early in October the English fleet anchored opposite the fort. Following several weeks of bitter fighting, the French, under the command of Subercase, surrendered, and the garrison—some 230 men—came out of the beseiged fort presenting a pathetic picture in their poverty and rags.

Late in October, Colonel Nicholson left Port Royal, renamed Annapolis Royal, in command of Samuel Vetch, who had been his Adjutant-General during the siege. Governor Vetch and the fort were left guarded by a garrison of 250 New England volunteers. Retiring to Boston, accompanied by the man-of-war and the transports, Colonel Nicholson carried with him the massive key belonging to the gateway of Fort Anne.

A Fine Modern Town.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, the charming, prosperous town situated on the banks of the Annapolis Basin, apart from the National Park with its historic fort and ramparts, bears little suggestion of antiquity. There is a strong note of modernism in the comfortable, pretty homes with their rolling lawns and beautiful gardens. Progressiveness is seen in the busy thoroughfare with its public buildings and shopping centre, while the port and wharf are open to the shipping traffic of the Bay of Fundy.

Inherent in the town of Annapolis Royal is that indomitable spirit which ever characterized Port Royal during the long years, when the old fort was the centre of battle. Three times has the town been visited by disastrous fires, and each time this spirit of courage has asserted itself and the citizens of Annapolic Royal have rebuilt. Only one year ago a vast section in the heart of Annapolis was laid waste through fire, yet to-day there has arisen from these ashes new, modern buildings.

Many are the traditions and legends lurking in the park—once known as the Garrison Grounds—and the silent cannon overlooking the blue waters of Annapolis Basin if given the power of speech would tell tales of war and mystery, courage and endurance. There is told in the Indian encampment in the neighboring village of Le Quille, the Reserve of the Annapolis River Micmac race, a legend concerning the scourge of flame that has so frequently and disastrously visited Port Royal.

An Indian Legend.

ONCE in the days of long ago, when the English in command of Port Royal wished to extend their fortifications, orders were issued to the Indians, whose camping ground was then in the heart of the town, to vacate and make new encampment further away from the fort. The Red Men refused to break camp, then driven by the forces in command, they marched out from their beloved camp, revenge burning in their hearts. Bringing up the rear of the Indian march was an old Indian, who turning, cursed the town with the scourge of fire. "You may build your town, but you will not build it to stay," he called back as he muttered his curses of fire. To this day the Micmacs of the Annapolis Reserve believe they see the sting of the old Indian's curse in the numerous fires which have visited Annapolis Royal.

THE Sunday World regrets to announce the death in Cincinnati recently of Mr. Clarence A. Wortham, the famous showman, whose second article, "Sidelights On Sideshows," written by him for the Sunday World, appears in this issue. Mr. Wortham was asked by the Sunday World to write two articles on sideshows, when he had his company at the Exhibition Midway last month. He consented and his articles reached the editorial department a few days before his untimely death. The news of his death failed to reach Toronto in time for an earlier insertion.



THE LATE CLARENCE A. WORTHAM.

No showman, not even the famous P. T. Barnum himself, had a more romantic career than the late Mr. Wortham. In his article last week he told of his early struggles and of his ultimate success, so that it is not necessary to repeat here the story of his life. His success was based on an honest and determined effort to please the public. His shows, and he had six of them, playing various parts of the continent at the same time, contained no objectionable feature, but were thoroughly clean and entertaining. For two years his biggest show played the Exhibition Midway and in these two years not one word of censure was passed against the Midway, which a few years ago was the subject of much criticism. The late Mr. Wortham was a showman with a very high ideal and one whose place in the realm of entertainment will be hard to fill.

A Strange Reptile



THE people of Fort Stewart district have lately been much exercised over the appearance of a huge reptile which has recently left behind it an unmistakable trail and a terrified girl. The latter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Prentice of Fort Stewart. Geographically, Fort Stewart lies to the southeast of Lake Kamaniskeg. Into this lake flows the Madawaska River, a tributary of the Ottawa River. Fort Stewart is also in the Township of Raglan in the County of Renfrew.

One day recently, Miss Prentice went to what is known in the district as Conroy's Marsh, formed by the backwater of the Madawaska. She went to catch a horse and was in the act of putting the halter over its head when the creature appeared. It made straight for her and ran under the horse. The horse became terrified and bolted, leaving Miss Prentice with the halter in her hand. Also terrified, the girl took to her heels and ran. Looking back once, she saw that the creature was still pursuing, but slowly and clumsily.

Upon reaching home, she told her parents of the pursuit of the reptile. The neighborhood turned out, but all they saw of the monster was its trail. This indicated the creature to be about seven feet long, with foot imprints at each side about three inches across and from fourteen to fifteen inches long. It made a trail about ten inches wide. Those who have investigated say that the trail is similar to that which an alligator or a crocodile might make, and they are wondering if such a creature has escaped from some park along the Ottawa River and following the stream to the Madawaska, has landed in the marsh, an excellent place for feeding as it is full of grass snakes and frogs. The oldest residents of the place have never seen any traces of such a reptile and will vouch for the truth of the story.

But after all it may be the creature seen at different times during the last forty years in the water system of the Trent Valley Canal all the way from Rice Lake to the Georgian Bay. If it is the same, its course is from the Great Lakes, through the Severn River from Georgian Bay to Lake Simcoe to Lake Ontario by the Trent Valley system; thence up the St. Lawrence to the Ottawa River and by way of its tributaries again to the Georgian Bay, thus completing a circle. It is something for geologists to figure upon.

Millar Is Foe Of Spring Shooting

New Chief Of Algonquin Park Has Had Long Experience.

MR. JOHN MILLAR, who conducts the exhibit of the Department of Lands and Forests at the Canadian National Exhibition each year, is the man selected to carry on the work of the superintendent of Algonquin Park. His appointment is temporary, but it is possibly not amiss to predict that his knowledge and abilities will be the means of eventually bringing him a permanent appointment.

Mr. Millar was raised in Simcoe County and joined the Department of Lands and Forests about two years ago. His knowledge and practical experience with the forest, fish and game is extensive, and it should enable him to successfully discharge his duties as guardian of the great forest and game preserve.

Before joining the Department of Lands and Forests, Mr. Millar was associated with the Game and Fisheries Department, and inaugurated the first display of fauna and flora of Ontario, which created much interest and commendation.

Recalling history of a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Millar was a stubborn and indefatigable fighter against the practice of Spring shooting. Success finally crowned the efforts of the sportsman advocating the discontinuance of the practice, and the killing of feathered game on their Spring migration was prohibited.

An Autumn Day

DEAR maiden, did you think this day
Was made that you might wear
Your russet gown and scarlet haws
Pinned in your gleaming hair?

DEAR lover, did you think this day—
Blue haze and mellow air—
Was made for two with hills to climb
And trail-trysts everywhere?

DEAR innocents, you were deceived!
This day was made, I'll swear,
Entirely for a little boy
At his first County Fair;
A little boy with sticky mouth
And eager eyes a-stare.

—Margaret Steel Hard.

THE POTTERS



..... By J. P. McEVOY .....

PROLOGUE.

For days now relatives and friends of the Potters have been overwhelming them with advice on what to do about Mamie and Red wanting to get married . . . some say yes, some say no, some say yes and no; some want to leave it to Providence, others are not so heartless; some want to leave it to Mamie and Red, others are not so romantic; some want to let it alone, but nobody does, the result being that Ma and Pa are in a complete state of confusion and bewilderment, while Mamie and Red are evidently doing some deep scheming of their own.

Scene 1.—Restaurant (Lunch Hour.)

Every day at noon Pa sits at the same table with the same men, and they talk about the same things in the same way . . . it's all very comforting; for, after all, there is nothing quite so disturbing as new ideas . . the same waiter, in the same dicky, with the same gravy spot, rides up on the same flat arches and hands around the same menus with the same dishes printed in the same places . . . how delightful is all this regularity, how charming this homelike atmosphere of dependability and routine . . .

WAITER *(industriously brushing crumbs into everybody's lap)*:
The soft shell crabs are nice to-day. Very nice.

(Hands menus around and poises himself with grieved resignation on one foot in a storklike pose while Pa and the others look at the cards with unseeing eyes.)

MORGAN *(who used to practice at law and play at golf but now works at golf and plays at law)*:
Well, sir, you know, I got a good drive on that sixth one and was on in two. It's a good five hundred yards.

SHEFFIELD *(a business man who apparently has no business)*:
You know John Miller? *(Chorus of assent.)* I got an announcement this morning that he has a new baby. An eight pound red-headed boy.

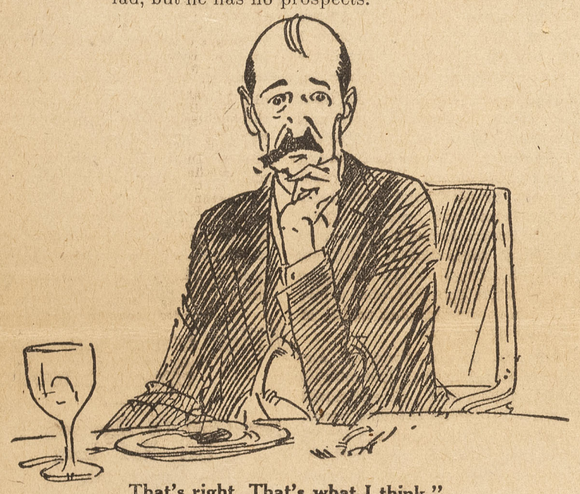
PALMER *(who sells printing and lets the plant worry about the delivery—the plant doesn't worry)*:
A boy, eh? Well, it serves him right.

PA *(who is always baffled by a menu and usually ends up by ordering what he always orders)*:
That's funny. There's a young fellow named Miller trying to make a grandfather out of me.

MORGAN:
Going to take a daughter off your hands? That's what I call service.

(Waiter, who has been making futile forays to and from the table, tries pathetically to get an order out of the speakers . . . effort fails, and waiter goes away discouraged.)

PA *(with spirit)*:
I've put my foot down on it. He's a nice enough lad, but he has no prospects.



That's right. That's what I think."

MORGAN:
What kind of a game does he shoot? He'd had to do better than eighty-five to get a daughter of mine.

(Waiter rearranges all the glass and silverware with sorrowful insistence. Speakers finally reward his patience by giving their orders, but first have long discussions over the merits of each dish . . . compromising in each instance by taking what they always take. Waiter clumps away on flat arches talking to himself.)

SHEFFIELD:
Well, I wouldn't let any daughter of mine get married unless I knew that the fellow was well able to support her.

PA:
That's right. That's what I think.



"Well, mebbe so, mebbe so."

PA *(proudly)*:
I told him he'd have to have something better than being an ex-lifeguard to get my girl.

MORGAN:
If he's a nice square chap and shoots a good game of golf, what more do you want?

SHEFFIELD:
Is he that college fellow you were telling us about?

PA:
Yes. Graduated in June.

PALMER:
What did he specialize in? Girlology?

SHEFFIELD:
Yes, girlology and footballistics and campustry.

PA:
Also tea fighting and canoodling. A swell son-in-law he'd make!

MORGAN:
Oh, I don't know. I think college fellows are marvelous, the way they succeed in spite of their college education. You know, us fellows who don't go to college and succeed haven't nearly so much to brag about. Think of the handicaps they overcome.

SHEFFIELD *(to watier returning with the soup)*:
You've got your thumb in my soup.

WAITER *(apologetically)*:
Oh, that's all right. It isn't hot.

(Group laugh as though they hadn't heard this every day for the last five years.)

MORGAN:
Well, I'd say if he had any kind of a job at all, and was young and ambitious, I'd let the two of them alone and let them work out their own salvation. Nothing like hard knocks when you're young. Look at me. *(Slaps himself proudly on the chest.)* Got married on a dollar a day. Worked myself up to——

SHEFFIELD:
A dollar a year during the war, and worth every cent of it!

MORGAN *(not heeding interruption)*:
Let them get married while they're young, and work and save together. If they wait until they're old, they'll have more sense than to get married. Besides, don't discourage the girl, Potter; you might have her on your hands all the rest of your life.

POTTER *(trying to laugh off the thought, but not succeeding very well)*:
Maybe you're right about letting them marry and working things out for themselves. I never thought of that.

SHEFFIELD *(gloomily)*:
Don't you do it. It's bad business. What does Morgan know about home life? He's a golfer.

PA:
Maybe you're right. Maybe it is bad business.

MORGAN:
Nonsense! If they make it themselves when they're young, they are more likely to save it than if they had it handed to them, and they'll have more interest in a home if they work together to save for it.

PA *(wavering back into line again)*:
That sounds reasonable enough. That's the way Mrs. Potter and I got our start.

(Pa always refers to Ma as Mrs. Potter when he speaks of her . . . his ceremonial seems to reflect an added dignity on the Potter household and surrounds Ma and himself with a certain importance . . . an importance which, though pathetically charming, is somewhat futile . . .)

SHEFFIELD *(gloomily)*:
It's bad business. More marriages go on the rocks because young couples don't make enough to keep out of debt than for any other cause. By the time they're finished worrying about where to get the money to pay their bills they haven't got enough energy to be nice to each other, and then it's snapping and fault-finding and bickering, and the young fellow stays out nights to get away from the wrangling, and the first thing you know they're estranged and . . .

PA *(depressed again)*:
Yeh, that's right. You're right. It's bad business.

WAITER *(leaning down and whispering mysteriously to Morgan)*:
Madcap in the fourth. On the nose. He's a wow!

PALMER *(eagerly)*:
Get me five on that.

PA *(to waiter)*:
How are they running for you?

WAITER:
I gets a ten to one shot yesterday. Boy, did he come home with all of papa's money! Baby! Hot cat!

(Saying nothing about the favorite who was carrying all of papa's money the day before and hasn't finished yet.)

PA:
Trouble with young fellows like Miller is that they're not serious enough. Not thinking of business and getting along. I'll bet he never looks at the financial page. Always the sporting page.

MORGAN:
Smart fellow. The sporting events are usually on the level, which is more than you can say about the markets.

SHEFFIELD *(once a business man, always a business man)*:
Well, business is business. You know what the Romans used to say, "Caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware.

PALMER:
I thought the phrase was "Soc et tuum."

PA *(worried)*:
I wish I knew what to do about Mamie and this fellow. Sometimes I think I ought to let them get married, and sometimes I don't. Maybe it would be the best thing for 'em, and then, again, it might not work at all.

MORGAN *(earnestly)*:
Let 'em alone. Let 'em work it out themselves. That's what I say.

SHEFFIELD *(earnestly)*:
Don't you do it. Don't you let them get married until he's able to take good care of her. It's bad business. It's bad business.

(Waiter figures out checks and lays them face down on the table . . . after all, he needn't be so ashamed of them—he didn't fix the prices, he merely totalled them.)

PA *(laying dollar bill down on check and waving away the lone surviving dime)*:
Well, mebbe so, mebbe so . . .
Gosh a'mighty, I dunno . . .
(Sadly) C'mon, let's go. . . C'mon, let's go . . .
(They go.)

And now Pa doesn't know what to do . . . neither does Ma . . . and meanwhile the Potters are being flooded with suggestions and advice . . . let them marry . . . don't let them marry . . . let them alone; they'll do what they please, anyway . . . . well, maybe they will, at that . . . who knows what is going to be the outcome of it all . . . ?)

(And that's that—until next Sunday.)

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LIKE A PROPER SAILORMAN!

Complete in This Issue

By Frederick William Wallace

I FIRST noticed him eyeing the ship at a distance—a furtive scrutiny, as if he were afraid someone would catch him in the act. At first, I took him for an old watchman keeping guard over the deals on the dock, but latterly my curiosity was aroused by the manner in which he bobbed back among the deal stacks whenever our Skipper or any of the mates appeared on the deck or the wharf.

He was a very old man and he had all the earmarks of a sailor. I sized him up for that when he spoke to me at the head of the wharf one night. His gnarled right hand, holding the lapels of his ragged coat across his chest, had an eight-pointed star tattooed upon the back of it. Only sailors dare flaunt barbaric decorations. Your landsmen always keep such weaknesses hidden.

A shore chum and I were yarning when the old fellow slouched into the glare of the arc-light. His feet, clad in sorry boots, scuffed with the drag of age; his shoulders had a hunched stoop proclaiming the curvature of years, while the lagging manner of his walk told of stiffened joints and muscles responding but slowly to the impulse of the brain.

He straightened up as he entered the circle of light and hearing our voices, he peered into the shadows where we sat. He stood for a moment irresolute as if he were debating in his mind how to act. Then with something of a jaunty roll in his gait he came towards us. "Night, mates," he ventured—somewhat apprehensively, I thought—and his smile revealed two stumps of teeth in the upper jaw which gave his speech a sibilant lisp. "Cold night, eh?"

"Aye, it's a bit chilly, friend," returned my companion.

The old man clutched his coat lapels tighter and shivered. His face was the color of antique ivory—a yellowy white as though the blood-flush had receded from a tanned skin. I noticed that he had gold wire rings in his ears—a fancy of old-time seafarers.

"When's th' wind-bag sailin'?" he enquired after a pause.

"Finish stowing in the 'tween decks to-morrow," I replied. ought to pull out in two or three days."

"Any deck-load?"

"Not this time of the year—November—winter, North Atlantic. Not allowed going to England." I answered tersely.

"Sure, sure! I forgot," he said hastily and then half-fearfully. "You on her, sir?" (I laughed at the "sir." He took me for on officer.)

"Aye, I'm on her, but I'm for'ad. An A. B. shipped for the run from Halifax to Sharpness."

"Oh!" There was a sigh of relief in that "Oh!" He stood quiet for a moment as if thinking over his next move. Then he burst out. "Say, matey, put an old-timer wise. I want to git out of this here Halifax. I've tried to ship this two months past but none o' them mates or skippers'll take me. Say I'm too old. I ain't too old, mate. Only fifty-four, s'help me Gawd, and I can do me work—hand, reef, steer 'n' heave th' lead. I bin bosun in big ships—wind-jammers. I know my book. Never shipped in steam—always th' wind-bags. Must git away now. I'm broke. Skinned to the ballast. Now, son, tell me! Have you got yer crowd yet?"

There was a note of pathetic appeal in his lisping voice—a hoarse supplication. Fifty-four? The aged liar was seventy-four if he was a day, but these worn-out shell-backs always lie about their age. I wouldn't blame any mate or master for not signing him on. He was too old for work in a sailing ship—especially a timber drogher making a winter passage of the Western Ocean.

"We've ten hands to get yet," I replied.

He gave a series of pleased nods at the information. "Now, tell me, son," he said, lowering his voice into a lisping whisper. "Who takes the hands on? Th' skipper or th' mate?"

"The mate."

He grunted. "Is that th' feller with th' red mustache? Wears a grey sweater coat and a green felt hat?"

"That's him," I answered, and I thought to myself, "You've been watching the ship pretty closely to have got the mate's description down so pat."

"Now, tell me, son," he enquired in the same eager whisper, "d'ye think he'll gimme a chance? I ain't too old, y'know. Only fifty-four. Bin sick—roomatic fever—all right now....spry as ever. What's my chances?"

"You're pretty weak-looking," I ventured. I was going to say "old-looking" but changed my words.

He straightened his shoulders back and slapped his chest. When he released his coat lapels I saw that he had no shirt on—nothing but a cotton singlet and it was November and chill. "Weak-lookin'?" he almost shouted. "Why, damn yer eyes, young feller, I'll tie up a lee yard-arm and be layin' down afore you've got a gasket passed on th' weather one; and you know all th' weight's to loo'ard. Weak-lookin' be damned!" he said, instantly mollified. "I reckon I look weak, but I bin sick. Malaria, y'know. Got a touch one-time....Congo River. Now, tell me, m'lad! When's th' best time to see Mister Mate? Just after breakfast, ye say? Good! I'll see him in th' mornin'." He clutched his ragged coat again. "Say, pal, you'll do an old-timer a favor and you won't tip th' mate off about me." He spoke half-fearfully. "You won't tell him that an old crock is goin' to ask him for a chance in the mornin'? I'm only fifty-four, s'help me Gawd, an' fifty-four ain't old for a sailor. And pal," his voice held a half-shamed appeal, "for Gawd's sake, lend me a dollar to git a shirt 'n a bite 'n a haircut. I'll pay ye back—honest, I will—but I got to have a hair-cut." He half-raised his shabby soft hat and revealed a head thinly covered with snow-white hair, "I'll have to take off me hat, maybe, when I see yer mate, and if he sees me hair he won't believe I'm only fifty-four and he might turn me down. A dollar'll fix me up fine."

There was something so irresistibly pathetic in the man's plea—a wistful cajoling that brooked no refusal—that I parted with a dollar. He accepted it with a murmer of thanks—not the servile mumblings of the professional pan-handler—but rather the terse acknowledgment of one who hated to beg. I felt no reluctance in giving the old fellow the money, even though it left me with but fifty cents to tide me over till sailing day.

He jammed his hat well down over his head and clutching his coat tighter over his ill-clad chest, he shuffled around and faced the chill wind. "Well, so long, boys. I'll shove off now and I'll see Mister Mate in th' mornin'." And he slouched into the darkness with a sad attempt at a jaunty bearing to which his ancient frame refused response.

MY companion laughed. "You're easy," he observed. "You'll never see him or your dollar again." But he was a landsman and with all of a landsman's suspicion. He noticed that the man did not address him in his plea for money and remarked upon the fact. "He knew he could get it easy out of a sailor. He didn't try to work me." He concluded with a sophisticated "Huh!"

"No," I returned slowly: "he wouldn't ask you for money. He's a sailor. I'll see him again." My shore friend, never having slept or eaten in a ship's fo'c'sle, did not comprehend the niceties of seafarer's charity. A sailor will beg and borrow from sailors, but would scorn to do so from landsmen. There is an excess of delicacy in such matters that only seamen can understand.

I looked for him around the deal stacks early next morning, for I had a notion to invite him into the fo'c'sle and give him a bite to eat. But he wasn't in sight anywhere, though I surmised that he slept somewhere in the timber. Breakfast was served in the cabin at eight and the mate invariably smoked a cigarette, lounging in the main-deck entrance to the cabin, immediately after the meal.

The mate carried out his habit according to schedule and I glanced up the wharf for a sign of my old friend of the previous night. From amongst the 'long-shoremen on the dock he finally appeared and I saw him sight the mate under the poop-break. He came along the wharf with a jaunty swing, and as he neared me I noticed that he had a muffler around his neck and that his hair was cropped close. The lagging step was gone and his shoulders were straightened a little, but he could not disguise the stoop. However, a good many sailors carry a stoop—the trademark of years of bending and hauling—and it would probably pass notice.

He ignored the gangway amidships and walked abreast of the poop-break. The mate was regarding him idly and the old fellow noticed it. He imperceptibly charged his gait with more spring and leaped easily from the dock-string-piece to the ship's top gallant rail. Along the rail he walked for a few steps and then swung down to the poop ladder and to the deck. I was working at the after-hatch and watched events with genuine curiosity—the more because of the pity of the ancient sailor's carefully planned strategy.

As he approached the officer, I noted a flush in his cheeks and a brightness in his faded blue eyes which told of stimulant. The man had evidently rejuvenated himself with a few stiff drinks ere coming down. The jaunty carriage bespoke artificial impulse.

"'Morn, Mister Mate," he said with a confident timbre in his voice. "Need a hand, sir?"

The officer looked keenly at him and the old fellow stood as erect as a soldier on parade under the scrutiny.

"You're pretty old," observed the mate quiety.

"Fifty-four, Sir," replied the other quickly, "'n' just as spry, sir, as any you got for'ad. Got fever, years ago. . . . Gulf of Siam trade . . . aged me up, sir. You'll find me able enough, sir, when there's seaman's work to be done."

The other grunted.

"Let me see your last discharges!"

The man fumbled in an inside pocket and produced a bundle of soiled papers. From amongst them he produced the familiar blue-covered Discharge Book of the British Board of Trade. The mate took this and turned the pages slowly. From the vicinity of the after-hatch I watched the proceedings with almost as much trepidation as the old man, and I inwardly prayed that his last skipper had paid him off with a "V. G." for ability and conduct.

"You came out in the Glen Corrie—a one-time Scotch ship—three months ago—" remarked the officer. The other tried to avoid the coming question and parried hastily. "Yes, sir. A fine ship—one of Steele's old Australia-men. Th' Norwegians have her now, sir. Fine ship to handle—steers like a witch. I—"

"Why didn't you stand by her?" the other questioned, ignoring the interruption.

"Took a fancy to work ashore, sir. Been riggin' schooners sir, I'm a dab at riggin', sir. Splice any kind of wire, sir—" He was extolling his abilities and avoiding the truth. He was probably landed from his last ship into hospital—coopered up and worn out. Norwegians had no use for ancient seamen unable to stand the grind.

The officer handed the book back and lit another cigarette. "You're pretty weak-looking," he remarked. I gave a mental start at the designation. I had used the same term to cover a harsher word and I felt instinctively that the mate was doing the same. There is a kindly delicacy among sailors.

The aged sailorman slapped his chest with the same indignant motion of the night before. "Me, sir?" he barked. "Me, weak?" He glanced around as if to find something to prove his strength. Then he made a bold bid. "I ain't as spry as a boy, maybe, Mister, but I'll shin up the main there an' reeve a halliard through th' truck right now, sir!"

The mate smiled and looked him over and the other stood as if ready to run for the main-rigging and nip aloft.

OUR mate wasn't an impressionable fellow by any means. He demanded a lot from his crowd and believed in hard work—with the accent on the "hard." Lazy men and shirkers received scant mercy at his hands. But the mate must have had a kindly impulse that morning. He finally threw his cigarette away and said, "All right. I'll take you as an A.B. Be at the Shipping Office at two o'clock. I think I'm a damn fool to carry an old crock like you, but I'll give you a chance."

The aged shellback's pride seemed nettled and he straightened up again. "I ain't no 'old crock,' mister. I can do my work, I bin bo'sum in big ships—wind-jammers—four-masters an' twenty-eight hundred tons. I bin——"

The officer made a gesture of dismissal. "All right. I believe you. Shove off now and be at the Shipping Office at two." And he entered the cabin. The old sailor caught my eye and favored me with a knowing wink. It said a lot, that wink. He glanced seaman-like around the decks and aloft at the rigging and spars. Then with a satisfied nod to himself, he made for the gangway and on to the wharf.

The last deal had been stowed below decks and we had hauled out into the stream to prepare for sailing when my elderly friend came aboard. A motor-boat ran him out and he scrambled up the Jacob's ladder along with two or three other hands. When he came into the fo'c'sle he was lugging an attenuated canvas sea-bag and by the look of him he was more than half-drunk. Spying me, he lurched over and held out a crumpled dollar bill. "Here y' are, son," he lisped slurringly. "Thank ye kindly. 'M all r' now."

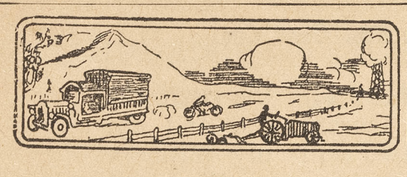
But he didn't look all right. The eyes of him burned feverishly and there was a hectic flush on his ivory yellow cheeks and once or twice I noticed him spitting blood. The new hands were quarreling about the choice of bunks when he interrupted. "Stow yer jaw, you men," he commanded truculently. "You fellers'll take what I leaves. I'm takin' this pew here." And he threw his cap and bag into the best located of the bunks under dispute.

"The' noive of de old guy!" ejaculated an ordinary seaman. The old man whirled on him. "Belay yer bazoo you!" he barked threateningly, "or I'll put a stopper on it myself. It's a bloody fine time o'day when young cubs like you have so much to say. I've had more salt water on my oilskins than you ever sailed on, so, shove off, or I'll mark ye!" The fierceness of the old man's visage cowed the other and he made no reply. But Williams (that was his name) was wound up to talk and he held forth to the crowd at large. "In my day," he grumbled, "no ruddy ord'nary seaman was allowed to open his trap when A.B.'s were around. 'N when I was in the Ariel in the ol' days, the ord'naries was jest fetch'n-carry lads to us A.B.'s. Mind the Ariel, you fellers? I reckon not! You wasn't thought of then. China clipper she was 'n I was in her. Mind th' big race? Taeping, Serica, Fiery Cross, Taitsing 'n Ariel. . . . ninety-nine days from the Pagoda anchorage at Foochow to the Downs. That was sailin', m'lads."

I pricked up my ears at his talk, and being something of a student of nautical history, I recognized the names of the ships and the race he was referring to—the famous tea-clipper race of 1866, when the five ships mentioned left Foochow almost together and arrived off the Downs in the English Channel within a few hours of one another! And Williams boasted of being an A.B. in the Ariel—winner of the famous contest! And that was forty-eight years ago and he swore his age was fifty-four! I felt that my estimate of seventy-four was about right. The poor old devil!

THE liquor in him had loosened his tongue and he was lisping valiantly. "You fellows don't know what sailorin' is nowadays," he continued scornfully. "Stuns'ls, Jimmy Greens, save-alls, water-sails, an' ring-tails . . . ye never

Continued on Page Eight, Theatrical Section.



AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

Unregulated Pedestrians Anarchists of Traffic

Pedestrians Whose Movements Are In No Way Controlled By Traffic Laws and Regulations and Who Are Heedless, Careless or Reckless of the Rights of Other Users of the Streets Are Responsible for Majority of So-called "Motor" Accidents According to Police Statistics—An Ill-advised Epistle.

By W.B.H.

H. Macdonald, legal secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, has gained a modicum of notoriety through publicity given to an epistle that screeched partizan pedestrian prejudice against motorists. The letter was sent over his signature to J. F. H. Wyse, manager of the Ontario Safety League, and multigraphed copies were posted to the press. Fortunately for the prestige of the C.M.A., most of them were promptly disposed of a la wastebasket. Unfortunately, not all, for many people do not differentiate between an incumbent and his office, and as a result the fatuous utterances of a man frequently stultify, in a measure, his position, as well as himself. Doubtless, the C.M.A. will see to it that hereafter letters for publication, indicted by its officers, are censured and inequitable statements deleted. Certainly it should repudiate the Macdonald letter as an expression of official C.M.A. opinion, for an opinion that facts make patiently fallacious is scarcely worth the passing tribute of a smile.

There has been much too much loose thinking and talking on traffic accident prevention. Yet, is this to be wondered at when one, whose professional education, practice and procedure emphasizes the importance of facts and the relative unimportance of fancies, permits to be broadcasted his opinions that in the natural inferences drawn from them, if not implied or stated, are refuted by facts.

A school boy should know that the first step in curing an ill is proper diagnosis. Having ascertained it's cause or causes, deal with them. To treat symptoms is at best to temporize with palliatives.

Statistics are no respectors of persons; they don't lie and are absolutely impartial. Statistics show that in only ten to twenty per cent. of so-called (miscalled) motor accidents are motorists in any way at fault.

Mr. Macdonald, to the contrary notwithstanding, "pedestrian traffic should be regulated," as Mr. Wyse recently stated echoing statements of Chief of Police Dickson, President A. R. Greene, of the Ontario Motor League; Dr. P. E. Doolittle, president Canadian Automobile Association, for according to the most recent analysis of statistics of "motor" accidents we have seen motorists were at fault in approximately ten per cent., and pedestrians in roughly fifty-five per cent.

Eliminate the reckless, the inebriated, the physically or mentally unfit, and the inexperienced drivers of motor vehicles (and they should be eliminated from the public streets and highways) and you reduce "motor" accidents a maximum of ten per cent.

Those are mathematically correct deductions from facts—police statistics of the first six months of the year covering fatal accidents on Manhattan Island. To those who know li'l ol' N'York the statement that Toronto motorists are more careful and courteous drivers than their Gotham brothers is one of marked conservatism.

By all means let us make the lot of the reckless driver extremely hard, and deprive the chronically reckless driver of the right to drive—for that is as it should be. But if we desire to considerably reduce traffic accidents, surely it is cystal clear that we must regulate the pedestrian. By way of a genesis, the educational proposal of Deputy Chief Geddes is an excellent one.

Thousands of motorists daily place their lives and their cars in jeopardy to save pedestrians from paying the penalty of their suicidal recklessness—call it absent-minded carelessness if you will. Hundreds of thousands depreciate their cars through the strain of sudden swerves and the awful torque of abrupt emergent stops, to say nothing of the tons of rubber worn off tire treads in the process to avoid colliding with jay walkers. Is it equitable ? Is it "British fair play?" Is it equal rights on the highway that one division of traffic must obey traffic laws and another be permitted to flout them; that the one is restricted to a section of the street while the other with an exclusive section arrogates to itself priority on the part to which the other division is restricted; that—but why elaborate what must be manifest to all fair-minded people; unregulated, ungoverned, unrestricted pedestrian traffic is an anachronism that in this day is a form of anarchy which is taking a frightful toll of human lives.

Pedestrian traffic must be made amenable to traffic regulations if the so called motor accidents are to be substantially reduced. Every now and again some one parades his or her ignorance by urging a reduction of the speed limit, as a panacea. Those not in the "know" will be interested to learn that over seventy-five per cent. of "motor" accidents of all kinds occur when cars are moving at a rate of speed under fifteen miles an hour.

Oh no—there is no cureall, but the nearest thing to a specific is the regulation of pedestrian traffic.

CARELESS MOTORIST IN SMALL MINORITY.—WYSE.

"Were it not a fact that the careless motorists is in a small minority; our streets and highways would be literally strewn with dead and mangled pedestrians. I am seldom in a car without noticing the carelessness of some pedestrian, which would result in his being hit by a motorist, were the motorist's attention distracted from his proper driving at the instant during which the pedestrian is guilty of some fool stunt, like crossing the street while looking away from the approaching traffic," Mr. J. F. H. Wyse, General Manager of the Ontario Safety League, wrote, in seeking permission to notify motorists of the 1923 safety week through the medium of the licensing department."



A UNIQUE TRIBUTE.

The Ontario Motor League has received many tributes to its manifold services, but among them the one reproduced herewith is unique. It is a letter to the Secretary of the League from the Walkerton Welfare Association which was formed "to promote the Industrial, Commercial, Civic, Social and Economic welfare of the town of Walkerton and vicinity." The letter follows:

"To show its appreciation of the good work your association is doing for the general public, our 'Walkerton Welfare Association' would like to be enrolled as a member of the Ontario Motor League. In case you only accept individuals as members, it will be satisfactory for you to enroll the name of our President, Mr. Robert Goode, Walkerton, Cheque is enclosed.

"Yours very truly,
"Walkerton Welfare Association,
(signed) "Lorne A. Eedy,
"Secretary."

Attains Speed Of 209 Miles Per Hour

Thereby Brack Papa Takes World's Speed Laurels from Lecointe.

By attaining a speed of 209 miles an hour, Brack Papa captured the world's airplane speed record for Italy and ousted the French champion Sadi-Lecointe from a position he has held for the last two years.

The Italian made his attempt on the world's flying records over the Mirafiori aerodrome, in the suburbs of Turin, with a Fiat R. 700 biplane. In order to be officially accepted, these record flights have to be made both with and against the wind, the average time of the runs being taken as the official figure. Four trips were made over the kilometre, the fastest of these being in 10 3-10 seconds, or equivalent to 217 miles an hour. It is interesting to note that the first world's speed record in the air was established in 1906 at 26 miles an hour.

Brack Papa's machine is a special Fiat construction equipped with a 12 cylinder V-type water cooled engine of 700 h.p. It is with this machine that he will take part in the race for the Deutsch Cup, where he will have to meet British and French competition. Brack Papa also holds the world's speed record for 100 kilometres (62 miles) in 20 minutes, 5 2-5 seconds.

Diesel Type Of Car Engine Announced

President Of Bendix Engineering Works States Engine Has Been Perfected.

Chicago, Ill.—Vincent Bendix, president of the Bendix Engineering Works of this city, and also the inventor of the Eclipse-Bendix drive, announces that his company has developed the Gernandt oil engine, designed for use in automobiles, motor boats and locomotives, to the point where it can be offered to the industry. The Bendix company will not manufacture the engine, but license its manufacture by others.

Bendix, Waldo G. Gernandt and Charles Bathrick have been working on this engine for the past five years, and the design is protected by a series of basic patents.

The Gernandt oil engine burns crude oil, distillate and kerosene, injected in a spray. It also burns gasoline without alteration or adjustments, it is claimed. The fuel is injected as a spray by means of the Gernandt patented system of super-compression products of cumbustion, which contain no oxygen, and therefore heats but does not pre-ignite the fuel while forcing it through a spraying slot. The spraying and injection is directly into the combustion chamber. Greatly increased mileage from the fuel is claimed for this device.

The Gernandt engine is designed in both two and four cycle types, and also for air as well as water cooling. It is a full Diesel.

Gernandt, whose idea it is, has long been identified with the automobile industry. In 1904 he assisted in the construction of the first four-cylinder block engine built in America. In 1908 he designed a single-sleeve engine, and in 1909 he designed a double opposed motor truck engine. He was an engine designer for Packard in 1913, and from 1914 to 1917 he was associated with Cadillac in the redesigning of its eight-cylinder engine. He became associated with Bendix in 1917, since which time he has been developing the oil engine.

UNFAIR AND RIDICULOUS CLASS LEGISLATION.

The need for a revision of the Motor Vehicle Act to relieve motorists of the inequitable onus of proof in case of accident, as urged in representations made to the Select Committee of the Legislature by the Ontario Motor League and its affiliated clubs was strikingly exemplified by a point at law brought out by Mr. Justice Mowat in a Non-Jury Assize Court case Monday. "A motorist," said Justice Mowat, "should blow the horn to warn pedestrians he did not see." This evidently means that when approaching moving or stationary vehicles or other obstructions to vision that might conceal pedestrians, or when rounding corners motorists must blow their horns, which in turn means that driving on lower Yonge Street, for instance, or in the dark motorists, to comply with this law, must keep their horns blowing all or practically all the time, if in case of accident they hope to disprove negligence. Of course they will be prosecuted for so doing on the grounds of creating a public nuisance and needless to say their wisdom exceeds that inhering in this fatuous law. It is high time this law, conceived in class prejudice, and obviously unfair and ridiculous was amended. A law that relieves anyone or class of salutary responsibility is damaging to all.

Michigan Pike Association To Tour Ontario Next Year

Doolittle Persuades Pikers to Route Their 1923 Motorcade Through Banner Province Via Windsor, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Peterboro, Prescott, Ottawa, North Bay, Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie —Officers Re-Elected for 1923 at Annual Meeting in Detroit.

By W. D. (Eddie) EDENBURN.

Detroit, Mich.—Michigan Pikes Association is committed to an international tour in 1923 as a result of the resolutions adopted at the annual meeting, held at the Detroit Automobile Club. The route authorized has as its eastern terminus Ottawa, Can., its northern point, Sault Ste. Marie. Michigan and Canada, and includes on the Ontario leg, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Peterboro, Prescott, Pembroke, North Bay, Sudbury, Blind River and Thessalon; with Lansing, Ionia, Cadillac, Traverse City, Petoskey, Mackinaw City and St. Ignace. The start and finish will be in Detroit. The tentative date fixes the start the second week in July and the mileage is approximately 1,600. The schedule is to be 14 or 16 days with a day layover in the "Soos" and Ottawa. It will be the ninth annual good roads tour of the M.P.A. and the third international tour in its history.

Nine directors elected at the annual meeting convened after the general meeting and elected officers for 1923. Capt. W. S. Gilbreath, manager Detroit Automobile Club, was re-elected to the presidency. Willard K. Bush, Detroit, and Fred E. Shearer, Bay City, were re-elected secretary and treasurer, respectively. Herman Lunden, Lewiston, Mich., was elected first vice-president; John Ryan, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., was named second vice-president; G. T. Murphy, Calumet, Mich., was selected for the third vice-presidency. W. D. Edenburn and D. C. Richardson, Detroit, were re-elected to the offices of tour manager and assistant tour manager, respectively. John Ryan, "Soo," Ont., sergeant-at-arms; William B. Mitchell, Bay City; Alex L. Scott, Detroit, pace-maker, were the other officers elected by the directors.

The directors elected for the ensuing year were: W. S. Gilbreath, William E. Metzger, Willard K. Bush, D. C. Richardson, Horatio S. Earle and Harry H. Jackson, all of Detroit; Fred E. Shearer, Bay City; Fred S. Case, "Soo," Mich., Elmer W. West, "Soo," Ont. All the directors selected were on the 1922 board, with the exception of Inspector Harry H. Jackson, head of the traffic division, Detroit Police Department.

Horatio S. Earle put before the membership the proposal by certain interests in Michigan to further add to the burden of the motoring public by a tax on gasoline, at the next legislature. As a result of his explanation resolutions were adopted deploring the plan and the resolutions ordered sent to all nominees for the State Legislature.

The eloquence of Dr. P. E. Doolittle, of Toronto, president of the Canadian Automobile Association and Hon. Vice-President of the M. P. A., supported by President Gilbreath placated Horatio S. Earle "father" of the Pikes and secured the decision of the "Pikers" to route their 1923 motor tour through Ontario.

86 Car Makers Draw for U. S. National Show Space

Several Cars Will Make Their U. S. National Show Debut —New York Show to be Held in Grand Central Palace Week of Jan. 6 and Chicago Event Week of Jan. 27-Feb. 3 in the Coliseum and First Regimental Armoury—September Car Output Eclipses Production in Same Month Last Year.

New York City—Drawing for space at the 23rd annual National Automobile Shows took place at the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce offices recently.

Eighty-six makes of cars were represented. "The variety of models to be offered," said S. A. Miles, show manager, "in open, semi-closed and closed types presents the best product at the best values the public has ever seen."

The National Automobile Shows will be held in Grand Central Palace, New York, Jan. 6-13, 1923, and at Chicago (Coliseum and 1st Regiment Armory), Jan. 27-Feb. 3.

Shipping figures (not including Ford) announced at the N.A.C.C. members' meeting indicated a production of 205,950 cars and trucks for September. This is nearly one-third better than September last year, though representing a seasonal decline from August.

Trade reports from the field indicate that October business will be good, though, as usual, it will be considerably under the Summer months. The closed car business is helping the Fall market. Prospects for Christmas trade are reported to be good in the South, though in other sections this is not a big factor.

Monthly factory sales figures for the three quarters of 1921 and 1922, exclusive of Ford, are:

	1921.	1922.
January	51,919	90,481
February	63,218	120,593
March	199,758	171,890
First quarter	226,895	382,164
April	156,892	219,294
May	163,667	255,167
June	177,767	289,120
Second quarter	498,316	763,581
July	176,067	244,255
August	178,831	272,094
xSeptember	157,404	x205,957
Third quarter	512,302	722,406

xN.A.C.C. September (1922) estimated from traffic reports.

The following is the list of cars drawing for show space:

Ambassador, Anderson, Apperson, Auburn, Buick, Cadillac, Case, Chalmers, Chandler, Chevrolet, Cleveland, Climber, Cole, Columbia, Courier, Crawford, Davis, Detroit Electric, Dodge, Dorris, Dort, Durant, Earl, Elcar, Elgin, Essex, Franklin, Gardner, Gray, Handley-Knight, Hatfield, Haynes, H. C. S., Hudson, Hupmobile, Jewett, Jordan, King, Kissel, Kline Kar, Lafayette, Lexington, Liberty, Lincoln, Locomobile, McFarlan, Marmon, Maxwell, Mercer, Milburn Electric, Mitchell, Moon, Nash, National, Noma, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Packard, Paige, Paterson, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Pilot, Premier, Rauch-Lang, Rickenbacker, R. and V. Knight, Reo, Roamer, Rotary Six, Saxon, Sayers, Standard, Stanley, Star, Stearns-Knight, Stephens, Studebaker, Stutz, Templar, Velie, Westcott, Willis-St. Clair and Willys-Knight.

"WOLF" SIGNS SHOULD BE BANNED.

Despite the fact that provincial law makes it illegal for any direction signs other than those of the Ontario Motor League, the Government and municipalities to be erected on the highways, some enterprising advertisers have erected "Stop" signs near ice cream or fruit booths. This is not only a violation of the law but also a menace for "Stop" signs are danger signs and their misuse will result in their disrepute and soon motorists driving past legitimate "Stop" signs with disastrous results. Other illegal signs such as "Umpty Miles to Soandso's Garage" or "Pale Pills for Punk People" while not a menace are in most cases an insult to the eye and the intelligence. The Provincial Department of Highways has removed many such and should redouble its activity in this respect and impose heavy penalties on offenders. The York Highway Commission would render a real service to all concerned by doing likewise.

Motor Camping Continent Wide and Long.



According to statistics compiled by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce over a million motorists went on motor camping tours last summer. Of these 598,000 used the motor camping sites set apart and equipped by over 300 "live" municipalities, of which Toronto is not one. The Williams cartoon about indicates the wide development and breadth of opportunity that is coming to rural and urban life as a result of inexpensive, efficient individual transportation by motor car. Few, if any, appreciate the extent of the transition and the part the motor car is destined to play in the unification of this and other nations, and the furtherance of international comity.

All Set For a Roughing-It Motor Tour.



Judge will have its li'l' jokes at the expense of motorists

Traffic Regulation Should Regulate All Traffic

Police Statistics of New York City, Where Jay Walking is Much Less Prevalent Than Here, Show That Drivers of Private Cars (Not Commercial Vehicles, Buses or Taxicabs) Were Responsible For Less Than Ten Per Cent. of the Traffic Fatalities During First Six Months of This Year, While Pedestrians Were at Fault in Over 55 P. C. of Them.

Here is an interesting and informative article from Automotive Industries, dealing with traffic accidents in New York City during the first six months of the year. The police statistics show that motorists, exclusive of drivers of taxicabs motorbuses and commercial vehicles were at fault in only four out of the 213 traffic fatalities in which pedestrians were the victims, while the victim of jay-walking or ride-stealing was the cause of 123. The article, in large part, follows:

Traffic accidents in congested centres are increasing to an alarming extent. This is a fact of vital interest to everyone in the automotive industry. It is responsible chiefly for periodic attempts to regulate more stringently the operators of motor vehicles. Real remedies are badly needed, and the subject is one worthy of the most careful consideration.

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has undertaken a safety campaign under the direction of Edward S. Jordan, and considerable valuable work has been done, but long and arduous educational effort must be exerted before anything tangible can be carried through. Municipal authorities are demanding in ever louder tones that something must be done to curb the "juggernauts of the streets," which leave "death and destruction" in their wake.

No one is any more eager than the great majority of motor vehicle operators for sane traffic regulations, which will make driving safer. Drivers who recklessly endanger the life and limb of pedestrians should have their licenses revoked and a jail term would be beneficial for some of them. They are just as much a menace to other drivers as they are to pedestrians.

There are comparatively few drivers, however, who sally forth with the feeling that if any one gets in their way it is the other fellow's fault and he must take the consequences. There are a few who have no more respect for human life than a gunman, but there also are clergymen who violate the regulations laid down for their conduct and exceed the speed limit. But when an occasional clergyman strays from the path of virtue the entire church is not condemned.

It is a fundamental of justice that a man is innocent until he is proven guilty. But most attempts to regulate traffic and minimize danger seem to be based on the theory that the motorist is always to blame and that if he is regulated sufficiently accidents will cease. This is not true in any sense, and statistics prove that it isn't.

The latest quasi-judicial body in New York to propose greater "safeguards" for traffic by more stringent regulations for the motor vehicle driver is the August Grand Jury. It has sent various recommendations on this subject to the district attorney, the state motor vehicle department, the police and the magistrates' courts. One of its most striking recommendations is the following:

"We recommend that with applications for chauffeurs' and operators' licenses a physician's and oculist's certificate be filed, certifying to the general health, hearing and eyesight of the applicant, and that licenses be granted only to those apparently possessing normal hearing and vision."

If this suggestion were enacted into law it undoubtedly would solve the entire problem. It would keep the lame, the halt and the blind off the driver's seat. The proposal opens up an interesting field of speculation also. For example, how much would the factor of safety be increased if all applicants for licenses were forced to submit to the Binet test? Should licenses be revoked temporarily when young men become engaged, on the theory that they are likely to be nervous and fail to concentrate properly on the work of driving? Should not every driver be compelled to take with him an oculist and a physician every time he goes out, on the chance that he might get a cinder in his eye or suffer an attack of indigestion?

To back up its contentions the Grand Jury submits an impressive statistical table which proves nothing except that motor vehicle drivers were to blame for only 22 of the 213 fatal motor vehicle accidents in the Borough of Manhattan in the first six months of 1922, and indicates the crying need for the regulation of pedestrian traffic. The statistical table follows:—

How Killed.	Fault of Driver	Fault of Victim	Jay Walking	Other Known Causes	Unknown Causes	Stealing Ride
Struck, private car.	4	16	24	2	17	..
Struck, taxicab	3	7	7	..	7	..
Struck, autobus	..	1	2	..	2	..
Struck, com. car	8	27	31	..	28	1
Struck, motorcycle	..	..	..	..	1	..
Collision, street car	1	..	..	..	2	..
Collision, two motors	3	1	..	1	4	..
Collision, horse-drawn	1	..	..	..	..	..
Collision, other	..	3	..	..	..	..
Miscellaneous	2	2	..	4	..	1
Totals	22	57	64	7	61	2

Criminal carelessness in a fatal motor vehicle accident constitutes manslaughter, and it is to be asumed that the police or the district attorney's office made a complete investigation of all these accidents. Such being the case, it is evident that drivers were to blame, entirely or in part, for only a little more than 10 per cent. of these tragedies. In more than 25 per cent. of the cases it has been demonstrated the victims were themselves at fault. Thirty per cent. of the accidents were due to "jay-walking." The "jay-walking" habit certainly is not prompted by the motorist.

This shocking list of accidents is a sad commentary on the complexities of modern life. It offers an unanswerable argument in support of the contention that something must be done to cut down street casualties. The automotive industry will admit this as readily as anyone.

But in the face of this ghastly table compiled by the Grand Jury why should the attempt to cut down the toll be made chiefly by further regulation of motor vehicle operators? Why not regulate pedestrians a little more closely? Why not make it a rule of law and equity that a person who "jay walks" does so at his own risk? Traffic is regulated at the more important crossings in the larger centres of population and motorists make no demur. They willingly concede that it is a necessary precaution.

When a traffic officer gives the "Go" signal, is not the motorist justified, however, in assuming that his road will be clear until he is stopped again by the upraised arm of the law?

It is significant that almost coincidentally with the presentment of the Grand Jury, the Health Department of New York made public an analysis of the annual deaths by accident on the city streets. These statistics show that in 1921 most of the victims were between the ages of 5 and 14, the period when children use the streets for play, and over 56, when the infirmities of advancing age decreases their ability to look out for themselves.

"It is evident from these figures" said the report, "that the pedestrians are largely responsible for accidents of this sort because they occurred during the period of life when, on the one hand, they are careless, and, on the other hand, when because of infirmities of age they are unable to cope with the inevitable dangers of street traffic.

"In commenting upon the increase in the number of fatal street accidents we must not lose sight of the fact that it has not kept pace with the increase in the number of vehicles using the streets. If the same ratio between accidents and vehicles obtained to-day as in previous years the fatalities would be many times greater, so that in reality a big saving of life has been effected through the regulation of traffic and the closing of streets for play during certain hours of the day.

"The big need in our city to-day is more playground space for children of the crowded neighborhoods. In such districts, while street traffic may be comparatively light, accidents are more numerous because of the throngs of children on the streets."

The Grand Jury also recognized the conclusions of the Health Department, up to a certain point, by recommending closer regulation of pedestrian traffic at street crossings, similar to that which prevails on Fifth Avenue, and that municipal buses discharge passengers at the curb lines instead of in the middle of the streets. Most of its proposals were directed at the motor vehicle, however, as is evidenced by the following:—

That the Motor Vehicle Bureau of the State Tax Department should be more rigid and thorough in tests before granting owners and drivers licenses.

That the traffic regulations should be made more stringent and be more strictly enforced.

That an automatic device should be installed on all commercial vehicles limiting their speed to a reasonable degree.

That whenever possible, jail sentences follow convictions for infractions of the law, instead of fines.

That the authorities having charge of traffic matters confer with similar officers of other localities with a view to effecting similarity of traffic regulations and the adoption of a uniform standard system of hand signaling by automotive vehicle operators.

With a full acceptance of their responsibility as users of the streets in which pedestrians have equal rights, the automotive industry and motorists in general should unite in a campaign of their own to cut down accidents. They should begin by agreeing to drive not only cautiously and courteously, but they should insist also upon the pedestrian accepting his share of responsibility and not risking his life by dashing across the street through moving traffic to save a few seconds of more or less valuable time.

Traffic regulation should be upon a reciprocal basis, it should not be assumed that the motor vehicle operator always is wrong. Sane regulation is wise and necessary, but the number of accidents will not be cut down materially by idiotic red tape, which will make it as difficult to get a driver's license as to pass a civil service examination for curator of a museum.

Michigan has a uniform set of speed laws. The laws in that state provide that 35 miles per hour shall be the maximum speed on country highways, and 20 miles, in the city, with 15 in congested traffic.

Approximately $250,000,000 will be spent in the United States this year for 250,000 motor trucks of all sizes. The cost for maintenance and upkeep is estimated to be $760,000,000.

CORONER'S JURY EXONERATES RALPH CONNABLE.

"We find that the late Wm. Kinne came to his death on the afternoon of September 10th, 1922, at Chippewa, from a fracture at the base of the skull, caused by being accidentally struck by Pierce-Arrow car, driven by Mr. Connable.

"We further find that Mr. Connable was in no way to blame for the accident."

The foregoing is reported finding of the coroner's jury that concluded the coroner's inquest held in Township Hall, Niagara Falls. Coroner McGarry refused to hear two other witnesses as he stated he was thoroughly satisfied with the case as it stood. This was at the suggetion of the twelve jurymen.

Even a Pessimist can see a lot of good points in the Federal Fast Express

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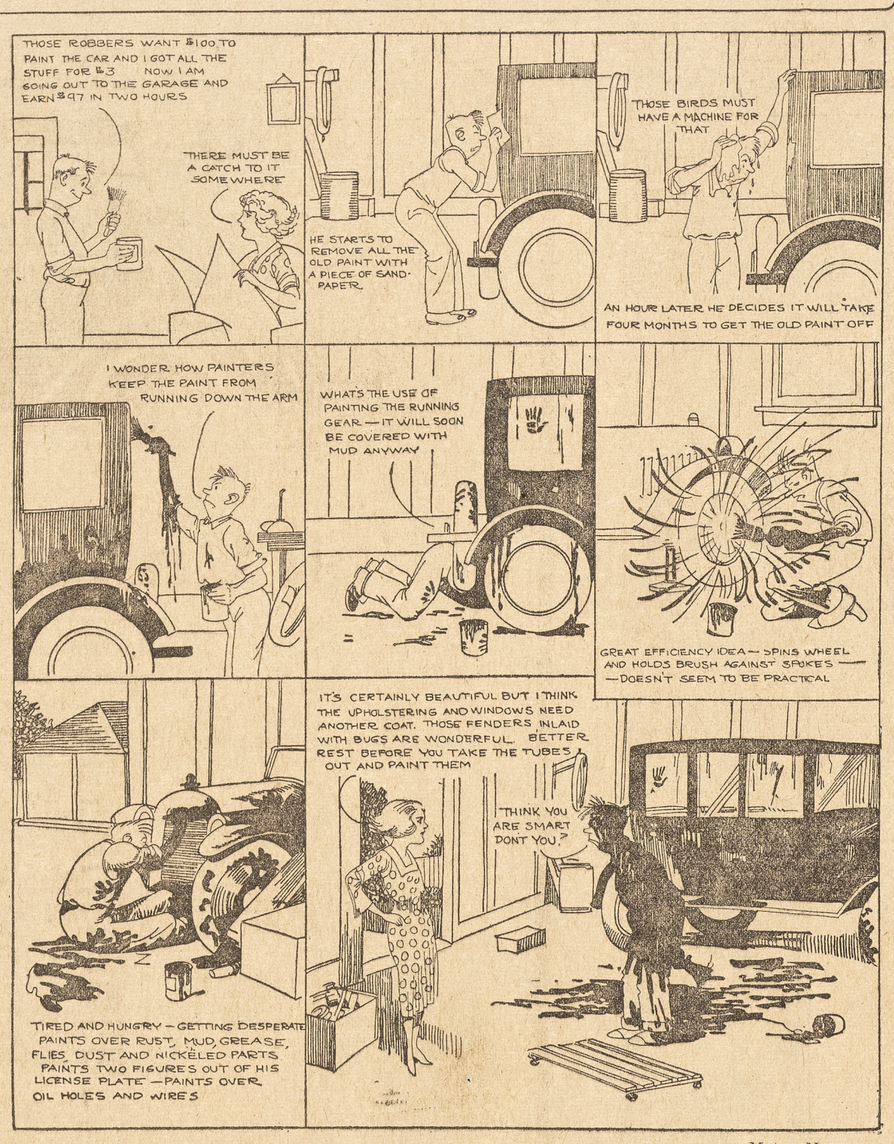

—Motor News.

Motorist Becoming Persona Non Grata in Country Now?

Motor Marauders Do Much Damage to Trees, Fences and Other Properties in Their "Voyages of Vandalism"—Very Small Minority Threaten to Bring Good Name of Motorists Into Disrepute—Farmers Considering Heroic Measures to Discourage Hunnish Foragers.

By BOB ROY.

A SMALL minority—almost a negligible one numerically, has from time to time threatened the good name of motorists at large who are decent, courteous, law-abiding citizens. Sometimes this noisome minority offends by road hogging, sometimes by inebriate driving, sometimes by reckless speeding, sometimes—but why go on for their sins of omission and commission are as multitudinous as the little grains of sand that make the wondrous land to which they are a plague and desecration. It seems that this despicable "small minority" has developed the petty pilfering of apples and other fruit from orchard and garden into wholesale robbery of farm produce accompanied by much destruction. The leading editorial in the Canadian Horticulturist under the caption, "Protection Against Fruit Thieving Motorists," dealt with the subject as follows:

The formation of a vigilance committee among the growers of the Niagara District to protect orchards and vineyards from thieving motorists, as reported considered recently, might prove the long-needed and much-needed course of action. A few years ago the practice of passers by helping themselves to fruit was considered, annoying and destructive as it was, merely as petty pilfering; to-day, so brazenly is it done and so serious the situation, such a petty term as pilfering is entirely inadequate. Thieving, or stealing, impure and simple, is the proper designation, and as such the practice must be dealt with. If the laws against thievery are not enforced to meet this situation, which supposition is partly borne out by the constant increase of participants in the crime, something else must be done. The fruit growers cannot continue losing thousands of dollars annually through thievery. There must be protection of some sort.

That the practice is not confined to the Niagara District of Ontario, but is universal wherever motorists pass through orchard and garden sections of America, is shown by editorials recently in various farm and horticultural periodicals of the United States. "Wisconsin Horticulture," published by the Wisconsin Horticulture Society, refers to a classification for thieves:—

"The superlative kind being," it says, "the 'highly respectable' who own automobiles either in fee simple or mortgaged; the kind that raids gardens and orchards, committing petty and grand larceny—clever (?) people from the city, always, who would not dare steal from a neighbor's garden, who go out into the country and return with wild flowers and plants dug from the roadside or from private property, who brazenly enter gardens and gather vegetables of any kind and every kind, and who enter orchards or front yards where fruit trees are growing and not only steal the fruit but damage the trees. . . . Quite often the male thief remains in the car while the females of the species do the raiding. Being too much of a coward to venture out himself, he hides behind women's skirts, or so much as are left of them.

"There may be some who read this who will doubt that such things are possible, that people who pose as respectable at home, who ride in automobiles, actually do such things. For answer, ask any farmer or gardener in this or any other state. . . . Such things have happened hundreds of times and the contemptible practice is increasing. It is a serious matter, not only from the standpoint of financial loss to the farmers, fruit growers and gardeners, and the growing disregard for property rights, but the bitter feeling engendered. Farmers feel, and rightly, that they are held in contempt by city people, that their rights are not worth consideration. The most regrettable part of the whole dirty business is that the thieves are generally ones who want to be considered respectable at home."

"Wisconsin Horticulture" advises to invoke the law "if you can catch the thieves," and suggests thereafter publicity through publishing the names of the offenders. It tells its readers to secure the license numbers of the automobiles, swear out warrants and appear against the thieves. The individual grower cannot spend all his time watching his crops, but he has a telephone and every automobile has a license number. If the thieves get away before the license number is secured, the grower might telephone down the line to friends and have them spot the car. "Be sure of your facts," the Wisconsin paper warns. "Be sure of the license number, the number and sex of the thieves and as full a description of them as possible then write or wire same to the paper for publication."

As a matter in the fruit-growing public interest, The Canadian Horticulturist likewise is prepared to aid in seeing what publicity will do towards preventing thieving in the Niagara District— publicity through its own columns, through province-wide papers and through the local papers of the thieves' home towns. It may be too late this season to catch many, if any, of the rogues, but there is another year for thieving coming.

Invoking the law and giving publicity certainly would help to check the evil. And there are other ways. The "Rural New Yorker" suggests flogging. Without advocating violence, we consider that punishment at least deserving, but you must first catch your thief. A vigilance committee of growers in the Niagara District would soon find a way to handle the situation. In the manner that the city man is permitted by law to protect his property against burglars so may the fruit grower protect his property against thieves.—Canadian Motorist.

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So many jobs come in to them that their speed in diagnosing trouble is almost uncanny.

The work itself is done in a repair shop manned by 25 benchmen—hand-picked Ford specialists—men who are paid better than the average because they **are** better. No mere "helpers" are used on our staff.

Two minutes from King and Yonge brings you to the Service Plant which has become popular by giving good work, quickly done at reasonable cost.

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MOST MOTORISTS ARE PEDESTRIANS MOST OF THE TIME.

If the average motorist were one-quarter as reckless a driver as he is a walker there would be no so-called motor accidents in which pedestrians are the victims, for there would be no pedestrians. Yet the average motorist is not nearly as reckless a pedestrian as the average pedestrian, for he realizes the limitations of control the driver has over that most responsive of all mechanical means of transport, the modern motor car. All motorists are at some times pedestrians, and most are pedestrians most of the time, yet the first motorist is to be heard from who does not favor regulation of pedestrian traffic.

Just a Real Good Car

"I am delighted with the performance of my Durant Six, and am equally pleased with my business relations with the men selling and servicing for your Company. I am strong for Durant cars"—so writes a prominent Toronto business man.

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DURANT

Predicts Passing Of Open Car Types

Declares That Closed Jobs Will Exceed 80 P.C. Of Output in 5 Years.

The open motor car will go the way of the Summer street car and the early type of railroad passenger coach, in the opinion of Harry W. Gaston, president of the Lexington Motor Company of New York, who is vice-chairman of the great closed car show held in Grand Central Palace in New York City the latter part of September.

Startling as it may seem, Mr. Gaston predicts that the closed car will eventually be used to the absolute exclusion of the open car.

Coming from an automobile man of Mr. Gaston's experience, his conclusions, based on a careful study of statistics of the industry over a long period of years, are regarded as something more than a mere bid for sensationalism. In a special statement on the closed car situation, Mr. Gaston says:

"My best judgment tells me that the closed car will eventually be used to the practical exclusion of the open car.

"Ten years ago 98 per cent. of all motor cars marketed were equipped with open bodies. This figure had dropped five years ago to 75 per cent.; and to-day the closed car is holding its own with the open car. In another five years, I believe that 80 per cent. of all cars sold will be equipped with closed bodies, and in ten years' time the open car will be practically a thing of the past.

"In the old days, people naturally gained their impressions of a motor car from riding in a car owned by someone else. Naturally, too, this was an open car because very few closed cars were in service. It followed eventually that the first-time purchaser bought an open car because he knew nothing at all about a closed car. This condition pyramided for many years, which resulted in top-heavy production and sale of open cars, which condition existed until, over a number of years, a sufficient number of closed cars went into service so that people began to get acquainted with the closed car and appreciate its advantages.

"During this early period, when the open car predominated to an overwhelming extent, the public in its effort to offset the disadvantages of the open car ran the gamut of experiments and accessories, not realizing apparently that all of these disadvantages could be eliminated instanter by the closed body. For instance, the first cars sold were not equipped with windshields or tops; then came the windshield, and later on the top. Then the storm curtain was devised, the tonneau windshield, the winged windshields, each of these being intended to overcome some of the drawbacks to the open car.

"With the closed car we have shelter from the sun overhead, protection from rain, cold, wind, and every other disagreeable element, whether the passenger be riding in the front seat or the rear seat. The owner of a closed car does not have to fish out his curtains if a sudden shower overtakes him on a Summer afternoon, he merely rolls up the windows and "Presto" he is enclosed in glass. In the Winter-time, by means of heaters, the owner can carry the temperature of his home or his office around with him even in zero weather. It is possible to drive through a raging blizzard and be as warm and cozy as if one was basking on the verandah of a hotel at Palm Beach!"

SHIPPING 40% MORE CLOSED THAN OPEN CARS.

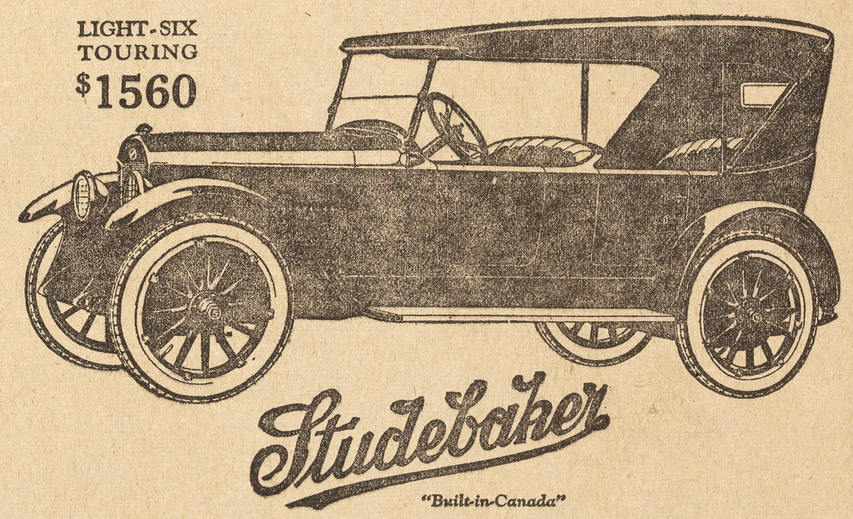
Syracuse, N.Y. — "Shipments of Franklin closed cars are now running 40 per cent. ahead of open," says H. H. Franklin, president of the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company, "and on some closed types we are sold into December. Fifty-three per cent. of our production for the year ending September 1 was closed cars—the sedan taking the lead."

Do You Ever Wonder?



Where all the cars are going?

LIGHT-SIX TOURING $1560



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You need only go over the Studebaker Light-Six, feature by feature, to appreciate how much more it gives in quality, performance and completeness than the price indicates.

Light-Six quality is due to the use of only the finest grades of material throughout, and the employment of the highest standards of workmanship known to the automobile industry.

Its completeness is indicated by such features of standard equipment as: cowl ventilator; parking lights; large rectangular plate glass window in rear; thief-proof transmission lock which reduces the insurance rate 15 to 20%; thermostatically controlled cooling system; genuine leather upholstery; 9-inch deep seat cushions, and cord tires.

As to performance, the Light-Six is unrivaled among lightweight automobiles for the quietness of its power and its freedom from vibration. It is noted, too, for the economy in fuel which its exclusive Internal Hot Spot assures. Other important factors that contribute to the remarkable performance of the Light-Six are its inclined valves and completely machined crankshaft and connecting rods.

Come today and see the Light-Six—ride in it—drive it yourself. You will realize why the name Studebaker on vehicles has been a symbol of dependability for more than seventy years.

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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
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THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

Car Manufacturers Now Building Plant Additions

Are Confident That Demand For Years to Come Will Far Outreach Present Peak Production—Ford Adds Buildings and Announces New Branch Factories—Industry Sanguine of Increasingly Good Times Ahead—General Automotive News From the United States.

By F. ED. SPOONER.
Special to The Sunday World

Detroit, Oct. 14.—Industrial disorder is at an end. The coal situation is being cleared up. The railroad strike is melting away as one road after another settles with the strikers. Unemployment is a thing of the past. America is headed for a great era of prosperity. The automotive business will benefit with all other lines of business. True, the automotive business has been enjoying normalcy for some time now with production breaking records. But the prosperity which has come to the automotive industry is as nothing to conditions which will exist.

With the makers it is a case of preparation for the future. For instance, Henry Ford is making 5,100 cars per day, top capacity, but says that orders are 200 cars daily ahead of production. Consequently Ford is adding buildings and announcing branch factories to be added in American cities and in large foreign centres.

Many other manufacturers have announced additions. Some time ago expansion seemed very foolish, but the times have changed. The manufacturers now feel that present production facilities will not take care of demands when every business in America becomes prosperous. And new makers are not rushing into the field to divide the business. The larger producers are forcing prices down constantly and keeping competition from starting, while removing much competition unable to stand the pressure.

Announcements of reduction of prices are still being made in the face of predictions from well-informed men that the ultimate tendency will have to be upward. Again quoting Henry Ford: Mr. Ford says that, in the face of price reductions, which at the time brought the price of his car below cost, his profits have been more than $6,000,000 per month for the last year. Yet at the start of the year, on the face of prices, he faced a deficit of $10,000,000 for the year. Ford says that price reductions spur trade and force down costs through better manufacturing methods. That is probably true, and, being so, and Ford proves it, the smaller manufacturers have their work cut out for them. Under Ford's declaration, the larger producers, in times of prosperity, have the best of it, for what Ford has done they are able to do—that is, increase production after reducing prices to below cost and so increase their profits. Some old-time manufacturers aver that the small manufacturer has the best of the bargain, as, in times of reduction of production, the larger producers lose money hand over fist when a certain point is reached. But in the face of the prosperity for all business now at hand, small production or decreased production by the larger makers is a thing of the past for a number of years. The small manufacturer of automobiles or motor trucks is nearly always an assembler and must buy his manufactured parts in the open market. His costs are accordingly higher and as the larger makers continue to cut prices, there is presented a problem.

However, it has been shown in the past that in times of prosperity many a lesser-known car-maker prospers for when the larger makers are unable to deliver, then the cars of the smaller makers are sought, even though not as low in price for the same quality of goods.

When August output approached the June level, and demand continued, the automobile manufacturers were overjoyed. When a production of 1,000,000 cars in four months was set up as a record, it was shown that in a year American plants as they are to-day are in position to turn out 3,000,000 cars per year. Yet the makers do not feel that that will be sufficient in the prosperous days that are coming and are accordingly making preparations for an even larger productive capacity, as business does not run along at the rate of 250,000 cars per month the year round as a rule, but is heavier in certain months, when demand must be met or business be lost. That, at least, is the theory of many who are preparing their plants for greatly increased outputs.

In the demands of the day there have been found growing sales for closed cars. This situation has been long developing, but came in natural sequence. For several years now it has been shown that more than 90 per cent. of the motor car owners seldom lowered their tops. In fact, the ratio has been much nearer 99 per cent., for a car with top down has been a curiosity. The interest in the so-called one-man top that took several to operate is, as a rule, gone forever. The permanent roof top has become fashionable, for people have reached the decision that traveling at speed through the country with top down in an automobile was about as sensible as traveling in an electric car or railroad train without a top. Those who have taken to closed cars of one type or another, or to the permanent roof tops of the day, have also found a much higher value placed upon their cars in trades. Depreciation is not as great on the closed car, as weather conditions do not affect it, as is the case with the canvas top. The conveniences of the closed car are innumerable in all weathers, hot, cool or rainy. The women like the enclosed car, and business men, out in every sort of weather, are taking to it naturally. Closed car shows this Fall all over the country are drawing good attendances and the reports of business done are encouraging in the extreme. In 1919 the enclosed cars made up only about 10 per cent. of production. In 1921 the increase was to 17 per cent., and in 1922 to 22 per cent. It seems probable that 1923 will go far above 25 per cent., and there are those who predict 50 per cent. One manufacturer, as long ago as last January, predicted that 90 per cent. of his production in 1922 would be enclosed cars, but he did not reach that point. His advertising bore heavily upon the closed car. He was a pioneer in declaration, and his predictions may come altogether true much sooner than skeptics believe possible. One thing is certain; the increased sales of closed cars have forced body builders to added efforts to prepare for the rush, for they are building factory structures at top speed. Work upon the closed body requires more room and increases the labor immensely.

A. F. Jenkins, for several years factory superintendent of the Dort Motor Car Company, and A. J. Shaw, recently in charge of the car order department, have been transferred to the sales department as district representatives. Both Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Shaw are well known throughout the industry and among the trade.

Harry W. Anderson, recently with the Duesenberg Motor Company, of Indianapolis, as sales manager, has taken charge of the entire eastern business of the Stutz Motor Car Company.

Harry S. Daniels has tendered his resignation as advertising manager of the Dort Motor Car Company, Flint, Mich., but has not as yet announced his plans for the future. Mr. Daniels is widely known throughout the trade and to newspaper men connected with it. For the past 12 years he has held advertising managerships, ten of which were spent with the Kissel and Dort Companies.

Clarence B. Hayes, president of the Hayes Wheel Company, Jackson, Mich., was married recently to Miss Harriet D. Ballard of Detroit.

Bruce J. Miles has returned to the United States after spending two years in the Orient as far eastern representative for the General Motors Export Company. During the year and one-half that he made his headquarters in Manilla, Mr. Miles served as president of the Philippines Automobile Dealers' Association, a position he relinquished when General Motors moved its office to Shanghai. Mr. Miles expects to take a few months' vacation before going abroad again.

R. C. Ellis, for the past four years assistant sales manager and field representative of the automotive division of the Standard Steel Car Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., has joined the sales staff of the Courier Motors Company, of Sandusky, O., as factory representative. Mr. Ellis will devote much of his time to special dealer work.

Ralph DePalma, automobile racer, has been inspecting the plant of the Pan Motor Company at St. Cloud, Minn., in the interest of a company which considers purchasing it for the purpose of manufacturing cars there. On his tour of inspection DePalma was accompanied by W. E. Merrill, of the Lafayette Minnesota Motor Company of Minneapolis.

A rumor is current that General Motors Corporation may buy the American rights to the Henry Pierrot four-wheel-brake patents. Pierrot recently arrived in this country with A. P. Sloan, Jr., vice-president of the corporation. Pierrot, it is said, has already closed with several European manufacturers on a royalty basis, and is seeking an American field for his key patents.

Gray Motor Corporation of Detroit has been elected to membership in the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and will exhibit its cars at the New York and Chicago National Shows.

J. O. Eaton, president of the Torbensen Axle Company, Cleveland, has sailed for Europe, where he will remain for several weeks.

Walter P. Chrysler, accompanied by Mrs. Chrysler, returned recently to the United States on the Berengaria. Mr. and Mrs. Chrysler have been abroad since June.

Paul Fitzpatrick, formerly of Toronto, accredited with much of the early development of automobile financing through his connection with the Continental Guaranty Corporation, and who in 1918 was chosen by General Motors to organize the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, tendered his resignation to G. M. C. October 1 and sailed on the 5th for Europe on a combined business and pleasure trip. He will return in November, when his plans for the future will be announced.

H. O. Smith has resigned as general manager of the Racine Automobile Tire Company, which position he accepted early in May, 1921. He was formerly president of the J. and D. Tire Company.

Lou R. Smith, long identified with parts and accessory sales, and widely known throughout the industry, has tendered his resignation as director of sales and advertising of the Midwest Engine Company, of Indianapolis.

Fred J. Haynes, president, and John A. Nichols, sales manager, of Dodge Brothers, are touring the Pacific coast investigating business conditions.

Among other planes entered in the national aeroplane races held at Selfredge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich., Oct. 12, 13 and 14, was the Loening-Packard racing plane. The Loening-Packard is equipped with a 630-horsepower Packard motor. Completely loaded with gasoline, pilot, equipment and everything for the race, the plane weighs 2,640 pounds. All structural details and safety factors of the machine have been made according to army specifications. Considered one of the simplest airplanes ever constructed, this machine represents extreme refinement in current practice and light weight, but does not embody any of the novel features such as retractable landing gears.

T. W. Warner, president of the Warner Corporation, Muncie, Ind., bought the New Process Gear division of the Willys Corporation at court sale late in September. He was the only bidder and the price was $1,904,000, which was $4,000 more than the court's upset price.

Steps have been taken for the organization under the laws of New Jersey of the Murray Rubber Company as successor to the Empire Tire and Rubber Company, which was purchased at a receiver's sale early in September by Campbell, Heath and Company, of New York, and their associates. The purchaser backed the reorganization plan which was offered the creditors by William M. Pepper and J. C. Murray. C. Edward Murray, Jr., will be elected president and general manager of the Murray Rubber Company. The other officers will be: William M. Pepper, vice-president and treasurer; Harvey R. Nason, secretary; R. H. Paddock, director tire sales; Robert M. Stuart, director mechanical sales; W. W. Sanders, factory manager; A. M. Alexander, comptroller; H. Earl Berrien, assistant treasurer, and Norman S. Conover, assistant secretary. This is the exact organization that ran the plant successfully during its receivership. It is also announced there will be no change in the personnel of district managers. The Empire products, inclusive of tires and tubes, will be continued as in the past, and in addition the Murray products will be manufactured. The Murray Rubber Company is simply a new corporate name, the products being continued as at present.

Stockholders of the Mason Tire and Rubber Company have been asked to approve the issuance of $2,000,000 first mortgage bonds, and 200,000 additional shares of common stock to be used to raise working capital with a view to increasing production to 6,000 tires a day, to refund $640,000 seven per cent. serial gold notes, and to complete financing of the new plant recently placed in operation.

Negotiations between the Cleveland Tractor interests and Clement Studebaker, Jr., and his associates, have been practically abandoned. Consequently the plan for an alliance of the two with a reorganization and increased capitalization of the Tractor Company as a basis of operations has been dropped. Difficulties unexpectedly blocked the consummation of the project which was to have been carried out under the new name of the Allyne-Zeder Motors Company, and consequently the two groups are proceeding with their respective plans along independent lines. It is understood that the Cleveland Tractor interests have other plans under consideration. And in the meantime Studebaker and the interests allied with him are continuing the development of the Zeder car, more or less along the lines originally planned, and at the same time are developing a new plan of organization.

A Royal Academy Exhibit.



One of the most conspicuous successes of this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, England, is the life-size statue, in bronze, of F. Henry Royce, engineer-in-chief of Rolls-Royce, which is being exhibited now in the Sculpture Section. The statue is the work of Derwent Wood, R.A., and is considered by intimates of Mr. Royce to be a very unique presentation of its subject.

The inscription on the granite pedestal reads: "F. Henry Royce, Engineer; Born 1863, at Alwalton, near Peterboro." Owing to misfortunes in childhood, he was almost entirely self-educated. His work includes the design and production of the Rolls-Royce motor cars of world-wide reputation, which were used for most important work in the Great War, and also the design of the Rolls-Royce aero engines, of which a greater horse-power was employed by the Allies than of any other design. Airplanes with these engines made the first direct flight across the Atlantic in 16 hours, and the first flight from England to Australia. This statue was erected by the shareholders of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., in 1921, at which date he was still serving the company as engineer-in-chief."

At the conclusion of the Royal Academy Exhibition the statue will be erected in the town of Derby, where the Rolls-Royce works are situated.

At the Village Social.

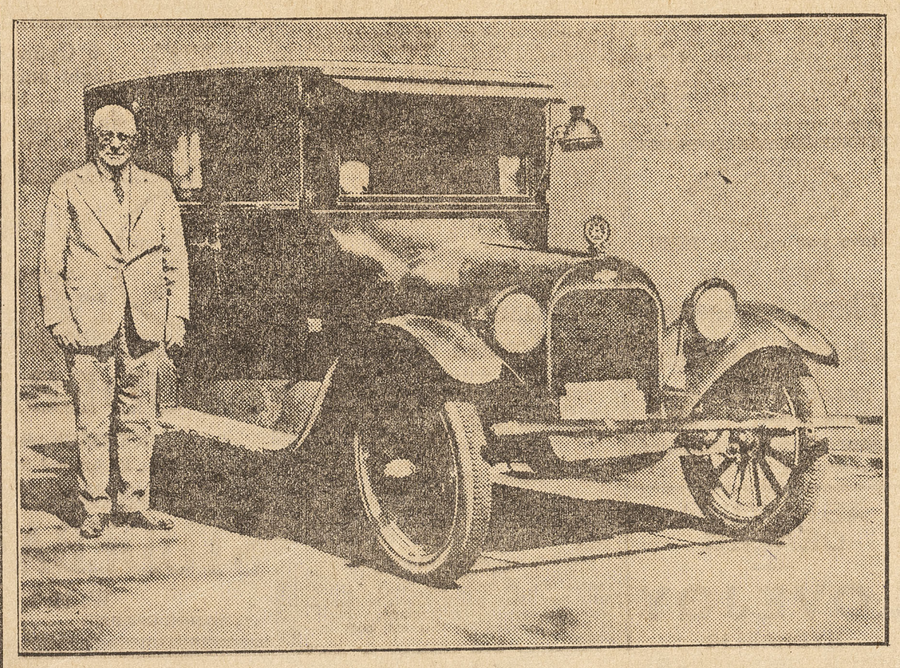


The Ample Sweet Thing: "Can you reverse?"
The Mere He: "No, ma'am—I be a gardener—not a chauffeur."—London Opinion.

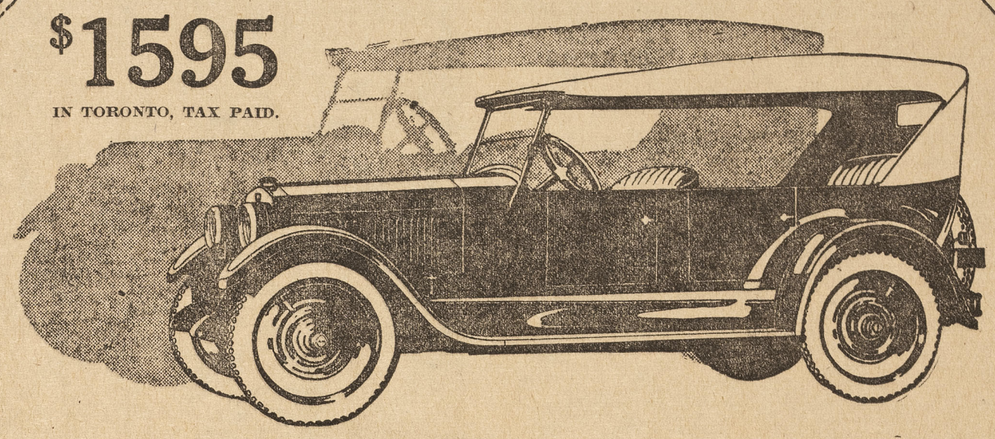
OUTPUT FOR 8 MONTHS TOTALLED 1,667,402 IN U. S.

Washington, D.C.—The following table shows motor car and motor truck production for the first eight months of the year, the reports each month, with few exceptions, being from identical firms:

	Passenger Cars.	Trucks.	Total.
Jan.	81,693	9,416	91,109
Feb.	109,171	13,195	122,366
March	152,959	19,761	172,720
April	197,216	22,342	219,558
May	232,431	23,788	256,219
June	263,027	25,984	289,011
July	224,057	21,357	245,414
Aug.	246,941	24,064	271,005
Grand total	1,507,495	159,907	1,667,402



Mr. Edward Hyland, of Toronto, and his Chevrolet Sedan, photographed on his return from a six thousand mile motor trip. In a letter to Messrs. A. D. Gorrie & Co., Chevrolet dealers, Mr. Hyland says he averaged 34 miles to the gallon of gas (Imperial measure) throughout the entire trip from Los Angeles, Cal., over the rough mountain roads and heavy grades of the northern route, and that, although carrying a party of four with heavy travelling equipment, he did not have occasion for repairs of any kind save tire trouble. Mr. Hyland leaves shortly with the same party on a motor trip to Florida.



$1595
IN TORONTO, TAX PAID.

Vital Units of a $3000 Car

Only in a car built throughout from standard **specialized** units—as the Columbia Light Six is built—can value be definitely analyzed and proved by direct comparison.

The average price of automobiles with the Continental "Red Seal" Motor is, for example, $2,982. The Columbia Light Six, with a 50 horse-power Continental "Red Seal" of the latest type, costs but $1595.

The average price of Timken axled cars is $3973 yet the Columbia Light Six has Timken Axles, both front and rear.

To anyone who will thus analyze the Columbia Light Six—unit by unit throughout the entire car—actual figures will prove that here is an automobile easily worth, even at prices prevailing to-day, many hundreds of dollars more than is asked for it—an outstanding investment in dependable transportation.

Comparative Values

(Comparisons based on Touring Car prices)		*Columbia Light Six*
Average price of cars with Continental "Red Seal" Motor	$2982	$1595
Average price of cars with Timken Axles	3973	1595
Average price of cars with Durston Transmission	2421	1595
Average price of cars with Auto-Lite electrical equipment	2246	1595
Average price of cars with Borg & Beck clutch	2711	1595
Average price of cars with Spicer Universal Joints	3868	1595
Average price of cars with Gemmer Steering Gear	4061	1595
Average price of cars with Harrison Radiator	3035	1595
Average price of cars with Stromberg Carburetor	3523	1595
Average price of cars with Fisk Cord Tires	4054	1595

Every one of these Columbia Light Six units is the product of an organization that has won nationally recognized leadership in its particular line, and that builds but one standard of quality—the highest. Every one has earned a place in many cars of much higher price, including some of the finest built.

These units of known value have been combined by Columbia into a car of notable ability, marked throughout by attention to the details that make for dependableness, beauty and comfort.

If you have not yet seen the Columbia Light Six for yourself; if you have not heard the story of the far-sighted manufacturing and unexampled co-operation which made this automobile possible; if you do not know the remarkable service record of the Light Sixes that have been on the road for many months, visit the show room of the Columbia dealer in your city.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

METROPOLITAN MOTORS LIMITED
22-26 TEMPERANCE STREET - - MAIN 6800

Columbia Light Six

CONTINENTAL RED SEAL MOTOR TIMKEN AXLES

The Columbia Light Six Touring is $1595. The Special Six Phaeton is $1770
The Columbia Light Six Sedan is $2315
In Toronto Tax Paid.

GRAY-DORT

Put It Up to the Owner

It is worth any man's time to get the truth about the Approved Gray-Dort, first hand. An example of what owners will tell you:

"I have been driving Gray-Dort cars for several years. After I had exchanged my first on one of your Sedans, the purchaser of my old car told me he had had three or four cars and that my old Gray-Dort had the best-running motor he had ever seen in a car. This is my third summer for driving the Sedan, and I have had no trouble with the car in any particular."

(Name on request.)

Let us demonstrate for you why Gray-Dort cars are satisfying thousands of owners.

Gray-Dort Factory Branch
Salesrooms: 146 King St. West
Service Station: 73 Pearl Street

GRAY-DORT MOTORS LIMITED, CHATHAM, ONT.

The "Class" of the Light Car Field 21B

Will the "All Loss" Type of Oiling System Return?

Metropolitan Section of Society of Automotive Engineers Admit This Early Type Has Several Advantages in Course of Discussion in Recent "Lubrication Session" — Servicing Precludes General Adoption of Dry Sump Systems— Better Fitted Pistons and Rings and Tightening Up On Cylinder Machining Standards Urged.

Many angles of lubrication were discussed at the meeting of the Metropolitan Section of the Society of Automotive Engineers in New York last month. Two papers were read. Finley R. Porter described and criticized the different oiling systems that have been and are being used, and George A. Round added some new data to the paper he gave at the Summer meeting of the society at White Sulphur Springs last June.

Porter expressed strong preference for the force feed system of lubrication, especially in combination with an external reservoir, which gives opportunity for screening and cooling the oil in the most efficient way. He also stated that the now abandoned system of feeding each point in an engine with fresh oil which is not recirculated has advantages worthy of consideration, in which view he was supported by the discussion. With respect to this system, Porter said:

"Contrary to the general trend, there is one type, that of the "all loss" system, which the writer believes worthy, with modifications, of further development, which is fast disappearing from use in general practice. The "all loss" system is defined as one wherein the oil distributed to the several surfaces to be lubricated is intended for total consumption, either by leakage or burning, and is supplied in as nearly the right quantities as possible to prevent undue waste.

"Early practice along these lines shows every indication of, and did, without doubt, follow the lines of steam engine lubrication, since the majority of designers at that period were graduates from the steam engine school. Following the period of hand-filled sight feed oilers in connection with this system, mechanical oilers directly connected to the engine came into use, and were very effective except for the fact that the supply control being a function of engine speed, great difficulty was experienced in maintaining a proper supply over the full range of engine speeds.

The Splash Lubricating System.

"Owing, no doubt, to the difficulty and intricate apparatus necessary for keeping the rate of supply within the limits of consumption, this system was abandoned largely in favor of the 'straight splash system,' wherein a given quantity of oil was placed in the engine base and renewed from time to time, thereby maintaining a more or less constant level. This system, known as the 'splash system,' is still in use to some extent, but in the writer's mind is not deemed worthy of consideration in connection with future development."

Porter then described various systems of force feeding with respect to the several types of automobile and aircraft engines and finally summed up as follows:

"A brief review of the motor vehicle field discloses the following distribution of systems:

	Pass. cars.	Comm. veh.
Straight splash	9	69
Force, or dry sump.....	72	364
Force and splash	83	229
Total models 164		662

"The above figures disclose the straight force feed, or dry sump system, predominating in the commercial vehicle field, while the combined force and splash predominates slightly in the passenger car field.

"In the nomenclature of the automotive fields, the dry sump systems are designated as forced feed systems, but for the sake of comparison and discussion will be referred to hereafter as dry sump systems—which it is believed will more clearly designate them when compared to splash, and force and splash systems.

"The ideal would be an all-loss system wherein fresh oil at a temperature not to exceed 150 deg. Fahr. would be supplied to timing gears, vertical shaft and camshaft bearings, main bearings and connecting rod bearing and wrist pins, with all returns collected and distributed in proper proportion to the cylinder walls at a temperature not to exceed 160 deg. Fahr.

The Dry Sump System.

"Since this is obviously impossible, it is proposed to consider a dry sump circulating system with initial pressures ranging between 80 and 100 lbs., and oil temperatures being maintained between 100 and 160 deg. Fahr. A separate reservoir should be employed connected to the suction end of the main circulating pump of the gear type, with a cooler located between the reservoir and pump with radiator outlet water used as a means of controlling the temperature.

"The discharge or pressure line should lead directly to all main bearings, gear and camshaft compartment. The supply to connecting rod bearings should be through a hollow crankshaft with properly drilled ducts to the crankpins controlled by partial registration at the main bearing. Supply to the wristpins should be through a small tube, or hollow connecting rod, to the inside of wristpin. The wristpin bosses should be the closed-end type with distribution holes drilled through the wristpins to the working surfaces.

"Control should be had by proper length radial grooves that register only on the top stroke, since the registration would be direct with oil hole from main bearing. Sufficient lubricant would be assured regardless of the big end bearing fit or the amount of oil being fed to the connecting rod bearings. In effect this would be at extreme outer stroke, a direct connection to the pressure feed on main bearings.

"The supply to all gears should be through a high pressure jet of sufficient size sprayed directly on the meshing side of each gear train, with the overflow, or return, so conducted to the main sump as to avoid contact with main crankcase compartment.

"A separate sump pump should be utilized with an excess capacity for the return of all oil to the main reservoir."

Maintenance a Problem In Pressure Systems.

Round took a different view from that of Porter, stating that, in his opinion, the force feed system is seldom justified for passenger car work. In the course of his paper he explained that one of his principal reasons for holding this view is the inability of the average repair shop to properly maintain force systems.

His paper dealt mainly with troubles encountered, and he said that there are two general classes of complaint: that of excessive carbon deposit and that of excessive oil consumption, the two not necessarily going together. With either of these the fault might lie in design or workmanship, the latter, of course, including the workmanship of repair shops. As an example of faulty design he mentioned the use of extremely thin piston heads, which, by reason of their lack of conductivity, would heat up to knocking point with quite light carbon deposits. Where very thin sections are used, he said, "the slightest carbon formation blocks the flow of heat from the charge and raises its temperature to the critical point. From our experience we feel that fewer complaints of knocking would be received if designers would give more consideration to this point."

Troubles with all forms of oiling are due, of course, to improperly fitted pistons or rings, and this phase was discussed most of all. However, Round described a way in which splash systems could sometimes give trouble due to design alone. He said:

"Recently we received from several points reports that a certain car was giving a great deal of trouble from fouling of plugs and carbon deposits. Investigation showed that through some mistake extra long connecting rod bolts were fitted. These dipped into the oil and created an abnormal splash. Dropping the oil level effected a temporary remedy. To our knowledge, this apparently minor detail seriously affected sales of this car because of the reputation for oil pumping which it was acquiring. The loss in this way would seem likely to be much greater than the cost of seeing that such errors do not occur.

"In cases of oil pumping which cannot be attributed to an oversupply of oil reaching the pistons, defective and worn rings are mainly responsible. While the latter are to be expected in used cars, it is surprising to find a large percentage of defective rings in new cars. A typical example of what has been found in regard to this was reported in the Summer meeting paper.

"Working loose of the rings in their grooves gives rise to much of the oil-pumping troubles experienced in worn cars. Where aluminum pistons are employed it is particularly advantageous to use narrow rings in order to reduce the hammering action on the softer metal and consequent widening of the grooves. The use of a type of ring which stays tight in the groove throughout its life is also advantageous. Where a plain ring is fitted initially with the correct end clearance, little trouble is experienced due to an increase in this clearance in comparison with that from the change in groove clearance.

Regarding the proper ring tension, some have recommended a higher figure than we suggested; viz., 2 lbs. per sq. in. of diameter for a ¼-in. ring. In some cases this is undoubtedly helpful, but in the average passenger car the high tension ring wears much more rapidly. The ring having a slightly beveled face is an example of this. In most cases such rings come to a full seat after a thousand miles or less, when their advantage ceases.

"There is a wide difference of opinion regarding the merits of oil return grooves. Our experience indicates that they are of value when provided with adequate drain holes. In many instances they have cut the rate of oil consumption in half. Only in rare instances have they proven a positive detriment.

"As to the new type of constant clearance aluminum piston, the absence of the large number of oil-pumping reports received with the old type piston seems to indicate a decided improvement. In a few cases trouble has been experienced, but could be attributed to other causes."

In opening the discussion A. Ludlow Clayden reminded the meeting that the "all loss" system is still used on the British truck Albion, and that total consumptions are claimed for it comparable with that for other systems. Dealing with the quantity of oil required, he said:

"We are liable to forget the oiling systems of two decades past, but many here will recall the Bosch equipment and the similar device fitted to many of the early European machines. The Bosch, which was the most elaborate, consisted of a combination pump and distributor, which supplied oil through individual leads to each bearing and to each piston. The preferred method of drive was a worm actuated crank with a long connecting rod, the oil container and pump being mounted on the dashboard and the crank situated somewhere near the rear end of the camshaft.

The "All Loss" System.

"This system was intended to replace the previous method of mounting a long row of drip feeds with sight glasses on the instrument board and was an improvement in so far as the pump was more positive than the gravity feed to the drips. The intended function of both was the same: to furnish each point with a supply of new oil at regular intervals in proportion to the speed. It was a complicated, messy and troublesome system, but then nearly everything about a car could have been similarly stigmatized at that time. No doubt the individual feed arrangement could have been simplified and cheapened had not the circulatory system come along and displaced it.

"Probably few engineers know that one of the most successful British trucks—the Albion—has always used this system and still does so.

I have a recent letter from the chief engineer of the Albion Company telling me that no changes are anticipated for the near future and that the economy of the system is quite comparable with that of conventional circulating types. Of course, in the Albion system as in the old Bosh and Panhard the oil once used in bearing or cylinder never returns to the tank; it is dropped into an empty oil pan and allowed to escape.

Oil Consumption 100 Drops Per Mile

"When one has got out of the habit of thinking about such oiling systems it seems extraordinary that anything like reasonable economy could be possible, so it is perhaps instructive to figure oil consumption in a rather unconventional way. Assume a six-cylinder passenger car having a normal performance of 500 miles per gallon of oil. It is safe to say that of this gallon, one-third at least is lost by leakage and in vapor through the breather, so we have to account for two-thirds of a gallon as being actually consumed by the engine.

"Allowing for all low gear work the average revolutions per mile on a passenger car are about 3,150, and with a six, this means over 9,000 power strokes every mile, or about 5,000,000 each 500 miles. A gallon contains between 75,000 and 80,000 drops of oil, which means that two-thirds thereof contains close to 50,000 drops, so the consumption in terms of power strokes is 100 power strokes per drop, or in miles 100 drops per mile. A hundred drops is approximately 5 cc. The object of quoting these apparently uninstructive figures is to show that if we returned to a system supplying fresh oil only, without circulation, the minimum possible supply to be striven for would be not far removed from 5 cc. per mile.

"The real trouble is that we have acquired the habit of using oil for all sorts of purposes other than lubrication. It is to be doubted whether a system like the Albion would keep sufficient oil in various parts of the engine to quiet the action to the degree to which we have become accustomed. A heavy oil covers a multitude of tolerances. Also we have come to rely upon oil to act as a cooling agent and probably without a circulating stream of it we would be unable to attain the rubbing speeds and loads now common in passenger car work, although, of course, fresh oil would always be cold oil. I do, however, believe that the system is well worthy of study and re-experimentation for tractor engines and that the cooling of bearings could be accomplished by means other than rapid oil circulation. For instance in many engines, especially of the heavier type, there would be little difficulty and probably no added expense in arranging to water jacket the upper halves of the main bearings.

"The continuous feeding of comparatively small quantities of fresh oil would overcome all dilution troubles and, in tractors, most of the cylinder wear difficulty; the question is whether the quantities could be small enough to give an economy comparable with that of the conventional system at a total cost of manufacture smaller than that involved in the installation of continuous regenerative attachments."

The Service Man's Viewpoint.

The service man's viewpoint was given forcibly by Ralph C. Rognon. He said that the most difficult thing in service work was the things which would cure oil pumping in some engines would not work in others. He expressed strong approval of the type of ring which expands sideways in its groove as well as radially, but said that this had not invariably proved able to effect a cure.

Largely in reply to this speaker several points were brought out in discussion that were not mentioned at White Sulphur. H. M. Crane again described his preferred type of piston, having a parallel skirt with a scraper ring so arranged that it emerged from the bore to the extent of half its width at the bottom of the stroke. He showed that an improperly placed piston pin would inevitably cause piston cocking and said that no ring could possibly compensate for such a movement. The skirt should, he said, be practically equal in length to the bore and the piston pin be located midway of the skirt, the ring-carrying portion not being reckoned as part of the cross-head. Crane stated that, with pistons of this type and a scraper ring, high oil pressures are practical and considerable lattitude on cylinder accuracy can be allowed.

There has, this year, been an unusual amount of trouble with new cars. This the speakers attributed mainly to poorly fitted piston rings and to rings themselves of poor accuracy. Oil dilution as such was not much mentioned.

Porter in his paper said that it was rightly to be considered a carburetion problem and other members supported this view. Dilution usually is found associated with oil pumping when the latter is due to piston or ring imperfections.

Points Agreed Upon.

The meeting was not so well attended as it should have been, but the section has seldom had a better discussion, adjournment not being made till well after eleven o'clock. It appeared that there was fairly general agreement on the following points:

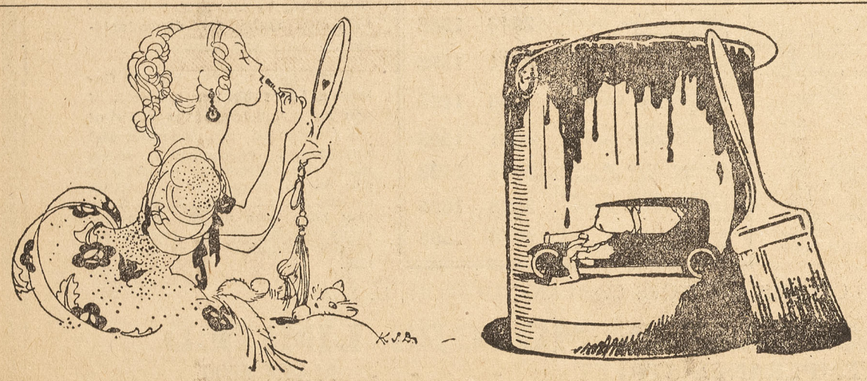
That the forced or, to use Porter's more accurate phrase, "dry sump" system is the most logical where adequate

A Distinction With a Difference.



Departing Motorist: "Only fools and millionaires would pay these prices.
Hotel Clerk: "We've had no complaints from the latter, sir.—London Weekly Telegraph.

The She and the He of "Dolling Up."



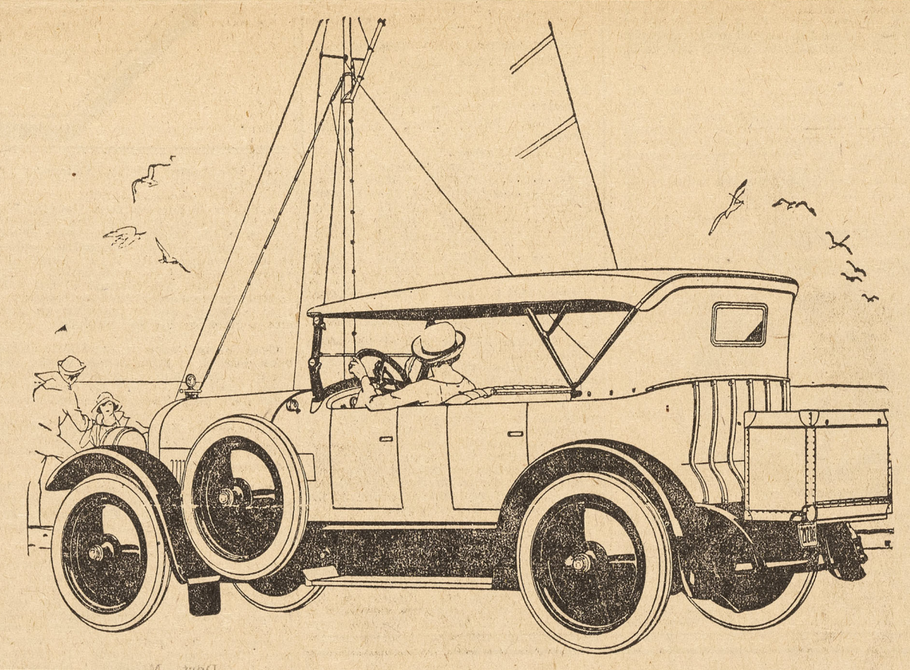
DEMAND INCREASES FOR ROLLS-ROYCE.

A circular to preferred stockholders of Rolls-Royce of America, Inc., states that since the reduction in the price of the chassis in March sales have increased so fast that at the present time the company's unfilled orders are such as to tax the capacity of the plant for the remainder of the year. With the present equipment the company can turn out 10 cars a week, and it is stated that with a comparatively insignificant capital expenditure for equipment the output can be raised to 750 cars a year, which can be easily sold under ordinary business conditions.

SEDANS FORM 37.7% OF FRANKLIN SHIPMENTS.

Syracuse, N. Y.—The popularity of the Sedan type is strikingly evidenced by figures just prepared by officials of the Franklin Automobile Company, showing that during the year ending September 1, of the total number of cars shipped, aggregating 7,359 in all, 37.7% were Sedans. Over half of the cars shipped during that period—52.7% to be exact—were closed cars, consisting of Sedans, Coupes, Touring-Limousines and Broughams.

The Best Of Boats.



Hoffman Heads Hendee Engineers

Announceement is made by the Hendee Manufacturing Company of the appointment of Mr. E. E. Hoffman of New York City, as plant engineer at their factory.

Mr. Hoffman will head the General Engineering Division, and will have direct supervision of product, design, tools and tool design maintenance, inspection, material specifications and standardization.

It is felt that Mr. Hoffman's long experience in the automotive field will enable him to bring the Hendee Company new ideas, which will fit in ideally with the constructive expansion which is being planned for this big local industry.

Graduating from Columbia in 1910 Mr. Hoffman's work was within the capacity of mechanical engineer of the Electric Division of the New York Central R. R. Company. Later he joined the forces of the Willys-Overland Company, first as research engineer, and later being advanced to assistant engineer at their Toledo plant. After serving several years in the latter capacity he went to Elizabeth, N.J., as production engineer of the Willys Corporation, standards of design and workmanship are to be had and where intelligent maintenance exists.

That the conventional circulating splash system is adequate for normal passenger car use, but requires, in common with all other systems, properly designed pistons, properly fitted rings and true cylinder bores.

That the "all loss" or individual feed system is worthy of consideration for some classes of service, perhaps tractor work.

Finally, and most important of all, that service stations and repair shops would benefit greatly from a better appreciation of the bearing fits, depth of splash dip and other factors affecting the performance of all the systems.—Automotive Industries.

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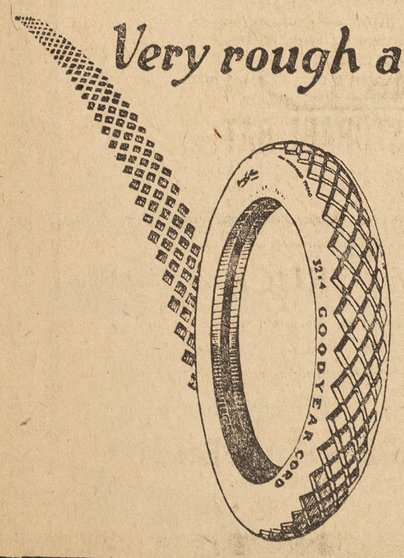

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Airing Air Affairs

PILOTED BY JOYSTICK.

The aeromarine double daily 90 minute flying boat service between Cleveland and Detroit was officially closed a few days ago after a period of operations which commenced on July 17th.

With two eleven-passenger enclosed cabin aeromarine flying cruisers making two flights daily between the lake cities, a total number of 1,839 passengers were carried—222 crossings of Lake Erie were accomplished—28 charter parties flown to points on Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair and Lake Huron and 24 sightseeing flights made over Cleveland and Detroit. In addition to the 1,839 passengers, 2,574 pounds of freight were carried, including a Ford Model "T" roadster, several shipments of newspapers and miscellaneous bags, suitcases and golf bags.

There was a large increase in the second month's operations over the first—in the period commencing July 17th and ending August 17th, 874 passengers were carried; 549 pounds of freight. Forty-nine per cent of the travellers during this period were women.

In the second month of operations, from August 17th to September 17th, 1,065 passengers were carried and 725 pounds of freight. Thirty-two per cent of the travellers were women—the increase in percentage of male travellers in the second month was due to the fact that business men had realized the value of the service and were patronizing it more than they had during the initial month.

Throughout the season there were no forced landings; no mishaps of any kind and the boats left on schedule time.

An interesting comparison of the European performance as compared to this American record was made to-day by C. F. Redden, President of the Aeromarine Airways Inc.

"It is interesting to note that, notwithstanding the fact that the European Air Transport Companies received government subsidy of twenty to thirty per cent., we have, without any subsidies and without active government support, made as much headway toward financial success as have the European companies."

"From the standpoint of the safety of passengers we have surpassed all foreign records. And in the matter of equipment, the luxurious enclosed cabin flying boats, which we operate, surpass the European equipment in every particular.

"There is still a heavy demand for transportation between Cleveland and Detroit and the Aeromarine Company will continue to keep three flying boats available for service until after the Pulitzer air races in Detroit, October 14th. No attempt to maintain a regular daily schedule, however, will be made and the boats will only fly as the demand warrants.

"The Aeromarine Company is the largest aerial transportation company in the world operating flying boats. The White flying boats of this company also operate between New York and Atlantic City, New York and Havana, Cuba, Miami, Bimini, Nassau, Key West-Havana, Palm Beach-Havana.

"During the past three years of commercial operations the boats of the Aeromarine Airways have flown more than a million passenger miles and carried thousands of people without a single serious mishap—a record unexcelled or even equalled by any other aerial transportation company."

Trucks Cut Cost Of Milk Distribution

Conference Being Held to Aid Movement Along Economical Lines.

New York City,—A nation-wide movement favoring milk distribution by motor trucks is now in progress. Reports reaching here to-day show that Cincinnati now receives 97 per cent. of it daily milk supply by trucks; Atlanta, 90 per cent.; Kansas City, 40 per cent.; Milwaukee, 65 per cent.; Los Angles, 90 per cent.; Philadelphia, 64,169 quarts. At one of the principal creameries in Detroit over 9,000,000 gallons of milk were received last year by trucks.

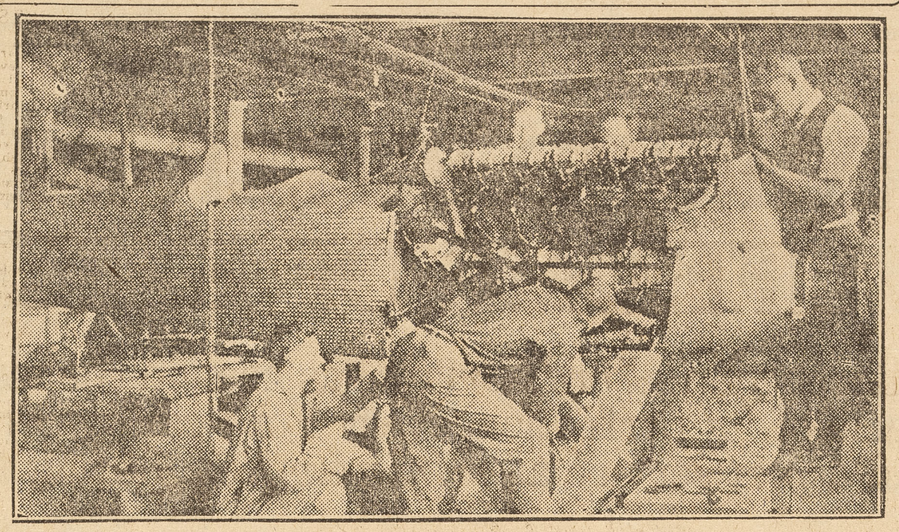
Preliminary conferences to aid the movement along economical lines are now in progres in Philadelphia and Washington. A report on country-wide distribution of milk has been submitted for use in these meetings by the National Motor Truck Committee, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, to the National Milk Producers Federation of Washington, which is composed of over 200,000 producers.

This report showed graphically that truck distribution through suburban areas within a radius of from 30 to 50 miles is more satisfactory and economical than other methods of distribution. With the possible exception of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, the opinion was expressed that producing areas are not located so distantly from distribution points that trucks cannot be used in this manner.

In Milwaukee it was shown that sixty-five per cent. of the 30,000 gallons of milk shipped into the city daily arrives in trucks at an annual saving of $17,812. In addition to this, the milk dealers reported that they could handle the milk five cents a can cheaper when the milk is brought to them by trucks from the farms than by any other means.

In the retail delivery phase the case was cited of a prominent milk company that motorized its delivery service, 44 trucks replacing 54 retail horse-drawn vehicles at an estimated saving of $24,000.

Packard Planes Do Over 200 M.P.H.



The Pulitzer Trophy airplane race to-day is the air classic of this continent. The accompanying picture shows workmen assembling one of the two Packard-Thomas-Morse planes entered by the army. Army officers expect both planes to show more than 200 miles an hour. They are built entirely of metal, and for that reason the speed test they will get in the Pulitzer race will be watched by army men with more than usual interest.

Both machines have a wing spread of 29 feet, a wing chord of six feet and area of 1,725 square feet. They are 20 feet over all and weigh 2,750 pounds loaded. The centre section of the single wing forms the gasoline tank, and gravity feed is used. The engine mount is of steel tubing and the fuselage, wings, stabilizer, fin and controls all are of duralumin.

The power plant is a 12-cylinder, 630 horse-power Packard aviation motor, built by the Packard Motor Car Company. It has a piston displacement of 2,025 cubic inches, a bore of 5¾ inches and a stroke of 6½ inches. The motors are designed for a maximum advisable speed of 2,000 revolutions a minute, but have been run at 2,200 revolutions, at which speed they developed approximately 650 horse-power.

Practical Pointers For the Car Novice

What Is a Motor Car?—the First Of a New Series Of Articles.

This is the first of a new series of articles by H. Clifford Brokaw, Director, New York City West Side Y.M.C.A. Automobile School, which will appear weekly. A close reading of this series will give in effect an educational course on automobile problems.—Ed. note.

WHEN Noah Webster wrote his famous book, the dictionary, for good and sufficient reasons he left the job of defining the automobile to a future generation. Modern dictionary writers have given definitions after a fashion. One says the automobile is a "horseless vehicle" and another describes it as "a carriage propelled by a motor."

The terms some owners have used relative to their cars when they have, for some mysterious reasons, left them stranded on the highway, are said to be very forceful and highly descriptive, although quite unprintable. Probably there are as many definitions of an automobile as there are owners, and they number into the millions.

Most people would doubtless accept the statement that an automobile is a vehicle for use on the highway, which contains its own propelling force. It is a conveyance with a horse-power residing within instead of being hitched in front. Occasionally, of course, one sees an automobile being drawn by horses instead of operating under its own power, but this is an increasingly rare exception to the common practice.

An automobile consists in the main of a chassis which correspondts to the running gear of a wagon, an engine which generates the power, a clutch for connecting the engine to the driving wheels as desired, a transmission gear which makes possible a choice between high speed and strong pulling power, and the body which contains the seats to sit on.

The chassis usually is made of channel steel carefully riveted together in a form that is convenient for supporting the other parts of the vehicle.

The rear axle is a hollow tube or housing in which are placed two axle shafts, a separate one for each road wheel. They are fixed to these rear wheels and keep them from wobbling, and in an upright position. They are joined in the centre by a differential which enables one wheel to revolve at a different speed from the other as in turning a corner.

A torque rod or tube connects the rear axle housing to the frame of the car, so that when the power of the engine is applied the axle shafts bearing the wheels will turn in the housing instead of the axle housing being turned around these shafts. Radius rods in some cases connect the axles to the frame forward so as to keep the rear axles at right angles to the frame. In some designs the body springs are sufficient to perform this function.

The forward axle is fastened to the frame of the chassis, through springs, and does not turn as in a wagon. A yoke is on either end. From each of these a steering knuckle bearing a road wheel is suspended. These two knuckles are made to operate together by a tie rod which keeps the wheels in proper alignment, and makes it possible to control both with the steering wheel.

Brake drums are attached to the rear wheels and a mechanism is supplied that furnishes necessary friction to bring the car to a stop. The term brake linkage is applied to the devices that connect this mechanism to the brake pedal or emergency brake lever.

The motor is bolted to the forward part of the chassis. If it is a water cooled motor there is a radiator in front of the engine connected to it by pipes. Air cooled motors do not require a radiator.

The carburetor, in which air and gasoline are properly mixed for rapid combustion is attached to this engine. So also is the ignition device, either battery ignitor or magneto which sets fire to the mixture at the proper time. The engine is equipped with a lubricating device which supplies oil to all moving parts to reduce friction, and a muffler which eliminates the noise of the exhaust gasses.

The motor has several cylinders, usually four, six, eight or twelve. There is a snug fitting piston inside of each which is attached to one end of a connecting rod by a wrist pin, the other end being connected to the crank shaft which rests in bearings in the crank case. The pressure generated by the gas burning in the cylinders causes the pistons to move up and down. Since the pistons are connected to the crank shaft through the connecting rod, this force revolves the crank shaft which turns the power into rotary motion, which is transmitted through the different devices back to the rear wheels and propels the car.

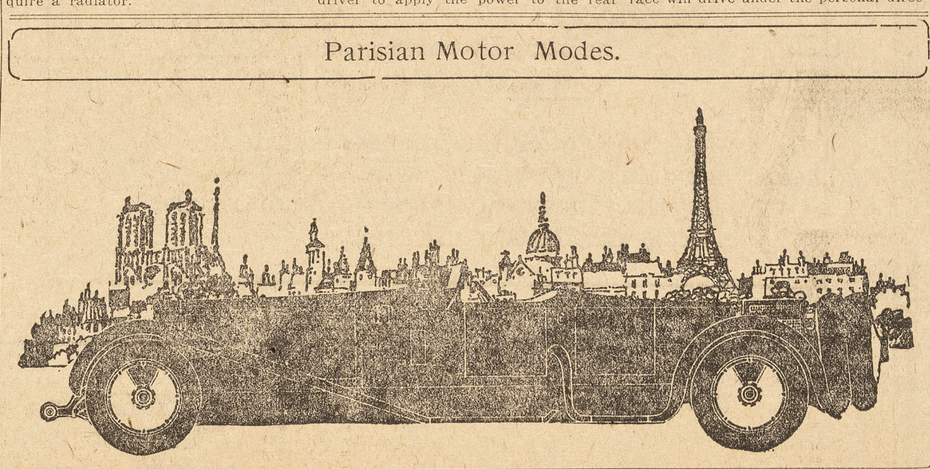
The clutch is a device for controlling the use of this power. It enables the driver to apply the power to the rear road wheels or cut it off quickly without stopping the engine. The transmission or change speed gears provide for varying speeds, for reversing and for extra power to climb hills. They are a set of cog wheels of varying sizes, so arranged as to make possible different speeds. Three speeds and a reverse are usually found. From the gear case the power is transmitted by the drive shafts to the driving axles, through the differential, thence to the rear road wheels.

The four wheels are equipped with rubber tires and have wooden or wire spokes or none at all as in the case of the disc type. The direction of the automobiles course is controlled by the steering wheel mounted on a shaft within a tube. At the lower end is a worm controlling a gear and by levers and ball joints operating the steering knuckle on one of the front wheels, the other being operated simultaneously by the tie rod connection. On the steering wheel are mounted sparktiming and throttle levers, which are used in controlling the amount of power generated by the engine.

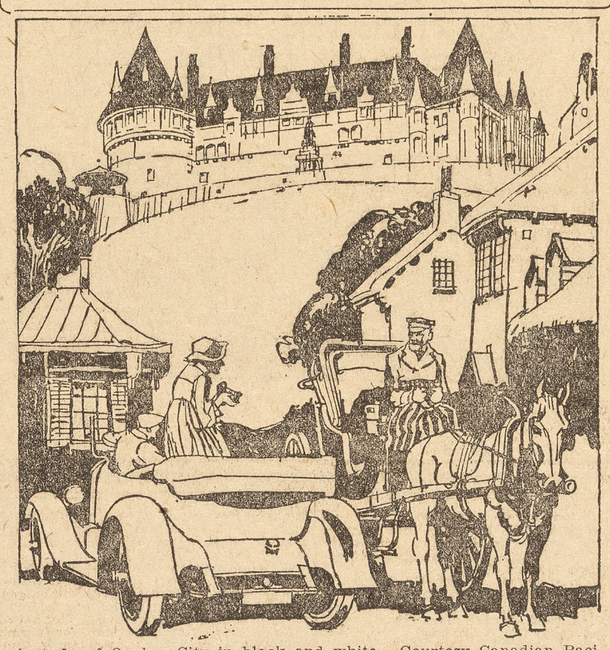
At the feet of the driver is a pedal for operating the clutch, one for applying the brake, one for "stepping on the gas," and one for the self starter.

Then there is the dash board with ignition and lighting switches, speedometer, sight oil feed and other dials. The wind shield, top and seats complete in a general way the definition of the automobile.

Parisian Motor Modes.



The Modern Meets the Medieval.



A study of Quebec City in black and white.—Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway.

Gray-Dort Prices Now Guaranteed

Against Upward or Downward Revision Till June 1, 1923.

Gray-Dort Motors of Chatham, have announced a price guarantee to dealers and distributors. This means that as far as the company can now tell there will be no change in the price of the Gray-Dort before June 1st, 1923, and its dealers and distributors are guaranteed against any reduction or increase before that date.

Robert Gray, president of the company, says "Automobile manufacturing was never before on such an economical basis. Manufacturers are giving the public greater value than ever before in the history of the industry. I do not believe that anything will warrant a general reduction of prices in the next year."

Vote Of Motorists Defeats Governor

Gubernatorial Election Turned On Stephens' Plan to Increase Motor Taxes.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The political power and influence of motorists were demonstrated as probably never before in connection with the recent California primary election. Faced by the announced plan of the present Administration to increase the tax burden on motorists enormously, the defeat of William D. Stephens, present Governor and candidate for the nomination, was accomplished.

Friend W. Richardson, the successful candidate, based his campaign on the policy of an economical administration. He appealed directly to the 800,000 owners of motor vehicles, telling them that if Stephens continued in office they would be called upon to meet heavily increased license burdens and a gasoline tax.

Stephens had all the influence of a powerful political machine behind him, and his nomination was looked upon as a certainty until the votes were counted. Then it was learned Richardson had defeated him by approximately 25,000 votes, and there is no question of doubt but that it was largely the motoring vote that brought this about. The Stephens organization proposed to increase the motor tax to yield an additional revenue of $27,000,000 a year and also to impose a gasoline tax.

Tells Why Packard Re-enters Racing

New Engineering Principles Reason for Decision to Compete At Indianapolis.

Detroit, Mich.—The Packard Motor Car Co. is re-entering automobile racing as a means of testing out new engineering principles and theories of design under the extreme conditions which racing presents. The team entered in the 1923 race will drive under the personal direction of Col. J. G. Vincent, vice-president in charge of engineering, who will be in the pits throughout the running of the race. Under his direction tabulation of the data afforded will be accumulated.

According to Col. Vincent, the changes in piston displacement defined by the race authorities mean a complete revision in designing the engine. The race will be largely a contest of engineering skill, he declared, and companies like the Packard should engage their best efforts against those of European countries, that there might be no question of the ability of America to compete with Europe's best.

The qualities of the six-cylinder motor will be most strikingly demonstrated in a test confining the engine to a minimum piston displacement, he said. A wealth of engineering data should be afforded by the running of the race under the conditions set, he said, and progress made as a direct result of this which might otherwise not be made without the lapse of considerable time.

De Palma has been engaged by Packard as a consultant in the building of its team of racing cars for the Indianapolis event of 1923. He is working with Col. Vincent and the Packard engineering staff in perfecting the design of the cars.

Averaged 34 M.P.G. Crossing Continent

Hyland Did Not Spend a Cent On Mechanical Repairs to "Chev."

Arthur Gorrie, of A. D. Gorrie and Co., Ltd., is in receipt of the following self-explanatory epistle from Edward Hyland:

Having just recently returned from a six weeks' motor trip from Los Angeles, Cal., I could not let pass the opportunity of telling you how pleased I am with my 490 Chevrolet sedan.

On July 27th our party, consisting of Mrs. K. Mulvehill and daughter, Camilla, Mrs. Hyland and myself, left Los Angeles for Toronto, taking what is known as the Northern route through the mountains, over the roughest kind of roads, the heaviest of grades, and, I might add, through the finest scenery on the American Continent, covering in all a distance of 6,129 miles, and I am pleased to be able to tell you that I did not spend as much as a five cent piece on repairs of any kind, except for tire trouble, caused by picking up a dozen or so nails en route.

We used only 217 gallons of gasoline (American measure) and 21 quarts of oil. This would be the equivalent of 180 gallons of gas Imperial, or Canadian measure, showing an average of 34 miles to the gallon.

The three weeks we spent in the mountains proved a genuine test for our car and it came through with colors flying. In spite of being loaded with travelling equipment we had a most enjoyable trip and arrived home in the best of health.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) Edw. Hyland.

NORTH CAROLINA BREAKS RECORD

By awarding contracts for 29 road projects on August 30, the North Carolina State Highway Commission brought its lettings this year to 1,114 miles, or 114 miles more than the goal of 1,000 miles set for 1922. The total cost of the new road construction authorized in North Carolina during the first eight months of this year will exceed $22,000,000, or nearly one-half of the $50,000,000 provided by the state for new roads during the first five-year period.

With these last awards, North Carolina has set up a record for road-building for one year that has never been equalled. Since January 1 contracts have been let for 568 miles of hard-surfaced roads—principally asphalt—and 546 miles of gravel roads. The state road program inaugurated in 1919 is about half completed, since 2,790 miles of new roads are now completed or under contract. In addition to this mileage, the North Carolina system includes many miles of good roads built by the counties.

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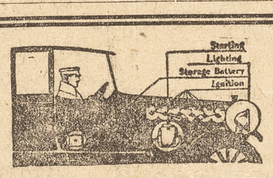
RECORDS TRUCK MILEAGE—Every truck should be equipped with the Veeder, because it faithfully registers the mileage whether truck runs backward or forward; gives you exact cost per mile of fuel, oil, tires and repairs; made to fit all makes of trucks; special for Fords. When ordering state make, model, year and size of front tire.
SALES AND SERVICE, 115 DUPONT STREET.
GEORGE ANSTEE

Electrical  Service
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EXIDE BATTERIES FOR ALL CARS.
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You Were Enquiring About Condition of the Road From--?

Department of Public Highways of the Province of Ontario Issues Bi-Monthly Bulletin on the Condition of Main Travelled Routes of Province—Much Road Work Still in Progress Throughout Ontario.

on account of pavement construction from the Halfway House to Scarboro Post Office. Detour at the Halfway House. Rouge Hill to Port Hope, good. Pavement under construction from Rouge Bridge, one-half mile west. Detour on the side of the road. 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 near Odessa, rough. Fresh gravel between Shannonville and Marysville. No detours.

2. **Kingston to Quebec Boundary** — (Motorists driving to Montreal are recommended to cross to the American side at Kingston by the 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 Meadown Bay, under construction. Through traffic to Lancaster is requested to detour by Glen Road and Finney's 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, newly graded between Myrtle and Greenbank. Heavy in wet weather.

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**—Picton to Belleville, fair. Macadam construction near Picton and at Mountain View. Fresh gravel from Mountain View to Belleville. Belleville to Foxboro, fair. Macadam construction two miles and four miles north of Belleville.

6. **Kingston to Ottawa** (via Smith's Falls)—Kingston six miles rock fill, Elgin five miles grading. Lombardy to Smith's Falls, advise traffic to drive slowly. Culvert construction. Road fair, with no detours. Gravel over whole distance. Smith's Falls to Port Elmsley, road fair. At Port Elmsley detour right at Stone Hill for ¾ mile, then turn left one concession until highway is reached, then right to Perth. Port Elmsley to Perth, grading and macadam construction, road passable. Perth to Innisville, road fair. Innisville to Carleton Place, culvert, grading and macadam construction, road passable, no detours. Carleton Place to Stittsville, fresh gravel is being put on. Road fair. Stittsville to Bell's Corners, grading and culvert construction, no detours, road fair. Bell's Corners to Ottawa, road fair, and no detours.

7. **Ottawa to Prescott** — McFarlane's Sideroad to Ottawa Road closed on account of paving. Detour at Merivale Road by way of City View to Ottawa Road good from Hog's Back to Prescott.

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, waterbound macadam. Orleans to Clarence, paved with bituminous macadam. Detour at Cardinal Hill. Clarence to L'Orignal, road fair in dry weather, bad in wet weather. Grading between Alfred and L'Orignal, L'Orignal to Hawkesbury, good macadam road. Hawkesbury to Point Fortune—Road under construction but passable.

9. **Ottawa to Pembroke.**—Carling Avenue under construction from Ottawa city limits through Britannia, but open to traffic. Britannia to South March—Macademizing, 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 Holland Landing—Good. Holland Landing to Bradford—Fair. Bradford to Barrie—Good. Detour to west at Painswick through one concession; detour fair. Barrie to Orillia—Good. Orillia to Severn—Good.

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 6 miles east and 4 miles north of Shelburne which is under construction. Road passable but rough in places.

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 graveled; 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. track; 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 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 of 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 road, fair when dry; culvert construction and new grading west of Comber. Detour between Chatham north to Brocksfield sideroad (1½ miles); fair when dry. Detour between 1¼ miles east and Chatham—Fair. Also detour from Chatham 4 miles westerly to 12-13 sideroads; good when dry.

15. **London to St. Thomas**—Concrete pavement and two miles of gravel road south of Lambeth. Detour between Lambeth and Talbotville—Fair.

16. **St. Thomas to Windsor** — St. Thomas to Clearville—Under construction over entire section. Advise motorists to use county road via Fingal-Iona Station-Ridgetown-Blenheim. Talbotville-Windsor roads generally good except new grades east of Wheatley and east of Blenheim. Culverts being built east of Wheatley and east of Morpath. Traffic should watch for side and overhead detours. New gravel being spread on newly graded section. Pavement from Maidstone to Oldcastle opened Oct. 4th. Pavement on Dougall Road also open. Grading still going on east of Wheatley and east of Blenheim.

17. **Hamilton to Jarvis**—Hamilton to 4 miles south, good stone road. Then to Caledonia, grading and base course, proceed slowly. Caledonia to Jarvis, fair. Macadam repairs west of Hagersville. Macadam repairs west of Hagersville and Jarvis; road fair.

18. **Hamilton to Niagara Falls**—Hamilton to St. Catharines, good. Detour at Grimsby; fair gravel and sand road. Detour at Beamsville; macadam road, good. St. Catharines to Niagara Falls, fair. Detour between St. Catharines and Niagara Falls via Merritton and Thorold. Traffic advised this is the only route to Niagara Falls, as the St. Davids' Ravine Road is blocked.

19. **Niagara Falls to St. Thomas** — Niagara Falls to Welland, stone road. Short detour north of Welland. Traffic from Welland should go south on canal bank to Forks Road, thence west to Dunnville; or via Fonthill and Fenwick. Detour south of M.C.R.R. crossing to Marshville to Forks Road and Dunnville. From Dunnville to Jarvis, stone road; grading in N. Cayuga. From Cayuga to Nelles Corners proceed slowly. Nelles Corners to Balmoral, west to Jarvis and Norfolk line. Norfolk line west, detour south to Scotch line, and west three miles, thence north to Highway to Simcoe, detouring south one and west one mile to Simcoe; gravel road; drive slowly over portions being graded. From Simcoe to Nellsonburgh, gravel road grading being done and gravel being applied in various places—drive cautiously. Tillsonburg to St. Thomas—gravel road in good condition. Under construction between Springer Hill and Tillsonburg. This section should be avoided 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 while during rock-cut operations. Rockwood to Guelph, surface fair.

21. **Guelph to Owen Sound**—Guelph to Fergus, north-bound traffic to Elora and Harriston, detour to the east at the city limits to the road between Con. 4 and 5, thence north to the town line between the Townships of Pilfington and Guelph, thence east to the Elora road. North-bound traffic to Fergus detour to the east at the city limits, turning north at the first road. Southbound traffic turn at the first road south of the town line between the Townships of Nichol and Pell. Fergus to Kenilworth, clay road under construction; rough and very muddy in wet weather. Kenilworth to Durham, good gravel road; one roadside detour. Durham to Chatsworth, good gravel road. Chatsworth to Owen Sound, from Chatsworth to Ashley P.O. in good condition; balance of road under construction and closed to traffic. Detour to west at the town line between the Townships of Derby and Sullivan to the first road, and thence north.

22. **Arthur to Kincardine**—Considerable grading and graveling is in progress throughout this section. Road is in fair condition in dry weather, but new grading will be heavy in wet weather until graveling is completed. Two roadside detours 2½ miles east of Teviotdale; in fair condition.

23. **Halton to Guelph**—Hamilton to Clappison northerly traffic turn 500 feet south at Clappisons Cut along new graded road, thence northerly through Clappisons Cut. Clappison to Black Corners, closed. Detour east through Waterdown. Blacks Corners to Freelton, surface good. Light grading in progress. Freelton to Puslinch, good. Puslinch to Guelph, road in good condition.

24. **Hamilton to Guelph**—Hamilton to Dundas, grading and pavement construction in Binkleys Corners. Traffic to proceed slowly. Very short detour at east end of Dundas. Dundas to Galt, pavement open to traffic as far west as Rockton Village. Highway closed to traffic between fifth and seventh concessions of Beverley. Detour north at fifth concession on side road between lots 18 and 19. Two and one-half miles to seventh concession, thence west along seventh concession to Highway. Pavement open to traffic from Sheffield Village to Galt. Galt to Preston, closed to traffic. Detour by way of Galt-Hespeler Road and Hespeler-Preston Road. Preston to Kitchener, closed to traffic between Centreville and Kitchener for few days. Detour through village of German Mills to Kitchener.

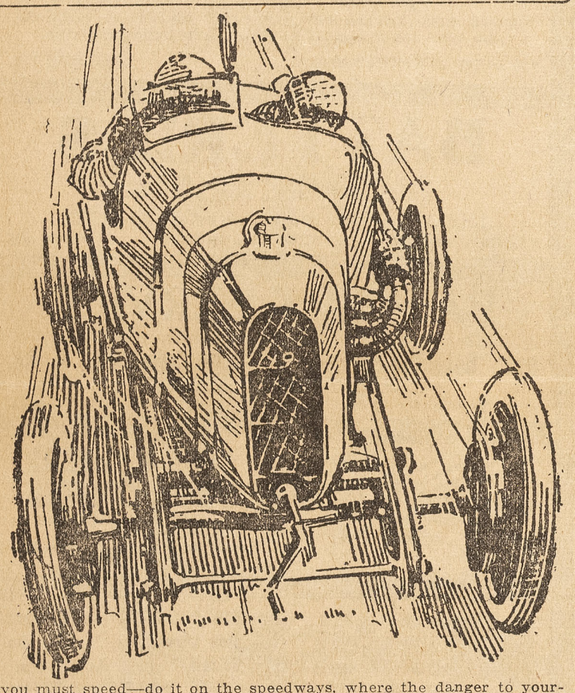
25. **Guelph to Kitchener**—Grading construction between Kitchener and Breslau, and two miles west from Guelph. Balance of road in fair condition, but grading construction will be under way throughout in a few days.

26. **Kitchener to Goderich**—Kitchener to Hamburg not fit for motor traffic. Use Bleams Road 1¼ miles south of Highway. Hamburg to Stratford, fair in dry weather. After rain, use road 1¼ miles north of Highway. Stratford to Goderich, very fair. No detours necessary.

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.

If You Must Speed——



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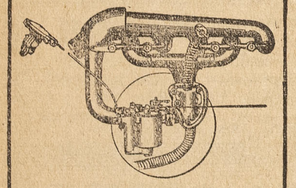

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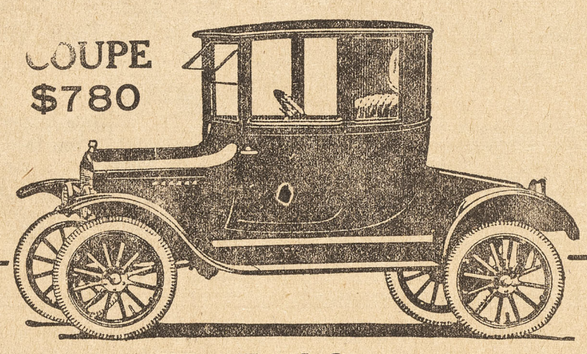

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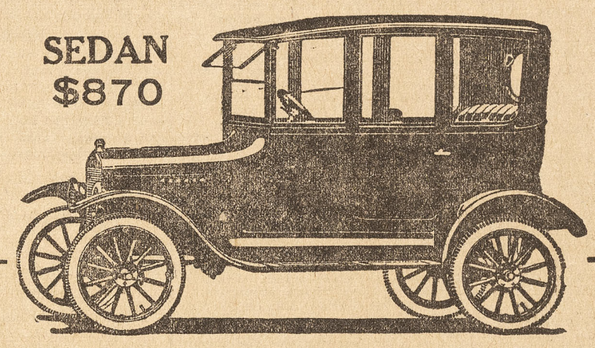

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Essex Racers Win Many Victories

There is reproduced below a summary of recent Essex victories taken from Essex Topics. In so far as local readers are concerned it is, of course, superfluous to mention that on Aug. 30 an Essex driven by Lon Disbrow won the Dominion dirt track championship. The summary follows:—

"Down in St. Louis, Joe Johnson, with an Essex on Aug. 24 broke the official world's record on the Maxwellton track of a mile in 45 seconds, held by Barney Oldfield. For the first three miles of the fifty-mile race, which the Essex won against twelve other entries, it averaged 43 seconds per mile. Because the race was not under A.A.A. supervision, the new Essex record is not official.

"Up in Fort William, Ont., Frank Colosimo has three times beaten the racing car which for three years has been champion of Manitoba Province. The Essex won six of the seven heats run on the three race days, two on July 29, two more Aug. 7, and two out of three Aug. 19.

"The St. Louis Essex won its 50-mile race in 52 minutes, phenomenal speed considering the track and the conditions of the race. It was five miles ahead at the finish. Its speed while on the track averaged more than 70 miles an hour.

"On Sept. 4 the same car and driver won the ten-mile race on a half-mile track at Kewanee, Ill., in 10 minutes and 20 seconds.

"The Fort William Essex, in addition to defeating the Manitoba champion's car six times out of seven, has also conquered every other car against which it has been sent. George Dolcetti, proprietor of the Kam Garage, has raced it against several other cars which challenged it since its first victory."

Durant Production Is Behind Demand

Capacity Production Of All Durant Plants Assured For 15 Months.

Durant Motors (Inc.) bulletin, issued to the 80,000 stockholders, and associated companies, states that capacity production for the next fifteen months is assured for all Durant plants; production schedules calling for the manufacture of more than 300,000 automobiles. The bulletin contains an announcement by President Carroll Downes of Star Motors, Incorporated, stating that orders for approximately half a million Star cars have been received, and that orders with deposits for 231,000 Star cars have been accepted for delivery within fifteen months. These Star cars, together with all Durant models, will be manufactured in Durant plants. Approximately 40,000 Durant cars, with a wholesale value of $36,500,000, were built and marketed during the first year of operations, ending October 1. Six Durant plants are now in operation, and the seventh, at Elizabeth, N.J., will be in production this month. The stockholders are advised that, "of the 88 manufacturers of automobiles, only five produced more cars than Durant in July, 1922." The corporation's financial position is summarized as follows: "Due to the character of its contracts, both for the manufacture of its materials and the sale of its products, Durant Motors, Inc., enters its second year of production with a substantial cash surplus, an exceptionally small plant investment for the volume of business contracted, and an unusually good prospect for continued profit-making.



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