Magazine Section

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Magazine Section

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Barring the Undesirable

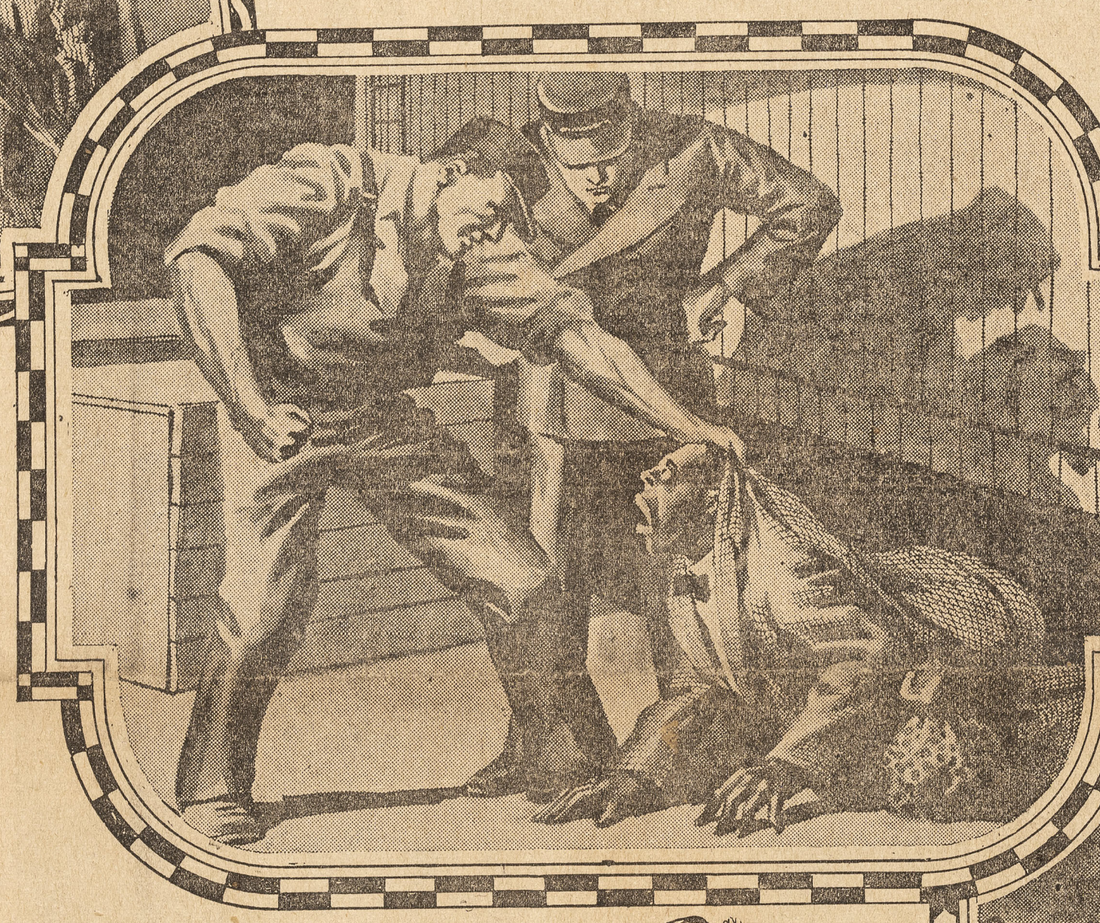
By Frank Mack

Illustrated by C. R. Snelgrove





He emphasized his statements by stroking his chin with his left hand.



"Boss," he replied, "I'se part o' de brakebeam."



He is guardian of our frontier.

THE time is 15 years ago; the scene, a courtroom in a United States frontier city. The judge is leaning over his desk frowning sternly, judicially upon a pair of the most abandoned thugs who ever held up an honest citizen or ornamented the ranks of a ward gangster. The district attorney's men watch the pair with a gleam in their eyes which characterizes that well-known, official, "good-bye" look.

The two thugs stand up to hear sentence passed upon them. They are not without their inherent pride. As a pair of disreputable "vags" they know they rank high. The judge clears his throat with becoming pomposity. Then he gives his sentence.

"You have exactly two hours to get out of the country. If you are found in it after 12 o'clock, noon, you will be given a severe sentence."

The district attorney's men gather about the pair as they turn to leave. They translate the judge's ultimatum into words best understood by the released prisoners. "Beat it while the beating is good," they snarl. "We know you and your record. Our heads are just bursting with what we've got on you both. Now get out!"

The thugs, who for a moment have become personages of official importance, do not stop to argue the point. They take the advice of the judge and officers of law and order. They simply "beat it."

Now mark you, the judge did not say "get out of the city." He said very distinctly "get out of the country." Just across the river was Canada. The thugs knew where they were to go and they did. By his decision Canada received two more undesirable aliens into her midst. The United States lost two more crooks.

As I stated in the opening paragraph this happened more than a dozen years ago, when we had no immigration officials guarding our border: but it happened just the same. The actual story was told me by one immigration official. Probably, he did not see the event himself but he HAS seen the net result of just such an episode. It took American judges some months after we started to protect our borders to appreciate the fact that Canada could not be made the dumping ground of the crooks which they wanted to get rid of. I am creditably informed that during the first year in which we clamped down the lid on our borders scores of thugs sentenced by American border courts to an indefinite period of exile in Canada were turned back to the States again by our hawk-eyed immigration inspectors.

Do we not owe them a debt of gratitude for the work they did in protecting Canadian communities from the presence of American thugs?

Is it not worth a little inconvenience when crossing the border, now and then, to know that we have a fine body of men ready at all hours of the day and night to keep the undesirable alien from coming in to our midst to prey upon us?

A FRONTIER POLICE.

I HAVE frequently heard wrathy citizens curse the immigration inspectors, individually and collectively, and all because they asked a few intimate questions regarding Mr. Citizen's destination, purpose in traveling and desire to return to Canada. I have been asked those questions, as well, and I must confess that sometimes I thought they were a "bit thick", as one English "globe-trotter" expressed it.

On the other hand, I think that much of this irritation may be due to a lack of understanding of the immigration inspector's work and a want of appreciation of what he is doing to keep the undesirable immigrant out of Canada. The imigration inspector does NOT want to keep you or any other respectable traveler from entering the Dominion; but he DOES WANT to make sure that no person shall sneak across the border who will prey upon Canadian citizens.

In other words, he is simply a guardian of our frontier and his wakefulness is responsible for turning back thousands of undesirables each year, who otherwise would be a menace to the peace of the nation or a direct charge upon some Canadian municipality.

It is not generally known that "drifts" across the continent take place to-day with the same steady regularity as they did in the age when the pre-historic man roved from one hunting ground to another. And human nature has not changed greatly from the time of the Neolithic man to his more civilized but fundamentally lawless descendant. When a great "drift" comes the immigration inspector is reasonably sure that nine-tenths of the "drifters" come with lawless intent.

At present there is a lull in immigrant travel. There is plenty of work in the United States, that is one section of them or another, and there is no undue anxiety shown to "invade" the adjoining nation. But a year or so ago it was decidedly different. Then a great Italian "drift" was in full force. It was no unusual sight to see the immigration cells on the frontier filled after a couple of trains had crossed the river.

And what was the result of this detention? I let one ex-inspector tell his version of it:

"The 'drifter' usually travels on a train which strikes the border in the evening or during the night. Just why he does this I cannot tell, except he possibly thinks darkness will help him to slip away. But he has no more chance of getting through our fingers at 3 o'clock in the morning than he has at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I have often taken as many as a dozen undesirables off one early morning train. This was during the big Italian 'drift.'

"And what did we find in the morning? We got a regular collection of revolvers, 'knuckle dusters,' stilettos and billies. When we locked the aliens in the immigration cells, they just naturally had a longing to get rid of their 'hardware.' They did so by throwing them through the rear window. Sometimes, after I locked-up a gang, I would step behind the building and watch the barred, cell windows. In less than five minutes I would hear a thud, followed by others. The Italians were getting rid of their personal 'arsenal.'

"Of course, these people at once returned to where they belonged; but I have often wondered what would have happened had we let them through. What victim or victims would their weapons have claimed within the next three, six or twelve months?

"Yet, a lot of people think that we watch the border just to bother them with fool questions. Possibly one that criticized the hardest might have been the person marked out by a stiletto during some street robbery, had we not stopped the man at the border and turned him back. When one enters into the realms of what might have happened, there is no end to his speculations."

CRIME WAVES AND CRIMINALS.

EVERY now and then we read in the newspapers of a crime wave which has broken out in some city or town. Sometimes it is an epidemic of burglaries or again, as in the case of Toronto two Winters ago, it was highway robbery. The immigration agent follows the press closely. If he reads of a crime wave sweeping over some municipality of which the nearest port of entry into Canada is at his port, he immediately closes down tightly upon all aliens who attempt to cross the frontier. He knows by experience that crime attracts criminals. Every traveler is scanned and questioned closely and it is surprising the number who are turned back. Sometimes they are not only turned back but they are turned over to the police who are eagerly waiting for the much-wanted one on the other side.

In one phase of his work, at least, the immigration agent is the right hand of the police. He picks up the fugitive at the frontier. Only a short time ago a daring robbery took place in an American town not far from the border. The chief of police at once telephoned the immigration authorities. He gave a good description of the robber. There was a train coming into Canada within an hour. The chief believed that the fugitive would be on it. His last words gave the key to the whole situation: "Remember, he has a habit of rubbing his chin with his left hand when he talks.'

When the train steamed across the river, the immigration officers were out in full force and with his left hand when he talks." fectly. They fairly combed the train. In one corner of a smoker they came upon a slight, inoffensive-looking man and proceeded to question him. Yes, he was a Canadian citizen; he had been to the United States on a business trip; his home was in Canada. The immigration officer questioned him more closely as to his movements. He had been to Albany and from there he went to Syracuse, now he was returning from Cleveland. He emphasized his statements by vigorously stroking his chin with his LEFT hand.

"Come with me," the immigration officer said. "I want to examine you further."

The man came. He was walked directly into a nice, clean little cell, and he stayed there until the chief of police came and removed him to another land. The immigration officer afterwards stated that he was the mildest robber he ever saw. But he was filled to overflowing with sheer nerve.

Recently a case somewhat similar occurred. There was a robbery in a Canadian town. The "large" sum of $47 was stolen and the police were worked up over it to a fever pitch. They thought the robber was heading for the United States and they telephoned the immigration authorities to watch out for him. It is not the function of the immigration officials to watch a train going into the United States, but, like all other good officials, their duties are regulated by necessity. They at once woke up the local provincial police officer and had him down to the station. When the train arrived they went through it. Sure enough, there was their man enjoying a good cigar. He finished his smoke on the way to the cells.

I could recount many such instances as these, and not the least of them would be that of a fine bit of detective work done by one youthful inspector. A much-wanted confidence man was making his escape into Canada. The immigration people were notified over long-distance telephone. He was desbribed as a man of thick lips, protruding jaw, clean shaven, blue eyes, and he talked with a lisp. He had a habit of tapping his foot with a cane as he talked. It was believed that he would be traveling on train No. 89.

When train 89 pulled into the station the immigration agents were all watching for the confidence man. But there was no one on it who answered to the description. There was, however, a Canadian citizen, so-called, who sat in a parlor car. He had blue eyes, it is true, but how many people have! But he wore a heavy beard and his lips were two thin streaks of flesh. The young inspector commenced to question him. He answered all questions quickly and satisfactorily. It was then that the inspector noticed that he kept tapping one foot with another as he talked. The traveler left the train, protesting vigorously; but he left just the same. Within a few hours he was identified as the confidence man. He was an artist at disguise.



Dad was powerfully angry.

LUCKY STRIKES.

Lucky strikes are usually identified with gold mines and other big bonanzas. On the border they mean something quite different. They refer to instances where some much-wanted criminal is traced and apprehended through an immigration officer keeping his eyes open and his wits functioning. Let me give you the story of Mr. Ollie Olsen.

Mr. Olsen attempted to cross the border one day not so many months ago. With him he had Mrs. Olsen and two young Olsens. He also had exactly $1,900 in solid cash, as well as a lot of baggage. He was coming to Canada to take up farming. He made no attempt to conceal his foreign citizenship. He was open and straightforward. His story seemed true—it seemed too true, if you can realize what I mean by this paradox. It aroused the immigration official's suspicion. He took Mr. Olsen and family off the train, and eventually rejected them. As the baggage had gone on to Toronto, the immigration authorities took charge of the checks and forwarded the luggage to the address given by Mr. Olsen.

No more was thought of Mr. Ollie Olsen and family. He went back to the United States and his baggage followed him. Then, a few days later, along came some Pinkerton operatives. They were looking for Mr. Olsen under an assumed name. He had been a trusted bank official down Rhode Island way and had left suddenly. Besides leaving behind him a trail of systematic thefts, he also left a void in the bank's cash on hand of exactly $2,250. The Pinkertons had a fine description of Mr. Olsen.

The immigration authorities at once recognized the missing banker. They looked up the record of his baggage transfer, and told the Pinkertons where it had been forwarded to. The Pinkertons departed smiling happily. The next heard of Mr. Olsen was that he had been apprehended in a New Jersey city.

One of the "luckiest strikes" of which I heard happened during the war. It illustrates how a long memory is one of the prime requisites of an immigration officer. The incident commenced at one of the frontier ferry stations. A young man and girl came across on the river. The girl had just a handbag. The immigration official stopped the two. The girl told him that they were going to visit an aunt in Canada. Her story did not impress the inspector. "Why did you not take the train?" he asked. "It runs straight there."

"We tried to, but just missed it. We knew that if we came over on this particular ferry we would be able to take a taxi and get it at the station."

Her story was true in this respect. The train always was held up at the border for 15 minutes, for inspection. The inspector looked at his watch. The two had 10 minutes in which to catch their train; more than ample time.

It was then that the man spoke up. "We are all right, inspector," he said. "We were married in ——", he gave the name of a well-known local church. The inspector let them past and thought no more of the matter until——

Three days later the chief of police called the inspector into his office. "Did you see a fellow and a girl go through a couple of days ago. They were dressed ——" and he gave a detailed description of the two.

The inspector shook his head. "I'm not sure, perhaps I did. What are they wanted for?"

"The man, bigamy," the chief said. "He married a confiding girl after deserting a wife and two children in the States. He was married here. We want him badly."

The inspector turned away. When hundreds of people pass under scrutiny during a day's work it is hard to single out two individuals. But the case kept haunting his mind. Intuitively he believed that he had seen them. Then one afternoon, while he was smoking between arrivals of ferries, the words popped into his head, "We're all right, inspector, we were married in ——."

The inspector slapped his desk. "Got them," he said.

He kept a close watch from then on all people leaving Canada. Three days later the two sauntered up to take the boat back to the States. The inspector stopped them.

"Are you an American citizen?" he said to the man.

"Certainly."

"You must prove it. You are of military age."

The man started to protest. In any event, he was married to the young woman at his side.

"I'm sorry but regulations are regulations. You must show me proof that you are not liable to service before I can let you out of the country."

Firmly the inspector led the man to the office, sat him in a room and turned the key in the lock. He was trapped. The inspector then called up the chief of police and that individual came down on the run. He immediately identified the man as the alleged bigamist. Later he disappeared into Kingston for the duration of the war.



The collection of hardware the Italians disposed of through the cell window.

MAINLY ABOUT MORPHINE.

ONE day last Summer a freight train pulled into Canada. The immigration officer, as usual, kept a watchful eye upon it. He discerned something curled up upon the brakebeam. He called the brakesmen. When they arrived at the scene of inquiry that something slowly uncurled, dropped to the ground and came to life. It was a fine specimen of a southern product of dusky hue. The brakesmen shook him roughly. "What are you doing?"

"Boss," he replied, "I'se part o' de brakebeam."

Here the colored traveler was quite wrong. What he was, and later he came to know it, was the "guest" of the Department of Immigration. When he was searched a complete set of hypodermics and some vials of morphine were found in his possession.

Making it hard for the dope smugglers is one of the best things the immigration inspectors do. It is not generally known—perhaps I should not make it public here—that the immigration agents have a large percentage of dope smugglers all card-indexed and are ready to drop down upon them on the slightest provocation.

In fact, they drop down upon a lot of unsuspecting dope smugglers every month and when they drop the smuggler knows that he has been hit by something. Only a few days ago a smuggler, who had been doing a fine business between the two countries, was nipped at the border. When the agents got through with him he produced exactly $2,500 worth of morphine, some needles and, what was best of all, information which helped the Royal Canadian Police to make a big clean up in a neighboring city.

Another time a matronly-looking negress and her small daughter were pulled off a train. She also was in the narcotic smuggling business. When she was searched she and her child had packages of morphine and cocaine in every pocket. The haul was one of the biggest made on the border. The woman thought that she could slip past undetected. Had she only known the truth the immigration authorities had her all marked out for detention before she got on the train. What is more they knew the exact train on which she was coming and that she would bring her child along as an extra carrier of drugs. After searching the two, the immigration inspectors took them into a private room and searched their brains. Special ex-

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The Indian, Like the Noble, Has His Family Crest

To the World the Red Man's Totem Pole Proclaims His Lineage, His Achievements and His Position in Life—In the Following Article Mr. W. L. Edmonds Tells the Story of Some of These Totem Poles and of the Days When Human Sacrifices Marked Their Erection.



INDIANS inhabiting the northern Pacific coast of British Columbia and the rivers debouching thereon have one thing in common with the blue-blooded aristocracy of Great Britain:

They have their family crests.

There is, of course, a difference, both in form and in character, in the crests of these two branches of the human family. The British nobleman may have his crest engraved on his signet ring, painted on the door of his carriage or automobile, or chiselled in the keystone over the entrance to his baronial home.

The British Columbia Indian may, and particularly if he be a chief, have his crest engravened over the doorway of his lodge. But the custom prevailing from time immemorial has been to carve his crest, together with his record, on the face of a ponderous cedar log selected from the forest for the particular purpose. In other words, by the aid of a skilled carver, he makes a totem pole, the top of which is adorned with his crest and its face to the ground with figures illustrating his achievements. Being a purely family affair, the totem bears no relation to the particular tribe to which its owner may belong.

As the early aborigines of northern British Columbia, like primitive people in many other parts of the world, believed they had their origin in bloodkinship with, or descent from, animals common to the country, the crest carried by each totem pole indicates the animal with which its owner claims traditional relationship. Occasionally, while traveling through the country, one may encounter a totem bearing at its top, instead of the usual crest, the figure of a human head crowned with a carved replica of the white man's plug hat. This indicates that the chief to whom the totem belongs was the first in his camp who had the honor of seeing a white man.

To the traveler, as he journeys by rail through the northern part of British Columbia or visits points on the coast, the totem poles encountered—crowned as they are with a figure representing an animal common to the land, air or sea—may consider them weird, ugly or even gruesome. But to the Indian they are just as proud a possession as is the crest or coat of arms of the British nobleman who can trace his ancestry back to one of the Norman knights that crossed over to England eight-and-a half centuries ago.

The animals requisitioned as crests cover a wild field. Bears, wolves, eagles, ravens, frogs, fish, finback whales and beaver are common. Among all the Indians on the north-west coast, according to Archdeacon Collison, who spent nearly half a century as a missionary in their midst, the leading crests were the bear, the eagle, the wolf and the finback whale. But with these other animals, birds, fishes and emblems are grouped and associated.

"Thus," he explains, "with the eagle the beaver is joined; with the wolf the heron is associated; with the bear, the sun, the rainbow and the owl are connected; while with the finback whale, the frog and the raven are represented."

And not only is this association of divergent animals in respect to crests permitted, but as one journeys by rail and steamer about northern British Columbia villages are encountered in which, as evidenced by the totem poles towering thirty to fifty feet in their midst, the bear, the wolf, the eagle, the frog and other families dwell together in peaceful communities.

But there is one thing they will not countenance. And that is intermarrying by members of the same crest. A youth or maiden of, say the bear crest, may marry a wolf, a frog, a finback whale, an eagle or the member of a family designated by any other animal, fish or bird, but to form a life partnership with each other is taboo. No matter if they are "forty-second" cousins to each other, such a union in the eyes of the Indians would be tantamount to incest.

Unlike the aborigines of the plains, the Indians of northern British Columbia have since the dawn of history dwelt in villages and in homes more or less permanent in form of construction. Each of these villages is characterized by its totem poles. And as one for the first time approaches a village of this kind one is disposed to rub his eyes and wonder if he has not been suddenly translated from civilization to a distant land inhabited by beings wedded to mystical and uncanny habits of life.

The first village of this kind encountered during a recent trip of the writer bears the typical Indian name of Kitsegukla. It is situated at the confluence of the Skeena with the Kitsegukla, and lying as it does on the flats an hundred feet or more below the railway, presented a marvelously interesting appearance. And nothing more so than its groups of totem poles standing dangerously near the brink of the Skeena.

"My," exclaimed a sympathetic and nervous lady, "I'm afraid these totem poles will be washed away some day."

That, according to an "old-timer," it what sometimes does happen during the spring freshets with the totems situated on river brinks.

TOTEMS AND GRAVES.

BUT it was at Kitwanga, where we were allowed to disembark at one point, traverse the place and step on board the train half a mile distant, that the first opportunity of making a close-up examination of an Indian village was afforded. Kitwanga is situated on the Skeena amid snow-capped mountains. But its chief interest lay in the numerous totem poles and graves through which we wended our way. Many of these poles were of great age, as was evidenced by their weather-worn condition and the weakness that was evidently developing at their foundation. But their very venerable appearance inculcated respect as well as interest.

One totem, although only a little over the height of a man, was particularly arresting, and for a two-fold reason. In the first place it was crowned with the massive figure of a dog carved in wood, while in the second place it was a totem of the mortuary type. The graves were scarcely less interesting than the totems among which they nestled, for over each grave was a structure more or less elaborate and pretentious in which relatives had hung clothing for the convenience of the departed should he again return to life. As far as could be seen, however, most of the departed, should they venture to leave the hppy hunting grounds, would find little to cover their nakedness; in only one instance was anything approaching a complete suit in evidence, while in most instances time and weather had worn the original clothes to a handful of rags.

Kitwanga exemplified the fact that as the Indian advances in civilization—slow as the process may be—slow as the process carding the customs of his heathen forbears. A new totem pole is a rare occurrence, and in Kitwanga the modern marble headstone, with name of the departed cut into its surface, is supplanting the old mortuary totem. One of these marble headstones was particularly interesting, and not only because it marked the last resting place, as the inscription indicated, of "Mr. Harris, chief," but because standing near the foot of the grave, and, as a result of a decaying foundation, leaning at an angle of about forty degrees, was a large totem pole still rich in the red, blue and white with which it had been originally decorated. And these evidences of change—whether they mark real progress or not in the life of the Indians—are by no means common to Kitwanga; they are typical of Indian villages throughout northern British Columbia.

GRUESOME RITES.

AT ONE time—and that within the memory of aged British Columbians of to-day, to say nothing of the record of history—the functions of carving and erecting a family totem pole were attended by circumstances, some of which were at times of the most gruesome and horrible description.

As the tree's girth must suit the length of the proposed totem and be as free as possible from knots and blemishes, care must be exercised in making the selection. On the log being cut, it is conveyed to the village or camp. The carving, however, is performed neither by the chief nor any other member of his family crest, notwithstanding that the totem is to bear his crest and the legend of his achievements. That is a task delegated to the chief of a crest differing from his own. If the chief upon whom the task is imposed is insufficiently skilled to produce a work of art, the onus of securing some one who is rests upon his shoulders. Although the totem is to chronicle figuratively the adventures and deeds of the chief, as well as to be emblazoned with his family crest, no written plan or drawing is furnished the carver. Whatever instructions may be given are conveyed verbally.

"Where is your plan?" once asked a missionary of an Indian who was engaged in carving a totem with the aid of an axe. "Are you not afraid to spoil your tree?"

"No," replied the man. "The white man, when about to make anything, first traces it on paper." And then, pointing to his forehead, added, "But the Indian has all his plans here."

Up to within the last generation or two the placing of a new totem pole in position was attended by festivities and practices which are no longer permitted. It was always made the occasion of a potlatch, when the chief not only entertained with lavish feasting and weird and exciting dancing the Indians from far and near who were his invited guests, but impoverished himself by distributing among them practically all his worldly goods, with often a slave or two thrown in for the purpose of magnifying his generosity.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

BUT the ceremonies attending such an ocasion did not always cease with the excesses of feasting, drinking, dancing and distribution of worldly possessions. There were occasions, and that within the memory of men still living, when the ceremony included the horrible practice of binding one or more slaves, thrusting them into the excavation as a foundation for the totem, the audience shouting as the pole was dropped into position and the soil packed about its base. At one time this practice was common rather than uncommon, but as law and order gradually extended through the wilds of northern British Columbia and the influence of missionaries expanded it became less frequent and finally ceased altogether.

The diversity in the height of totems to be seen in northern British Columbia may be ascribed in part to the custom of making it correspond to the rank of the chief. The higher the rank the higher the pole. Sometimes, evidences of which are still to be seen, a totem of a hundred feet or more was considered essential. Instances are not wanting in which blood has been shed as a result of one chief undertaking to define the height of another chief's totem.

Even the raising of a new totem pole is now practically a thing of the past, while some of the Indians are prepared to sell their totems to wealthy antiquarians who can pay the price and procure facilities for transporting them to a desired destination. For instance, the towering totem pole which stands near the railway station at Jasper, in the heart of the Rockies was conveyed all the way from Masset, Queen Charlotte Islands, nearly a thousand miles.

But if the erection of new totem poles is becoming a thing of the past, the supply of old ones promises to be ample for generations to come. In some Indian villages they are about as dense as trees in a woodlot. And, besides these, here and there in villages deserted for good during one of those smallpox epidemics which have swept over the country since the advent of the white man, are a great number to which no one now appears to lay claim.

APPLY LOCALLY.

"The senior curate was a very eloquent preacher, and always drew a larger congregation than the vicar. The junior curate was handsome and too popular with the ladies of the parish. The vicar decided that they both must go.

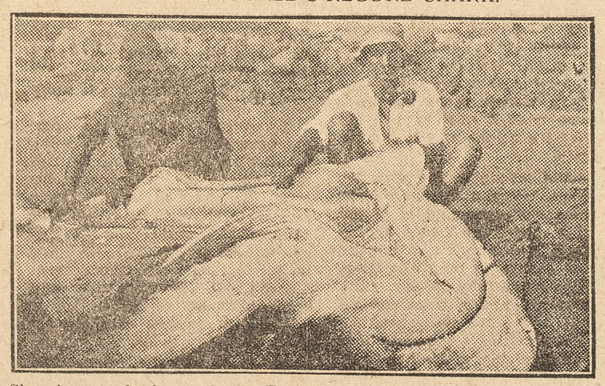
"When the senior curate entered the pulpit to preach his farewell sermon, this was the text: 'Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go up yonder and worship.'"

FAMILY CRESTS OF THE INDIAN.



These totem poles are standing at Kitwanga, British Columbia and are excellent examples of how they advertise the family crest of the Indian. The picture in the upper right shows that the pole belongs to that of a member of the Eagle family. The box hanging at the left of it is a monument to a child that has died. In olden days the body would have been placed inside the box. The poles shown in the upper left belong respectively to (reading from left to right) members of the following families: The Frog, The Bear, The Dog and the Eagles. The two poles in the distance are too faint to distinguish the family crests. The lower picture is a mortuary totem of the Dog family. The bodies, however, are no longer buried beneath this totem but are in a cemetery near by. All the totem poles are carved with an axe.

CATCHES WORLD'S RECORD SHARK.



Shovel nose shark caught by F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., the famous English explorer and deep sea expert. The monster weighed 1,260 pounds and measured as follows: Length, 14 feet 9 inches; girth, 11 feet 3 inches; circumference of jaw, 5 feet 6 inches. The fisherman and his aide are also shown.

British national consumption of sugar has gone down from 76 lb. per head of the population in 1919-1920 to 54 lb. in 1920-1921.

While the Tribes Make Merry And Old Times Are Forgotten

Paleface Salutes Papooses at Oshweken Fair on Six Nations Reserve—The Scene Has Plenty of Color and Action.

By FRANK YEIGH.

"I'M a wolf"! was the startling assertion of an Indian lady of the Six Nations Reserve.

She looked the very reverse in appearance, and was the very reverse in tone and speech as we two—red woman and white man—sat on a bench at the Oshweken Fair the other day and talked about a whole catalogue of topics, for she was a very charming and intelligent Chippawa.

All around us the annual Fair was in full operation, as it has been for a trifle of sixty years. The Oshweken Agricultural Exhibition of 1922 was functioning on high-gear within its grounds on the historic Indian Reserve of the Six Nations, and thousands of humans—copper and pale-faced, and of all the seven ages of man—mingled in the big gala day of the Reserve.

Something was doing all the time, and sometimes, several somethings at the same time. A miniature midway made things hum along its avenue of rustic pleasures, coaxing coins from dusky maidens and their bashful escorts, and once in a while landing a chief or councillor of the Red Man's Parliament—the democratic legislators who function in the Long House a mile or so away.

All was as merry as a dinner bell, what with the thrilling music of the barrel organ tied up to the merry-go-round, and the higher-grade article provided by the excellent Indian Band; spielers spieled in their usual silvery tones, disposing of hot dogs and highly-colored drinks and apoplectic kewpies as a result of their alluring oratory, but why the strolling Mohawk or Seneca sightseers should want "two topical songs for a quarter," especially after hearing them sung by the song merchant, baffles an explanation.

The little games of chance seemed to be ostracized, perhaps because the horse races were on over at the adjacent track, where the little jockeys, Indian and otherwise, hugged their mounts as they flew past to the tape-line. One could visualize a similar scene on a western prairie, with a Cree or Sioux rushing like the wind to an attack or from a retreat, in the ancient days of Indian warfare, tribal or with the white man. The trotting events, tame in comparison, refused to lend themselves to imaginative treatment, and most of the crowd transferred their attention to the lacrosse match. That, again, was the real thing, as the husky young braves from the Mohawk Institute handled their sticks as deftly as their forebears did the bows and arrows. How light of foot, how agile in movement they were, revealing a fine rhythm in muscular development and alertness of action!

The blue-garbed girls from the same helpful institution, seeing the sights in hand-clasped groups, added another cheerful note to the animated scene. In striking contrast to their buoyant youth, an octogenarian, with a face deeply creased by time, and an o'erbent form, hobbled by as he neared the end of his race.

And if one were looking for contrasts, they were had in the little red babies, several of whom he carefully inspected, pronouncing each one, with the judicial air of a judge, a perfect offspring and an honor to its young and blushing mother, for it does not need a pale face to raise a becoming blush! Especially where the blush is a flush of dainty color.

The exhibits, other than the human ones, were, I fear, relegated to the rear. The "main" building held, however, an interesting display of needle and quilt work, as well as of cooking and done-up fruits and jams. But as a horse race was on, the quilts and cakes and home-made carpets were left to their mutual admiration. In odd corners of the fair, crates of hungry pigs and quiet sheep calmly awaited the crucial hour of judging, and the few head of cattle thought it time to go to their barnyard home.

And as the burnished gold of the rare October day dissolved into the mists, the patrons of the fair also thought it time to wend their homeward way, which they did by all the means of locomotion known to ancients and moderns. The horse is not an extinct animal on the Six Nation Reserve, judging by the processions that radiated from the grounds. Some prehistoric conveyances carried whole crowds of Onandagas or Mohawks or Senecas, while the separate Chippawa brethren scattered in the twilight in other directions.

But the honking car was also in evidence, probably representing the white visitors who had motored from far and near, including the itinerant vendors of things to sell, and other professional visitants at these Autumnal affairs.

I caught sight of my Wolf lady as we took the dust of a line of "rigs", and waved her a friendly good-bye. We were passing, without knowing it, members of other clans—the bear, the beaver, the heron—representing their strange brotherhoods, mystic in their masonry. But my Wolf clanswoman told me, with saddened tone, that the youngsters were forgetting and neglecting these tribal ways of their fathers and would soon know them no more.

Away we sped toward the Grand River, which borders the twelve-mile-square of the Reserve, one of the choicest sections of country in Ontario. Our fellow-travellers over the King's highway included Mohawks and Senecas, Oneidas and Cayugas, Tuscaroras and Onondagas, but all melted into one in the deepening shades, chief and fire-keeper were indistinguishable, and at last you couldn't tell a white man from a brown-skinned brother. We were all run in the same human mould, as the Creator intended, and the night was no respector or sorter of persons.

The homeward spin took us to Chiefswood, the historic home of Chief Johnson, the father of Pauline Johnson, where she was born and spent her earlier years. It was, and still is, a comparatively large estate of over two hundred acres, most picturesquely situated on the Grand River and one would need to travel far to gaze upon a more beautiful stream. It is reached by an ancient chain ferry—the ferry that suggested one of the themes of the gifted poetess. Chiefswood still retains much of its dignity and impressiveness and yet carries something of the atmosphere created by its original owner.

So one left behind the historic Reserve, with all its memories of Brant and the unique Confederacy where live some of the hundred thousand Indians of Canada, who, after all, are "human nature bound in red."

QUITE HARMLESS.

To illustrate things that make children laugh Dr. Kimmins, for eighteen years Chief Inspector of the L. C. C. Education Department, told some stories at the British Association:

"A little girl ran downstairs calling: 'Mother! Mother! There's a man upstairs kissing nurse.' When her mother rushed upstairs the child shrieked: 'April fool! It's only father!'"

When London Was a River Village

THE opening ceremony of the new buildings for the Port of London Authority brings to the mental vision a long vista of history dating back to the earliest years of Anno Domini. What sort of a little riverside town was the Londinium that Suetonius Paulus the Roman general, approached on his way from Angelsea to quell a rebellion? "It was," says Tacitus, writing in A. D. 61, "much frequented by a number of merchants and trading vessels." Not much of a place in those days. Even Colchester had a mint before London, and was regarded by the Romans as more important.

Jumping to 359 A.D., there is mention that 800 cargoes (about 100 tons was the maximum in those days) were exported from Britain to the Rhine. By 450 A.D. London had become the depot for the goods of the rich Thame Valley, and 400 years later, in 85 a naval battle was fought with th Danes who stormed London. An idea of the size of the vessel may be guessed from the fact that a fleet sailed up the Itchen, a trout stream of to-day, and stormed Winchester! At the end of the tenth century authority begins to show itself by charging tolls of a half-penny for row boats and a penny for sailing vessels, a log from timber ships and five per cent. of the cargo from fishing boats.

And so on to the foundation of the British navy with the building of the "Great Harry" at Woolwich in 1488, the first docks in 1799, and the Act of Parliament in 1908 creating the Port of London Authority, which in the year 1913 exercised power over 20,000,000 tons of shipping, bringing cargoes valued at £411,000,000.

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Mostly About People Worth Knowing

Looked Like Raney And Had to go Dry

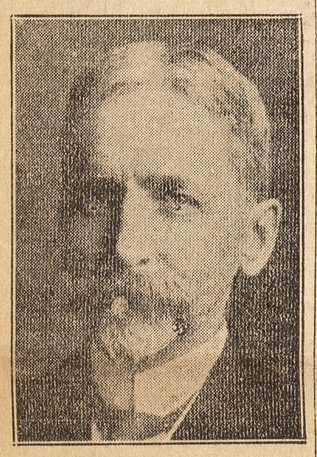
Sad Tale of Toronto Men and a Farmer Who Shaved.

By W. L. E.

TWO well-known Toronto barristers, whose names appear almost daily in connection with court preceedings, went north a week or two ago for a few days' partridge shooting. On one occasion, while in the vicinity of French River, the sport was so good that they secured a bigger bag of game than their tired limbs were disposed to carry. Just as they reached a roadway and had thrown their game upon the ground, an automobile came lumbering along the sandy thoroughfare.

"By gad," remarked one barrister to the other. "I believe it's the Hon. W. E. Raney!"

But it wasn't, although there was certainly a striking resemblance between the driver of the car and the Attorney-General. Satisfied upon this point, they hailed the driver—who turned out to be a farmer in the vicinity—and hired him to convey them to camp. They had not proceeded far before they met a group of half a dozen men with guns in their hands and ducks hanging from their shoulders, whom the two barristers, on coming to close quarters, recognized as fellow members of one of Toronto's leading clubs. After pleasantries had been exchanged the group of duckhunters invited the brace of partridge hunters to step into their



HON. W. E. RANEY.

motor boat which was anchored in the near-by French River, and within range of vision.

"I can see that you two fellows are chilled to the bone," remarked in a whisper, one of the inviting party. "Come with us and we'll give you something that will do thee good."

The united party scrambled down the river bank, and stepped on board the motor boat, where the two visitors were treated to liberal libations of the promised chill-curing "medicine."

"You are a nice lot of sports, I must say," exclaimed the farmer, as the two barristers reentered the car. "Do you think you are the only fellows that suffer from chills on a day like this?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," explained one of the barristers in an apologetic tone, "we did ask that you be permitted to accompany us, but our hosts insisted that you were the Hon. Mr. Raney, and in spite of our protests to the contrary would not believe us. That is why you were not invited to have a—to have some 'medicine.'"

"I look like Raney, eh! Well, that settles it," declared the man with decision, as he turned on the gas.

Next day the two barristers on meeting the farmer according to appointment, discovered what the innuendo—"Well, that settles it" meant. He had in the meantime shaved off his vandyke beard, and no more looked like the attorney-general than the man in the moon. And before the day was out, he, too, had a libation of anti-chill "medicine."

BENITO MUSSOLINI IS ABLE DUELLIST

ANOTHER accomplishment that has stood Benito Mussolini in good stead is his talent as a duelist. Fifteen challenges have been sent to him since he attained to prominence—or was it sixteen? He accepted every one in turn.

His habit is to communicate the time set for the duel to an assistant. When the time comes the assistant nudges his elbow as he is writing at his desk and informs him: "It is time, signor."

Mussolini grabs his coat and hat, and betakes himself to the designated spot on the instant fixed for his execution. But it is evident that the execution has not been carried out yet. And it is improbable that it will ever be carried out.



LADY DIANA DUFF-COOPER.

So Many Imitate Beauteous Lady Di

Three Women Are Easily "Taken In" By An Impostor.

WHY is it that so many ladies are pointed out as Lady Diana Duff-Coopepr?, asks a London writer. Perhaps Lady Di has many imitators. Be this as it may, three times lately has my companion exclaimed, at a theatre or social occasion: "There's Lady Di!" and not in one case has she been right.

This lends color to the following story, which may or may not be true.

Four women met over tea.

"I saw Lady Di at the Garrick Theatre last night," said one.

"Oh, you couldn't have!" replied the second. "She was at a private dance."

"But how can that be?" exclaimed the third. "She was pointed out to me at Ciro's."

Then the fourth remarked, cooly, that they were all wrong, as she could testify, since she was "Lady Di" herself.

The other three ladies were profuse in their apologies, and an hour afterwards, when the party had broken up, they read in the evening paper that Lady Diana-Duff-Cooper was enjoying a week's holiday in France.

Boys' Work Attracts Lieut.-Col. Leonard

Scientist and Engineer Has Time and Money for Youth.

By WILLIAM BUTLER.

IN Lieut-Col. R. W. Leonard, St. Catharines has a citizen and soldier whose principal interest is in the boy life of the country. In boy work in all its phases he takes an active part. He is especially interested in the Boy Scout movement and, if its principles were more generally practiced, he believes, the youth of the country would be of much higher calibre. Further, he is the founder of the Leonard Scholarships which are granted to assist in the education and support of the sons of clergymen, teachers, officers, and men of the Canadian and Imperial armies and navy.

Colonel Leonard is prominent in educational circles as well as the engineering world for he is a Governor of the University of Toronto, Wycliffe College, the Kingston School of Mines and Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines.

He is the author of many papers contributed to scientific bodies on many subjects. As an engineer his ability and fame is known from coast to coast. Col. Leonard is a graduate of the Royal Military College at Kingston, an institution famed the world over for the qualities of the engineers it turns out, and has been Vice-president of the Canadian Mining Institute, President of the Engineering Institute, Member of the Council of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy of London.

He is also a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers of London and the American Institution of Mining Engineers.

Born at Brantford, Ont., on Feb. 21, 1860, Col. Leonard was just early enough to participate in the North-West Rebellion. He was a Captain in the Corps of Guides and also staff transport officer and acted in other capacities. His education he secured at the Brantford Collegiate Institute and the Royal Military College from which he graduated in 1885 winning the silver general proficiency medal.

After graduating he was for two years on the staff of the surveys and construction branch of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. At the conclusion of the scrap with Riel he re-entered their service. Since then he has been the chief engineer of various railroads. As a construction engineer Col. Leonard has an extensive experience; among the buildings he constructed are the first Canadian power plant at Niagara Falls and the power plants at Kakabeka and Decew Falls.

Hard-Faced Kemal Rose From Poverty

Thwarted His Mother's Plans to Make Him a Cleric.

FORTY years ago, when Abdul Hamid II. was sultan in Constantinople and the Crescent and Star still floated over Saloniki, an underling in the Sale Customs Office died, leaving his widow with a small daughter and an infant son. The daughter in time grew up and married. The son was intended by his mother for the mosque school and the career of a hoja, but he became fascinated by the uniform of the army officers whom he saw about the streets, as is the way of Turkish sons.

In time he succeeded in passing the examinations for the military preparatory school at Saloniki, where his mathematics teacher became so fond of him that he left off calling him by his given name of Mustapha and dubbed him Kemal, a Turkish name meaning "rightness." To-day the name by which his mathematics teacher once knew him as a soft boy at Saloniki has become the name by which the world knows him as a

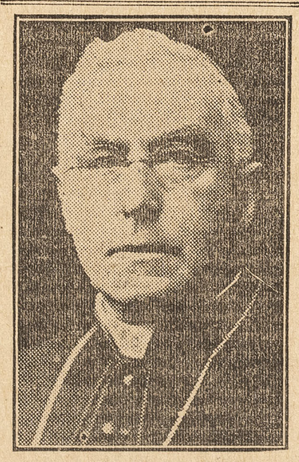


MUSTAPHA KEMAL.

man of iron at the mud town of Angora in Asia Minor. To-day Abdul Hamid, Enver Pasha and Damid Ferid Pasha, one after the other, have dropped out of the story, although for the first 28 years of Mustapha Kemal Pasha's life—he is 41 to-day—Abdul Hamid looms above him like a great black djinn above a wanderer on a lonely horizon.

Kemal has become the leader not only of his own country, but of all those Sunni Moslem countries between Constantinople and Kabul, which until 1917 felt the full weight of the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1907.

I never think of Kemal without recalling him as I saw and talked with him last in a small room off the corridor of the Assembly Building at Angora—a man with a face of iron beneath a great iron-gray kalpak, writes Claire Price in Current History. His eyes were hard and blue, his mouth was hard and thin-lipped, and the flash of much gold in his lower teeth gave sparkle to the hard incisiveness of his manner as he talked. Kemal is a man who sees things as they are.



CARDINAL BOURNE,
Successor to Newman and Vaughan at Westminster, is testimony to the fact that even cardinals differ in public policy, his stand on the Irish question having diverged from that of his colleague, Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland. The Roman Catholic Primate of Britain has been in the public eye lately because of the Catholic League's activity in the British elections on educational policy.

INDIAN PRINCESS EXILED FOR BOBBING HAIR.



Princess Newana Gayfish, Winnebago Indian beauty of Hatfield, Wis., upset a thousand years of tradition and her own domestic life when she bobbed her hair and introduced her fellow red men to flapperism. Her father, Chief Running Wolf, and her husband, Dan Gayfish, put on a war dance that made the silent forests sound like a boilermakers' reunion. After the storm had cleared Newana found herself an exile so far as her relatives were concerned. But not being easily disturbed she accepted her misfortune with a smile and that evening she and her little son turned their backs on the reservation.

How "Billy" Sloan Beat the Socialist

Minister of Mines Made His Money by Toil in '98.

By P. W. LUCE.

HON. WILLIAM SLOAN, Minister of Mines for British Columbia, has not done too much hard manual work for twenty-five years or so, but he has not lost contact with the workingman because of that. Throughout his constituency of Nanaimo everybody knows him as "Billy" Sloan, and most of his acquaintances use the diminutive form of address. A couple of thousand miles away from home, however, his fame is not so widespread.

When he was a member of the Federal House in 1908, just before he resigned his seat in favor of Hon. William Templeman, at that time Minister of Inland Revenue, Mr. Sloan was interviewed in Ottawa by a man of Socialistic leanings, seeking favors to which the member did not think him entitled. Though this was in the days when patronage was not frowned upon, the request met with a flat refusal, and an intimation that future calls would be a waste of time.

Piqued at his failure, the caller launched into an arraignment of all capitalists, which necessarily included Mr. Sloan. After working himself to a pitch of excitement, and making lavish use of such favorite expressions as "parasites", "bloodsuckers", "slave drivers", and so on, the man demanded, in a hectoring manner, whether the member for Nanaimo had ever contributed one single tangible thing to the wealth of the world by his own effort.

"Ever heard of Eldorado Creek?" asked Mr. Sloan, with a smile.

"It's somewhere in the Klondike, isn't it?" inquired the man, vaguely.

"The richest gold deposit in the Yukon Territory", explained Mr. Sloan. Well I and four companions discovered it in '98, and if you think we were up there on a picnic, or having a soft time, you can guess again. Eldorado Creek is my tangible contribution to the wealth of the world, and that was worth many millions in virgin gold. What is your contribution? Can you beat it?"

"No," confessed the man "I can't!"

"Then beat it", advised Mr. Sloan, who still knows how to use slang effectively, "and come back when you're in my class."

As the Socialist never returned, there is reason to believe that he has not yet broken the record of the musher-miner-member.

POOR MAN.

"A woman entered a crowded train on the District Railway, whereupon a gentleman rose. The woman said: it is quite all right, keep your seat, for I am going to get out soon.' With that she pushed him back into his seat. Again he rose, and again she pushed him back. After being pushed back three times the man said: 'When you've finished, I want to get out.'"

Aged Knights Work Long and Briskly

Dewey, Treloar, Leverhulme and Lipton Are Fine Examples.

WHEN does a man become too old for work? Apparently there is no age limit, judging by some of the foremost figures in the business world.

Sir Thomas Dewey, for example, is eighty-two, but he still presides over the Prudential Assurance Company and shows no signs that the duties of directing a great firm are too much for him.

Then there is Sir William Treloar, ex-Lord Mayor of London and head of the famous business that bears his name. He is seventy-nine, and one of the City's busiest men.

The chairman of the Great Northern Railway, Sir Frederick Banbury, M.P., is seventy-two; hard work and late hours seem to agree with him, for there is no more vigorous man of his age in England.

Two colliery owners, Sir Hugh Bell and Lord Joicey, are seventy-eight and seventy-six respectively. The latter, besides being a constant attendant at the House of Lords, plays golf regularly.

Sir Thomas Lipton, aged seventy-two, and Lord Leverhulme, aged seventy-one, are two other famous men who find increasing age no handicap in business.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

WHEN SIR ARTHUR MISSED THE MESS

ONCE Mrs. Patrick Campbell was asked at short notice to play the part of a nun. Mr. Ben Greet, the producer, said she was to make a nun's dress out of some black cloth, white linen, and safety-pins, and that he would say the words loudly from the wings. She was to open and shut her mouth and hold up her hands in horror until the dance at the end, in which she had to join. She did so, and it was a success.

Sir Arthur Pinero, the dramatist, who was in front, when asked years afterwards if he had noticed anything odd about the performance, said "No."

Poker Was Mystery To Colonel Denison

Stories of the Duke of Cambridge and a Review.

By W. L. E.

COL. GEORGE T. DENISON probably has a richer fund of stories born of his long experience than any other Torontonian. The other day he recited to a group of friends an experience he had several years ago with the late Duke of Cambridge, then the commander-in-chief of the British Army. The occasion was a review day, when the colonel was honored with a position among the officers at the saluting point. Just as the last of the cavalry rode past, the Duke, galloping up to the colonel, exclaimed:

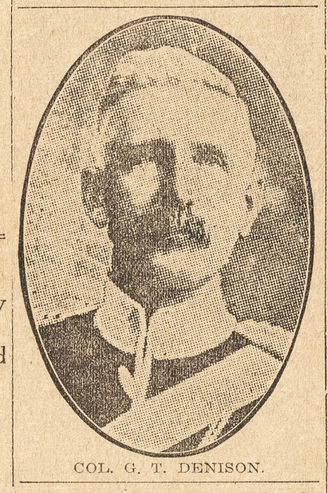
"Colonel Denison, which, in your opinion, is the best body of cavalry in to-day's review?"

The colonel stated his preference, and explained why.

"That's my opinion, colonel, and for the very same reasons you advance."

After a short further conversation, the Duke suddenly remarked:

"Excuse me colonel, there are a



COL. G. T. DENISON.

couple of kings over there I wish to see for a minute or two."

"A couple of kings, colonel!" interjected one of the group whom Colonel Denison was addressing. "A couple of kings are not worth much. Two kings and two queens wouldn't be bad, but three kings would be better still."

The colonel did not appreciate the point in his friend's remarks and then someone explained the meaning of these poker terms.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF M. CLEMENCEAU

THE flood of war memoirs by heads of European nations and their armies has aroused sarcastic comment in France. La Merle Blanc, a satirical weekly, offers to save its readers the necessity of poring over the memoirs already in print as well as still in publisher's hands. It declares that they all follow practically the same outline and publishes condensed versions of them, sparing no one.

MY MEMOIRS, by Georges Clemenceau.

Part I.

Chapter I—War is declared. I found a newspaper.

Chapter II—I write a great article.

Chapter III—I write another.

Chapter IV—I write many.

Chapter V—The war continues. I am Premier. I make a great speech.

Chapter VI—I make another.

Chapter VII—I make many.

Part II.

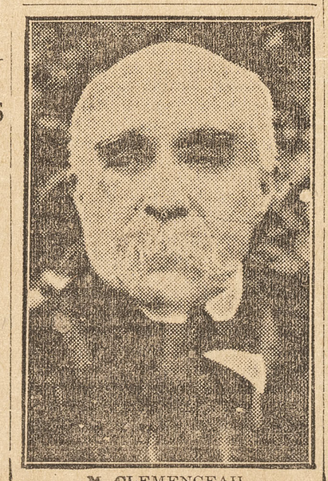
Chapter VIII—I run the war. The war goes badly.

Chapter IX—I am content, very content. The peace also goes badly.

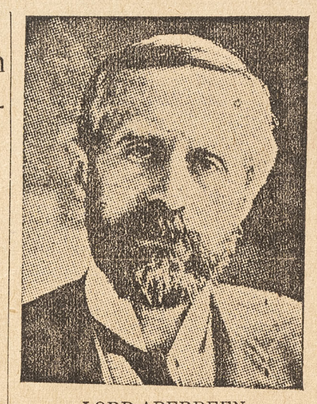
Part III.

Chapter X—I accept power. I am about to be President.

Chapter XI—Dechanel is elected. I refuse to accept power.



M. CLEMENCEAU.



LORD ABERDEEN.

Two Titles Taken To Mean Two Men

Lord Aberdeen and Temair Tells a Good One on Himself.

THE veteran Lord Aberdeen who recently celebrated his 75th birthday, tells with gusto the story of how he was once walking along High Street, Edinburgh, when a man who had been imbibing too freely cannoned up against him.

Lord Aberdeen expostulated with the bibulous one, who was inclined to be cheeky, whereupon a policeman came up and reproved him sharply.

"D'ye no ken," he said, "that this gentleman is the Marquess of Aberdeen and Tremair?"—giving him his full title.

"Great Scott!" said the man. "Am I as bad as that? Is there twa' of them?"

Uses Up Savings To Give Flowers

Unique Form of Charity Is Practised By Janitor.

PARACLET WEBSTER HOLMES seventy years young, caretaker of public buildings of Foxboro, Mass., from his meagre earnings during the last few years has spent between $1,000 and $2,000 on a unique form of charity.

For ten years Mr. Holmes has raised flowers for the sick of his home town and Boston, has provided bouquets for graves of the poor without charge and has gratuitiously furnished Boston Floating Hospital each week with thousands of choice cuts from his gardens.

Mr. Holmes declares that one of the chief pleasures he gets out of life is the act of conveying cheer to the physically afflicted or otherwise deficient in health. As this kind hearted man hears the children on the hospital ship exclaim, "Oh, the pretty flowers!" and sees flashes of brightness, indicative of joy, in the eyes of the little sufferers he feels that he is reimbursed for his outlay one thousand fold.

Acts of beneficence, with the floating hospital as recipient, are many, but, assert those who are familiar with Mr. Holmes' generosity. "Are any contributions more genuinely munificent than the wealth of a poor man's savings?"

During the flower season, Mr. Holmes gathers the blooms in great quantity and two or three times a week carries them to Boston, about twenty-eight miles by railroad. His expenses incurred by travel alone amount to several dollars a week.

Mr. Holmes does not smoke, chew or flivver. The theatre holds out no interest, but sermons, literature and music appeal to his tastes. Sundays, as regularly as the sun rises, he visits the hospital and then includes in the Boston trip attendance at one of the city's largest churches.

LORD KNUTSFORD A GREAT BEGGAR

SOME delightful tales of Lord Knutsford, who has had 25 years' experience as chairman of the London hospitals, are told in "The Prince of Beggars". He has been instrumental in obtaining a great amount of money for various hospitals, and the results of some of his appeals have been amusing. One invalid, feeling it incumbent upon him to send a donation, wrote: "I have been ill, but send two guineas, as I am getting better". Lord Knutsford thanked him sympathetically, and suggested, in his reply: "Send two more, and get well."

Another man to whom an appeal was sent replied in this wise:

"I would love to send you a large sum, but I can't. But I will tell you what I will do. If you will lend me thirty pounds, I will certainly repay you. You could send me 25 pounds now, and keep the rest for the hospital."

Temperance Oratory Started Greenwood

Sir Hamar Suited Cadbury, the Cocoa King of England.

By W. L. E.

WHEN Sir Hamar Greenwood (then without any titular prefix) sailed from Canada for England as foreman of the cattle boat that carried him it was neither on pleasure nor idle adventure he was bent. He had a decided and distinct objective which he had for several years been nursing. At any rate it was a settled purpose in the days when he was studying at the University of Toronto for his B.A. degree.

"Well, Greenwood, what are you going in for when you get through Varsity?" asked a friend.

"Law," came the reply.

"Then, I suppose, you'll enter Osgoode Hall as soon as you've got your Arts degree?"

"No. As soon as I can find a way of getting over, I'm going to England, where I shall in time become a British barrister."

For some time after he landed in England the Fates were anything but kind to him. It was difficult to get even bread and butter, let alone the right to wear the gown of a British barrister. But the perseverance for which he is noted finally got him the gown—and in time many other things besides. His ability as a platform speaker in behalf of the temperance cause brought him under the kindly eye of Cadbury, the cocoa king, who secured for him the Liberal nomination of York. That brought him into political life. From that on his pathway was strewn with roses, rather than rocks. Finally he became a member of the Imperial Cabinet, a baronet, and ultimately the last Secretary for Ireland that Great Britain is destined to see.

In the words of Andrew Marvell: "So much one man can do that does both act and do."



SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD.



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

HOW DIVINE SARAH GOT HER OWN BACK

ONCE, on the stage, Mrs. Patrick Campbell played a trick on Sarah Bernhardt when they were acting together in "Pelleas and Melisande."

"The next day, when we lunched together," writes Mrs. Campbell, "Sarah had a strange, preoccupied expression on her face. Later, at the matinee, when we came to the cave scene, at the point where she takes my hand and helps me over the rocks, she took hold of my hand hard. Squash!—she had a raw egg in hers.

"I did not smile, but wtih calm dignity went on with my part. I can see now the tears of laughter trickling down her cheeks."

CHEEK

In Two Parts
PART 2

By Henry C. Rowland

ALISON stifled a little gasp. She found herself facing a good deal of such a personality as Richard's brief descriptions of his uncle had led her to expect, except that Uncle Jonathan looked younger and of more massive frame and physiognomy than she had visualized. He was almost a giant in fact, with thick, grizzled hair that curled about his ears, square jawed with high prominent cheekbones, and a predatory nose. He made a rather terrifying figure for a young and beautiful girl to confront in so desolate a place. For some reason Alison had thought of him as a carping, hectoring, eccentric semi-invalid perhaps and of high nervous irritability. But now as she surveyed him it flashed across her mind that if his immaculate costume were changed for flaming blouse and silver buckled breeches and a red bandana to replace the broad brimmed panama of finest texture he might have reproduced the perfect image of Sir Henry Morgan or Captain Kirby or any other gory pirate. She discovered then that his eyes were the most terrible of all, perhaps because they he'd so luminous an intensity of expression. Or to be more accurate of observation, they were devouring eyes and gave the impression of absorbing all parts of her with a sort of X-ray omnivorousness noting, recording, assaying whilst yet giving no clue as to the result of their analysis.

Alison, under the assimilation of their gaze, felt as though she were standing bare and exposed, less before the scrutiny of one man than a hundred. But one fortifying feature they held for her at least, and this lay in their knowingness. She felt that no man with eyes like that could read wrongly the motive of her presence there.

Uncle Jonathan was the first to speak, and his voice harsh but not unpleasant acted as a tonic on Alison because it was not unlike that of Richard, and it was tincturd by the suggestion of a Scotch accent.

"And are you a party to all this flumduddery, young lady?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," Alison answered firmly enough, yet a little surprised at her admission of the fact.

"O! are you? So! Well, that is good hearin', as it lets me out immediately," said Uncle Jonathan with a sardonic grin, and it did not need his next words to tell Alison's quick wit how she had erred. "I thought just now while lookin' over his amazin' work that wastrel nephew had me by the thrapple. But if he has had any help, however great or small, then the agreement is null and void and his work may stand as a monument to cheek."

"Why, that's exactly what Richard said," Alison exclaimed; and added quickly, inspired by the gleam in Uncle Jonathan's eyes. "He said that, of course, anybody could wriggle out of such a contract if he chose to take it literally and not in its broader sense. Because nobody ever can really accomplish anything by his own unaided efforts without help of some sort."

"O, can he not?" growled Uncle Jonathan, as the luminosity of his eyes returned. "You are a bright girl to see so quickly the joker in the proposition and the more fool he to have overlooked it."

"He didn't overlook it," Alison retorted, "he merely played a bet that you might."

A grin, a little less sardonic, gave a more human aspect to Uncle Jonathan's grim mouth. "How much did you help him?" he asked.

"Mostly by encouragement," said Alison, "though sometimes I held a turn of rope or mixed cement or something of the sort. But since it was unpaid labor, we decided that it could not be considered as practical aid."

"And were there no gratuities of any kind for you?" asked her tormentor. "And if not, why should you be wasting your time?"

"For the same reason that you might waste yours playing golf or riding horse-back," Alison retorted. "It amused me in my idle moments, and besides I might build a stone house myself some day and thought I'd like to see how it was done. Call it an apprenticeship."

Her quick wit seemed less to amuse Uncle Jonathan than give him food for thought.

"There is something in what you say," said he, "and I am not so sure that strictly speaking in a business sense he has kept within the letter of his agreement so far as your aid is concerned. But surely now"—his eyes seared into hers—"there has been another helper or helpers? He cannot have managed all the work done and in so short a time."

"He has, though," Alison answered. "No one living hand has been raised to help him but mine. I live with my father over on the mainland. I paddled over to see what he was about and got acquainted with him. After that I came from time to time to see how he was getting on and he let me help a little, just as the carpenters who built our bungalow let me help when I was a little girl."

"And who is your father?" asked Uncle Jonathan, "and how did he come to let a girl like you go paddlin' about alone and pass her time with a strange young man?"

Alison flushed darkly. "My father is an astronomer named MacNair," said she, and wondered at the sudden glow in the observant eyes. "He lets me go about alone with the understanding that I shall never be out of the field of the telescope on our porch if he should want to know what I'm about. And I never have."

Uncle Jonathan looked interested. "A sensible arrangement," said he, then turned abruptly on his heel. "Let us go look again at the work."

Alison was surprised that he should take no notice whatever of the lonely cairn, and yet some instinct told her that he had been impelled to visit it against his will and was on the whole relieved at the unexpected living presence there. No doubt his nature was one of those who, having entombed a loved one in an impenetrable recess of the soul, prefers to avoid the material reminder of a loss. She had long since decided that there must be some deep poetic stratum in a man who had departed from conventions as this man had done in the purchase of a lovely island as a family cemetery for a solitary tenant and that no doubt it would be discovered on his death that he had made provision for the removal of his own earthly tenement to share the cairn. But for the moment he seemed to have put the latter from his mind anl together they walked back to the site of the unfinished house.

"Where is Richard?" he asked.

"Gone to the mainland for a load of cement," said Alison. "He never leaves the island except for material and supplies."

UNCLE JONATHAN appeared to be silently weighing the component parts of the structure stone by stone. He noted the manner of their placing, the massive keystones of the Gothic windows, the heavy oak floor beams, sawn and ready to place, and his constructive eye appeared to miss no detail of the simple but efficient mechanical devices that had made such achievements possible to one working single handed. He observed the galvanized iron pipe leading to a tank from the inexhaustible spring, the solidly constructed hoist and derrick, the forge and anvil under a rough shack of slabs. There was a deeper glow than ever in his cavernous eyes as he turned suddenly to Alison. "It seems a pity," said he, "that all of this should go for naught."

Alison's heart sank. "O, must it?" she cried. "Aren't you going to stand for the general sense of your agreement?"

"It is not a question of that," said Uncle Jonathan harshly. "He has broken it from the beginning—not through any aid from your childish hands, but because no house can be the lawful property of a man so foolish as to take pains to erect it on the land of another, waste land though this may be or of governmental ownership. By the terms of the agreement the home was to be Richard's when finished and as the case stands he would be havin' not so much as a squatter's sovereignty. But"—his voice grew a little deeper—"I might overlook his trespass if it were not for one thing—one poor and miserable and calculatin' thing."

"What?" murmured Alison, though she already guessed. He gave her a searching look, then seemed to realize that she knew.

"That minx he's engaged to marry," said Uncle Jonathan. "Belike you saw her when she came here. She and her avaricious mother tattled to me of a girl they saw paddlin' away from the island in a canoe on their approach. Now, mind you, lassie, I would not object to sharin' this island where all that I love is enshrined and where one day my own poor clay is to be likewise lain, with a young kinsman and one he loves as I have loved and loves him in return as I have been loved."

Alison's mind flashed instantly to the thoughts that had so recently filled it and her doubts as to whether the island were destined to be actually a love island or one of discord. It seemed to her as if this craggy, uncanny man had read her mind and advanced an argument to which he knew she could find no defense. There seemed nothing for her to say. Uncle Jonathan looked toward the western sky, in which lingered a bright afterglow.

"I must be leavin'," said he, "and it is time that you yourself were gettin' back."

Alison, who had lost all sight of the lateness of the hour, glanced toward her house a mile away and saw the flag fluttering at the corner of the pier—her recall signal. No doubt at that moment her father was watching her curiously through the telescope and wondering why she should be standing there in conversation with this big man from the yacht.

"We must go," said Uncle Jonathan. "I shall inform Richard that it is useless for him to continue with his work. But I shall not tell him that if the girl with whom he planned to occupy the island were your brave and bonny self, the sweet lass who has helped him at his toil, then I would not even wait for him to finish his house but deed him the whole place on the spot, reservin' only for myself yon rocky point—and I would see to it that you did not starve here. I wish you good day, my dear——" and with a grave and courtly bow he turned, waved his panama and stalked off to the jetty for which the gig was already under way.

For reasons not immediately apparent, Alison avoided Mary's Island for the next three days. But she kept her eye upon it through the telescope, and discovered that Richard was still engaged in some sort of activity the nature of which she could not determine. He appeared to be working about the foot instead of the top of the walls, and Alison was at a loss to guess the reason for this, the connections for drains and water pipes having been laid. She observed also that he worked fitfully and with long intervals of absence.

Then late in the afternoon of the fourth day she found herself quite unable to sustain the suspense, and slipping off in her canoe she paddled over to find Richard sitting listlessly in a window casement smoking the pipe that he had discarded during working hours, staring out across the water where a faint breeze was stirring. Alison sensed something very wrong. There was a sort of fatal atmosphere about him. His face looked strained and haggard as it had never done when nearing the completion of a day of terrific toil. It was hard and reckless, too, and his eyes burned with a dull glow that reminded Alison of the eyes of his uncle.

"What have you been doing?" she asked.

Richard gave a short laugh. "Call it mining and sapping," he answered.

"What!" Alison exclaimed.

"Mining my vain hopes and ambitions for the future of myself and my one-time fiancee, and sapping my strength in self-condemnation equally vain. I have had my moving orders from Uncle Jonathan. He came here in that little yacht you may have noticed just after we parted the other day. But this bum bet of mine shall not stand here as the monument to cheek as he suggests, and I have taken measures to obliterate the appearance of vandalism by setting out small trees to replace the ones I have cut."

"But the house!" cried Alison.

"The house," said Richard, "is mined in four places with high explosives so placed that when detonated simultaneously the mass of masonry should slide for the most part down the slope of the cliffs. What is left of it should soon return to a perfect mimicry of nature. I propose to leave the place as nearly as possible as I found it."

Alison turned white. "Did your uncle order you to do this?" she asked.

"Why, no," said Richard. "As a matter of fact he did not order me to quit the premises. He merely informed me that I was not fulfilling my agreement by building on a property to which I had no legal claim, and hinted that if I cared to finish something that I had started for the first time in my life I was quite at liberty to do so, but he warned me that on its completion he would seize the building and make use of it as he saw fit. Well, after all, it's no worse than playing a poor bet on an oil well or gold mine or suburban real estate."

Alison's strong little hands clenched into firm fists.

"Then in blowing up your house," said she, "I take it that you're blowing up your future matrimonial intentions at the same time."

"Quite so," said Richard, "and a darned shame I didn't blow them up first, but she has beaten me to it."

"O, Richard!" cried Alison. "I am very much afraid that they are right—your uncle, your fiancee and her mother. I'm afraid that you're a quitter after all."

Richard's face darkened.

"'Fraid so," he answered, "but there's a shade of difference. When I get through here things will look rather as if I had never been a beginner."

"Well," said Alison, "but here's another. Why not assume that their intervention is of no importance at all to your original determination to start and finish a house. It may be of no value to Uncle Jonathan even after he has seized it, and it would be of purely negative value to your fiancee because you couldn't sell it and she'd never live here now under any circumstances. But it would be of tremendous value to you if only to have it stand as a monument to your fixed and inflexible purpose in spite of any opposition and to your strength of body and mind and craftsmanship and patience and industry and courage and all those things that go to make a man."

"This builder's strike is nipped in the bud," said he, "and the sabotage arrested just in time. Work resumes at sunrise to-morrow."

The stone house on Mary's Island was by this time, late September (Dick had broken ground early in March), finished so far as could be discerned by the passing eye of the curious. It was, of course, not a big house, but a sort of nucleus for future extension, and snugly habitable for its builder to carry on the work of the interior throughout the Winter.

On the eve of her departure Alison paddled over to bid Richard farewell until the Summer following. She found him in a state of curious suppression yet cheerful, and giving less the impression of the human derrick than the human dynamo.

"I'm getting ready to go into Winter quarters," said he. "Part of this place will be machine shop and saw and planing mill, and I'm installing an electric lighting system. You'll see some changes the next time you come. And I've figured it out that it's not going to be entirely dead loss. When Uncle Jonathan comes to look over the finished premises I propose to present him with, the least he can do will be to give me a real job in one of his construction plants, and

FLAPPER FILOSOPHY.



Margot—"Ya know, she had oodles of money and heart trouble as an inducement, and that's how he came to marry her."

Phillus—"Yeh, an' now the doctor says it's not heart trouble a-tall—only indigestion. Gosh, what luck."

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RICHARD stared at her for a moment then sprang to his feet. There was now more than a suggestion in the resemblance of his eyes to those of his uncle. For there was between them a common tie, stronger than is oftener that of blood; this was the tie of craftsmanship, of indomitable builders. They had both the pride of craft and the love of craft, as intrinsic a quality in some natures as the maternal. They were of the breed and metal that would settle and build in a hostile country to which they had none but a predatory right, see their homes razed, themselves driven into the wilds, return to their sites to build again and fortify, fight for their tenure and eventually hold fast to it.

Something in Alison's words had now fanned this smouldering ember of Richard's nature into flame. The imaginative quality of his nature was not all whimsy. He saw suddenly the situation as she saw it, even as it is probable she would have seen it without those astonishing parting words of Uncle Jonathan.

"By gad, you're right, little chum!" said Richard, and as his eyes rested on her inspired face his whole countenance became ignited from their flame. "I'll carry on to the bitter end!"

"Of course, you will," cried Alison rapturously, "and when you've finished you'll go to Uncle Jonathan and say, 'do what you like with it! I started to build it and I've finished building it. It may be a monument to cheek, but you've got to admit that it is no ruined monument.'"

Richard, staring at her, appeared to be the object of some sort of magic spell—fairy spell. The fatigue sloughed off him as he might have thrown aside a tattered work stained garment. The hard contours of his features lost their purposeless rigidity, became pliant and supple, like muscles stiffened in an interlude of action resuming their function again. He looked from Alison to the house, then back at Alison again. His low cheerful laugh rippled out.

that's more than he'd ever do before."

Alison nodded. "Besides," said she, "you're not really making him a present. He gave you the money to buy your material when he told you to clear out. But aren't you going to get awfully lonely?"

"No," said Richard shortly. "I shall have plenty of companionship in my thoughts."

Alison's lips quivered with the query, "thoughts of what and whom," but she forbore asking it.

"Good-by," she said a little tremulously. "Don't come with me." She left him standing on the threshold and walked around to the point where stood the cairn, having left her canoe on the edge of the rocks beneath. Then, hidden from Richard's sight by the bulk of the tomb no longer lonely—she dropped on her knees. Her brief prayer was singular.

"Take care of him, Mary, dear," said she, "and help him to win."

Nearly ten months passed before Alison saw Mary's Island again. She had finished her school—a stylish one, yet curiously enough the sophistication of the modern school girl had seemed unable to attach itself to her any more than tarnish can attach itself to precious metals, gold or platinum.

Her first eager view of the new stone house on Mary's Island struck her with a sense of dreadful disappointment. It looked precisely as she had left it as in the nature of its construction it was bound to look, where a new frame house would have shown marked embellishment in paint and lattice work and trimmings of various sort. It took Alison several moments to reflect that a building of solid masonry must depend for its adornment on landscape gardening, lawns, and terraces, or courts and gardens, and that Winter had offered no opportunity for such work.

But the rugged boldness of it quickly gripped her, also the charm of its pleasing proportions, and she saw presently that Richard had evidently commenced a small tower at its seaward end. His brief infrequent letters had told her only that he was getting on with the interior work, and Alison thrilled with eagerness to see what this might show.

THE task of getting installed for the Summer took all of her time for the next few days, for the astronomer's salary was small, his scientific contributions labors of love, so that he and Alison lived as simply as any of the local population. Her father had never shown any more than perfunctory interest in the builder on Mary's Island, or in his work, or in his daughter's acquaintance with him. His faith in Alison's discretion was as unlimited as his respect for her good sense. She had always shown a tendency to pick out choice of chance acquaintances and was apt to retire before a massed attack of such, so that her friendships were few and strong. And the astronomer had long since discovered that as a chooser he had never known her intuition to go wrong. It must also be remembered that he still considered her a child and, owing to the lack of selective costume for age, there had been no physical signs such as obtained in his day, the lowering of skirts and putting up of hair to announce the transition stage.

Alison, in fact, might at this phase of her life have been to any but the feminine eye either a big little girl or a little big girl, though her stature was about the average in height. But her athletic exercises had rounded her slenderness femininely, and without emphasis on muscular development. The smallness of her waist might have proclaimed her withdrawal from infancy if it had been apparent, but in her slight sailor blouses this became so only when the wind blew. Her hair had never been clubbed, but it was curly and she gathered up its ends and coiled them on the top of her small head in a way to suggest the prevailing fashion.

On the third day after their arrival there drifted in from the sea a white, smoky fog with the sun burning at its top so brightly that although the vapor was impenetrable, one felt cheered by the reminder of sunshine not far away and the promise of a dissipation of the mist at almost any moment. Alison determined to take advantage of its friendly screen to visit Mary's Island and Richard.

She desired to scout the premises a little before actually announcing herself, because she felt that it was going to make a tremendous difference in her state of heart toward him if she were to find that he had passed his Winter apathetically or absented himself or lost heart in his undertaking, and of this she had a dreadful fear from the outward visible aspect of the place. She had counted on his sustained energy to keep on as he had begun and accomplish something really as extraordinary as had been accomplished at the time of her departure. But if on the contrary Richard had permitted himself to sink into sloth, gradually diminishing his efforts to the vanishing point, then Alison felt that she must admit failure for herself as well as for him and that she would be very much to blame for having urged him to carry on his work to completion.

There is something admirable about a purposeful hermit whose retirement is effective, such as a scientist who retires to the wilds to study some phase of natural life, or the prospector or Arctic explorer. One may admire a man who lives alone in the wilderness only to study the chatter of monkeys, or even the religious recluse who passes his solitude in prayer and meditation for humanity's good. But nobody can feel much respect for one who prefers to live alone without the accomplishment of anything. It is too much like an admission of failure to support contact with his fellowmen, and even the harmless dreamer is rather a contemptible object.

A GOOD deal of this was in Alison's mind as she paddled her way through the white fluffy fog with the accurate if unconscious orientation of the sea pigeon she sometimes suggested. No local lobsterman could have more accurately hit the tip of Mary's Island on the nose than did she and, having secured her canoe in its acustomed niche, she made her way up over the rocks, suggesting in her light grey jersey dress some spirit materialized from the enveloping vapor.

Then as the rough gray facade of the house reared suddenly above her, she stopped with a quick indrawing of her breath. Voices were coming through the fog and they were not pleasant voices, nor were their accents amicable. One of them she recognized instantly as that of Uncle Jonathan, the other was Richard's, though its intonation was not such as she had ever heard. It was evident that a quarrel was in progress, and Alison was more surprised at this than at the presence of Uncle Jonathan. It didn't seem to her that there was anything to quarrel about, because it had been understood that Richard had no claim to advance against the work that he had done.

There is a great deal to be said in the censure of eavesdroppng, which, taking it full and by, is a contemptible way of gathering information. Yet when one stops to think, most of us are constantly eavesdropping whether in peace or war, in hunting or in the attempt to discover the secrets of nature. We even listen in to glean if possible the private workings of the mind of the one with whom we are in contact. The most devoted of mothers would not hesitate to overhear the converse of her child, nor the most honest or astute of politicians or financiers to gain corruptious information. Ethically, it would seem the dishonor of eavesdropping lies in the motive for so doing and then in the use made of knowledge thus obtained.

WHATEVER the excuse offered, it may be said that Alison, a straightforward character, did not hesitate to listen to what was being said. If she had stopped to question this act, which she did not, the chances are that she would have found justification in the fact of herself being so intimately involved in the business that it was actually her own. From the suddenness with which the altercation had broken out, it would seem to have been carried from a farther corner of the house to an open window directly under which she stood.

"You brought it on yourself," rasped Uncle Jonathan. "Why did ye keep on after my warning? I will not say but that ye have made your point, so far as sheer dogged obstinacy goes. But a more important one is, what good did ye count on its doin' ye?"

Richard's voice, hard, cold and offensive in its curtness to Allison's ears, answered, "I don't feel called upon to say. Call it mulishness."

"That would not be the word," snapped Uncle Jonathan. "A mule stands still, refusing to go ahead, while you have gone ahead, refusin' to stand still."

Allison's heart gave a sort of triumphant leap. Then Richard had really gone ahead, for Uncle Jonathan had seen the place as she had last seen it. Richard had gone ahead, and that was the main thing.

"I do not see how you have managed to accomplish all this," Uncle Jonathan went on, "and I started life as a stone mason and have been a woodworker as well."

"If you think I've had any help——" Richard interrupted.

"I do not, barrin' your own hot head and cool cheek. That is what stumps me. What led ye to think it would do ye any good?"

"Never mind what I thought," said Richard roughly, "but I thought right. It has done me more good than it will ever do you, whether you choose to blow it up or live in it yourself as you hinted a moment ago, or let it stand a monument to cheek. It has made a man of me. It has brought back my faith in myself—in my ability to finish what I start."

"Well, that is something. I must admit," said Uncle Jonathan, but not graciously, for his tone suggested to Alison a sneer. "Let us hope that it may satisfy you. But was that all?"

"If there was any more," said Richard, "it's none of your damned business. Here's your house, all finished inside and out, and let me tell you this much, that in all your real estate transactions, note shavings, mortgage foreclosures, and the like, you never made a better investment than when you gave me that five thousand dollars and told me to go to hell in my own way. You've got it all back and sixteen months' hard labor for nothing."

"And you have got back your self-respect," sneered Uncle Jonathan. "Well, then, if we are both satisfied with our bargain, there is no more to be said."

"Absolutely nothing," Richard answered. "I'll clear out of here as soon as you want to move in."

"That will be next week," said Uncle Jonathan, with a sort of fatuous complacency that struck a state of anger through Alison. It seemed to give justification to Richard's hot words about note shaving and the squeezing of the mortgage, and the millionaire's next words confirmed this. "It has always been in my mind to build here just such a bit of a stone house as you have built and to pass here the summers of my declinin' years. But my conscience would not permit that I should profit by the same through any foolish error of yours, however unwarranted. So I will be payin' ye the full wage for your time, which my experience tells me must have been about sixteen workin' hours in the twenty-four."

Alison could stand it no longer. She moved away toward the front of the house, intending to rap or ring or in any other way announce her presence, enter, and tax the old man with the mean and subtle avarice that had trapped her into urging Richard to carry on the work to completion. Then with one foot on the lower of the broad stone steps she paused. What was she to tell him? His words to her had been that if his nephew were to make his home there with herself he would deed over the property without waiting for the completion of the house. How could she be sure that this statement had not been sincere? How did she know but that he had conceived immediately a tremendous approval of herself, and that judging from her mere presence there and her own admission of helpfulness had been convinced that she and Richard were already in love with one another?

Alison experienced a sudden volte-face of her estimate of Uncle Jonathan. She had just heard him trying to sound Richard as to his motive for having kept on. The old man desired to know whether his perseverance was due to anything Alison might have told him—the hope of reward—and Alison having told Richard nothing of this, he had angrily resented what he took to be an insinuation that he had counted on his uncle's softening of heart. She knew that Richard had not counted on this, and by this time it was pretty evident that Uncle Jonathan must know it also.

For a moment Alison was tempted to slip back to her canoe and withdraw permanently from the whole singular affair. But that same curiosity previously referred to made it impossible for her to leave without at least one peep at the interior. She desired intensely to see what Richard had accomplished during all those long, dark, dreary Winter months. The big front door of heavy oak, still in the rough, but solidly imposing, was slightly ajar.

Alison went up the steps and pushed it wider, when the refracted light from the shimmering fog shone in to bring out every detail. Alison could scarcely believe her eyes. She had on a visit to Edinburgh with her father, where he addressed a convention of the Royal Astronomical Society, been entertained in two or three old Scotch country homes, and aside from the softening and enriching of age, this might have been the main hall of one of the more modest of these houses which she now surveyed.

The floor was of square red tiles, and at the far end of the room, a big stone fireplace and chimney of white water-smoothed stones that she remembered, but had never thought could prove so effective like the big floor beams overhead cut from the white oaks in the island. The walls had a wash of white cement with which plaster had been mixed to relieve the somberness. But the most striking features of the room were its beautiful proportions of length and breadth and height, and the even light diffused through the long Gothic windows. From one corner a massive stairway led up to the floor above.

This much Alison observed where she was when most women's would have been, this: how distinguished, yet comfortably intimate her own idea of furnishing could make such a room. She had not noticed the abrupt cessation of distant voices nor heard the soft pad of Richard's moccasins and his uncle's deck shoes on the tiles as they came from the other corner of the house.

THEY saw her simultaneously, a charming silhouette against the white impalpable background. There was a moment's pause, then Richard came forward swiftly and held out both his hands and said cheerfully and with a thrilling change from the rough angry voice which she had overheard:

"Well, Alison, here's the hut finished so far as the rough part of the construction is concerned, and here's Uncle Jonathan come to claim it just as we counted on his doing."

He turned to the grim sardonic figure in the farther doorway. "Uncle, I have the honor to present Miss MacNair, who was my only helper in the building of the house, and after all," he added lightly, "when it comes right down to brass tacks she did help a lot, so that alone would let you out."

Uncle Jonathan made a stiff but stately bow. "Miss MacNair and I have already discussed that point. As hers was not paid labor I waived it," and the wide focused eyes that Alison remembered missed no detail in the expression of the faces of Alison and Richard.

They had no need. Richard's look of astonishment could not have been registered by the most skilled artist.

"The deuce you did!" said he and looked at Alison. "You never told me."

Alison found herself for the first time in her life quite unable to speak. The sight of Richard and the touch of his hands had brought a sudden rush of emotions for which she was entirely unprepared. To her intense chagrin, she could feel her eyes filling with tears. Then as she stood there inarticulate, Uncle Jonathan's deep voice boomed out in a way to prove the beautiful accustics of the room.

"I told the young lady she need

Continued on Page Eleven.

The Pragmatic Sanction

By Samuel Merwin

THE gift that is loosely termed personality developed early in Minnie Mason. Her red chestnut hair curled incorrigibly; her somewhat plump, but always remarkably active little body expressed in every agile movement the swift succession of adventurous impulses that were, doubtless, her life. Her nose turned up, and during that period was bridged with freckles; the mouth was full and wide, opened, usually, in a grin that framed remarkably good teeth; the eyes were blue, wide apart, with lashes longer than common. She was always impudent in a good-natured way; and she was loud, wanting in a sense of normal limits; ten years of endless little corrections and suppressions on the part of parents and teachers never quieted her voice, which rose invariably with her enthusiastic impulses. Her laugh was infectious but slightly alarming to the sedate ears of Sunbury.

A picture rises of Minnie during those last years of her Sunbury period (while her father still had the hotel) running like a deer down the middle of Simpson Street after a "hitch," hair merrily flying, high-chool books floating after on a strap.

The time came, beginning in about her sixteenth year, when she was quietly known to be pairing off incessantly with this young fellow and that—bicycling (that was the period) in something near bloomers, buggy riding, running into Chicago of an afternoon and returning on one or another of the later trains. She dropped out of high school after Harry Salters and the younger Williams boy came to blows over her—by punctilious arrangement, with seconds and a referee, at midnight on the Athletic Field. A ubiquitous local correspondent for a Chicago evening paper made a column story of the incident; and a few weeks later pink copies of the Police Gazette passed, by a sort of underground railway, about the village, with a cover engraving of two bruisers mauling each other under the eyes of a short-skirted voluptuous creature sitting on a fence. Minnie, it was said by a young friend or two, never knew of the combat until afterward; but the blame fell heavily upon her; blame which she fully earned within a year by running away with the junior comedian of a burlesque troupe that played a week in an obscure North Side theatre, which, it transpired, she had, with other adventurous spirits, secretly haunted.

And with the assistance of the comedian, Minnie dropped out of Sunbury life, which shortly closed over her and very nearly forgot her. Such echoes as were heard confused themselves with other echoes of the lost souls of the village; with the druggist, Morris Henley, who became a victim of his stock in trade, lost his business and his pretty painted wife, and vanished; with young Art Watson who went to Alaska in the first Klondike rush, shot a man in a dance hall, and languished in a Canadian prison; with the Wilcox girl, who sordidly scandalized the village, broke her hard-working mother's heart, and went unrepentent to the bad.

Minnie must have been a casual flare-up of some outland strain in the Mason stock. They were, first and last, decent people. Wm. P., the father, though too good-naturedly easy to get on in any sort of business competition, ran the old hotel comfortably enough. He had served a term in the state legislature, was later secretary of the County organization, and exhibited a never-failing willingness in church matters and other local good works. The mother was a MacLeod, of Borea, up the shore; pioneer plainsman stock right through, her father a farmer, her grandfather a circuit-riding preacher, Mrs. Mason was tall (taller than the rotund Wm. P., in fact), spare and of a melancholy turn. But she was kindly enough, in her rather silent way, and probably was never given to nagging that difficult elder daughter. In fact, many felt that she had held much too loose e rein over the child; and, too, it was generally felt that the hotel, despite its unassailable respectability, couldn't have been the right sort of home for the girl.

With the younger daughter, Lily, it was different, of course. She was thin and gloomy like her mother; intensely a church person, studious, a shadow in the village, lacking wholly the flamingly conspicuous quality of her sister. She finished high school in a frail, white-clad triumph, as class valedictorian, and went demurely into the University, in pursuit of what was then termed a classical education, with a strong personal inclination toward astronomy and intellectual lungs that thrived strangely in the thin air of higher mathematics.

The fall of Minnie proved to be the first of a long series of disasters to the Masons. It might be said, indeed, that neither parent recovered from the shock of it. Never until then, despite constant worry of a sort, had either thought of her as actually bad. But overnight the word came to stay.

Wm. P., managed to keep the old hotel going nearly two years after the new Beach House was built, but it was a losing struggle. Mortgage was heaped upon mortgage. The little capital at length had to go for living expenses. After giving up the hotel he rented a small office in the Donovan Block, and opened a shop as a dealer in real estate and fire insurance. For a year or so he managed to seem fairly brisk at it; but the years and sorrows were telling. He lost weight. The wrinkles deepened and multiplied about his eyes. The double chin shrank into baggy folds. And his clothing showed wear. After the second year he was reduced to desk room in Curtis's real estate office; and there he continued to stick, for there were still old acquaintances and an occasional small transaction.

But living grew continually harder, During the years in the Donovan Block the couple, with the shadowy Lily, occupied a small house over on Filbert Avenue in South Sunbury, where rents were low. Later they drifted uncomfortably from boarding house to boarding house, ending in a scant two rooms by the tracks, going often without sufficient food; though Lily, who was out in the world, and had given up her specialty for teaching in a grade school in Milwaukee, sent home what she could.

Wm. P., was an unhappy man, old though still short of sixty, a public failure. And Mrs. Mason's thin, dour face was framed in white hair. Nearly eleven years had passed since Minnie ran away. Though strangely unpleasant whispers had come, this year or that, regarding her, little was known. Her name was never spoken. And if time and sorrow tend to soften harsh judgments, if Mrs. Mason, finding Minnie's baby dress and hood and tiny crocheted socks in the one old trunk that was left, could sit for hours silently weeping as a supposedly sealed door opened on memories of a sunlit past, she could still have said, stonily, that the girl was worse than dead. For that was her creed, and the creed of her world. A boy, she knew, might be saved. But a girl once lost, was lost forever.

George Haven Henderson, Jr.' of the Chestnut Avenue branch of that family, returned, a personage after eight or ten years in German universities—for we were still, then, under the German intellectual hegemony—to assume an assistant professorship at the College of Liberal Arts, up the shore. He wore his beard cut Van Dyke fashion, smoked cigarettes, and talked calmly down from the top of things. It was said that he made (despite the cigarettes) an excellent impression. Accordingly, when word reached dear old Dr. Hopman, acting dean of the College, that Nelson W. Appleman, the twine man, was having his will drawn, that venerable educator, instead of going in person, sent George Haven, Jr., down to Peoria to plead for the College.

As Mr. Appleman declined to talk finance on prayer meeting night, George Haven, Jr., finding the evening warm and the hotel hardly diverting, walked about the streets and patronized Peoria. Before a dingy theatre entrance he paused, adjusting his gold-rimmed nose glasses., The three-sheet poster that had arrested his attention exhibited a young woman in full-length fleshings and a wide smile, that exposed remarkably large and even teeth, with the legend — "Minnie Mason's Own Show—the Merry Maids of Broadway, and the Six Diving Belles."

A flicker of impish memory stirred the somewhat settled brain of George Haven, Jr. For, tucked away in an all but forgotten past were a few impulsive incidents in which the young Minnie Mason had played no small part. These had found their beginning in a street flirtation on a dusky September evening. Secret strolls along the beach had followed, and a few evenings of spooning on the back steps of the Theological Seminary. After all which, George Haven, Jr., with a family reputation to consider, and with profoundly youthful fears of possible complications, abruptly dropped Minnie.

It was a relief, shortly afterward, to observe that she was carrying on pretty recklessly with various other fellows. And her sudden disappearance, a little later, had seemed to justify his course.

UT now—well, the memory faintly stirred. He glanced up the street, and down: then bought a seat near the front.

Minnie proved a surprise. She clearly ranked as a beauty in the curious world of burlesque. She was shapely and agile. Her abundant hair was redder than in her girlhood. The old wide grin had now become a professional asset. She had developed a vein of rough humor that took the form of sometimes startling comment on the appearance of girls of the chorus, and of good-natured banter with the audience. That this audience (nearly all were men) knew and liked Minnie Mason was loudly evident. And George Haven, Jr., carried out of the building at a quarter to eleven in a wave of laughing human creatures, found himself in some confusion of mind.

Finally, after walking irresolutely to the corner drug-store and back, he took a place at the more shadowy end of the straggling line that waited along the curb outside the stage door. It was an oddly quiet line. George Haven, Jr., found himself drawing his hat brim down over his glasses. And his beard seemed awkwardly conspicuous.

Girls came out by ones and twos; tawdry girls, several painted, some with dolls. Young men sidled forward from the straggling line and walked away with this girl and that. And then appeared a familiar figure, walking alone, with a tiny white dog under her arm.

George Haven, Jr., struggled with an unexpected lump of nervous excitement in his throat; then, when she was nearly by, stepped forward and met a pair of boldly competent eyes under long lashes.

"What is it?" asked Minnie Mason.

"You don't remember me?"

"I do not."

"It's George Henderson."

"George. . . . Oh!"

"I knew you in Sunbury."

She fell into step with him. After a moment, glacing (humorously, he feared) at his London-made clothing and his neatly-trimmed beard, she asked—

"Ten years. Mm! Long time."

"Very."

"Ever hear of my folks?"

"Why—yes. I see your father now and then."

"I wouldn't know even if they were alive if I didn't meet some one from home once in a while. They've never written to me."

"Would they know where to find you?"

"They could look in 'Variety,' couldn't they?"

"If they've ever heard of it. I never did before."

"Well, I play Chicago every year—going to be there next week, as a matter of fact. And there's been men enough from Sunbury after me. An old Sunday-school teacher of mine was the last. Sneaking around. But I suppose they don't tell that at home.... What's Lily doing?"

"Teaching, somewhere, Milwaukee, I think."

"Folks still living in that South Sunbury house?"

"Oh, no. That was years back. I don't know but what I'd better tell you—your father's found it pretty hard sledding late years."

"Can't he even keep himself and mother?"

"Of course, but—"

"No, listen, girlie Lookathis!" He drew thick rolls of bills from his vest pockets. "See, it's all yours! And—"

"I'm not keen on that talk, Frank."

"Wait! Get me right! Here—" he produced a check.

She studied it, pursing her lips; read her own name on it and the startling figures "$25,000"; saw, too, that it was certified by a New York bank.

"See!"—he was saying eagerly—"that's just a starter, just to show you I mean it! I'm not going to ask my girl to take chances. Not while I've got it."

"What would your wife say?" she asked.

"Let her divorce me. God knows she's not been straight with me. And if she does, honey I'll make you marry me."

"Nothing doing, Frank. I'll never marry again. It's not my game. Besides, I don't know's I've ever legally divorced Al. No . . . . it isn't that . . . ."

"What is it, then? What's the matter? You know I'm crazy about you."

"I know. And I won't say I'm not fond of you. And If I turn this down now, and stick in the old wheel, and you go back East I'll miss you."

"Well, then—"

"No listen! I'm talking straight. I'll miss you. I'll be as lonesome as the devil. And you'll fall for another girl—"

"I won't let you say that!"

"BUT you will! Don't kid yourself. Probably I'll fall for another fellow one of these days, and I don't want to. There's a funny thing happened to-night. It isn't what you think—it's the old folks— my folks. I've just found out that they need me." Quite suddenly, with a quick emotional responsiveness of theatrical folk, she began crying.

"Bless your heart, Min! You'll be able to do everything in the world for them."

"No." She shook her head while the tears fell. "I've got to do it with the money I've made myself. I know I'm funny, but I seem to feel pretty strong about it. You'll have to let me go my own way, Frank."

Late on the following Monday morning, Minnie, tiny white dog in her arms, stepped down from a North Shore train. The little wooden station of her youth had given way to a new elevated structure of concrete. There were substantial new buildings. It was a new Sunbury, into which motion picture houses had already made their way.

A colored hackman recognized her; stared curiously; said, "Hello, Minnie!" And she nodded and hurried by.

A drug clerk in the corner store—it was the Waters boy grown up—inclined his head distantly as he gave the address of her parents. She caught herself flushing. A disturbing experience; for if her hat and frock were somewhat elaborate, she had paid through the nose for every rag of it. It is of mild interest, however, that once around the corner she did slip off a number of her rings and drop them into her purse. It seemed to her even then that the passers-by looked at her as if she were a horned viper.

The neighborhood was depressing. Minnie was passionately sensitive to poverty, and her spirits were sinking fast. The house was one of the drab row backing up to the tracks—little wooden boxes, gable-end to the street, the old fences with a picket missing here and there.

She caught a glimpse, through a film of tears, of a white head and a sharp profile at an upper window, and ran up the steps. A slatternly negro sent her up-stairs. She tapped. Then her mother's feet moved lightly across the floor; suddenly it became clear that she would have known those foot-falls and the now-hesitant rhythm of the step anywhere in the world—that familiar sound would have brought her, staring, out of the deepest sleep. When the door opened, she was sobbing, and holding the dog tightly to her breast.

Mrs. Mason stared for a moment, then cried—"Minnie!"—and enfolded her dog and all, in her trembling arms.

Then the door closed, and, the dog sniffing about the pitiful dingy room, they sat and looked at each other. Minnie saw a broken old woman, mean furniture, and a folding bed. Then she felt those sad eyes on her, and talked in a rush through her tears.

"I bought every rag of it with my own money—I'm making money now—on the square, too— oh, it's the show business, and I know you don't approve of it, but I own two-thirds of my own company, and next year I'm going to put on an eighteen-thousand dollar production—you see this is the old burleyque wheel—that's burlesque and it's a sure thing, surest there is—nothing like this chancy Broadway stuff. Oh, they get the press and play the big time and all that, but we have our own following ...."

And Mrs. Mason, bewildered, struggled both to preserve her sanity and to believe the best.

"Have you had any lunch, Minnie? I haven't much of anything here—but there's a little tea and some crackers. They don't mind our doing a little cooking, here For heavier meals we go over now and then to the bakery."

"Bless your heart, Mama, don't you think of bothering. I had breakfast at ten."

"At ten....!"

"Listen—I want to ask you—does papa ever speak of me?"

Slowly the mother shook her head. There were many things she would have liked to say and to ask, but speech was bitterly difficult. The one thing above all else that she could not possibly have told her daughter was that of late years she and her husband each knew that the other watched at about this season for the name of Minnie Mason among the theatrical advertisements.

"Do you live here, Mama, in just this one room?"

"Well, lately, it's been all we could—"

"Does papa do any business?"

"It has been hard. Though Mr. Weston has promised, if he buys the new bank property, to give your father the business, and, of course, Lily—"

"Mama!" Minnie, near to sobbing again, opened her purse. "Here's a little. Just for now—a hundred or so." She tossed what bank notes she had into her mother's lap. "No, don't you say anything about it. Listen. I suppose papa owes more or less."

"Well, of course—he's very hopeful now, as soon as Mr. Weston—"

"Listen here! I can't stay now. I've got a performance at two. We do two a day, you know. And I've got a hunch you'd better talk with papa first—sorta break it to him. But listen, you and papa sit down to-night and make up a list of every penny he owes—every penny, mind, with interest at six per cent. My father and mother took care of me when I was a kid, and I didn't treat 'em right, and I tell you right now they're not going to suffer while I've got a dollar to share with 'em....No, I guess there ain't much use of our trying to talk about it. I'll be out tomorrow on the same train, and I'll expect that list to be ready. Papa won't feel so darn bad when he sees the coin. Money talks.

"Oh, Minnie, it hurts me a little to have you say things like—"

"But it does, Mama! You can't get back of that."

Wm. P. and Mrs. Mason dined that evening on beefsteak, French fried potatoes, asparagus, ice-cream and coffee in the restaurant of the Chicago terminal; and Wm. P. called the waiter, "George," and gave him fifty cents afterwards. Then, curiously silent, he helped her on a Clark Street car. Mrs. Mason's face twitched nervously as she rode.

Furtively they slipped into back seats in the dingy theatre. Silently speaking of other, trivial things, they took car and train back to Sunbury.

It was on the walk home that the mother spoke her thoughts.

"I suppose it—isn't so—bad—if only she wouldn't—w-wear—" She could get no further with it.

"After all," explained Wm. P. with pathetic eagerness, "it's just what Minnie calls it. it's a business. Of course, there's folk out here that wouldn't understand. Narrow folks. Every village has those. But it means somethin', don't it, that she owns her own show. Means character, don't it? I know it's queer, but...."

They sat in the two front windows, Wm. P., haggard after a sleepless night, in the patent rocker; Mrs. Mason, who never leaned back, in the straight chair with the cane seat. Outside, the young leaves of the elms rustled brightly in the flooding golden sunlight.

They watched each casual passer-by; strained their eyes at each sound. When the silence had grown long she asked—

"Where'd you put the list, Will?"

He opened his hand to show the folded paper.

"She's coming, Will, I see her."

"Oh, yes!" He was staring out through the screen at the richly attired creature who walked with so conspicuously easy a swing.

"Hadn't we better go down and meet her, Will? You know she's a busy woman."

"Oh, I suppose so. You mustn't scold if I'm a little severe with her, Sue."

"Oh, Will—not now—not when she's—"

I'll have to act as I feel. There's some things it's no good trying to cover up."

But on the steps, as Minnie came in at the gate, Wm. P. cried.

It was Minnie who took matters in hand.

"Have you got the list, papa?" she asked, strangely like the child he had lost. "If you have, we'll go straight down to the bank."

"I think I've got it all down, Minnie, but I'm not sure about some of the interest."

"Mr. Weston can straighten that out. They have interest tables in banks."

"Oh, I suppose they can. Never thought o' that. Hold on, Minnie, your mother can't walk quite so fast."

They turned the corner into Simpson Street and advanced on the bank, Wm. P. on the outside, the arrestingly handsome Minnie and her dog on the inside, Mrs. Mason between them. Minnie found the flush coming again, and grew quietly angry. Mrs. Mason's face was twitching in that nervous way. Wm. P.'s head was defiantly up and back. Curious eyes were peering out shop-windows. And each of the three sensed an electric whisper flying ahead of them along the street.

In the bank, Minnie drew her father aside, asked how much he would need at the start.

"I'm afraid," he began—of course, there was a good many old things—and you said—"

"Don't feel that way, papa; just tell me."

"It's—almost a thousand dollars!"

"Is that all!" Minnie was brusquely cheerful. She led them directly across the tiled floor to the mahogany rail.

Mr. Weston, a quiet little man, very bald, with close-clipped gray mustache and large spectacles, breathing the decorum that was felt among the responsible folk of Sunbury to be the ultimate expression of their suburban life, looked up.

"How do you do, Minnie," said Mr. Weston, gravely. For he knew as well as she that when money speaks it is best to listen attentively.

"Good morning, Mr. Weston," she replied; and already, at this encounter, her quick emotions were struggling for expression. "Now listen, papa wants you to help him straighten out a few things here. Here—" she guardedly opened her purse—"here's my check for two thousand. I thought you'd like it certified. Of course you don't know much about me these days—"

"Oh, I'm sure—" began Mr. Weston politely.

"That's the gospel. You don't. Papa'll tell you what he wants done. Whatever balance there is you'd better just hold to his credit on a check account. I'll send something every week—fifty or a hundred."

"Oh, Minnie," breathed her mother, "not so much! Child, we really—"

But Minnie drew herself up. Her face worked as if in preparation for an emotional scene. Her blazing eyes swept the subtly prurilently hostile room, "Ive got it," she cried. "I tell you I've made good. And by God, my father and mother are going to have the best there is!"

They left Wm. P. at the bank and walked to the station; and along the street Mrs. Mason, her face averted, said not a word. Minnie started a number of sentences, even worked up an embarrassingly loud laugh, but drew out no response.

On the new concrete platform Mrs. Mason sank on a bench. And then Minnie saw that she was crying.

"Why, mama!" she breathed; sat beside her, put a strong arm around her—"What is it—what's happened?"

Mrs. Mason sobbed—"Minnie, I—I can't bear it! I never thought I'd live to—don't think me ungrateful for all you're doing for us—but the awful thing you said—swearing like that—"

Minnie's thoughts darted bewildered here and there. "I didn't swear, mama!"

"You—you did. Right before Mr. Weston. I—I'm old fashioned, I suppose, but I can't b-bear to think—"

"Oh!" breathed the daughter, softly, "Oh! yes! I remember." Then the tears came and rolled down her fair cheeks.

"Promise me you'll never say that d-dreadful thing again."

"I will, mama!" Her thoughts were racing forward, picturing before the mind's eyes the curious complications that lay ahead. "I will—I promise now. You g-get careless in—my crowd. But I'll never swear again. Never."

She held her little mother close, heedless of who might see, warmly, luxuriously happy in this new emotion with its momentary sense of a safe anchorage. And she knew, as the thin shoulders within her encircling arm relaxed their nervous tension, that the mother, was richly happy, too.

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She had struck but a few notes before I knew definitely that those strong hands had a magic in them.

"Was there something you wanted to say to me?"

"Why—no. I happened to be in town, and dropped in at your show . . . ." Then, as she made no effort to carry the conversation further, he went on, lamely—"How about sitting down somewhere? Glass o' beer?"

Minnie considered. "I don't mind," she replied. "For a little while. There's a man from New York gets in at midnight. I've got to see him." And with a little flare of girlishness, she added—"He's come to see me on business."

They found an alley restaurant.

"How'd you like the show?" asked Minnie, elbows on the table, chin on hands, an intense little egotist, in rouge and powder, full lips outlined in carmine, hair redder than he remembered it; coarsened, he felt, but rather excitingly attractive. The long lashes, half hiding the big direct eyes, were as provocative as ever. With ten years of continental life woven into his habits, George Haven, Jr., found the thrill of the oldest of hunts stirring in his somewhat jaded veins.

"How'd you like it?" she asked again, impatiently.

"Oh—very much."

"Seen me before?"

"Why—no. No, I haven't."

"I'm working up a big new show for next year. An eighteen thousand dollar production. Bill Posnick of Columbus is going in with me. And Terry Williams is writing the book. Know of him?"

"I don't believe I do."

"He writes great comedy. I've got to pay him seven and a half—"

"A half?"

"Seven hundred and fifty. I got this piece for five hundred, but it's poor material. Comedy's no good. I have to get all the laughs myself—my own stuff. I tell you, the best material's the cheapest. I've learned that. Do they—talk about me in Sunbury?"

"Why—I haven't heard—I've been away myself nearly ten years."

"Well—I'm giving you my impressions for what they're worth. I should say he found it difficult."

"Mm! Wonder he wouldn't let me know."

George Haven, Jr., beckoned the waiter and ordered more beer. But Minnie shook her head.

"Don't want it, George," she said. "I'm pretty near off the booze, anyhow. I've had my fight with it. I was a drunkard for three or four years—just a rowdy little bum. Then I got my chance with Al Salzberg, and picked myself up ....Funny, your waiting for me out there. I suppose you aren't used to stage doors....Well. George, I'll tell you something. I've been through a lot, I've seen a little of everything. I suppose, seeing me hopping around in tights, you thought you could start most anything."

"Oh—really—"

"Oh yes you did! Do you think, after all I've lived through, I don't know men?" She swore, under her breath; then he found her leaning over the table, talking at him with a tremulous intensity of voice. "Look here, George Henderson — what I'm going to tell you now is the straight stuff. This old burleyque wheel—"

"I don't quite—"

"The wheel? Oh, we've got forty theatres and forty shows, and we play a week all round, every year. That's forty solid weeks of guaranteed business. We don't have failures. We don't play any Broadway uncertainties. It's a real business. And I've made good in it. I'm making money—understand? And I'm going to make more. For I know this business. I know every one of their tricks, and a few more. Oh, I'm a rough girl—yes! You can't tell me a word about the seamy side. They couldn't call me straight in Sunbury, but just the same they're wrong in what they think about me. . . . There are two banks in St. Louis I could go to to-morrow and borrow ten thousand on my unsecured note. Could you do that?"

"No—I couldn't," murmured George Haven, Jr., wide-eyed.

"Well, I could! I can! That don't quite spell down and out, now does it?"

"Most assuredly not."

"And I'll tell you something else. Whatever I may have had to go through while I was down, there's no man can say he's keeping me now. And I paid back eight hundred to one fellow that thought he owned me. There's problems come up in my life that wouldn't hardly come up if I was teaching in Milwaukee—though they might, at that!—oh, well, it doesn't matter to a living person what I do! I'm no worse than nine out of any ten men you know. . . . Well, I've got to go over to the hotel."

"I'll walk with you."

"No—you run along! I've got things on my mind. And"—she was thinking back—"I'm no worse than you yourself."

"I'm not sure that you're not a devil of a lot better," replied George Haven, Jr.

"Good night!" she said, more brightly; wrung his hand, and hurried off to her own hotel.

The man from New York wore a diamond horseshoe in his scarf, and a black felt hat with a wide brim drawn low over his eyes. He was young, slender, with blue shadows under his eyes and a curiously mobile mouth that continually shifted a cigar about. He was waiting in the linoleum-floored "office," and took her at once to his suite.

"Min," he said, closing the door (and failing to remove his hat—"I'm coming through."

"So?" said she, accepting carelessly his kiss of greeting, and dropping into a red plush chair.

He stood over her, gazing down at her as she, with a touch of self-consciousness, picked dust from the white curls of the dog. "Everything's breaking my way, Min. I've got four 'Honey Dew' Companies out and two of 'The Rose Girl'! 'The Wife on the Road' played to sixteen thousand last week on Forty-second Street. I'm buying the Morton Theatre."

"Going to change the name?"

"Of course! I'm going to put my own name on it. Want you to open it in August."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, I do! I've got just the piece for you. What's struck you, Min? You're queer."

"I'm all right."

"I didn't travel from New York to Peoria for nothing. You can imagine that."

"Oh—sure!"

"We're going to quit this kidding."

"I've never kidded you, Frank. You oughtn't to say that."

"I know. You've been more'n good to me. But you'll never let me do anything for you—no, listen! I can't stand it, having you on your own out here. I'm going to take you out of the burleyque—"

She spread her hands. "But I've got a real business, Frank, and Broadway's nothing but a gamble."

"Not for you, it aint. Listen now! you know I'm no piker—"

ONLY A YOUTH BUT NEVER KNEW A BOYHOOD

George Adams is a very weak boy—he's so weak he can't even turn the page of a book without feeling fatigue. He has a good many brothers and sisters, and his parents are very poor. So when George put on long trousers—he was just 12 at the time—he became a man and took upon himself the task of earning money for the family. He went to learn a trade in an iron foundry, where fumes and hard work undermined a weak system and sowed future trouble. Now and then one other working member of the family would cease earning through sickness or loss of job, and George would have to keep his nose to the grindstone a few more hours each day to make up for it. His life was just work, work, work until one day he dropped on the floor. The company physician who examined him prescribed a year or two at The Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives. He can't understand why he never had a boyhood and none of the good things of life, but he's fairly happy—he knows separation from his family safeguards them. He's content, and he still has hope.

Boviril makes you feel splendid

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DE VILMARTE'S LUCK

By MARY HEATON VORSE

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Illustrated by C. R. SNELGROVE.

WHAT Hazelton's friends called his second manner had for a mother despair, and for a father irony, and for a godmother necessity. It leaped into his mind full-grown, charged with the vitality of his bitterness.

Success had always been scratching at Hazelton's door, and then hurrying past. The world had always been saying to him, "Very well, very well indeed: just a little bit better and you shall have the recognition that should be yours." Patrons came and almost bought pictures. He was accepted only to be hung so badly that his singing color was lost on the sky-line. Critics would infuriated him by telling him that he had almost—almost, mind you—painted the impossible; that his painting was what they called "a little too blond."

How Hazelton hated that insincere phrase which meant nothing, for, as he explained to Dumont the critic, as they sat outside the Cafe de la Rotonde after their return from the Salon, Nature was blond—what else? He, Dumont, came from the Midi, didn't he? Well, then, he knew what sunshine was! How could paint equal the color of a Summer's day, the sun shining on the flesh of a blond woman, a white dress against a white wall? Blond? Because he loved the vitality of light they wanted him to dip his brush in an ink-pot—hein? Dumont would be pleased if he harked back to the gloom of the old Dutch school, or if he imitated the massed insincerities of Boecklen, Hazelton opined from the depths of his scorn.

Dumont poised himself for flight on the edge of his hard metal chair. He was bored, but he had to admit that if ever Hazelton was justified in bitterness it was today when, after a long search through the miles of canvases, he had finally discovered his two pictures hung in such a position as to be as effective as two white spots. He escaped, leaving Hazelton hunched over the table, his forceful, pugnacious, red countenance contrasting oddly with the subtle anemia of his absinthe. He was followed by Hazelton's choleric shouts, which informed him that he, Hazelton, could paint with mud for a medium if he chose.

His profession of art critic had accustomed Dumont to the difficulties of the artistic temperament, and he thought no more of Hazelton until he ran into him some ten day later. There was malice in Hazelton's small brilliant eyes and an air of suppressed triumph in his muscular deep-chested figure. His face was red, partly from living out of doors and partly from drink. He rolled as he walked, not quite like a bear and not quite like a seafaring man—a vigorous, pugnacious person whose vehement greeting made Dumont apprehensive until he glanced at Hazelton's hands, which were reassuringly small.

"Well," he said, "you remember our conversation? It was the parent, my dear Dumont, of dead-sea fruit of the most mature variety." Hazelton considered this a joke, and laughed at it with satisfaction. He was very much pleased with himself.

Dumont went with Hazelton to his studio. On Hazelton's easel was a picture of dark, wind-swept trees beaten by a storm. They silhouetted themselves against a sinister and menacing sky. The thing was full of violence and fury, it was drenched with wet and blown with wind.

"Who did this?" asked Dumont. "It is magnificent!"

"You like it?" asked Hazelton, incredulously. And then he repeated himself, changing his accent. "You like it, Dumont?"

"Certainly I like it," Dumont answered, a trifle stiffly. "There is vitality, form, color! Because you are not happy unless you are in the midst of a sunbath, at least permit others to vary their moods."

At this Hazelton burst into loud laughter.

"You amuse yourself," Dumont observed, but Hazelton continued to laugh uproariously, shaking his wide shoulders.

"Do you know the name of that picture? The name of that picture is 'La Guigne Noire'—I painted it from the depths of my bad luck."

"Hein?" said Dumont. "You painted that picture?"

"This picture—if you call it that—I painted."

"I call it a picture," Dumont asserted, dryly.

"I call it a practical joke," said Hazelton. "One does not paint pictures with the tongue in one's cheek. I know how one paints pictures."

"How one paints pictures makes no difference," Dumont replied, impatiently. "Who cares if you had your tongue in your cheek? You had your brush in your hand. The result is that which matters. This work has completeness."

Hazelton slapped his thigh with a mighty blow. "Mon Dieu!" he cried. "If this fools you, there are others it will fool as well—and I need the money! And from that bubbling artesian well from which this sprang I can see a million others like it—like it, but not like it. Hein, mon vieux? Come, come, my child, to Mercier's, who will sell it for me. The day of glory has arrived!"

A sardonic malice sparkled on Hazelton's ugly face, and his nose, which jutted out with a sudden truculency, was redder than ever. He took the picture up and danced solemnly around the studio.

It was in this indecorous fashion, to the echo of Hazelton's bitter laughter, that his second manner was born, and that he achieved his first success, for his second manner was approved by the public.

Three years went past. Hazelton was medaled. He was well hung now, he sold moderately but he never sold the work which he respected. At last his constant failure with what he called "his own pictures" had made him so sensitive that he no longer exposed them.

Hazelton's position was that of the parent in the old-fashioned fairy tale who had two children, one beautiful and dark-haired, whom he despised and ill-treated and made work that the child of light might thrive. That, in his good-tempered moments, was how he explained the matter to his friends.

Dumont explained to Hazelton that he had two personalities and that he had no cause to be ashamed of this second and subjective one, even though he had discovered it by chance and in a moment of mockery.

"You have an artistic integrity that is proof even against yourself," was his analysis.

The insistence of the public and of Dumont, in whose critical judgment he had believed, gave him something like respect for his foster-child. His belief in his judgment was subtly undermined.

"I shall leave you," he told Dumont. "I shall secrete myself in the country undefiled by the artists's paint-brush and there I will paint a chef d'oeuvre entitled 'Le Mal du Ventre.' On its proceeds I will return to my blond."

WHILE engaged on this work, which later became Hazelton's most successful picture, Hazelton met Raoul de Vilmarte. This young man was a poor painter, but a delightful companion, and he endeared himself to Hazelton at once by his naive enthusiasm for Hazelton's former pictures.

"What grace they had—what beauty—what light! What an extraordinary irony that you should throw away a gift that I should so have cherished!" he exclaimed.

His words were to Hazelton like rain to a dying plant. He stopped work on "Le Mal du Ventre," and began to paint to "suit himself" again. He had a childish delight in surprising De Vilmarte with his new picture.

"Why, why," cried his new friend, "do you permit yourself to bury this supreme talent? No one has painted sunlight as well! Compared with this, darkness enshrouds the canvases of all other masters! Why do you not claim your position as the apostle of light?"

Hazelton explained that critics and the public had forced these canvases into obscurity.

"Another name signed to them—a Frenchman preferably—and we might hear a different story," he added.

A sudden idea came to De Vilmarte. "Listen!" he said. "I have exposed nothing for two years. Indeed, I have been doubtful as to whether I should expose again. I know well enough that were my family unknown and were not certain members of the jury my masters, and others friends of my family, I might never have been accepted at all—it has been a sensitive point with me. Unfortunately, my mother and my friends believe me to be a genius—"

"Well?" said Hazelton, seeing some plan moving darkly through De Vilmarte's talk.

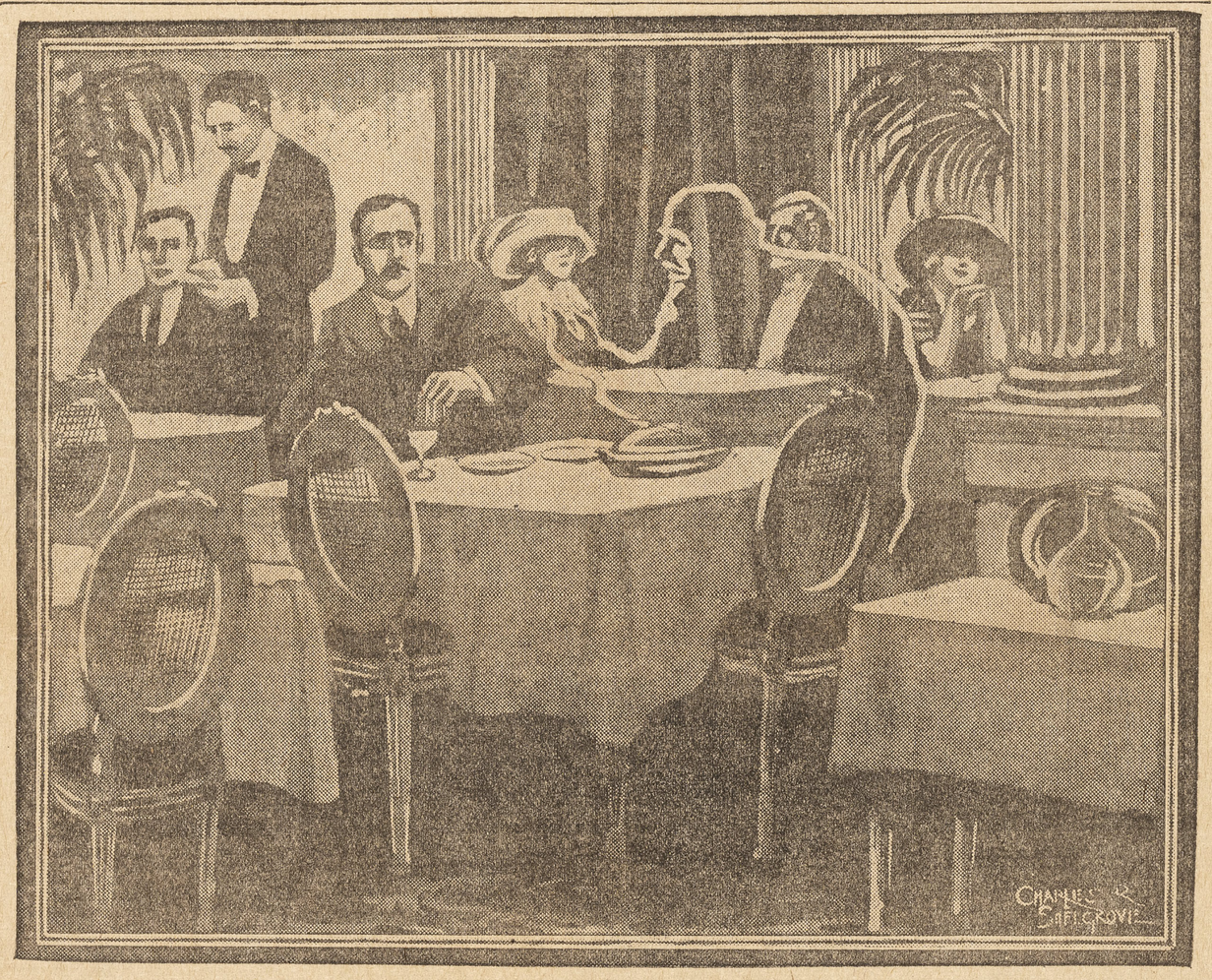
"Well?" said De Vilmarte, slowly, "we might play a joke upon the critics of France. There is a gap between this and my work—immeasurable—one I could never bridge—and yet it is plausible—" He glanced from a sketch of his he was carrying to Hazelton's picture.

Hazelton looked from one to the other. Compared, a gulf was there, fixed, unbridgable, and yet—He twisted his small, nervous hands together. Malice sparkled from his eyes.

"It is plausible!" he agreed. He held out his hand. A sparkle of his malice gleamed in De Vilmarte's pale eyes. They said no more. They shook hands. Later it seemed to Hazelton the ultimate irony that they should have entered into their sinister alliance with levity.

The second phase of the joke seemed as little menacing. You can imagine the three of them outside the Rotonde, Hazelton and De Vilmarte listening to Dumont's praise of De Vilmarte's picture. You can enter into the feelings of cynicism, of disillusion, that filled the hearts of the two farceurs. De Vilmarte's picture had been accepted, hung well, then medaled. The critics had acclaimed him!

They sat there delicately baiting Dumont, bound together by the knowledge that they had against the world—for they, and they alone, knew the stuff of which fame is made. They were in the position of the pessimist who has proof of his pessimism.



When De Vilmarte was at a table in a cafe a huge and mocking shadow sat beside him, and it said, "There's death in our little drama, hein, mon vieux?"

No one really believes the world as bad as he pretends, and here De Vilmarte and Hazelton had proof of their most ignoble suspicions; here was the corroding knowledge that Raoul's position and popularity could achieve the recognition denied to an unknown man. He was French, and on the inside, and Hazelton was a foreigner and on the outside.

"Well," said Raoul, when Dumont had left them, "we have a fine gaffe to spring on them hein? It's going to cost me something. My mother is charmed—she will take it rather badly, I am afraid."

"Well, why should she take it?" asked Hazelton, after a pause. "Why should we share our joke with all the world?"

"You mean?" asked Raoul.

It was then that the voice of fate spoke through Hazelton.

"You can have the picture," he said, jerking his big head impatiently.

"Do you mean that I can have it—to keep?"

"Have it if you like. Money and what money buys is all I want from now on," said Hazelton, and he shook his shoulders grossly and sensually while his nervous hands, the hands whose work the picture was, twisted themselves as though in agonized protest.

Hazelton went back to his studio and stood before his blond pictures, the children of his heart. It was already evening, but they shone out in the dim light. He was a little tipsy.

"So," he said to them—"so all these years you have deceived me, as many a man has been deceived before by his beloved. Your flaunting smiles made me think you were what you are not. Dumont was right—my fosterchild is better than you, for she made her way alone and without favor. I tried to think I had painted the impossible. Light is beyond me. Why should I think I could paint light? I am a child of darkness and misfortune. I know who my beloved is. You shall no longer work to support your sister!"

"What are you doing?" came his wife's querulous voice. "Talking and mumbling to yourself before your pictures in the dark? Are you drunk again?"

SOME months passed before De Vilmarte and Hazelton met again. They ran into each other on the corner of the Boulevard Raspail and the Boulevard du Montparnasse.

"Hey! What are you doing so far from home?" cried Hazelton.

"Looking for you."

"I was going to you," Hazelton acknowledged.

They stared at each other scrutinizingly, each measuring the other with dawning distrust. Each waited.

"Let us go to the Rotonde," Hazelton suggested.

They talked of other things, each waiting for the other to begin. Hazelton had the most resistance; he had flipped a penny as to whether he should go to seek De Vilmarte, but De Vilmarte had made his despair, and that had been so faithful to him in spite of abuse, might be crowned. Just what had happened to both of them they realized after the opening of the Salon next year.

"Take care," Hazelton had warned De Vilmarte, "that they do not hang you better than they do me. That I will not have." He had said it jokingly; but while De Vilmarte's exhibit was massed, and he had won the second medal, Hazelton's was scattered, and he had but one picture on the line; worse still, the critics gave Hazelton formal praise while they acclaimed De Vilmarte as the most promising of the younger school of landscape-painters.

De Vilmarte sought out Hazelton, full of a sense of apology. He found him gazing morosely into his glass of absinthe like one seeing unpleasant visions.

"It is really too strong," Raoul said. "I am sorry."

"It's not your fault," Hazelton replied, listlessly. "It's got to stop, though!" He did not look up, but he felt the shock that traveled through De Vilmarte's well-knit body. "It's got to stop!" he repeated. "It's too strong, as you say."

There was a long silence, a silence full of gravity, full of despair, the silence of a man who has suddenly and unexpectedly heard his death sentence, a silence in whose duration De Vilmarte saw his life as it was. He had begun this as a joke after his first agonized indecision, and now suddenly he saw not only his mother but himself involved, and the honor of his name. He waited for Hazelton to say something—anything, but Hazelton was chasing chimeras in the depths of his pale drink. As usual, his resistance was the greater. He sat hunched and red, his black hair framing his truculent face, unmindful of Raoul.

"It has gone beyond a joke," was what Raoul finally said.

"That's just it," Hazelton agreed. "My God! Think how they have hung you—think how they have hung me. Where do I get off? Have I got to work for nothing all my life?"

"The recognition—you know what that means—it means nothing!" cried Raoul.

Hazelton did not answer.

"But I can't—confess now!" Raoul's anguish dragged it out of him. "I could afford to be a farceur—I cannot afford to be a cheat."

Hazelton looked at him suddenly. Then he laughed. "Ha! ha! The little birds!" he said. "They stepped in the lime and they gummed up their little feet, didn't they?" He lifted up his own small foot, which was well shod in American shoes. "Poor little bird! Poor little gummed feet!" He laughed immoderately.

Disgust and shame had their will with Raoul.

Hazelton was enchanted with his own similes, and, unmindful of his friend's mood, he placed his small hand next Raoul's, which was nervous and brown, the hand of a horseman.

By Hazelton's tone De Vilmarte realized that he was ready to capitulate; he wanted to be urged, and he desired to make it as disagreeable as he could because he was not in a position to send De Vilmarte to the devil any more than De Vilmarte could follow his instinct and leave Hazelton to come crawling to him—for there was always the chance that Hazelton might be lucky and would not come crawling.

"It's your mother again, I suppose," said Hazelton, ungraciously.

De Vilmarte grew white around his mouth; he grasped his cane until his hand was bloodless. "Some one unfortunately told her that they were urging me to have a private exhibition, and her heart is set upon it."

"There are a number of things upon which my wife's heart is set," Hazelton admitted after a pause, during which he painted with delicate deliberation and exquisite surety while, fascinated and full of envy, De Vilmarte watched the delicate hand that seemed to have an independent existence of its own that seemed to be the utterance of some other and different personality than that which was expressed in Hazelton's body. He turned around suddenly, grinning at De Vilmarte.

"How much are you going to pay for my soul this time?" he asked.

They had never bargained before. In the midst of it Hazelton stopped and looked De Vilmarte over from top to toe. No detail of his charm and of his correctness escaped him.

"How are you able to stand it?" he asked. "It must be hard on you, too." The thought came to him as something new.

"Oh," said Raoul, with awful sarcasm, "you think it is hard on me?"

"You must be fond of your mother," said Hazelton. This time he had not meant to be brutal, and he was sorry to see De Vilmarte wince, but he did not know how to mend matters. "How are we going to break through?" he said. "What end is there for us? I do it for my wife, whom I don't love, poor wretch, but for whom I feel damned responsible; and you sell your soul to please your mother. And do you get nothing for yourself, I wonder—" He half closed his little eyes, which glinted like jewels between his black lashes. "Appreciation and applause must be pleasant. One can buy as much with stolen money as one can with money earned. . . . There is only one way out—it is for one of us to die, or for one of them. There is death in our little drama, hein, mon vieux?"

IT WAS the private exhibition that fixed De Vilmarte's reputation as an artist. It also marked in his own mind the precariousness of his position. And now the matter was complicated for him because he fell in love with a young girl who cared for his talent as did his mother. She was one of those proud young daughters of France who had no interest in rich and idle young men. Each word of her praise was anguish to him. The praise of the feuilletons he could stand better, because some way they seemed to have nothing to do with him. It was the price which he paid willingly for his mother's happiness.

He cared so much that he had tried not to care for her, and again his mother intervened. It was in every way a suitable match, and his mother told him that she did not wish to die without a grandchild. "You have obligations to your art," she said, "but your obligations to your race are above those."

She was now very feeble. His wedding and his next Salon picture filled her mind. She was haunted by the presentiment that she would not see the summer come to its close.

So Raoul would hurry from her room to Hazelton to see how the picture was coming on. Hazelton was painting as he had never painted before. It seemed, indeed, as if he had a double personality, and as if each one of these personalities was trying to outstrip the other. As happens sometimes to an artist, he had made a sudden leap ahead. No picture that he had painted had the depth or the beauty or the clear, flowing color of this one. But he lagged along. It was as though the beauty of the picture which De Vilmarte was to sign tortured him, and he did not wish to finish it. He would stand before it lost in the contemplation of its excellences like a devotee, refusing to paint.

The picture Hazelton was painting for his own signature was dark and magnificent, but the picture which he was painting for De Vilmarte had a singular radiance. It was as though at last Hazelton had painted the impossible; light shone from that picture. Yet it was not finished. Days passed, and Hazelton had not brought the picture further toward completion.

One day when De Vilmarte came in he found Hazelton brooding before it. He had been drinking. Tears were in his eyes. "It is too beautiful—too beautiful! Light IS more beautiful than darkness. The taste for the black, the menacing, is the decadent appreciation of a too sheltered world. I cannot finish this picture for another to sign."

"No," De Vilmarte soothed him, "of course not."

"Oh, my beautiful!" cried Hazelton, addressing his picture. "I cannot finish you! Come, De Vilmarte, we will drink."

De Vilmarte went with Hazelton. He watched over him as a mother over her child. He talked; he reasoned; he sat quiet, white-lipped, while Hazelton would speculate as to what De Vilmarte got out of it.

"You are, I think, like the victim of a drug," he said, jeering at De Vilmarte, his brilliant eyes agleam. That was truer than Hazelton knew. He could not stop. His mother, his fiancee, his friends, the critics, his world, expected a picture from him. He visualized them sometimes pushing him on to some doom of whose exact nature he was ignorant. Again it was to him as though they dug a dark channel in which his life had to flow.

Meantime he had to nurse Hazelton's sick spirit along. He would go with him as he drank, stand by him in his studio, urging him to paint. In this way they spent hideous days together.

Hazelton developed a passion for torture. He was tortured himself. Alcohol tortured him, his embittered nature tortured him. He loved to see De Vilmarte writhe. He was torn between his desire to finish the picture and the anguish which he felt at seeing it about to pass into another's hands. There were days when its existence hung in the balance.

"You see this palette-knife," he would tell De Vilmarte, "and this palette of dark paint? A twist, my friend, a little twist of the knife and a little splash, and where is this luminous radiance? Gone!" And he would watch De Vilmarte as he let his brush hover over the brilliant surface.

How it hurt Raoul he knew, because when he thought of destroying the picture it was as though a knife were twisted in his own heart.

One afternoon, De Vilmarte nursed Hazelton from cafe to cafe, listening to his noble braggadocio.

"Remember," Hazelton urged Raoul, "the wonderful Mongolian legend of the father and son who loved the same woman, and whom for their honor they threw over a cliff! That's the idea—the cliff! You shall throw our love over the cliff—you shall destroy the picture yourself. Come back with me!" He was as though possessed. Full of apprehension, De Vilmarte followed him.

They stood before the picture. It shone out as though indeed light came from it. Hazelton put the palette into De Vilmarte's hand.

"Now, my friend, go to it!" he cried. "Paint, De Vilmarte—paint in your own natural manner! A few strokes of the brush of the great master De Vilmarte, and color and light will vanish from it. Why not—why not? You suffer, too—your face is drawn. You think I do not know how you hate me. I don't need to look at you to know that. We always hate those who have power over us. Paint—Paint! If I can bear it, surely you can. Paint naturally, De Vilmarte! Paint into it your own meagerness and banality! Paint into my masterpiece the signature of your own defeat."

The afternoon was ebbing. It seemed as though the room were full of silent people, all holding Raoul back—his world, the critics, his fiancee, his mother. Besides, he had no right to destroy this beautiful thing to save his honor.

"You are not yourself," he said.

"Aha! I know what you think of me. Ha! De Vilmarte, but I am a master, a great painter. Paint, and betray yourself. Ha! sale voyou, you will not? You are waiting to steal from me my final beautiful expression. You stand there—How is it that you permit me to call Vicomte de la Tour de Vilmarte names? Why do you not strike me?"

"Oh, call me what you like," Raoul cried. "Only finish the picture. There is very little more to do."

"I tell you what I shall call you," Hazelton jeered at him. "I will call you nothing worse than Raoul—Ra-oul—Ra—o—ul!" He meowed it like a tom-cat. "How can I be so vile when I paint like an angel, Ra—o—u—l....Ra—o—u—l!"

Sweat stood on Raoul's forehead. He stood quiet. The picture was finished.

"Sign, my little Raoul, sign!" cried Hazelton. And with murder in his heart, a bitter tide of dark and sluggish blood mounting, ever mounting, Raoul signed and then fled into the lovely spring evening.

"This is the end," he thought. "There shall be no more of this. Not for any one—not for any one, can I be so defiled!" For he felt the mystic identity between himself and his mother—that he was flesh of her flesh, and that in some vicarious way she was being insulted through him.

BUT it was not the end. It was with horror that Raoul learned that the picture had been bought by the State, that he was to receive the Legion of Honor. His mother was wild with joy.

"Now," she cried, embracing him—"now I can depart in peace." She looked so fragile that it seemed as if indeed her spirit had lingered only for this joy. She looked at him narrowly. "But you have been working too hard—you look ill. A long rest is what you need."

"A very long rest," Raoul agreed. He left the house, and, as if it was a magnet the great exhibition drew him to it, and in front of his picture stood the thick familiar figure of Hazelton, his nose jutting out truculently from his face, which was red and black like a poster. He broke through his attitude of devoted contemplation to turn upon Raoul.

"Bought by the state!" he cried. "To be hung in the Luxembourg!" He pointed menacingly with his cane at De Vilmarte's neat little signature. "Why, I ask, should I go to my grave unknown, poor, a pensioner of your bounty? Why should you be happy—feted?"

The irony of being accused of happiness was too much for De Vilmarte. He laughed aloud.

"Wouldn't it be better for you to be an honest man?" croaked Hazelton.

"Only death can make an honest man of me," answered De Vilmarte.

"My death could make an honest man of you," Hazelton said slowly. It was as if he had read the dark and nameless secret that was lurking in the bottom of De Vilmarte's heart.

For a moment they two seemed alone in all the earth, the only living beings. They stood alone, their secret in their hands.

Then Hazelton's lips began to move. "My God!" he said. "Bought by the state and hung in the Luxembourg! Bought by the state and hung in the Luxembourg!" He repeated it as if trying to familiarize himself with some inexplicable fact. "I will not have it!" he went on. "I will not have it! If I'm not bought by the state I shall not go on!"

Raoul looked at him with entreaty. Hazelton came up to the surface of consciousness and his eyes followed Raoul's. A very frail little old lady was being pushed in a wheel-chair near them.

"My mother," Raoul whispered.

"I wish to meet her," said Hazelton.

She bowed graciously and then sat in her chair gazing at the picture bought by the state. Pride was in every line of her old face. She seemed returned from the shadows only to gaze at this picture. Then, in a voice which was cracked with age, she said, turning to Hazelton:

"I know your work, too, Monsieur—the opposite of my son's. It is as though between you you encompassed all of nature's moods. To me there has always been—you will laugh I know—a strange similarity, as though you were two halves of a whole, as day and night."

A cold wave flowed over Hazelton, a feeling as though his hair were lifting on the back of his head. It was as though this frail old lady was linking him irrevocably to Raoul. He was powerless now to take his own.

"Madame," he said, "I feel as if no one had understood my work before."

But she had turned to gaze upon her son's painting. A sort of senility enveloped her, and his drunkenness reached out to it. His gaze had in it respect and tenderness and abnegation. His manner, more eloquent than words, said: "I give up; I resign. Take it."

He went to the end of the gallery, and Raoul saw him sit down in the attitude of one who waits. When Mme. de Vilmarte left, Raoul joined him.

Hazelton's head sank deeply between his shoulders; his pugnacity had oozed away. After a time he spoke with an effort. "I understand," he said. "I understand—"

A curious sense of liberation seized De Vilmarte. His old liking for Hazelton returned. "I am sorry for all of us," he said.

"My poor friend, there is no way out," said Hazelton. "I am vile—a beast. But trust me—believe in me."

"I will," cried De Vilmarte, deeply touched.

Hazelton's little [illegible]

Continued on Page Ten.

BOXES OF GOLD

Complete in This Issue

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by W. B. King

MICHAEL SAYERS' STORY.

I WAS at St. Pancras Station to meet Gorty and Metzger on their arrival in England. I saw the seven black tin boxes with brass clamps, handed out of the guard's van and placed on the roof of a taxicab. I knew as though it were foredoomed that the contents of those boxes would be mine before the week was out. I felt certain, too, that one at least of the two men would fight to the death before I obtained possession of them. They were well worth it, however.

It was a foggy night, and I lingered with perfect safety on the outskirts of the little throng of people who had come to greet these two men. They were a rough lot, on the whole—men of the lowest type, swarthy and unclean. I saw hungry glances directed towards those black boxes, and I knew that, given sufficient cunning and address, I should not be the first by a long way to strike a blow for their acquisition. But of these others I had no fear. Gorty and Metzger knew their friends, knew them well enough not to trust them.

I walked back through the fog to my humble little flat in Adam Street. Those were gloomy days, even for me, who cared little about the physical comforts of life. I was passing as Mr. Arthur Younghusband, LL.D., a cousin of the well-known solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, in town to consult works of reference at the British Museum. Day by day I walked to that gloomy mausoleum of dead knowledge, spent an hour or so there, and back to my rooms. No one dogged my footsteps. By devious ways I had shaken off all pursuit and suspicion. Yet life was a wearisome thing. I am not a man with many human weaknesses, but I should have welcomed a visit from Janet—a little dinner, perhaps, at the Cafe Royal, a peep into the world of many-colored pleasures outside of which my path lay. These things, however, I knew were not for me. Janet was watched, as I knew beyond a doubt; even if she were not, she had failed me in my last demand. Janet presented a problem to be solved.

On the third day after the arrival of Gorty and Metzger, I visited my solicitors, the firm of Younghusband, Nicholson and Younghusband, at Lincoln's Inn. My reputed cousin granted me an interview within a few minutes of my arrival. We spoke for a time of my studies and their progress. Then there was a pause. The door was closed; the walls of the room were thick.

"Things progress?" I demanded, leaning across his wide, untidy table.

Mr. Younghusband smiled benevolently. In these moments of direct speech I was accustomed to forget my assumed personality and to speak with all the quick incisiveness that was natural to me. My legal adviser, however, never altered his manner of reply or deportment. He was always the same—unctuous, legal, courtly.

"Your affairs are in excellent train," he assured me. "Of the two people in whom we are interested, one leaves, as we have surmised, for Manchester to-night; the other remains alone."

"They have made no arrangement with any bank yet?"

My companion shook his head.

"They are both, under the circumstances, suspicious," he said. "Their position, of course, is—er—peculiar. They are the custodians of a hundred thousand pounds in gold, with which they hope to establish a few private credits in this country. On the other hand, the country to which they belong owes us something like a hundred times that amount. They have a somewhat natural fear that any bank with whom they might deposit their treasure might be disposed to hand it over to the Government, or that the Government, by some legal means, might attach it."

"Therefore," I observed, "it remains in their rooms?"

"Precisely! They consider it the lesser risk."

"And Gorty goes to Manchester to-night?"

"That is so," the lawyer murmured.

"So far all seems well," I said. "The great thing is that the gold has not been removed and that Metzger will be alone. There were other little details."

"Just so!" Mr. Younghusband assented, leaning back in his chair with his finger-tips pressed together. "So far as regards the setting of the affair, I think you will find it in order. Metzger and Gorty occupy Suite 89 at the Milan Hotel, which suite consists, as you know, of two bedrooms, a bathroom and a sitting-room. The sitting-room is on the extreme right-hand side of the suite, and the gold is kept in Metzger's bedroom, which opens from the sitting-room. The bathroom is between the two bedrooms."

"I have had the plan," I interrupted a little impatiently.

Mr. Younghusband declined to be hurried. He had the air of giving difficult legal advice on a technical point.

"Suite 90," he continued, "consists of a bedroom, bathroom and sitting-room only, and is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jose de Miguel, very rich South Americans. They are leaving to-night by motor-car for Southampton to catch the steamer there for Buenos Aires in the morning.

"Their luggage is already packed?" I asked.

"Already packed," Mr. Younghusband agreed. "The porters have commented upon its weight."

"And Madam?"

"Appears to have fulfilled her task," was the somewhat hesitating answer.

I detected signs of uneasiness in my companion's speech, and I questioned him about it promptly.

"Have you doubts of the woman?" I asked.

"None whatever," Mr. Younghusband assured me blandly. "At the same time, she is, without a doubt, the weakest link in the chain. She has temperament enough—Metzger seems to have been an easy victim; but I should have had more confidence in the lady who visited me the other day."

"I can no longer put complete faith in my wife," I replied coldly.

Mr. Younghusband was startled out of his dignified serenity of manner. He leaned across the table.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded harshly. "Do you know that she has been here, the one place in London you should have been careful to keep her away from, if you had any doubts?"

"I have no doubts whatever as to her fidelity," I declared. "You know what I mean when I say that, in the parlance of our friends, she has gone soft. It is a pity."

Mr. Younghusband seemed, relieved, but puzzled.

"A woman who could do what she did on the golf-links at Woking," he murmured reminiscently, "must have changed very much if she merits your present criticism."

The subject was by no means a pleasant one to me. I abandoned it.

"In any case," I reminded him, "she is in touch with Greyes, and he knows too much."

"Wonderful capacity for existence, that man," Mr. Younghusband remarked suavely.

HARSH deeds—I am not a lover of them. I seldom go out of my way to kill, or allow my subordinates to do so, if my ends can be obtained otherwise. At that moment, however, I felt a sudden resurgence into my brain of that one bloodthirsty desire of my life.

"As soon as this affair is safely concluded," I said, "and we are in funds once more, I shall take occasion to deal with Norman Greyes myself."

"It occurs to me that you would be well advised," my companion acquiesced. "The person in question posseses the one gift which might make him dangerous to us. He has imagination."

I nodded. I was tracing figures upon the blotting-paper, debating with myself different methods of dealing with Norman Greyes.

"Every channel which might lead to the firm of Younghusband, Nicholson and Younghusband," the lawyer continued meditatively, "seems, so far as human ingenuity could arrange it, permanently blocked, but a man with imagination who is not afraid to work on guesswork is always to be feared."

"It will not be my fault," I promised, as I took my leave, "if you have any cause to fear Norman Greyes after the next month or so."

That night, in the language of those forgotten war communiques, everything happened according to plan. At a quarter to nine, Metzger, who was writing alone in his sitting-room, heard a soft knocking at the door which communicated with the adjoining suite. He rose promptly, locked the outside door of his own rooms, and softly withdrew the bolt of the door to the next suite. He stood there with an inviting smile upon his ugly face. Madam de Miguel laid a cautioning finger upon her somewhat over-painted lips as she stole over the threshold.

"There is one hour that my husband will be away," she whispered, gliding past him. "You may kiss me."

Metzger bent toward her. I moved noiselessly, but I think he would not have heard me if I had worn hobnailed boots. The rest was easy, for it was a trick I knew well. He collapsed with scarcely a gasp. I tightened the cord a little and the deed was done.

SIR NORMAN GREYES TAKES UP THE STORY:

IT was entirely by accident that I had dined that night in the grill-room of the Milan Hotel with Rimmington. He had asked me for an interview that afternoon over the telephone, and being disengaged, I had suggested a little dinner at my club. We had arrived there to find the place packed and the best tables full. Sooner than wait, we had gone to the Milan. Rimmington was in the act of disclosing his reason for wishing to see me, when the manager, who was an old acquaintance, came across to us.

"I wonder whether you would mind coming upstairs with me for a moment, Sir Norman," he begged. "And you too, Mr. Rimmington. I've just been sent for. Something wrong upstairs."

We rose without hesitation and followed him out of the room, into the lift and up to the sixth floor. When we stepped out, several of the servants were gathered at the farther end of the corridor. The manager embarked upon an explanation.

"There may be nothing wrong at all," he said. "This is just the position as it has been reported to me. Suite 89 was taken some days ago by Metzger and Gorty, and two emissaries from our eastern friends. They brought over some gold, as you know, in tin boxes, and greatly against my advice they had it stored in their rooms. Gorty went to Manchester last night, leaving Metzger alone. Our telephone operator reported that he refused to answer the telephone about half an hour ago. We sent up to his room and found it bolted on the inside. We rang and knocked without the slightest result. Finally we entered the suite through the adjoining room, which had just been vacated, and found that although the outer door was bolted on the inside, the suite was empty. Further, the tin boxes of gold had gone.

"Interesting," Rimmington murmured, "very!"

The manager led us alongside the corridor, through an empty bedroom which showed signs of recent vacation, into the suite which had been allotted to Messrs. Metzger and Gorty. There were no signs of any trouble, or disturbance of any sort. We walked through the sitting-room, the two bedrooms and the bathroom; and the floor waiter, who had now joined us, showed where the boxes had been stacked.

"Is there any reason to suppose," I asked, "that this man Metzger has not taken away the gold himself?"

"In that case," the manager pointed out, "some one would have had to carry the cases downstairs. No one has done so. No one has seen Metzger leave the place."

"We are to presume," I asked, "that he's still in the hotel?"

"Precisely!"

"You have had him searched for?"

"Half a dozen men have searched every corner of the place. No one in the hotel has even caught a glimpse of him."

I went through the rooms again. When I came to the bedroom adjoining the sitting-room, and which the floor waiter told me was Metzger's, I noticed that the wardrobe was locked. Not only that, but there was a slight strain being exercised against the lock, bending the panel slightly! For the first time I began to look upon the matter as serious.

"This door must be broken open quickly," I insisted, "or a spare key found."

The key from the wardrobe in Gorty's room was tried with success. As it was turned, the door flew open. I was just in time to catch in my arms a crumpled mass of clothes and humanity. With a blackened face and protuberant eyes, his tongue lolling out on one side, it was still not difficult to recognize from his pictures the man who had refused to answer the telephone.

"My God!" Rimmington exclaimed. "He's dead!"

"He's very near it," I replied, loosening the slip-knot of whip-cord from around his neck. "Send for a doctor at once. —And Rimmington, you had better ring up the Yard and get to work quickly."

Rimmington at that moment justified my confidence in him. He wasted no time in exclamations or idle questions. He pointed to the door of the room through which we had entered.

"How long ago did those people leave?" he asked. "And what luggage did they take with them?"

"They left an hour ago," the floor waiter answered. "They had two very heavy trunks."

"The affair appears to solve itself," Rimmington muttered after he had spoken a few hasty words down the telephone.

The floor waiter, who was an intelligent fellow, followed us into the other room, to which we had withdrawn on the arrival of the doctor.

"There is one thing I ought to tell you, sir," he said. "The porters tried to move those trunks several hours ago, while Mr. Metzger was busy writing in his room. They were too heavy then—and at that time the tin cases were still in Mr. Gorty's room."

"You are sure of that?" Rimmington asked.

"Absolutely, sir."

Rimmington looked around. I could see that the same thought had occurred to him as to me. The briefest of searches confirmed our suspicions. The wardrobe was filled with lumps of heavy stone.

"There is only one point now remaining to be solved," I observed, "and that is, did these two, Mr. and Mrs. Jose de Miguel, carry out this little affair entirely alone, or had they accomplices?"

"They had a visitor about an hour before they left, sir," the floor waiter told us.

Rimmington took out his notebook.

"Description, please," he asked.

"I scarcely saw the gentleman myself, sir," the man replied. "He seemed quite ordinary-looking. He wore glasses, and his hair was gray."

"Well," Rimmington said, as we descended to the ground floor to meet the men whom he had summoned from Scotland Yard, "we get it in the neck sometimes about our failures. This time, if we don't get hold of De Miguel and his heavy trunks, I should think we deserve all the censure we get."

"Nothing in it for me, I'm afraid," I remarked as I bade him good night.

"It doesn't look like it," he admitted. "However, one never knows."

IT was the unexpected which happened. Although Mr. Jose de Miguel and his wife could have had barely an hour's start, and were handicapped by the possession of two trunks of enormous weight, a week passed without any news of their arrest or of the recovery of any part of the gold. Metzger remained in a state of partial unconsciousness and could give no coherent account of what had happened. Gorty returned from Manchester and behaved like a madman. He spent his time between Downing Street, where he boldly accused the Government of having taken the gold, and Scotland Yard, where he expressed his opinion of the English police system in terms which made him, to say the least of it, unpopular there. In the beginning the whole affair had seemed so simple. Mr. and Mrs. de Miguel, distributing gratuities in most lavish fashion, had driven calmly away from the Milan at the appointed hour, and had arrived at Waterloo in ample time for the train which they had planned to take to Southampton. When that train arrived at Southampton, however, there was no one in it in the least answering to their description; neither had any rooms been taken in the hotel, or passages booked on the steamer. Curiously enough, too, none of the porters could remember handling any particularly heavy luggage for that train, or attending upon any passengers answering to the description of the two missing people; yet the man who drove the hotel bus to the station—an old servant and a man of excellent character—gave unfaltering evidence as to his having driven there, and having left his two passengers waiting on the pavement while a porter went for a barrow.

I kept away from Rimmington for some time, for I thoroughly sympathized with his position. On the tenth day, however, he came to see me.

"Not so simple as we thought," he remarked as he accepted a cigar and an easy-chair.

"Apparently not," I assented. "What about the bus-driver?"

"He's been with the hotel company for seventeen years." Rimmington replied, "has a wife and children and an excellent character. Besides, a score of people saw the bus in the station-yard."

"And the man who visited them at the hotel at the last moment?"

"We're offering a hundred pounds reward for his discovery. Here's his description."

I carefully read the typewritten sheet which Rimmington pushed across to me, and returned it in silence.

"Suggest anything to you?" my visitor asked.

"The description might apply to thousands," I answered a little evasively.

Rimmington stared gloomily into the fire.

"It might," he admitted. "Do you know who I think it was?"

"No idea," I answered mendaciously.

"Your friend Pugsley—Stanfield, or to go behind all his aliases and call him by his rightful name, Michael Sayers."

"Do you really believe that that man is in England?" I asked.

"I do." was the confident reply. "He was chased out of the States; we have granted an extradition warrant against him on the charge of manslaughter; we have watched every steamship at every port; yet I don't mind confessing to you that we have reason to believe that he is in London at the present moment and in touch with his old associates."

"If that is so," I declared, "I should imagine that the person who earns your hundred pounds will be able to solve the mystery of the disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. de Miguel."

NOTWITHSTANDING Rimmington's conviction, I started on no mad quest of my enemy. Indeed, I had no inspiration as to where to begin my search. Janet had left Albermarle Court and had not replied to the various notes which I had written her. I had a vague idea that there was danger in prosecuting inquiries for her too closely. I had an idea, too, which was by no means vague, that I was being watched. There was always a loiterer of some sort or another in the street when I entered or left my rooms. I felt surreptitious eyes upon me often, when I lunched or dined or visited the theatre. Once I walked home late through Lansdowne Passage, and heard the patter of rubber-shod feet behind me. I swung around, and my pursuer, whoever he was, a burly but agile figure, took refuge in flight. When I regained the entrance to the passage, he was nowhere to be seen. There were other and similar incidents. I had gone unarmed through the time of trouble in Ireland. I carried a revolver with me now, and I practiced getting at it quickly.

It was about three weeks after the attack upon Metzger and the disappearance of the gold, when I received a most unexpected visitor. I heard a shrill, foreign voice in the hall overriding my servant's objections, and a moment later a man entered unannounced and evidently in a state of some excitement. He was small and of exceedingly unprepossessing appearance. His face was pitted with smallpox; he had wicked-looking teeth, a stubbly black mustache, a head of black hair as thick and upright-growing as a porcupine's. He addressed me at once in broken English.

"You are Sir Norman Greyes?" he said. "I am Gorty. I came to this country of cutthroats with Metzger—with him who lies in the hospital. Will you listen to me?"

I motioned to Adams to leave us, and wheeled round an easy-chair for my visitor.

"Sit down," I invited. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Gorty, although I think you are a little hard upon us over here."

"What am I to think?" he demanded fiercely. "I come from a great but poor government. With much trouble we get together the gold with which to buy materials in this country and open credits. It is you who are supposed to be more civilized than any other country. I go to Manchester to speak at a meeting. I come back, and what do I find? My comrade brutally assaulted, my country's gold stolen! Yes, and that in the heart of your London—in the centre of your civilization! What am I to think of you, then, as a people, I ask?"

"It was a most unusual crime," I told him, "but you must remember that you were taking grave risks in having a large amount of gold like that unguarded in your room. The police, however, are doing—"

"The police?" he almost shrieked. "Your police? They are imbeciles—imbeciles or rascals. I know not which! And as to having the money unguarded, how could we help it? There are many banks in London who say we owe them money. What would have happened if I had deposited my gold there? They would surely have annexed it. And as it is, do you believe that it is an ordinary thief who has robbed us? No! I say no! Or if it is a thief, it is one whom your precious police can lay their hands on when they choose; and when they do so, what will happen? The gold will be claimed by your Government."

"I am afraid," I said, "that you are taking a very extreme view of things. However, under the circumstances I cannot blame you for feeling ill used. Tell me what brings you here."

"Ten years ago," he went on, suddenly calmer, "I was in the service of the police of my country. There was an anarchist plot. Three criminals escaped to London. You were at Scotland Yard, and I came to see you. You found me those criminals."

"I remember it perfectly," I answered. "But you have changed your name."

"It was necessary," he admitted. "In my country one changes one's name frequently. But you I remembered. Mr. Rimmington spoke of you. I found your address. I am here."

"Tell me what can I do for you?" I asked.

"Find me my gold," he demanded. "Find me the man who attacked Metzger."

"If I could do that," I told him, "I should have done it long ago. I am only too pleased when I can help the police in their duties."

HE drew his easy-chair a little closer to mine. He eyed my box of cigarettes hungrily. I placed it by his side, and handed him a match. He smoked furiously.

"Listen," he confided; "I have a piece of evidence. I will not take it to the police. I do not trust them. You shall find me my gold."

"What is your piece of evidence?" I asked.

"The little gray man," he answered, "the man whom they spoke of as visiting the South Americans in the next suite. Ah, those South Americans—I never trusted them! I saw Madam make eyes at Metzger. What need had she of Metzger! A woman like that has lovers enough."

"About the little gray man?" I ventured.

"They speak of him in the evidence," Gorty went on eagerly. "He was at the suite that night. I saw him with Madam the South American, two days before. I know where he is to be found now."

"Why the devil haven't you told the police?" I exclaimed. "That is the one man they are looking for."

My visitor narrowly escaped a paroxysm. He swept an ornament from the table by his side without noticing it. He gibbered for a moment like a madman.

"But have I not explained?" he expostulated. "I do not trust the police. Six of those solemn constables would march up in uniform to the place I spoke of, and the little gray man would slip away. I tell you. You must find him and see who he is. You must consider how to act. The assault upon Metzger was bad, but it is the gold I want."

"Very well," I said, "tell me where to find him."

"Go to the reading-room at the British Museum between eleven and one o'clock," Gorty told me. "You will find him there, reading. I myself am a student. Twice I have sat at the next table. He is reading from some rare volumes the 'History of the Rosicrucians.'"

"Between eleven and one," I repeated.

"You will go?"

"To-morrow morning," I promised.

Gorty arose.

"Listen, Greyes," he said, "—you, Sir Norman Greyes. Will you swear that if you recover my gold, it comes to me?"

"I swear it," I answered.

"Then through that man you will find it," he declared.

GORTY was right. The moment when, from my place of concealment, I saw him come shuffling into the reading-room and take his place nearly opposite to me at the great round table, I knew very well that this was Michael. He carried with him two or three books, a volume of reference and a notebook. He had the appearance of the most devout bibliophile, and indeed, having watched him for some time, I came to the conclusion that he was in earnest about his labors. It was in these little ways that Michael achieved real greatness. Detail was a passion with him. He not only appeared to be deeply interested in the Rosicrucian history. He had actually become so.

I was without doubt at fault not to have at once passed on my information to Rimmington and to have had my old adversary arrested on one of the many previous counts against him. It seemed to me, however, that this would bring to an end our chances of recovering the gold, and I could not ignore the fact that I was indebted to Gorty for the information which had delivered Michael into my hands. I therefore maintained a strict watch, and waited.

For three days and three nights I knew Michael's every movement. He made his own breakfast, lunched at a small restaurant near the Museum, and dined each night at the Monico, where he sometimes played dominoes for an hour afterward, if able to find an opponent. On the fourth night, however, he departed from his usual practices. The young woman whom I had been employing to watch him came to me in haste.

"Our friend," she announced, "called at the Monico but took only an aperitif there. He walked across to Romano's and has ordered a table and dinner for two."

"Whereabouts?" I asked quickly.

"Downstairs in the restaurant, on the right-hand side," she replied.

I rang up Romano's and engaged one of the tables in the balcony. In a quarter of an hour I was ensconced there behind the curtain, with Miss Rose Weston, the young woman who had brought me the news of Michael's change of plans, as my companion. She had found time to change into evening clothes, and she played her part exceedingly well. We should have passed anywhere as a very ordinary couple, indulging in a somewhat pronounced dinner flirtation. I kept my eye, however, on the table at which Michael was seated below, and in due course I was rewarded. A very elegant, quietly dressed woman came into the restaurant and sank into the chair by his side. I saw at once that it was Janet.

"What you expected?" my companion asked quickly.

"In a sense," I admitted. "Remember, when they leave, it is the woman you follow."

I watched them closely from behind the curtain. There was no more distinguished-looking woman in the room than Janet, or more beautiful. She talked in a low tone to her companion, and her manner was often earnest. Nevertheless she never smiled. She was different in that respect from every one of the diners by whom she was surrounded. There was not a suggestion of festivity about her. She ate moderately, drank sparingly, and talked. All the time she gave one the impression of a great weariness. Toward the end of the meal, what I had been watching for happened. She opened her handbag and passed something across the table. It was about the size and shape of an ordinary shotgun cartridge, but I felt certain, from the way she handled it, that it was heavy. I knew then that we were on the right track.

"You are satisfied?" my companion asked.

"Perfectly," I assured her. "I am going to run no further risk of being recognized. I shall pay the bill and go. You will remain. Remember, it is the woman you must watch. Engage as much help as you require. She must be watched unceasingly."

My companion nodded.

"It will not be difficult," she said.

I TOOK my departure, and at this stage of my search for the missing gold, I took Rimmington into my confidence. He agreed with me as to the advisability of allowing Michael to remain at large for the present; and so far as he was concerned, he satisfied himself with placing a strict watch upon the house in Adam Street where we had located him. I myself retired a little into the background, although I remained in the closest touch with Miss Weston. Her information was always interesting, always suggestive. The whole scheme gradually unwound itself. Rimmington and I found a certain delight in fitting the pieces together. He himself brought some valuable information, which he laid before me a few nights after the dinner at Romano's.

"One of the out-porters at Waterloo," he announced, "seems to remember a small furniture van backed up against the pavement some distance away from where the majority of the taxicabs were unloading."

"He didn't notice the name on it, I suppose?" I asked.

"No such luck! There's another thing, though. One of the old hands there told another of my fellows that he noticed several porters about, that night, whose faces were quite unfamiliar to him and whom he has not seen since. The driver of the bus from the Milan insists upon it, as you remember, that Madam de Miguel pushed away the first porter who accosted them, and insisted upon employing two of her own choosing."

I nodded.

"We have got so far, then," I pointed out, recapitulating items of information which had been brought us. "This pretended South American and his wife drove up to Waterloo with three heavy cases. They were met there by confederates dressed in the uniform of railway porters, who probably took the boxes into the station, and chosing their opportunity, brought them out again and got them into the furniture van. The inference is that the gold is still in London. To proceed: What have we learned about Janet? She is staying in a boarding-house in the Cromwell Road, frequented by artists. She spends an hour or two every day at the South Kensington Museum, studying statuary. It is exactly four days since she brought a little specimen of some sort of work to Michael, something that, unless I am mistaken, was of considerable weight, for I noticed that her handbag sagged as she walked up to the restaurant. Further—"

THE telephone-bell rang. I recognized Miss Weston's voice at the other end. I listened to what she had to say, and in ten minutes we were in my car and on the way to Twickenham. We picked up Miss Weston herself in Kensington.

"The woman whom I have been following," she announced, "is only a few minutes ahead of us. She is in a private car, and there is a strange man seated in front with the chauffeur."

"It looks well," Rimmington admitted. "Our friend has ordered the same table for dinner to-night at Romano's."

On our way I had a moment of uneasiness. A gray touring-car passed us at a great speed and shot down the Brentford Road, considerably ahead of us. Rimmington spoke for a moment through the tube, and we pulled up at the district police-station.

"We've given Michael rope enough," he decided. "He may get the alarm at any moment now. I'm going to have him arrested."

I drew a little breath. It was hard to think that I should not be present at the end for which I had worked so zealously, but I realized the risk of letting him remain at large any longer. I

Continued on Page Eleven.



She passed something across the table. It was about the size and shape of an ordinary shotgun cartridge.

Syrup Pepsin Loved By Hosts of Babies

Half a teaspoonful will make a fretful youngster happy and playful

THE mother has her choice of many remedies for her baby's minor ills, but she should be careful which remedy she selects lest she do the child harm. What might be safe for herself may do injury to an infant. You will find that if the little one cries and doesn't want to play that its bowels are constipated. First look carefully to the diet and give the child one-half teaspoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin. You will then see results in a few hours. You will not have to force it on babies or children: they actually ask for it, it is so pleasant-tasting and free from griping.



Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin is a compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with agreeable aromatics. The ingredients are stated on the package. It is a mild, gentle vegetable laxative that everyone finds effective and pleasant. It is better for you and yours than purgatives, coal-tar drugs, or salt waters and powders, which may concentrate the blood and dry up the skin; or mercurial calomel, which may salivate and loosen the teeth.

Use a safe laxative like Syrup Pepsin, and especially for the children, for invalids, growing girls, nursing mothers, elderly people, and persons recently operated upon who need bowel action with the least strain. Mrs. H. Lefever of Medicine Hat, Alberta, always gives her little girl Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin, and Mrs. May Stephen Sharpe of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., is never without it in her home. Your druggist will supply you, and it costs only a cent a dose. Try it in constipation, colic, biliousness, flatulency, headaches, and to break up fevers and colds.

ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" I urge you to try my Laxative Syrup Pepsin. I will gladly provide a liberal free sample bottle, sufficient for an adequate test. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 23 Caldwell Building, Toronto, Ont. Do it now!

TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN LAXATIVE *The family remedy*

Doctor Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 Per Cent. in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water 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 it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses.

Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

NOTE: Another prominent Physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are



well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent. in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold in this city by all good druggists.

Tell England by Ernest Raymond

Illustrated by Charles R. Snelgrove

CHAPTER XVII

The End of Gallipoli.

I

WANDERING down the Gully Ravine one morning, I encountered a long line of men marching up it in single file. I passed as close to them as possible, so that, by a glance at their shoulder-straps, I might ascertain their regiment. No sooner had I learned who they were than I turned about and hurried back to Monty's dug-out. This life holds few pleasures so agreeable as that of conveying startling news.

"Who do you think's marching up the Gully?" I demanded.

"I don't know. Who?" asked Monty.

"The Munster Fusiliers!"

"What? The immortal 29th Division? From Suvla. The dickens! What does it mean?"

Before we could decide what it meant my batman came back from a visit to the French canteen at Seddel Bahr.

"They're landing hundreds of troops at V Beach, sir," said he. "The Worcesters are here, and the Warwicks."

"The 13th Division," exclaimed Monty. "Also from Suvla."

"They're reinforcements," said I. "It's all in accordance with the Special Order of the Day that we are to 'hold Helles for the Empire.'"

Monty was just about to pulverize me with a particularly rude rejoinder, when a voice outside called "Hostile aircraft overhead," and we were drawn at a run to the door by the unmistakable sound of anti-aircraft guns, followed by the bursting out of rifle and machine-gun fire, which grew and grew till it sounded like a mighty forest crackling and spluttering in flames. We glanced into the sky at the shrapnel puffs, and immediately discovered two enemy aeroplanes flying lower than they had ever done before. We could almost see the observers leaning over the fuselage to spy out if the British on Helles were up to the monkey tricks they had played at Suvla. So low were they that all men with rifles—the infantry in their trenches, the A.S.C. drivers from their dumps, the transport men from their horse-lines—were firing a rapid-fire at the aeroplanes and waiting to see them fall.

"Cheeky brutes!" I shouted, and, observing that our batmen were hastily loading their rifles, ran for my revolver determined to fire something into the air.

"It's like us," growled Monty, "to land reinforcements under the very eves of the enemy aeroplanes ——"

He paused, as though a new idea had struck him. "Rupert, my boy, did you say that the Special Order about holding Helles was extensively published?"

"Yes, rather. Hung in the very traverses of the trenches."

"I thought so." He nodded with irritating mysteriousness "What fools you and I are! Stop firing at those Taubes. Or fire wide of them—fire wide."

"Why?"

"Because our Staff will want them to get home and report all that they've seen. That's why."

Of a truth Monty was quite objectionable, if he was excited with some secret discovery, and thought it amusing not to disclose it. And when, later that afternoon, a message came round saying that irresponsible units were not to fire at hostile aircraft, owing to the danger of spent bullets, he bragged like any pernicious schoolboy.

"I told you so. O Rupert, my silly little juggins, you're as dense as a vegetable marrow. I mean, you're a very slow form of life."

II.

The weather broke. Two days of merciless rain turned the trenches into lanes of red clayey mud, and the floor of the Gully Ravine into a canal of stagnant brown water. And one evening Monty returned from his visitations, limping badly. He had slipped heavily, as he paddled through the ankle-deep mud, and had hurt his back. I sent him at once to bed, and on the following morning announced that I was going to no less terrifying a place than Brigade Headquarters to insist on his being given a pair of trench-waders. He enjoined me not to be an ass, and I rebuked him severely for speaking to his doctor like that, and, going out of the dug-out, broke off all communication with one so rude.

Reaching Brigade Headquarters, which were on the slope across the Gully, I asked the least alarming of the Staff Officers, the Staff Captain, for a pair of trench-waders.

"Sorry," answerd he. "we've had orders to return them all." He looked most knowing, as he said it, and seemed to think it a remark pregnant with exsitement.

"Oh, I see," I replied, quite inadequately.

"Yes," he continued, staring whimsically at me, "we've been ordered to shift our quarters to-night."

"Good Lord!" I said, still confused.

"Yes, we leave—by ship—at midnight. It's the Evacuation.

The other two brigades of our Division have already gone, and we go to-night!"

"The devil!" exclaimed I. "Then I'll go and pack."

"Of course; and tell the padre to meet the battalion at W beach at ten o'clock."

Down the hillside I went, across the Gully, forging like a steam-pinnace through the water, and up the face of the opposite hill. Full of the glorious bursting weight of good news, I looked down upon our batmen at work in the cook-house, and roared: "Pack the valises. We're off to-night." I rushed into the dug-out. "Get-up," I commanded Monty; "we leave by ship at midnight."

Never did an invalid with a broken back leap so easily out of his bed, as did Monty. He assured me, however, in an apologetic way, that he had been feeling much better even before he had the news.

"Now you know," said he, "what the Special Order about holding Helles was for—to deceive old Tomfool Turk; and why those regiments from Suvla were landed here—to appear to the Turk like reinforcements, but really to conduct the evacuation at Helles, having learnt the job at Suvla; and why we wanted the Turkish aeroplanes to get back with news of our landing of troops—but, my bonny lad, for every two hundred we land by day, we'll take off two thousand by night!"

After a morning of hurried packing we decorated the dug-out walls with messages for Johnny Turk to find, when he should enter our deserted dwelling. "Sorry, Johnny, not at home"; "Au revoir, Abdul."

"Really," said Monty, "we possess a pretty wit." And, having placed a mug of whiskey on the table with a bottle of water, so that Old Man Turk could pour it out to his liking, he wrote: "Have this one with me, John. You fought well."

"Get my kit down with yours," said I. "I'll meet you at W Beach at ten pip-emma."

"Why? he asked in surprise. "Arn't you coming with me?"

"No, I replied, playing scandalous football with the cookhouse; "I'm going to join my company and lead my braves to safety. Good-bye."

"For Heaven's sake, don't be rash," he called after me as I set off. "There may be dangerous work."

"Meet you at W Beach at ten pip-emma," cried I, now some distance away.

"But you haven't the doctor's permission to return."

"Damn the doctor!" I yelled, and disappeared.

III.

It was quite dark in the fire-trenches by seven o'clock. My men, with every stitch of equipment on their backs, stood on the firing-step and kept up a dilatory fire on the Turkish lines.

"Maintain an intermittent fire," I ordered as I walked among them. Not too much of it, or the Turk will think we're nervy, and begin to suspect—not too little, or he'll wonder if we're moving."

In silence the relief of my company was effected. The men of the 13th Division, who were taking over our line, replaced one after another my men on the firing-step, and kept the negligent fire unbroken. With a whisper I officially handed over my sector to their company commander.

"You'll follow us to-morrow, probably," I said, to comfort myself rather than him. I didn't want the man who relieved me to be among the killed.

"What will happen, will happen," he murmured. "Good luck."

"We shan't be sure we're really going," I prattled on, lest silence became morbid. "I simply can't believe it. Either we shall be killed, going from here to W Beach, or our orders will be cancelled at the last moment."

"Pass the word to Captain Ray," whispered a voice, "to march his men out."

"Word passed to you, sir, to march," said the sergeant-major.

"From whom?"

"Pass the word back—who from?"

"From Commanding Officer."

"I walked to the head of my company. "File out in absolute silence," said I, not remembering at the moment that this was the great order of evacuation. I watched my company file past me—twenty-eight men. Then I followed, wishing it were lighter, for man never quite outgrows his dislike of utter darkness—and this was a nervous night. We threaded gulltily through the old trench system, and emerged into the Gully Ravine, hardly realizing that we had bidden the old lines good-bye.

Since dusk the Turk, as apprehensive as ourselves, had been shelling the Gully. And now, as we splashed and floundered along it, shells screamed towards our column, making each of us wonder dreamily whether he would be left dead by the wayside. We reached Artillery Road, and discerned the shadowy form of the remainder of the battalion.

A figure appeared from somewhere, and I recognized the voice as the C.O.'s.

"I shall take the other companies by the road under the cliffs. Take your men over the tableland, and wait for me at W Beach. We shall get there more quickly and less noisily that way."

"Yes, sir," said I, saluting. But under my breath I swore. I had no desire to take my men along the plateau, because, whereas the road under the cliffs was well sheltered, the tableland was exposed to all the guns on Achi Baba, every one of which—so jumpy was the Turk—seemed manned and firing. And I had set my heart on getting my company—all twenty-eight of them—off the Peninsula without the loss of a single man. The route, too lay over Hunter Weston Hill, and I wanted to avoid seeing and thinking of Doe's grave to-night.

So, worrying anxiously, I gave the order "D Company—march!" and led the way up Artillery Road, while the men, observing that the other companies were proceeding in comparative safety along the Gully, began to sing quietly: "I'll take the high road, and you'll take the low road . . . and we shall never meet again," and to titter and to laugh.

"Silence!" I commanded.

Hearing only the padding of our feet as they marched in step, and keeping our eyes on the ground that we might not miss the beaten track and wander into the heather, we tramped along the trail which I had taken on my wild ride to Doe's bedside. We passed Pink Farm Cemetery, barely distinguishing the outline of its solitary tree. We left the "White City" on our right. It was brilliantly lit, that the Turk might think everything was as usual on Helles. We reached the summit of Hunter Weston Hill, and looked down upon a still grey plain, which was the sea.

On the slope of the hill, not fifty yards from where Doe was lying, I had halted my men and was making them sit down, when a voice out of the darkness asked:

"Who's that?"

My heart bounded with fright.



We decorated the dug-out walls with messages for Johnny Turk.

A sense of the eerie was upon me, and for a second I thought it was Doe's voice.

"D Company," I called hollowly. "10th East Cheshires."

"Ah, good!" repeated the voice, which was Monty's. And he stepped out of the night, giving me another nasty turn, for it was like some unexpected presence coming from the darkest corner of a room. He sat down beside me, and began to talk.

"The moon is due up about midnight. They want to get us off before moonrise, so that the Turk may not shell us by its light. His aviators are expected to try night-flying."

"Oh!" said I. I was thinking of other things.

'But they've been shelling us pretty effectively in the dark. Asiastic Annie is very busy troubling the beaches."

"Oh?" I said again

And at that moment a flash illuminated the eastern sky like lightning.

"There you are," said Monty. "She's fired."

No sound of a gun firing or a shell rushing had accompanied the flash. Only alarm whistles began blowing from different points on the hillside.

"They're blown by special sentries," explained Monty, "who are posted to watch the hills of Asia for this flash, and warn the troops to take cover."

"Take cover," I said to my men.

The shell was on its way, but, as it had a journey of seven miles to make across the Dardanelles, a certain time must elapse before we should hear the shriek of the shell as it raced towards us. It seemed an extraordinary time. We knew the shell was coming with its destiny, involving our life or death, irrevocably determined, and yet we heard nothing. The men, under such cover as they could find, were silent in their suspense. Then the shell roared over our heads, seeming so low that we cowered to avoid it. It exploded a score of yards away. A shower of earth rained upon us, but no splinter touched anyone. The men whistled in their relief and laughed.

"Does this happen often?" I asked Monty, when I found I was still alive.

"Every few minutes. It's ten o'clock. We embark at midnight."

"I'm moving my men, then. Asiatic Annie has the range of this spot too well."

I marched my company down to the beach, and told them to take shelter under the lee of the cliff. We had scarcely got there before Annie's wicked eye sparkled from Asia, the warning whistles blew, and, after crying "There she is!" we waited spellbound for the imminent shriek. The shell burst in the surf, scattering shingle and spray over every one of us.

"You'd think they'd seen us move," I said, listening for the groans of any wounded. None came but I heard instead the sound of muffled voices and marching feet, and saw men moving through the darkness along the brink of the sea like a column of Stygian shades. It was the batta-lion arriving, with other units of the East Cheshire Brigade.

"I know what'll happen, Rupert," said Monty, when these men had crowded the beach and the hill-slope. "Some drunken Turk will lean against that old gun in Asia, and just push it far enough to perfect its aim."

And he looked round upon the mass of men and shuddered.

It was getting cold, and we huddled ourselves up on the beach. Some of us were indifferent in our fatalism to the shells of Asiatic Annie; if our time had come—well, Kismet.

Others, like myself, waited fascinated. I know I had almost hungered for that meaning flash in Asia, the terrible delight of suspense, the rush of thrills, and the sudden arresting of the heart as the shell exploded.

IV.

Then, about one o'clock, the moon broke the clouds and lit the operations with a white light. It should have filled us with dismay, but instead it seemed the beginning of brighter things. The men groaned merrily and burst into a drawling song:

"Oh, the moon shines bright on
Mrs. Porter,
And on her daughter,
A regular snorter;
She has washed her neck in dirty
water,
She didn't oughter,
The dirty cat."

And Monty, hearing them, whispered one of his delightful out-of-place remarks:

"Aren't they wonderful, Rupert? I could hug them all, but I wish they'd come to Mass."

The moon, moreover, showed us comforting things. There was the old Redbreast lying off Cape Helles. There were the lighters, crowded with men, pushing off from the beach to the waiting boat.

"You could get off on any one of those lighters," said I to Monty. "Why don't you go?"

"Why, because we'll leave this old place together."

After he said this I must have fallen from sheer weariness into a half-sleep. The next thing I remember was Monty's saying: "Look alive, Rupert! We're moving now." Glancing round I saw that my company was the last left on the beach. I marshalled the men—twenty-eight of them—on to the lighter.

"Now, get aboard, Rupert," said Monty.

"You first," corrected I. "I'm going to be last off to-night."

"As your senior officer I order you to go first."

"As the only combatant officer on the beach," I retorted, "I'm O. C. Troops. You're simply attached to me for rations and discipline. Kindly embark."

Monty muttered something about "upstart impudence," and obeyed the O. C. Troops, who thereupon boarded the rocking lighter, and exchanged with one step the fatal Peninsula for the safety of the seas.

On the Redbreast we leaned upon the rail, looking back. The boat began to steam away, and Monty, knowing with whom the thoughts of both of us lay, said quietly:

"'Tell England——' You must write a book and tell 'em, Rupert, about the dead schoolboys of your generation—

'Tell England, ye who pass this monument,
We died for her, and here we rest content.'"

Unable to conquer a slight warming of the eyes at these words, I watched the Peninsula pass. All that I could see of it in the moonlight was the white surf on the beach, the slope of Hunter Weston Hill, and the outline of Achi Baba, rising behind like a monument.

CHAPTER XVIII

The End of Rupert's Story.

I

LET MONTY have the last word, for he spoke it well. He spoke it a few days ago, in the late Autumn of 1918, that is to say, as the war breaks up, and nearly three years after we slipped away in the moonlight from W Beach.

In those intervening years the game losers of Gallipoli had avenged themselves at Bagdad, Jerusalem, and Aleppo. In every field the Turkish armies had been destroyed: and now the forts of the Dardanelles were to be surrendered, and the Narrows thrown open to the Allies. One wished that the dead on Gallipoli might be awakened, if only for a minute, at the sound of the old language spoken among the graves, to see the khaki ashore again, and British ships sailing in triumph up the Straits.

Many of the old Colonel's visions of the emancipation of the Arab world, and the control of the junction of the continents, had thus been realized. And a nobler crusade than that which he saw in the Dardanelles campaign had been fought and won by the army which entered Jerusalem. And, note it well, the men who won these victories were in great part the men who escaped from Suvla and Helles. For, like the Suvla Army, the whole Helles Army escaped. And the Turk was a fool to let them go.

But, before I give you Monty's last word, let me tell you where I am at this moment. It is early evening, and I am writing these closing lines, in which I bid you farewell, sitting on the floor of my kennel-like dug-out in a Belgian trench. There is a most glorious bombardment going on overhead. It has thundered over our trench for days and nights on to the German lines, which to-morrow, when we go over the top, we shall capture, as surely as we captured the one I am sitting in now. Yes, Turkey is out of the game; Bulgaria is out of it; Austria is crying for quarter; and Germany is disintegrating before our advance.

Our bombardment is the most uplifting and exciting thing. So fast do the shells fly over and detonate on the enemy ground that it is almost impossible to distinguish the isolated shell-bursts; they are lost in one dense fog of smoke. Just now we ceased to be rational as we stood watching it. "That's the stuff to give 'em!" cried a Tommy in his excitement. "Pump it over! Pump it over!" and, as some German sand-bags flew into the air: "Gee! Look at that! Are we downhearted? No! 'Ave we won? YES!" And I wanted to throw up my hat and cheer. There seized me the sensation I got when my house was winning on the football-ground at school. "We're on top! On top of the Boche, and he asked for it!"

I have now returned to my dug-out, feeling it in my heart to be sorry for the Germans. I am impatient to finish my story, for we go over the top in the morning.

II.

It is in the letter just arrived from my mother that we find Monty's last word—his footnote to this history. She describes a ceremony which she attended at Kensingtowe. the unveiling of a memorial in the chapel to the Old Kensingtonians who fell at Gallipoli. Monty, as an old Peninsula padre, had been invited to preach the sermon. My mother writes in her womanly way:

"He preached a wonderful sermon. We all thought him like a man who had seen terrible things, and was passionately anxious that somehow good should come of it all.

"Calvary, he said, was a sacrifice offered by a Holy Family. There was a Father Who gave His Son, because He so loved the world; a mother who yielded up her child, whispering (he doubted not): 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord'; and a Son Who went to His death in the spirit of the words: 'In the volume of the Book it was written of me that I should do Thy will, O my God; I am content to do it.'

"And in days to come, England must remember that once upon a time she, too, was a Holy Family; for there had been years in which she was composed of fathers who so loved the world that they gave their sons; of mothers who whispered, as their boys set their faces for Gallipoli or Flanders: 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord' (and oh, Rupert, I felt so ashamed to think how badly I behaved that last night before you went to Gallipoli—how rebellious I was!). He went on to speak of the sons and what do you think he said? He spoke of one who, the evening before the last attack at Cape Helles, asked him: 'Will you take care of these envelopes, in case—' He declared that this simple sentence was, in its shy English way, a reflection of the words: 'It was written of me that I should do Thy will; I am content to do it.'

"That boy, an old Kensingtonian, was mortally hit in the morning. There was another with him, also an old Kensingtonian, who was still alive, and might yet come marching home with the victorious army.

"I lost his next words, for there I broke down. But I seem to remember his saying:

"'All men and all nations are the better for remembering that once they were holy. England's past, then, is holy; her future is unwritten. But Idealism is mightily abroad among those who shall make the England that is to be. And all that remains for the preacher to say is this: Nothing but Christianity will ever gather in that harvest of spiritual ideals which alone will make good our prodigal outlay; for, after all, we have sown the world with the broken dreams and spilled ambitions of a generation of schoolboys. . . .

"'All you who have suffered, you fathers and mothers, remember this: only by turning your sufferings into the seeds of God-like things will you make their memory beautiful."

"Oh, Rupert, I was elevated by all he said, and I prayed that you might go on with willingness and resolution to the end, and that I might face the last few weeks of the war with courage. I thought of the remark of your old Cheshire Colonel that instead of wandering during these years among the undistinguished valleys, you have been transferred straight to the mountain-tops. Do you remember how I used to call you 'my mountain boy'? The name has a new meaning now. Even if you are in danger at this time I try to be proud. I think of you as on white heights."

III.

"Only by turning your sufferings into the seeds of God-like things will you make their memory beautiful."

As I copied just now those last words of Monty's sermon, I laid down my pencil on the dug-out floor with a little start. As in a flashlight I saw their truth. They created in my mind the picture of that Aegean evening, when Monty turned the moment of Doe's death, which so nearly brought me discouragement and debasement, into an ennobling memory. And I foresaw him going about healing the sores of this war with the same priestly hand.

Yes, there are reasons why such wistful vision should haunt me now. Everything this evening has gone to produce a certain exaltation in me. First, there has been the bombardment with its thought of going over the top to-morrow. Then comes my mother's glowing letter, which somehow has held me enthralled, so that I find sentences from it reiterating themselves in my mind, just as they did in the old schooldays. And lastly, there has been the joyous sense of having completed my book, on which for three years I have labored lovingly in tent, and billet, and trench.

I meant to close it on the last echo of Monty's sermon. But the fascination was on me and I felt I wanted to go on writing. I had so lost myself in the old scenes of schoolroom, playing-fields, starlit decks, and Grecian battlegrounds, which I had been describing, that I actually ceased to hear the bombardment. And the atmosphere of the well-loved places and well-loved friends remained all about me. It was the atmosphere that old portraits and fading old letters throw around those who turn them over. So I took up again my pencil and my paper.

I thought I would add a paragraph or two, in case I go down in the morning. If I come through all right, I shall wipe these paragraphs out. Meanwhile, in these final hours of wonder and waiting, it is happiness to write on.

I fear that, as I write, I may appear to dogmatize, for I am still only twenty-two. But I must speak while I can.

What silly things one thinks in an evening of suspense and twilight like this! One minute I feel I want to be alive this time to-morrow, in order that my book, which has become everything to me, may have a happy ending. Pennybet fell at Neuve Chapelle, Doe at Cape Helles, and one ought to be left alive to save the face of the tale. Still, if these paragraphs stand and I fall, it will at least be a true ending—true to things as they were for the generation in which we were born.

And the glorious bombardment asserts itself through my thoughts, and with a thrill I conceived of it—for we would-be authors are persons obsessed by one idea—as an effort of the people of Britain to make it possible for me to come through unhurt and save my story. I feel I want to thank them.

Another minute I try to recapture that moment of ideal patriotism which I touched on the deck of the Rangoon. I see a death in No Man's Land to-morrow as a wonderful thing. There you stand exactly between two nations. All Britain with her might is behind your back, reaching down to her frontier, which is the trench whence you have just leapt. All Germany with her might is before your face. Perhaps it is not ill to die standing like that in front of your nation.

I cannot bear to think of my mother's pain, if to-morrow claims me. But I leave her this book, into which I seem to have poured my life. It is part of myself. No, it is myself—and I shall only return her what is her own.

Oh, but if I go down, I want to ask you not to think it anything but a happy ending. It will be happy, because victory came to the nation, and that is more important than the life of any individual. Listen to that bombardment outside, which is increasing. If possible, as the darkness gathers—well, it is one of the last before the extraordinary Sabbath-silence, which will be the Allies' Peace.

And, if these pages can be regarded as my spiritual history, they will have a happy ending, too. This is why.

In the Mediterranean on a Summer day, I learned that I was to pursue beauty like the Holy Grail. And I see it now in everything. I know that, just as there is far more beauty in nature than ugliness, so there is more goodness in humanity than evil. There is more happiness in life than pain. Yes, there is. As Monty used to say, we are given now and then moments of surpassing joy which outweigh decades of grief. I think I knew such a moment when I won the swimming cup for Bramhall. And I remember my mother whispering one night: "If all the rest of my life, Rupert, were to be sorrow, the last nineteen years of you have made it so well worth living." Happiness wins hands down. Take any hundred of us out here, and for ten who are miserable you will find ninety who are lively and laughing. Life is good—else why should we cling to it as we do?—oh, yes, we surely do, especially when the chances are all against us. Life is good, and youth is good. I have had twenty glorious years.

I may be whimsical to-night, but I feel that the old Colonel was right when he saw nothing unlovely in Penny's death; and that Monty was right when he said that Doe had done a perfect thing at the last, and so grasped the Grail. And I have the strange idea that very likely I, too, shall find beauty in the morning.

THE END.

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The Second Coming of Mrs. Bain's First Husband

By IRVIN S. COBB

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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IF only Mrs. Thomas Bain had been content to compare Mr. Thomas Bain with men about him, he, for counter-arguments, would not have been put at a serious disadvantage. Out of her ammunition-locker he might have borrowed shells to fire in his own defence. Did she, for instance, cite the polished beauty of Mr. So-and-So's drawing-room behaviour, speaking with that subtle inflection which as good as said that his own society manners left much to be desired, Mr. Bain's rebuttal would have been prompt and ready. He would have spoken right up to point out the fact that So-and-So notoriously neglected his family or that he drank entirely too much for his own good or that habitually he failed to pay his just debts. Mr. Bain was no scandal-monger, understand. Still a man must fight back with such weapons as he may command.

But Mrs. Bain's method of attack was entirely too subtle for him, it left him practically weaponless. Out in the world he amply was competent to fend for himself. Beneath the domestic roof-tree, where his wife sat in judgment on him, his ways, his small shortcomings or his larger faults he completely was at a loss for proper rebuttal. It gave him such a helpless feeling! It would have given any normal man a helpless feeling. And Mr. Bain was in all essential regards a normal man—a good citizen, a good provider and, as husbands go, an average fair husband.

I would do Mrs. Bain no injustice. She was a normal woman, too. But it is only natural that when destiny has fashioned an advantage to fit our hands that we should employ it. Her advantage was a very great one. Her criticisms of Mr. Bain took the form of measuring him off against the conceived picture of her first husband.

And her first husband was dead. Now, in common decency, an honorable man—and Mr. Bain was an honorable man—may not speak ill of the dead. What is more, had he, under stress of provocation, been minded to retort that after all Mrs. Bain's first husband was not exactly perfection either, he could have produced no proof to support the assertion. For he had never seen his predecessor. He knew nobody who had known the deceased. The present Mrs. Bain had been for three years a widow when first he set eyes on her. She had lately returned then from Honolulu; it was in Honolulu that she had been bereft, as the saying is, by the hand of death. And Honolulu is a long distance from Brockway, Mass., where Tom Bain's people, a stay-at-home stock, had lived these five generations past.

So, on those frequently recurring occasions when Mrs. Bain with a saddened, almost a wistful air was moved to remind herself of her first husband's marvelous qualities—temperament, disposition, tact, amiability or what not—there was for her second husband nothing to do except to suffer on in an impotent silence. It is not well that anyone on this earth—and more especially a husband—should be required to suffer discomforts in silence. Suffering calls for vocal expression.

Otherwise, as human beings go, Mr. and Mrs. Bain were well suited, one for the other. It was that dead first husband of hers, who, invoked by her, kept rising up to mar the reasonable happiness which might have been theirs. The thing was getting on his nerves. Indeed, at the time this briefened narrative begins, it already had got upon his nerves. He had come to the point where frequently he wished there had never been such a thing as a first husband.

There were even times when he almost permitted himself the wish that there never had been such things as second husbands, either.

WITH the acute vividness of a war-scarred veteran remembering the first time he was shot, he could reconstruct the occasion when Mrs. Bain's former husband first came into his life. They had been married just two months then. The honeymoon was in its last quarter. If the couple were ever to go along together in harmony the time had now come when mutual understanding must succeed the period of adjustment and balance. She had the benefit of experience on her side; for she had been through the process once before. Tom Bain might be a green hand at this business of being married but, subconsciously; he was beginning to adjust himself in his ordained and proper place in the matrimonial scheme as it related to him and this very charming lady. In other words, he had reached the place where he was slipping out of the bridegroom pose into the less studied and more matter-of-fact status of a husband. He was ready to quit acting a part and be his own self again always, though with regard for the limitations and restrictions imposed by the new estate upon which he had entered.

THE campaign against him—we may as well call it a campaign—opened on the evening following their return from the trip to White Sulphur. That first day at his desk had been a hard one; so much which seemed to require his personal attention had accumulated while he was away. He left the office prety well tired out. On his way home he built up a pleasant vision of a nice quiet little dinner and then a peaceful hour or so in the living-room in slippers and an old smoking-jacket.

Mrs. Bain met him at the door with a greeting that put him in thorough good humor. This, he decided, was the best of all possible worlds to live in and his, undoubtedly, was the best of all possible ways of living.

AT any rate, this was the beginning. Eventually, Mr. Bain awoke to a realization that he was the victim of a gentle tyranny—that he had fallen captive to a combination enemy made up of an affectionate if somewhat masterful lady and the memory of a dead and gone personality. Mrs. Bain's first husband was persistently dogging Mrs. Bain's second husband. Daily, after one fashion or another the latter was reminded of the late Arthur. Arthur, it seemed, had never lost his temper. What made the comparison hurt the more was the indubitable fact that Mr. Bain occasionally did lose his. Arthur had never raised his voice above the low-pitched key of innate refinement—no matter how irritated he might be, Arthur had been so tidy; never left his clothes lying about where he dropped them. Arthur had not given her a cross word in all the seven years of their life together. Arthur invariably had been so considerate of her feelings. It was Arthur this and it was Arthur that. She realized her power and she used it. Mrs. Bain's first husband was ever so to speak at the elbow of Mrs. Bain's second husband by prexy chiding him, admonishing him, correcting him, scolding him, even.

And for all that he naturally was a sunny-natured and companionable person, Mrs. Bain's second husband was, at the end of the first year of his married life, in a fair way to become a most unhappy person. Their matrimonial craft was sliding down the rapids toward a thundering Niagara; and she didn't realize it and he, thoroughly under the dominion of forces with which he found himself somehow powerless to cope, only dimly and dully appreciated the peril. He wanted above all things to have and to hold his wife until death did them part. But always there was Arthur tagging along, making a crowd of three of what otherwise might have been a congenial company of two.

But, as someone has most aptly said, it's always darkest just before the dawn. In this instance, though, deliverance came to the oppressed, not with the graduations of the spreading dawn but rather with the solid emphasis of a bolt from the blue. There had been an evening of bridge with the Tatums and Bain, who played well, had for a partner Mrs. Tatum, who didn't. It is barely possible that he had betrayed a passing emotion of testiness once or twice. At midnight as they were entering their house Mrs. Bain renewed her remarks on a matter to which reference already had twice been made on the way home in the cab.

"My dear," she was saying, "I really must repeat again that, to my way of thinking, no amount of exasperation could have justified you in showing your feelings as you did show them at least twice at that card-table. Now, Arthur would never—"

At this instant, Mr. Bain's finger found the push-button just inside the jamb of the living-room door and the lights flashed on. What next ensued—the vocal part of it, I mean—might have suggested to an eavesdropper, had there been one, that the vowel sounds in their proper order were being repeated by two persons laboring under strong excitement.

"Eh?" That was his astounded ejaculation.

"E-e-e-e-!" A shrill outcry, part scream, part squeal, from her.

"I——I——" Mr. Bain again.

"Oh!" Mrs. Bain's turn.

"You!" Her startled gasp of recognition.

"Yes, Evelyn, that's who it is." This, in matter-of-fact tones, was a third voice speaking.

After this for a moment the spell of a terrific faction held both Mr. and Mrs. Bain silent.

Standing in the middle of the floor facing them, was a shadow. I use the word advisedly. With equal propriety I might write down "apparition" or "wraith" or "shape" or "spirit" to describe that which confronted them I prefer "shadow."

It had the outline, somewhat wavery and uncertain, of a man. It had the voice of a man—a voice calm, assured, almost casual. It had the garb of a man or at least it had the nebulous faint suggestion of garbing. But it had no substance to it, none whatsoever. It had no definable color, either. It had rather the aspect of a figure of man done in lines of very thin smoke. You could look right through it and distinguish, as through a patch of haze, the pattern of the wall-paper behind it. And now, as it spoke again, you could, in some indefinable sort of way, see its voice starting from down in its chest and travellin up and up and so out of its lips. It was no more than a patch of fog, modeled by some unearthly magic into vaporous semblance of a human form: It was inconceivable, impossible, an incredible figment of the imagination, and yet there it was.

Its second speech was addressed to Mr. Bain, who had frozen where he was, his finger still touching the push-button his eyes enlarged to twice their size and his lower jaw sagged.



"You are astonished? Permit me to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Bain's first husband—"

"You're late, dearest," she said. "You've just time to run upstairs and slip on your evening clothes. I've laid them out for you."

"Why, there's nobody coming in for dinner, is there?" he asked.

She drew away from him slightly.

"No, there's no one coming," she said. "What difference does that make?"

"Well," he said, "I'm rather fagged out and I sort of thought that, seeing there'd be only the two of us, I'd come to the table just as I am."

"Very well, dear," she said, "suit yourself."

But he took note that she had shortened the superlative "dearest" to "dear." Also she slipped herself out of the circlet of his encircling arm. Suddenly there was a suggestion—a bare trace—of an autumnal chill in the air.

"Suit yourself," she repeated.

But, as a newly married man, how could he suit himself? He clad himself in the starchy shirt, the high tight collar that pinched his throat, the pinchy patent leathers, and all the rest of the funeral regalia in which civilized man encases himself on any supposedly festal occasions. She gave him an approving look when, ten minutes later, he presented himself before her.

"Tom," she said as they sat down, "I think you always should dress for dinner. Arthur always said that a gentleman should dress for dinner."

Ht stared at her, puzzled.

"Arthur?" he echoed, "who's Arthur?"

"My first husband," she explained. "Arthur looked so well in his evening clothes."

"Oh," he said, like that. That was all he said for a minute or so. He was thinking.

She was thinking, too. Practically all women are popularly supposed to have intuition, and certainly this particular woman had her share of it. Probably it was in that very moment of reflection that the lady decided on a future plan of action.

"You are astonished? Permit me to introduce myself. I am Arthur—Mrs. Bain's first husband. I am glad to meet you."

Mr. Bain under this shock came to himself. The shackles of twelve months of bottled-in restraint fell from him.

"Are you?" he answered. "Well, I'm damned if I'm glad to meet you."

"I understand." The voice was gentle, almost compassionate. "You will be glad later on, I think—very glad. Shall we sit down all of us?"

THE Thing took a chair. And the back of the chair cloudily revealed itself as a sub-motif for the half materialized torso of its occupant. Mechanically, moving jerkily, Mr. Bain followed suit; he likewise took a chair. Mrs. Bain, uttering choked whimpering sounds down in her throat, already had fallen upon a couch and was huddled there. It was just as well the couch had been handly near by, for her legs would no longer support her.

Her first husband—we may as well call him that—turned to her.

"Control yourself, Evelyn," he bade her. "There is no occasion for any excitement. Besides, those curious sounds which you are now emitting annoy me. I haven't long to stay and I have much to say."

He cleared his throat—the process might be followed with the eye as well as by ear—and proceeded:

"I have been endeavoring for months past to bring about this meeting. In fact, ever since shortly after your second marriage to this gentleman, I have striven to return to earth for the one purpose which brings me to-night. But it was difficult—very difficult." He sighed a visible sigh. "It is not permitted that I should explain the nature of the obstacles. I merely state that they were very great. As you will notice, I am not able even yet to attain the seeming solidity—weight and specific density—which I craved to take on. So I just came along in the somewhat sketchy and incomplete guise in which you now see me.

"My reason for coming is simple. I desire to see justice done. Where I was, I could not rest in peace knowing that you, Evelyn, were lying so outrageously and, what was worse, making me an unwitting accomplice, as it were, to your lying campaign."

"Evelyn, you have been a foolish, wicked woman. You have done this gentleman here—" including Mr. Bain, with a wave of a spectral arm—"A cruel wrong. But what, from my point of view is even worse, you have done me

"Very well, having made that point clear, I shall proceed: Sir, for nearly a year past you have been intimidated by the constantly presented image of a fabulous creature. Your peace of mind has been seriously affected. Before your eyes I have been held up as a paragon—I. And I resent the slander on my name. It has been an insult which no self-respecting memory should be compelled to stand. Sir, I wish you to know the truth: I was not a paragon, and I thank God for it. I was not the perfect husband this woman would have you believe. I was fussy, faulty, crochety—and I am proud of it."

"Oh, Arthur!" Mrs. Bain, under attack, was reviving, was rallying to her own defence as powers of coherent speech returned to her.

"DON'T 'Oh, Arthur' me." he snapped 'but listen: And you too, sir, if you will be so good. We quarreled frequently in those years of our married life. She complained of my brusque ways, of my fits of irritability, of my refusal to like many of the people that she persisted in liking, of my tastes and my habits and inclinations. She didn't care for some of my friends; I didn't care for some of hers. I objected to any number of things about her—and rarely refrained from saying so. She has told you that between us there was never a cross word. Bah!—there were tens of thousands of cross words. When we got on each other's nerves, which was often, neither of us hesitated to let it be known. When we disagreed over something—or anything—we argued it out. We loved each other but merely loving did not make either of us angelic. We quarreled and made up and quarrelled some more. We fell out and we fell back together again. There were times when we were like a pair of cooing doves and again there were times when the proverbial monkey and parrot had little if anything on us. In short, and in fine, Sir, we behaved just as the average reasonably well-mated married couples do behave. And for my own sake, and incidentally for yours, sir, I would not have you believe differently.

"That, I believe, is practically all I had to say to you. Having said it, I wish to add a final word to our wife, here. Evelyn, speaking with such authority as is befitting a first husband, I wish to state that, so far as my observations from another sphere have gone, your present husband is a first-rate fellow. I like to think of him as my successor. And I intend to see that he has a fair deal from you. I trust this visit from me has been a lesson to you. Hereafter, in your dealings with him you will please be so good as to stand on your own merits. You will kindly refrain from dragging me into your arguments as an advocate on your side. My stock of patience is no greater than it was before I became a memory—remember that. I sincerely trust it will not be necessary for me to admonish you personally a second time. Because I warn you here and now that next time I shall return under circumstances that will be most embarrassing to you. Next time there will be no privacy about my appearance; I shall come to you in public. You'll be a talked-about woman, Evelyn. There'll be pieces about you in the paper ond spiritualists and trance mediums and delvers into the occult—a meddlesome nosey lot, too, I may add—will make your life a burden for you. So have a care, Evelyn!

"Sir, to you I extend my best wishes. I'm sorry we didn't meet before. But, some of these days we'll make up for lost time—when you join me on the plane where I am at present residing. Well I guess that will be about all—Oh, if you don't mind, I'll just dissipate into air and float up the chimney—it's more convenient." Out of a nothingness near the fireplace came a voice growing thinner and fainter: "Good bye, Bain, Old chap. Good bye, Evelyn—and don't forget."

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Bain went off into a swoon. It also should be noted that even as he sprang to her side to revive her Mr. Bain wore on his face a look of husbandly solicitude and concern, but his feet twittered in a dance measure.

Personally, I do not believe in ghosts. I assume, readers, that you do not believe in ghosts, either. But Mrs. Bain does, and as for Mr. Bain he does too, firmly—and, as a happily married man he is every day renewing and strengthening his belief in them.

Women of Middle Age



THE critical stage of a woman's life usually comes between the years of 45 and 55, and is often beset with annoying symptoms such as nervousness, irritability, melancholia, heat flashes which produce headache and dizziness, and a sense of suffocation. Guard your health carefully, for if this period be passed over safely, many years of perfect health may be enjoyed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It exercises a restorative influence, tones and strengthens the system, and assists nature in the long weeks and months covering this period. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics. Its value is proven by many such letters as these:

Viscount, Saskatchewan—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a female weakness. I had pains in the back and bearing-down pains in the abdomen and was in a general run-down condition. I could not sleep, rest, or work, and was quite unfit to do even slight household tasks. A friend told me about your Vegetable Compound and I in my turn truly recommend it, as my severe symptoms vanished and I am better in every way. I do my own work, look after my children and see to chickens, a cow, and my garden. I also recommend it for young girls who are weak and run-down, as my 16-year-old daughter has taken it and is quite her own gay self again."—Mrs. Fred Wiley, Viscount, Saskatchewan.

Brockville, Ontario—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and female disorders. I was so weak at times that I could not stand up. I had been this way for nearly three years, and the different medicines I had taken had not done me any good. I found one of your little books at my door one day, and I thought I would give your medicine a trial. I am now on my fifth bottle, and it has helped me. I am feeling much better, have no weak spells and can do all my work now. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to all I know."—Mrs. Casey Lemery, 176 Abbott St., Brockville, Ontario.

Letters like the above do influence women to try

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

MANAGES BUSINESS AT SIXTEEN YEARS

TO BE the managing director of a prosperous business at the age of sixteen is a remarkable achievement. It stands to the credit of Miss Lettice Apperly, whose little colored statuettes can be seen in the London shops. She is overwhelmed with orders, and to cope with the business had to give up her studies.

"Carving wooden figures has always been a hobby of mine," says Miss Apperly, a pretty girl with bobbed hair, "but I never thought that I should be able to put it on a commercial basis. I made figures of the characters in a play I had seen, and my father showed them to a business friend who was so delighted that he ordered several hundred of them. Then further orders poured in until I had to engage an ex-service man to help me."

Miss Apperly modestly said that the figures were "quite simple to make." They are drawn on wood and then cut out with a fretsaw. They are beautifully designed and colored.

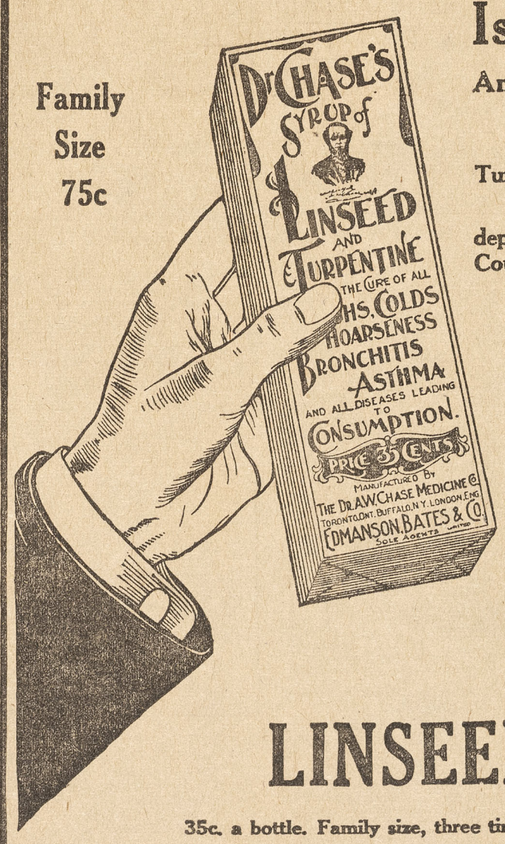
The Old Favorite

Is Just As Popular As Ever

And Just as Effective in Relieving Coughs, Colds, Croup and Bronchitis

For over a quarter of a century Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has been the favorite treatment for coughs and colds.

It is still growing in favor, for the simple reason that it can be depended on as a positive relief for Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Asthma.



Bronchitis

Mr. J. Penrose, 207 Oak St., Toronto, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with bronchitis and had a very bad cough. I had the cough so long I was becoming afraid of other developments. I tried all kinds of cough remedies without relief. I saw Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine advertised and tried a bottle. I was greatly surprised at the relief I got from the Linseed and Turpentine. I bought five more bottles and was completely relieved."

Severe Cold

Mr. Lloyd Ballen, Sunnybrook Farm, Pownal, Lot 49, P.E.I., writes:—"After I got over the 'flu' last winter, I took a very severe cold. I tried several kinds of cough medicines, but none of them gave me relief and I began to fear it would turn to something more serious. One day, however, I picked up a copy of Dr. Chase's Almanac and saw your Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine advertised. I got one bottle immediately, which completely relieved me."

DR. CHASE'S Syrup of LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

35c. a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 75c. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Woman's Point of View

By FLORENCE DAVIES

A HITCH UP EVERY HILL.

"AND so," said the black-eyed young woman whose position of stenographer had grown into private secretary to the boss, "I just quit my job. I forgot to send the laundry and that was the end."

"But what has laundry got to do with a lawyer's office?" cried a chorus of voices.

"Everything," the dark-eyed one replied. "You don't know the wife of the senior member of the firm. I've parcel-posted all her packages, made dates with her dressmaker, sent her letters by special messenger, called up the laundress, and taken care of all her railroad tickets and telegrams for the past three years, and that Saturday, when she blew in with the laundry and asked me to phone right away because she didn't have time to stop, I was rushing to carry out last minute orders for the boss and, yes I really was trying to get off for my Saturday afternoon before I was too many hours late for the appointment I made, and I plain forgot the laundry."

"Then when she bustled in Monday morning and spied the package, the worst happend and I told her I couldn't play a double role any longer and that I was hired to do her husband's work, not hers."

Half of the work this secretary had done had been done to save her boss, she said. "In the midst of an important conference he would be called and asked to be sure to stop at the dry goods store for a package or run over to the drug store and bring out some pills.

"He was too loyal to say anything, but I always offered to do the job for him and he looked his gratitude."

And so the little secretary is out of a job and the big man is looking for a secretary, and the big man's wife thinks she has been rudely insulted by a mere office girl, who, by the way, has carried in her head most of the details of the business which have paid for the jewels and the furs which the man's wife flaunts so airily.

But she is a natural born leaner, this wife. She doesn't know how to carry her own load, or to burn her own smoke. She is always looking for a hitch up every little hill.

Just what would happen, one wonders, if five minutes before her guests were expected for a bridge luncheon, her husband should call up and insist that she drop everything and go out and collect some evidence on a case or look in his desk and get a paper and come straight to the office with it. Imagination falters at the thought of the explosion that would follow. Perhaps it would be a good thing if wives were made to serve a six months term in business, just to see what it's like to try to mix the laundry with the case of Smith v. Smith.

"FOR LOVE OR MONEY."

THE woman with dreams in her eyes and a touch of gray in her dark hair shook her head a bit sadly. "Doesn't anybody do anything 'just for love' any more?" she asked. "I've had an odd experience of my own with this old home that I've been putting in order to rent. There are so many things upstairs and down that no paperhanger or painter or plumber or cleaning woman can do—only somebody that knows the old house through and through.

"Boxes and bundles to look over in the attic. Old stuff to condemn utterly or smile over and pack into smaller compass to be stored away again. Little touches in each room—why, I've stayed over there to rub off the fingerprints the floor-finisher left, and wind up the springs of the shades, and scrape paint off a window here and there—with a penny, you know. And my friends say, 'You shouldn't do it. Your tenants won't know the difference. Here you are getting all tired out.'

"Don't they know that I love to do those little things because I love the old home? That I don't mind getting tired when I can make the dear old rooms look better or pick up a bit in the garden that used to be so neat? Is it only money one must think of nowadays, like the workmen who drop the hammer and spill the nails at the sound of the whistle, and aren't allowed to 'speed up' a bit even to keep an old friend from failing on a contract?—I heard of such a case the other day."

"For love or money" we used to say. It does seem as though the accent now was on money. But my friend answered her own question. People to whom sentiment still makes appeal will do the sort of thing she has been doing, for love and love only. That young workman who freely gave his blood to a "Buddy" whose strength was all but gone and refused to make a penny on the transfusion, put the accent on "Love" and not on money. Mothers who do many wearisome things for noisy youngsters who are heedless of all such sacrifices, do them for love, and always will.

And someday, when "Men, my brothers, men, the workers" read the golden rule with understanding, industry itself will see that money and what money buys, are not all that make life worth living.

MORE TIME NEEDED.

WE women have been ranting a good deal lately, and we've had to hear a lot of other ranting by ardent souls who seek to make the world over more nearly to the feminist's desire. Small wonder then, if we have, some of us, come to think that the women's millennium is at hand; that we can do all things, including running this rather complex Government of ours. So it's a relief to hear from a woman who doesn't rant, but who does know what she is talking about.

The woman is Mrs. Medill McCormick, and certainly she ought to be capable of advising us about the subject on which she speaks. She is a suffragist, a senator's daughter, a senator's wife, and for a score of years a student of American politics, and just now chairman of the Cook County, Ill., Republican Woman's Committee. It will be seen, therefore, that few if any women in America have had more experience in the practical workings of national politics and Government. And this is what she has just said:

"Women are not fitted for positions in the higher bodies of Government and it will take a couple of generations to fit them for these offices.

The one big thing that we must combat is the stress that is laid on sex.

"The constitution of the United States says that this country shall be governed by parties and, therefore, it is all tommyrot to say that women intend to vote for the best man—for the man most suited to a particular office, regardless of his party, because through a party alone can national issues be dealt with. That is the only way to cope with the situation presented. Women of to-day do not understand what a party is and what the various parties stand for. They cannot discuss politics because they are not versed in the fundamentals of politics.

"Were I elected to a public office, if my baby took ill, of course, I would not assume the duties of my office. I would stay with my baby. Such is the case with all women, and it is ridiculous for them to say they are free."

That is so different from the usual talk of feminist leaders and women politicians as to be really refreshing. In fact, it ought to be more than refreshing; it's actually instructive. It gives us pause in our rather bombastic, know-it-all attitude toward everything that happends to be under discussion. It actually may encourage the rank and file of women to take with a grain of salt and calm reasoning much of the oratorical outbursts leveled at us every day. It isn't that women aren't free; it's merely that there are limits both to the kind of freedom and its latitude. We're free to make of ourselves what we will, but we are bound by our duties, just as men are bound by their responsibilities. Freedom is a relative term, too. No true American woman will either question the statement that she is freer to-day than ever before, freer than her sister in any other country under the sun, or deny the admission of Mrs. McCormick that if her baby was sick she would stay with it, let the Government go where it would for guidance.

Mrs. McCormick is perhaps only a little bit too hasty when she labels our claim to freedom ridiculous, but perhaps she has in mind the far-reaching claims of those feminists who do most of the shouting and but little of the real constructive thinking.



Won't Wash Off

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.

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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
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SEASONABLE RECIPES FOR EVERYDAY LIVING

BY JOHANNA FARRAND.

(Copyrighted.)

All measures are level.
The half-pint cup is used.

A WELL-BALANCED diet must contain food substances which are classified as follows: Carbohydrates, or the starches and sugars, producing heat and energy; fats, also producing heat and energy, as well as assisting growth; proteins, the tissue-builders; minerals, such as calcium and iron, and so on; cellulose, the bulky, fibrous part of food, and, last of all, the vitamines. And these substances must be so combined that there are sufficient base-forming foods to counteract the acid-forming foods. The base-formers are milk, cheese, fresh and dried fruits, all vegetables except lentils, almonds and chestnuts; the acid-forming foods are meats, lean more than fat, eggs, peanuts, walnuts (Urals), cereal foods when used in large quantities, and so replace the starch of vegetables; also sugars when used in such quantities that they replace the sugar of fruits. Discussions of food at table are rather to be avoided, but knowledge and forethought on the part of the housekeeper can provide palatable and nutritious meals.

Clear Tomato Soup.

1 pint stock.
1 pint tomatoes.
1 onion.
1 bay leaf.
½ teaspoon salt.
½ teaspoon sugar.
Speck pepper.
1 clove.
1 stalk celery.
2 tablespoons sago.

Wash sago. Add to stock. Let it cook slowly. Put tomatoes in second saucepan, with seasonings; stew for 20 minutes; then rub through strainer into stock. Boil stock and tomatoes until sago is clear, about 15 minutes. Serve in cups, with saltines.

Pork Sausage.

1½ lbs. sausage for six servings. Heat pan; cut sausages and prick each one twice with fork; place on hot pan and brown well, turning often to insure even color; then lower heat; cover and cook for ten minutes, turning once. Lift to a hot platter; add two tablespoons flour to pan; mix with fat; then add, 1 cup water, ¼ teaspoon salt and dash of pepper; boil two minutes; pour over sausages; garnish with mashed potatoes.

Apple Sauce.

8 sour apples.
½ cup brown sugar.
Cold water.

Scrub, quarter and stem apples; slice into saucepan; add enough water to cover bottom of saucepan well; put lid on and cook till apples are soft (15 minutes); then force through a coarse sieve into warm bowl; add sugar; serve with sausage.

Cauliflower, With White Sauce.

Remove green leaves and tough stalk of cauliflower; wash well; soak half-hour head down in cold salt water; drain off water; turn right-side up; cover with boiling water and cook until centre is tender (20 minutes to half-hour, depending on size and freshness of cauliflower. Lift out of water, place in a warm vegetable dish; have already blended 2 tablespoons flour and 2 tablespoons butter; add ½ cup milk and ½ cup vegetable water; season slightly; boil two minutes; pour over cauliflower.

Fruit Salad.

2 pears.
1 bunch Tokay grapes.
2 oranges.
1 grape fruit.

Pare, core and cut pears in regular pieces; wash grapes, cut in half; peel oranges, remove skin from sections, cut in pieces; cut grapefruit in half, remove sections with sharp knife, squeeze out juice. Toss the whole together and sprinkle well with fruit sugar, also juice of ½ lemon. Pile in sherbet glasses and chill before serving.

Peanut Cookies.

¼ cup butter.
¾ cup sugar.
2 eggs.
1½ cups flour.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
Speck salt.
2 tablespoons milk.
Rind of one lemon.
¾ cup chopped peanuts.

Invert two large roasting pans; butter lightly, but carefully; cream the butter; rub in the sugar; add beaten eggs and heat well; mix flour, baking powder and salt; add to butter mixture, also milk, rind and peanuts. Batter should be stiff enough to hold spoon upright. Drop from a teaspoon onto pans one inch apart; bake in a moderate oven eight to ten minutes, keeping oven a little to slow rather than hot. This will make about 45 cookies.

GUARD THE BABY AGAINST COLDS

To guard the baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little one's stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist; that the health of the little one will be good and that he will thrive and be happy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO SAVE WHEN SHOPPING

By RUTH LEIGH.

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

CLOTHES WRINGER.

IN buying a clothes wringer, one of the important points for the housewife to consider is the placing of the springs which control the rollers and the gears. These should be hidden in the wringer to prevent clothes and fingers from being injured. Ask about the gears. They should—to give you best service—be ball-bearing.

Look at the metal parts of your clothes wringer. Are they heavily galvanized? They should be, to prevent rusting, for you must remember that a clothes wringer is an appliance used almost entirely in and with water. Remember this point; the greater the diameter of the rollers, the stronger their pressure. This means that they will wring your clothes drier. Buy the largest wringer you can get—because a large wringer will be more effective, even if you have only a small quantity of wash. Rollers about sixteen inches long are good for the average family use.

Be sure to specify, in buying a wringer, what kind of tubs you have, as not all kinds can be used on round tubs and not all on square tubs. Also be sure that whatever kind you buy fastens firmly on the tubs, so that there is no swaying and loosening when you go through the hard process of wringing.

FISH.

AMONG the popular plentiful fish at this time of the year is flounder.

An inexperienced buyer wil recognize flounder by several distinctive characteristics it is flat, has a thick skin, and is usually light on one side and dark on the other. In buying flounder the important thing is to choose as thick a fish as you can possibly get, as there is a thin filet of meat on each side of the bone. As you probably know, the meat of flounder is exceedingly white and very sweet.

Perch is plentiful at this time of year, too. Be sure in buying it that you choose only freshly caught fish, and that which has a good, firm flesh. The perch that comes from fresh water is usually yellow, whereas that caught in salt water is white. This is a delicious fish, despite its many fine bones, and it has exceedingly sweet meat.

Hake, which is much like catfish, except that it has softer flesh, is available beginning this month. You can easily determine whether this fish is fresh from the water. It grows soft very quickly when out of the water for some time, so that you are well protected, and can always tell by feeling the fish, whether it is fresh or not. This is not always the case with other kinds of fish. Hake spoils very quickly, however, and there is much waste.

Don't overlook fresh fish in planning your menus these days.

Fashion's Forecast

By Annabel Worthington

A SLENDERIZING UNDERGARMENT.

Since the slender, trim figure is the fashion these days, the large woman will find this tight-fitting corset cover a splendid aid. You could make this corset cover in about an afternoon and all it would cost you if you used cambric at 30c per yard, would be about 40c figuring edging at 10c per yard.

The pattern No. 1303 cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch material with 2½ yards edging.



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.

CAMPBELL'S



Fur Coats at reductions

YOU may save from $25 to $95 on a fur coat of finest quality—newest models in Hudson Seal, Persian Lamb, Beaver, Raccoon or Muskrat.

Campbell Womens Wear LIMITED

Out-of-town inquiries attention, Willis J. Campbell.

Phone Adel. 5295. 124 Dundas St. W.

The Very Latest Styles in Gloves

New Models Are Found With Elaborate Ornamentation.

THE simplicity of present-day clothes has had a strong bearing upon all sorts of dress accessories, particularly gloves. This does not mean that gloves have become simple. On the contrary, they have taken unto themselves all the ornamentation and elaboration that formerly were appended to dresses and coats.

The popular glove lengths are the gauntlet, the mousquetaire and the slip-on models, the latter ranging from two-button style to elbow length. The vogue of the long, tight sleeve has brought about an unusual demand for the gauntlet.

Innumerable models in kid, French suede and Arabian mocha are used for afternoon and evening, while for sports wear slip-ons made of chamois are popular.

The prevailing colors seen in dresses and coats are equally prominent in gloves. These include all the brown shades, particularly beaver, sand and fawn, as well as all the grey tones. Black kid is in unusual demand for all types of gloves, while white is seen principally in sixteen-button lengths.

Diverse Ornamentation.

Many smart combinations of black and white and also brown and tan are prevalent. Among the recent importations is a striking gauntlet of black kid having a cuff of white kid and carrying an appliqued design made of the black leather. There are gloves having cuffs that may be worn over the wrist or turned back over the hand.

Gloves of the pull-on variety frequently have cuffs that turn back over the hand, the turned-back portion being embroidered or lined in a contrasting color. In some instances velvet linings are used to add a touch of novelty. For instance, a deep purple lining may appear on a white cuff, black on grey, or brown on tan.

Intriguing details such as scallops, pinking, fringe, metal eyelets, braiding and the application of narrow bands, motifs of cut steel beads and embroideries of all sorts are used as glove ornamentations. Frequently pipings and cut-out effects in contrasting color form a trimming. Kid lacing in a contrasting color run through the top of a gauntlet cuff adds a smart touch.

The gauntlet type of glove affords the greatest opportunity for elaboration. There are some models that button to one side, at which point there is an embroidered motif. Others have gores of a contrasting shade set into the cuff.

The metallic note prominent in fabrics has entered the realm of gloves through the embroidery route. Gauntlet cuffs are frequently embroidered in metal threads. A black kid glove with silver thread embroidery is particularly smart when worn with a simple dress of black silk or one of grey cloth.

New English Models.

A new venture in the French glove world is the making of a short kid model which may be worn with or without a cuff. One side of the cuff is in the same color as the glove itself, while the other is in a directly contrasting hue. It is joined by means of snap fasteners and may be attached with either side out. For example, a model of black kid has a cuff which is black on one side and grey on the other.

From England come many interesting gloves which are particularly adaptable to sports wear. Heavy leathers in mottled effects are noted in the combinations that blend with the lovely English woollens used in the making of sports wear costumes.

Among the lighter weight gloves are chamois and suede, two leathers peculiarly beloved by the English woman Conservative models in grey, black and brown tones are seen in these as well as many novelties in vivid colorings, such as pinks, blues, yellows and many shades of grey.

For the more conservative woman the brilliant color may appear in the form of a lining or delicate stitching on a glove in one of the neutral colorings.

Worth Remembering.

Never go in bathing directly after a heavy meal.

Salt dissolved in ammonia will remove grease spots.

Strain the white sauce when it is not absolutely smooth.

Never put lingerie or fine linens through the wringer.

Spiced apples are nice with roast duck and spiced peaches with roast beef.

A large lump of camphor placed in the chest where silver is kept will keep it from tarnishing.



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

M. AXMITH
LADIES' TAILOR.
A complete range of Ready-to-Wear at reasonable prices.
2218 Dundas St. West (Cor. Roncesvalles Ave.). Phone Junc. 4170.

DE VILMARTE'S LUCK

Continued from Page Six.

were blurred with unwonted sentiment. "I am a king in exile," he muttered over and over. "A king in exile," he repeated. This sentimental simile seemed to be a well of bitter comfort for him.

This story should end here, for stories should end like this, on the high note; but life is different. Hazelton was a man with a bad liver, and he got no joy from his sacrifice. Moreover, in real life one seldom fights a decisive battle with one's lower nature. One goes on fighting; it dies hard when it dies at all. There are the high moments when one thinks the battle won, and the next day the enemy attacks again, with the battle to be fought over.

Hazelton had formed the habit of cursing fate and De Vilmarte, and, to revenge himself, of threatening De Vilmarte's exposure, and he continued to do these things. And De Vilmarte let his mind stray far in contemplating Hazelton's possible vileness, and in doing this he himself became vile. What he could not recognize was the definite place where Hazelton's vileness stopped. His life was like a fair fruit rotten within.

It was the summer of 1914, and Hazelton, whose drunkenness before had been occasional, now drank always, and forever in the background of De Vilmarte's mind was this powerful figure with its red face and black hair and truculent bearing, drunken and obscene, who carried in his careless hand the honor of the De Vilmartes. At any moment Hazelton could rob Raoul of his pride, embitter his mother's last hours, and make him the laughing stock of his world. Raoul became like an entrapped animal running around and around the implacable barriers of a cage. It is a terrible thing to have one's honor in the hands of another.

He thought of everything that might end this torment, and he found no answer. Madness grew in him. Wherever Raoul de la Tour de Vilmarte went, there followed him unseen a shadow, swart, dark and red-faced. It followed him, mouthing, "Ra-o-u-l Ra-o-u-l!" from morning till Ra-o-u-l!" fro mmorning till night. When De Vilmarte was at a table in a cafe a huge and mocking shadow sat beside him, and it said, wagging its head in a horrid fashion, "There's death in our little drama, hein, mon vieux?"

The fate that had made their interests one, bound them together. They sought each other out to spend strange and tortured hours in each other's company, while in the depths of Raoul's heart a plan to end the torture was coming to its own slow maturity, and grew large and dark during the hot days of July. He could not continue to live. The burden of his secret weighed him down. Nor could he leave Hazelton behind him, the honor of the De Vilmartes in his hands.

The bloody answer to the riddle leaped out at him. Hazelton's death—that was the answer. Then De Vilmarte could depart in peace. For two mad, happy days he saw life simply. First Hazelton, then himself.

One day he stopped short, for he realized he could not go until his mother—went. He must stay a while—until she died.

He had to wait until she died. He watched her, wondering if his endurance would outlast her life. He tried not to let her see him watching—for he knew there was madness in his eyes—and he would go out to find his dark shadow, for often it was less painful to be with him than away from him—he knew then what Hazelton was up to. He spent days in retracing the steps which had brought him to this desperate impasse. They had been easy, but he knew that weakness was at the bottom of it—perhaps, unless he did it now, he would never do it—perhaps an unworthy desire for life—and love—might hold back his hand.

So De Vilmarte lived his days and nights bound on the torturing pendulum of conflict.

SUDDENLY Europe was aflame. France stood still and waited. And as he waited, with Europe, Raoul for a moment forgot his torment. War is a great destroyer, but among other things it destroys the smaller emotions. Its licking flame shrivels up personal loves and hates. When war was declared, old hates were blotted out, and hopeless lovers trembling on the brink of suicide were cured overnight. Small human atoms were drowned in the larger hate and the larger love. Men ceased to have power over their own lives since their lives belonged to France.

So when war was declared, choice was taken from Raoul's hands. A high feeling of liberation possessed him. He walked along the street, and suddenly he realized that instead of going toward his home he was seeking his other half, the dark shadow to whom he had been so bound.

On Hazelton's door a note was pinned, addressed to him.

"My friend," it said, "you have luck! You will have your regiment, while nothing better than the ambulance, like a sale embusque, for me. If harm comes to you, don't fear for your mother."

This letter made him feel as though Hazelton had clasped his hand. He no longer felt toward Hazelton as an enemy, since France had also claimed him.

Madness had brushed him with its dark wings. By so slender a thread his life and Hazelton's had hung! Yes—and his honor!

"Thank God!" he said, "for an honorable death!" It was the last personal thought that was his for a long time. War engulfed him. Instead of an individual he was a soldier of France, and his life was broken away from the old life which now seemed illusion, the days which streamed past him like pennants torn in the wind.

Later, in the monotony of trench warfare, he had time to think of Hazelton. He desired two things—to serve France, and to see Hazelton. Raoul wanted a word of friendship to pass between them, and especially he wanted to tell Hazelton that he need not worry about his wife. He wrote to him, but got no answer. Life went on; war had become the normal thing. The complexities of his former life receded further and further from him, and became more phantasmal, but the desire to see Hazelton before either of them should die remained with Raoul.

When he was wounded it was his last conscious thought before oblivion engulfed him. There followed a half-waking—pain—a penumbral land through which shapes moved vaguely; the smell of an anesthetic, an awakening, and again sleep. When he wakened fully he was in a white hospital ward with a sister bending over him.

"In the next bed," she said, "there is a grand blesse." She looked at him significantly. "He wishes to speak to you—he is a friend of yours."

In the next bed lay Hazelton, the startling black of his shaggy hair framing the pallor of his face.

With difficulty Raoul raised his head. They smiled at each other. From the communion of their silence came Hazelton's deep voice.

"Why the devil," he said, "did we ever hate each other?"

Raoul shook his head. He didn't know. He, too, had wanted to ask Hazelton this.

"It has bothered me," said Hazelton. "I wanted to see you—" His voice trailed off. "I've wanted to ask you why we have needed this war—death—to make us know we don't hate each other."

"I don't know," said De Vilmarte. It was an effort for him to speak; his voice sounded frail and broken.

"Raoul," Hazelton asked, tenderly, "where are you wounded? Is it bad?"

"I don't know," Raoul answered again.

"It's his head," the sister answered for him, "and his right hand."

Hazelton raised his great head; a red mounted to his face; his old sardonic laughter boomed out through the ward. With a sharply indrawn breath of pain: "Oh, la—la!" he shouted. "'Cre nom! 'Cre nom! What luck—imperishable! I'm dying—your right hand—your right hand!" He sank back his ironic laughter drowned in a swift crimson tide.

The nurse beckoned to an orderly to bring a screen. . . .

Tears of grief and weakness streamed down Raoul's face. To the last his ill luck had held. He hadn't been able to make his friend understand, or to make amends. His right hand was wounded, and he could no longer serve France.

The sister looked at him with pity. She tried to console him.

"Death is not always so mercifully quick with these strong men," she said.

Little Helps.

Boil the clothesline before using and it will not stretch.

Never allow onions to stand in water before being used.

Roll the sausage in flour before frying and it will not burst.

Don't forget your system will be benefited by a little fresh fruit each day.

Never clean windows when the sun is shining on them unless you expect them to be smeary.

RICH, RED BLOOD NECESSARY TO HEALTH

Weak, Watery Blood Needs a Tonic to Build It Anew.

Why are we continually told that health-giving blood must be bright red? What has color to do with the quality? Just this—the oxygen in the air is the great supporter of all organic life. One function of the blood is to take the oxygen from the air—which it meets in the lungs and delivers to the tissues of the body. When the blood, filled with life-sustaining oxygen, is sent out by the heart, it is bright red. When it returns, impure and deprived of oxygen it is dark.

You will see, therefore, that there are two prime requisites of health, pure air and bright red blood—the pure air to furnish the oxygen, the rich, red blood to carry it where it is needed.

Pale, anaemic people, whose nerves are on edge, who tire out easily, and who suffer from frequent headaches, do so because their blood is thin and watery. All such people can improve their condition through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, thus enabling it to carry oxygen to the system. Among those who have benefitted from the use of this medicine is Mr. Charles A. Stayner, Glenholme, N.S., who says: "Some four years ago I found myself badly run down. I tired very easily, and found it difficult to do my work. My appetite failed and I slept badly at night. I was taking medicine, but it was not helping me, and I was growing weaker and weaker. A friend who called to see me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got six boxes and before these were done I felt better. Then I got six more boxes, and after taking them felt as well and strong as ever. Four years have passed since that time, and I have continued in good health and working all the time. I have recommended these pills to others and shall continue to do so."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Art of Wearing a Veil And Putting on New Gloves

By ROSE BERTIN

PROPERLY fitting, well cared for shoes and gloves, a becoming hat and veil—well, what if one is wearing a last year's suit or coat? It's these little things that count, even in these days when many time-honored customs are being thrown into the discard. There are two women that I envy—the one who has a knack of wearing a veil smartly and the one who can afford good kid gloves. Wearing a veil is like making doughnuts—one has to have a knack of doing either. Some women can throw a veil over their hat so that it falls down behind just as graceful as can be and forms a sort of back-ground; others can draw them tightly over the face and tuck them in at the back, while no matter how others wear them they look untidy. I think the secret lies in using plenty of pins to hold them securely wherever they are wanted. To get the knack, I think it would be a good plan when one goes to buy a veil, to wear the hat it is to be worn with and have the saleswoman put it on. Having this done a few times, one would soon get in the way of putting it on right.

To put one's kid gloves on right, especially the first time, is another important thing, because if you put them on wrong the first time, they are out of shape ever after and one can never have real satisfaction in wearing them.

Since the price of kid gloves began to soar towards Mars and has only begun the return trip, most of us haven't the assortment we used to have of them and the gift of a pair is something to be appreciated. I speak feelingly, for I was lucky enough to have a pair given me the other day, the like of which I never expected to feel on my hands again. They were as soft as cotton wool and so elastic. As I was putting them on for the first time last Sunday to go to church, a little folded paper fluttered from them and picking it up, I found that it contained instructions for putting them on, and as I fear not many of us really know how to do this, I'm taking the liberty of passing the information along. I can vouch for it as it comes from a gentleman who knows kid gloves from A to Z:—

"First, insert the four fingers into the glove, leaving out the thumb. Gently and gradually work glove down until the fingers are completely in. Then insert the thumb and work same down smoothly and carefully.

"Draw the glove on the rest of the way by seizing it firmly by the back. Then carefully stretch your new glove at the wrist until clasps meet.

"Never pull your gloves by the corner of the cuff. It will tear a glove.

"Never try to force the glove on by pushing down between the fingers. It will break the seam.

"First release glove at wrist and draw off backwards over knuckles, then gently release fingers. Do not pull gloves off by finger tips until you have released gloves over the knuckles."

The Housewife's Idea Box

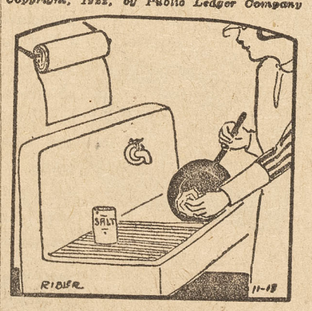


To Renovate a Piece of Wrinkled Silk

Sometimes a piece of silk becomes badly wrinled, even before one starts to cut it for a frock. You can easily make the silk smooth and like new. Sponge it with weak gum-arabic water. Then iron it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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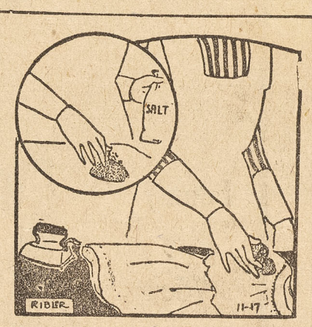


The Easiest Way to Wash a Greasy Frying Pan

When you are ready to wash your frying pan heat it slightly, then pour off all the grease you can. Sprinkle into it a tablespoonful of salt. Rub the pan with a piece of paper (any kind will do but a paper towel is the best). This will absorb almost all of the grease. After this treatment the washing will be easy.

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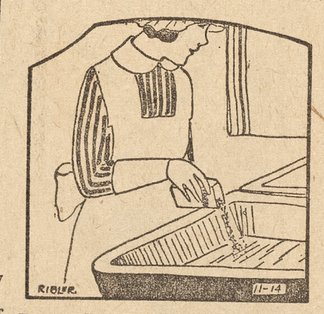


Use Lemon and Salt to Whiten a Scorched Garment

Even a careful laundress will sometimes scorch a garment. To whiten it again soak the garment in luke-warm water. Sprinkle the scorched place with salt. Then squeeze lemon juice over it freely. Expose it to the sun. Apply the lemon juice again if it does not whiten the first time.

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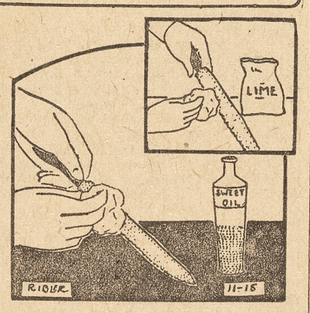


Prevent Red Borders From Fading

Many housewives prefer dish towels that have red borders. These, however, often fade in washing. You can usually prevent fading if you put a little borax into the water in which you are going to wash the red-bordered towels.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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To Remove Rust From Steel

To remove rust from steel, cover the rusty places with sweet oil and rub in well. Allow it to remain on for forty-eight hours. Rub some finely powdered unslacked lime over the rusty party till the rust comes off.

THE HOUSEWIFE.



To Remove Aniline Stains From Your Hands

One would often like to dye a frock or some ribbons, but the thought of staining the hands prevents the adventure. This need not bother you again if you pursue the following method: Put a few drops of acetic acid or strong vinegar in a bowl of water. Place your hands into the bowl and let them remain for a few minutes. Wash with soap and water.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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Why Fear Child Birth



DR. J. H. DYE, noted childbirth specialist, devoted his life to women's sorrows. He discovered a new method of lessening the time and pain of labor, and adopted

Dr. Dye's Mitchella Compound

—a simple, inexpensive, harmless vegetable treatment that has proved a blessing to thousands of expectant mothers for three generations. Write today for

FREE BOOKLET

telling about sterility, also regulation during puberty, pregnancy and change of life. (Sent in plain wrapper.) Give druggist's name and address.

Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, Box 208, St. Mary's, Ont.

Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

BY JANE DOE

Superfluous Views On Superfluous Girls.

THE views of married ladies on the so-called superfluous women always makes engaging reading. So beautifully smug they are. So kindly patronizing. So sweetly helpful.

I like, too, the implied conviction that only the married, of all the nation's females, are properly entitled, by divine right, to a place in the sun, a niche in posterity, a finger in Life's Pie.

This touching faith in holy matrimony, this fervent belief in its simple power to turn a simpleton into a wise and useful wife, a hard-hearted, cold-blooded spinster into a loving, conscientious mother, is more than touching. It is pathetic.

How pleasant a world it would be if every wife or mother were worth her salt; if every married woman were devoted to her husband; if all children got the mothers they deserved.

If!

But I won't labor a painful point.

These preliminary remarks of mine are inspired by an article written by a well-known married woman on the spinsters of this country.

Some contents of article herewith:

"There is no gainsaying that to some of you 'superfluous' women the future may seem rather dark.

"There is no need to be depressed about it. Though unmarried, you can still be perfectly happy, beautifully useful, and a complete success in life, and the beauty of it is that the superfluous woman is not debarred from joining in this great work (taking care of future citizens), in spite of the fact that she is spouseless and childless."

And she proceeds to enumerate those jobs in which the excess fair among us can be perfectly happy and beautifully useful.

Child welfare, cookery, domestic service, the "noble work of nursing the sick and the womanly vocations of caring for and educating children."

"You will now, I think, better understand my second paragraph.

She also gravely points out:

"If the women who spend the best part of their time in golf, bridge and dancing, and have no thought for anything else—these, by the way, are the genuinely superfluous women—would do their best to help the many struggling mothers of families who so sorely need help from someone, what a gain to this country that would be!"

Too kind of her, isn't it?

Superfluous, too, as you might say, considering unmarried women have been carrying on with these mothers' help, teaching, cooking and nursing jobs, for 'umpteen generations.

Or, as you might still further say, carrying on with the good works, thus leaving certain superfluous wives and mothers more leisure to engage in the serious business of golfing, bridging clubbing and dancing.

Just one more quote:

"As to unemployment, that grave menace, let us consider whether or not a large number, say, a million, of superfluous women, crowding into the labor market, has not made conditions very much worse. Undoubtedly, it has. We know there are thousands of men now out of work who would sell their souls almost for such jobs as are now filled by many gay and irresponsible young women."

Do, we, indeed? Funny lady!

I do know, though, that no "such jobs" held down by gay, irresponsibles would continue to be held down by same if any gay irresponsibility were carried into said jobs.

The dickens they wouldn't!

But this married lady, and all others concerned with the problem of unwanted women need lose no beauty sleep.

They are in no such sad plight as people believe them to be.

But, I grant you, the situation would be very desperate if there were no superfluous wives or mothers.

Temptation Widows.

I THINK some learned professor might devote at least one paper to the widow.

After all, a little inquiry into the mystery of the woman who can always get a husband would, I'm sure, prove of far more interest and value than dissertations on the higher life of the lower vegetables.

Particularly, indeed, to those of our feminine goods marked down as surplus.

I am sure they would welcome some revelations, some solution to the really remarkable problem of the woman who never gets a serious proposal, and the other kind who is never without a husband, as you might say.

Even in wartime.

Though I don't know why I add that.

Judging from the bridal pictures which appeared in the press from 1917-1918, the most popular wives were other men's widows.

Every spinster, as I said, would like to know why.

Just out of curiosity, you know.

"Beware of widows!"

"Little widows are dangerous!"

These two safety firsts are part and parcel of our everyday philosophy.

No man knows why.

Especially the man who has married one.

Why, he wonders, was I warned against this matrimonial "winner," this man-trained woman, this peach in the garden of love, who's got more gumption, more heart, more horse-sense, more pluck and more real fascination than half a dozen spinsters put together?

But, then, most folks get hold of the wrong end of the stick when trying to interpret these safety firsts.

A widow is only dangerous—to the prospects of the unmarried woman.

. . . . .

Something of this must have stirred in the minds of those rather hasty Egyptians who recently murdered a young and pretty widow as she wept on her husband's new-made grave.

They hacked her to pieces (I said they were hasty), so it was recarded, while other women mourners stood within sight of the crime and accepted it philosophically.

(Some of Egypt's "surplus," no doubt.)

But the murderers pleaded ample justification.

The widow, they said, was, in the first place, young and pretty, and therefore a temptation to other men; second, while her late husband had been alive she had not shown such devotion as was deemed essential.

To avert the danger of her unfaithfulness (presumably to the deceased gent's memory), they thought it best to kill her and destroy her body.

The widow's-weed-killer, as you might say.

Curious, isn't it, how nations think so differently?

In Egypt they won't let her live.

In English-speaking countries they won't let her alone.

. . . . .

Personally, I think the success of the widow is quite easily accounted for.

Our potential husbands get so very little leisure these days.

The age of hustle, you know.

The age, too, of—er—ready-made goods.

Widows are ready-made wives.

Finished matrimonial goods.

Therefore, the pick of the marriage market.

Does this explain things?

The Passing Of the Dimple.

THAT Michigan professor who has discovered that Dolly Dimples is a duffer obviously doesn't believe in letting well enough alone.

"Dimples are blemishes and mark women as below par mentally," said he.

Deary me. They're never satisfied, these men, are they?

What do they admire, I wonder?

When we spend all our spare time at tennis, dancing and athletics they tell us we're losing our "dainty femininity." And when we do happen to be all there with the looks, otherwise the dainty femininity, the haste to bring to our notice that we're not all there in the intelligence department.

And they're never tired of reminding us, the kindly, thoughtful souls, that beauty is as beauty does.

And that we don't.

What is a poor girl to do, I ask you?

Why, time was when no maiden could consider herself either pretty or coveted unless she had at least one dimple, one of those curious little honeycombings of cheek, chin or elbow . . . charmworkers reckoned to cause instantaneous combustion in the cardiac region of any susceptible young gentleman.

No best seller issued up to the end of the nineteenth century would dream of presenting a heroine who wasn't either blessed with rebellious curls or entrancing dimples.

But now, the Michigan professor should worry.

The dimple, alas, is no more.

Only once in a blue moon do we see its potent charm at work on a pretty girl.

A searching glance around any ballroom or drawing-room reveals never a dimple.

On babies, of course, they are still to be marvelled at and—kissed. Just as full of them as a duck-pond in a shower, the darlings. But they seem to fill in after childhood's days are o'er, and a dimpling maiden is rare indeed.

It is all very sad.

I love a dimpled smile.

And so, I think, do most folk.

The very name is sweet on tongue and ear.

There is a suggestion in it of lavender and old lace. Rosemary. The gentle days when our papas woo'd our mammas. When "please, papa, prunes and prisms," was included in the curriculum of every well-brought-up young lady.

Can it be that too much indulgence in sports, too close application to books, too busy a contemplation of the big and busy world has stilled the fascinating dimple forever?

Or, perish the thought, did our mammas and grandmammas overwork their dimples too much?

With the result that nature got tired and decided to skip a few generations?

I shouldn't be surprised.

I've been looking at some of the pictures in a movie-picture search for a new screen star.

No dimples, of course.

But brilliant eyes, beautifully moulded features, firm chins, and vivid little faces galore.

Your modern beauty is very much alive.

Very, very intelligent.

Very much "all there."

Self-possessed and straightforward, courageous, and full of spirit.

But is she as melting and endearing as her dimpled grandmamma?

I wonder.

However, I hope you will join me in shedding a tear of regret for the passing of the—dimple.

Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs

Makes a family supply of really dependable cough medicine. Easily prepared, and saves about $2.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes 16 ounces of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds.

There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

CALCUTTA CURRY.

This is generally made from either veal or chicken, although lamb or mutton may also be utilized. Cut the meat in small pieces and dip each piece in curry powder. Cut in dice, one large white onion and one tart peeled apple and cook until well-softened in a quarter of a cupful of vegetable oil. Remove the fruit and vegetable, put in the meat and brown delicately. Place the meat, onion and apple in a small kettle and add to the fat in the pan two tablespoonfuls of lightly browned flour, one cupful of cocoanut milk and half a cupful of pineapple finely shredded, with the juice. Add also two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and stir the sauce until it thickens and boils. Add to the contents of the kettle and simmer all until the meat is very tender. Add salt and paprika to taste when nearly done. If the gravy boils away, a little strained stock may be added. Serve with a border of steamed rice.



The Role of the Theatre In Moulding of Fashions

By SARA MARSHALL COOK.

THE theatre has become a factor of real consequence in fashions.

Here lovers of the beautiful in dress, as well as students of fashion, find many things that are extremely interesting to them. Here real inspiration is to be had, for, in addition to the players' gowns, which are always the creations of great dressmakers, one has the inspiration of various beautiful color effects.

The greatest artists of the country give of their best to create beautiful costumes for the stage. Indications of future styles are seen in the theatres before they appear anywhere else. Here the new models are launched.

For a very long time the French theatre has exerted a potent influence on fashions. The premiere of a new play is a gathering place for those interested in styles. They go to learn about dress as well as to be entertained. The American stage, while having some effect on dress, has not until recently exerted as much influence on fashions as the French theatre.

Since plays very often display the clothes of one dressmaker only, each play might be considered in the light of a fashion show where the best models of one great designer are worn under most favorable conditions.

Beauty and Grace.

Two qualities playing important parts in the wardrobe of a successful actress are youthfulness and picturesqueness. Women in private life would do well to take a lesson from this and give more study and consideration to the type of clothes that eliminate several years from their apparent ages. Hats always have been credited with great youthgiving qualities. Of greater importance is the choice of a dress or coat.

Originality and a clever mingling of the fashions of the day with the styles of periods long past is seen in the successful play, "Why Men Leave Home." The individuality of each actress has been carefully considered in the designing of the clothes, sketches of which are shown on this page.

There is an unusual amount of charm in the wide-skirted evening frock at the upper left of the illustration. A slip of silver cloth is veiled by a lace skirt with over-drapings of tulle studded with delicately colored embroideries. The twisted girdle is of silver cloth. This is the type of costume which Lanvin so successfully creates for the many French actresses whom she dresses exclusively.

An Oriental Touch.

It will be pleasing to older women to know that the popular belief that this type of dress is only suitable to a slender young woman of graceful build has passed and that many of the greatest French dressmakers are advocating it for the older woman.

The shoes worn in this play are particularly interesting and very beautiful. The Colonial slipper with its large tongue offset by an ornamental buckle is worn with this dress. Shoes of this type appear with nearly all the other costumes in this play. The slipper just mentioned is of brocaded silver cloth with a tongue of pleated lace and an elaborate rhinestone buckle.

A real problem in the evening costume is the headdress or hair ornament which, if it does not suit the particular style of costume, detracts rather than adds to its beauty. The headdresses also are noteworthy for the charming manner in which they harmonize with the costumes. A headdress of silver leaves is worn with the costume just described.

Very lovely is the frock next to this, which is of green silk, showing a back drapery. A wide jeweled girdle is in Oriental colorings. The headdress is a twisted green band interwoven with a jeweled chain. With this evening gown an emerald green satin slipper is worn with rhinestone buckle and tongue of pleated green ribbon.

There is an Oriental note running subtly through the clothes theme of this play. On the frock shown on the seated figure at the bottom of the sketch it appears in a fringe dyed in many colors. The frock itself is of heavy yellow crepe de Chine, showing a decided front draping held by a band of knotted silk fringe in exquisite shades of green, blue, yellow and red. A fringe motif to match appears on either sleeve.

Also worn in this play, but not shown in the sketch is a frock of pale rose crepe. The upper part of the skirt, finished in huge rosettes of the fabric, is in contrast with slim pleated pointed panels which form the bottom of the skirt.

A Stately Model.

An attractive use of pleats again appears in a morning frock of white crepe de Chine, which shows a succession of pleated panels of various lengths. The bodice is embroidered in silk of pastel tones.

A very stately model is an evening gown of gold brocade. The back of the skirt is divided in panels and caught up and draped about the wrist. Strings of pearls are draped on either shoulder. This frock is shown in the sketch. The headdress worn with it is of pearls.

Cleverly manipulated drapery and an interesting use of lace characterize the frock second from the right of the sketch. The model is of a soft French blue silk crepe, the skirt showing a side drapery. An 1830 yoke and a front panel in the bodice are of silver lace.

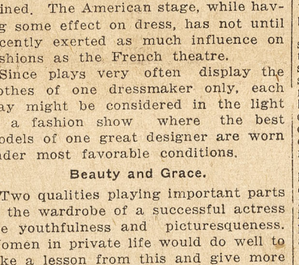
Little Miss Doris Ketcham, the baby vamp of the play wears a charming frock of apricot colored taffeta, the tiny full skirt bordered with motifs made of the taffeta. This very youthful actress, wearing her taffeta frock, is shown at the extreme right of this page.

Clothes worn in the play "Why Men Leave Home." Reading from the left—Evening gown of silver cloth veiled with a silver lace overdress and overdrapings of tulle studded with colored embroideries. Model of green silk showing a back drapery. The wide jewelled girdle is in Oriental colorings. A stately gown of gold brocade with strings of pearls draped on either shoulder. Soft French blue silk crepe frock showing side drapery and an 1830 yoke and waist panel of silver lace. Child's frock of apricot colored taffeta, trimmed with motifs made of the silk. The seated figure shows a model of heavy yellow crepe de Chine, the front drapery and sleeves accentuated by colored silk fringe.

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How Stuart's Calcium Wafers Work Out to the Skin and Clear it of Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Muddiness and Such Blemishes.

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fermentations that are apt to poison the blood and thus disfigure the skin. Then the calcium itself is a natural agency to skin health and is appropriated by the tissues for its own particular use in repair work. These effects are visibly noticeable to those troubled with a pimply skin, or one that is muddy or red or blotchy, scaly and rough and coarse. The Calcium Wafers induce a reaction to healthier tendencies and soon the pinkish complexion begins to assert itself, the blemishes fade away, the dimples seem animated and the entire appearance is one of vivacious beauty instead of unsightliness.

Get a 60 cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at the nearest drug store and note the wonderful results. You will surely be delighted.

BOXES OF GOLD

Continued from Page Seven.

waited while Rimmington entered the police-station and spoke to headquarters. When he returned, he brought with him a couple of plain-clothes men, one of whom sat in the front and the other with us.

"There will probably be half a dozen of them," Rimmington pointed out, "and from what I know of the gang that Michael generally employs, there may be a little trouble. We'll leave Miss Weston in the car."

WE TURNED off the main road at Twickenham, and finally stopped before the gates of a large, old-fashioned villa, badly out of repair and apparently empty. The grounds sloped down to the river, and the gates were padlocked. We climbed over, leaving Miss Weston behind. She detained us for one moment.

"The house is called the Sanctuary," she said. "Goodson, the sculptor, lived here once."

We hurried off. The place showed every sign of desertion, but there were marks of recent wheels upon the avenues, and as we turned the last corner we saw a thin cloud of smoke curling upward from a long range of outbuildings which looked like a sort of annex to the kitchen. Rimmington quickened his pace. We all broke into a run. We avoided the front door, with its flight of stone steps, and went straight for the building which we now perceived to have been the studio. The door of a long outbuilding stood open. We paused to look inside. There was a furniture van there, and inside, some clothing of rusty corduroy. The uniforms of the pseudo-porters at Waterloo were accounted for.

Entrance to the studio itself was gained by means of a stout oak door, obviously barred and bolted. We went round to the back, crossing a lawn where the grass and weeds were up to our knees. We failed to discover any other door, but somehow or other we found our way through a smashed window into the great room with its dome-shaped ceiling, I think, even as we entered, we realized that we were too late.

The place was empty. A small forge was burning; there were several strange-looking vessels lying about the floor; the coffers, covered only by a piece of matting which Rimmington kicked aside, were ranged against the wall. There was not a sound to be heard, but the place smelled of tobacco smoke, and indeed there was a faint cloud of blue smoke still hanging about the roof.

"We've lost them!" Rimmington muttered.

I thought of Gorty as I thrust my hand down amongst the gold-pieces.

"We have the gold, though," I reminded him.

"And Michael, I trust," was the fervent rejoinder.

WE SEARCHED the house, which was empty and desolate. Then we sent to the local police-station and arranged for the gold to be removed. Afterward we called on the house agent. He made a little grimace when we mentioned the Sanctuary.

"Thought I'd let it to a lady sculptor," he declared. "She paid for the house for a month, to see whether she could work there—wanted to do her own casting or something."

"She paid you for the month, I hope?" Rimmington inquired.

"Oh, she paid that, all right." the agent replied. "I wish these old places were all pulled down. They're more trouble than they're worth."

"Did the lady bring you any reference?" I asked.

"I didn't ask for any," the house agent replied frankly. "I was only too glad to get anyone even to talk about the property. Besides, the lady put the money down."

"Nevertheless," Rimmington said quietly, "as a person who has had some experience in these matters—I am Inspector Rimmington of Scotland Yard—I should advise you to be a little careful how you deal with these large, old-fashioned houses. In the present case you may be interested to know that the little forge in the studio at the Sanctuary has been used for the purpose of melting down Russian gold."

"God help us!" the agent cried. "What, the Gorty and Metzger gold?"

"Precisely," Rimmington acquiesced. "They've only got rid of a little of it, as it happens, but to judge from the preparations, they were going into it more extensively in a day or two."

We drove back to London, and I followed my friend into his private room with a rare thrill of excitement. I saw his face grow white and stern as he listened to the report of the man who rose to meet him. Then he turned a disconsolate face to me."

"The rooms in Adam Street are empty," he said. "Stanfield has not visited the British Museum to-day. We've lost him again! I ought to have known better," he added bitterly, "than to have let him remain at liberty for a single moment."

"And the woman?" I asked, a little nervously.

Rimmington shook his head.

"We don't want her," he said. "She's just the decoy who may some day whistle her mate to his cell. It's a knock for us, Greyes. Neither De Miguel nor his wife nor Michael Sayers!"

"But we have the gold," I reminded him once more.

"Damn the gold!" Rimmington retorted profanely.

But Gorty thought otherwise. So when he recovered consciousness, did Metzger.

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:: CHEEK ::

Continued from Page Four.

not tell you what I said, nephew, but of course she was quite free to use her judgment in the matter. I am glad to see she acted as she did."

This statement braced Alison. "I should think you would be, to judge from what I just overheard in passing the windows," said she. "But, of course, you must have known you were perfectly safe in telling me that and that there was no danger of Richard's profiting by it in any case."

"Bosh!" said Uncle Jonathan. "Then I am more than ever puzzled to know why he should have kept on."

Alison's eyes flashed through her tears. "O, you are, are you?" she jeered. "Then I'll just tell you so that there need be no further misunderstanding. He kept on because, in spite of what you thought, and his fiancee and her mother thought, and any other fools may have seen fit to think, he is no quitter and never was and never possibly can be. He kept on, Mr. Douglas, because he is a MAN, and I urged him to keep on because I knew he was a man and I wanted him to prove it to the rest of you."

Richard was staring at her with glowing eyes. He seemed more on the verge of an explosion than the house had been at the moment of Alison's intervention. But Uncle Jonathan stepped on the fuse.

"Then in all fairness, my dear, and that he may feel some shame for his recent intemperate words, suppose you tell him what I said to you, and what you have not seen fit to repeat."

Alison gave a gasp. "I—I—never——"

"Then I shall," said Uncle Jonathan, "if only in my own defence," and before Alison could obey the impulse to leap upon him and clap her hand over his mouth, he continued. "I told her, nephew, that while I could not endure to see this island that is consecrated to the dearest memories of my life profaned by strife, I would gladly have it hallowed and enriched by love. It was plain to me that you and that avaricious Boston minx could breed naught but discord here. And not being entirely a fool, it was equally plain that this young lady's comin' here had neither coquetry nor entirely diversion for its basis. It seemed to me also that a man with the strength and brains and determination and other qualities to go with such a builder as you have shown yourself, could not possibly be such a blind fool as not to see the riches that the high gods had laid open to his hands. Nor am I sure that I was altogether wrong," and those extraordinary eyes betrayed now a twinkle at the corners as they rested on the younger man. For Richard appeared to be in danger of going suddenly to pieces. But as he looked at Alison these pieces were as quickly restored to their proper relations and welded there and infused with some sort of radio-activity of dazzling brightness.

He started to speak, bungled it, swallowed hard, and tried again, this time successfully.

"Well, then," said he, "since it has come to a showdown I no longer withhold the motive that I thought you were trying to pry out of me in a fit of rage, Uncle Jonathan. I stuck not because of any sticktoitiveness in me nor because I loved the slavery nor particularly admire turning myself into a human winch. I stuck because Alison wanted me to stick and because I wanted Alison, and something told me that she would never want me unless I did stick. I never counted on your change of heart nor giving me the place, but I did hope that when you'd seen a practical and profitable and solid demonstration of what I could do. If I really made up my mind, you might give me a job along these lines that would make me feel justified in telling this darling girl how much I loved her and asking her to marry me."

Alison leaned back against the massive oak of the doorway. Uncle Jonathan surveyed her with a grim visage that had become suddenly luminous. His craggy face was not unlike the rough stone facade of the house against which the sun, having succeeded in burning a peep hole through the fog, was beating.

"Then here we all are, out of the fog at last," said Uncle Jonathan. There was a moment not long since when I thought we were about to hit a rock. But since we have found the channel and made our landfall, you may be droppin' the pilot, which is myself. So I'll be wishin' you good day and go call on my old friend, your father. I wish you joy of your own new house, my dear, and for you, nephew, we shall talk later about that job ashore."

His big bulk seemed to bear down upon Alison, to overwhelm her. She felt the grasp of two huge hands upon her soft shoulders, and a light but bristling kiss upon her cheek, both cheeks. Then he was gone out into the mingled fog and sunshine, and toward the jetty and his waiting gig.

(Copyright, 1922, by Henry C. Rowland

Nature

By Caltha

THE charm of Autumn rests over the fields and woods; the dreaminess of her purple haze enwraps the lover of the great out-of-doors.

Dark pines clothe the hillsides with their dense greens, while here and there within their strong arms glows and gleams the brilliance of the swamp maple, as if smiling and blushing at her dark lovers.

An old Indian legend of the origin of the maple tree comes to my mind.

There was famine abroad; the wigwam was bare of provisions. A youth went forth to the forest to hunt, and had been told that if he shot the first living thing he beheld that food and drink would be again plentiful in the land. Nothing came in sight, and the string hung loose on the bow. So he turned back. Presently his mother appeared in his path—the first living thing. He shot not; his mother spake: "My son, why shootest thou not; let thine arrow fly." He shot, and where his mother fell a strong, spreading maple tree stood, and from it flowed the sap that gave both food and drink. So, from that time, has the maple been honored, and the great feast held of O-ta-de-none-ne-o Na-wa-ta, or thanks to the maple.

High on a cliff, with the dark pines and hemlocks behind, stands a group of birch trees. Sleader and graceful, their silvery trunks shine as the Autumn sunshine slants across them. Beautiful things they are.

And all through the woods gleam and glint the berries—nature's provision for her winged children.

On this bush, with its three-lobed, bronze leaves, great bunches of rich, crimson berries hang—these are the high bush cranberries (viburnam operlus). A near neighbor and relative shows its dark clusters of berries, with a white bloom—this is the Nanny-berry bush (viburnam lentago). Just at their feet is a bed of the false Solomon's Seal (or wild spikenard) (smilcina racemosa), its smaller berries are rich red, in a long raceme, and quite translucent.

Under a group of black oak, that wild, weird bush, the witch hazel (Hamamelis Virginiana) is laden with its queer yellow flowers, and its mitrailleuse nut-cases. Its temperament is as peppery as that of an old martinet. It fires off its little, hard, black bullets in a perfect shower as one passes it, while its thread-like flowers seem to twist themselves in fiendish glee at one's astonished attitude.

A queer, queer plant it is! And yet how valuable it has been as a solace to the pain-stricken!

Climbing along fences and over the bushes within its reach, the climbing bittersweet, or waxwork vine, hangs out its pretty fruit. A hard shell of dull orange breaks open, and, like a jewel set within the brilliant scarlet aril rests.

Its clusters make a pretty decoration draped over the mirror, where their bright reflection gives a cheerful eye-rest in glowing Winter days.

And so the twilight falls—the purple deepens, and below it rises the white mist from the river. Another charming Autumn day has passed, and, like the "lowing herd," we "wend our homeward way" (misquotation), though we are not weary ploughmen, but a happy wood-wanderer.

Any Touch of Indigestion

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EDITORIAL

TOWNS AND PAGEANTS

Canadians as a people are as little demonstrative as any people on earth. East and west, we are not given to parades or pageants. South of the line anything almost is excuse for a parade with the maximum number of brass bands. In England many an old bit of local pageantry survives and it is understood that every day guard is mounted outside Buckingham Palace.

A pageant is a more highly organized affair than a parade. A pageant has to have some regard for history and for local history that is not easily verified and dramatized. The history of the Old Land is a pageant in itself. The Americans are manufacturing pageants to order. The city of Johnstown, New York, is the latest to stage a real pageant. Not that Johnstown is particularly old or unusually storied as places go.

Johnstown, it seems, was the seat of Sir William Johnson, famous friend of the Indians. So there was some Colonial material, even if most of the Indians did leave that region for the Grand River country in Ontario. And it is a poor American town that cannot produce a few Revolutionary generals. In such pageants the picturesque comes first and the historical second.

Surely there are Ontario towns with romantic histories that could be transformed into the more or less brilliant scenes of a pageant. Surely there are ambitious amateurs in these historic centres who would glory in the fine feathers of other days. Why do not Cobourg, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Amherstburg and other places emulate Penetanguishene or even Johnstown? At the very least there are brass bands and brazen orators a-plenty. Let history be pictorialized before it perishes.

POLITICS EVERYWHERE

The great cheese controversy is raging still in the heart of Europe. It is not over the unanswered question. Who was it that put the holes in Schweitzer cheese? Yet it is a great issue, one which is causing an entire republic to seethe with excitement. The question is, whether or not the Bishop of Urgel in Spain shall receive one or two cheeses from the people in the republic of Andorra.

Tucked neatly away on the southern slopes of the Pyrenees between France and Spain. Andorra, the world's oldest and smallest republic, the only untaxed state in the universe, is tremendously disturbed. The question assumes international proportions when it is recalled that Urgel is in Spain, its bishop a foreigner and the cheese or cheeses, therefore an international incident.

As each cheese is six feet in circumference, it is at once seen that the question is of no small magnitude. Twice a year hitherto two of these cheeses have been given the spiritual overseer along with two hams and 460 francs. This is in accordance with the Acte of Pareage of 1288, the Andorran Magna Charta. Now the One Cheese party invokes the sacred god of Economy, while the Two Cheese party shrieks Law. It is worse than the struggle of the Big-Endians and Little-Endians, or of the Ins and the Outs. All is as clamorous as a Dominion election, although the silent bishop lets the cheese speak for itself. Thus does the touch of modernism reach the remotest precincts of our little world.

LOYAL TOASTS

Perhaps if Canada were more given to exuberant patriotitc celebrations there would be less prohibition sentiment in the country. Patriotic holidays in this Dominion are little more than holidays. Not so in England. From time immemorial it has been the way of Englishmen to celebrate tremendously and right loyally any great occasion in connection with the reigning family's life.

Witness the jubilee of that glorious monarch, King George the Third. Although his Majesty was doddering into imbecile senility, his loyal subjects in every parish, hamlet and borough feasted royally. The record that has come down to us simply reeks with stories of vast seas of strong beer, tons of cider and illimitable gin.

At Norwich there was a dinner, at which after thirteen toasts the harmony and conviviality of the party were now fixed. Each fireman in the Orange and purple interest received two quarts of beer. Even the prisoners in the Bridewell had a quart.

It was the same everywhere. At Yeovil in Zummerzet capital cider was rolled out by the hogshead. At Longleat in Wiltshire all the children had strong beer. At Uxbridge 140 gallons of punch scarcely sufficed for 145 tradesmen at the brewer Norton's banquet. "As much Welch ale as was comfortable and proper was given the tenants at Dolgelly, Merionethshire." Lord Bulkeley provided copious libations of "cwrw" at Beaumaris, Anglesea. At Ramsgate in Kent the children had a "sufficient quantity of strong beer, their natural beverage."

The Faringdon Volunteers had only two quarts of ale apiece, without the roast beef and plum pudding that everywhere else accompanied "the natural beverage of Englishmen, strong beer," or "that good old English beverage, strong ale." Loyalty, conviviality and good order were rampant everywhere.

THE SENEGALESE SHAME

The Black Shame of the Rhineland is a darksome ghost that Germany does not want to see laid. Tales of horrors affecting the French Senegalese troops and defenceless German maidens are being ground out with almost as much speed as German marks are being printed. The Manchester Guardian has sent a correspondent to investigate and report on conditions among the allied armies of occupation.

The report mingles praise and blame in a way which carries confidence. The British and American occupation is found to be tactful but firm. The French occupation is deliberately provocative, heaping insult upon insult and seeking every means to arouse Teutonic fury.

And yet the "black shame" is found non-existent. If the Guardian loved France more and Germany less, this report would be less remarkable. The Senegalese troops are found to be particularly good natured and beloved by the German children. German women who have suffered by the occupation have usually been their own worst enemies.

To inflame race and color prejudice is to bedevil the world's future. Anti-negro propaganda is the easiest thing in the world to "put over," particularly when free America is being appealed to, but in this the Germans are playing with fire and will themselves be the losers in the long run.

Don Marquis . . Column . .

A correspondent remarks: "A book reviewer taking a wallop at the Autobiography of Augustus Thomas, says that as an autobiography it is great, but as a history of the theatre it is tragic. He might have added that as a cookbook it is contemptible and as an explanation of the Einstein Theory it is absolutely unintelligible."—A dramatic reviewer, speaking of a play in which we are more or less interested, remarked that a certain emotional scene actually had a great deal of comedy in it, apparently in the belief that the comedy lines somehow got there without the knowledge of the author.—Some of these reviewers will one day make the discovery that Dante's "Inferno" is not a comic opera.—"Where in this law-abiding and peaceful country does Captain Peter Fitzurse fight all those duels he is forever talking about?" asks A. T. R.

* * *

HE doesn't fight them in this country at all.—He patronizes the Atlantic Ocean.—He fights them beyond the three-mile limit, on his Dueling Barge, the Jolly Pete, which flies the flag of the Siamese Navy.—The Captain tells us that among the other titles that he might wear if he wished is that of Admiral in the Siamese Navy.

* * *

YOU may remember the gallant battlecry of the Kings of Siam:

I am the King of Siam!
For Petting I don't give a damn!
Cupid's no god of me,
Though you may think it odd of me—
For I am a Fighter, I am!

* * *

BUT to return to the Captain's Dueling Barge, the Jolly Pete.—When the Captain picks up some pretty little quarrel, no matter what part of the country he is in—no matter what country—he and his seconds and his opponent and his seconds entrain at once for the seaport nearest the place where the Jolly Pete happens to be.—Arrived at the barge, all parties become legally citizens of Siam, the laws of Siam, the Captain informs us, permitting dueling, and being so framed as to admit aliens to citizenship upon application, when indorsed by an Admiral of the Navy.—The duel is therefore fought upon Siamese soil.

* * *

THE Captain is a chivalrous soul.—He always insists that his opponent and seconds shall be his guests for some days bfore the duel, so that his opponent may practice and not be hampered, in the use of sword or pistol, by the rolling of the barge.

* * *

THE barge is being lengthened just now.—This step has had to be taken as the result of a most lamentable episode.—"A gentleman . . . at least, I thought him to be a gentleman at the time . . . forced a quarrel upon me, sir," said the Captain, "by speaking with disrespect of the Plantagenet family.

* * *

I HAVE always considered the Plantagenets one of the best families that ever reigned in England—the Plantagenets and the Fitzurses, sir, came originally from the same part of Normandy.—Their lands joined, and the Plantagenet boys, sir, were always 'Dick' and 'Will' and 'Harry' to the Fitzurse boys.—So you can understand that it was not only my duty, but my pleasure to resent this person's slur upon the Plantagenet family—I knocked him down, and I would have nicked his jugular vein with my sword, but it happened that just at that time the stupid authorities had taken my sword cane from me.—Some expressions which he used gave me the notion that he might be a man of mettle, and so I decided to grant him the honor of a duel.

* * *

"Arrived at my Dueling Barge, and all parties legally naturalized as citizens of Siam, I looked forward to a delightful little affair, terminating as usual.—but, would you believe it, sir, the man's courage deserted him at the last moment and he and his seconds took refuge behind a technicality to escape a duel.—The seconds had arranged that we should exchange shots at twenty paces, and we found that eighteen paces was all the space we could get on the deck of my barge.—I prefer to fight at fifteen paces, sir, especially since my eyesight is not so good as it once was.

* * *

"He refused to modify the agreement so as to make the duel possible at eighten paces, and according to the strict technicalities that govern the duello, he had a right to refuse.—But a gentleman would have waived the point and fought me at eighteen paces.

"As soon as I perceived that he was not a gentleman," continued the Captain, "I ceased to treat the fellow with the consideration due a gentleman."

* * *

"What did you do?" we asked.

* * *

"I took him by the scruff of the neck," said the Captain, "and propelled him to the rail of the little vessel. 'Damn you,' I said, 'you will slander the Plantagenets, will you?' And with that I cuffed him, sir, and kicked him overboard."

* * *

"The Captain paused.—"Well," we said, "go on with the story."

* * *

"There is no more of the story, sir," said the Captain, placidly.—"But, good heavens!" said we, "what became of the fellow?"

* * *

"Really, sir," said the Captain, "I did not look to see."—"But how far out were you?"—"Ten or fifteen nautical miles, I should say," replied the Captain.—"But could the fellow swim?"—The Captain yawned.—"I know nothing of his personal accomplishments, sir," he replied. "I do not know whether he could swim, or whether he could play the violin. I lost interest in him entirely the moment he left my ship."

* * *

SO the Dueling Barge is being lengthened, in order that no person may take advantage of the Captain again in that low and tricky way and escape a duel.—It is very hard to put anything over on the Captain.

EVEN the Turks seem divided as to their Turkish Policy.

NOAH seems to have been The Oldest Soak.

NEWS of the Autumn hunting season all over the country shows that some persons still grasp shotguns by the barrel and drag them through underbrush and hedges with the muzzle pointing toward vital parts of the human make-up. Most of them are persons who can read and write and are entitled to the franchise. There will always be, no doubt, an appreciable proportion of the population whose attitude toward life is: "Come easy, go easy."

A Wall Motto.

SIR; In many a day I have not seen such an inspiring Wall Motto as the following Eastern proverb:

It is better to stand still than to run;
It is better to sit than to stand;
It is better to lie down than to sit;
It is better to sleep than to wake.

—T. SNYDER.

MR. A. C.'s five-year-old daughter, hearing there was whooping cough in the neighborhood, remarked the other day:

"Well, if I catch it, I hope I won't die with it. I wouldn't want to take whooping cough to the angels."

Whozoo

THE I-AM is a Curious Beast:
He's always Most, and never Least;
Always just about to Crow;
Full of Ego, Bounce and Blow;
Has Pride enough to Bust a Vest—
Although he's Naught but Head and Chest!

—Cyril B. Egan.



The Fable of Those Who Knew-Him-When

By GEORGE ADE

ONCE there was a City Man with a Past. Those who saw him eating Terrapin at four dollars per Throw little suspected that he had been at one time an obscure Unit in a Town never mentioned except by the Time Table.

Truly it is not the Getaway that counts if you are going strong at the Wire.

Our Hero was known to his Grandmother as William Henry Harrison Tucker. His outlaw Associates who made existence a Living Hell for the Town Marshal called him "Bill." The Teacher called him about three times a Day.

Bill was born in a Hamlet which was bounded on the North by a patch of Jack Oaks, on the East by a Frog Preserve, on the South by a wide stretch of Open Country and on the West by a Virgin Wilderness. The principal Industry of the place was knifing the Regular Candidates.

The early years of Bill's Career were crowded with Experiences. Almost every Summer a Circus would come along with one Elephant and thirty-eight Shell-Workers.

There sprang up a fast Friendship between Our Hero and another Son of the Soil known as Ory. All through the golden Hours of the Summertime he and Ory played Two-Old-Cat and when the sombre Pall of Darkness settled on the Earth his only Problem was how to get to Bed without holding his Feet under the Pump.

If tired of Childish Play he would slip off to the Haymow and study the works of Beadle.

Mayhem and Larceny at College.

He atended Sunday School just before Christmas.

Bill often confided to Ory his Plans for the Future. He wanted to grow up and have a full set of Whiskers and be elected to Congress.

About the time that Bill began to arrange to have his own Cup at the Barber Shop, his Parents decided that, inasmuch as he refused to Work, they had better give him the Higher Education.

He was meant for a Lawyer, unless it should develop that he had Weak Lungs, in which case he was to be a Preacher.

Soon after passing the Portals he acquired a Frat Pin, a short Cutaway Coat and a pack of Sweet Caps and learned to carry the Basso part in "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

He took a Leading Part in all Student Activities involving Larceny, Mayhem and Disturbance of the Peace, thereby laying Broad and Strong the Foundation of his future Usefulness as a Member of the Citizens' Purity League.

His masterly Oration on the impending Conflict between Capital and Labor is still being used.

About a week after paying Five Dollars for his Sheepskin, the Commencement flowers had withered and he found himself Face to Face with the great World.

Should he settle down at Home and undertake a Course of Light Reading? Father thought not.

Should he prostitute his Talents by working in a Bank? The Town Banker advised him not to do so.

Never Quarreled With His Meal Ticket.

One day an Inspiration came to him. Why not move up to the big City and make his Fortune and carry a gold-headed Cane?

He was undefiled and incorruptible and, as nearly as he could learn an absolutely honest Young man who would find very little competition in any Large Town.

So he migrated to an Important Settlement which had Cable Cars and Cigar Store Indians and all the other Adjuncts of metropolitan Gayety.

He settled down in a Hall Bedroom which had originally been planned as a closet. By studying the Want Ads he learned that there was a General demand for Swedes who could feed a Furnace and look after the Lawn.

After a week he abandoned his original Intention of becoming General Manager of the Steel Company and started in as third assistant Slave in a two-acre office.

Even a poor Boy from the Country who keeps his Hands and Face clean and his Cuffs trimmed and who is Foxy enough to get acquainted with the Female Relatives of his Employer, will sooner or later land in Division Number One and wear Bells.

Bill never quarreled with his Meal Ticket or hid his Light under a Bushel and in due time he began to take Lunch with the Big Squash who sat in the Mahogany Office.

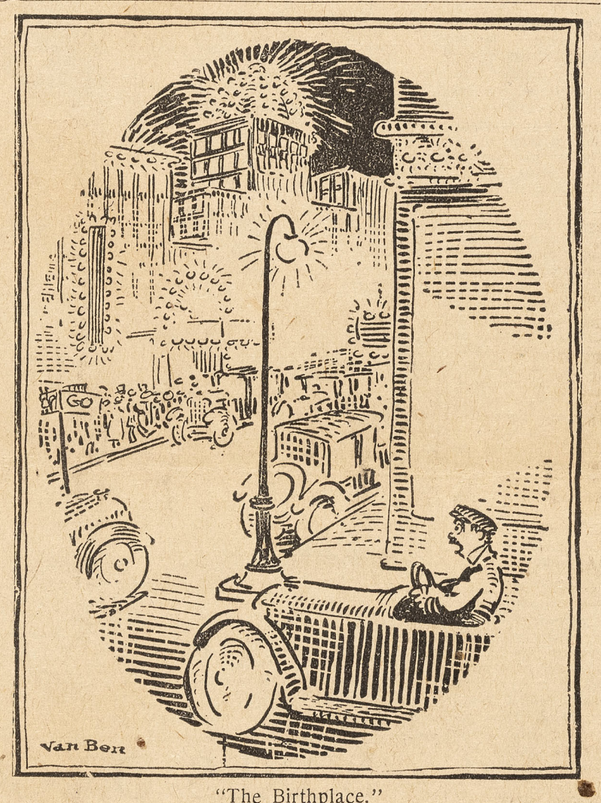
He moved into a European Hotel that had a Carte du Jour and a Band of Female Tommyhawkers who sat around in Rocking Chairs all day adding up what they knew about the Married Men.

He put on his Soup and Fish Regalia every time the Sun went down and when he was pinched for Speeding, the Papers referred to him as a Prominent Clubman.

Relatives Board With Him; Then Call Him Extravagant.

Bill picked out one of the nicest Girls who ever sat through a Symphony Concert and began to Hound her.

He was married in a Church the night after the Bachelor Dinner and some of his Friends who were present told him all about it later on.



"The Birthplace."

Now we find him really Arrived. He could cash a Check without being Measured and Photographed.

After he began to do well in the City, much to the Surprise of all the Neighbors back in the Clump of Maples, he was claimed as one of our Boys and received many Letters in regard to coming Across for the New Cambellite Church, the Community Building, etc., etc.

Relatives coming up to the City on cheap Excursions hunted him up and boarded with him and then went back and reported that his Wife was Extravagant.

As he became more and more Important, he felt a Yearn to go back to the Birthplace and give the Cackle to some of the Paleozoic Fossils who had predicted that he would wind up in the Poor House.

Bill imagined that his Childhood Associates were getting ready to place a Memorial Tablet to mark the Spot at which he had first seen the Light of Day.

He wondered what had become of Ory, his rusty little Playmate of long ago. Probably he was indulging in Manual Labor and getting One-Fifty a Day. He decided to go back and hunt up Ory and treat him as an Equal and give him an Imported Cigar.

Bill's Chariot of Fire went tearing over the improved Roads of his Native State, defying constables and killing Chickens.

He Renews Ory's Acquaintance.

After traveling a Long Distance and failing to pick up any familiar Landmarks, he found himself in the congested Thoroughfare of a Populous Town with Boulevard Lamps, Traffic Policemen, Movies, and all the other By-Products of Advancing Civilization.

He stopped in front of the First National Bank to make Inquiry of a portly Gentleman in Tailor-Made Clothes whose Lodge Emblem must have weighed close to a Pound.

"This is the Town you are seeking," replied Ory, who was Mayor, President of the Bank and Chairman of the Greens Committee.

After Our Hero recovered Consciousness, Ory told him that if he had stuck around Home instead of going to the City, probably he would have made Something out of Himself.

The local Paper took Cognizance of the Wanderer's Return in the following Language: "William Tucker, a former Resident, Sundayed here as the Guest of our genial and popular Fellow-Townsman, Colonel Higgins."

Was Ory a Colonel?

We'll say he was. He had been on the Governor's Staff for Four Years.

MORAL: You can't keep a Squirrel on the Ground.

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OUR OWN WALL MOTTOES

FIE! OH, FIE!
AND SHAME
ON YOU!
WHEREFORE DO YOU
ALWAYS SHIRK
ALL
THE THINGS
YOU'D LIKE TO DO
MERELY
FOR THE SAKE
OF WORK ?

"SECRETARY of the Treasury Mellon," says a news story, "has given foreign shipping interests a breathing spell."

This, no doubt, is for the purpose of smelling their breath.

Bitter-Sweet

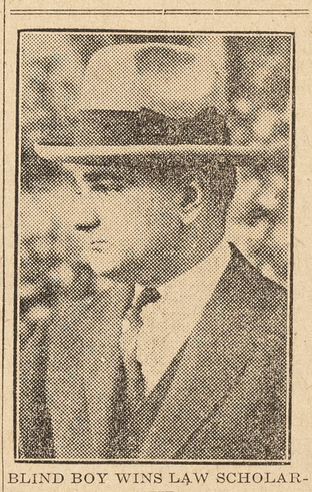
WHILE strolling through the lovely Autumn woods,
The bitter-sweet looked sweet enough to eat;
And, though I've often bit a sweeter bit,
I've never bit a sweeter bitter-sweet.

—J. H. W., Jr.

To a Buzzard Swinging in Silence.

I NEVER knew how fair a thing
Was freedom till I saw you swing,
Ragged, exultant, black and high,
Against a hollow, windy sky—
You that with such a horrid gait
Lumber and flop with red, raw pate!
I never saw how beauty grew
From ugliness, until you flew
With soaring, somber, steady beat
Of wings rough-edged to grip the fleet
Far-coursing horses of the sky
To ride, to ride them gloriously.
O silent buzzard—you whose sin
On earth is to be shackled in
To horror—teach me how to go
Like you, to beauty, sure and slow;
Like you to slip such carrion ties
And lift and lift to high, clean skies,
Where winds and sun and silence ride,
Like you, O buzzard, glorified.

—Marjory Stoneman Douglas.
Miami, Fla.



BLIND BOY WINS LAW SCHOLARSHIP.

Three years ago Augustine F. Massa, a lad totally blind, applied for admission to Columbia University, but was turned down on the ground that his handicap was too great, to attain the scholarship standards of the college. Undaunted, he persuaded the authorities to give him a trial in the Department of Extension, and at the end of the first term he made such a creditable record, that the bars were lifted and he was admitted as a full fledged student.

Massa is now a student at the Columbia Law College, having received one of three scholarships in law offered. He also won many undergraduate honors.

Massa is a great checker player, and during the Summer months he earns money playing in exhibition checker matches, playing many games simultaneously.

THE MILL-RUN

LOST.

Defiant fruit I plucked
From lyrical green mansions;
Where is your color of pride,
Where is your fiery flavor?

Why do I hear no longer
The eagle voice in the darkness
Lifted up like fire
Against the frigid sky?

Have they made you afraid at last,
Who laughed at cold silver?
Or have you seen death's black-bird
Stenciled upon the sun?

It is ice and death for me,
This old bewildered weeping,
I am afraid of the stars,
Lost with your lost voice.

—THOMAS DAWSON.

* * *

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, the Premier of Canada, who was chosen for that "exalted position" a year ago at an earlier age than ever he had been chosen for it before, was born in the town of Kitchener, which was known erstwhile as Berlin, Ont. Now that he has become the first Prime Minister of our Favored Land, his old friends are recalling many incidents concerning his earlier career when he was yet erstwhile, what may be described as a "callow youth," although ye scribe hesitates to suggest that Hon. Mr. King's youth could ever be properly described as "callow." One day the man (then a boy, and comparatively a few years of age only) was playing a game of noodles with his companions, when a much larger youth strode up to him and demanded in a belligerent manner to know what was the time.

"Billy" (as he was known to his intimates) hesitated hardly a moment before he shot back:

"Half past kissing time,
Time to kiss again."

This ready wit somewhat disconcerted the elder boy, who turned away, and as he did so ground his heel in the turf . . . The jeers of his erstwhile compaulions followed him as he withdrew from the playing field.

* * *

The years went on. Empires rose and fell. Slowly but surely the irresistible pressure of circumstance brought the former "Billy" King into national prominence. . . . The day came when the Governor-General, who was acting as "Vice Roy," summoned the former "Billy" to Rideau Hall, which is the "vice regal" mansion. He invited him to become Prime Minister and form a Cabinet. The young statesman asked for time, saying that he would give his answer "anon."

* * *

As he walked away from Rideau Hall, whom should he meet but his old playmate, now come to "man's estate." They shook hands and spoke of old times, the old friend not failing to remind him slyly of the encounter on the playing field when he had saved the situation by a ready answer.

"And do you remember that?" asked "Billy" (secretly delighted).

"Indeed I do!" exclaimed his loyal supporter, for such had the bigger boy become in the course of years.

"Then," declared the Premier elect, as he proceeded to retrace his steps: "I'll take your advice . . .

The result is history.

* * *

"These telephone tolls are something you can't describe without a lot of dashes," said Mr. Christie recently. "There's a bird who gives me some dope on horses, and he hasn't rung me up yet but what it cost me twenty bucks."

* * *

That Belgian girl who sued a Toronto law student for $20,000, says Sinickle Snears, has a curious Belgian notion of the salaries paid law students.

* * *

THE WAR SPIRIT.

One of the commonest notes one comes across to-day in reading and talking is the note of ridicule at the state of mind we were in during the war. Our nervous patriotism is laughed at. Our pretensions of going to war to make good a scrap of paper, or the neutrality of Belgium, or the world safe for democracy are derided, and the falsity of the pretenses is plainly exposed. It is proved to us that we were in a frenzy when we shouted "Hang the Kaiser!" and that we were silly when in blood-curdling oaths we pledged ourselves against ever buying German toys. We were laughed at because we believed the fable of the Russian armies passing through Canada on their way to the front, because we suspected our Teutonic named neighbors of sending vital information to the Kaiser when we were panicky and denounced to the police an old friend named Klein, only to find that his name was Kline and that he was a loyalist who had fought against Canada in the Fenian Raid. Looking back over our suspicions, panics and excesses anyone who wants to can find many things to laugh at.

* * *

But wars aren't won by philosophy, and the people who were able to remain reasonable and open-minded in the Great War contributed no more to the Allied victory than their more courageous brethren who spent their time in the internment camps. And we feel safe in offering the opinion that when one is in a war the immediate necessity is to win it. Later on will come the debates as to whether there should have been a war and whether it wouldn't have been better if the combatants had loved each other. Shakespeare has told us about being chary of entering into a fight, but being in, he says, we should make our opponents sorry they spurned our peaceful overtures. In another place he says:—

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath and bend of every spirit
To his full height!

So we say that fury and cruelty and hatred are as proper to war as reasonableness, patience and kindliness are proper to peace. To laugh at the fury of war is not more sensible than to laugh at the passion of youth when one is old. Those who sneer at our war passion are like the grandfathers who sneer at the ardour of their grandsons.

* * *

THE PERSONAL RICHARD BURTON.

I was exceedingly curious and very glad indeed to meet this legendary hero. Burton was in conventional evening dress, and yet as he swung round to the introduction there was an untamed air about him. He was tall, about six feet in height, with broad, square shoulders; he carried himself like a young man in spite of his sixty years, and was abrupt in movement. His face was bronzed and scarred, and when he wore a heavy mustache and no beard he looked like a prize fighter; the naked, dark eyes—imperious, aggressive eyes, by no means friendly; the heavy jaws and prominent, hard chin gave him a desperate air; but the long beard which he wore in later life, concealing the chin and pursed out lips, lent his face a fine, patriarchal expression, subduing the fierce provocation of it to a sort of regal pride and courage. "Untamed"—that is the word which always recurs when I think of Burton.—From "Sir Rich Burton as I Knew Him." By Frank Harris in Life and Letters.

* * *

"Toronto: the Logical Location" is to be the slogan of our more or less fair city, and to this slogan the logical locution is "For Whom?" or in other words, "What For?"

—J. V. M.



The Children's Page



HELPERS' MAIL BOX

CONDUCTED BY AUNT ROSE

DEAR Girls and Boys,—I hope every one of you who read our page regularly will answer the Roll Call promptly for our new mailing and invitation lists will be made up entirely from the returns.

NEW MEMBERS.

Adele Morris, age 12, Souris East, P. E. I., Box 43, wishes to join under the leadership of Gertrude Jennings. She would like some girls to correspond with her.

Gertrude Bracken, age 12, 308 Carlton St., City, likes our page very much and wishes to become a member of Dorothy Woods. I'm afraid you forgot to send in your story, Gertrude. If you would like a badge they cost ten cents.

Dorothy Pilley, age 14, 273 Boon Ave., Earlscourt, City, would like to become a member of our club. We are very glad indeed to have you do so, Dorothy, and hope you will get lots of fun out of it. Who was the member that got you to join?

Irene Smith, age 9, 394 Crawford St., City, is a new member of Captain Irene Evason's.

Irving, age 14, **Kenneth,** age 12, and **Vernon,** age 9, **Fraser,** are brothers of Mildred who has just joined us and are joining under Gertrude Jennings who is doing a very brisk business in getting new members these days.

Margaret Lannon, Line Road, Souris, P.E.I., is joining as Gertrude Jennings fourteenth member. How about your badge, Margaret, would you like one?

Jane Martain, Rollo Bay, P.E.I., signs herself Gertrude's fifteenth member and hopes to correspond with some helpers later when she has more time.

Alice Rich, age 8, 213 Westmoreland Ave., City, is a little American living in Toronto just now who wishes to join us. Of course we are all Americans, Alice, since we all live on the same great continent, but we are very glad to have any of our neighbors from across the line of lakes join us.

Irene Martin, age 14, Box 454, Brampton, Ont., is a new member of Major Kathleen Wilder's, and would like some correspondents her own age—specially **Roberta** Allan and Gertrude Jennings.

Sarah Orlinsky, 130 Markham St., age 13.

Celia Garfinkel, 120 Markham St., age 13.

Esther Goldstein, 126 Markham St., age 12.

Edith Allanbau, 171 Euclid Ave., age 13.

Bella Allanbau, 171 Euclid Ave, age 11.

Ruth Garalich, 168 Euclid Ave., age 11.

Mollie Garalich, 168 Euclid Ave., age 13.

Harold Garalich, 168 Euclid Ave., age 8.

Are all new members of Annie Minovitch's.

John Cairo, age 10, 968 Queen St. W., City, **Charlie Christopher,** age 6, 78 Ossington Ave., City; **Leslie Handy,** age 7, 66 Ossington Ave., City; **Alvin Handy,** age 13, 66 Ossington Ave., City, are four new members of Frank Carleton's.

LETTERGRAMS TO HELPERS.

Irene Duern, age 11, 477 Ossington Ave., City. Thanks so much for your good wishes Irene. I wouldn't be surprised if we did have another theatre party before long, but I'm making no promises mind you! I am sure Roberta wouldn't intentionally not answer your letter—it may just have been mislaid in her huge pile of correspondence. Thanks for the book suggestion.

Madeleine Sugden, age 9, 21 Ada Ave., Brantford, Ont.: Glad to hear from you again, Madeleine, and thank you for the good wishes. My name is still "Aunt Rose" and the rest is supposed to be just as deep a secret as it was before. Thanks for the story. It must have been lovely to get a ring with your birthstone in it for your birthday.

Helen Collins, Tavistock, Ont.: I am glad you have gotten around to sending for your badge at last, Helen, and hope you will think it worth the effort.

Eleanor Hewitt, Blind River, Ont.: Thank you so much for the twenty-five cents for the Fund, Eleanor, and thank you too for your congratulations and all the nice things you said. I am glad you have such a good time at High School. Since you enjoy it you will probably want to go on to University which is more fun still. It is certainly too bad you haven't a sister as nothing, not even three brothers can quite take the place of one.

Captain Irene Evason, 401 Crawford St., City.: Why yes I think some thirteen year old girls would like to write to you Irene. No it is twenty members all together for Page Marshal—not twenty more after Captain. I wish you would try writing your poem again making it shorter and being very careful about the rhyme. Do you think you could?

P. M. Rheta Towle, Toronto, Ont.: I am sure Denis will be pleased that you think his story splendid. Yes I know how busy one is with school work and so I appreciate all the more your letter and all your good wishes. Thank you very much.

Jean Elder, 690 Broadview Ave., City.: Thanks for the list of books, Jean. Next time could you please tell us a little bit about each book you mention and please too, remember to put your age as well as your name. Almost everyone seems to forget that I am interested in your Hallowe'en party to the Museum. Could you tell us more about it?

Rhoda Longhurst, 660 Annette St., City.: I am sorry the mistake was made in printing your story, Rhoda, but better luck next time. It was good of you to write a special letter to send your good wishes. Thank you very much. Did you make the little poem all up by your very own self, dear? You see I have read one almost like it and people would laugh if they saw the name of a little girl signed to some one else's poem.

Mildred Fraser, Souris, P.E.I.: I have a picture of you in my mind, Mildred, and it is a very nice one. I am sorry, though you don't like school for I think that the more school one can get the better for them. I am so glad you like your correspondent in California—is it Zelma Sutton? Thanks for the ten cents for the Fund.

Major Annie Minovitch, 702 Queen St. W. City: Congratulations in becoming Major, Annie. When are all your new Helpers going to write? Thank you for your good wishes and for the five cents for the Fund.

Mae Torrance, Brampton, Ont.: A concert certainly does keep one busy Mae, I hope it was a great success. Thank you for your good wishes.

Rosie Rose, Queen's Hotel, Brock St., Kingston, Ont.: Didn't you see your answer in the paper, Rosie. You know it couldn't appear the very week you wrote as most of the Sunday World is printed a whole week before you see it. You must just wait patiently for at least a week or maybe more depending on which I get your letter. That little verse was very pretty. I hope some of the Helpers will write to you.

Madeline Clegg, 99 McCaul St., City: I am ever so glad to hear you are back home from the Hospital, Madeline, and hope you keep right on feeling well.

Kathryn Hutton, Bolton, Ont.: So you would like to correspond with any little girl who would write to you first! I guess you weren't able to think up a story, eh?

Evelyn Dykeman, 30 Chalmer Street, **Galt:** You need not worry about your story being short, Evelyn. We are so crowded that long ones can hardly ever be used, no matter how good they are.

Muriel St. Clair, 68 McNaughton St., Galt, Ont.: I think both your poem and Irene's are very, very nice, Muriel. I have not received Hazel's yet. I hope you had good luck in your examinations. Thank you very much for your good wishes.

Thelma Irene Stables, age 11: Thanks for the fifteen cents for the Fund, and also for the list of books. I appreciate your good wishes and thank you very much.

Vera R. Stables, 324 Concord Avenue, city: It is certainly lovely to have a birthday and get such nice writing paper among your presents, Vera. No wonder you wrote to me. Thank you for your good wishes, and also for the ten cents for the Fund and the book list.

Ruth Ripley, 203 Mutual Street, city: So you too wish some of the girls to write to you, Ruth. I certainly hope they will. I am sorry to say I could not use your little story, since you evidently didn't know the rule about writing on only one side of the paper. You will know next time, won't you?

Irene Evans, 15 Bail Ave., Galt, Ont.: Why write on both sides of the paper, Irene? Did you not want to run the chance of having your letter printed? I think your poem is fine. My only criticism would be to be more careful that **every line** is in perfect rhyme. Of course, many older poets than you could be given the same advice. I think the school paper is a fine idea and would like to see a copy.

Ida Cooper, 221 McCaul Street, city: It is too bad that Helen never received your letter, but maybe you could write again and explain. Your little brothers and sisters have certainly been having hard luck. I hope they are all well now. Thank you for your good wishes. You are quite an artist.



THE PUNISHMENT.

By HOLLAND COX.

I SAID an awful naughty word,
So mother took me to her room;
She didn't spank me: all I heard
Was "Darlin', did I miss your tongue
When I was bathing you to-day?"
And then she soaped me in the mouth
And washed it out—my, how it stung!
Then after while I went to play—
I think those words are gone to stay.

LETTERS FROM HELPERS.

1426A Dundas St. W., city.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I am sending four more new members' pledges. That makes seventeen members. I will soon be a page marshal. Congratulations, Aunty. Last week I saw in the C. P. that Major Ernest Johns was speaking of me having a club. I haven't got one at all. Albert Cochrane and I were planning to make one in his backyard, but we have not since I moved. I was planning myself to start a camera club and called it "The Imperial Camera Club." I see there are more girls P.M.'s than boys. Well, there are two boys heading for that title, and will get it and beat the girls.

Your loving nephew,
Frank Carleton.

Box 769, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Auntie,—I suppose you think I have forgotten you and the club, but I read the Children's Page regularly.

We had snow about a week ago, three inches thick. It was rather early for us to have snow.

Well, Auntie, would you like to have some views of Yarmouth? I will send you some if you would like them.

I heard that you were married, and you have my heartiest congratulations for a happy and prosperous married life, and I am very glad that it does not hinder you from keeping up with the club.

I received my Helper's badge some time ago, and I am really very proud to wear it. It is beautiful

Lovingly,
Celeste Amiro.

Thank you, Celeste. Yes, I would like to see some views of Yarmouth.

Trenton, Ont.

Dearest of Aunties.—I'm sending you a story, which I hope you like. My photos will be finished in about two weeks. I lost Jean Gilman's letter, Aunty, but never mind, I've found a way to help also. I hope M. P. noticed my letter. I received a letter from the girl in New Liskeard I was telling you about. I was sorry I could not enter the stamp contest, but I do not take the slightest interest in stamps. I wish you would arrange to have a story contest, Aunty. We have rather cold weather here. I climbed the mountain this afternoon with some girl friends of mine and slid down the sand pit, taking a short cut home. Have you ever been in Trenton, Aunty? It's a pretty place. Later I mean to send you a letter describing it. Tell Ruth Steeper I wrote her a letter, not being positive of her address. I received it back in the dead letter office a few days ago.

Your loving niece,
Kathlyn Lapointe.

Thanks for the 10 cents for the Fund, Kathlyn, also for the suggestion. I am considering it seriously. Your story is very nice, though rather too long.

32 Cornish Rd., Moore Park, Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I have quite a collection of stamps I have saved for a long, long time, but I am sorry to say did not enter the "stamp competition."

I am sending the names of a few books I have enjoyed for the Book Readers' Corner.

Perhaps I am too late, Aunty, but I take great pleasure in congratulating you on your marriage.

With love, your niece,
Constance Pole.

Thank you for the congratulations, Constance. Yes, the book suggestions are very good, indeed.

Box 507, Bowmanville, Ont.

Dear Auntie,—I have not written for some time. I am leaving room for the other Helpers, but, nevertheless, I read the Page every week. Congratulations! I know it is rather late, but better late than never, and I certainly wish you the happiest life a bride can ever have. But you are keeping on the Page, aren't you? We would miss you so if you gave it up. I am so glad I joined the Page before you made the rule about joining. I am just dying of curiosity to know what the "something" is next week. You sound so mysterious.

With heaps of love to you and the other Helpers.

Marion McDougall.

Thanks for the ten cents for the incurable kiddies, Marion, and thanks, too, for your good wishes. The "something" will take quite a while to work out, but the roll call is the beginning.

HELPERS' FUND.

Our Fund for the Incurable Children was increased by seventy-five cents this week. We will have to put in our best work from now till Christmas, won't we?

Lovingly,
AUNT ROSE.

Cor. King and Bay Streets, city.

NAUGHTY GIRL!

Teacher—If you take four fingers from ten how many will remain?

Alice did not reply.

Teacher—How many fingers have you altogether?

Alice—Ten.

Teacher—And suppose four were missing, what would you have then?

Alice (beaming)—No music lessons!

Roll Call of Our Readers

IN order to revise our mailing and invitation lists and bring them up-to-date we would like every Helper and every regular reader of our Children's Page to fill in the following form:

Name .....

..... **Age** ....

Address .....

.....

Are you a fully pledged Helper?

.....

Are you a regular reader of our

Page? .....

Please fill and send in at once to "ROLL CALL DEPARTMENT."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD, TORONTO.

"MY boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you; for remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."



LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

O, hush thee my babie, thy sire was a knight;
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie to thee.

—Sir Walter Scott.

BOOK READERS' CORNER.

"Explorers of the Dawn," by Mazo de la Roche, is a very interesting story about three mischievous little boys put under the care of a governess by their father, who goes on business to South America.

"Georgina of the Rainbows," by Annie Fellows Johnston, is also a very good book, telling about a little girl who lived in a small town by the sea.

"Polly and the Princess," by Emma C. Dowd, is a lovely book about a little girl of ten years who was always cheering people up. In this instance it took place in an elderly ladies' home.

—Constance Pale.

"Little Mother," by Ruth McArthur; "Princess Polly" series, by Amy Brooks; "Patty Gray," by Rosa Mulholland; "Marie Marie," by Eleanor H. Portor.

—Jean Elder.

"Lucile, Bringer of Joy," by Elizabeth M. Duffield, is a very nice book. "Mother Maud" is a very nice story about a girl, by Mrs. Arthur. "Waste Castle," by W. M. Letts. "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott. "Miss Pat at School" is a story of three sisters who go to art school, by Pemberton Ginther. "The Heart of Gold" is one of my favorites. It is by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

—Irene Duern, age 11.

"Bob White," like a great many other books of Thornton W. Burgess, is a very good animal bed-time story.

"Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue," by Laura Lee Hope, is a very good book for children five to ten years.

"Mother Hubbard's House Party" is another good book for young children.

"Captain June" is a good story of a little boy who went to China. It is a fine book.

—Vera Stables.

STRAIGHT PINE'S ROBE.

By LEREINE BALLANTYNE.

PART ONE.

STRAIGHT Pine was an Indian lad, tall and straight, as his name signifies. Though he was not yet old enough to be a warrior, he longed for an opportunity to win fame. In the evening when the old men would sit around the camp-fire and tell tales of their young days, Straight Pine would listen eagerly to every word, and dream of doing big things himself.

He stood one afternoon by the river. The camp was quiet, for the day was very warm and the air balmy. Even the dogs were too lazy to quarrel. The braves were away hunting buffalo, for there was not much to eat in the camp. Over on the Blue Hills watchers were waiting patiently at their posts, ready to give the signal if they sighted the hunters returning with meat. The herds seemed to have gone to new hunting grounds, lured away, perhaps, by evil spirits. In any case, the tribe was very hungry, and unhappy because of the hunger.

Straight Pine was hungry, but he tried to forget about meat. One must not think of food when one is hungry. He amused himself, therefore, by running down the river bank. He felt the water; it was warm enough to venture in, so he threw aside his clothes and poised above the inviting current. Then he dived and swam through the cool depths, and enjoyed it as only a boy can.

On and on he went. Once he heard a shout from the village and eagerly lifted his head, but it was only the call of some boys at play. The watchers on the hills were still silent.

Firs and cedars crowded down to the water's edge, and a soft breeze played through their branches. Straight Pine wondered how far he could swim without becoming exhausted. In the warm Summer he could go many arrow-flights, but it was too late in the Autumn to venture far; he knew there was danger of taking a chill.

"I will swim to the bend," he said to himself, and headed down to the turn in the river. Hoogh!, how cold it was getting, but the bend was not far away. He swam quickly, and was very near it when something stirred upon the bank at the opposite side of the river. He stopped and listened. No Indian boy who wishes to be a great warrior ever passes an unusual sign or sound without stopping to investigate. A twig cracked. Something was moving among the trees. Very softly he worked his way across to see what was there. He went slowly, so as not to make a sound by splashing in case it might be an enemy scout, that had crept up to examine the location of the village. He was beginning to shiver, but he watched closely. Again the foliage moved, and this time a huge head swung around, and a pair of glowing eyes regarded him silently. A moose was in the scrub lands by the river.

Straight Pine turned and swam swiftly ashore, and the chill of the water was forgotten, as he sped home with the glad news. Instantly the camp was astir with excitement. Squaws left the pots of watery broth they were tending in the firepits of the lodges. Men caught up their bows and arrows, and tomahawks, and all started out to see the capture of the buffalo or moose which had come almost to their very door. "Truly the Great Spirit must have sent it!" they whispered to each other.

They spread out in a large circle, and Straight Pine was allowed to walk beside the chief, and show them the place where he had seen the animal. This was an honor for a lad of his age, and he felt very proud. Slowly the circle closed in on the astonished animal. He attempted to break through when they came up closer to him, but several arrows hummed through the air and found their mark. He was a splendid big moose, that, in a sulky mood, had doubtless wandered away from his herd. A great shout went up as he fell with a roar to the ground. As they crowded around the moose the chief held up his hand for silence. He was about to speak.

"This is a thing done by the Great Spirit to provide meat because we are hungry. The meat must be divided that all the camp shall have a feast. Then we shall have the medicine men give thanks and dance the food dance. To Straight Pine belongs the honor of finding him, therefore, the hide shall go to Straight Pine to make him a robe. The boy has sharp eyes, sharper than the brave's on the hills. It is a good thing he has done, and the horns also shall be his. I have spoken."

Straight Pine felt very big and very happy. After a splendid feast, he watched eagerly, the preparations and dressing of the fine robe that was to be his reward, by the words of the great chief.



THE FOOLISH FLY.

A FLY observed a spider's web,
And cried: "Alas, I see
The spider spreads his silken threads
To make a feast of me!

"Oh, how can I escape?" he wailed.
"Alas, there is no way!
For if I get within the net
I'll surely be his prey!"

Instead of flying round the web,
He flew into it straight,
And cried, "Ah, woe! My death I know,
Has been decreed by fate!"

—Stanton A. Coblentz.

THE WIND FAIRY.

THERE'S a fairy lives in the heart of the Wind,
Like the mermaids live in the Sea,
Her face she hides, but you hear her sing
"Ou—ee, Ou—ee, Ou—ee!"

When the Autumn comes and the days are grey
And the Wind rides wild and high,
She leaps to the back of an eager cloud
And gallops across the sky.

Then down she swoops with a shrill "Ho, Ho,"
To whistle and call in the eaves,
Or dance in the dust of the long white road,
With a swirl of bewildered leaves!

—The Shining Ship.

TWEEKY MOUSE

By ALBERT H. MUNDAY.

TWEEKY Mouse was just an ordinary, everyday field mouse with big black eyes and pretty round ears. He was also the most popular resident of the Scataway Valley because he helped all the other animals to get their food, and was always ready to help them in time of trouble.

"Dearie me, I've not had a thing to eat for two whole days!" remarked Fluffy White, the butterfly, as he observed Tweeky Mouse in the Jack-in-the-pulpits. "To think that our picnic does not take place till a week come Tuesday—dearie me, what will I do?"

"Ha! that's a mighty good joke!" laughed Tweeky, rubbing his nose with his paw. "Just to think that you can fly all over the country and then cannot get enough to eat—just you follow me and we'll have a little banquet," he advised. And before Fluffy could wink an eyelash away scampered Tweeky. He ran round a few boxes and across two wood-piles and then into Farmer Emmitt's cosy kitchen.

"Hy! there, Tweeky!" shouted Fluffy as he observed the mouse disappear through a small hole in the bottom of the door. "I can't get through there—I'll break my wings!"

"Sh-s-s-s!" replied Tweeky bobbing out of the hole. "You go round and fly through the window and then wait for the fireworks!"

"Shoo! shoo! a butterfly!" shouted Mrs. Farmer Emmitt as Fluffy fluttered over the table. "Mrs. Willyboy told me it was a sign of rain when a butterfly came through the window, and to think this is wash day! Shoo shoo!"

As Mrs. Farmer Emmitt was chasing the butterfly Tweeky was catching crumbs that were falling from the table. Having secured enough he ran out in the middle of the floor so that Mrs. Farmer Emmitt could see him.

"Scat! scat! a mouse—as I live!" she shouted while Farmer Emmitt ran for the broom.

"Quick, Fluffy Boy—get your big crumb and hurry!" said Tweeky, and before Farmer Emmitt returned with the broom Fluffy had secured a big piece of pie and had fluttered out of the window. And a few seconds later Tweeky ran up the side of the wall, along the top of a picture and away out to Fluffy in the Jack-in-the-Pulpits.

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STORIES BY HELPERS

ORIGINALITY.

There is nothing new under the sun, and this applies to stories quite as much as to anything else. Every thought you have, every plot you work out, every character you depict, has been thought or worked out or depicted by someone before you—probably hundreds of times. However, you need not be discouraged, for just as no two people in a crowd look exactly alike, so no thought of yours, if you express it truly and honestly, will be exactly like anyone else's. If you wish to be original, express your own thoughts in your own way. Don't copy and don't try to be like someone else. Your only chance for originality is in your own soul, and if you have not or cannot develop the depth and breadth to merge all you see and hear and feel into something which is truly your own then you can never hope to have it. Now is your time to begin, humbly and earnestly, to build a deep, sincere character out of which to draw originality.

—Aunt Rose.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

By Muriel St. Clair, Age 13.

The maple trees are all arrayed
With leaves of red and gold;
But when the Winter comes, for leaves
It will be much too cold.

But now they're bright upon the trees,
And also on the ground,
But in the Winter they will freeze
When the snow is all around.

The leaves are soon built into houses
By children at their play;
Great bonfires by the boys are made;
There are hundreds every day.

But when the snow comes thick and fast,
They're covered, every one;
Until sweet Indian Summer comes,
Then the snow melts in the sun.

But Indian Summer doesn't last,
For soon the snow will come;
Then down beneath a snowy coat
The leaves have turned quite dumb.

For they were wont to whistling
And humming in the breeze,
And they were very noisy
When they lived upon the trees.

A MAPLE TREE IN AUTUMN.

By Irene Evans.

Amidst a flowery garden
There stood a maple tree,
And all the flowers were colored,
But it was as green as could be!

Near the beginning of October,
The flowers were to have a ball,
And they all made fun of the maple tree
For it couldn't dress up at all.

This made the poor old tree so sad,
That it couldn't sleep all night,
And he tried to think of some good way
To be pleasing in their sight.

As he was sitting wishing,
There came a tiny man,
Said he, "I'll make you a new dress
The very best I can."

The fairy artist came that night,
To paint the maple tree;
He tripped, and let his colors fall,
And lost them all but three.

Next morning when the flowers woke up,
They beheld a wondrous sight!
The maple tree shone forth in colors
All dazzling in the light.

It stood like a queen among them,
All scarlet, brown and gold!
As it waved its branches overhead
It seemed to speak of wealth untold.

And now I have told you the legend,
Of the maple's wondrous dress,
And how in every Autumn,
It stands forth among the rest.

A STORY.

By Rita Dwyer.

There once was a little girl and her name was Jean. Her birthday was soon coming. So one day she asked her mother if she could have a party. She said all right. The next day was her birthday, and she was all excited. So she knew she had to get up in the morning and help her mother, so she went to bed early. The next morning she got up, and her mother was down stairs working. She went to her mother and said, "Oh, mother! I am nine years old to-day," and her mother said, "Yes, dear, you are nine years old." So when afternoon came everything was all ready. The girls came that she had asked and they had a lovely time. Jean was tired that night, nd went to bed early again. So she had fun the next morning, and was very happy. And she thanked her mother very much for the party, and she got lovely presents, too

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

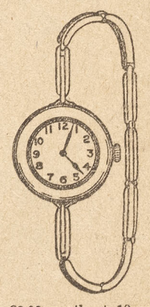
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DEPT. E 20 TORONTO

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

JACK FROST WAS FOND OF SNOW AND ICE, BUT FOR THE FOX 'TWAS NOT SO NICE. NOR FOR THE WOLF, WHO GAVE A WIGGLE, AND TURNED INTO A BIG ICICLE.

Text by HOWARD R. GARIS
Author of the Famous UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORIES
Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL

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1. One day, when Uncle Wiggily was hopping around looking for an adventure, the bunny rabbit gentleman saw his friend Jack Frost, tied to a tree near a blazing fire. "Oh, help me!" cried Jack Frost. "I can't stand heat! I'm melting!" Uncle Wiggily hurried to loosen the ropes. "Who tied you this way?" asked the bunny. "The Fox and the Wolf," said Jack Frost. "I'll fix them!" threatened the bunny.

2. Uncle Wiggily unbound Jack Frost, and then the bunny began to spread a loop of rope on the ground. "What's that?" asked Jack Frost. "A trap to catch the Fox or Wolf, whichever comes along first," answered Mr. Longears. "And when you catch them what will you do with the bad chaps?" Jack Frost asked. "Oh, I'll let you play a little trick on them!" laughed the bunny with a twinkle of his pink nose.

3. "Now we're all ready," said Uncle Wiggily to his frosty friend, when the slip-noose had been spread on the ground. "We'll take one end of the rope and hide behind a bush." Jack Frost asked what came next. "When the Fox puts one leg in the noose, I'll pull on the rope and lasso him," chuckled the bunny. Along came the Fuzzy Fox. "I may catch Uncle Wiggily as we caught Jack Frost!" thought he.

4. "Ha!" I wonder what this is?" thought the Fox, as he reached the lasso Uncle Wiggily had spread out on the ground. "Maybe it is a magic fairy ring," said the Fox. "I'll step in it and make a wish." Into the loop he stepped. Just then Uncle Wiggily, who was watching, gave a pull, and right away the Fox was all tangled up in the rope so he couldn't get loose. "Now is the time for your trick, Jack Frost!"

5. "Ah, yes, now is the time for my trick!" laughed Jack Frost. And while Uncle Wiggily held the Fox fast entangled in the ring, Jack Frost extended his slim, cold fingers. "Eenie meenie minie mo!" cried Jack Frost. "Into a cake of ice you go!" No sooner had Jack Frost uttered this magic spell than instantly the Fox was frozen fast in the middle of a big block of ice. "The Wolf next!" said Uncle Wiggily.

6. When the Fox had been frozen fast in the cake of ice, and when Uncle Wiggily had set the rope trap again, the bunny and Jack Frost waited. Soon along came the Wolf. "I wonder what that circle is on the ground?" thought the Wolf. "I'll step inside and make a wish." He did so, and was caught, but, being stronger than the Fox, the Wolf pulled Uncle Wiggily along on the ground. "Help!" cried the bunny.

7. Jack Frost did his best to hold Uncle Wiggily back, but the Old Woozie Wolf was too strong. Suddenly the Wolf leaped up into a tree, over the heads of Uncle Wiggily and Jack Frost. There the bad chap swung by his paws. "Ho, ho! Now I should like to see you do anything to me!" sneered the Wolf. "Can you do anything?" whispered Uncle Wiggily. "Watch me cast a spell over him," said Jack Frost.

8. All of a sudden, as the Wolf swung to and fro from the tree branch, Jack Frost stretched out his slim, cold fingers, and blew with his cold breath. "Become an icicle!" cried Jack Frost. Instantly the Wolf turned into a large hanging icicle as he wiggled there on the tree branch. "Oh ho!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "I thought you said he couldn't do anything to you! Serves you right for melting Jack Frost!"

9. Well, now they are turned into ice, and can't do any harm for a while, what shall we do with them?" asked Jack Frost, who had been so nearly melted at the fire. "I guess the best thing to do with the bad chaps," said Uncle Wiggily, "is to have my friend, Mr. Whitewash, the Polar Bear gentleman, take them to his cold cave." And Mr. Whitewash came with his sled and dragged away the frozen Fox and Wolf

And if the toy balloon doesn't take the rag doll up in the air and leave her on top of the church steeple, the next story and pictures will be about UNCLE WIGGILY'S THANKSGIVING.

THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE

Pro. Soccer Players Rush To Regain Amateur Status

London, Oct. 23.

OLD campaigners will probably agree that the average league game can generally be relied upon to furnish a more attractive type of football than that afforded by a contest between rival nations. This truth was again illustrated on the ground of the West Bromwich Albion Club, where England defeated Ireland by two goals to nil.

People were thinking as much probably about the Villa match at Villa Park, and it has to be confessed that the moderate sized crowd of 18,000 showed considerable apathy. At the same time the England men who won a delightfully conducted game, while never reaching to great heights, were seldom dull in action.

For an international the match may be honestly written down as a little above the normal, although the centre forwards on either side created nothing in the way of a sensation. What one missed perhaps was the absence of any strong dash and fire on the part of the inside forwards. It was a quiet and at times a clever game, but not distinguished for a lot of remarkable work in front of the goal. Unhappily the match could not be described as a real test of merit, and that was a great pity.

As long as England and Scotland are content to play other nations for better or for worse by the grace of the leagues the world of sport cannot be expected to beat up much enthusiasm. The Irish forwards were an unbalanced though eager combination and but for the presence of Gillespie there would have been no master brain in the line. Grimsdell, the English captain, returning to the middle line after a season's absence, was always in the thick of it, though he is not playing with the same dash and power of the last campaign.

The Football Association has been busy lately dealing with shoals of applications from professional players who desire to cease playing the game for remuneration, for permission to play with amateur clubs without prejudicing the amateur status of the clubs. There has also been an unusually heavy crop of applications for reinstatement to amateur status by professionals who have been receiving nominal sums for playing.

The rush for reinstatement is explained by the fact that after the close of this season there will be no more reinstatements, while, as to permits, the flood of requests from players is due to the new rule which enables a player for the first time in the history of the game to play with an amateur club, notwithstanding that he cannot secure reinstatement as an amateur.

The sensation of the season so far in Welsh Rugby football is the fact that Oddie Maile, the full-back for Cross Keys, who last season deputised for Joe Rees of Swansea in the Welsh team in some international games, has definitely decided to throw in his lot with Pontypool. Subject to obtaining his transfer from the Welsh Rugby Union Maile will, for the first time, assist Pontypool against Birmingham next Saturday.

Having been badly beaten at Gloucester the previous week Guy's Hospital visited Bristol very keen on balancing matters, but it was unfortunate that they went west without Albertyn, Duncan and Etyn. Perhaps the absence of this clever trio made all the difference between their losing by 13 points to 11 and the well deserved victory which fell to Bristol. It was a great game and over 10,000 spectators were present. Rugger football is thriving at the new memorial ground and the adjacent park for motor cars was filled to overflowing. As was observed at Plymouth last week there is a keen desire at Bristol to further the best interests of the game. The program contained forms of application for membership to the supporters club, which numbers over 2,500, including ladies. Guys played as riotously aggressive as ever, but are not such a fine attacking mach ne as they were. Doherty, Taylor and Holloway shone in front, Bekker and Sprong were smart at half, but not so good as the Bristol pair. Bristol should have won by more points than they did on the chances they had, but the finishing touches were too often blundered by faulty passing. The forwards were splendid; they had to be to show such superiority over the B. Hospital fighters. Chantrill played a high class game at full back. On his form against Guy's the English selectors need hardly look forward for the successor to Cumberledge.

Oxford are expected to defeat the Old Merchant Taylors pretty comfortably, but thanks to some sterling work on the part of the latter's forwards the Varsity had a narrow escape of losing their opening match of the season and there is obviously much work to be done before the Dark Blues can hope to possess a satisfactory pack.

As some compensation for their anxieties over the matter of forwards, Oxford, even at this early date can be confident that the team will be very strong outside.

In the circumstances which prevailed at Richmond, German and Kittermaster, the Varsity halves, found themselves mainly occupied in defence and were not altogether equal to the demands made upon them in this direction, but whenever it happened that the Oxford scrummagers did secure the ball, there came some truly delightful movements.

Cambridge did as well as expected against Harlequins. While their forwards performed quite creditably, their backs gave an indifferent exhibition through a want of knowledge of each other's play, a fault which should be eradicated before many weeks are over.

The London Scottish have yet to win a match, but they put up a stout fight against Blackheath whose outsides were too fast and clever for the opposition. In the far North the first county match of that division of the championship saw Cumberland overwhelm Westmoreland.

Four finals, concluding the London covered court championship program, were down for decision at Queen's on Saturday. The first of them had almost become a fixed item on the Autumn card. Miss McKane and Mrs. Beamish have met for the past four successive years—that is, on each occasion since the tournament was revived after the war—and as a result of Saturday's match the honors are now easy. But during that period Miss McKane's game has steadily improved, gathering greater length and strength on the forehand drive, a surer security on the backhand, and the acquisition of that indispensable quality which senses the correct moment to strike the hardest blow.

Her victory on Saturday was more noteworthy in that she did not invest her service with the usual speed. She finally took the set match and championship by two sets to nil, though Mrs. Beamish puts polish into her drives, and is very skilful in passing a volleyer who ventures on anything like a short ball.

M. J. G. Ritchie was 52 years old this week, and he celebrated the event by passing into the finals of the London covered court lawn tennis championships on the very fast surface provided by the Queen's Club wood. A splendid achievement indeed when one remembers the extremely high quality of the entry.

Ritchie is one of the most wonderful veterans who have ever graced English sport. At 52 he plays tournament lawn tennis practically every day of his life and thrives on it. Too old at 40! He beats and beats good players 30 years his junior, and he keeps on doing it. He is slower than he was 10 years ago, but a compensating asset is the great lawn tennis brain he possesses.

That and a match steadiness pull Ritchie through. He gets everything back and works with the one object of getting his opponent out of position. That accomplished, he finishes off the rally with a neat and reasonably hard shot.

Ritchie's semi-final opponent yesterday was D. M. Grieg, perhaps the most promising young player of to-day. The first set was a fine struggle, Ritchie winning at 7—5. He ran away with the next set, Grieg not winning a game, but then the younger player rallied and won the third set 6—4, only for Ritchie to clinch the match by taking the final set 6—4. Grieg did very well and his progress will be closely watched by all those who are hoping for a new star to emerge in English lawn tennis.

The combined ages of Ritchie and his opponent in the final, Dr. A. H. Fyzee, is 95 years.

One of the outstanding features of the first day's play in the ladies' foursome tournament for the Eve Trophies played on the Ranelagh course at Barnes this week was the defeat of Miss Joyce Wethered, the British and English ladies' champion, in partnership with Miss Macintyre. After her brilliant play at Hunstanton last week, the result was the more surprising, especially as the champion and her partner were in receipt of a stroke from Mrs. Norman Craig and Mrs. C. Downs, who defeated them at the sixteenth hole.

There were other surprises during the day's play, which comprised the 64 matches in the first round. Mrs. Durlacher, the Irish internationalist, and Miss Molly Gourlay, a semi-finalist in the ladies' championship last week, defeated Miss Ryan, the famous lawn tennis player, and Mrs. Dudley Charels, Mrs. Durlacher playing some remarkable golf. Miss Joan Stocker, the runner-up to Miss Wethered in the championship at Hunstanton last week, playing with Mrs. Percy Clark, beat two strong Scottish players, Miss M. Robertson, of Troon, and Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Gavin, who after competing in the final of the American ladies' championship made a dash for Hunstanton to compete in the English championship last week, made her first appearance in British ladies' golf since her arrival. She was among the back markers with Miss Joy Winn with a handicap of five, and played well enough to win by a comfortable margin.

Tales of a Wayside Tee

BY GRANTLAND RICE.

THESE are now the golden days of golf, where every November round played is something stolen from the approaching grip of Winter.

And when one is lucky enough to pick out a sunny, bracing day this late in Autumn, there is no other season in the year where the game can bring quite the same thrill.

The last touch of color in the maples, the swirl of dead leaves over the fairway, here and there the partially stark woods in the back, the early drop of twilight—all give evidence that Winter is again on its devastating way when most of the greens will be placed in retirement until another Spring.

And, speaking of early twilights, we ran into a strange case of golfing psychology a few days ago.

On this round we had all started late, determined to play along as far as the light might make play possible.

As it turned out the four-ball match in question had developed into one of those even, exciting battles that keeps one keyed up to the final putt.

Through the early part of the match, due to the feeling that the play must be hurried along to beat darkness, we had fallen a victim to the score-wrecking habit of looking up, nearly always part and parcel of a hurried swing.

It so happened in this case that the last three holes were finished in almost total darkness, where the caddies had to be scattered over the course to hear the ball drop, since it was impossible to follow its flight ten feet from the tee.

Standing upon the sixteenth tee, one had to look intently to see the ball teed up.

There was no temptation to look up, since it was impossible to see two paces beyond. The entire concentration had to be upon the ball to keep from missing it altogether, without any regard to where it might land.

Under these conditions we played much the best golf we had been able to show all the afternoon.

There must be, of course, some moral to this incident. And the moral is this:

If one, addressing the ball, can develop the habit of keeping his mind upon the ball alone, just as if he were barely able to see it, there would be far less pressure from temptation.

Lifting the head is often the result of an uncertain feeling as to where the ball may ultimately land.

In the act of swinging, or starting the swing, too many golfers have their minds fixed on a bunker in front, an out of bounds to the right, a deep trap to the left—or they are possibly still wondering just how hard they ought to hit.

This kills off the art of hitting the ball through, with the head held as an anchor.

The head and body can hardly retain their physical balance when the mind is still in an unbalanced state.

It is difficult to think only of hitting the ball crisply and firmly and all the way through the stroke, and at the same time be thinking of certain forms of trouble to the right, left or front.

In the match just referred to all temptation to look and see was killed off by the gathering darkness. No intelligence was needed to discover the futility of trying to follow the ball. Concentration was forced by the effort required to see the ball at one's feet where there was a feeling that if one's eyes wavered for a moment the ball would be missed entirely. Under these conditions we managed to get three par 4s, where in the light we had been struggling for 5s and more.

So if one could land upon some form of self-hypnotism and make himself believe there was no space beyond the ball, that it was all merely a matter of just hitting that ball with a certain pre-determined and pre-decided force, the bunkers and traps would not be nearly so thickly populated as they are to-day.



The SPORTLIGHT

by Grantland Rice

The Golfer's Alphabet.

A is for Alibi—which for a tip
Is much more important than swing, stance or grip.

B is for Bunker—regardless of clime,
Where nine-tenths of us spend the bulk of our time.

C is for Cup—which you rim for a 4,
Or maybe a 7, or maybe still more.

D is for Divot—and also for Dub,
Who can dig up a Divot as big as a tub.

E's for Explaining—which most of us do,
Why we got 96, and not 72.

F is for Flub—which is easily made
By hoisting the bean as the mashie is played.

G is for Green—laid on smooth, rolling plots,
Which is easy to reach if you use enough shots.

H is a Hazard—in which sanded den
A possible 3 is a probable 10.

I is for Iron—that gets the ball up,
And quite often drops it two miles from the cup.

J is for Jerry—for Jones and for Jock,
Three world-famous golfers who play like a clock.

K is for Kid—often bent out of shape
By golf bags too heavy for Tarzan the Ape.

L is for Lie—where the ball settles down,
Or the yarn that you spring at the end of the round.

M is for Mashie—which holds the shot true
If you play it correctly—which three or four do.

N is for Niblick—the club I have found
I use about forty-eight times every round.

O is for Outer Bounds—off to the right—
And otherwise known as the Caddie's Delight.

P is for Putter—to which we so lean
That most of us use it three times to each green.

Q is for Query—we quite often get—
With A and B waiting to settle some bet.

R is for Run-up—a stroke that we play
At times like a nut and at others a jay.

S is for Stymie—a thing we esteem
As much as a nightmare that stalks through a dream.

T stands for Trap—which is usually planned
Just where the bulk of us happens to land.

U is for Up—which is mostly the way
The other cove is with the last hole to play.

V is for Vardon—a man I might catch
If he started me 17 up in a match.

W's for Water—where few balls will float,
The world's record holder at Getting the Goat.

X is the letter on all score cards spread
About every third hole when you're lifting your head.

Y is for Yelp—which we do with rare nerve
When we get just exactly the score we deserve

Z is for Zest—millions have for the game,
The old and the young and the halt and the lame,
The male and the female, the wild and the tame.

"SARAZEN, Hagen, Hutchison and Kirkwood are to tour the West." Where golf balls are dropping around the pins, yes, yes, it's there that the West begins.

The Long Gap.

JUST a year ago to-day the Dempsey camp was busy scanning the skyline for the next challenger to add kale and glory to the champion's holdings. Over four months had passed since he whipped Carpentier, and there was still no one in sight.

Now a year has been added to those four months. And outside of the hazy prospect of a battle with Wills next Spring or Summer, there is still no challenger who seems worthy of all the excitement that comes from a heavyweight war for the crown.

IT is all a matter now of time. For there are good men coming on, and of himself, is bound to be going back. Unless he is a superman of rarest mold, not even Dempsey can go sixteen months without practicing his profession in competition and retain all the stuff he had in his busy fighting days. The competitor either goes forward or slips back. Few stand still.

The two-year delay between Dempsey's last easy fight and his next start will likely still find him better than any one coming on, but it will hardly find the same Dempsey that whipped Willard and Carpentier in less than twenty minutes. And this is where some young, busy, hard-fighting Floyd Johnson will some day have his chance.

MIKE Donlin and Frank Baker once quit the game for a year. They quit after great seasons. Both came back to play good ball, but they were never able to work their way back to the heights they held before quitting for a year. The gap between Dempsey's battles will be two years in length. As the fighting game is the most exacting of all competitions, a two-year absence from the ring is sure to take away certain vital qualities that once carried the day. When Willard whipped Johnson and toyed with Frank Moran, he looked to be unbeatable. He then let three years slip away before his next start, and was a mark before a man he outweighed by sixty pounds.

Constant Training.

ON the other side of the case, take up the affair of Jim Thorpe. Thorpe was a Carlisle star fifteen years ago. He has stuck to the game ever since, and, while a trifle cold for certain lines of play, he is the most efficient kicker on the gridiron to-day.

"Only lately," writes a correspondent, "I have seen Thorpe kick drop-kicks from sixty to sixty-five yards. I have never seen anyone who could punt so far or so accurately. There have been some great toe-men in football but no one who could even compare with Thorpe of to-day. He is 100 per cent. better in this respect than when he was a Carlisle star."

THE news that "Battling" Siki may not visit us this season is a terrific blow at the nation's happiness, but a few of the stronger souls will make a brave effort to bear up.

Auction Bridge

By R. F. FOSTER.

Author of "Foster On Auction," "Auction Made Easy," "Foster's Complete Hoyle," etc.

LATELY there has been a good deal of discussion about the conventional double, which seems to need some generic name to cover its various utilities. Some call it the informatory double, upon the theory that it tells the partner something. Others call it the directive double, as it asks the partner to do a certain thing. Others again call it the negative double, as distinguished from the positive or business double, as if it always denied something, which is far from the case.

N. B. Trist, of New Orleans, made his name famous among whist players all over the world by suggesting the simple term "fourth-best," as a substitute for the older "penultimate and ante-penultimate," which originated with Drayson. Why cannot someone suggest a short word to cover the double that asks partner to bid?

This double has so many different uses nowadays, depending on the situation in which it is brought into play, that one has to make almost a separate study of it, like the leads or second-hand plays or echoes.

There are two doubles. The more common is the double of a suit bid, which announces to the partner that the doubler is strong in all suits but the one doubled, but has no good bid of his own. It was at first restricted to bids of one, but is now generally extended to bids of two, and by some players to bids of three.

The other is the double of a no-trumper. This announces to the partner that the doubler also has a no-trumper and would like to know what suit his partner has that a potential no-trumper would support as the trump.

This double is more difficult to handle than a suit double and is never used if the no-trump bid is for more than one trick. The danger lies in the fact that if two players have no-trumpers it is a gamble on who has the better partner.

One simple rule with regard to answering the double should be remembered by every beginner. This is that what is wanted is a so-called game-going bid, hearts or spades. Even with only four hearts or spades and five diamonds or clubs the answer should be the major suit because that is what the doubler wants.

Some very interesting differences come up in the scores of deals made in duplicate that start with no-trumps and get into a double. Here is one.

	♡ 4 2 ♣ J 3 2 ◇ 9 3 ♠ K 10 7 6 3 2	
♡ K Q 10 6 ♣ A K 6 ◇ K 10 8 7 2 ♠ 4	Y A B Z	♡ J 8 7 3 ♣ 9 7 ◇ A 5 4 ♠ A J 9 8
	♡ A 9 5 ♣ Q 10 8 5 4 ◇ Q J 6 ♠ Q 5	

Z dealt and at almost every table bid no-trumps. Now, A has a no-trumper, but he would like to know what his partner's long suit is, as that might be much better than taking a chance on two no-trumps, which was the old way, or letting the no-trumper alone and leading to beat it, which is the safe way. So A doubles.

The double does not make it any more expensive for Y to do what he intended to do in any event, which is to bid two spades, but it does relieve B from the necessity of bidding as an answer to the double, unless he has a five-card suit, so he passes.

This comes around to A, who is now ready to show that spades are the weak spot in his no-trumper, and he doubles two spades. Now Y passes, waiting to see what the dealer thinks about it after he hears from B, who is forced to say something to take out the double.

At this point two tables made the mistake of thinking that, as they could stop the spades twice, and that was A's only weak spot, they should go two no-trumps. Those that bid it made it, but two no-trumps is not game. Z avoided the spades and led a diamond.

B overlooked the fundamental principle that the double of a no-trumper is to avoid having to bid two no-trumps if partner can be found with four cards of a major suit. All B had to do when A showed he was weak in spades was to call three hearts. Had he done so he would have made five-odd easily enough.

The double came up differently at other tables. When Z passed the first time, for instance, A bid no-trump. If Y and B passed, at one table Z called two clubs, asking a lead. This A doubled to get a heart or spade bid from B. When B called the spades A went back to no-trumps, and then B went to the hearts.

When Z passed and A bid no-trump, at one table Y called two spades, although he had the lead. This came around to A, who doubled, B answered with three hearts, Z supported the spades, and when A went to four hearts Z doubled. This is the result of Y's totally unjustifiable spade bid against the no-trumper.

This is the solution of Problem No. 131, in which there were no-trumps, Z to lead and Y-Z to win five tricks.

If the position is carefully examined, it will be evident that the problem is to establish a re-entry for the spade suit. If players at the card table would look into situations like this before they lead they would find many cases in which they would see just what had to be done to go game or make a slam or save the contract.

Z starts with the club queen and Y discards a spade. Z then leads the spade queen and Y overtakes with the ace. When Y leads another spade, forcing out the jack, Z gets rid of the ace of hearts.

As B has nothing but hearts to lead now, he must eventually let Y in on that suit to make the rest of the spades.

Bridge Problem No. 132.

	♡ Q J ♣ J 9 7 ◇ 7 ♠ 6 3	
♡ 8 ♣ 8 5 4 3 ◇ — ♠ 8 7 4	Y A B Z	♡ 6 4 ♣ 6 ◇ J 9 ♠ J 10 2
	♡ — ♣ K 2 ◇ A K 3 ♠ Q 9	

Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want all eight tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

CUTTING the CORNERS

BY J. V. McAREE.

THERE is no sport on this continent to-day so much in need of a display of sportsmanship as racing, which rhapsodists speak of as the sport of kings. This bet goes two ways: First, there is no sport in such danger of extermination; and second, there is no sport in which gestures of sportsmanship are more lacking. Before now we have compared the sport of racing, in a limited way, with the business of selling liquor. The latter was slain in the house of its friends by the ignorance and greed of the people who were making a profit by it. Racing was banned in certain American cities for years because it was promoted by men who had no interest in it, except such an interest as a gambler would have in the manufacture of loaded dice. When these men, or men who were obviously of this type, were suppressed, the sport crept back, and is now flourishing as it never flourished before . . . But with a sword over its head.

THE United States and Canada have been favorably spoken of as democratic countries, and we may translate this into sporting language by saying that a game that has not the approval of the majority of the people cannot prosper. That is to say, racing cannot continue merely as a sport of kings. It must become a sport of the average man, whether he is a speculator or a spectator. In a sport of kings we rather look for the cropping out of a kingly action here and there. A short time ago there was an opportunity for such a gesture that would have made an impression on everybody on this continent who is interested in horse racing. The opportunity came to the organizers of the Pimlico meet, and, while they displayed something of princeliness in doubling the value of their Futurity, which was originally a $40,000 stake, and ran it in two $40,000 sections because it was so generously filled, they missed a great chance in arranging the starters.

THERE were two races, and whether a horse should start in one or the other was decided by drawing numbers from a hat. Two or three of the big stables, like those of Bradley and Cosden, had starters in both events, and when the results of the draw was announced it appeared that Cosden had a fair chance of making a double event. However, one section went to Bradley and another to Kilmer. Our idea is that the notable chance the promoters of the race missed was to have drawn the horses themselves, and to have made the rich owners with big stables run against each other in one half and to reserve the other race for the smaller fellows. From the point of view of the purse it meant, or should have meant, nothing for owners like Bradley, Kilmer, Cosden and Whitney to win a purse of $40,000, but it would have meant a great deal for some of the smaller fry.

The millionaires should have had their own section in which they would have competed against each other, and the smaller breeders should have been permitted to race against each other.

AS racing is carried on to-day, the old saying about all men being equal on the turf and under it, belongs to the comic section. The small owner has the small chance. He is handicapped in the beginning because the big racing plants control the best jockeys, and everybody knows that jockeyship will amount to a ten, or even fifteen, pound allowance in a race. Then the small owner has one horse in a race, whereas the big man may have three or four. We have seen in Toronto an owner run two horses in a race and beat the best horse in the race by the simple expedient of running one horse after another against him; or by running one horse to keep the singleton from doing his best, and running the other to win the race. Also we have seen advertised races cancelled and others substituted for the rather barefaced purpose of enabling a horse owned by a track-owner to win a race. The last time we noted this manoeuvre the changed conditions enabled another horse to slip in and get the prize from the man who the race was made for.

LAST season the Canadian circuit was almost dominated by a millionaire's stable, which had not only many of the best horses, but also the contracts for the best jockeys. His stable was so large that for most of the races he entered he was able to show one horse that favored a fast track, one a drying track and one mud, each with a competent jockey aboard. It was his custom to win two races a day. Since another two races on the card might be for Canadian-breds, and a third race for the jumpers, this left perhaps two races a day for the visiting horsemen to compete for since they would not be eligible for two, beaten before they started in two more, and not, as a rule carrying steeplechasers. Moreover, the starter was in the employ of the owner to the extent that he takes horses from him to board. It would not be in human nature that this owner should get the worst of any starting. The flag fell when this owner's horses were ready for it. This is of course, as it should be. The flag should fall when all horses are ready.

IF we happened to be a millionaire horse owner, we should run our horses only in stakes, and we should run no geldings. To start the stable, of course, one might find it necessary to buy developed horses, but our ambition would be to breed our racers. If they were not of stake quality, we should sell them or give them away. Our idea would be to give the race track test to certain horses and then retire them to the stud to produce better horses. If we were a millionaire we should be the sort of millionaire that would give a quarter of a million dollars for Exterminator if he had been as nature made him, and not a quarter of a million cents for Exterminator as he is to-day. Exterminator's breeding is not the best, and it may be that if he were a stallion he would produce little, but every time we think of him we think that the man who deprived him of the opportunity should be tarred and feathered.

OF COURSE, we realize that many an owner may have started out with the ambition of breeding the winner of the Futurity or the Suburban or the Derby and when he was less than half way to this goal found that he had sunk a million dollars of which half should be written off as a bad debt. In these circumstances it is not unnatural that he should become somewhat panicky and should start out to grab whatever purses were in sight, and manoeuvre to get a point or two in the betting odds. We have a friend who is a large bettor who remarked: "This game will ruin a man if he overlooks a point." It shouldn't be so if there is the sportsmanship in it that we see in other sports, where a boxer knocked down will be helped to his feet by the man who knocked him down, or where a tennis player who believes that an umpire has given an unwarranted decision in his favor, will make a clumsy miss on the next serve to penalize himself and equal matters.

Is racing the sport of kings?

Are we to understand that kings play the game that way?

Is there a conspiracy afloat to establish a republic?

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JACK BRITTON'S LAST FIGHT.

HE could not understand:
Why should his breathing be so hard and drawn?
Where was the skill he once held in each hand?
The winning punch propelled by brain and brawn?
Why to his eyes should come that growing haze,
Leaving a blur he had not known before?
Where was the cunning of the vanished days,
The winning cunning he had held in store?

WHAT was it all about?
The heavy thumping of his weary heart,
The dulled and muffled roar, the sullen shout,
The aching arms that could not do their part?
Here was the chance at last to rise and show
Who ruled as master of the bitter fray;
Here was the chance—but what grip turned the blow
Into a tap a child might ward away?

WAS he not champion still?
Had he not ruled the field from year to year?
What bands of steel then crushed the ancient will
That through his reign had known no foe to fear?
Where was the oldtime power of the poke
That closed each battle with a stinging blow?
Yet here he reeled and dipped before a bloke
He should have cornered seven rounds ago.

AND then, at last, he knew;
For even as he almost crumpled up,
And, falling from far heights, forever through,
Drank to the final dregs the bitter cup;
In that one slash of pain he met the truth
That struck at him with raw fangs, buried deep,
Where from lost years the mocking voice of Youth
Paused to count Ten above his dream asleep.

WIRELESS BUREAU FOR THE AMATEUR OPERATOR

A NUMBER of schools in Toronto possess radio sets, but probably none of them have such complete equipment, nor have had it so long, as U.T.S., the University of Toronto Schools. Prior to the Great War the physics department at U.T.S. was equipped with an experimental outfit consisting of a crystal receiver and spark coil transmitter. At that time this was considered a very good amateur set. During the war, of course, the station was dismantled. However, almost as soon as hostilities had ceased, and long before the ban on amateur radio experimenting had been lifted, U.T.S. received special permission from Ottawa to re-establish its wireless station. The work of equipping and operating the new station was taken over by the signalling section of the school cadet corps.

The signallers installed a complete new outfit, consisting of a one-half kilowatt spark transmitter with high speed non-synchronous rotary gap and a cabinet type tuner with vacuum tube detector. Both of these latter instruments were just coming into general use at the time. With the half-kilowatt spark set communication was established with stations as far away as Niagara Falls and Buffalo. This was quite a respectable distance for amateur transmission in those days. With the receiving set it was quite easy to pick up Arlington, and all the 600 meter commercial stations as far down the Atlantic Coast as Hampton Roads, Va., and as far west along the Great Lakes as Sault Ste. Marie and Great Lakes, Ill. Quite often, also, signals were picked up from steamers out on the Atlantic Ocean, but at that time there was no such thing as broadcasting, and none of the dozen or so amateurs in Toronto had ever heard, or even dreamed of radio concerts.

It was just at this period, however, that the first wireless telephone was heard in Toronto. The writer well remembers what a start he got late one winter afternoon as he sat at the operating table at U.T.S. and for the first time in his life heard a faint human voice whispering through the ether. That voice, speaking from a boat on Toronto bay, startled many an amateur who happened to listen-in during the next few days. The first radiophones in Toronto arrived on board ship and descended among the local wireless fraternity like lightning from a clear sky. No subsequent event ever aroused such keen curiosity or brought such a thrill to the local amateurs as those early phones. And strange to say, we were indebted to Henry Ford for this thrill. During the war he had manufactured for the U. S. Navy a number of small, fast, oil burning submarine chasers. These ships were called "Eagle boats" and each was equipped with a radiophone transmitter. Three of these craft, Eagle-5, Eagle-6, and Eagle-7, spent several days in Toronto, on their way down the lakes from Detroit to the Atlantic Ocean. During their stay they furnished the Toronto amateurs with a real treat, and U. T. S. was one of the first local stations to get in touch with them. U. T. S. called them with the spark set, and Eagle-6 promptly answered with voice, to the intense delight of a number of youthful fans who were operating the station at the time. Truly, ships may come and ships may go, but Eagle-6 will linger long in the minds of many old time Toronto wireless fans.

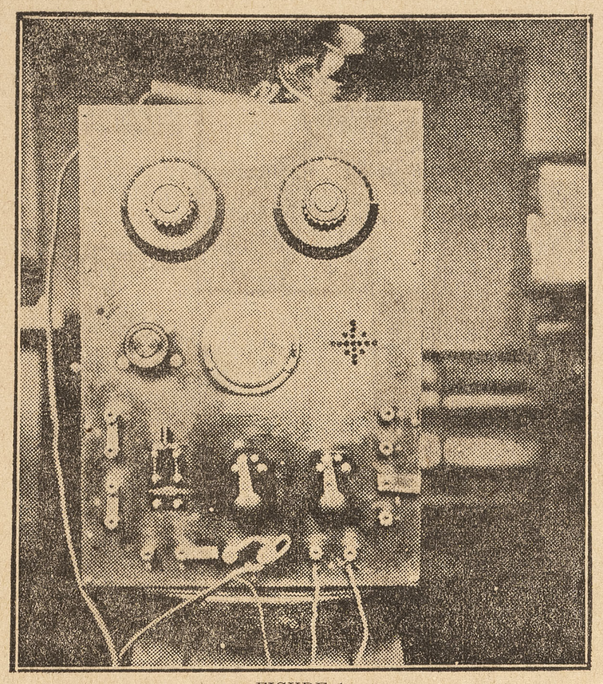


FIGURE 1.
Front view of the 5 watt radiophone transmitter at U. T. S.

Wireless activity at U. T. S. soon received another boost. Through the efforts of Major G. A. Cline, head of the physics department, the U. T. S. signal corps procured a quantity of ex-army radio equipment. This included two complete portable radio stations such as were employed by the British Army during the war. Each station consisted of a large portable receiving set and a 50-watt spark transmitter. This placed three complete radio transmitting and receiving sets at the disposal of the signal corps.

But times changed and soon the spark transmitters and non-regenerative vacuum tube receivers became almost as out-of-date as magnetic detectors and coherers. U. T. S., ever in the front ranks of radio, was quick to abandon these antiquated outfits. The radio station was once more dismantled, the old equipment junked, and a complete new outfit installed in one corner of the physics laboratory. This new station, still operated by members of the signal corps, is right up to the minute, and additional equipment is added as soon as experience proves that it is of real value, and not merely a passing freak.

The present receiving set consists of a three coil regenerative receiver, two step amplifier, and several pairs of phones. With this receiver different sized duo-lateral coils can be plugged in to give any wavelength from 100 to 25,000 meters. The hook-up is the well known three coil circuit with two step amplifier.

The transmitting set is a 5-watt radiophone and continuous wave vacuum tube transmitter. One 5-watt Radiotron transmitting tube is used to generate the high frequency oscillations. Two hundred and twenty volts direct current is used on the plate, since it is available in the physics laboratory, and an eight volt storage battery is used to light the filament. Due to the fact that direct current is used for both filament and plate, the quality of the modulation is almost perfect.

As this little phone set is rather unusual, but quite simple to construct, we shall describe it in detail. A front view of the outfit is shown in figure 1. It is mounted in a wooden cabinet, 14¼ inches high, 10 inches wide, and 7 inches deep. The panel is a piece of condensite celoron, 14¼ inches long, 10 inches wide, and three-sixteenths of an inch thick. In the upper left hand corner of the panel is mounted a knob and dial controlling a vario-coupler. In the upper right-hand corner is mounted a similar knob and dial controlling a 0.001 microfarad variable condenser. In the centre of the panel is a 0-1 ampere hot wire ammeter for measuring the aerial current. To the left of this ammeter is a power rheostat for controlling the filament current. To the right of the ammeter there is a group of small observation holes, behind which is mounted the 5-watt transmitting tube. Down the right-hand edge of the panel there are four binding posts. The top two are for the high voltage plate current, and the bottom two are for a couple of dry cells that supply the microphone current. Along the bottom of the panel there is a row of six binding posts, arranged in groups of two. The left-hand pair is for the aerial and ground, the centre pair for the microphone, and the right hand pair for the filament current. Between these binding posts and the centre of the panel there is a row of three switches. The left-hand one is a double pole double throw knife blade switch used for changing over the aerial and ground from the sending set to the receiving set. The other two are ordinary panel rotary switches, each with two contact points. The centre one turns the microphone current on and off, and the right-hand one turns the filament current on and off.

Figure 2 is a back view of the set, showing the arrangement and wiring of instruments behind the panel. The hook-up for the outfit is shown in figure 3. The primary and secondary of the vario-coupler are marked P and G respectively. The primary consists of 35 turns of No. 20 double cotton-covered wire wound on a cardboard tube 4 inches in diameter and 2¼ inches long. The secondary consists of 96 turns of No. 28 double cotton-covered wire, wound in two layers on a cardboard tube of a size sufficient to revolve easily inside the primary tube. The condenser Y is a 0.001 microfarad variable condenser. C is a 0.25 microfarad fixed condenser, and W a 1½ henry iron core choke coil. HT marks the high voltage direct current plate supply terminals. A is a hot wire ammeter connected in the ground lead. MT is the modulation transformer and M the microphone. R is the power rheostat, F the 8-volt filament storage battery, and V the 5-watt transmitting tube. It will be noticed that in this hook-up the filament battery also supplies the microphone current, thus obviating the necessity of a separate microphone battery.

The use of the 0.001 microfarad variable condenser X will depend largely upon the size of the aerial. If the aerial is very long this additional condenser will be required to bring the wave length down to 200 meters. At U.T.S. this condenser is needed because the aerial consists of two wires about 100 feet long, and the lead-in is another 40 feet or so. Where the aerial is less than 75 or 80 feet long this condenser is not required, and its removal from the circuit will increase the radiation of the set.

With 220 volts D.C. on the plate this set radiates 0.3 amperes. The radiation would naturally be considerably increased if a higher plate voltage was available. Moreover, at U.T.S. no ground connection is used. One side of the 220 volt D.C. plate supply is grounded, so no additional ground connection is bothered with. The radiation would doubtless be materially benefited by the installation of a counterpoise.

No attempt has been made at long distance C. W. transmission with this set, because it is used almost exclusively for radiophone work. However, for local work with voice it has given very satisfactory results, easily covering the entire city and affording a pureness of modulation that is rarely found in low power amateur sets.

The How and Why of a Counterpoise.

The fact that very few understand the use of a counterpoise is self-evident. Indeed, many radio fans have probably never heard of such a thing. Yet, for spark transmission, a counterpoise is a great asset, and for successful C. W. and radiophone transmission it is almost a necessity.

In the ordinary radiating system, the aerial acts as one plate of a huge condenser, the ground acts as the other plate, and the air in between acts as the dielectric. Now, the resistance in the ground circuit us usually rather high, due to the fact that you cannot solder your ground wire to the water pipe, and the water pipe in turn often makes poor contact with the earth, and the earth itself is not always a particularly good conductor. All this resistance eats up the output of the transmitting set, and cuts down the radiation.

The purpose of a counterpoise in connection with a transmitting set is to reduce the resistance by substituting an "artificial earth," so to speak. The counterpoise consists of an almost exact duplicate of the aerial. It must be as thoroughly insulated as the aerial, and it is suspended below it at a distance of from three to ten feet from the ground. The aerial then acts as one plate of a condenser, the counterpoise as the other plate of a condenser, and the air in between them as the dielectric. Moreover, the resistance of the whole is lowered, because copper wire has less resistance than earth, and you can solder your ground wire directly to the counterpoise.

It is not necessary to have the counterpoise an exact counterpart of the aerial, nor is it necessary to have it directly underneath the aerial. However, as much of it should be under the aerial as is conveniently possible. Four wires will be plenty for the counterpoise. It is better to have a few wires widely separated than a number of wires closely crowded together. If at all possible, the counterpoise should be wider than the aerial, and should project out beyond it at one, or even at both ends.

The advantage of a counterpoise is two-fold. In the first place, it reduces the resistance of your antenna system, and hence increases your radiation. And, in the second place, it brings your wave-length down considerably, so that you don't break the law by transmitting above 200 or 225 metres. If you have a transmitting set or contemplate building one, it will be well worth your while to install a counterpoise.

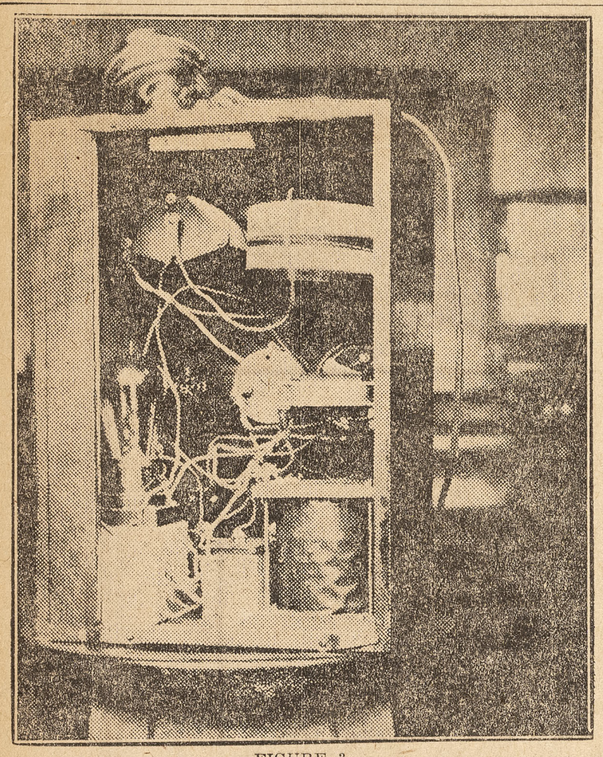


FIGURE 3.
Hook-up of the 5 watt phone set.

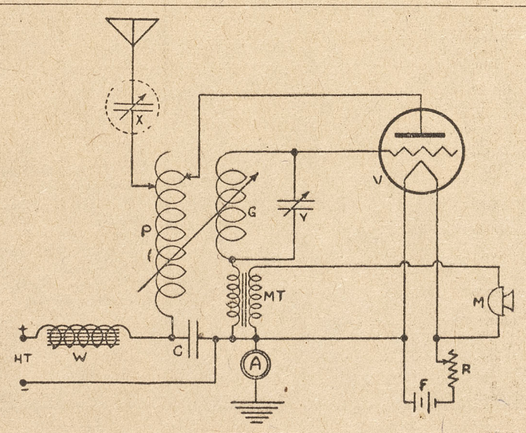


FIGURE 2.
Rear view of the transmitter, showing the instruments

THE PROFESSOR'S CORNER.

This department is conducted for the benefit of all amateurs who desire to ask questions pertaining to radio. Not more than three questions can be answered for each correspondent, and no letters can be answered by mail unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

W. E. P. (Sarnia) 1. The values of grid condenser and grid leak in any set are more or less arbitrary, and are governed by the characteristics of the tube with which they are to operate. Their adjustment is never very critical, and we think it quite likely that the values you mention will work all right in this particular case.

2. No, a Ford spark coil will not do because it has only three terminals, one being common to both the primary and secondary. You need a four terminal coil. If you use a three terminal coil you will be obliged to use two separate batteries, one for the filament and one for the coil.

3. Yes, it is advisable to shut off your receiving filament when sending. If you wish to use the same battery for the filament of both receiver and transmitter, use a double pole double throw switch to change the battery from one set to the other and back again.

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1 Vario-coupler, 7 mutiple and 7 single taps	2.25	4.00
8 Binding posts, nickle-plated, at 3c each	.24	.48
2 Switch levers, at 25c each	.50	.90
1 Filament rheostat of highest quality	.65	1.10
1 23 plate variable condenser	1.95	3.50
1 Tube socket of highest quality	.45	.85
1 Tube socket bracket to allow panel mounting	.15	.25
1 Phone and 1 grid condenser at 10c each	.20	.50
12 feet highest grade spaghetti tubing at 4c	.48	.84
15 feet tinned copper connecting wire	.30	.45
1 Set drawings, showing wiring details	.10	.25
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Amplifier unit, knocked down, including cabinet, drilled 7" x 12" panel, 2 transformers, jacks, rheostats, wire, spaghetti, binding posts, etc.	12.95	23.50
Amplifier unit, as above, wired and assembled in cabinet	18.95	35.00
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"Maxitone" crystal receiving set, range 35 miles.	5.75	10.00

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Barring the Undesirable

Continued from Page One.

amination it is officially called; but those who have been through it speak eloquently of a verbal sweat-box. The child knew nothing except that her mother gave her some packages to carry in her pocket. But the mother knew quite a lot. Before the agents finished with her she reluctantly told what she knew.

How do the immigration agents know the dope smugglers? How have they got them card-indexed? And where do they get their information?

These are questions which must remain unanswered. It is sufficient to write that the immigration intelligence department is functioning like the well-oiled machine that it is; and I can add that it is as near infallible as human efficiency can make it. All told, it has made the Immigration Department one of the most important factors in the great crusade to stamp out the drug evil in Canada.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

IN CONTROLLING the movements of the juvenile traveler and aged people the immigration agents are most effective. It is surprising the number of young runaways who are caught at the border. They vary from the delicate age of eight right up to adolescence. If half-a-dozen of these youthful adventurers are not caught in a week, the immigration officials think they have had an especially dull seven days.

About a month ago a pair of fourteen-year-old "lovers" were detained at the border. They had runaway from home and come to Canada to get married. Just how they thought they could get the knot tied was never explained; nor did they show much thought for the future. Their entire capital was exactly $9, but what is money compared to real love? They naively told the immigration men that they were going to get married, then Harry would get him a job and they would grow up with the country. It was optimism unalloyed and it even would have astounded the most ardent "booster" of Southern Alberta.

Harry and Sally did not get any further into Canada than the immigration sheds; and they are on the extreme edge of the border. A brief examination pumped both dry of all the facts they ever knew; it also included that very important one that when Harry staged his "elopement" he took $15, of Dad's good money.

Dad was immediately notified of the whereabouts of his erring son and Sally's sire also got a telegram on the same wire. They both came on the first train to claim their erring offspring. The meeting between Dad and Harry was intimate and painful. Dad was a powerful man and he was powerfully angry—about $15 worth, plus railway expenses for himself. He didn't even ask "by your pleasure" when he saw Harry in the immigration sheds. He just reached out for him, flipped him across one knee with true parential expediteness and then proceeded to "fan" Harry's nether garments in the place where "fanning" is both agonizing and popular. Later when Harry was released he stood thoughtfully by the window. Chairs had no appeal to him whatever Immigration officers, who witnessed the re-union, swear to this day that heat waves radiated from Harry for the remainder of his detention in Canada.

On the other hand, the aged never transgress the laws of propriety. Romance does not enter into their attempts to cross the border. Frequently, they have no idea as to their destination. They are just travelling. Many pitiful scenes take place when some aged man or woman is taken from the train. Some have escaped from homes where relatives put them for safekeeping. Others simply wandered away. They had a little money and bought a ticket for Canada.

It is not infrequent that many are feeble minded. They give the immigration authorities a tremendous amount of trouble in finding out where the live and in making arrangements to return them home again. Mind you, this is purely a gratuitous courtesy on the part of the agents. They do not have to search out their homes. All the law requires them to do is to send the unfortunates back across the line and get rid of them. But whether you will believe it or not, the immigration agent is a good fellow at heart and he is thoroughly human. If you give him half a chance he will help you. He is not questioning you to give unnecessary trouble. His job is to see that Canada is kept a "white man's country" and he is doing it as only a thoroughly efficient man can do it. Isn't it something to know that your interests are being watched night and day?

STARR

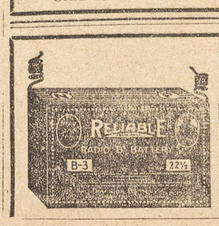
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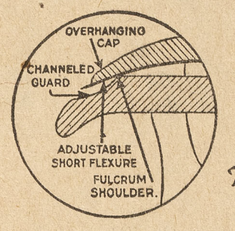
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Peter Rabbit

THE FIRST COLD SNAP ARRIVES—AND PETER PUTS A BLIGHT ON THE LATEST BUSINESS VENTURE OF HIS YOUNGEST

BY HARRISON CADY

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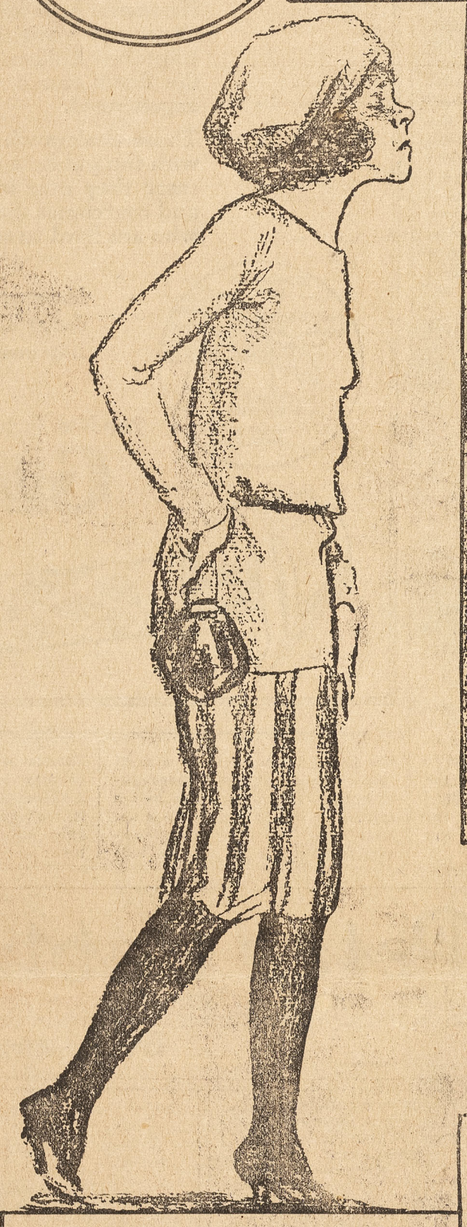
THE VILLAGE MOVIE

By W. E. HILL

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Mr. Tansey of Tansey's drug store and family. Fred Hanlon, while not exactly a member of the Tansey household, will probably land there sooner or later. Hasn't he been calling on Berenice Tansey every Wednesday and Sunday evening for going on two years? Berenice is very fond of the pictures. Many's the time she's been on the point of having a screen test made.







The lobby of any small town picture palace on a Saturday night is a pretty gay place. What with the young bloods of the town eyeing the girls as they come in and all that! Tonight we have with us Art Levinson, "Fat" Griggs and the Sternberger boys, Milt and Lewis, of Sternberger & Rowe, purveyors to the well dressed men of Rumsonville. The Misses Bagley have just passed by. The youngest Miss Bagley can hang her hat in Fat's front parlor any old day. So says Fat, who really knows what's what.

Hazel, the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Grady, the laundress, has been simply eating up a society film. Her whole life is to be altered. See how grandly she is gliding homeward, and say if you dare that Gloria Swanson or Bebe Daniels has anything on Hazel's queenly carriage.

Mrs. Abby Grant, the postmistress, waiting outside for her friend Mrs. Tomlinson. Mrs. Grant knows how interested Mrs. Tomlinson will be to hear about the postal now reposing in the Buckleys' mail box—from the eldest Buckley boy in Cedar Rapids. The last sentence Mrs. Grant couldn't quite make out.

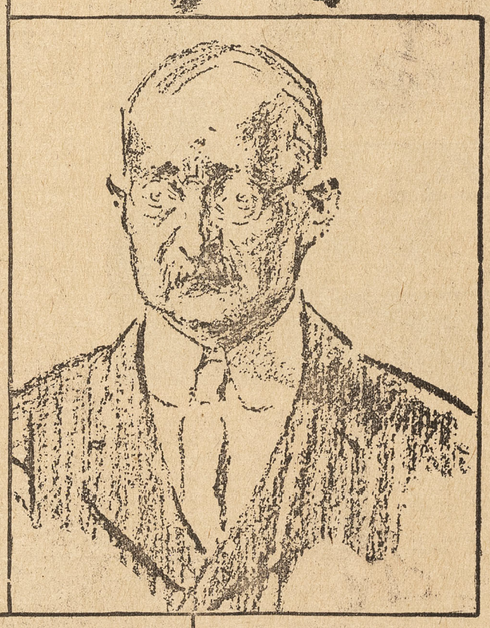




Between the news weekly and the feature film—"Weak Women" is showing tonight—Mrs. Ed Meeker remembers to tell Mrs. Charles Sodaberg the terrible bit of news that Mr. Meeker brought back from a business trip to Chicago. Listen ———— and you will hear how Mr. Meeker saw old Asa Pratt's daughter—the wild one, you remember—in the city all dressed up with furs and everything! Now what do you make of that?



Miss Ethel Simpson, milliner, (goes to the city twice a year)—in one of her advance styles.



Old Mr. Hooper, sexton of the Meridian Street Congregational Church, is about to give orders that Archie Walters shall give Clarence Underhill's cap back. The young rascal!

Beautiful lady piano player galloping gayly through "Ten Little Fingers and Ten Little Toes" during that portion of the news weekly showing the funeral of somebody or other.



The front rows of Grange Hall showing male members of the Rumsonville younger set being very red blooded. At the extreme right of the group young Archie Walters is chanting "Oh - look - at - Mabel - underneath - the - table - oh - look - at - Mabel," etc., etc., ad lib.

Theatrical Section

The Toronto Sunday World

Theatrical Section

32ND YEAR—ISSUE NO. 14,844. TORONTO, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1922. 10 CENTS PER COPY—EIGHT PAGES.

The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob.

Long Distance Glimpses of the Broadway Stages

By PERCY HAMMOND.

THOSE N. Y. drama lovers who went to "The Insect Comedy" the other night, expecting to see a flea circus, must have been irked by pangs of disappointment. For the antics of the "little creatures," as magnified under the bitter microscope of the Brothers Capek, of Prague, were anything but laughable. Indeed, many of us, while watching these precocious animalcules as they represented the futility of human life, were impelled to tears and to cry out: "How Happy are the Dead, wherever they are!"

Imagine if you can so bizarre and lugubrious an entomology as one which teaches you that insects are no more skilled in living than human beings are! Yet that is what we learn from these gloomy Czecho-Slovakians. The profligate Butterfly is addicted to lust and even worse; the Beetle is greedy and parsimonious; the Ichneumon Fly murders the selfish Cricket or eats him alive, and the Red Ant, the most foolish of them all, works hard and goes to war. At the end of the extravaganza almost everything is dead except a pair of moist snails, who creep out upon the scene and talk unfeelingly on the topic of "What's the Use?"

Among the Insects.

The insects in the play are observed in their struggles by Mr. Robert Edeson, who impersonates a human vagabond with cynical opinions about existence. While in a drunken slumber he sees them deporting themselves as his fellow men deport themselves and his visions are reproduced upon the stage. First, the Butterflies wanton in a spectacular wallow. As some of them engage in the "solemn struggles" of the intimate dances others pursue different vagaries of sex, illustrating thereby what an empty thing that institution is. One of the Butterflies (Mr. Kenneth MacKenna) represents a decadent poet; another a senile old voluptuary, and still others are symbolic of the human female in her naughtiest aspect. The poet recites such lines from his own works as "The Tomato is honest, but uncouth," and "A virgin caterpillar shrieks for the embraces of the Moon!" This travesty of modern poetry is said to have been contributed by Mr. Louis Untermeyer, and it is complete.

The avarcious Beetle in the next act accumulate an enormous golden tumbleball, which they refer to as their "pile," and they start out to get more. In their absence the Parasite, made up like a hobo, and presumably ominous of the Bolsheviki, invades their treasury and emerges swollen and obscene with the fruits of their thrift. But it is in the gigantic hill of the Red Ants that the allegory is most effective as spectacle and as satire, for there it is a marvel of stagecraft and a loud denunciation of war. It suggests, however, no remedy, the authors being as despondent about that evil as they are about our other malevolent predilections.

A Bitter Parallel.

Hordes of Red Ants are to be seen in this episode, as ceaselessly they come and go, with burdens on their backs. Huge Hunlike overseers boss the job and utter speeches attributed to German efficiency in other days. A large, fat, blind Ant sits in the centre and beast time with a stick, so that there can be no faltering. The overseers call for more speed "Don't count 'one, two three, four'," they shout, "count 'One, two, four!'"

Suddenly a war is declared by the Yellow Ants upon the Red, because of a dispute about the frontier between two blades of grass. The Red Ants discard their packs and put on the tin hats and khaki of the battlefields. Squad after squad of them file past the commander in chief, who wears an imperial helmet and who cheers them with cheap patriotic speeches. "Courage, Ants," he cries, "I shall always be behind you!" As a victory is announced he thanks Heaven for it and commissions God a colonel. At the end the Red Ants revolt, turn upon their commanders and slaughter them. Death conquers all ere the curtain falls. Life is proved to be but a ridiculous, evil, unhappy and ephemeral silhouette; and you stagger out of Mr. Jolson's playhouse pondering means of suicide. The American adaptation of "The Insect Comedy," it seems to me, is excellent, and it is by Owen Davis, who calls it "The World We Live In." The heftiest drama of the season, and the most effectively produced, is an output of William A. Brady, as Oliver Herford would say, "Think it over."

"The '49ers."

The aim of this correspondence is to keep you abreast of the noteworthy N. Y. happenings to the plays and players. To let you know in what dramatic masterpiece William Courtenay or Jane Cowl is having soulful adventures; and in which portion of "Why Men Leave Home" Avery Hopwood does his deepest thinking. To tell you of Archibald Selwyn's intrepid battling for the supremacy of art and worthiness upon the boards, and of the struggles of William Anthony McGuire, Max Marcin, Samuel Shipman, Winchell Smith and other serious men to render the improvement drama palatable as well as wholesome and aesthetic. To inform you of the quicksilvery achievements and whereabouts of Arnold Daly, Wilton Lackaye, the Dolly Sisters or Walter Hampden.

But the biggest if not the best news in this dispatch must be about "The '49ers." "The '49ers" is a burlesque revue composed by the most adroit of the local twinklers, brought together in auspicious collaboration by George C. Tyler, who may be recalled as the impressario who produced Miss Viola Allen in "The Christian," The list of its authors includes Ring Lardner, Montague Glass, Franklin P. Adams, Kaufman and Connelly, Robert C. Benchley, Miss Dorothy Parker, Morrie Ryskind and numerous other celebrated wits and humorists. What a catalogue!

These urban and sophisticated satirists spoof every little thing that possibly can be spoofed, from a bootlegger's funeral (by Mr. Glass) to conventional Viennese operettas (by Mr. Adams), including the advertisements in "The Red Book" and similar magazines, and the lugubrious Russian dramas. "There is always gloom for one more," says the idiot to the consumptive in the burlesque of Maxim Gorky tragedy. In a travesty of the allegorical openings habitual to the Ziegfeld and other National Institutions, a Good Fairy says to a comic figure who appears against a background of Joseph Urban's Broadway blue, "In God's name, who are you?" and the figure answers: "I am Capital and Labor!"

The first performance of "The '49ers" was before an invited audience of the numerous N. Y. friends of the numerous N. Y. librettists. So the attendance was hostile, sullen and contemptuous. In my thirty years of drama loving I have never felt so sorry for a player as I did the other night for Miss May Irwin as she endeavored to be the Balieff of this Broadway "Chauve-Souris." She did the best she could to spring the subtle wheezes assigned to her as the announcer; but she died as the theatre saying is, in a chill welter of ennui. What a sunset for a really comic comedienne! The thought of Miss Irwin's debacle makes me forget a lot of the jokes and whimsicalities in "The '49ers" which it was my intention to report. It's a great show, if you are in the right mood and if your expectations are not too extravagant.

REAL NAMES AND STAGE NAMES.

A Collection of Facts That Refute An Ancient Adage.

IF SOMEBODY informed you that Sarah Frances Frost was the most charming Viola, in "Twelfth Night," you would doubtless reply, "I think Julia Marlowe is without a peer in the part."

Your friend might then confuse you by remarking "That is just what I said."

If the same person went on to say, "I have never been so moved by any piece of acting as by Minnie Davey's performance of Tess of the Durbervilles" you would come back lamely, "Didn't Minnie Maddern Fiske play that part."

To which your friend would agree, "That is what I said."

Stage names have a way of replacing the original name of an actor more completely than pen names replace the names of authors. How many persons know that Julia Marlowe began life as Sarah Frances Frost and that Mrs. Fiske was Minnie Davey before she became Minnie Maddern.

On the whole the names that they selected were much better than those that came to them by right of inheritance.

Irving and Terry.

Irving and Terry were the pair who had the most complete mix-up in their names. Sir Henry Irving began life as John Henry Brodribb. No one can blame him for deciding to alter it. There may be nothing in a name, but somehow Brodribb suggests a butcher rather than a classical actor. Mrs. James Carew was associated with John Henry Brodribb when he was at the height of his career. We knew Mrs. James Carew by the name of Ellen Terry, her maiden name, and her famous son is Gordon Craig.

Elsie Janis was almost as unfortunate as Irving in her inherited name. She came into the world as little Elsie Bierbower. There is hardly any name less suited to Miss Janis than Bierbower, Taken on the whole, Delia O'Callahan would not have been a bad name for a comedienne, but most of us prefer Trixie Friganza, the name selected by Delia to go with her Spanish appearance. The Misses Campbell of Cobourg—or was it Whitby?—went on the stage as May and Flo Irwin. They were never a bit like two women who might be known as the Misses Campbell.

What would you say if a musical comedy came to the Royal Alexandre Theatre with the names of Israel Leopold and Charles N. Carleton as co-stars? You would probably think it hardly worth seeing with two unknown men at the head of the cast. You might change your mind after it had been explained to you that Israel Leopold and Charles N. Carleton were Ed. Wynn and Richard Carle. I say that you might perhaps change your mind. It all depends on what you think of Ed Wynn and Richard Carle as comedians.

You could hardly expect a man by the name of Walter H. Dougherty to play Hamlet, Yes, Dougherty might make a good policeman, but a classical actor, never! As a matter of fact, Dougherty—or as you know him, Walter Hampden—is the best Hamlet that the American stage has produced in our generation.

Not So Surprising.

Would it surprise you to know that Alan Dale's real name is Alfred D. Cohan? As a matter of fact, his writing sounds more like Alfred D. Cohan than like Alan Dale. We cannot explain why, but it does.

When somebody tries to pull the old chestnut on you about "A rose by any other name—", you may retort that Mrs. Leslie Carter would not attarct so much attention if billed as Caroline Louise Dudley; Robert Warwich would be ignored if advertised as Robert Bien; and we would not turn out to see Davies Harding as eagerly as we go to see Lynn Harding.

In some instances, a careless compositor has been responsible for a stage name. Because of a misprinted program, James Aherne became James A. Herne; Ada Crehan decided to let herself be known as Ada Rehan; and when Mary Robinson came here the other day, we called her May Robson. Margaret Illington had her name manufactured for her by her first husband, Daniel Frohman. Her real name was Maud Light, but she became known by a name produced from a combination of Bloomington and Illinois, the town and state of her birth.

It is probable that this list does not include them all. Some one may rise to tell us that our own Mary Pickford began life as Gladys Smith, or some such universal name as that. However, one has always felt that the more or less passing fame of the movies rests largely on fictitious names. You look at the names of the stars in the pictures, and say, like the man in "Fanny's First Play", "No one is called that."

There may not be much in a name to begin with, but later on in life, after it has been worn for some time by a successful man or woman, that ceases to be true.

PLAYS ABOUT PEOPLE

According to the London Times, Laurence Housman, the poet, has written three short plays, "Dethronements." One concerns Parnell; another Joseph Chamberlain; the third Woodrow Wilson! And Mr. Housman designs these pieces for the stage, as well as for print. In the theatre the ex-President may yet look upon himself—rare experience for living man.

AN ACTOR WHO IS CLIMBING.



McKay Morris has surprised the New York critics this season by his brilliant performance with Ethel Barrymore in "Rose Bernd." Many of them say that he is the obvious choice for the role of Orlando when Miss Barrymore revives "As You Like It." It will be remembered that McKay Morris played the leading male role in "Aphrodite" when that big spectacle was presented in Toronto. At that time no one suspected that he was an actor. He had a magnificent physique, and wearing the minimum amount of clothes permitted in the theatre, he was supposed to supply a treat for the tired business ladies, just as the chorus girls are provided for their weary brothers. Mr. Morris has travelled far since then. It is a long climb from "Aphrodite" to Shakespeare.

WHAT DRYDEN DID TO SHAKESPEARE

FOR the first time in a hundred and five years, "All for Love," Dryden's version for his day of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," has been acted on the English speaking stage by professional players in London under the auspices of the Phoenix Society. On both occasions says The Manchester Guardian, "the piece was produced according to the ways of the seventeenth-century theatre. An Antony in perruque and silks, plumed, cravated, died upon an appropriate arm-chair, while Cleopatra, calling for her robe and crown, was handed by a Charmian in a leopard-skin the feathers and finery of a Lady Castlemaine. The men, it is true were cavaliers but to the girdle, and their legs were somewhat Roman (the buskins, at least, were Caesar's) a bold but no doubt historically accurate effect that suggested curiously the Dandinis and Prince Charmings of pantomime. Yet, legs apart, Antony had stepped nobly from a Vandyck frame, and Cleopatra ruled Antony and Egypt with the poutings of a coffee-house queen, a flaxen Rubens beauty in a Lely gown.

"'Written in imitation of Shakespeare's stile,' was Dryden's bold claim. The thing is monstrous, and Dryden came no nearer to Shakespeare's style than Shaw's metallic wit comes near to Chekov's poetry. What Dryden did for Shakespeare was to tidy him up and turn the sprawling structure of the old tragedy into the formal concentration of the new. It is, on the whole, a tribute to Dryden's dexterity and to his command of first-rate rhetoric that he made so handsome a job of it. It was just the thing for his successors. The age of reason revelled in these set debates, in the ingenious eloquence and in the smart chop-logic and rasping repartee of Cleopatra's battle of wits with Octavia. Shakespeare poured into the last acts of 'Antony and Cleopatra' the loveliest poetry he ever wrote, the ripest fruits of his autumn, wild clusters of beauty. Dryden trims them like a formal gardener and binds up the dangling apricots.

"The outraged Shakespearean, maddened by this procedure, may protest that Shakespeare had put advance notices of Dryden's methods into the Queen's own mouth:

The quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us. . . . I shall see. Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.

The suggestion is overstrung but it has point, Dryden's Cleopatra does not squeak, but she whines. She is not Antony's royal mistress but Antony's seductive slave, cleverly cringing, always wise to pluck the hem of his garment at the right moment. She is not 'Egypt,' she has no immortal longings. Her greatness is 'boy'd' away in the current ideas of the time on the miseries and splendors of a courtesan. Perhaps Miss Evans, acting the part, put it all a peg lower than Dryden meant. Who shall say? Certainly, it was an amazingly ingenious and detailed performance, and the whining, pouting, snappish voluptuary that she gave us was intensely and memorably a living creature. To those who expected something of Shakespeare's Cleopatra it must have been disturbing; to those who wondered how it was played amid the plumes and wigs of 1677 it was vastly illuminating. Altogether a gallant masquerade; but why, in high bravura tragedy of this kind, were the players allowed the irritating modernism of speaking with their backs full on the audience?"

THIS STORY IS TRUE BUT HARD TO CREDIT

IT has always been our intention to write, some day, an appreciation of the artistic soul of the man who devotes himself to learning to play a bass drum or a bass viol. One wonders why he should have elected in the first place to expend so much labor on the task.

But there are men in the world who give time and effort to learning even more extraordinary things than that. And here is a story to prove that assertion.

A friend of ours went to see a Shubert vaudeville unit a few weeks ago. He says that he put in a most unhappy evening, for the show was one of the weakest of the series. "The Whirl of New York." He doubtless felt some sympathy for the man with a taste for good drama who said, after sitting through a variety show: "I don't see why I consented to pay my good money just to be annoyed."

A few days later, he dropped into Loew's to kill a few minutes that would otherwise have been left hanging heavily on his hands. He was trying to sink into that atmosphere of torpor in which one wraps oneself when an act does not please, but suddenly he realizedt hat the act was word for word and movement for movement the reproduction of a skit that he had seen in the Shubert unit.

"Here is where I stir up something," said he to himself. Not that he wished to have two vaudeville teams flying at one another's throats; oh, no! But, as one always says when placing a bombshell and lighting the fuse, "There is a principle at stake."

He wrote a letter to the performers in "The Whirl of New York," and told them that their act was being copied. He did not add what he thought of the act, or what he thought of the men who would steal such an act. In his heart of hearts, he felt that they were more to be pitied than blamed.

He received back a rather interesting letter. It seems that some of the teams that play the two-a-day sell their acts to men in the minor circuits. In this particular case, the imitators were traveling in the same cities as the imitated in order that they might watch the originals and in course of time acquire every gesture and learn every last detail.

Now, can you imagine a couple of men paying good money for the average sketch that you see in the varieties, and then traveling from town to town in order to learn it.

Occasionally a monologuist says "This is a fool way to make a living. But it is easier than digging ditches."

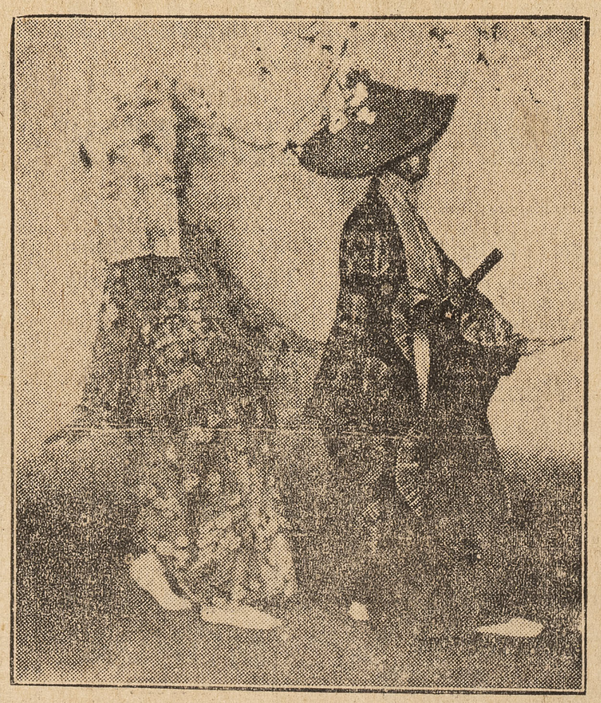
Sometimes one pauses to wonder, "Is it?"

PRIZE FOR A PLAY.

The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire is offering a prize of $100 for a one-act play, and this prize is to be given annually for the next ten years. Here are the conditions:—

1. It must be a one-act play.
2. Its presentation on the stage should occupy not less than twenty minutes nor more than thirty minutes.
3. It must not have been published before being submitted in this competition.
4. It must be sent flat, not folded or rolled, have the author's "nom de plume" but not his or her real name on the title page, be registered and mailed to the National Educational Secretary, I.O.D.E., 238 Bloor St. East, Toronto.
5. A sealed envelope with the "Nom de plume" printed or clearly upon it and the author's name within it must accompany the manuscript.
6. The manuscript must be submitted on or before April 1, 1923.
7. The writer must be a British subject.

THE DRAMATIC ART OF JAPAN.



Mr. and Mrs. Michitaro Onwaga, two Japanese entertainers, have been attracting considerable attention on this continent by presenting programs made up of the music, dances and plays of their own country. This picture shows them doing a dance, "Spring Flowers." They are to visit Toronto under the auspices of the University Women's Club.

OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN GOES TO THE MOVIES

Some years ago, a successful comedy gave currency to the lament "It's hell to be poor." It became one of those nice little sallies with which you could always get a laugh. If the other wits of the party were monopolizing attention with such bon mots as "The first thing to tnrn green in the springtime is yodr Christmas jewelry," and "I'm full of nonchalance—and a little beer," you might regain the floor with the wheeze about what it was to be poor. It was used until it became thread-bare by those drawing-room comedians who deal exclusively in second-hand epigrams, or would it be more accurate to call them "gags."

But the films are going to change all that. A couple of weeks ago, I saw an amusing comedy entitled "Rags to Riches," which told us all about the sorrows of the unfortunate son of wealthy parents. It was a good picture. Since then I have seen "Rich Men's Wives," which tells us all about the sorrows of an unfortunate wife of a wealthy husband. It was not a good picture.

The lesson that one learned from these two pictures was that "It is hell to be rich."

"Rich Men's Wives."

One can only describe the drama "Rich Men's Wives" as misspent effort. It is a luxurious picture, taken with great detail and care, but the distorted presentation of life that it contains will make it seem absurd to even the morons among the fans.

It tells the old, old story, the most over-worked theme of the movies. The rich husband neglects the wife, although he loves her, the wife becomes careless and frivolous. A philanderer tries to make love to her. The husband finds them in one-another's arms. It is all the philanderer's fault, but the husband is hasty in his judgments. There has to be a great deal of trouble for everybody before the husband learns how unfounded were his suspicions. If you have never seen a variation of that tale, then you do not frequent the movies.

An effort has been made to create sympathy for the foolish wife. Another of the pet themes of the movies is introduced. You are treated to great big globs of mother love, but the episodes get very near to being travesty. The foolish wife learns that her big strong husband will never let her see her little son again. He fears that she might contaminate him. That gives the actress, Claire Windsor I think, an opportunity to show a large face on the screen, with agonized lips framing the words: "My baby, my baby." You can almost hear her say it.

Mawkish Episodes.

The baby is told that his mother is dead. He runs about during the remainder of the film talking about his pretty mamma. The foolish wife came creeping back to peep at "my baby, my baby," through the barred gate and the windows of the mansion. One evening the child saw her, and they kissed and kissed one-another through the glass, while copious glycerine tears flowed down the cheeks of both. The boy thought he was seeing an angel. As glass is a non-conductor, he must have found the angel kisses rather chilly.

The climax of the play was even more mawkish. The husband permitted a fast lady of his acquaintance to give a speedy party at his house. In the middle of the carousal, they wanted a Cupid for their festivities. So they took that unfortunate child, "my baby, my baby," stripped off his little nighty, to turn him into the god of love, and dumped him into the fountain in the middle of the ball-room. It did not matter to them that the child happened to be ill, and in a high fever. Fortunately the outcast mother was lurking round the house. She rushed through the ball-room and snatched the shivering baby from the fountain. Her husband had proved her case. He was no more fit to bring up their son than she was. Poor little rich boy!

There is a reconciliation of the "poppa love momma: momma love poppa" sort. It ends with the wife and the husband apparently happy, with baby as the uniting link.

Some one asked me one day why I tell so many of the ridiculous stories at length. It is because I want to indicate what is wrong with the movies.

"Broadway Rose."

If you have seen one of Mae Murray's films, you have seen them all. "Broadway Rose" is an echo of all her earlier successes. If you liked them, you may not be bored by Miss Murray's latest effort. But I am not promising you that you won't. It is a story of the night world in New York and bears about as much resemblance to life as a cubist picture bears to nature.

The title is a sufficient indication of the nature of the story. You remember the maudlin songs that were much in vogue in the varieties two seasons ago, telling how the young women who frequent Broadway are sweet and unsoiled and pitiful violets, although you might not guess it from the way they behave and the way they dress and the general make-up of their faces. The fat, bald gentlemen in the front rows used to ooze a couple of greasy tears over these songs. They had never felt that sentimental way about the Broadway roses before.

Remember the source of the title, and you can work up the story for yourself. Mae Murray plays the role of a Broadway dancer, who possessed a palatial apartment and a beautiful character. All the rich people she met were rotters of the worst sort. She thought that she loved one of them, but in the end he proved no better than the other beastly members of his family. Having discovered that she was far too good for him, Broadway Rose gave up her palatial apartment, but not her beautiful character, and went back to "the folks," among whom there was a youth who was worthy of her.

All the characters in this picture are extravagantly overdone. I should like to know, however, if anybody considers Mae Murray either cute or attractive. Her outbursts of petulance always seem to me to suggest cheapness and vulgarity. They are the sort of thing that passes for temperament among fifth-rate actresses. There are times when Mae Murray looks pretty in the pictures, but more often she looks like one of the chorus girls who are to be seen every week in the Shubert vaudeville units. I must confess that I could never see how Mae Murray became a movie star. Perhaps the flappers like her.

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Regent Theatre Will Be Closed

Home of Capitol Entertainment is to be the Hippodrome.

The closing of the Regent Theatre on Friday night, November 24, marks the end of a remarkable history, as a theatre devoted first to the legitimate in the rare old days of melodrama, and afterwards to motion pictures. During the past six years, the Regent has won an enviable reputation in Toronto, and the house closes for a short period only, of repairs and renovations. In accord with the new order of things, the business will be transferred to Shea's Hippodrome, which will in future be known as the Home of Capitol Entertainment—Toronto's premier Motion Picture Theatre.

The same class of photoplays, the same musical presentations and productions arranged by Jack Arthur, the same high standard of efficiency will be synonymous with the new enterprise that have always characterized the Regent Theatre management, since the days when Mr. Arthur first conducted the orchestra, and featured music particularly. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Arthur is the oldest official in length of service (not years) under the Nathanson banner, Clarence Robson, the manager of the house, being second. For three years, the Regent has been the principal Toronto house of the Famous Players Canadian Corporation, in fact the pet and best loved of the whole organization. Its temporary closing is naturally a matter of regret to many, but at the same time, the distinguished following which has become associated with the house, will find the new regime, a repetition with improvements of all the best features of the Regent.

Whether the feature was the big attraction, or the music or the general atmosphere of comfort and refinement, it matters not—all of them will be found at the Hippodrome under the management of the Famous Players Canadian Corporation.



THOMAS MEIGHAN AND LEATRICE JOY in "The Man Who Saw To-morrow" at the Regent Theatre this week.

ALLEN' BEACH.

The feature attraction for Monday and Tuesday will be Dorothy Phillips in "Hurricane's Gal." Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, John Barrymore, America's foremost dramatic actor as the baffling, canny, brilliant London slueth in "Sherlock Holmes."

ALLEN'S PARKDALE.

"Burning Sands", featuring Milton Sills will be the attraction at Allen's Parkdale Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday, James Oliver Curwood's story of the Mounted Police, "The Valley of Silent Men" will open a three-day engagement.

Russian Romance Used in Photoplay

"The Face in the Fog" Will Be Shown at Loew's Theatre.

Russia's stream of nobility which has been flowing into America ever since the advent of Bolshevism has brought to America some of the strangest characters ever seen anywhere. It is a Grand Duchess fleeing from Petrograd, Jack Boyle chooses to depict in his strange story, "The Face in the Fog" which is being shown this coming week, with sensational vaudeville, at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre. The Grand Duchess played by Seena Owen told to Mr. Boyle a tale as odd and mysterious as any yarn ever spun by Poe. It is replete with thrilling adventure in the court of the czars, where she was once a favorite. It smacks of the vodka revels at which she once was an idol and it sweeps across the frozen steppes of Siberia. It winds up, however, as do so many modern Russian romances—in New York City. It ends in a desperate struggle between the police and a band of foreign brutes who try not only to steal the precious stones, but also to strangle the Duchess.

"It takes a crook to catch a crook" though, in the words of Blackie Dawson, the role played by Lionel Barrymore, who has been enough of a crook to cope with the rascals from Russia and to save the Grand Duchess, jewels and all. Although Lionel Barrymore, Seena Owen and Lowell Sherman are capable of carrying any screen story in triumph, Director Alan Croslan was not content to provide them alone. He has added, among a number of other favorites, Louis Wolheim, the now famous Broadway star who gave the stage creation of Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." Mr. Wolheim's acting in "The Face in the Fog" shows that he is developing into as great a screen star as he proved himself months ago upon the stage.

Thomas Meighan Has Typical Show

"The Man Who Saw To-morrow" Will Be At the Regent.

There is no more popular man in moving pictures than Thomas Meighan. His recent successes, "If You Believe It, It's So," "The Bachelor Daddy," "Manslaughter" and several other motion pictures, proclaim him an actor whose versatility is remarkable. In "The Miracle Man" he was perhaps at his best, but in the picture which has been selected for the closing week of the Regent Theatre, "The Man Who Saw To-morrow," Meighan has a chance to do some very attractive work.

In the early part of the story, which was written by Perley Poore Sheehan, together with Frank Condon Thomas Meighan plays the part of a wealthy, adventure-loving soldier of fortune, who finds himself in the South Sea Islands. There is a sea faring ship-owner with a pretty daughter who is not very particular about the ethics of his calling. Soon after meeting the captain, Burke Hammond, the rich young soldier of fortune, finds himself desperately in love with Rita, the sea captain's daughter. Shortly after their acquaintance is growing into something more interesting, Hammond is forcibly taken away from the island by some friends who arrive on Sir William De Vry's yacht; of course little Rita thinks herself deserted.

In New York Hammond attends a seance by a professor who claims the power to see into the future. He persuades Burke to make a trial and what the latter sees there influences his whole life. Naturally, being a movie, everything turns out right in "The Man Who Saw To-morrow."

The picture, whatever class of people it may appear to interest most, is really of universal appeal. There are delightful, lazy, happy scenes on the fascinating island in the South Sea, which reminds one of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Conrad, with their hectic visions of life, and then the scenes shift to modern views of New York and London. Leatrice Joy, Theodore Roberts, June Elvidge, Alec Francis, Albert Roscoe, Laurance Wheat, and a large cast of favorites complete the list of Paramount players in "The Man Who Saw To-morrow."

"The Fast Mail" Is Next At Strand

Old-Time Melodrama Has Been Made Into Thrilling Movie.

"The Fast Mail," which is the attraction at the Strand Theatre this week, is one of the famous melodramas of the American stage, produced extravagantly for the screen, with the co-operation of the author, Lincoln Carter, and directed by Bernard Durning. The taste for melodrama has never died, and with the wider scope of the moving picture theatre, the movie thriller has taken the place of the stage play. Without a doubt one of the best of the "old timers" is "The Fast Mail," which was first shown thirty-two years ago.

It is hardly necessary to give any idea of the story of "The Fast Mail." It is a racing story pure and simple, in the old version, with a startling train accident as the big effect which created much enthusiasm and a reputation for Mr. Carter, which he held unchallenged for many years in the theatrical business. However, so much has been added to the screen version that a little synopsis of the story may be interesting. The hero of the story played by Charles Jones, is a Westerner. He is fouled in a steeplechase, when his syeetheart's brother causes his own horse to fall. He afterwards forces a confession, holds up a "frame-up gang" at the point of a gun and takes the money they have won and returns it to the losers.

In the melee one of them is shot, and then a hair-raising pursuit begins, a chase on horseback, during which there is a dramatic leap over railroad gates with the train coming full steam ahead, pursuits by steamboat, and battling hand to hand with the entire crew. Finally, the cast of "The Fast Mail" is well chosen, including Charles Jones, Eileen Percy, James Mason, Adolph Menjou and Harry Dunkinson.

There is one scene showing the hero, Walter West, played by Charles Jones, visiting an old negro mammy, who is well versed in the art of fortune telling—especially by tea leaves. West is accompanied by his sweetheart, Mary Martin, played by Eileen Percy, and both of them are quite frightened at the production of dangers and troubles which await them.

Charles Jones is one of the best known leading men in the business. He can do all kinds of thrilling things, and he enjoys now telling how he once worked for fifteen cents for one whole day.

PALACE DANFORTH AT PAPE
MATINEE DAILY
Space for 200 Cars.
Monday - Wednesday
The picture that even amazed blase Broadway.
MONTE CRISTO
By Alexandre Dumas.
THURSDAY
RALPH LEWIS and all-Star Cast in "IN THE NAME OF THE LAW"
Friday Night
HARRY PIERCE'S KITTY REVUE.

ALHAMBRA BLOOR AT BATHURST
Vodvil Friday.
DAILY MATINEE
Monday - Wednesday
THEODORE ROBERTS
in a De luxe picturization of Denman Thompson's
THE OLD HOMESTEAD
Note: The cyclone scene cost $100,000
THURSDAY
BETTY COMPSON
in a Society Drama
THE BONDED WOMAN
and
LOU SKUCE Sunday World Cartoonist

OAKWOOD ST. CLAIR AT OAKWOOD
Parking Space for 300 Cars.
Monday - Wednesday
One of the Gems of Literature
MONTE CRISTO
By the famous French Author Alexandre Dumas.
THURSDAY
WESLEY BARRY
The Boy With a Million Freckles.
"RAGS TO RICHES"
Also
THE FIVE BLACK MAGPIES
One of Vaudeville's Best Acts.

THIS WEEK'S BILLS AT SUBURBAN HOUSES

A great line-up has been arranged for the three fine suburban houses, the Palace, Oakwood and Alhambra Theatres. At the Palace for the first three days of this week the attraction is "Monte Cristo," the splendid screen version of Dumas' story. It is one of the biggest pictures of the year. For Thursday, Friday and Saturday the feature picture will be "In the Name of the Law," the story of a police captain.

For the first three days of the week at the Oakwood Theatre, the super-picture, "Monte Cristo" with a splendid cast, including John Gilbert, Estelle Taylor, Gaston Glass, Spottiswoode Aitken, and several other favorites, will be shown. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Wesley Barry in "From Rags to Riches" is the attraction.

At the Alhambra Theatre the management has been promising and giving really unusual entertainment, with several novelties in the way of vaudeville and specialties. "The Old Homestead" is coming on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday as the feature attraction; for the last half of the week the attraction will be Betty Compson in "The Bonded Woman."

ALLEN'S DANFORTH.

Rodolph Valentino in "The Delicious Little Demon" supported by Mae Murray will be the attraction at the Allen Danforth Theatre on Monday and Tuesday only. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday's presentation will be House Peters and Claire Windsor in "Rich Men's Wives" with special musical novelties between shows.

AT ALLEN'S COLLEGE.

The South African romance, "Pink Gods", featuring Bebe Daniels, will be at Allen's College Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, wonderful scenes of old London will be seen in "Sherlock Holmes," adapted from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's detective stories and starring John Barrymore.

The Path of Love or The Path of Glory—

Which would you choose if this great problem of life confronted you? Would your decision be instantaneous, or would you wish time to reflect? Maybe your whole viewpoint will change when you see this latest picture in which your favorite film star embarks upon the most absorbing of all his most romantic voyages.



THE GOOD LUCK STAR

Thomas Meighan

IN

"The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"

Two Beautiful Women

A bewitching South Sea lass and a society belle came into his life and there follows such an amazing conflict of emotions and dramatic situations as you never have heard of before—

Drama and Romance

Such as you rarely see combined in a photoplay with a wonderful story which carries you into the four corners of the globe, from London's smart set to the far flung South Seas.

WITH AN ACCOMPLISHED CAST, INCLUDING
Theodore Roberts
Leatrice Joy
June Elvidge
Eva Novak

SPECIAL MUSIC PRESENTATION
--By--
JACK ARTHUR

REGENT HOME OF Capitol Entertainment
Direction Famous Players Canadian Corporation, Limited

STARTS MONDAY
ALL WEEK

"The Sin Flood" Is Picture At Allen

Big Production Was Made From Well Known Swedish Play.

Henning Berger, one of the greatest modern Swedish dramatists, is the author of "The Sin Flood," the new Goldwyn photoplay coming to the Allen Theatre Monday. The picture was adapted from the original Swedish play by J. G. Hawks, the Goldwyn continuity writer.

"The Sin Flood" is the type of play that lends itself readily to picturization. The various scenes spoken about by the characters in the play are shown pictorially on the screen, and a more graphic representation of the author's ideas are thus made possible. The material of the play itself is perfectly translated to the screen, so that the picture as a whole is one of the closest photoplay adaptations of a play ever made.

The direction of "The Sin Flood" by Frank Lloyd, one of the masters of screen craft, has developed every dramatic possibility of the story and the human weaknesses of the characters. The result of Mr. Lloyd's work is a beautifully produced photoplay.

"The Sin Flood" contains several powerful flood scenes that were difficult to obtain. In this unusual story by Henning Berger, a mountain stream is seen to swell into a torrent, to overflow its banks, and to flood the valleys below.

As the flood rises, it raises the level of the reservoir above the city of Cottonia, a Mississippi river town in which the action of the story takes place. The telephone operators notify the city of the impending doom.

A group of eleven people find themselves marooned in a fashionable cafe near the Stock Exchange. Here they become aware of the rising flood, of the possibility of their being trapped in the flood-tide and air-tight barroom; and in the face of what they believe to be certain death, they lay down their burden of life and prepare for the land beyond. How they are saved and the effects of their rescue upon their resolutions makes one of the strongest and most ironical climaxes ever shown in a motion picture.

Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick play prominent roles in the production.

Darwin Karr, who plays the role of the bartender in "The Sin Flood," at the Allen, began his stage career as advance press agent for a company playing "The Missouri Girl." Since then, he has played in many companies, some of them organized by himself. After a long career as an actor and manager, Mr. Karr become the west coast representative of a motion picture magazine. But the call of the screen got him, and he returned to face the batteries of lights in "The Sin Flood." As Mr. Karr is a tall, well built, handsome man of the blonde type, the casting directors are all trying to obtain his services.

ATTRACTIVE MUSIC ON ALLEN PROGRAM

Under the direction of Luigi Romanelli and Enrico Del Greco the musical programs at the Allen Downtown Theatre are proving very popular. The Monday night Symphony concerts are splendidly rendered by the Allen Concert Orchestra, augmented to 35 musicians for these concerts, which commence at 8.30 sharp and continue 45 minutes. Mr. Del Greco has arranged many good programs to be given by this orchestra.

Luigi Romanelli and his famous Jazz Band are as popular as ever and going stronger every week. The "King of Jazz" is getting more applause at every appearance. The Jazz Band appears at 8.30 every night except symphony concert night.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

Here with a new box of tricks

ALL NEXT WEEK



Sol Lesser presents

JACKIE COOGAN in "TROUBLE"

A shower of laughs and a sprinkle of tears

TOGETHER WITH A CHALLENGE VAUDEVILLE BILL

Harry Fields and a company of nine in "School-Day Frolics"
Emily Darrell in her original conception, "Late For Rehearsal"
"Beaus & Belles"—a quintette of colonial singers and dancers.
Major Rhoades, the street urchin, and his violin.
Lipinski's Dogs in the canine novelty, "Fun In Luna Park"

ADDED ATTRACTION BULL MONTANA IN A THREE-PART SCREEN COMEDY "A LADIES' MAN"

COMING WEEK OF NOV. 27th RICHARD BARTHELMESS IN HIS GREATEST SUCCESS "THE BOND BOY"

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Jackie Coogan Is Here in "Trouble"

Popular Child Star in New Picture Coming to Pantages.

Since the first glimpse of Jackie Coogan in "Trouble," his latest picture, which is coming to the Pantages this week, critics have been unable to decide whether he is best as a comedian or as a tragedian. So they have compromised by calling him one of the greatest artists of the screen.

The New York Sun labelled him "the child Mansfield," a tribute that sums up his art and versatility in three words.

When Jackie first flashed across the screen sky in "The Kid," the master mind and hand of Chaplin were in the background of his work. Then he frolicked through "Peck's Bad Boy" and next his pathetic little form weaved before us in "My Boy." In the one he was all comedian, in the other he was almost entirely enveloped in tragedy. Now he comes in "Trouble," wherein he is said to combine both phases of his talent.

James W. Dean, a syndicate newspaper writer, in a special article on Jackie, said: "A widespread notion is that Jack Coogan is a great comedian. Some have said he is only second to Chaplin, who first gave him prominence in 'The Kid.' After sitting through two showings of 'Trouble,' Jackie's latest, I am convinced that he is a tragedian equal to or better than the great Chaplin. Perhaps Chaplin is considered a comedian rather than a tragedian because he seeks to fashion his antics after a pattern that appeals to the heart of a child. But Jackie Coogan is a child, a serious little one who probes into the dim past of grown-ups and presents the retrospect of childhood's seriousness. Therein lies the tragic quality of his acting. Only a man who as a boy thought of his mother having a little too much of this world's troubles and of his dog as a creature of understanding and human impulse can appreciate the pathos of this picture, mistakenly called a comedy."

Quinn Martin, in the New York World, wrote: "There is a ten minute courtroom scene in 'Trouble,' Jackie Coogan's new photoplay, that ought to make several of our leading men of voting age ashamed of themselves. This child of seven years takes the old familiar witness chair situation and acts his part so impressively that a picture whose intent it is to be funny suddenly develops into a tense, heart touching drama. The little boy, whose ragged hair and twisted cap come just to the knees of the District Attorney, plays for ten minutes as compelling a part as has been on the screen for months."



MAMIE FRANCIS.
The world's foremost trick rider with California Frank's Western Circus at the Royal Winter Fair.

PICTURES SHOWING AT ALLEN THEATRES

ALLEN'S BLOOR.

The greatest character in modern fiction "Sherlock Holmes" will be the feature production at Allen's Bloor Theatre, all week of November 20th. John Barrymore will be seen in the title role, and will be supported by a cast of well known players, including Roland Young. The picture was filmed in London, England—Switzerland and the Continent. Matinees will be shown Wednesday and Saturday.

ALLEN'S ST. CLAIR.

For the first four days of this week the Allen's St. Clair Theatre will present one of the outstanding pictures of the year in "Rich Men's Wives" featuring House Peters, Claire Windsor and little Richard Headrick, the child wonder actor. For the last two days of the week will be shown "Pilgrims of the Night" a stirring story of the Parisian underworld.

ABOUT JACK ARTHUR ORCHESTRA LEADER

"The most popular orchestra leader in Toronto" is the reputation that Jack Arthur, conductor of the Regent Theatre Orchestra, director of music and productions at the Famous Players Canadian Corporation, enjoys, and which he deserves.

He is still in the early thirties. His rise to the position which he now holds has been to all intents and purposes meteoric—but back of it, there is a long stretch of painstaking work. The following sketch of his life and work, was obtained with great difficulty. Jack, as everybody calls him, would talk—but not about himself. He is quite willing to tell the public all he knows about orchestras, and "music with the pictures." That's his pet hobby—but about himself? But the public wants to hear about the man who is going to preside over the destinies of that famous Wurlitzer-Hope organ together with the thirty piece orchestra at the Hippodrome when it re-opens on November 25th.

Mr. Arthur is a Scotchman—born and raised in the land of the purple heather. He received his first musical instruction in Glasgow and in London. At the age of thirteen, he came out to Canada to seek his fortune in the new world. He won a scholarship in music at the old Toronto College of Music, under the late Dr. Torrington. At sixteen years of age, Mr. Arthur started out on the road playing in various musical and opera companies.

After four years on the road, the season of 1909-1910, found him in the orchestra of the famous George Primrose minstrels, with whose company he stayed until 1912. When Primrose and Dockstader joined forces again after a temporary separation, it was a triumph for the young man who started out with the minstrels at the early age of twenty, to be engaged to open and stage the production in New York.

Shortly after this, Jack returned to Toronto, and was a valued member of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and he was also on the staff of the Hambourg Conservatory here. In 1916, Mr. Arthur had the honor of opening the Regent Theatre on August 26th—the anniversary of his wedding, and a fit day to commence the career which has been singularly rapid and brilliant. About eighteen months ago, he with H. C. Thomas opened the million dollar Capitol Theatre in Montreal. It has been Mr. Arthur's lot to inaugurate the successful careers of all the big Capitols in the Famous Players chain.

At the present time, Jack Arthur is a real power in Toronto where he is living with his wife and one child. On the golf links, bowling, in cafe, restaurant or theatre—wherever you see him, he is the centre of a circle of friends. To young musicians, he likes to be a guide. If he can help another fellow up, nothing is too much trouble. If he starts to put a musical novelty over, nothing will hinder him—he is bound to succeed, and he does.

GEORGE ADE SAYS HE IS SATISFIED

George Ade, author of "Our Leading Citizen," has come to the defence of the films. Most authors cry that the motion picture companies change their stories and ruin them, but Ade says they didn't change his "stuff." After seeing a finished print of the picture at his Indiana farm he wrote the following letter to Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

"Thomas Meighan and Al Green have just brought to me the completed picture called 'Our Leading Citizen.' Believe me, I am very happy over the manner in which you have treated my material. Here is one author who will not dare to complain that they changed his 'stuff' on him.

"In this play, written for Tom Meighan, we tried to get in some comedy and some drama and some real American characters without resorting to any sex complications or deep villainy or gun play. In other words, we tried to do something different—something on the order of 'The College Widow' and 'The Country Chairman,' which the public liked several years ago. I wrote the play in the hope that the patrons of picture houses were ready for a change from the highly seasoned photo-dramas which they seemed to like two or three years ago.

"You have given the play a fine cast and first-class production and for these, as I have already suggested, I am very grateful."

FROM EUGENE SUE.

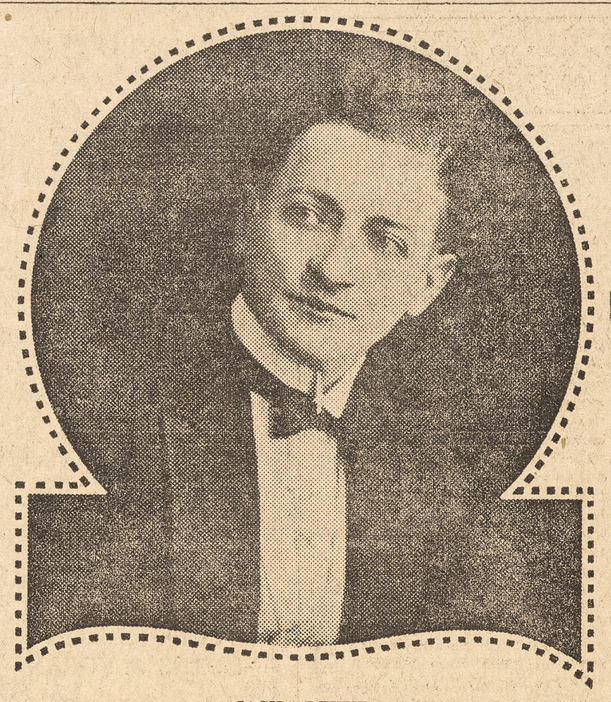
"Secrets of Paris," a screen version of Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," reached a preliminary showing in New York a few days ago. Charles C. Burr and Whitman Bennett are the producers of this thriller. The cast includes Lew Cody, Gladys Hulette, Ross Coughlan, Effie Shannon, Dolores Cassonelli, William Collier, Jr., J. Barney Sherry and Montague Love.

"TORONTO FOLLIES" WILL BE A NOVELTY

Preparations are now well under way for the presentation at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre soon of "The Toronto Follies", a spectacular and impressive musical comedy being put on by strictly Toronto talent. The manager of this big downtown playhouse has still some good places left in the cast, principals and chorus girls both being wanted, and those who have stage aspirations are urged to apply at once. All members of the cast must be residents of Toronto but this is the only string attached outside, of course, possession of ability to sing, dance or perform. Costumes will be supplied and salaries will be paid those who are taken on the roll and the training will be in the hands of Mr. "Joe" Ward, famous dance instructor and musical comedy producer of New York. Mr. Ward has a great knack of developing latent talent. There are many young men and young women in this city who have always been under the impression that they would make good on the stage. Here then is their chance to find out. They will get excellent training under Mr. Ward and it will be an easy matter for them to find out just whether or not they are fitted for a career behind the footlights. All that is necessary is for the girl who thinks she can act to apply in person to the manager, bringing a photograph, if possible, and stating her qualifications.

FOX'S PLANS.

William Fox, who returned from England recently after filming most of the important scenes in "If Winter Comes," follows his announcement of the purchase of screen rights to "Gentle Julia," with the statement that he is negotiating, too, for the sequel to E. M. Hull's "The Sheik," called "The Shadow of the Past."



JACK ARTHUR.
The well known orchestral leader who has made his reputation at the Regent Theatre, which will close at the end of this week.

Booth Tarkington's leisurely and whimsical novel of adolescent idiosyncracies.

ALLEN'S BEACH—
Mon.-Tues. Only.
DOROTHY PHILLIPS
In
"Hurricane's Gal"
Wed.-Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
JOHN BARRYMORE
In
"Sherlock Holmes"

ALLEN'S BLOOR—
ALL WEEK.
Commencing Monday, Nov. 20.
America's Foremost Actor
JOHN BARRYMORE
In
"Sherlock Holmes"
Conan Doyle's masterpiece.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

ALLEN'S PARKDALE
Mon.-Tues.-Wed.
MILTON SILLS and WANDA HAWLEY
In
"Burning Sands"
A man's answer to the woman who wrote "The Sheik."
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
James Oliver Curwood's greatest Northern story
"The Valley of Silent Men"
With
ALMA RUBENS and LEW CODY.

ALLEN'S COLLEGE—
Mon.-Tues.-Wed.
BEBE DANIELS
In
"Pink Gods"
Diamonds, Romance and Mystery.
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
JOHN BARRYMORE
In
"Sherlock Holmes"
Founded on the stories by Sir Conan Doyle.

ALLEN'S ST. CLAIR—
Mon.-Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.
"Rich Men's Wives"
With
HOUSE PETERS, CLAIRE WINDSOR, RICHARD HEADRICK.
Fri.-Sat. Only
"Pilgrims of the Night"
A story of the Parisian under world.

ALLEN'S DANFORTH
Mon.-Tues. Only
RODOLPH VALENTINO and MAE MURRAY
In
"The Delicious Little Demon"
SPECIAL
Wed.-Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
CLAIRE WINDSOR and HOUSE PETERS
In
"Rich Men's Wives"

WANTED

A FEW MORE

GIRLS

(MUST BE RESIDENTS OF TORONTO) FOR

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS

FOR THE

"TORONTO FOLLIES"

The production of which preparations are now under way for an early engagement at LOEW'S YONGE STREET THEATRE

Instructions will be given by Mr. Joe Ward, the celebrated New York dance instructor and musical comedy producer. Costumes will be supplied—Salary will be paid to those selected.

This is a wonderful opportunity for the young ladies and young men of Toronto who have stage aspirations to have their friends see them perform

APPLY PERSONALLY, WITH PHOTO IF POSSIBLE, TO THE MANAGER

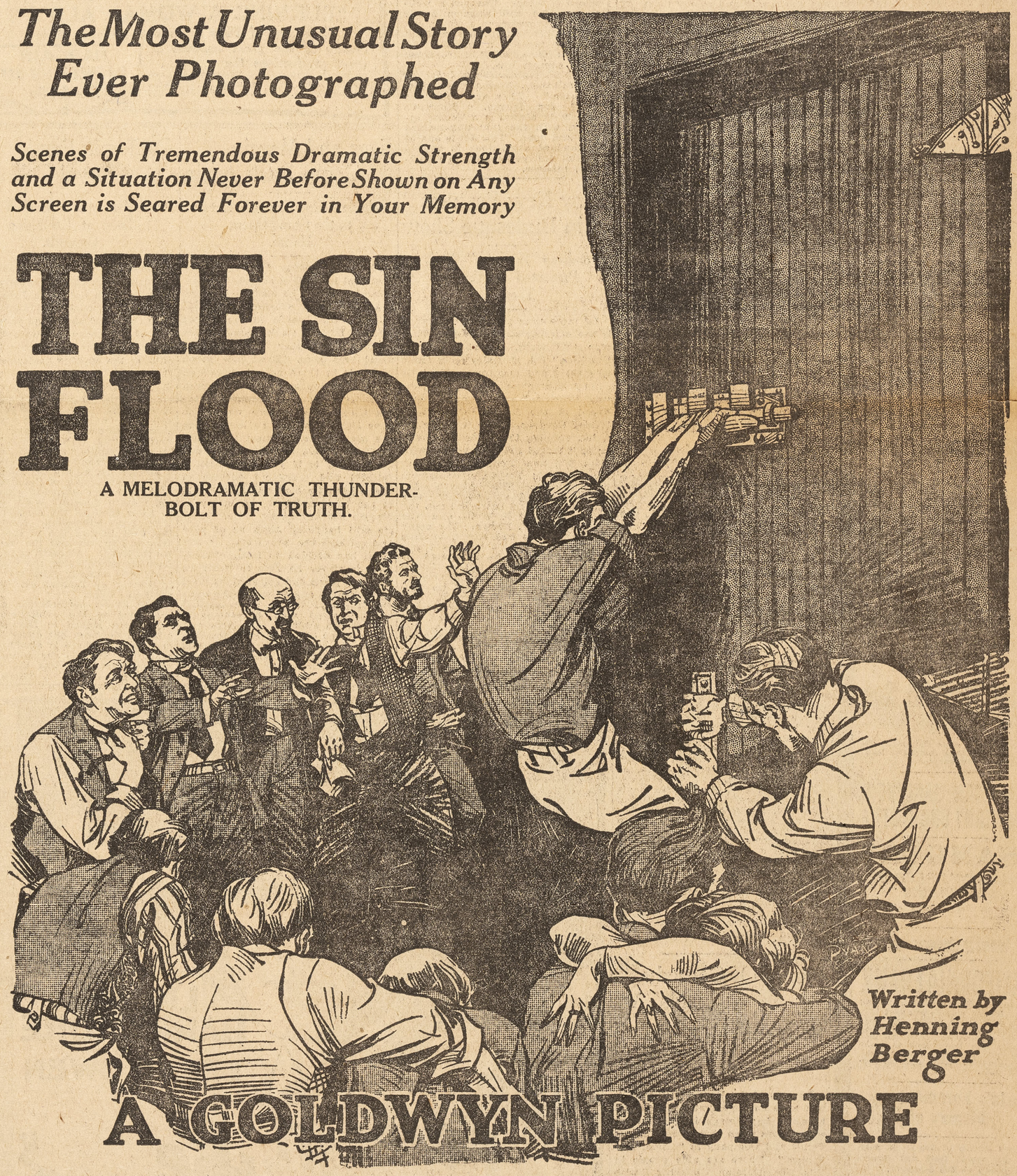
LOEW'S YONGE STREET THEATRE

The Most Unusual Story Ever Photographed

Scenes of Tremendous Dramatic Strength and a Situation Never Before Shown on Any Screen is Seared Forever in Your Memory

THE SIN FLOOD

A MELODRAMATIC THUNDER-BOLT OF TRUTH.



Written by Henning Berger

A GOLDWYN PICTURE

SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT
BY AUGMENTED
Allen Concert Orchestra
ENRICO DEL GRECO, CONDUCTOR.
1. Orphee Aux Enfers.
2. Dream of the Virgin (Prelude.)
3. Entr' Acte Et Valse.
4. Farandale (from L'Arlisienne, Suite No. 2.)
MONDAY NIGHT ONLY

STARTS MONDAY
ALLEN
(DOWNTOWN)

LUIGI ROMANELLI
AND HIS FAMOUS
JAZZ BAND
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK EXCEPT MONDAY NIGHT

With the Vaudevillians

Attractions on Programmes of the Variety Theatres

"The Old-Timers" Genuine Novelty

Interesting People Who Will Be Seen at Loew's Theatre.

The sensation of the season in the vaudeville world is Dave Marion's "The Old-Timers" which heads the vaudeville bill at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre this coming week. The other acts are: Walter Gilbert in "Tangled Talks and Knotted Knonsense"; Gordon and Delmar in a series of snappy melodies and smiles; Nevins and Gordon in their original comedy diversion, "The Coach"; and Weber and Elliott, fun-makers par excellence. In his "The Old-Timers," Mr. Marion presents a number of the stars who were famous on the stage in years gone by. They are Josephine Sabel, West and Van Sicklen, Dan Barrett, Andy Gardner and Rube Wallman.

Johsephine Sabel acknowledges that she made her professional debut with the Bennett and Moulton Opera Company which attained the bulk of its popularity in the rural communities and very seldom reached the big cities. It was the wont of the Bennett and Moulton Company to remain in a town for a week at a time, putting on what is called repertoire opera that is, a change of opera every night. The result was that Miss Sabel quickly became conversant with the works of the various light opera composers.

J. Royer West's first appearance in the show business dates way back to 1883 when he joined the famous Buffalo Bill show and was a Drummer Boy in the original Cow Boy Band. West's original home was in Lancaster, Pa, which incidentally was where the first Woolworth Five and Ten Cent Store was established. During his first season with Buffalo Bill, West recalls that no performances were given at night, just a matinee each afternoon. The second season, however, night shows were given by electric light.

"I made my first appearance in San Francisco," says Ida Van Sicklen, "with Lewis Morrison in 'Faust'—along with his daughter, Rosabelle Morrison, and Florence Roberts. Jas. H. Wallack's leading lady left him in San Francisco; I took her place, playing in 'The Cattle King' and 'Bandit King.' I was a very good horse woman, and could fill the position, as the roles required good riding. I remained with him until the season closed and jumped from wild melodrama to



DARWIN KARR
One of the players in "The Sin Flood" at the Allen Theatre this week.

dramatic work with Mlle. Rhea, the French society actress in 'Josephine, Empress of the French,' playing Pauline Bonaparte."

Dan Barrett made his first appearance at the Theatre Comique in 1879. This was a pioneer variety hall in the days when Kansas City was still a wild and woolly town. A performer at the Comique came pretty near earning his money in those days. Not only did he have to appear in the minstrel first part, and do a specialty in what was termed the olio, but he also had to appear in several interlude acts, calling for the services of the entire company, and usually wound up his activities by appearing in the closing act of the program which was liable to be anything from a French farce to a three-act melodrama.

Andy Gardner started in the show business as an acrobat being top-mounter for the Smith Brothers, not, however, those of cough-drop fame. Next young Gardner joined one of the numerous Indian Medicine shows which was so popular forty years ago. These shows usually stayed at least a week in each town carrying a band of entertainers who could put on a different specialty each night.

Rube Walman, the "baby" of "The Old Timers" made his first stage appearance with Arthur Bouchier, a noted English tragedian, in "The Merchant of Venice." So celebrated was Bouchier for his delineation of this Shakespearean character, that he was commanded to appear before his late majesty, King Edward VII at Windsor Castle, and thus Mr. Walman can point with pride to the fact that he is one of the youngest, if not the youngest actor who appeared before Royalty.

Bessie Barriscale in One-Act Comedy

Al. Herman Will Be Another Feature On Bill At Shea's.

Bessie Barriscale, stage and screen star, in person, is the featured attraction at Shea's Theatre this week. Miss Barriscale, who left the dramatic stage to become one of the famous motion picture stars, came back again in a play called "The Skirt." After the skirt was put away in camphor balls, she went into vaudeville. Here she is offering "Picking Peaches," written for her by Howard Hickman, who is also the author of "The Skirt" and who is her supporting company.

Miss Barriscale will be remembered on the dramatic stage for her portrayal of the Hawaiian girl in "The Bird of Paradise," and her work in "The Blue Mouse," and "We Are Seven". "Picking Peaches" is an oddity in play. In it Miss Barriscale plays four different parts and Mr. Hickman three. The piece is said to be an excellent medium for Miss Barriscale.

Al Herman, "the black laugh," "The assassin of grief," has a new monologue. Hara Onuki, Japanese prima donna, will be heard in a repertoire of songs. She has a well-trained voice and sings a widely diversified program.

Ray Hall, Edith Ermine and Louise Brice present a novelty, "A night on Broadway," introducing musical comedy bits.

Albert F. Hawthorne and Johnny Cooke call their offering "No Rhyme or Reason." They are comedians looking for laughs. Howard's spectacle is always a welcome attraction with the tiny well-trained ponies and dogs. This act is one of the standard attractions in vaudeville and always kept up in an excellent manner.

Many New Features in Burlesque Show

"Broadway Brevities" Will Be Presented At Empire Theatre.

Of more than passing importance is the offering at the Empire Theatre this week, when "Broadway Brevities," Ed. E. Daley's big frolic of melody and merriment, plays its annual engagement there. "Broadway Brevities" was originally produced at the famous New York Winter Gardens, where it registered a hit, running there for 18 weeks. Later it toured the larger cities with Bert Williams featured, and had long runs in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. This season Mr. Daley has had an entirely new book and musical score written, the first by William K. Wells, and the latter by Al. W. Brown. The many dances he has had staged by Dan Dody and the 14 magnificent sets of scenery have been painted by the noted H. Robert Law Scenic Studios in New York. The production is said to have cost its producer $125,000. A capable cast will be seen in the principal roles. It is headed by Lena Daley, the popular dancer, and includes Jay C. Flippen, John O. Grant, Bernice LaBarr, Renee Rayne, Gladys Jackson, Walter Brown, Jasbo Mahon, Joe McKenzie, Arthur Selby, Richy Craig, Jr.

Chinese Magician to Be At Princess

"Main Street Follies" Is the Title Of Shubert Unit.

A musical comedy revue that is said to be different from any that has appeared at the Princess Theatre this season, will open a week's engagement at this theatre Monday afternoon and is called "Main Street Follies." Two comedians that rank with the very best are Fred J. Ardath, who was in Ed. Wynne's "Perfect Fool" last season, and Joe Morris, of Morris and Campbell, well known headliners. The company will also have Flo Campbell to sing the best songs and wear the latest Parisian gowns; Burns and Foran, dancers; the Three Dolce Sisters, La Follette, a man of many faces, whose quick changes are almost unbelievable.

Rush Ling Toy, the Chinese magician, will present a dozen baffling mysteries, the most sensational being an illusion called "Burning a Woman Alive."

"Main Street Follies" has been staged in a dozen elaborate scenes under the careful eye of Mr. Friedlander, who has also written and composed a number of the best songs. The entertainment is positively promised to be clean, wholesome and refined, and the Princess management wishes to maintain this standard throughout the entire season.

Plenty Of Comedy in Fields' Act

"School Day Frolics" Will Head Vaudeville At Pantages.

Patrons of the Pantages this week will have an opportunity to recollect amusing happenings in the former school days when they witness Harry Feilds and Company in "School Day Frolics." There are nine people in this entertaining offering with Harry Feilds as the teacher, and the pranks that the various scholars play upon their teacher are all very funny. Emily Darrell, a comedienne, will present her biggest success, "Late for Rehearsal," which is just a big long laugh from start to finish. A very artistic offering will be "Beaus and Belles," a quintette of singers garbed in Colonial costumes who render a medley of old southern airs and for variety one of the girls does some excellent toe dancing and another plays a piano solo. Major Rhoades appears as a street urchin and sings and plays the violin in such a manner that establishes him as a prime favorite with every audience. One of the best canine comedy acts in vaudeville will be introduced in Lipinski's Dogs who offer a novelty in "Fun in Luna Park."

Jiggs and Maggie Come Back Again

"Bringing Up Father" Returns to the Grand Opera House.

If one is looking for the unconventional in musical comedy especial reference should be made to the new and triumphant offering underlined to hold the boards at the Grand Opera House week commencing Monday, November 20, with the usual matinees. The new piece, which is in three acts, is based on the ever-popular and ever-green cartoons of George McManus, "Bringing Up Father." Here we are to have Jiggs Mahoney, Father, solving the greatest and most important problem of his career. If you will recall, that is if you have been a faithful and consistent devotee of the other "Father" plays, Jiggs is at the beck and call and mercy of Maggie his termagant wife. Maggie still henpecks Jiggs as of yore and like the proverbial worm Jiggs has decided to turn. Therefore, whatever he does to upset all Maggie's plans and calculations must needs help to supply one of the most diverting and withal most original entertainments seen hereabouts in seasons. In addition to a large and well-selected company other features will be in evidence such as special musical numbers. The new play bears the title of "Father on His Vacation."

California Frank at Royal Coliseum

Other Attractions That Will Be Seen at Exhibition Grounds.

The Royal Coliseum, Toronto Exhibition Grounds, will experience a surprise when California Frank and his troupe of trick and fancy riders from the broad plains and sunny valleys of the Rocky Mountain district, make their initial appearance in Toronto, at the opening performance of the Royal Winter Fair, commencing Wednesday afternoon next. The troupe which comes direct from the Rodeo competition at New York will appear in connection with the horse show program in the ring, alternating with J. Wilson Jardine's augmented symphony orchestra, another prominent feature of the program.

Heretofore, all a great many Torontonians ever saw of the great wild west has been confined to what moving picture directors were satisfied to show them of the throbbing life west of the Mississippi. Now comes the west in real life to the Royal Winter Fair, so that the east may see for itself. A breath of the West from the artistic side, the West that really and actually exists will arrive in the city on Tuesday next to treat the home folks.

The Rodeo performance will be the same as the exhibitions that have been staged in the Western cities in the past, but differ in only one respect—there is absolutely no cruelty. That is the animals are not mistreated as was the custom in the olden days. There is no flashing of steel, no sawing bits or cinching on the saddle. All in all its a great show, and will afford Torontonians an opportunity to see the West as it is; the cowboys and girls attired in the Sunday best, the clothes they really wear in the West.

Prominent in the troupe is Mamie Francis, world's foremost lady trick rider who goes clear round under her horse's neck at full gallop. Reine Hafley, who for sheer grace and marvellous riding leads them: "Little Joe" the Liliputian clown, who is built close to the ground and who performs on "Mike" the educated mule. Through the courtesy of the T. Eaton Co., "Sanger" the famous English clown, will be seen in action at every performance. There are many other features which will prove delightful to patrons of the first "Royal" show. In addition to the world's display of livestock and silver black foxes from different parts of Canada and the United States, the indoor midway also will offer many amusement novelties.

CLARENCE ROBSON A POPULAR MANAGER

It may never occur to patrons who have been enjoying the comforts and entertainment at the Regent Theatre for the past several years to wonder who is responsible for it all. Nearly everybody knows that the house is owned and operated by Famous Players Canadian Corporation, that Jack Arthur is the leader of the orchestra, but the man upon whom some of the greatest labor devolves is the genial Clarence Robson—manager of the Strand and the Regent, and indissolubly connected with the expert running and operating of the latter.

Mr. Robson has been in the theatrical business practically all his life. He knows every phase of the game—and some of the most successfully conducted tours ever undertaken in Canada, have been under his direction. As with most men who have attained prominence in the motion picture business, Clarence Robson, has had many years of long tedious climbing. He has been associated with the legitimate and the movie business, in many capacities, but the thing he is really proudest of is the fact that he has achieved success through his own efforts. He began his motion picture career at an early age, and was an operator when the munificent reward for his services was $6 a week.

He is the second oldest in the employ of N. L. Nathanson, and enjoys the confidence and respect of the head of his firm. The first articles of his creed are loyalty and appreciation—then watch the comfort of patrons. Between giving satisfaction to the head of your company, and pleasing the public, lies the golden mean of successful management.

A very brief sketch of Mr. Robson's career follows. He is a Canadian. He received the average education of the normal healthy boy who decides not to stay too long at school when opportunity calls, but it was not until the year 1898, that Clarence Robson's active theatrical career began. He showed in that year the first official pictures of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The Diamond Jubilee had been celebrated the year previously and motion pictures were then in their infancy. He brought the photographic history of the event to Canada in '98.

The pictures were shown at Massey Hall, and it required the services of four men to operate the machines. In 1901, at the conclusion of the Boer War, Mr. Robson accompanied Stanley McKewon Brown war correspondent of the Mail and Empire, in a trans-Canada tour, showing motion pictures of the war and of the first Canadian contingent embarking for South Africa, from Quebec, on board the S. S. Sardinia. Mr Brown lectured and illustrated his talk with the pictures. It was a highly successful trip and after that Mr. Robson went to the American Biograph Company, later to the Mutusrope Company.

In 1906, he went to Australia as manager and treasurer of a musical company which toured that country with great success—after which he conducted several trips for the Massey Musical Company.

In 1911, he managed the difficult and responsible job of touring Canada and South Africa with the Sheffield Choir. It was the most remunerative and successful of all the organizations trips. The now manager of the popular Regent was responsible for every detail—from St. John, N.B., to Victoria—from coast to coast in South Africa—railroad, steamship, hotel accommodations and receptions.

Early in 1917, Mr. Robson went to the Strand Theatre as manager, and in 1919, he also took on the same duties at the Regent—Since that period, the history of the theatre speaks for itself. When Clarence Robson stops running theatres, the business loses a valuable asset.

PRINCESS
TWICE DAILY
MATS at 2:15
EVES at 8:15
$1.50 Best Seats
Next Week Commencing MONDAY MATINEE
SHUBERT VAUDEVILLE
Weber and Friedlander present the smartest musical revue of the season
BARGAIN MATINEE EVERY DAY 25c & 50c
"MAIN ST. FOLLIES"
WITH
FRED J. ARDATH
AND THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS
Joe-MORRIS and CAMPBELL-Flo
BURNS & FORAN 3 DOLCE SISTERS
LA FOLLETTE
VIOLET McKEE ELSIE LEE
ESTELLE DUDLEY
FRED J. ARDATH & CO.
RUSH LING TOY
IN THE MYSTERY SENSATION
"BURNING A WOMAN ALIVE"!
Company of Fifty! Sixteen Dancing Girls!
Owing to the great expense of these productions the
FIRST 10 ROWS OF ORCHESTRA..$1.50
Last 16 rows same as usual.....$1.00
Balcony 50c, 75c, $1.00
BARGAIN MATINEE EVERY DAY 25c & 50c

THE TIME
Nov. 22-29 Inclusive
THE PLACE
ROYAL COLISEUM
Toronto Exhibition Grounds
THE SHOW
The Royal Winter Fair
The Show Window
Revealing the marvels of a Winter Exposition unprecedented in the history of any nation in the world.
What You Will See
AMERICA'S HORSE SHOW SUPREME
Presented on a most elaborate scale with Canadian and American leading horses competing.
J. WILSON JARDINE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
"SANGER"
ENGLAND'S PEER OF CLOWNDOM
(Through the courtesy of the T. Eaton Co.)
The Wonder Indoor Midway
CALIFORNIA FRANK
Presenting Mamie Francis, and Reine Hafley, world's foremost lady trick and fancy riders and rifle shots, together with a great collection of performing horses and performers who know how to make them act, including "Little Joe," the Liliputian clown, and his educated mule.
World's Foremost Display of Foxes
Largest display of live stock, poultry, pet stock, fruit and flowers ever shown on the continent.
BAND AND SYMPHONY CONCERTS EVERY DAY
REMEMBER
The supply of 5 for $1 tickets is about exhausted, so get busy and fortify yourselves with one, which may be obtained at all leading hotels, cigar stores, railway ticket offices, druggists and newsdealers.
GENERAL ADMISSION 25c
TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY
MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT "THE ROYAL"
Reduced Fares on All Railways

speed counts!
THE FAST MAIL
It starts off with a rush—runs into romance—and ends with a succession of thrills.
Zip—and you're off on a run through an hour and a half of adventure and fun.
A rush of action that has been acclaimed by a thousand audiences as the most thrilling melodrama ever produced on the screen.
A crash—a spill—a smash—a thrill—a flying plane—a dashing train the race of the age—the villain in a rage—will the hero fail?—oh, no!—let's go—
See "The Fast Mail"
MADISON
Bloor and Bathurst
All Week of November 20th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.



"IT takes a crook to catch a crook"—and when Boston Blackie, the best-loved crook character in all fiction, risks his life to nab a gang of international thieves and save a beautiful Russian princess—
Then you can expect a whirlwind romance of hair-trigger thrills and excitement like this one. Lowell Sherman heads the all-star supporting cast, which includes Louis Wolheim ("The Hairy Ape").
VAUDEVILLE
—THE SEASON'S MOST NOTABLE PRESENTATION—
DAVE MARION Offers
"THE OLD-TIMERS"
Some of the well-known Stars of Yester-year in "Memoirs of By-gone days; Ask Dad—He Knows," with
JOSEPHINE SABEL, WEST and VAN SICKLEN
DAN BARRETT, ANDY GARDNER
and RUBE WALLMAN
NEVINS and GORDON in "The Coach"
WEBER and ELLIOTT Lively Fun-Makers
GORDON and DELMAR in Songs and Smiles
WALTER GILBERT in "Knotted Knonsense"
COMING SOON
'TORONTO FOLLIES'
POSITIVELY ALL LOCAL TALENT
ENTIRE WEEK OF NOVEMBER 20
LOEW'S
YONGE STREET

THEATRICAL NOTES HERE AND THERE

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK" has completed its long New York run and moved to Boston.... "Kempy" is now looking for plumbing jobs at the Selwyn, Chicago, to be followed in New York by another play by the same authors, entitled "A Clean Town"; "The Monster," strong man, laboratory and all, will go on tour, to be replaced by Mme. Cecile Sorel and the players from the Comedie Francaise at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre New York.... Lionel Barrymore is not in Europe at the present time, making pictures, as had been reported, but is in New York. Looks as if "The Fountain" may not be far off after all. ....A. H. Woods may join with George McClellan in the production here of "Gri Gri," the musical comedy which was put on in London....Gertrude Purcell, who, with Leila Taylor, wrote "Voltaire," will be one of the extras in Arthur Hopkins's production of "Hamlet." One hears that there are to be not more than a dozen extras in all, six male and six female. . . . Guthrie McClintic's first production of the season, it is reliably reported, will be "Gringo." This is the play by Sophie Treadwell, who is the wife of W. O. McGeehan, sports editor of "The New York Herald."....The South is taking kindly to De Wolf Hopper's appearance in Gilbert and Sullivan....A new play by Harry Wagstaff Gribble will soon be placed in rehearsal.... J. P. McEvoy has dramatized "The Potters," a newspaper serial of domestic life now running in the Sunday World, and Frank Craven is said to be considering it for his next starring venture....Claude Rogers Marx, grandson of Carl Marx, has written a comedy, "La Pensionnaire," which is playing at the Theatre des Arts in Paris....James K. Hackett has been invited to appear as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" and as "Hamlet" at the Odeon in Paris.... Philip Bartholomae's "Barnum Was Right" will be presented in Atlantic City this week by Louis F. Werba.... "Sally" is to be done in Budapest, the story goes, with Irene Palasty in the role created by Marilynn Miller. Next Fall she expects to make her American debut in an operetta which is now being written for her by Jean Gilbert, Schanzer and Welisch the men who are responsible for "The Lady in Ermine"....Marie Shotwell is appearing in support of Nance O'Neil in "Field of Ermine," the Benavente play....There will be a ballet in the Selwyns' production of "Johannes Kreisler." It will be staged by Fokine, Because of the novel mechanical features which will be introduced in the production it is said that Ben-Ami and his associate players will never see the audience.... The Phoenix Theatre Corporation, a new organization, is making arrangements to present "Take a Chance," a musical play by Harold Orlob and H. I. Phillips....Lawrence Grant, Henrietta Tillman and Albert Hackett will be in George M. Cohan's Chicago company of "So This Is London," which will open at the Grand, Chicago, next month....One hears that the new musical play in which Sam H. Harris will present the Duncan Sisters will be called "Face to Face."....

Florenz Ziegfeld, who has a habit of succeeding, has the Empire Theatre for Miss Burke's appearance in Booth Tarkington's "Rose Briar" on Dec. 4. This traditional house will resound then to Victor Herbert's music as Florence O'Denishawn dances her way through the Greenwich Village cabaret scene in the first act. This announcement spells removal for "La Tendresse," with Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller. It is reported that the French play will go on tour in about two weeks, since there is another play with a two week's claim to the Empire. "Greatness," the vehicle designed especially for Jobyna Howland by Zoe Akins, is now in Chicago.

Chicago critics treated the Akins play roughly last Monday night, but at the same time they welcomed Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" with open arms. For the first time this play has really drawn big money for a week outside New York, and has got up to "Anna Christie," the other Arthur Hopkins' road venture by the same author, in earning ability . . . Litterateurs, who have found Ben Hecht's stuff amusing, seemed to have been overjoyed by Louis Wolheim's devastatingly little antics as an O'Neill stoker. . . . If Miss Chatterton cares to try a back-to-the-kitchen role, we understand that David Belasco has just such a comedy and has expressed a wish that she contract under his management when "La Tendresse" leaves New York. Mr. Belasco has announced no plans beyond the Warfield Shylock, and the two stars he has not busy in plays, Geraldine Farrar and Lionel Atwill, appear to be booked in concerts and vaudeville, respectively, for a long time to come . . . Brock Pemberton has begun casting about for his production of Claire Kummer's adaptation of her own "Good Gracious Annabelle" in a "play with music" piece, to be called "Annabelle." It is said that the title role will be played by a star not generally associated with musical productions. . . . Mr. Pemberton's presentation of Luigi Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of An Author" has a last line not included in the official translation. Pirandello, a Shavian of Rome, is said to be touchy about changes in his piece. Will he see the reviews that mention this amusing tag line? The original had the manager yelling in disgust: . . . "Pretense, reality, to hell with it all. I've wasted a whole day with these people." . . . The Pemberton ending, as delivered through the curtain nightly at the Princess Theatre, goes: . . . "Pretense, reality, to hell with it all. I'm in the theatre to make a living. Frank, get out the parts to 'The Bride's Revenge.'" . . . Here is the cast of principal characters in Milne's "The Lucky One." Most of them are old-timers at the Theatre Guild: Denis King (The Lucky One), Percy Wareham (The Unlucky One), Violet Heming, Helen Westley, Carrie Ashford and Romney Brent. Director Komisarjevsky will present it. . . . The other Milne play, for which premiere the author has notified Frederick Stanhope he will make the journey from England to witness, will probably be presented the night after John Barrymore makes his debut as Hamlet at the Sam H. Harris Theatre. Margalo Gillmore, Leslie Howard and J. M. Kerrigan are all the names that Mr. Stanhope will reveal in his cast. Milne is always a bit mystifying, but stage directions for the second act of this piece take the palm. They specify that the action is in a wood. Whether Burnham wood or Belleau wood is a question left the producer. . . . Sam H. Harris, now that "Rain" is ready to be safely launched, probably will do "Old Bill" that he brought from London. Charles S. Coburn was mentioned early in the season as a probable choice for the role, but Mr. and Mrs. Coburn are taking a company of "So This Is London" on the road for George S. Cohan. The Coburns leave two weeks from to-morrow. . . . A. H. Woods begins casting "The Masked Woman," week after next, with Helen McKellar in the title role. . . . "The Whole Town's Talking" will open in New York with John Cumberland, Sidney Greenstreet, Vivian Tobin, Gladys Frazin and Jesse Ralph in the cast. This is the play John Emerson and Anita Loos adapted and Mr. Emerson has staged for A. H. Woods. . . . The Ringlings have put the biggest show on earth into Winter quarters at Bridgeport, after what is reported to be the toughest year the canvas troupers have met in a decade. They report that business is poor throughout the amusement field, and small theatrical companies are breasting their way a little nearer Manhattan with each jump, so the walk back home will be that much shorter. . . . For every report of this nature some office flashes a rebuttal in the form of big receipts from some special company. Joseph Schildkraut in "Liliom" has just had a week of almost capacity in Cincinnati. It is estimated that Al Jolson gets, with salary and percentage, just about a thousand a night out of "Bombo" at the Apollo Theatre in Chicago, and the Shuberts approximate his earnings nightly from this record-breaking production.

PHOTOPLAYS AND STARS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 20

ALLEN'S BEAVER Dundas St., West Toronto
Mon., Tues., Wed.—John Barrymore and Great All Star Cast, in "Sherlock Holmes." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Rodolph Valentino, Lila Lee, in "Blood and Sand." Special Musical Presentation by Augmented Orchestra. Sat. Matinee.

BLUE BELL, Parliament & Dundas E.
Mon., Tues.—Jack Holt, in "Man Unconquerable." Elmo Lincoln in "The Adventures of Tarzan." Comedy—"New Mamma." Wed. only—Doris May, in "Boy Crazy." N. W. M. P. Story—"Valley of the Missing." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Mae Murray, in "Fascination." Comedy—"Oh, Promise Me." Special Kiddies' Gift Matinee.

CLASSIC, 1300 Gerrard St. E. At Redwood
Mon., Tues.—"A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." Wed., Thurs.—Shirley Mason, in "Very Truly Yours." Selected Comedy. Fri., Sat.—Charles Ray, in "Scrap Iron." Elmo Lincoln, in "The Adventures of Tarzan." Special Sat. Matinee.

COLONIAL, Queen at Bay, Opp. City Hall
ALL WEEK.
"Orphans of the Storm"
D. W. Griffith's Superb Production with Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Continuous 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

NATIONAL, Yonge and Gerrard
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Fight Pictures for the Lightweight Championship of the World. Benny Leonard v. Lew Tendler. Also Snowy Baker, in "The Shadow of Lightning Ridge." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"Hearts of the World." D. W. Griffith's Production. Continuous 1 to 11 p.m.

LA PLAZA, Queen at Broadview
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"The U. P. Trail." A Zane Grey Story. Ben Turpin, in "Step Forward." Hall Room Boy, "Still Going Strong." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Rodolph Valentino and Earle Williams, in "A Rogue's Romance." Comedy—"Puppy Love." Sat. Matinee.

KENWOOD, Bloor at Dovercourt
Mon.-Tues.-Wed.
"WAY DOWN EAST"
D. W. Griffiths' Great Production. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Corinne Griffith, in "Divorce Coupons." Sat. Mat.

KITCHENER, 1008 Bloor at Westmoreland
Mon., Tues.—Eileen Percy, in "Whatever She Wants." Great Comedy—"Laughing Gas." Wed., Thurs.—"When the Devil Drives." Featuring Leah Baird and Harold Lloyd in "I Do." Fri., Sat.—Gladys Walton, in "The Girl Who Ran Wild." Selected Comedy.
EXTRA—ALL WEEK—EXTRA!
Toronto's Favorite Male Quartette,
"THE GARDEN CITY FOUR"
Special Saturday Matinee.

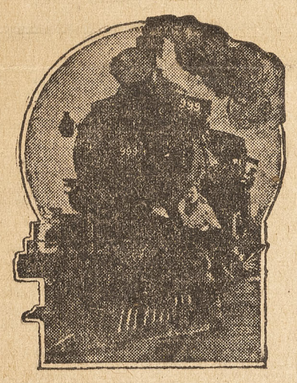
MADISON Bloor at Bathurst
ALL WEEK.
"THE FAST MAIL"
Brim Full of Thrills.
Special Sat. Matinee. Coming Week Dec. 4th—"Nero."

PARK, Lansdowne and Bloor
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's great masterpiece, with Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"Burning Sands" with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills. Musical presentation. Park Concert Orchestra. Daily matinee.

RED MILL, 183 Yonge St. Opp. Eaton's
First time in Toronto—Mon., Tues., Wed.—Earle Williams, in "You Never Know." Jimmy Aubrey, in "The Mysterious Stranger." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"The Son of the Wolf." All-star cast. Continuous, 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

REVUE, Roncesvalles & Howard Park Ave.
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Wesley Barry in "Rags to Riches." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Constance Talmadge in "Polly of the Follies." Selected Comedies. Other Features. Coming Nov. 27-28-29-30—"Orphans of the Storm."

Sit Tight and Hold Your Breath!



HERE'S A PICTURE THAT HAS EVERYTHING—

IT WAS A SENSATION EVEN IN NEW YORK—

IT'S THE TALK OF THE FILM WORLD WITH ITS—

DANGER! THRILLS! ACTION! SPEED!

It starts off with a rush—runs into a romance—and ends with a succession of thrills.

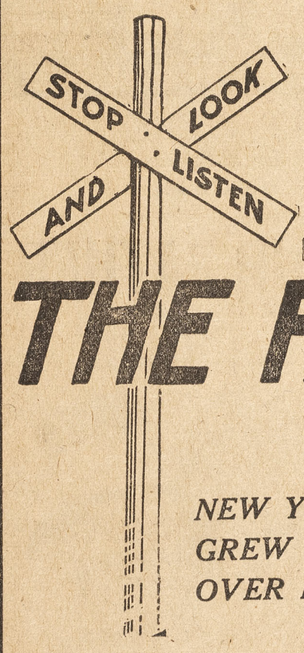
Zip—and you're off on a run through an hour and a half of breath-taking incidents.

A crash—a spill—a smash—a flying plane—a dashing train—the race of the age.

Mile a minute action with adventure and romance.

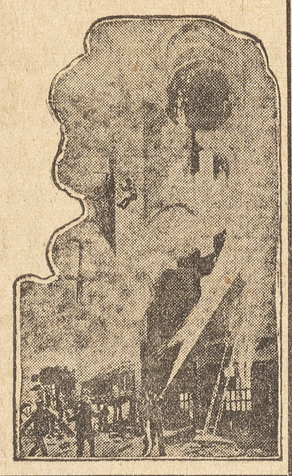
Sensation upon sensation—thrill upon thrill.

A stage triumph of twenty years ago made into the greatest melodrama ever produced upon the screen.



THE FAST MAIL

NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS GREW ENTHUSIASTIC OVER IT.



"The Fast Mail" is the best out-and-out thriller the screen has ever seen.—Tribune.

It's a bing, bang, crash. Everybody holds his hat. Horses plunge, riders fall, while "The Fast Mail" thunders on.—Journal.

"The Fast Mail" is one daredevil stunt after another until the audience gasps.—Telegram.

One wonders, after seeing this feature, why the producers do not do this sort of thing oftener.—Globe.

STARTS MONDAY **STRAND** STARTS MONDAY

FOUR GENERATIONS HAVE BEEN ON STAGE

Players are apt to boast if they are lucky enough to have two generations of theatrical ancestry. There is one star who may well lay claim to the real aristocracy of the theatre.

He is H. B. Warner, star in Charles Dillingham's production of "Bull Dog Drummond". For four generations the family of Warner have been stars of the legitimate stage. H. B. Warner is the son of Charles Warner whose greatest successes in America were scored in "Drink" by Emilie Zola, and in the one act French play "Au Telephone". The grandfather of the present star, whose name was James Warner, was known throughout all England as the leading male dramatic star of his day, as was Charles Warner, his great-grandfather.

Charles Warner, father of H. B., made his debut in England as a sixteen-year-old boy. He ran away from home following in the footsteps of his own father, to study and prepare himself for a career in the theatre. The present star was, in fact, the only one of five generations who did not run away to go upon the stage. His father saw that a stage career was inevitable after fruitless efforts to get him to study medicine.

Speaking of his own debut upon the stage, H. B. Warner says: "I started as a member of my father's company, studying two or three of the smaller parts at the same time and I would never know what part I was to play until I reached the theatre for the performance. I was then twenty-one years of age. My father had previously sent me to Bedford School in Bedfordshire, England, an old school founded in 1552 and to London University.

"My training for the theatre began during my vacations and was taken up seriously immediately upon my graduation. My father directed most of my career up to the time I came to this country from England for George Tyler in 1905 to play a nine months engagement as the leading man for Elinor Robson, now Mrs. August Belmont, and I have been here ever since.

"After appearing as the leading man for Miss Robson for three years I was elevated to stardom by Mr. Tyler in a piece called "These Are My People", which was intended as a sequel to "The Squaw Man". The play proved an immediate failure and a hurry call was sent to Paul Armstrong to write a suitable vehicle for me. He did. The play was 'Alias Jimmy Valentine' with one of O. Henry's stories as its foundation. 'These Are My People' took one year to write and played ten days. 'Alias Jimmy Valentine' took ten days to write, rehearse and produce, and played three years. That's the way of a hit".

Following 'Alias Jimmy Valentine,' Mr. Warner starred in "Sleeping Partners" "Uuder Cover" and "The Ghost Breaker". He was lately in the movies and now returns to the speaking stage in "Bull Dog Drummond", playing what he declares to be the most exciting part in his career.

An Appreciation

In announcing the fact that Shea's Hippodrome will cease to operate under its present policy of vaudeville and pictures effective Saturday, Nov. 18th, Mr. M. Shea, Managing Director of the popular Terauley St. Theatre wishes to thank the people of Toronto for the loyal support accorded the house during the past ten years and to assure the patrons of the Hippodrome of his sincere appreciation.

In affiliating Shea's Hippodrome with Famous-Players Canadian Corporation, Limited, under whose direction it will re-open Saturday, Nov. 25th, Mr. Shea has the best interests of Toronto Theatre-goers at heart. Mr. Shea is convinced that the people of Toronto want to be provided with the best productions available in the motion picture world and by placing the Theatre under the direction of Mr. N. L. Nathanson, Managing Director of Famous-Players Canadian Corporation, Limited, Mr. Shea is assuring the people of Toronto of only the highest form of motion picture entertainment.

Mr. N. L. Nathanson, who so successfully operates the Pantages, Regent, Palace, Oakwood, Alhambra and other theatres in Toronto and whose chain of theatres extends from coast to coast controls not only the Famous-Lasky franchise, but is also in a position to place in the Hippodrome the greatest pictures of the world's foremost producers.

The quiet elegance, the harmonious coloring and light-effects; the quality of the music and general atmosphere, which is so distinctive of Famous-Players Canadian Corporation, Limited, providing Capitol Entertainment, will be found in Shea's Hippodrome. Thoroughly renovated and with many of the distinctive features that have characterized houses under Mr. Nathanson's direction, the Hippodrome will re-open one week from Saturday in a better position to serve the public than ever before.

To the Public of Toronto, Mr. Shea extends his thanks and to assure patrons of Shea's Hippodrome of his appreciation of their support in the past and his confidence that it will be continued in the future.

MARTIN-HARVEY ACTING.

Sir John Martin-Harvey is now fully restored to health and has begun a tour of the English Provinces. Later he will visit Manchester, Birmingham and other principal cities throughout the British Isles, where he has not appeared since his Canadian tour nearly two years ago. Besides "The Only Way," he intends reviving "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," which has not been presented for five years.

AN OLD TALE USED.

Percy James Barrow has acquired the dramatic rights of Helen Mather's story, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," a popular novel about a quarter of a century ago, and it has been adapted for the stage by Constance Stuart. Rehearsals are proceeding at the St. James' Theatre, in London, but the piece will be tried first in the country. Godfrey Tearle is the producer.

MRS. FISKE'S PLANS.

After all, a light comedy of commerce. "Paddy" by title, will employ the easier-going abilities, this season, of Mrs. Fiske. A new playwright has written it; for a while it will keep to "the provinces." When it reaches the "major cities," she has in mind occasional matinees of "Hedda Gabler" and "Rosmersholm." Her Ibsen again and the Ibsen of her prime! It should whet actress and public.

FIRST TIME IN TORONTO

EMPIRE THEATRE

TWICE DAILY 2.15 - - 8.15

ANOTHER GREAT SHOW

ED. E. DALEY'S

"BROADWAY BREVITIES"

AN ORIGINAL NEW YORK WINTER GARDEN PRODUCTION

WITH **LENA DALEY**

A ROLL OF HONOR CAST AND TYPICAL LENA DALEY CHORUS. A SIX HOUR SHOW INTO THREE

15-SCENES OF GORGEOUS SPLENDOR-15

THE SAME PRODUCTION THAT MADE HISTORY AT THE NEW YORK WINTER GARDEN AND THE STUDEBAKER THEATRE, CHICAGO.

Coming in all its entirety. This is a new show for Columbia Theatre patrons. The scenic effects and wonderful costumes worn by the female members of the company will be of particular interest to the ladies.

POPULAR LADIES' WEEK-DAY MATINEES TEN CENTS.

At the Theatres -:- What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

Numerous Thrills in This Melodrama

H. B. Warner in "Bull Dog Drummond" At the Alexandra.

From London, via New York and Chicago, comes "Bull Dog Drummond", such a thriller as has not been seen since the days of "Sherlock Holmes"; according to the New York Herald. It is a Charles Dillingham enterprise presented by a large cast headed by H. B. Warner, late of the movies, and will be the week's attraction at the Royal Alexandra theatre commencing to-morrow night.

"Bull Dog Drummond" is by an English novelist who uses the pen name of "Sapper". It is a simple and unabashed melodrama with all the paraphernalia— the wicked old doctor with the hypodermic who makes his entrance in a green light; the electric door controlled from the doctor's desk; the cigar glowing in the dark; the Chinese mute; the drugged millionaire; the tortured girl in the next room. The lonely house where the dread deeds are done; the hero who shoots out the lights; and the audience which enjoys itself hissing the villains when it isn't cheering the heroes.

The action of the play takes place in England, and the story concerns the efforts of a band of international crooks to extract several thousands of dollars from a wealthy American whom they done in his hotel and convey to a nice little private asylum with torture chamber attachments and the like. The hero is a young English captain retired, who places an advertisement in a London newspaper asking for adventure, that with crime preferred. Well, he gets all the adventure he is looking for when he matches wits with the several villains and there isn't a moment after the first introductions in which there isn't something doing.

Mr. Dillingham has provided the star with an excellent supporting cast. In addition to Mr. Warner there are C. H. Croker-King, Geoffrey Miller, Henry Green, Harry Plimmer, George Sydenham, William McNeill, J. H. Hunt, H. Ashton Tonge, Mary Robson, Shela Hayes, Gladys Burgess and many others.

MISS THORNDIKE'S PLANS.

The successor to "Jane Clegg" at the New Theatre in London will be Bataille's play, "La Scandale," which has been adapted by Lewis Casson in collaboration with Lady Bell. Miss Sybil Thorndike will produce the play next month, and both she and Mr. Casson will appear in it. It is understood that some of the original scenes have been somewhat changed. Later on Miss Thorndike will stage a new play called "Judith," based on the story of Judith and Holofernes in the Apocrypha, which has already been acquired by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for Paris. This is the work of "Emmanuel de Marnay," a pseudonym which is understood to cover the identity of Professor Baruch. It is said that Miss Thorndike was induced to read this play by the author himself, after he had seen the performance of "Jane Clegg" and become convinced of Miss Thorndike's perfect suitability for the part of Judith.

"CHARLES I."

Messrs. Benrimo and Archibald Nettlefold will revive W. G. Wills' "Charles I." at the Ambassadors Theatre, with Russel Thorndike and Amy Brandon Thomas in the leading parts. This will be the first of a series of revivals and new plays by the same management.

Well-Known Drama At Uptown Theatre

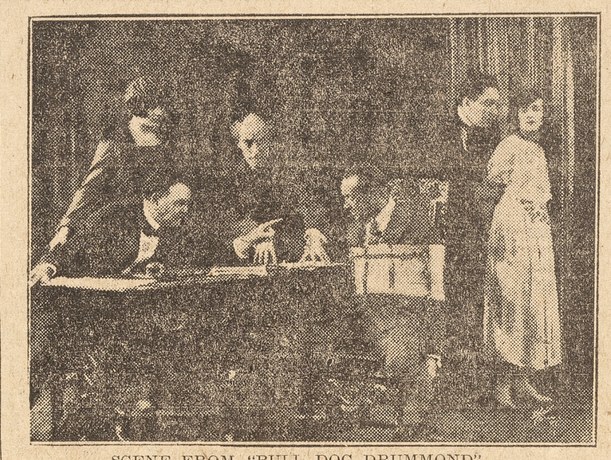
"The Dawn Of a To-morrow" Will Be the Next Revival.

The Vaughan Glaser Players commence their fourteenth week of their season at the Uptown Theatre with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play of cheerfulness, "The Dawn of a To-morrow." To celebrate the occasion the Women's Liberal Association have purchased the entire house for Monday evening's performance when a Benefit Theatre night will be given.

The play has already been made famous by Eleanor Robson, now the white-haired Mrs. Belmont, and Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes-Robertson) who starred in the piece. As was the general opinion at the time, there was no doubt that Miss Elliott's interpretation of the interesting role of "Glad" was nearer to what the author conceived than was Miss Robson's, which later impressed one as being sort of cold and calculating phychological experiment by an uncanny child, rather than the natural leanings of a little girl toward the "silver lining" that is said to belong to every cloud. It will be interesting to see what Miss Foster will do with the part. The drama revolves about her. She is the play. It proffers her the best opportunity she has had since joining the Glaser Company.

In a sermon preached on February 21, 1909, by Dr. Chas. F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church (which John D. Rockefeller attends), Dr. Aked said:

"There is a play now running in New York which is teaching a great lesson. This is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's great play, 'The Dawn of a To-morrow.' I wish I could preach from the pulpit as great a lesson as that play teaches."



SCENE FROM "BULL DOG DRUMMOND"
This successful English melodrama will be the attraction at the Alexandra Theatre this week.



BESSIE BARRISCALE
Famous star of the legitimate stage and the screen, who will be seen at Shea's Theatre this week in a one-act play "Picking Peaches."

MUSIC

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., F.R.C.O., organist and choirmaster at St. James', conductor of the National Chorus, Examiner in Degrees at Toronto University and lecturer there on church music, Dean of the Faculty of Music, University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que., etc., celebrated his 25th anniversary of his arrival in Canada on November 15. Dr. Ham is a native of Bath, where he received his early musical training. His first appointment was as sub-organist of St. John's Church, Bathwick. In his eighteenth year he became organist of All Saints' at Bath, the congregation of that church then including one Major Roberts, later Field Marshal Lord Roberts. In 1880, Dr. Ham removed to Ilminister as organist of the parish church there, and in 1893 became organist of the church of St. John the Evangelist at Taunton, and conductor of the Taunton Madrigal Society and Taunton Choral Society. In November, 1896, he was appointed organist and director of the choir of St. James', Toronto, and his first activity was to abolish the operatic solo and mixed voice type of musical service then in vogue in the old church and to substitute an English cathedral service with boys' voices. As a trainer of boy choristers, Dr. Ham is internationally known. In 1902, Dr. Ham organized the National Chorus of Toronto for the Toronto musical festival of 1903, conducted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Dr. Ham has ever since been conductor of the chorus. As a composer he is widely known, although his works are not numerous.

The London Daily Telegraph refers to the appointment of Mr. T. A. Crawford, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., of London, England, to the position of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, as follows:

"Mr. Crawford has just been appointed to the important post of St. Paul's Church, Toronto. He leaves England at the end of the year. The many friends of this distinguished organist of St. Michael's, Chester Square, will heartily congratulate him upon this new appointment, whilst sincerely regretting the fact that it necessitates Mr. Crawford's severance of those London ties which he has formed in the twenty years and more of musical activity here and at Bournemouth."

It might be added that Trinity College, London, as a mark of respect and regard for his professional achievements, on the eve of Mr. Crawford's departure for Toronto, elected him an Honorary Fellow of the College (F.T.C.L.) During the week of November 18th, Mr. Crawford acts as one of the adjudicators at the Southern Area Festival, London.

On Monday night the opportunity will be given of hearing Josef Hofmann, undoubtedly one of the greatest pianists of the day. Keen interest is being taken in this event by all piano students in particular in that his playing may be compared to others who have just played and who will play here in the near future. Among the numbers on his program is a set of little pieces composed by Hoffmann in the year 1882-1884, when he was quite a child and known as a prodigy.

The song recital to be given by Arthur Blight, the famous Canadian baritone, in Massey Hall on Wednesday evening, November 22nd, is arousing keen interest among the music-lovers of Toronto, who have not heard the artist since his return from a year's study in England and Italy under William Shakespeare and Pierraccini. From his entirely new repetoire an unusually attractive program has been selected by Mr. Blight, including: Madrigal "Amarilla", Guilic Caccini; Aria "O del mio dolce ardor", Gluck; Recitative and Aria "Quella fiamma de m'ascende", Marcello; Scena e Romanza "Ah' non avea piu lagrime", Donizetti; "In questa tambo ascura"; Beethoven; "Povera Rondinella," Scontrino; Cavatina "Largo al factotum", Rossini; "Before the Dawn", "Sweet Wind That Blows", "Though Art So Like a Flower", G. W. Chadwick.



HELENE CHADWICK
in "The Sin Flood," the big Goldwyn picture showing this week at the Allen Theatre.

Ernest Seitz, the pianist, will be the assisting artist, Mr. Seitz will be remembered by his successful appearances with the Mendelssohn Choir and the New York Symphony Orchestra last season. His engagements this year include Ottawa and the Aeolian Hall, New York. Harvey Robb has been engaged as accompanist.

Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, who delighted a discriminating audience with a program of Bach in Foresters' Hall on November 2nd, returns to Toronto on Thursday, November 23rd, for the second recital in his series of five on great masters of piano music. This time, Beethoven will be the composer to be interpreted. Since his Toronto visit, Mr. Hutcheson has given the Bach recital in Boston and New York. Regarding his playing, the Boston Globe said: "It is a great, and unfortunately a rather rare, pleasure to hear such music played as it was yesterday....Those who really care for good music cannot afford to miss this series of recitals." The Boston Herald called it "a performance to be remembered," and the Transcript characterized his playing of the Chromatic Fantasia as "rich and true, sensitive and eloquent." Following the Beethoven recital on Thursday evening, Mr. Hutcheson will be tendered a reception by the Heliconian Club.

The announcement of the concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra under its distinguished conductor, Walter Damrosch and with Gustave Tinlot, the violinist as the soloist in Massey Hall, Friday evening, December 1, has been the subject of much interest. The program which will be presented will include a wide range of selections. The symphony which Mr. Damrosch will direct will be that of Glazounow, No. 5 in B Flat.

Mr. Tinlot will perform "Dreams" from "Tristan and Isolde" by Wagner, arranged for violin, and the other purely orchestral numbers are Weber's "Freycheutz" overture; the Prize Song from Wagner's "Mastersingers"; the Symphonic Poem, "Fontane di Roma" by Respighi; and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 in F.

The well-arranged program for the recital by Mrs. Harry Hodgetts, the soprano, on next Thursday evening at the King Edward, is announced as follows: Bach, "Praise God, the Year is Nearly Ended," and "Be Thou Contented"; aria from Leoncavallo's Pagliacci, "Balla Tella"; Bizet, "Le Matin"; Reynaldo Hahn, "L'Heure Exquise"; Dell'Acqua, "Villanelle"; Cyril Scott, "The Unforeseen"; Burleigh, "The Sailor's Wife"; Graham Peel, "April", "Early Morning," and "Wander-thirst"; Schubert, "Serenade" (with 'cello obligato); Linn Seiler, "Butterflies"; Richard Hageman, "Do Not Go, My Love"; Wintler Watts, "Pierrot"; Heurter, "Never the Nightingale"; Sachnowsky, "The Clock"; Rimsky-Korsakow, "Oriental Romance"; and Baar, "Little Gray Dove." Elma Ferguson Cuthbertson, the accompanist will play for Mrs. Hodgetts, while Richard Tattersall will be at the piano for Boris Hambourg, who has been engaged to assist the recitalist.

Toronto is having at the present time, what might be termed an epidemic of great pianists but even at that the pianistic attractions for this city are by no means at an end. We are to hear Ignaz Friedman, the pianist-composer, on 11th January and Madame Elly Ney on 29th January. The first of these, it will be remembered, appeared here last season and created a most intense sensation by his wonderful playing. Elly Ney has not yet appeared in this city, although last year in New York she was heard fourteen times and gave four recitals in Chicago besides appearing in all the other large cities.

Dr. MacGregor sang at Niagara Falls on Thursday last, and at Harold Jarvis' choir concert in Detroit on Friday evening. To-day he is singing at the Anniversary services in Knox Church, Hamilton, and at the choir concert in the same Church, on Monday night.

Judging by the sale of seats, a capacity audience is expected at Irvine Titley's concert in Forester's Hall, Wednesday, November 22nd. Edith Ewing, the well known coloratura soprano, who made a favorable impression at Foresters' Hall, in her own recital, has returned from New York, and will again make her appearance on this occasion. Four young singers will also make their debut: Frances Easey, mezzo-soprano; Muriel Sharpe, mezzo-dramatico; Lota Forgie, soprano-lyrics; Gabriele Rosana, tenore-dramatico.

Another of the great artists who will be heard in Toronto this season for the first time, is Claire Dux, who is now the leading prima donna soprano of the Chicago Opera Company. She is spoken of as an irresistible concert artist.

The Hambourg Conservatory of Music announces the opening of another out-of-town branch, to be located in Cobourg, which will serve a large territory including Port Hope and many other towns. The faculty, which comprises piano, violin, singing and organ teachers, is under the principalship of Roy Brignall.

Word has been received from Arthur Friedheim, who is at present convalescing, that he will be able to take part in the first Chamber Music Concert of the Academy String Quartet as scheduled. This news will be welcomed by the many subscribers who have phoned in inquiring about Mr. Freidheim's condition.

Mona L. Perkins, a pupil of Dr. Albert Ham, appeared recently in recital at the Hamilton Conservatory of Music. Manny Roth, boy violinist, of the von Kunits Master Class assisted. The Hamilton Spectator in reviewing the concert says: "The audience was a capacity one, and a hearty welcome was given to the young singer. Possessing a bright and vital personality, coupled with a stage presence altogether pleasing, she soon made friends of the entire audience. Her voice a warm contralto, was rich and lively in quality, of good range and power, and used with great intelligence. Manny Roth, the young violinist who assisted, possesses a breadth and warmth of tone, a flexible bowing and creditable command of technique, coupled with an individual charm, which revealed him as a violinist of distinct promise."

The Orpheus Society of Toronto held its first social evening of the season on Monday last in the Conservatory of Music, a fitting close to the first rehearsal after the Thanksgiving holiday. The choir entered into the spirit of the occasion with enthusiasm, and music, refreshments and geniality combined to make a most happy event. The members of the choir have had a better chance of fraternizing this year than ever before on account of the activities in which they have already participated so early in the season.

Rachmaninoff, the famous Russian pianist, will be here at Massey Hall Tuesday evening, November 28th.

It is remembered now, on his appearance here last season, the entire capacity of Massey Hall was sold out and hundreds of people went away disappointed. It has been interesting to watch the popularity of this artist grow. Two years ago someone said "Next year he will fill the house," and he did and it is reasonable to expect that he will duplicate last year's performance when he comes on the 28th.

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MUSIC

CARUSO AS SEEN IN HIS BIOGRAPHY

THE memory of Enrico Caruso has been most fittingly enshrined in a volume of biography written by Pierre V. Key in collaboration with Bruno Zirato, the tenor's faithful secretary, and recently published by Little, Brown & Co. In a work so comprehensive in its scope the casual reader may find occasional weariness in the recording of consecutive performances throughout the singer's career, one often like unto another, whether the scene happened to be Italy, England, Russia or America. This phase of the biography was, of course, a necessity. But apart from historical facts laboriously collected the work reveals the personality, the character, the tastes of the beloved singer in a manner to interest all those who were once enthralled by the beauty of his voice.

Most persons will not feel greatly concerned with dates or with the minute verification of facts as set forth by Caruso's biographers, but they will read the conventional details included in the volume.

It is interesting to learn that Caruso detested idleness. In spare moments he would gather the accumulation of his newspaper clippings, cut strips of Manila paper, make them into huge envelopes and place the clippings in this temporary resting place until he later pasted them into scrapbooks. There were few waking hours that he did not turn to profitable account. During his final years there were the eagerly seized moments of companionship with Baby Gloria.

His First Role.

Although Caruso's debut in opera is recorded as having taken place at the age of twenty-one in "L'Amico Francesco," according to Messrs. Key and Zirato his first appearance actually took place nearly seven years before. It was at the Bronzetti school in a quasi-comic opera "I briganti nel giardino di don Raffaelo," written to secure funds for that institution. Carusiello, as he was called, being the comedian of the school, was cast for the role of bidello—a sort of janitor—Don Tommaso.

The resourcefulness which the unexpected often calls forth in artists has an amusing instance in an experience told by Mme. Bianchini-Capelli, who sang with Caruso on the occasion of his first appearance in "Manon Lescaut" at the Cairo. Both she and Caruso had been given only five days to learn Puccini's score. Caruso had encountered special difficulty in memorizing the last act. All went well until the scene where Manon lies dying and begs Des Grieux to go in search of water. Says Mme Bianchini-Capelli:

"Enrico had gone off the stage, according to the action required," explained Signora Bianchini-Capelli. "I was suddenly startled to hear him call to me from the wings, 'Don't move! I am going to put the score against your back—otherwise I cannot proceed.' Then he returned to where I was lying, the score of the opera concealed from the audience's view. Never have I felt such embarrassment before the public. I was supposed to be dying and had gestures to make and movements of my body. But with that score propped against my shoulders, and realizing what it meant to Enrico, I was helpless to do more than hold as still as possible, serving as a human music rack for my comrade. And what did the rascal do? He was bursting to laugh! I could feel that he was and the thought made me furious, for I had to die lying quite still, and with no chance to make any effect. When the curtain fell I rose and chased Enrico and threw the score at him, which he had dropped in his flight. Later we made up. Of course, there came a good laugh—not only over that situation, but over the mistakes we had made with the words, and the new music we had sung instead of what Puccini had written—which had quite gone from our heads.

Before the Czar.

When Caruso sang in Petrograd in the season 1898-'99 he described the Czar, to whom he was presented, as "a small, almost insignificant-looking man with an anxious face. Royalty was to me something to be regarded from a distance. The scene was brilliant. Such color, together with the beauty of the women and the bearing of the men, assembled in so large a space, was wholly new to me. I recall having felt a sense of gratitude for that opportunity and wondered if there was to be another, and when and where. I could feel people staring as I was received by the Czar, who said, 'Thank you very much,' and then presented me with a pair of gold cuff buttons set with diamonds."

Caruso did not care for reading. For him a book was something to be looked at rather than into. His knowledge was gathered principally from observation and word of mouth communication.

"I learn from life, not from books," he replied to Mrs. Caruso, when she asked him why he did not read.

Success exerted upon Caruso one effect, which, while it doubtless amused him, called forth from serious persons criticism for lack of dignity before the public. More and more he permitted himself to play pranks upon his fellow artists. Those who took their opera seriously questioned whether the tenor was privileged so to amuse himself.

"Many felt the effects of Caruso's prankishness during one of these London 'Boheme' performances when, attempting to put on his coat to go out for medicine for the dying Mimi, he found Caruso had sewed up the sleeves. Yet the public laughed, and it laughed when Arimondi, after finishing the touching zimarra aria in the same opera, endeavored unsuccessfully to place upon his head Colline's tall hat—which had been partly filled with water."

About 1906 Caruso developed into an art collector. He first bought a gold coin of Arsinoe II. At the time of his death he owned nearly two thousand different gold coins of all dates and countries. Bronzes and enamels fascinated him, as well as small vases and plates in glass. A unique part of his collection consisted of twenty-five enameled gold boxes and fifty gold watches of the eighteenth century, some acquired from the Alfred Rothschild collection. Although his biographers found difficulty in determining the amount spent by Caruso in acquiring objets d'art, they name $500,000 as a conservative estimate.

The tenor was a hearty eater. Often it is reported, he would begin a meal with antipasto, soup, three kinds of spaghetti, followed by a meat course with Italian vegetables, and wander on through a salad, to fruit and coffee. Much wine and many cigarettes would, of course, be included.

The book is rich in ancedotes and in photographs of the singer at all ages and in his most famous roles. By their labor Messrs. Key and Zirato have satisfied a need and provided a memorial which will be highly valued by all who knew and heard Enrico Caruso.

READING DADDY'S BIOGRAPHY.

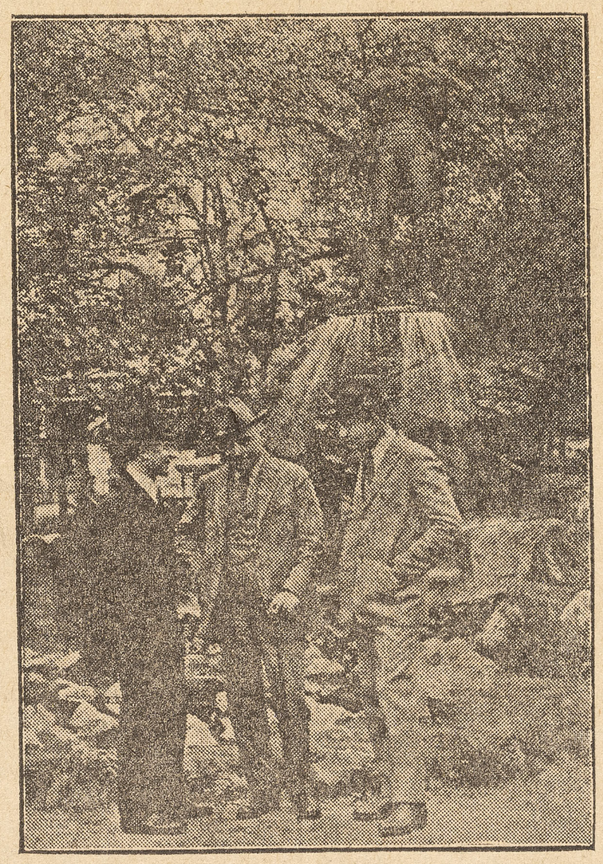


Baby Gloria Caruso has been photographed with a copy of her father's biography in her hands. She is sitting on her mother's knee, and the man sitting beside them is Pierre Key, who wrote the book. Mr. Key came to Toronto several years ago, when the Boston Opera Company visited this city. The man standing is F. Bruno Zirato, former secretary of the noted tenor.—Photograph from Wide World Photos.

LITERARY MUSIC.

Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, has a plan of making programs of music written concerning the works of great masters in literature, as Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, Byron.

THREE ARTISTS AT A SHRINE.



An unusual thing occurred recently when three of the world's greatest living musicians visited the statue of Ole Bull, one of the greatest musicians of all time at Bergen, Norway, at what has been called a shrine of world art. This remarkable photograph has just arrived showing the three artists together. Left to right they are: Percy Grainger, the famous pianist and composer of Australia; Ignaz Friedman, the remarkable Polish pianist, who it is said promises to equal the achievements of his countryman, Paderewski, and Szigeti, the Hungarian violinist, who is the latest marvel to flash across the musical world.

MANY ANIMALS IN SAINT-SAENS' ZOO

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS once wrote a musical jest, and then decided not to make it public. He called the compositions "Le Carnaval des Animaux," and it took the form of a suite made up of fourteen short numbers, each inspired by some animal in the zoo, with the exception of one movement labelled "pianists," which was rather a cruel slap. The music was written nearly forty years ago, and after a few private performances, Saint-Saens locked up the manuscript. Only that beautiful melody which we know as "The Swan," played by all 'cellists, managed to escape. In the will of the French composer, he stated that the suite could be made public. It is now known as "Grande Fantasie Zoologique," and has been added this season to the repertoire of the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Here is the line-up of the animals in Saint-Saens' zoo:

Introduction and Royal March of the Lion—a lively march, following a slower introduction, in which the pianos imitate by means of chromatic octave passages the roaring of the lion.

Hens and Roosters—Here the pianos in conjunction with the clarinet and strings imitate cackling hens and crowing roosters.

Wild Asses—The swift movement of these agile creatures—animaux veloces, the composer calls them—is represented by virtuoso scale played by the first and second piano presto furioso.

Turtles—The slow and lumbering gait of the tortoise is suggested by strings playing andante maestoso in their lowest register, the famous Cancan—originally a wild presto—from Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld," accompanied by pianissimo chords in the first piano.

Elephant—A similar plan is followed in this movement, where the elephant is represented by a ponderous solo for the double basses—the Waltz of the Sylphs from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Kangaroos—The peculiar motions of these animals as they hop jerkily about, poising occasionally on their formidable hind legs and turning their heads slowly from side to side, are represented by the two pianos alone.

Aquarium—This movement calls upon the flute and celeste, which, together with the muted strings, suggest limpid waters through which swim graceful arpeggios played by the two pianos.

Gentlemen with Long Ears—These gentlemen are impersonated by the first and second violins alone, who bray alternately in high-pitched harmonies and long-drawn notes on the G string.

The Cuckoo in the Woods—Through softly struck chords in the pianos the call of the cuckoo, played behind the scenes by the clarinet, is faintly heard.

The Bird House—The fluttering, twittering and chirping of many small birds is imitated by flute, pianos and strings.

Pianists—Does the composer mean to imply that pianists—beginners, at least—are dangerous beasts that ought to be kept behind bars; or, in classing them among zoological specimens, does he suggest that they would be better seen than heard? The hearer may decide after listening to this parody of a Czerny exercise.

Fossils—These are well known tunes of which the composer himself had presumably grown tired. The first is his own "Danse Micabre." The others are three old French songs—"J'ai du bon tabac," "Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman," and "Partant pour la Syrie"—and Rosina's air from "The Barber of Seville."

The Swan—Pianos furnish a rippling accompaniment to the 'cello's serenely gliding melody, typifying the grace of the swan.

Finale—A recapitulation, in which for the first time all the instruments are heard together. Most of the animals previously encountered are reintroduced, the Gentleman with Long Ears having the final word.

AN AMUSING MISHAP.

At the end of Delius' "Appalachia" a long-drawn "Ah," sung by the chorus, dissolves into nothing, at the Leeds Festival performance it dissolved into laughter, much to the astonishment of the audience. An explanation is now being handed round. It appears that during rehearsal this "Ah" had been a joke between the Festival choir and Mr. Coates, who likened it to an Amen. At the moment of performance a facial reminder by Mr. Coates proved irresistible—or so the story runs.

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STAKING OUT YOUR OWN VINE AND FIG TREE

Folks Back Home

Sketches by J. H. Striebel

By Robert Quillen

HINTS TO THE BOSS.

You have, perhaps, made efforts to train a dog. Scold and kick him, and he will look bewildered and seem a fool; pat him on the head, and he will do his darndest.

And you have helped little Bill with his arithmetic. Be patient with Bill and keep him in good heart and he will muddle through; scold him and his face will darken with sullen despair while his mind slips over to the idle pulley.

Now about that employe who rasps your nerves at intervals. He isn't faultless, else he would have a better job. His mind dosn't function as smoothly as yours, else your job wouldn't be safe. But unless your ragging has made him sullen, he is making honest effort to deliver the service he is paid for.

Now one man in a thousand may do better work when you make him mad; and one in a hundred may be scared by ragging and improve his output to hold his job; but the average man is trying hard to deliver the goods, and he will try the harder for a little commendation.

When every man on the job seems a fool and a loafer, it isn't a new force that is needed. The boss needs something for his nerves.

WILLIE WILLIS.



Little Willie Willis has tasted the sweets of fame. Rather than take a dare, he jumped from the roof of the hardware store to a sand pile in the alley, and now even the ninth-grade boys call him, "Bill."

COMPETITION.

When the two Howard boys were in high school everybody agreed, that Richard, the younger would amount to something. Tom wasn't dull, but he was slow and bashful and quiet, and gave little promise of setting the world afire. Richard was quick-witted and given to clever remarks, and his mind worked like a steel trap. Moreover, he worked hard and asked no favors in spite of his popularity.

Both boys wents off to college, working during vacation periods to pay their way, and both found jobs with clothing merchants, when the college course was finished. Tom got a job here at home, and Richard went to the county seat, where the outlook was broader.

That was fifteen years ago. Now Tom owns the "Haberdashery" and the brick building that houses the business, and has an eight-room bungalow out on Fairview Street.

Richard hasn't done so well. He pays $60 a month for the privilege of living on a good street in the county seat, and his present salary is $250 a month. People say his superiority was only superficial, but that wasn't the trouble. He found a broader outlook but he found a keener competition along with it.

UNCLE GUS.

Uncle Gus removed his glasses, placed them in the book he had been reading, and began to fill his blackened corn-cob pipe.

"When I fust set up housekeepin'," said he, "I bought a set o' hickory chairs from big Bill Telford that owned that plantation down on the forks o' the river. They was danged good chairs, an' my boy John's wife has got some of 'em right now. Bill took a sight o' pains with his chairs an' folks come from miles to buy 'em. But it wa'n't long till Bill got kind o' behind with his orders an' went to doin' shoddy work to ketch up, an' the chair business didn't last long.



"This book I been readin' reminds me o' Bill. The author wrote a mighty fine story here last Spring an' his name got in the papers right frequent. I notice the critics said he was a genius an' like as not he'd git better an' better. But he's like Bill was. The editors an' publishers keeps after him, I reckon, fo' mo' stuff, an' he's spreadin' it mighty thin. I wouldn't be su'prised if he's gettin' rich, but it won't last.

You can milk a cow seven times a day, but you got to put a lot o' water with it if you expect to make a showin' ever' time."

Chatter of Jamaica Negroes Is the Drollest in the World

By WILLIAM BUTLER

THE first thing which impresses itself upon the tourist to the "Island of wood and water" is not the beautiful tropical vegetation or the exquisite scenery for which Jamaica is famed, but the quaint old street cries of Kingston.

The original inhabitants, the Arawak Indians, died out while the island was under Spanish domination. The negroes who now form the greater portion of the population, were first brought from Africa by the Spaniards to work on the sugar plantations. It is from their decendants, with their singular patois, that these cries emanate.

It must be admitted that street peddlers right here in Toronto have some original cries and also some which defy all attempts to conceive, but in this respect the Jamaica Negro is facile princeps.

Here is a sample, "no wine pine, no ale pine, no soda water baatle," which when written more comprehensively means, any wine pints, any ale pints, any soda water bottles. As Jamaica is a non-prohibition country householders have no use for empty bottles for the purpose of home-brewing so they are passed on to the first requisitionist.

"Buy yo yams, buy yo sweet potatoe" is a familiar cry which needs no further comment. The banana vendor announces his wares by lustily shouting "ripe bananas gwine pas". Frequently heard is "tarch, tarch a washer-woman tarch," which means, "starch, starch, washer-woman's starch."

Almost all countries have proverbs and aphorisms peculiar to that country and in this respect Jamaica is no exception. As the result of continual usage by negroes some of them have been distorted and are highly amusing.

One of them, "rocktone a ribber battam neber feel sun hot" is probably used as an excuse when the plantation over-seer catches a negro laborer reposing in the shade. "When puss no de, ratta tek house fe 'imself," might be compared to our, "when the cat's away the mice do play". "Better be safe than sorry is construed as "Neber call alligata big mout till you cross ribber".

It is a very risky proceeding to burn the candle at both ends and the Jamaica negro knowing this, says, "candle no burn tap an' battam." "Cuss-cuss neber bore hole a me kin" sounds strangely familiar. Very significant is "time langer dan rope."

"Behind dawg is dawg; before dawg is Mister dawg" and "greedy choke puppy" are typical of them all.

Among the people of Jamaica there is a strange kind of traditional literature extant known as "Anancy Stories." The word "anancy" signifies a "spider" in the creole African patois, but the meaning of the word as applied to the foremost character, in the fairy mythology is not illustrated by any reference it contains. Anancy is an inferior character, and more concerned about eating and drinking than anything else. He has a wife named Crookie and they have a son, Tacooma. This being, though described as much stronger, is not so cunning as his progenitor and disagrees with him, as Anancy does with his wife.

: : The Girl and the Butcher Boy : :

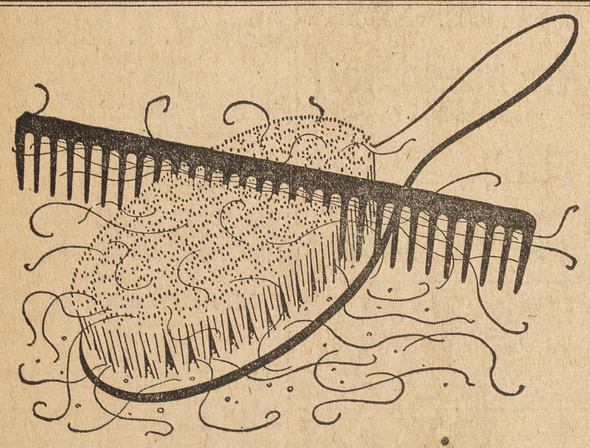


The girl across the street came in as we were finishing breakfast this morning and entertained us with comment on the art of holding hands.

"I had a perfectly beastly time at the party last night," said she. "Hiram was sick and couldn't go, and I was paired with that smart-Aleck Howard boy and he had been drinking something. I thought his breath smelled funny, and I noticed he told the same story three times, but I wasn't sure until he tried to hold my hand. He just reached out boldly and took it right where I could see it, just like picking up a book or something, and I knew he was drunk.

"That bashful little Wilkins boy grabbed my hand that way one time, but he did it because he was scared and had to act quick before his nerve failed.

"There's only one right way to hold a girl's hand, and I'll always love Hiram for the way he did it the first time. He waited till my hand was where I wasn't looking at it and then he took it right easy, talking all the time as though he didn't know he was doing it, and giving me a chance to pretend that I didn't know he was doing it. I think it's so much more romantic to be a little bit sneakin' about it."



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Child's tongue shows if bilious, constipated

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Automotive Section

The Toronto Sunday World

Automotive Section

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Those Who Are Lonely

By Byrne Hope Sanders



SUSAN has a hundred prototypes in Toronto alone; girls with tired disillusioned eyes, fighting rater grimly for an interest in life; girls a little down at heel, a little careless as to the state of cuffs and collars, back hair and shoes; girls who search nervously every day for the dreaded gray hair, and who seem to be always looking—longing—aching for a little of the glamor of life.

The years had gone by so swiftly, It seemed only yesterday that Susan had jumped eagerly into the vortex of the Union Station. Visions of an Emma McChesney business life filled her mind. She would always be immaculate, smart and trim; she would lunch downtown in an atmosphere of alertness, up-to-dateness, and laughter, and at night she would return to her little flat, fully expressive of her personality—Oh! life was going to be glorious for Susan!

But in some inexplicable way. the girl found herself perched in front of a typwriter, in a dingy law office, pounding out words of which she had not the faintest comprehension. She was a machine; and she loathed it. The only girls whom she came in contact with were silly giggling ones, whom in her secret heart, Susan rather despised.

She met no men of any kind.

Her evenings were yawned out in an even dingier bed sitting room, made more hideous by reason of the red union carpet and the greenish wall-paper.

To make matters worse the wretched man next door played the piano by ear. He played jazz; and he played abominably. She hated him the more because she was unable to get at him in any way. Never fond of reading, slow to make friends and of a rather timid disposition, it soon became her nightly agony to have to go to bed and lie there glowering into the darkness, hating the man next door. He was so close that she could hear the tap-tapping of his feet as he kept time. He looked so horrid, too, with his scrubby beard, his fish-like eyes—his prominent Adam's apple.

One night, desperate with loneliness and jazz she came upon a correspondence page in a daily paper, and promptly wrote a little note, asking for friendship and letters.

Which brings Henry upon the scene. You must see him as a long cadaverous faced man, cruelly endowed by nature with the merriest, most sensitive of spirits, and the most mournful mask of a face. He caught the haunting misery in Susan's letter and answered. Did he not know what it was to be lonely—lonely with a fierce hatred of the gay crowds, hurrying so carelessly by? Henry was one of those tragic figures, left stranded, wistful-eyed on the edge of life, and his disappointment showed itself in hatred of the self-sufficient ones of the earth. In particular he detested a gaunt, shabby woman who lived next door with her straggly hair, her shabby clothes, her supercilious air.

Strangely enough, the correspondence grew mightily. From the first they agreed to remain incognito, "Because," as Susan wrote, "It's so much nicer to throw my letters into space and have you find them. If you had a name and an address, you would immediately become human—and Oh! I do so want you to remain the intangible, glowing personality that you are!"

They discussed everything under the sun, from Shaw to hymn tunes. They argued over all manner of men and men's doings. They laughed over childish doings; they confided their lost ideals and visions. Something intangible in each called out to the other and found answer.

Romance had touched their lives and wrought a wondrous change. Now dreaming of the glorious personality of her imagination, Susan lived through the days happily, and at night in planning or writing to him, she could, perforce, forget the wretched man next door; while Henry, his fingers warm on her dear letters, could stare in return just as coldly at the woman with the straggly hair. There was a thrill to life. To Susan, every nice looking man might be he, while Henry glanced covertly at every sweet faced girl There was no knowing where they might run into each other.

But the man grew impatient. He had to know her. He must. Woman-like, she feared the shattering of her idyl and pleaded for its continuance. But he was adamant. Letters were not enough; he wanted her. Finally she yielded; it would be much nicer to know him in his reality. They agreed to mail their respective addresses on the same day.

And, as you have guessed, he was the man with the scrubby beard, and she the gaunt woman next door.

Worries of a Bachelor

H.B.

BECAUSE of 'Kismet' or something else, I'm a bachelor, but is that a reason for old married pals to envy one, or for young married friends to pity? Why is it they cannot allow a fellow to plough his lonely furrow if he so wishes or fate decrees that he should?

To-day I received by mail a special offer of ladies silk stockings. Me a bachelor, I wonder why they do not use discretion in sending out this kind of circulars. A wonderful thing they must be "perfect shape"'—how could they be otherwise?—"Elastic fitting at the tops"—that's beyond me—and only seven dollars a box of three pairs. Now for the bargain. If I sell three boxes I can retain fifty cents for myself. Goodness gracious, fifty cents for canvassing ladies for silk stockings. No friends, Napoleon was wrong when he said there was no such word as "impossible."

Only a short time ago I received a price list of furs. Now, can anyone wonder why so many men remain bachelors? Months of hard work to supply a lady fair with one season's display. Not for me, that's certain.

My young married friends will insist on asking my opinion of their baby—the first one of course, I notice that the third and fourth are not so extensively advertised. What do I know about infants? How can I tell what they are for or what they are going to be, they all look alike to me? The natural law of self preservation requires that I say, "Its a fine looking child," but someday I'll pass a remark (and it will be near the truth) that will do justice to the case.

No friends, I need no sympathy, it is not all troubles for a bachelor, especially on pay day. One can whistle with conviction "Love me and the World's (till) Mine," whereas the poor married man would have to say "Love me (or not) and all my pay is Thine." Poor fellows, I feel sorry for them at times, but they only have themselves to blame.

I took a journey to the homeland a while ago, and unfortunately selected a seat at the dining table between—yes, and opposite—a covey of lades. Oh, it was not too bad, when one got used to it, and as we were nearing Southampton, my fair neighbor remarked that I was unemotionable, because I sat down and had a good lunch as usual just before we landed. From that remark I gather, rightly or wrongly, that by playing on a man's emotions he does not eat as much. Anyway, they wont play that game on me.

Still I suppose one should be satisfied in spite of all these little worries, for a fellow can please himself when he goes home, and that's a deal of satisfaction these troublous days.

I've just noticed the engagement of a certain young lady announced, and I'm going to send her this, then she'll see, and maybe understand.

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Cornwall possesses the largest and finest deposits of china clay in the world. The pictures show how the clay is extracted and shipped to the makers of porcelain. No. 1 shows the refinery process, the liquid clay passing through successive rows of filters. No. 2, the interior of a clay pit, resembling a snow-clad mountain. No. 3, digging the clay from the side of the pit. No. 4, washing the clay to prevent it from settling on the way to the tanks, and No. 5, the final tank into which the clay passes before being dried.

When Frost, Disease and Hunger Overwhelm the Giant Sour Dough



by W T Buck

THERE are sleek sourdoughs in the movies and in fiction, but when a sourdough has nothing to eat but sour dough, then the staunchest may well despair.

Jim MacReady, six feet, six inches tall, stalked into the Northern Trading Company post at Fort Norman. It was a strong crust of December snow that bore this giant bulk of a man on the huge snow shoes.

Behind trailed the tiny toboggan that he used for carrying supplies.

It was his first appearance in months and attracted some notice at the post.

Giant Jim had a little cabin about two days' "mush" from Norman. As a recluse he lived and as a recluse he talked to himself.

At a glance it could be seen that the lonely bush was "getting him." After years in the sociable if wracking life of the trenches the man could not thrive in body or mind on the loneliness, at least not in mind.

MacReady shook off his snowshoes, tilted them against the wall and entered the store. It was high time for him to purchase food, for his larder was empty. Not since early Fall had he purchased flour or tea or any of the simple luxuries of life in the sub-Arctic bush.

The immense figure carried out a small sack of flour, lashed it to the toboggan and departed—without a word, although two Mounted Police and some fort dwellers were gathered and expectant.

Fred Veitch, now of Toronto, walked out from behind the counter and stood in the door.

"A queer one, that," he said to the police.

"He has a good record overseas with our troops, though," said Sergeant Clay, R. C. M. P.

"Hasn't even got a squaw to keep house for him," said the store man.

"And he's going fast," said Constable Bell. "Always talking to himself—wouldn't be surprised if he'd need our help sometime, perhaps before the Winter is over."

There came a jingle of bells, a team of dogs drove up, off the sled came a trapper, and the store man went behind the counter. It was good to be a store man—indoors.

The tall recluse had departed, forgotten.

That was the sixth of December, 1921, when Winter was setting its teeth fast into the northland for a long chilling grip.

Three months later some Indians came to Norman and told the sergeant of police that they had passed the cabin of "the silent one" the day before at noon. There was no smoke from its chimney and no tracks in the snow, no signs of life visible.

The sergeant and constable hitched up their dog team and "mushed" two days—forty miles—into the silent land. It was forty-five degrees below zero and they were glad enough early the second day to see the cabin of MacReady, the lone wood chopper.

But there was not a sign of fire, not a wisp of smoke. They entered and sow no fire. Fire there had been, for the lighter material of floor and walls and roof had been torn away for firewood.

MacReady had cut no wood that Winter.

On the bed-pallet he lay, jabbering away more wildly than ever in the past.

He was in a wild delirium, talking of Flanders and London and his old home in the hills of Pennsylvania. So gaunt was he now that the delirium must have lasted long.

Beside the bunk rested a messy-looking clasp knife. Were those blood stains on it?

They removed the blankets and then found his right foot bare—the stump of it, for the toes were cut off.

They looked again at the knife. An attempt at suicide?

"I knew he would go," said Constable Bell.

"Poor MacReady," said Sergeant Clay.

Quickly they decided that the man must be taken to the fort, for down the river at the oil wells was a doctor and this man looked terribly ill.

Carefully they wrapped him up and put him on the sleigh. Then a last look at the cabin—the snow sifting through openings in the roof where he had been able to reach up for fuel, the blackened fire, the empty flour sack, the blood-stained knife.

With a shudder and with the sense of mystery unsolved they pulled shut the door and turned to their simple duty.

Once at the post at Norman they dispatched a runner north to the oil wells and then found time to tell the tale of Jim MacReady the sour dough as best they could. But the truth was never understood until Jim himself had fought his way back under rough but kindly care and skilful medicine to something like his old health.

Scurvy the doctor called it, scurvy and then the delirium that summons death. For Jim had had nothing but flour and snow for three months, a 25-pound bag of flour and melted snow, and no fresh meat or any other food.

Returning towards his cabin from Norman, he had frozen his right foot so badly on that December day that he could not walk. Into camp he had gone on hands and knees as night waned into day, as the aurora retired and a sickly sun crept around the rim of the horizon into camp where nobody had prepared a meal or even a fire for him.

But he lit a fire and heated

Continued on Page Three.



At a glance it could be seen that the lonely bush was getting him.

THE PRINCE'S KISS

Complete in This Issue

By Berta Ruck

She Was a Sleeping Beauty of the Name of Mary Smith, and She Was Engaged; Then Came That Caress, "Like a Bolt from the Blue."

MOST love stories end with a kiss; this, however, begins with one. Rather an unusual sort of one, too!

But to begin with the girl of the story. She, at that moment, appeared as one of the most usual sort of girls you could find. Commonplace little thing, most people thought her. Her very name—Mary Smith—was a label. Her clothes you see everywhere—dark blue tailored suit, cream silk jumper (home knitted) just showing under the coat; small, neat hat, neat fur around neck, neat shoes and stockings, nice suede gloves.

Quiet neatness (a trifle dowdy!) was the keynote of this Mary when you first see her.

She sat in the right hand corner of the third class carriage of a railway train that was just about to start out. Her back was to the engine. Above her head, on the glass of the carriage window, appeared the announcement "Ladies Only." Her umbrella and despatch case were in the rack. On her knee, a dark blue leather bag and a book, not a mere love story but a thoughtful treatise all about the trend of people's minds. This had been sent to her a week ago by her fiance. He was an earnest young man to whom Mary had been engaged for two years, and he was on the teaching staff at a good school. Mary had not yet read this book. She had been saving it up for the railway journey, as she was off on a visit to the country house of some old family friend of her mother's.

You see how highly conventional, how quietly correct everything sounds? How eminently sedate, how arrestingly unlike what happened next?

For mark what did happen:

The train was just off, the whistle was at the guard's lips, when a sort of commotion occurred in the little crowd of see-ers-off collected on the platform.

The tall figure of a young man in a big brown raincoat and the close fitting leather cap which is worn by flyers, motorists, and motor bicyclists came storming up to the train.

"Hurry up, sir! Take your seat!" cried a porter, and held open the door of the first class smoking carriage next to the "Ladies Only" in which Mary was sitting. The young man took no notice.

He sprang on to the footboard just in front of Mary. He thrust his flying capped head in at the open window, caught both hands of the girl sitting in the corner seat, drew them up to his chin, exclaimed in a fresh, pleasant voice, "Well, good-bye darling! I hope you have a splendid time! The best of luck!" He then kissed her heartily; yes! kissed her on the mouth. And jumped back on to the platform and in amongst the group of people there assembled as the train moved out in a series of quickening jerks and a long, outstreaming scarf of white smoke from the engine.

He then walked back to the barrier, giving up his platform ticket with all the other people who had come to see friends off by that train. Those onlookers probably saw nothing more in that little parting scene than was to be observed any day of the week, on any train of the day, at any railway station in the country.

But to return to Mary Smith sitting there in that corner seat of that train as it sped into the country.

Mary, gasping!

Mary, who had never seen that young man before in her life!

IN THAT carriage for "Ladies Only" there were three other passengers, each occupying a corner seat. Opposite to Mary sat a school-girl with two black pigtails dangling, an apple-cheeked face, a black straw hat with a hockey ribbon on it, and large gray eyes mirroring every thought that came into her mind. She was at the age (fourteen) when only two thoughts ever did come; one was "How lovely!" the other was "How awful!"

That flapper, having observed that parting embrace, instantly registered the thought "How lovely!"

So it wouldn't have mattered her seeing it.

In the corner seat on the side next to Mary sat a hospital nurse in uniform. There were war ribbons on the breast of her coat, a shrapnel scar on her forehead under her little bonnet, and the look in her face of a woman who has watched so many amazing sights in the first twenty-five years of her life that for the rest of it she will be surprised at nothing whatsoever.

So it wouldn't have mattered her seeing, either.

Unfortunately, the remaining corner seat was occupied by a lady who did matter.

She was going to stay with the same people that Mary was, having arranged a week ago that she and Mary should travel together. She was a distant cousin of Mary's mother. She wore (amongst other unattractive items) sensible black leather shoes and an investigating look.

And now she turned this look upon the petrified Mary. Mary was stooping to pick up her bag and her book from the floor, where they had dropped at the moment when that inexplicable farewell scene had been avalanched upon her. When she lifted her head again, it was to meet this amazed, this gimletlike glance of her mother's distant (but too near at the moment) Cousin Elizabeth.

"I did'nt know," began the lady, "that any of your brothers were at home now, Mary?"

"They're not," admitted Mary, feeling she was now in for it. "Harry's in British East Africa," she went on, talking to mark time, "and Bill has gone to Canada, and Arthur has just sailed for China."

"Oh! I thought perhaps one of them had altered so much that I shouldn't know him again?" continued Cousin Elizabeth, eyes still firmly gimleted upon the face of the girl opposite to her.

It has often been said that "it was a pity dear Mary was rather pale and anaemic looking. She would have been quite good looking but for that. What she wants is a little more color." The uncle who said this might have been pleased to observe the improvement in dear Mary's complexion at this moment.

"But, of course, that gentleman just now didn't really look a bit like Arthur, or Harry or Bill," added Cousin Elizabeth. "I suppose it was one of the cousins, Mary, that I haven't met?"

A WILD impulse took the badgered Mary. Supposing she did allow this to pass as a hitherto unmet cousin?

Too thin; too thin! Besides, think of the string of questions that would ensue! The inquiries as to name, profession, place of residence! Further, Mary was a fundamentally truthful girl; so at this juncture she reacted to type. She blurted forth a straight-forward, indignant "He wasn't even a cousin. I don't know who that man was!"

"Don't know who he was?" echoed Cousin Elizabeth, staring. The eyes of the other two people in the carriage turned also upon Mary. The nurse's with restrained amusement, the schoolgirl's with an almost audible, "How awful!"

"What can you mean, Mary, you don't know who he was?"

"I mean I don't know who he was any more than you know," faltered poor Mary, gazing round from one to the other of the three faces, "I mean I never saw him before that minute!"

"What? You mean to say he was a complete stranger and he came up like that and spoke to you? Did you hear him say 'darling'?" uttered Cousin Elizabeth with growing horror. "And—am I right, or did I dream it?—didn't he kiss you?"

"Yes," admitted the dazed Mary. "He certainly did."

Here the eyes of the schoolgirl opposite changed to their other expression. "How lovely!"

"It must have been a dangerous lunatic," declared Cousin Elizabeth. "I ought to write to the railway company and The Times and the police about it" she added largely. "Either the wretched creature was quite insane—"

"He didn't look insane," put in the nurse's cool professional tone. "Seemed perfectly normal, I thought."

"Or else he had been drinking; heavily."

Mary, without knowing why, protested quite warmly. "No! He hadn't been drinking at all."

(Then blushed more deeply than ever.)

"Surely it must have been one thing or the other. Most extraordinary in either case."

Here the train drew up at the first stop. Both the other passengers prepared to alight. The nurse, twinkling, gave Mary a pleasant "Good afternoon" as she passed out. In the schoolgirl's bright eyes there could plainly be read this variant of their usual comment, "How lovely, but how awful! How awful, but still, how lovely!"

It was soon obvious that the spinster cousin's comment remained, "How disgraceful!"

TRUTH is stranger than fiction; it is therefore harder to believe. Whatever Cousin Elizabeth believed, it was not Mary's protestation, "I never set eyes on that man before; I mean, I certainly never looked at him in the crowd,' Cousin Elizabeth! I was as much flabbergasted as you were when he pranced up and behaved in that—that—that manner!"



He thrust his head in at the window and caught both hands of the girl.

"There are no manners left nowadays," decreed the spinster darkly, "Nothing but the breakup of all decent conventions and tradition. An engaged girl! I don't know what poor Mr. Ferguson would say. (Mr. Ferguson was Mary's fiance.) Or your poor mother. Or the Homeleigh-Brownes. (These were the people where they were going to stay.) What they'd all think, I cannot imagine!"

It was only too clear that Cousin Elizabeth meant to find out, by the simple process of letting all these people know the whole story!

The Homeleigh-Brownes were a cheery family who'd known Mary from her earliest childhood, who'd been nice to her from a sense of duty, but who'd always considered her the dullest of the dull.

When two years ago they'd heard she was engaged to a staid young schoolmaster, they'd all exclaimed, "She would. How suitable!" They'd all written prim notes to congratulate. They'd never dreamed of her as a girl to whom one could show a glimpse of real fun or chumminess, even though the eldest Homeleigh-Browne girl was engaged herself.

But now a change came o'er the spirit of their dream. Cousin Elizabeth (that deadly nuisance who had invited herself for the week-end when they were giving a dance and all!) had a tale to tell to Mrs. Homeleigh-Browne about Mary Smith.

"Mary? My dear, there must be some extraordinary mistake."

"I wish I could think so," gloomily from Cousin Elizabeth. "I was myself shocked beyond words. I can only repeat to you what I saw with my own eyes (she repeated it with zest) and tell you that the girl had no explanations to offer, except such as no reasonable being could possibly accept."

THE story and Mary's unreasonable explanation permeated to the rest of the family. Were they shocked beyond words?

Sad to say, they revelled in it.

Mary, the meek and mouselike? Mary, the nice, quiet, sensible girl who had always been held up to them as a model? Mary, a dark horse? Mary, with the pearl ring of the blameless Ferguson gleaming on her engagement finger? Ha, ha!

Curiosity seethed in the household. Who was the other young man? What was at the bottom of it all?

Nobody actually said a word on the subject to their younger guest. Only—O, the difference in their behavior towards Mary Smith! Rightly, perhaps, they should have treated her more standoffishly than usual. But not they.

The reprehensible, the cheery family suddenly took Mary to their hearts! After all these years of family friendship (which means nothing) they found they could make a friend of the girl. She was human. They treated her as such. The girls confided in her various love affairs and near love affairs of which she had never, on previous visits, heard a whisper. They ran in and out of her bedroom and "talked trousseau" without restraint. She confided to them the sad news that her dance frock of pale blue georgette might not be finished in time for their dance, in which case she'd have to wear her ordinary dark dinner dress, and the eldest Homeleigh-Browne girl vowed that she'd lend Mary an absolutely stunning trousseau frock of her own that she'd got to go out to Egypt!

"It's a gorgeous color, Mary, and I'm sure you could wear a rich vivid color, now." said the other engaged girl, with emphasis on the "now."

As for the boys of the family, they also looked at Mary Smith with new eyes. They spoke to her with a new tone in their voices.

The medical student once said to her, "You know, Mary, I've the greatest respect for your young man Ferguson. Not that I've ever seen him. I go by the difference in you. Of course! You're a different girl since last time I saw you. You're alive. You're awake. This is 'the touch by love's finger' that we hear such a lot about. Must be. You're the Sleeping Beauty come to life at last under the Prince's kiss. Lucky Prince! I mean, lucky, lucky Ferguson!"

"What nonsense," laughed Mary, quite aware that this old family friend was now ready to flirt with her himself. Certainly he was different. Before, he had been bored and brotherly. She bloomed under the new treatment; sparkle, color, and animation lighted up her once rather colorless little face. Enormously she began to enjoy the visit to which she had come as the merest duty, knowing that it was a duty that she had been invited.

THE only blot on her enjoyment of her first twenty-four hours there was the stern face at meal times of Distant Cousin Elizabeth. Even that was not entirely a blot. In all her life nobody had been shocked at Mary before. Impossible to describe how the nice, quiet, sensible girl appreciated the charm of this novelty, just as she had the novelty of homage from young Homeleigh-Browne.

Both were a tonic that suited her; Only——

Only she was a little nervous about letters from other people. Her mother! Her fiance!

She knew that Cousin Elizabeth would have written to her mother. Now her mother was up in Scotland on a visit; with Sunday post in between this would mean delay. Mary's own letter would get to her mother first. What about a letter to her fiance? Surely Cousin Elizabeth would not write direct to Henry? She would count upon the awful warning filtering through Mary's own family? Mary would be able to give her lover the truthful account of everything that had happened at the railway station before any scandal mongers interposed.

She began the letter:

"My dearest Henry: Thank you so much for sending, "Trends of Mind' for me to read on the journey down. It was thoughful of you. We will discuss it when I see you in the Christmas holidays; so much more satisfactory to talk things over than to write them, don't you think? By the way, the most absurd little incident happened just as I was starting off ——"

Here she put down her pen and laughed light heartedly.

She was writing in the drawing room and had not noticed that the elder Homeleigh-Browne girl was sitting writing out ball programs on the window seat. This other engaged girl now looked up and smiled at her.

"What are you laughing at, Mary?"

"O, my dear, how you made me jump! I was laughing at something I've got to tell my young man," explained Mary, blushing in that new and becoming way. "I—er—I expect you've heard what it is from Cousin Elizabeth."

"You mean the awful scandal about the affectionate stranger who saw you off? I should think we had all heard of it. Priceless! Do tell me what you're going to tell your schoolmaster young man."

"Why, the truth," said Mary, "as I told Cousin Elizabeth, only she doesn't believe it."

"Do you mean to say that you think that your fiance will believe it?"

Mary looked up, wide-eyed. "But—do you mean to say that you don't?"

Slight pause; then, "I do believe it now. I can see by your face. But, you know, Mary, men don't see things as we do; that's why they don't always believe the same things."

"But, my dear," faltered Mary, with a sinking heart, "if I write everything in full detail to Henry ——"

"Don't write. Always a mistake. If you have got to confess anything, it is much easier by word of mouth."

"But that means letting him hear through other people, perhaps. O, why was Cousin Elizabeth ever born? That means waiting until——"

"It doesn't. I'll let you into a secret a week old," said the other engaged girl. "We've asked our Henry to this dance to-night. He's got leave for the week-end. He's coming by the 4.45."

"Henry?" exclaimed Henry's fiance, in delight. "He's coming?"

She was overjoyed. She was eager for Henry to see her in such good looks (she knew she was in good looks as never before). It seemed ages since she had seen her own lover. It would be wonderful to dance with him. And—this was a new thought to Mary, who had always been rather too sensitive and quiet for such ideas—it would be still more wonderful to be kissed by him again. She, who had never been one of these girls who are positively fond of kissing, actually wished for that!

THE other engaged girl went on talking about the party there would be; "The boys, my young man, yours, the boys' Air Force friend. O, look out of the window, Mary! One of them is turning in at the lodge gates now."

Mary thought, "Here's Henry."

But the maid announced, "Captain Prince."

Enter—the young man who had kissed Mary in the train.

Followed a bad quarter of an hour; hectic prattle about Captain Prince's motor run down to this place over swirling undercurrents of embarrassment. Instantly he had recognized Mary: she him. Girl-like, Miss Homeleigh-Browne had leaped to the right conclusion, guided thereto by the look upon their faces.

Nothing was said. The others came in to tea, the Homeleigh-Browne boys escorting Mary's fiance from the train.

What Mary went through in ten minutes of that tea time aged her, she felt, by at least ten years. It also beautified her, adding the sparkle of tension to her eyes and keeping that lovely, fluctuating color blazing up and down in her cheeks.

"You are looking extraordinarily well for your change into the country," said her fiance's voice, sedately approving.

Mary felt, rather than saw, that his approval was echoed by the eyes of all the other men there. Especially by the handsome eyes of that young man who had come on the motorcycle. Was it possible? Yes, he did: yes, he thought her lovely. As for young Homeleigh-Browne, he made no secret of what he thought of Mary now she'd "come to life!"

But what is the use of coming to life when there is some one staying in the house who makes it clear that what you deserve is to be put to death?

Cousin Elizabeth entered, in fact, at that moment. Desperately Mary had hoped that when the young airman was introduced to her Cousin Elizabeth would think that this Captain Prince was some one she had not met before.

Vain hope. By the icy bow and the polar atmosphere that spread around the room Mary realized that the scandalous one had been recognized.

All this undercurrent, you understand, surged below ripples of polite afternoon tea conversation appropriate to any country house party on the afternoon before any dance. Further, Mary became in some curious way conscious that two of the young men, not only one, but two of them, were impatiently waiting for the opportunity to talk to her alone. One, of course, was her legitimate fiance. Natural enough! The other was the eccentric airman, Captain Prince.

Also, perhaps, natural enough Obviously he must explain to this girl that he had ophthalmia or night blindness or myopia, which had caused him to take her for somebody else.

At last she found herself alone with Henry.

They went into the appropriate rose garden pursued by a glance from Cousin Elizabeth which was the equivalent of a hope that now Mary meant to confess her awful crime.

In the rose garden it was Henry who had most to say.

Having kissed his betrothed's flushed cheek and told her once more that she was looking well, he began to ask her opinion on the book he had sent her, which of course was in the circumstances an unfortunate opening. (She hadn't read a word of it.)

It dashed Mary's spirits.

Then he told her about the offer he'd received of a better post, which meant that they could get married so much sooner than had been anticipated. Curious! This, too, did not elate Mary as might have been expected. She thought to herself "Something's making me feel wretched. Cousin Elizabeth, of course, would say it was a guilty conscience, but I feel just as if something most depressing had happened." She hadn't realized what it was when the dressing gong already thundered out from the house.

"We must fly!" exclaimed Mary.

Midway on their flight to the house they encountered the young airman, bent on some errand to the motor bicycle.

Without preamble he said to Mary, "Can you spare me some dances?"

"Yes," said Mary. (Well, she couldn't very well say no, could she?)

"Will you give me three and nine to start with, then?"

Again she could show absolutely no reason for refusal.

As they turned into the house her fiance said, "Have you ever met that fellow before?"

"Once," faltered Mary, and fled upstairs, for she saw Cousin Elizabeth looming in the hall.

In her room it suddenly occurred to Mary why she had felt wretched in the rose garden.

After all, she hadn't liked it when Henry kissed her!

THE quarrell—the first quarrel she'd ever had with her Henry—took place at the beginning of the dance, during numbers one and two, which, of course, she'd booked with him.

Now the two first items on a program are usually peaceful if not slow; people haven't got worked up.

Mr. Ferguson, however, had. He wouldn't dance. With a look of purpose he led his Mary to a secluded stairway corner, and, sitting out there, he made a row royal.

Immediately he demanded to know what she meant by her behavior; then, without waiting for the girl to reply to this question, he supplied the answer. He supplied the truly terrible fancy picure of Mary's character; hypocrisy, duplicity being the keynotes. She, whom he had always considered so different from the jazz girl, the modern hussy who has no charm or reverence or modesty—she was just like them all. Only far, far worse, because she pretended to be different, and they didn't. At last she was sailing under her true colors!

Here he gave a searing glance at her frock—the one lent by Miss Homeleigh-Browne. It was a daring little gown of flaring tangerine color; glowing, passionate. Never before had Mary worn any color but washy pink or subdued saxe blue. This vibrant orange made another creature of her.

At last, said Mr. Ferguson, he saw her for what she was. Her own cousin had let him know the whole story of Mary's disgraceful behavior at Paddington.

"Yes, I wish to explain about that," Mary put in.

Useless. Mr. Ferguson would let her explain nothing. He was well into his stride as a lecturer of little boys; he held forth to Mary as if she were some small defaulter in the Lower Third. He told her just how "thin" he thought her story about only having seen the young airman once before.

"But you can ask him," protested Mary, the pink flame in her cheeks just as vivid as the orange flame in her gown. "He will tell you."

"Yes, more variations on the same theme," retorted Mr. Ferguson bitterly.

"You mean you don't believe either of us?"

"Is it likely I should? I have your own cousin's word for the way in which you behaved at the station. I meet the young man himself staying in the house. Too much of a coincidence altogether. Then the change in you—in your dress, your manner, your appearance generally"—here another glance at Mary's quite lovely shoulders. Never before had she shown so much of them at any dance. Mr. Ferguson disapproved of every dimpled ivory inch. He wound up with a curt 'Quite enough."

"More than enough," cried Mary flaming again. "You don't expect me, do you, to go on being engaged to a man who can't trust me?"

HENRY FERGUSON, who had been working up to the climax of saying, "You don't expect me, do you, to go on being engaged to a girl whom I cannot trust?" found the wind taken out of his sails. He could only hold out his hand to take the pearl ring which Mary, with an unmistakable gesture of finality, handed back to him, when a voice at the door said in a tone not to be denied, "Our dance, I believe?"

It was the airman.

Mary rose and floated off with him, looking like a flame blown by the wind.

Three and nine were the dances for which she had been asked; actually the program showed something more like three to nineteen and the extras. There was so much, so extraordinarily much to be said by both of them. Perhaps you think Captain Prince began by his apology and his explanation of the scene in the train? No, the first thing he said was, "Did my eyes deceive me or did I see you giving back a ring just now to that chap with glasses?"

"You did see me," admitted Mary, who indeed could scarcely keep from laughter as they danced; "but what do you mean?"

"What do you mean by ever having been engaged to such a dud?"

By this time Mary herself wondered. It wasn't until number nine, after many other things had been said, that the audacious Prince asked her if she had forgiven him yet for what happened the first time she saw him.

"I shall never forgive you," said Mary, with palpable insincerity.

"What a pity," returned the young man, perfectly unmoved. "You see, unless I knew you had forgiven me, I couldn't explain to you what and how it happened."

"O, very well, then," said Mary, resigned, "I forgive you. Explain, please."

And, after all, the explanation seemed almost as impossible as the rest of the incident. "Why did I do it?" explained the airman. "Because I wanted to. I spotted you five minutes before, getting your ticket to somewhere [never dreaming it was to here!], and I thought, 'What a dear little face! Only, how sad; how easy to see that it has never been kissed.'"

"How easy to make mistakes, you mean! I was engaged: I'd been engaged for two years."

"Well, doesn't it show that that didn't count? There are kisses that don't," he informed her. "They don't count any more than the wind blowing a dead leaf against your lips. They haven't. Have they?"

"Go on, please."

"This," went on the young man, "was when I'd gone to get my motor bicycle out of the Left Luggage Office. Instead, I followed you to the train. I just wanted to see the last of a very taking 'asleep' little face."

"I'm not asleep."

"You aren't now. You were then. I saw you sitting at the carriage window, alone, as I thought. I thought, 'What a frightful shame! Nobody to see her off! Never has been anyone to see her off yet; quite possibly never will be anyone in our moth-eaten state of civilization, when we all behave so circumspectly.' I thought. "What a miserable world when a girl like that can be left to pine away unkissed until she's fifty, perhaps! I shall never see the little thing again,' thought I. Pity I can't give her one really decent kiss and wish her luck for a sendoff! Can't do her any harm, just for once in her life, so here goes!"—and there went."

"With a vengeance!" exclaimed Mary, indignantly [though she realized that the indignation was a little late]. "As for 'no harm being done,' can't you see that you've completely wrecked my reputation for being a nice, quiet, sensible girl? You've given Cousin Elizabeth a stick to beat me with for the rest of my life. You've 'crashed' my engagement——"

"To a dud; and I've shown you what being engaged really means. Yes! Don't be silly, darling," this child of impulse stifled Mary's protests. "Of course we're engaged. What else is there to be done? We shall never get anybody [except our mothers] to believe this wild legend of our not having met before. Consequently we may as well fall in with theirs: that we've known each other secretly for ages. Perhaps we have, sweetheart. Anyhow, there's going to be another existence for us from to-night on," and he slipped his arm ingratiatingly about her shoulder, "a pretty different one. For the sake of appearance——"

"Yes. Do let's study those," Mary begged him, with a last attempt at satire.

"For the sake of appearances we won't give it out officially until—whatever the usual time may be. Unofficially, and in your ear"—which was already close against his lips—"I intend to take my answer here and now."

As I said, this story begins with a kiss. It also ends with one. Or, rather, with a great many.

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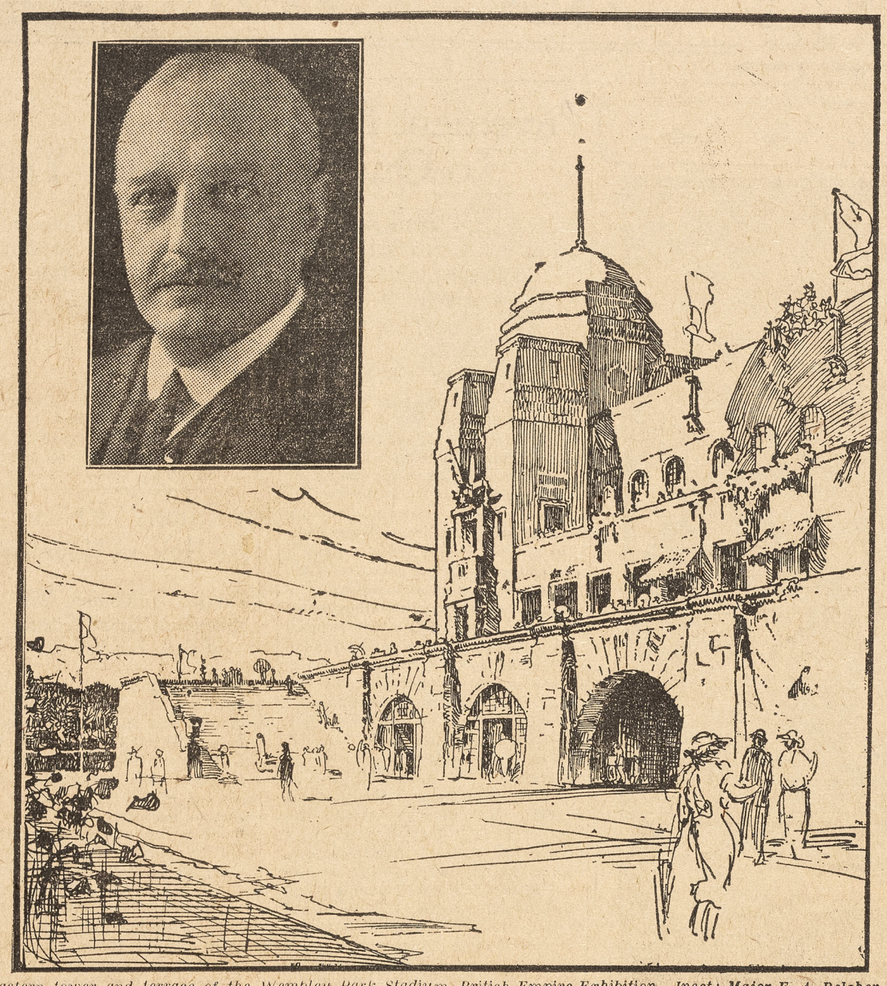
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Arena for 128,000 at Empire Fair



Eastern tower and terrace of the Wembley Park Stadium, British Empire Exhibition. Inset: Major E. A. Belcher, C.B.E., director-general of the Exhibition, who recently toured Canada.

TO make the Canadian National Exhibition look like a township fair is one of the evident aims of the British Empire Exhibition. There are other aims, but this one is large enough to indicate how big the undertaking is intended to become.

The first great unit of the British Empire Exhibition to take shape is the stadium, which will dwarf the Roman Coliseum and bring the greatest football contests in the world to Wembley, the site of the exhibition.

The first turf of the new stadium was turned by the Duke of York in January last. Royalty continues to evince great interest in the venture and recently the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the enclosure to see how the work was progressing. He was duly impressed by the magnitude of the vast structure, which is already well on the way to completion.

Hundreds of workmen are employed night and day in finishing the work, and a part of the playing pitch has already been leveled and turfed. There will be over 600 pillars, each 60 feet in height, used to support the roofing of the great covered stands, and many of these are already in position.

There will be thirty-two miles of terraced steps, and these are fast rising, tier upon tier.

The wall of the southern stand has been erected, and from the distant heights looks like a huge viaduct about a quarter of a mile in length.

With an arena one and a half times the size of the Roman Coliseum, the stadium of the British Empire Exhibition will, when completed, cover two and a half times the area of that historic building.

Largest in the World

EIGHTY thousand spectators were accommodated in the ancient Coliseum at Rome. The stadium at Wembley will house 128,000.

Here is the seating capacity: under cover 26,000; ring seats, 10,000. Standing capacity: enclosures, 35,000; terraces, 57,000. Total, 128,000 persons.

Where are now the Yale and Harvard Bowls? Bring them all on and the British Empire Exhibition will enormously surpass them all in every feature, in equipment as well as in capacity and, above all, in availability.

Surrounding the playing pitch there will be a cinder track for athletes measuring 440 yards to the lap, and upon the north side there will be an additional 100 yards straight, which will be extended to 220 yards when necessary, the only straight run of this length in the kingdom, the start at this distance being in a tunnel which will run under the terraced bank.

The Prince of Wales was hugely interested in this running tunnel and straight run of 220 yards, remarking that they had these straights in America, and applauding the innovation.

The dressing rooms for the athletes will accomodate 500 of the empire's finest at one time. The footballers will be housed in splendidly-equipped dressing rooms. The press will be provided for in ideal quarters. Visitors to the ground will find plenty of cloakrooms and will be able to take luncheon or tea in the buffets and restaurants which will form a part of the big structure.

That the directors are begining on solid ground is evidenced by this provision for the world's most popular game, association football. Huge permanent revenues will be derived from the stadium so near the heart of the world's greatest centre of population and empire sports during the exhibition will be staged on a grand scale.

There will be a splendid train service of a few minutes' interval only from Baker Street to the ground on Cup Final Day and the big match days, as well as daily during the Exhibition itself, and innumerable entrances and exits will enable the vast crowd to move to its places without pushing or crushing.

Erected by the exhibition directorate in conjunction with the Football Association, the arena will be the permanent home of the Football Association after the exhibition is over. Needless to add, it will be the finest arena of its kind in the world.

History will be made in April next when the Cup Final will christen the new Wembly Stadium of the British Empire Exhibition, successor as Cup Final grounds to the once unrivalled Crystal Palace of the 1851 Exhibition. It is uncertain whether sport or the empire has gone the farther since 1851, but both have developed wonderfully as the new Exhibition will abundantly demonstrate.

Studying The Empire.

THE empire that the Little Englanders of Mid-Victorian days scarcely dreamed of is now being toured by directors of the British Empire Exhibition as a preliminary to the holding of the great fair itself. They were in Canada recently on the last turn of a round-the-world tour lasting a year. This unheralded tour is of vastly greater importance than the squabbles so widely described in the cables over the use of empire products in the buildings.

The directors under Major Belcher's leadership have come as learners, leaving behind them some of their number to push forward the mighty physical achievement of the Stadium, they formed a Dominions Mission in order to visit each great unit of the empire and to study at first hand the basic problems of each unit so as to make the exhibition the servant of all.

Leaving England on January 21 last, with a message of Godspeed from the King, the Mission have visited South Africa, Rhodesia, Australia and Canada in turn. They were given a great send off at the Royal Colonial Institute. The Colonial office notified the various Dominions Governments of the importance of their coming and its results as foreseen by the Home Government.

They have learned that the empire was a much more important and varied organism than they had anticipated and so the scope of their enquiry has been widened.

Their method has been to meet representatives of government and industry everywhere and to ask questions. They plan to make the Exhibition really of, by and for the empire.

They have discussed buildings plans and general architectural treatment of the Dominion Pavilions, have explained how much wider is the scope of this exhibition, have obtained suggestions from each part of the empire regarding practical methods of developing its own raw materials and increasing inter-imperial trade and are developing proposals with regard to imperial fisheries, tropical diseases, agriculture and forestry and mineral resources.

And, like practical Britons, they have discussed rebates on railway and steamship fares, so as to get people from the Dominions to visit England and pass through the turnstiles after depositing the money for a ticket.

Among the proposals discussed regarding Canada is one to have a model dairy with Canadian champion cattle on exhibition. Australia proposes to send a complete agricultural exhibit.

Many projects have not yet taken shape but by 1924 there should be an enormous and representative exhibition—if the wonderful promise of the Stadium is made good all along the line.

Frost and Hunger Defeat Sour Dough

Continued from Page One.

water to aid in thawing out the foot. Alternately in hot and cold water he immersed it, with fearful pain and no relief. It did not thaw out. As surely as Winter followed Summer, it would mortify, rot, set up an action that would steal away his vitality and destroy his life.

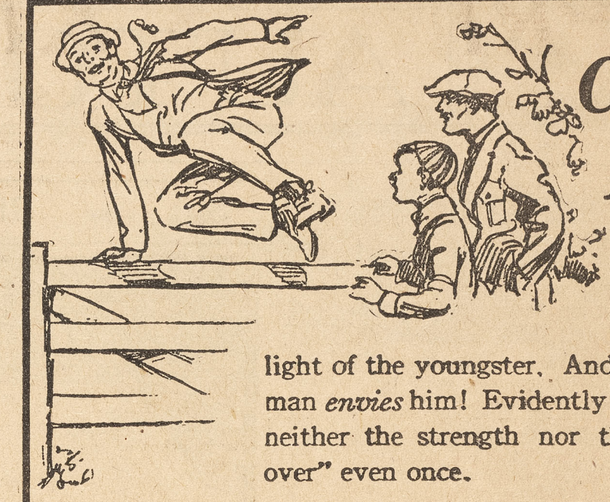
There was but one alternative. He could not crawl forty miles to the nearest human beings. He would not rot or die. He could and must prolong life somehow. From the dread alternative he shrank.

Hunger was calling. So he crawled to the door and gathered snow, melted it and mixed it with the flour into balls of a dough that when baked is the northerner's ultimate food, "sour dough."

Strengthened and warmed, he took out his clasp knife and felt its blade with his fingers. Off came his boot. One toe went and then another, until the last infected toe was gone. He fell back on the cold bunk, maimed, and commenced the fight that might last for months—unless some friend came.

But no friendly Indian or trapper passed. The thoughts that he had let play in his lonely mind in the mild Summer seized on him during that Winter. He was again in Pittsburgh, he could see the red rims of the great glowing steel furnaces down on the Allegheny flats—ah, so warm. Next, he saw the flashing dawns of Flanders, the star shells of the Somme, the flares of Vimy Ridge—what phantasmagoria it all made for him, while fires burned low and strength failed him so that he could not reach to the roof for fuel, while the sour dough became scarcer and scarcer and strength burned out.

At length he could only reach out from his bunk and gather snow for the dough, jabbering the while and imagining himself a tiny boy making snowballs. To the mutterings of the hermit were added the delirium of scurvy—he recognized that plague. And then memory failed and there was a hiatus until long after the Mounted—God bless them—saved him.



Can You Do It?

See the jolly old boy playing "high jinks" to the delight of the youngster. And see how the other man *envies* him! Evidently this poor chap has neither the strength nor the vigour to "go over" even once.

Men—and women, too—who "feel tired" all the time should follow the example of the vigorous old fellow and take IRONIZED YEAST, the world's greatest tonic builder. A course of IRONIZED YEAST is the quickest, most gratifying method to enrich the system with the vital food elements and the wonderfully tonic properties of iron, which every system must have in abundance to maintain health and energy.

When you begin taking IRONIZED YEAST, you *feel* the change, the improvement that is going on in your system, almost at once. You sleep better, more restfully; in time your complexion clears and colour brightens; nerves become steady and reliable; appetite increases, you enjoy your food and it digests thoroughly; your weight becomes what it should be, with flesh firm and muscles strong; the fresh vigour you possess upon arising in the morning seems unabated at the end of the day. IRONIZED YEAST is simply the true scientific compound of Nature's vital elements of health. That is why the results of IRONIZED YEAST come so quickly, are so sure, so gratifying. One need no longer *envy* boundless strength, vigour and virile health in others—begin today your course of IRONIZED YEAST and soon you will make a new being of yourself.

IRONIZED YEAST Tablets
WORLD'S GREATEST TONIC BUILDER

At all Druggists, $1 per package. If your dealer cannot supply, write to us and we will see that you get it. Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Canada

RECEIVED: ONE WIFE.

A Hudson's Bay Co., factor wanted a wife and did not choose to follow the practice of marrying one of the native princesses. He wrote to headquarters asking that his need be supplied. In due course this was attended to, and in the company's records this receipt is to be found: "Received one wife, apparently in fair condition. It is to be hoped she will turn out good, although it must be admitted she is a rum one to look at."

ANIMALS AND WHIPS.

In England a committee investigating the treatment of performing animals finds much cruelty in the training methods. Animal lovers hope the committee may develop a practical plan for the betterment of conditions.

THE POTTERS



ILLUSTRATIONS—BY—J.H.STRIEBEL.

By J. P. McEVOY

PROLOGUE.

Red Miller has a job . . . none of your little fleabitten doormat jobs which Necessity so often flings out for the Wolf to lie on . . . no, it is a job with an atmosphere, a roseate halo of romance, an auriferous aurora, you would say . . . go ahead and say it if you wish . . . a beautiful job, a glorious job; or to use the more concise idiom that Mamie Potter employs, a swell, snooky job . . . in short, Red Miller is now a football coach . . . or, to be more exact, an assistant football coach, called upon in this emergency to coach the back field men of Ironwood college for their historic annual battle with their deadly rivals, the "Aggies" . . . training the young idea to boot, as it were . . . well, well, isn't Mamie proud? . . . her Red doing all this—they had to call on him to help them out . . . isn't it thrilling! . . . as for Pa, he is a bit dubious and baffled, as usual . . . what kind of a son-in-law does an assistant football coach make? . . . the football season is shorter even than the bathing season . . . as a life guard Red could, in an emergency, go south in the winter, but what will he do when the football season closes? . . . suppose we don't worry about that just now? . . . Red isn't worrying, neither is Mamie, and as for Pa, let him worry . . . if he didn't have anything to worry about he would begin to worry because he had nothing to worry about.

Scene I.—The Campus of Ironwood College.

Time—About 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Groups of collegians are standing around in little clots of semi-consciousness, wearing that ineffably beatific expression to be seen only on the faces of students who have been just paroled from classrooms until the next morning . . . Red Miller is striding up the walk with a traveling bag and an expression that is meant to be stern and unself-conscious.

1ST COLLEGIAN *(who in his grey sweater and baggy trousers looks like the plumber's assistant . . . he'll probably never make as much):*
Sh-h-h, that's him.

2D COLLEGIAN *(with the pale, serious face of one who burns the midnight oil, either in a student's lamp or a chummy roadster):*
Is that him?

1ST COLLEGIAN *(impressively):*
Yeh.

2D COLLEGIAN:
Oooooh! So that's Red Miller. Gosh, he's a husk!

1ST COLLEGIAN:
Say, yu otta see that guy go through a line! Hot towel!

2D COLLEGIAN *(as Red stalks by, outwardly indifferent but inwardly all eardrums):*
O, boy, I bet he could knock 'em for a row of brick tenements!

1ST C.: You said it.
2D C.: I'll say I did.
1ST C.: You sure did.
2D C.: I'll say. Lookit them shoulders! Zowie!
1ST C.: Zowie's the word.
2D C.: It sure is.
1ST C.: Say, won't he pep up our back field, though? We'll have a back field when that guy gets finished with it.
2D C.: They need a little skull practice with a guy like that.
1ST C.: Little? They need lots.
2D C.: I'll say they do.
1ST C.: They sure do.
2D C.: I'll say.
1ST C.: I'm sure glad we got 'im. *(Admiringly, as Red stalks down the vista, head up, chest out, shoulders back):* He's a wow!
2D C.: Wow's the word.
1ST C.: I'll say it is.
2D C.: It sure is.
1ST C.: I'll say.

("Our courses in English [says the Ironwood college catalogue] are planned especially to inspire in students a love and veneration for the 'pure well of English undefiled' and an abhorrence and loathing for the absurd colloquialism and the pernicious use of unbridled slang.")



"Sh-h-h, that's him!"

Scene II.—On the Practice Field.

It is late afternoon of the following day. On a dry, hard, moth eaten field back of the gym eleven delightful young savages are trying to kill eleven other delightful young savages . . . the technical term for this matriculated mayhem al fresco is football practice . . . the first team full back has just gone through the scrub left tackle and neglected to jump on said scrub's tonsils en passant . . . this is highly unethical, not to say an almost unforgivable tactical blunder. Red is provoked, and justly so.

RED *(to full back):*
Hey, just a minute, just a minute. Come back here. (Full back stops running in midair and returns crestfallen.)

FULL BACK *(worried):*
What's the matter? What's wrong?

RED *(fiercely):*
Here, give me that ball. Let me show you how to pick a hole and go through it. What's the idea o' strutting through leading a grand march or somep'n?

(Red grabs ball, hands it to quarter back, and takes full back's place behind first team, facing scrubs . . . scrubs begin to make acts of contrition.)

Now watch me go through . . . SIGNALS . . . nine forty-nine twenty-nine two . . .

(Quarter back snaps ball to Red, who goes through scrub line . . . three scrubs tenderly carried to the side lines by sorrowing friends.)

1ST COLLEGIAN *(on side lines, to his friend with the pale studious face):*
Attaboy, old boy! Ain't he the alligator's pears?

2D COLLEGIAN *(glowingly):*
Hot dog! Hot cat! Hot towel!

RED *(scattering his pearls):*
Hit 'em low . . . pick up your feet when you run . . . knees high . . . higher . . . higher . . . hey, You . . . You!

(The ambitious young thing named You stops and quakes . . . what did he do now . . . what's wrong in this picture?)

RED *(to quivering young hunk of red beef):*
Thass no way to catch a punt! You ought to be playing drop the handkerchief at Bryn Mawr . . . watch. *(To quarter back down field):* Boot me one.

(Quarter back reacts with a high spiral which Red pockets against chest with crooked arms . . . tucks it under his arm and charges down field . . . ambitious young scrub tackles him . . . comes to an hour later . . . indignantly asks nurse why the engineer didn't blow his whistle.)

RED *(to back field men):*
Did you see how that fella tackled me? Up around the neck. And you saw what happened to him? Let that be a lesson to you. Hit 'em below the knees and hit 'em hard . . . hard! Here, you *(to Ironwood squad)*, I'll play defensive with the scrubs, and you carry the ball through me if you can. *(To others):* Now watch the tackling this time. When you want to stop 'em, hit 'em low . . . and hard.

QUARTER BACK *(to himself):*
I might fool you, old socks.

(Teams line up. Red playing deep in sub back field . . . quarter back skirts sub end, stiff arms half back, changes pace near Red, tries trick feint, very successful last year with Aggie back field . . . Red smiles at naive strategem, leaves ground like rocket, and nails speeding quarter in midair as he goes by . . . gets up and shakes himself . . . quarter back doesn't get up.)

RED *(to assembling squad):*
There! That's how it's done!

(Bends over quarter back, together with coach and a few willing helpers, succeed in bringing him to, dazed and shaken . . . so that's the way they tackle 'em at Notre Dame, is it? . . . oof!)

1ST COLLEGIAN *(to pal):*
Did you see that? Say, he'll kill all our players if he ain't careful.

2D C.: I'll say he will.
1ST C.: He sure will.
2D C.: Why don't he tackle the scrubs? A scrub's got more lives than Plutarch.
1ST C.: Yes, why don't he? Scrubs don't count.
2D C.: That's right, they don't. A scrub more or less don't mean nothing. There, Mike's getting up now. Gosh, he got some bump!
1ST C.: I'll say he did. Look! I guess they're knocking off for the day.

(Squad limp off field mumbling to themselves about the new assistant coach, who can be seen hurrying away to his quarters as full of vim and vinegar as ever . . . but if they could have seen his face after reading the dainty letter that was waiting for him there, it would have cheered them as much as it evidently depressed Red . . . and he was just going to write such a glowing letter to Mamie, too . . . Poor Red! . . . poor Mamie!)

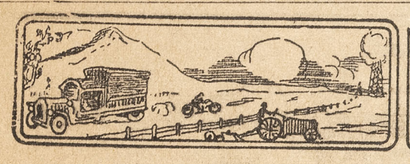
NOTE: To all who have inquired regarding the identity and intentions of the mysterious stranger with the horn rimmed glasses who seems to be watching The Potters, I must decline any explanation. I regret the necessity that compels this decision, but I owe my first allegiance to Pa and Ma, and I must not violate their confidence.

Respectfully, *J. P. McEVOY.*

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"Here's the way to do it."



AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

International Motor Show At London World's Greatest

In Number of Exhibitors of Cars Made Throughout the Motor World no Other National Show Compares With That Held in Olympia and White City—Roughly Twice as Many Makes Shown as Will be Exhibited at New York or Chicago—Tendency Towards Very Light Cars Increases the General Trend.

The following brief sketchy review of the greatest of all motor shows—the International Motor Exhibit held in the White City and Olympia, London, England—was the only one to hand at the time of closing this section for the press. A more comprehensive review will be published next week.

The Sixteenth International Motor Exhibition—one of the most important events in the British calendar—from many points of view was of more interest to the public and of more vital concern to the industry than any of its predecessors, for now, for the first time since the war, prices seem on the high road to stabilization, and the market possibilities may be fairly gauged from the business transacted.

One hundred and forty-five car makers or agents displayed their various models, and, as in many cases two or more different makes were staged on the same stand, the actual number of the marques represented was very much higher. The international character of the exhibits was emphasized by the best cars that America, Belgium, Canada, France, Italy and Great Britain produce, and every taste was catered for by a range which extended from a diminutive four-cylinder car of 628 c.c. to a magnificent six-cylinder carriage of 7,410 c.c. From the point of view of price only, the range evtended from a small two-seater at £150 to luxuriously equipped town carriages costing nearly £3,000.

Undoubtedly one of the main features of the Show was the very large number of small- and medium-powered four-cylinder cars rendered possible by progress in design, which has resulted in a greatly increased power output from a given cylinder capacity. In particular has the two-litre class been greatly augmented during the past-year, while at the same time more new models have been introduced which fall within the 1,100 c.c. class, while some of these designs are of even less than one litre cylinder capacity. Amongst this small class there are many cars with diminutive four-cylinder engines, the tendency towards which has often been pointed out in these columns heretofore. At the same time, it cannot be contended that the small two-cylinder engine has altogether given way to the diminutive four, and several new examples of air-, oil-, and water-cooled two-cylinder engined cars made their debut at Olympia or the White City.

In the two-litre class there is a consensus of opinion amongst designers that the four-cylinder engine, with side-by-side valves and a detachable head, formed as a unit with a cone clutch and fourspeed gear-box, is the ideal power plant, while a spiral bevel final drive and semi-elliptic springs also find a place on the majority of the cars of this class. In this category there is also observable a tendency towards component-built chassis, both in England and in France, and naturally this entails a certain loss of individuality. The small six-cylinder engine is increasing in popularity, and there were several examples ranging from rather over one litre to two-and-a-half and three litres on display. Of new tendencies in the large and powerful classes there is little to record, except a general improvement in the matter of neatness of design, and in some cases the adoption of more modern power units; the general lines of many of the well-known large cars remain unaltered. Progress there has been, of course, during the past year in every class, but undoubtedly this is reflected to the greatest extent in the one, and one-and-a-half, and two-litre classes.

NATIONAL MOTOR SHOW CALENDAR.

Automobile Salon, New York City, Dec. 3-9.
National Motor Show, New York City, Jan. 6-13.
National Motor Show, Chicago, Jan. 27-Feb. 3.
Automobile Salon, Chicago, Jan. 27-Feb. 3.

Motorists Seldom At Fault-Eldridge

Police Statistics Reveal Unfairness Of Usual Public Placing Of Blame.

New York City.—"The public, as a whole is too ready to place the blame for any accident in which an automobile figures on the driver of the automobile," said M. O. Eldridge, Executive Chairman of the American Automobile Association. "The first cry that goes up, as a rule, when such an accident occurs, is that the driver of the car was at fault, when, as a matter of fact, in a large majority of cases, the person injured was to blame.

"I have before me," continued Mr. Eldridge, "a chart containing a summary of traffic accidents in New York City, with the fault or incapacity of the proper party listed, and while, perhaps, the cause of 50 per cent. of the accidents is listed as unknown, the blame in the cases where the fault of the accident has been determined is overwhelmingly placed on the persons injured.

"Over a certain period of time, in which 7,327 accidents, involving private automobiles, occurred, the Police Department of New York City found by thorough investigation that in 450 cases the driver of the car was to blame; in 3,168 cases the person injured was to blame, and in 3,683 cases the cause of the accident was unknown. With the heavy preponderance of blame placed on the person injured in the known causes of accidents, it is but fair to presume that the injured person was to blame in more than 50 per cent. of the remaining 3,683 cases, basing this on the most conservative estimates. During the same period of time, in which 1,209 accidents, involving taxicabs, occurred, the cause for 51 such cases was traced to the driver, while 437 cases were blamed on the person injured, and the cause of 714 acidents remained unknown.

"These figures serve to emphasize," Mr. Eldridge continued, "the contention of the A.A.A. that no traffic regulation is complete until it provides a penalty for jay-walking. The jay-walker in my opinion, is the most serious menace to traffic safety in the United States to-day.

"The automobile has always been a subject of class legislation. It is a shining target for every legislator seeking a new means of revenue. It pays more tax than any property of similar value in the world, and is subject to more regulations than any other means of conveyance.

"The American Automobile Association stands for obedience to the law and for observance of all traffic regulations, but we feel that if a motorist is to be fined for disobedience of a traffic signal, then the pedestrian should be fined for jay-walking across the street, putting himself, as well as every motorist in that immediate vicinity in danger.

"The automobile has done more to enhance man's value to his community and to enhance the value and enlarge the scope of that community, than any other one invention, and we respectfully maintain on behalf of the motorist that the automobile driver is entitled to much more consideration than he now receives."

Cat-Mouse Tactics Should Be Banned

O. M. L. Urges That Iniquitous Fee System Should Be Abolished.

By RUTGERS NEILSON.

Cat and Mouse tactics on the part of officers of the law in dealing with the transient motorist—tempting the unwary into minor traffic violations which will bring in fines—are as ineffective as they are unfair.

That this condition actually exists in all too many communities is well known by motorists. Many phases of unfair treatment of the motorists have been discussed by this paper in co-operating with the "Fair-Play On the Highway" campaign. But, the issue discussed today is perhaps the most insistently in need of remedying. When officers of the law, not in uniform, practically inveigle motorists into breaking laws simply to trap them, it is high time that the matter be brought to public condemnation. "Topics of the Day" films as follows:

"It is wrong for local constables not in uniform to drive about the highways provoking transient motorists into infractions of minor local ordinances so they can collect fines. (The Ontario Motor League has been supported by the Gregory Commission in its campaaign against the iniquitous fee system). It is wrong to set speed traps or otherwise tempt the unwary into violations.

"The foremost duty of officers should be the prevention of and not the punishment for infractions. Communities sponsoring or tolerating such methods do so to their own detriment."

That such provincial methods of handling motor traffic exist is almost unbelievable. But some constables are waxing fat on fines from their trapping of transient motorists. The attitude of these rural constables toward the visiting motorist is illustrated by an anecdote. Aesop, Jr., tells of an over zealous, or shall we say a pecunious and prejudiced would-be officer of the law.

A motorist was driving with his family through some of the most picturesque rural districts one could wish to visit. To thoroughly enjoy the scenery he drove at a fairly slow rate of speed. In fact, he was just "rolling along" on the outskirts of a village, when a rustic stepped out from behind a clump of bushes and waved for him to halt. Then the ruralist pulled back his coat and displayed his star of office. He was a constable. The motorist could not imagine what he had done, so he asked in amazement:

"Now, Constable, what law am I violating?"

"W-we-ll, I don't know yet, but I'll look you over," he chirped with an air of superiority. "You must be violating some law, you're driving an auto-mo-boile, aint yer?"

Surely in this country where we pride ouselves on our sense of justice and fair-play, the practice of tempting traffic infractions will not be permitted to continue. The automobile is a vital cog in our transportation system and a chord of popular appeal is struck in championing a fair deal for the automobile.

Forcing Engine On Hills Is Costly

Robert Gray, President of Gray-Dort Motors, Limited, is a firm believer in treating a motor car with the respect due to a fine piece of machinery.

He says, "When going up a steep hill do not crowd the engine to see if you can possibly get to the top without shifting gears. When running very slowly (laboring) the sudden blows of the explosion acting against the resistance of the slow-moving crankshaft tend to flatten out the bearings, shortening their life, wearing them out, and making the engine knock. As it is an expensive matter to fit new bearings, this is an important detail to attend to.

-o- -o- OVERHAULING FALL -o- -o-



When the weather prophets "stall,"
And your hat you overhaul;
When the leaves begin to fall,
And the prices not at all,
Fall's en route.

When your one-man top you raise
To acknowledge passing days;
And Dame Nature's show displays
Latest models for your praise,
Autumn's come.

—The Motorist.

THE PASSING OF THOMAS CAIN.

The grim reaper in garnering Thomas Cain took him at a time when he should have been just entering his prime. A pioneer motorist he was an unusual and striking personality who through native ability and acumen, pertinacity and driving force improved what opportunity offered and so from the bottom ascended to an unusual height the ladder of success. He could and would always find time to say a good word or do a good deed for a friend. He was not only for many years a member of the Motor League but also an active supporter of its campaigns for good roads and sane salutary legislation. Many friends miss his cheery greeting and lament his passing.

Pavement From Windsor To Quebec City Next Year

Hon. A. L. Perron Announces That Contracts Have Been Let For Construction of Bridges and Quebec Section of Road, Linking Ontario Trans-Provincial Highway With Montreal—Official Motor League Car First to Cross New Highland Creek Viaduct

The opening of the Highland Creek viaduct Tuesday was an event in which practically all the motorists of the Province rejoiced for the Highland Creek hills have been among the worst barriers and menaces on the Trans-Provincial Highway. As the road system of the province was fathered by the Ontario Motor League it was eminently fitting that one of the league's official cars (incidentally a product of Oshawa) lead the motorcade of approximately a hundred cars that were first to cross the bridge following the opening ceremony. Prior to the opening, officers of the Ontario Motor League and Canadian Automobile Association entertained Hon. F. C. Biggs, and Hon. J. L. Perron, Minister of Public Works, of Quebec Province, at luncheon. At the banquet in Oshawa the most important announcement made was that of Hon. Mr. Perron, when he stated that contracts had been placed for the paving of the Quebec section of the Windsor-Montreal Highway and for the two bridges needed to link Montreal and the highway with continuous pavements. Those who have been victims of the sporadic ferry service provided will appreciate the significance of the announcement. As the Hon. Mr. Perron suggested, the opening of these bridges should be the occasion for a great inter-provincial celebration. The Trans-Provincial Highway will be completly paved next year. Before the year is out the tangential road from Hamilton to the Falls will be finished in asphalt or concrete all the way. By the end of next season one will be able to motor over first class roads from Windsor or the Falls to Montreal and on to Quebec City. The motor tourist traffic from the States, great though it has been, will prove but a petty factor of what it will be. The completion of this great inter-provincial road will do more to dispell interprovincial prejudices and establish good will than all the orators and editors can.

Inventions "Ex" to Be Held in New York

"Universal" Exhibition Will Be Staged in Grand Central Palace Feb. 17-22.

New York City.—One of the features of the Universal Exposition of Inventions and Patents, to be held in Grand Central Palace, New York City, February 17-22, 1923, will be to celebrate each day of the exposition, one of the world's great inventors or scientists.

In view of the great interest shown by foreign governments in the exposition, the first day, Saturday, February 17th, will be International Day. Then, the following week, will open with Sunday, as Marconi Day or Radio Day; Monday, Steinmetz Day, in honor of Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard of the General Electric Company; Tuesday, Edison Day, in honor of Thomas A. Edison, America's great inventor; Wednesday, Bell Day, in honor of the late Alexander Graham Bell, the Canadian, who made the modern telephone possible; and Thursday, Westinghouse Day, in honor of the late George Westinghouse, inventor of the air-brake and many other inventions that have made railroad travel safe, and founder of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, also the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company, Pittsburgh.

The object of this exposition is to fulfill an important universal need, and it is intended to:

(a) Bring the capital of America and the inventive brain of the world together.

(b) Give all inventors full opportunity to show the public, the manufacturer, the merchant, the capitalist and financier the possibilities for utility, business, trade and commerce that lies in their inventions.

Inventors who devices may be adjudged to combine novelty and utility with commercial practicability, will be awarded, by a qualified board, cash prizes, gold, silver and bronze medals and certificates of merit.

The exposition will be a veritable "Clearing House of Ideas," through which the men of originality and ideas are brought in personal contact with the man in need of ideas, and with the man of money.

The Exposition of Inventions and Patents will be a place where anyone with an idea, formula, process, labor-saving plan, device, etc., improvement on machinery, new invention, a developed and patented specialty, or anything saleable, can exhibit. This will enable the manufacturer who is looking for some sort of device which will lessen the labor and cost of producing his wares, or assist in the economic production of his raw material, or its procural, or help to secure the economic manufacture of such raw material or the capitalist who is searching for some clever device or process in which he can see the possibility of increasing some of his idle money, go and see what the man of ideas has to offer.

AUTOMOBILE FATALITIES MUCH REDUCED.

There were three "automobile" fatalities in Toronto during October, according to a recent Ontario Safety League press release, which goes on to say:

October is generally one of the worst months for automobile accidents: In October, 1921, there were eight fatalities; in October, 1920, there were nine fatalities, and in October, 1919, there were five fatalities.

Comparatively, this is encouraging, but does it not mean that the public are getting tired of this unnecessary sacrificing of life, and that a strong public sentiment expressed in many ways has resulted in increased carefulness on the part of both motorist and pedestrian.

Non-Freezing Mixtures.

Ninety per cent. water, 10 per cent. alcohol, freezes at about 25 degrees F.

Eigty per cent. water, 20 per cent. alcohol, freezes at 10 degrees F.

Seventy per cent. water, 30 per cent. alcohol, freezes at —5 degrees F.

Sixty per cent. water, 40 per cent. alcohol, freezes at about 20 degrees F.

Table of Distances in Miles

	Halifax, N.S.	Hamilton, Ont.	Kingston, Ont.	London, Ont.	Montreal, Que.	Muskoka, Ont.	Niagara Falls, Ont.	North Bay, Ont.	Ottawa, Ont.	Owen Sound, Ont.	Peterboro, Ont.	Quebec.	Regina, Sask.	St. John, N.B.	St. Johns, Que.	St. Thomas, Ont.	Sault Ste. Marie.	Sherbrooke, Que.	Three Rivers.	Toronto, Ont.	Vancouver, B.C.	Windsor, Ont.	Winnipeg, Man.	
Halifax, N.S.		1214	1005	1290	842	1287	1256	1206	954	1297	1104	679	2583	100	872	1296	**1464**	**812**	**747**	1175	3728	1400	2254	Halifax, N.S.
Hamilton, Ont.			202	76	372	123	44	237	300	159	116	546	1618	1114	402	83	495	473	467	39	2763	187	1289	Hamilton, Ont.
Kingston, Ont.				278	163	206	244	278	118	161	113	335	1659	905	193	284	536	264	258	163	2804	387	1330	Kingston.
London, Ont.					448	199	119	313	376	141	192	620	1694	1190	478	15	571	549	543	115	2839	111	1365	London.
Montreal, Que.						445	414	364	112	455	262	172	1741	742	30	454	622	101	95	333	2886	558	1416	Montreal, Que.
Muskoka, Ont.							167	115	266	180	93	619	1496	1187	475	206	376	546	540	112	2641	310	1167	Muskoka, Ont.
Niagara Falls, Ont.								231	342	203	160	586	1662	1156	444	115	539	515	509	81	2807	226	1333	Niagara Falls, Ont.
North Bay, Ont.									244	294	207	528	1381	1106	394	320	258	465	459	227	2526	424	1052	North Bay, Ont.
Ottawa, Ont.										383	183	284	1625	854	142	382	502	213	207	261	2770	486	1296	Ottawa, Ont.
Owen Sound, Ont.											199	627	1675	1197	485	156	240	556	550	122	2820	252	1346	Owen Sound, Ont.
Peterboro, Ont.												434	1588	1004	292	198	465	363	357	77	2733	301	1259	Peterboro, Ont.
Quebec.													1913	579	159	628	786	143	77	507	3058	730	1588	Quebec.
Regina, Sask.														2483	1771	1701	1123	1842	1836	1608	1145	1805	357	Regina, Sask.
St. John, N.B.															772	1196	1364	712	647	1075	3628	1300	2158	St. John, N.B.
St. Johns, Que.																484	652	78	125	363	2916	588	1446	St. Johns, Que.
St. Thomas, Ont.																	578	555	549	121	2846	111	1372	St. Thomas, Ont.
Sault Ste. Marie.																		723	717	485	2268	320	794	Sault Ste. Marie.
Sherbrooke, Que.																			93	434	2987	659	1517	Sherbrooke, Que.
Three Rivers.																				428	2981	653	1511	Three Rivers, Que.
Toronto, Ont.																					2753	224	1279	Toronto, Ont.
Vancouver, B.C.																						2950	1470	Vancouver, B.C.
Windsor, Ont.																							1476	Windsor, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man.																								Winnipeg, Man.

FROM CANADIAN HIGHWAYS AND ROADS

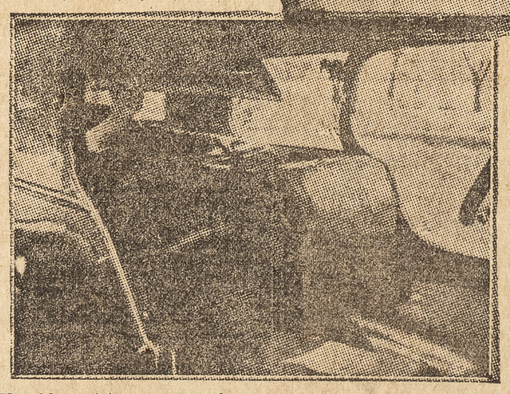
New Convertible Body Model

Ice-Box, Luggage Carrier, Book Receptacles and Many Other Features in Body That May Be Passenger or Commercial

The Flapper body with glass windows and curtains in place. Left: The back drops, affording sleeping accommodation within the car.

A NEW form of all purpose body has been introduced which may be quickly converted into a passenger vehicle or a commercial vehicle, and which has many odd features of design which make it appeal to a large class of owners. There are numerous compartments and drawers for carrying a variety of things. The body is being manufactured in two forms, Flapper and Do-It-All, for mounting on any type of chassis, but for the present manufacture is confined to certain popular makes as follows: Star, Ford and Gray cars, $450, and for Dodge, Maxwell, Gray-Dort, Overland "4," Buick "4," Chevrolet, Durant "4," and Essex, $500. The price of the Standard-Do-It-All for cars up to 116 inches wheelbase, $600. All prices plus duty and freight.

In its moments of repose, the new car looks like a high class light touring with pleasing body lines, says a writer in Motor. But its appearance conceals a number of tricky features which should appeal mightily to the motor camper and other users of automobiles. The seats can be folded down so as to form a comfortable bed 48 inches wide and almost 7 feet long, or all the seats except the driver's may be removed entirely and the car, loaded from the rear, can be used to transport a goodly load of merchandise.



The side curtains are concealed in a compartment in the ceiling and the arm rests are covers for receptacles which hold books and magazines.

The view at the upper left shows the large compartment which is sunk into the rear of the body when not in use. Above illustrates the luggage compartment which is mounted over an ice-box. The view at the left shows the rear seats removed and the back dropped, to fit the vehicle for commercial uses.

At the rear end there is, behind the trunk rack, a luggage compartment of large proportions which can be folded up into the body, leaving no obstructions when not in use. Below this there is a small ice-box and in each running board a commodious tool box.

The walls and ceiling are finished in rattan for lightness and cleanliness. The top, which is of the California type, can be made more useful by the quick installation of curtains with plate glass windows. These curtains are concealed in a compartment in the ceiling. The side upholstery can be removed and made to form a comfortable table for five people. The front seats can be turned around for dining inside the car. All of the compartments are supplied with strong locks.

The model illustrated is mounted on a standard Ford chassis in which no changes have been made except underslinging and the placing of the gasoline tank in the front cowl instead of under the front seat.

Forbes Forecasts More Mammoth Motor Mergers

Freight Car Shortage For Motor Car Shipments Again Acute—40,000 Motor Cars a Month Leave Michigan in Driveaways and on Boats—California to Lead States in Car Registrations?—Paige Adds Another Plant—Ford to Purchase $20,000,000 Dunlop Plant at Buffalo? — General Motor News From U. S.

By F. ED. SPOONER.

Special to The Sunday World.

Detroit, Nov. 17.—Due to the freight congestion the shipment of automobiles by boats from Detroit and Michigan points, and the driving away of automobiles, has increased to a degree equal to or surpassing the 1920 congestion. About 40,000 cars a month are leaving Michigan via boats or highways. The shipments by these methods are not quite as heavy yet as in 1920, but promise to reach record proportions shortly. During the peak of the 1920 congestion the figures reached as high as 60,000 to 75,000. The railroads have been forced to turn back cars that should have reached Detroit and other Michigan points in spite of the fact that these cars so returned were especially built for the shipping of automobiles. Detroit is calling for 300 automobile freight cars per day and receiving 150.

There are 12 privately chartered boats that are taking shipments from Detroit to Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, Buffalo and Cleveland, and many of these will be continued in operation long after navigation officially closes. When ice forms in the Mackinac Straits the shipments will stop, and not until then, and when ice forms in the Detroit River, closing the Lake Erie route, shipments to Buffalo and Erie will have to stop. As long as there is no heavy snow on the highways automobile manufacturers will be able to deliver their cars by driveaways. Arrangements are already under way to insure the clearance of main arteries used in these drive-aways, especially to the East via the Lincoln Highway. Officials of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce have been at Washington recently importuning the Interstate Commerce Commission to reinstate the rule providing for the return loaded of automobile freight cars to Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois. This action is being taken to prevent possible shut-down of the plants, which would be necessary if weather conditions should prevent drive-aways.

Increase in demand for closed cars has been so phenomenal that it has required steady production While the number of individual cars delivered will not be as great for the last quarter of the year, the money value of the product will be greater than for any quarter, due to the higher priced closed models. It is stated that this demand for closed cars is coming heavily from California, and from other Pacific Coast points where closed cars have been used but little in the past. All eyes are on California and the Coast now, because of the stupendous car sales being made there. The state of California has registered over 837,000 new cars for the present year, of which nearly one-third were in Los Angeles County. The state will pass Ohio and Pennsylvania and possibly pass New York in registrations this year. New York had only registered 812,031 cars on January 1. The increase of cars in California will be more than 30 per cent. over last year, a record among the states of the union in yearly gains. This extraordinary increase at the Golden Gate is attributed to good roads, which form a net work over the state and to climatic conditions hat permit pleasureable touring almost every day in the year. Even in the face of the slump last year California gained 13 per cent. therefore, the greater the surprise when it gained 30 per cent. this year. Every car manufacturer in the country now has his eyes on the Pacific Coast, which stands out pre-eminent for the reason that there has been some falling off throughout the East, bringing production down about 60,000 cars for the month. This seasonal reduction was expected.

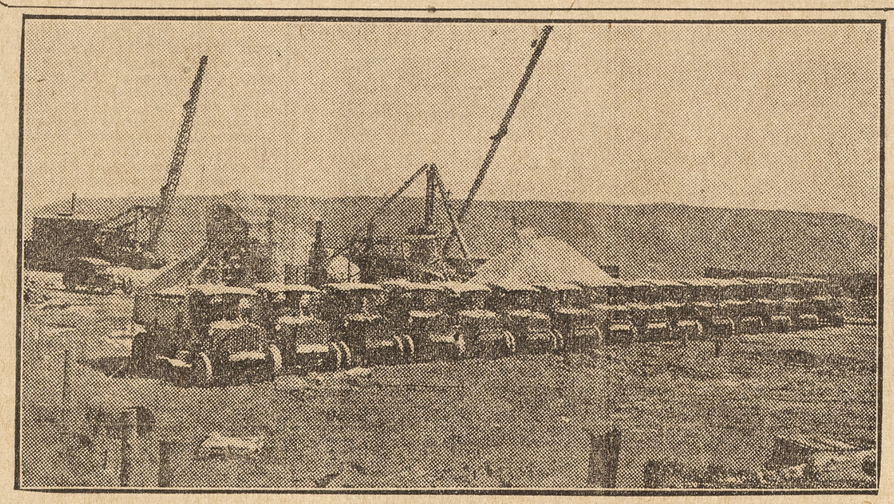
They still talk of a price war in the automobile industry, and perhaps there is one. It is certain that the manufacturers who have a large production are better able to turn out good cars at a price and that the smaller makers are placed at a disadvantage in buying materials at the right prices, and therefore in meeting competition on an equality. It is believed that the present situation is going to end in the formation of more great combinations, following the plan of General Motors, Durant and others. The time of the survival of the fittest is stated to have arrived by B. C. Forbes, the financial writer, who recently made an investigation. He says that the automobile industry is rapidly nearing the stage that the iron and steel industry reached at the opening of this century. Mr. Forbes looks for a struggle very shortly, and says that we may be witnessing it now, that will carry over a period of five or ten years, ending with not more than two dozen, perhaps fewer, automobile manufacturing corporations in America. He says that the whole trend of economics, business and industry, is toward bigness, and that amalgamation and co-operation is the keynote of industry to-day. Mr. Forbes says that the car manufacturers must start now and entrench themselves so strongly that their organizations will be among the relatively few to come out on top. The product must be right, and they must catch the imagination of the American public, so that when the big financial powers begin to get busy with merger plans these companies will be among those who swallow instead of being swallowed.

The automobile business is strong and growing stronger every day, as was shown by the fact that Henry Ford's surprising cut of $50 each on all models hardly created a ripple, and that no one followed his lead or even contemplated doing so. All are continuing to do business and this includes the two cars with ambitions to rival the Ford—Durant's Star and Klingensmith's Gray. There is no indication that either one of these cars will make any reduction in price and likewise no indication of other low-priced cars coming down. This includes Dodge Chevrolet, Maxwell and Overland, all of which companies are doing splendid business.

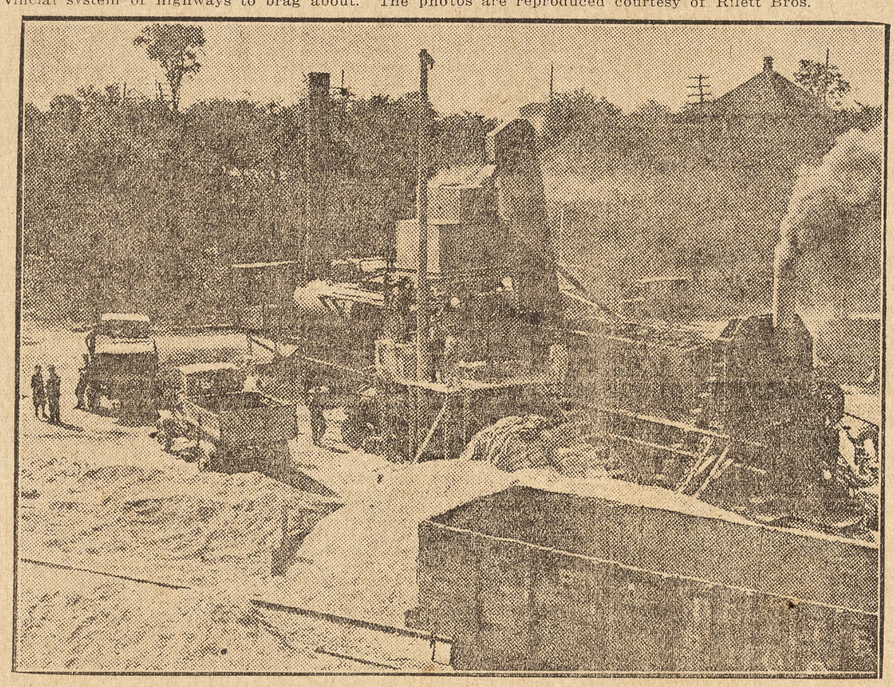
FRANCE HONORS MOTOR INDUSTRY LEADER.

Colonel Charles Clifton, president of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, has been made a member of the Legion of Honor of France, in recognition of his services to the orphan children of France in connection with motor truck production and supplies. The induction ceremonies took place at the Buffalo Club, Buffalo, N.Y.

Road Work On the Kingston Road.



The accompanying illustrations give a glimpse of what is effecting the tremendous transition taking place in our highways. Remember this enormous stock pile of broken stone, the fleet of Packard trucks, the huge mixer are but part of the material and equipment used on a three-mile stretch of the Kingston Road by the contractor. Many places in the Province such scenes of efficient expeditious modern road-making meet the eye of whomsoever cares to see. Another two or three years and we will have a provincial system of highways to brag about. The photos are reproduced courtesy of Rilett Bros.



MOTORS COMPETE WITH CAMELS.

Penetration of the Sahara Desert by motor vehicles is one of the latest adventures in transportation, as chronicled by Wilbur Forrest. French explorers are planning a trip in armored cars into regions which white men have never visited. The journey will start about December 1 this year.

It may be said now that all thoughts of hard times in the automobile business have been forgotten.

Carl H. Page has scored a big success in the reorganization of the American Motors Corporation of Plainfield, N.J. A new American motors corporation took over the old company last week. The affairs of the concern progressed steadily from last January, when the company was placed in the hands of Mr. Page as president. The last payment to the receiver was made recently. Interests identified with the original company have provided new capital to the extent of $250,000, and it is stated that a group of Philadelphia bankers will take the balance of the stock and provide an additional amount of $250,000, giving $500 000 cash working capital. The plant is being put in active production for 1,000 cars per year output, and within the next sixty days American Motors will inaugurate an active selling campaign.

Henry Ford, still looking for opportunities to spend his money, is reported to be about to buy the plant of the Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation of America at Buffalo. This plant cost very close to $20,000,000 and have never been operated. It is stated that if Mr. Ford gets this plant he will start the manufacture of tires for Ford and Lincoln cars.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company has added another plant. This time it is the former home of the Hinkley Motors Corporation, the factory originally built by the Bour-Davis Motor Car Company, at West Fort Street and 23rd Street, Detroit. The plant is a large one, several storeys in height, and will be used exclusively for the assembly of the new 6-66 models of the Paige.

Demand for closed cars with the Oakland Motor Car Company has become so heavy that it has more than counterbalanced the usual seasonal slump in open car orders. The company states that there is every prospect of its operating throughout the Winter without a break.

Stutz Motor Car Company is to announce about the first of the year a new six-cylinder model as an addition to its present line of four-cylinder types. It is stated that the price of the new car will be substantially under the level of the present model. Charles M. Schwab is credited with the plans to revitalize the company by the introduction of this new model and in many other ways.

Roy D. Chapin, president of the Hudson Motor Car Company, who recently returned from a ten weeks' business trip in France and England, stated that Hudson and Essex were now established in a general European depot in London for the distribution throughout Europe. Hudson and Essex will go into European business on a much larger scale than ever before, and the new depot will facilitate business from an exchange and delivery standpoint. Mr. Chaplin found that cars of the same quality as American cars, but of European manufacture, are to-day far more expensive than the American product. This is due to the limited volume of production.

Production records with the Buick Motor Company do not remain records for any length of time. A new mark for daily production was set recently when 910 automobiles were shipped or driven away from the factory. This record lasted one day. On the following day a new mark of 973 was set. The best previous record to October 25 was made on October 12 when 775 cars were shipped.

Ruggles Motor Truck Company, Saginaw, Mich., has noticed of late a considerable improvement in the truck business. The settlement of the coal strike, and the railroad strike brought immediate improvement. The company has enjoyed, as a result of its clever advertising during the depression, splendid business in California, and in several other sections. Its shipping schedule has reached 40 trucks per week and is being increased steadily.

Advices from Albany, N.Y., states that William C. Durant and the Durant Motors Company acquired the plant at Syracuse of the New Process Gear Company on November 2. This gear company was a subsidiary of the Willys Corporation. The sales was ordered by the federal court. The purchase price is given as $2,100,000.

The Electric Auto Lite Company is making extensive additions to its plant at Fostoria, O. It has acquired the large three-storey brick building formerly used by the Allen Motor Company. The interior of this plant is being made over. The second floor will be used for offices. Several departments will be added.

Hayes Wheel Company, Albion, Mich., has informed the people of Albion that it will increase its production and will have a busy Winter. It is stated that the plans are now laid to care for 50 per cent. business increase over the last year. This estimate is founded upon orders already on hand.

Reports from California have aroused the automotive manufacturing industries during the last week, and there is to be heard on all sides most enthusiastic comments. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce sent out a report of the registrations in California, giving the total at 837,000 and stating that every record for the United States will go by the boards January 1. Of the total registrations almost one-third are in Los Angeles County. The increase in cars registered this year in California is 30 per cent. over last year. This is a greater ratio than ever achieved by any other state in the union. The State of New York had 812,031 cars on January 1. Last year New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania led California, but the rapid increase of cars in the Pacific Coast states indicates that this year it will lead Ohio and Pennsylvania with a possibility of passing New York.

Herbert A. "Bert" Goddard has resigned as vice-president and director of sales of the Sinclair Militor Corporation, Springfield, Mass. Mr. Goddard, a former nationally known advertising manager, connected himself with this company four years ago and, although Sinclair became involved in financial difficulties, remained in his position endeavoring to straighten out their affairs. Mr. Goddard will form another connection in the trade, and is now considering several interesting propositions.

C. W. Butterfield has been appointed manager of the sales and service department of the Owen-Dyneto Electric Corporation, Syracuse, N.Y. Mr. Butterfield was connected with the former Dyneto-Electric Corporation for five years, leaving it to join the Herschell-Spillman Motor Company as sales manager. He became identified as assistant general manager with the Apex Motor Corporation, Ypsilanti, which organization used Herschell-Spillman motors, and his connection with Owen-Dyneto followed.

On October 1st United Motors Service, Inc., took up service for Hyatt and New Departure Bearings, and also Hyatt Roller Bearings. Bearings Service Company, which had charge of this service, will be dissolved December 31, 1922, when a new concern, to be known as the Timken Roller Bearing Service and Sales Company, will take up service on Timken tapered roller bearings through direct branches located at the same addresses in all of the 32 cities where the Bearings Service Company is now so represented.

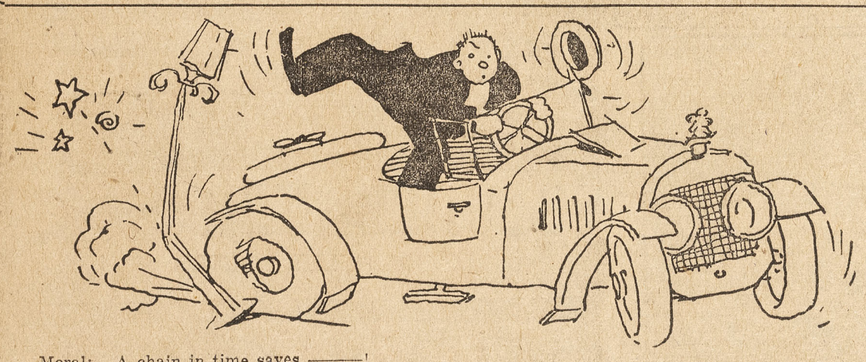
It is reported that Hayes Wheel Company of Canada, Chatham, Ont., will enter the automobile manufacturing field, but official confirmation is lacking. It is stated that a light four-cylinder and a light six-cylinder model have been developed, and that they will list at $650, not including body or electric starting and lighting system, but only the chassis, motor, wheels and tires.

The Yellow Cab Manufacturing Company, Chicago, has reported earnings for the quarter ending with September of $819,626. What is more, these are net earnings and are at the annual rate of $3,278,504, or more than two and one-half times the dividend requirements. The business and the earnings are reported as increasing every month. The company is booked for capacity operations until next February, and is working on 10-hour-a-day schedule, instead of nine-hour-a-day as formerly. Yellow Cab is forming new companies in major cities as fast as the cabs can be provided.

R. E. Olds does not contemplate the sale of his holdings in the Reo Motor Car Company of Lansing. Mr. Olds pronounces all such reports as bunk, and says that he has never even been approached on the matter. Reports also stated that the Reo stock would be listed on the New York Stock Exchange, but Mr. Olds also denies this.

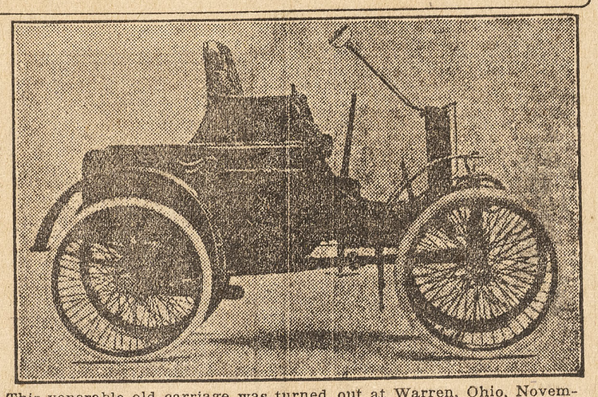
Forty thousand shares of the stock of the Rickenbacker Motor Company of a par value of $10, will shortly be offered to the public by Edward Miller, 222 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, according to reports from that city. Mr. Miller displays a letter from a Detroit bank, stating that the Rickenbacker Company is in exceptionally good financial standing, meeting all obligations promptly, and that it has an adequate balance in the bank. The analysis of a statement issued by the company says that the net responsibilities amount to $2,200,000, and that 25 to 30 cars are being turned out daily, with a demand exceeding the supply.

The Skidding Days Are Come.

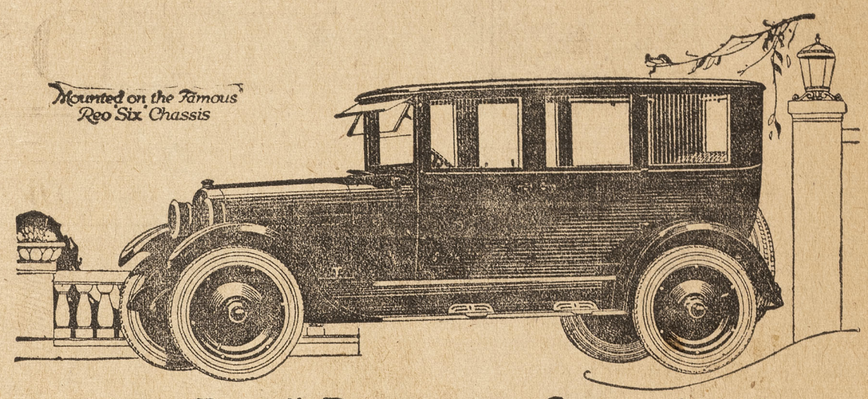


Moral: A chain in time saves ———!

The First Packard Still Runs.



This venerable old carriage was turned out at Warren, Ohio, November 6, 1899 On its twenty-third birthday it was unearthed from a corner of the Packard Motor Car Company's factory in Detroit and found to be in good running condition still. It has a one-cylinder motor and a belt drive with three speeds forward and reverse through sliding the belt.



NEW *REO* 5-PASSENGER SEDAN $2985

Built and Priced to Establish a New High Standard of Sedan Value

ENDURING steel panneling covers a sturdy frame work of selected hardwood, braced with drop forgings and fitted to foil the ravages of time and travel.

The body interior is pleasingly attractive. The dignity of straight lines from front to rear is preserved; but the introduction of quiet curves serves to prevent any suggestion of severity.

Inherent good taste prevails in the low-hung body, in the disc steel wheels, in the modishly fashioned headlights and innumerable other marks of refinement.

Window glass of unusual clearness silently slides in felt-lined channels; all except the rear window which rests in a setting of soft rubber. Thus is quietness pre-determined.

Inside is seen a true example of how eye-pleasing and body-resting comfort are completely embodied when master coach-builders do their best.

The seat cushions and form-fitting backs are unstinted in their use of coiled springs, curled hair and wadding. Over them is a heavy woolen body cloth, smoothly soft to the touch but of leather-like wearing qualities.

Body longevity is definitely promoted through the shock-absorbing design of the double-framed chassis. Radiator, engine, clutch and transmission are suspended in an inner frame, cradled within the outer member. Thus the weight of these units, instead of being superimposed at one point of the main frame, is distributed over half its length.

Fifty horse-power is developed by the famous Reo 6-cylinder motor, offering an abundance of speed and stamina for highway or byway. Whether high-gearing through city traffic, or bucking the sand and gumbo of the transcontinental run, the Reo owner is calmly confident of power a-plenty.

Enduring beauty—craftsman-built body—arm-chair comfort — costly materials that look the part—down-to-the-minute completeness — mind-resting reliability. Where else will $2985 buy as much motor car?

Where Closed Car Dollars Are Most Profitably Put to Work

Sound Absorbing Top, which prevents the reflection of mechanical noises. Slatted construction and waterproof.

Drip Moulding, to catch the water draining off the roof.

Windshield, extra large; upper part adjustable, lower part stationary. Windshield wiper attached.

Sun Visor, new design, adjustable to any angle.

Rear View Mirror, conveniently located at top of windshield.

Carpets, in both front and rear compartments.

Step Mats, of flexible rubber, aluminum framed. Kick plates and scrapers self-contained.

Foot Rail, carpet covered, nickel trimmed.

Robe Rail, covered with upholstering cloth.

Dome Light, pleasing design, fitted with frosted glass.

Tonneau Heater, functions through floor register, fully controllable.

Upholstering Material is of a dust-proof shade. Window curtains to match. Trimmings in gray satin finish.

Doors are each hung on three heavy hinges and are ingeniously fitted to hang true *always,* and to never rattle.

Finish Hardware, dull silver finish, and of pleasing design.

Steel Disc Wheels, equipped with demountable rims and 32 x 4 cord tires.

Colors, hood and body finished in Cuban gray, Reo blue or Burgundy. Fenders and running gear in black.

$2,985 F. O. B., Toronto. All Taxes Paid.

REO MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

REO MOTOR SALES CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED
593-595 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DRIVE IN FOR OFFICIAL ELECTRICAL SERVICE ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

NOVEMBER 20th WE WILL OCCUPY OUR NEW PREMISES AT 252 VICTORIA STREET MODERN BUILDING—10,000 SQ. FEET FLOOR SPACE

If you have trouble with the electrical system on yo ur Motor Car WE CAN FIX IT.

If your motor car is equipped with any one of the following electrical systems see us—the manufacturers of these electrical equipments have appointed us as THEIR OFFICIAL SERVICE STATION.

AUTO LITE KLAXON ATWATER-KENT NORTH-EAST CONNECTICUT REMY DELCO SPARTON EISEMANN WESTINGHOUSE EXIDE BATTERY SERVICE

GENUINE PARTS—REAL SERVICE—A GUARANTEED JOB.

AUTO ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY, Limited

FORMERLY 8 AND 10 ELM STREET, Now at

252 VICTORIA STREET

JUST BELOW DUNDAS STREET. SAME TELEPHONE—MAIN 6178

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

How much should Ford Repairs cost?

Every Ford owner wants good work when he has repairs done. He also wants the right price.

We can give you both good work speedily done—and the right price.

We can do it because from 25,000 to 30,000 Ford jobs come into our shop every year. We can do it, too, because we have real organization here—ten "trouble-finders," twenty benchmen—all genuine Ford Specialists, men who have grown with our institution, men who are paid better than the average because they **are better** than the average.

The handy downtown Service Plant is the most-used repair shop in the city, simply because we give the three things that spell satisfaction—(1) good work, (2) speedy work, (3) the right price.

TORONTO MOTOR CAR COMPANY LIMITED

"Canada's Largest Ford Dealers"

52-56 JARVIS ST. (Just north of King) PHONE MAIN 381

Value of High Effiency Roads Inestimable

PART II.

By A. W. CAMPBELL,
Chief Federal Commissioner of Highways.

There is no single cause of dust formation that begins to equal the roads of the country under traffic. Earth, gravel and waterbound macadam roads, constituting until recent years practically 100 per cent. of the road mileage in Canada, have all contributed to the volume of dust that rises into the air, daily in dry weather.

The following extracts from Rosenau's "Preventive Medicine and Hygiene," 1921, serve to indicate how inimical to health dust in the air we breathe, and particularly road dust, is:

"Dust is not only a nuisance, but under certain conditions, is known to be prejudicial to health. Most of the dust is torn from the earth by winds. . . . Dust becomes injurious when excessive in amounts or when irritating in character, or when it contains injurious micro-organisms; the injury depends upon the constancy of its presence, and somewhat upon the susceptibility of the individual.

"Dust may act indirectly as a predisposing cause of many infections as well as directly irritating and inflaming the respiratory passages. The statement that dust opens the door to tuberculosis and other infections of the air passages, such as common colds, influenza, pneumonia, etc., can no longer be questioned. In certain cases the dust is retained as deposits in the lungs and neighboring lymph glands without further damage. The lungs and bronchial glands of all adults are more or less discolored from particles which are constantly inhaled.

"Winslow and Kligler report an average of 49,200,000 microbes per gram in New York street dust, and between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 per gram in indoor dust. House dust is more harmful than outside dust, not only because there is more of it, especially in badly ventilated and ill-kept rooms, but because it is more apt to contain living pathogenic bacteria.

"Street dust contains coal dust, metallic dust from the operation of trolley cars, material swept from houses and shaking rugs from windows, the grinding up of roadbeds by vehicles, ashes and other materials blown from barrels and teams. The bacteria are derived from dried fecal matter from horses and other animals, dried sputum, the soil, and a variety of other sources. Street dust may contain pathogenic organisms, such as tubercule bacillus, many varieties of cocci, the colon bacillus, bacillus, acrogenes capsulatus, and possibly, under special conditions, tetanus, malignant edema and occasionally other pathogenic micro-organisms. Street dust therefore becomes more than a nuisance, for it is not only irritating, but may be a source of infection.

"When dust is violently stirred up, the quantity inhaled with attached micro-organisms has a real sanitary significance. Within recent years, however, we have learned that the air is not very much to be feared on account of the bacteria it may carry (everywhere present), except under occasional circumstances."

Unfortunately, the occasional circumstances referred to are known too well by every resident of an unsurfaced or untreated busy street or road, particularly in the weeks in the Spring and Fall when high winds are prevailing.

The importance of dust-layers is usually based on the desire to be rid of a nuisance. That enough regard has been paid to the place road-dust has in creating conditions prejudicial to health is doubtful. While Tyndall may have overestimated the damages wrought by the bacteria of the air, his opinion that "all the havoc of war, ten times multiplied, would be evanescent if compared with the ravages due to atmospheric dust," can hardly be discounted.

Asphaltic road oils containing from 30 to 50 per cent. asphalt are a popular means of laying dust, particularly on waterbound macadam roads. This material can be cheaply and effectively distributed from motor-driven pressure machines.

Other materials now being used in addition to water for dust-laying purposes are light tars, calcium chloride and glutrin.

When from 0.2 to 0.3 gallon per square yard of bituminous dust-laying material is applied to the ordinary macadam road the dust is usually successfuly laid for some time.

Calcium chloride may be supplied in powder form, or as a liquid solution. When this material is properly applied, at a rate of about 0.4 gallon to the square yard, results are good. In England and in a few states, including Michigan, where it is obtained cheaply as a by-product in the manufacture of soda, the use of calcium chloride is a regular part of the work of the road maintenance patrols. One advantage in the use of this material is that it is without odor, and it leaves no stain on vehicles.

Glutrin is a manufactured product made by concentrating to the desired consistency the waste liquid resulting from the making of woodpulp according to the sulphide process. The use of this material in combination with semi-asphaltic oil or deliquescent salt, such as calcium chloride, is reported to give very satisfactory results, both in laying dust and in creating a bond betweetn stone fragments.

The importance of building roads with materials incorporated in the surface in such a way as to prevent dust formation is now being recognized by highway engineers. The first cost of using permanent binders is found to be more than offset by the ultimate cost of providing dustless road service by means of annual applications of some form of dust-layer, or temporary binder, on the cheaper type of construction. To prevent wear is to prevent the formation of dust.

Hence consideration of the principles of both hygiene and economy suggest the advisability of care and caution in the selection of the materials to be used for surfacing purposes.

Good roads assist not alone in preventing the spread of certain diseases, but also in increasing the zones of medical attention in effecting curative measures. Bad roads add to the difficulties of physicians in reaching patients.

Besides it is sometimes next to impossible to have patients requiring the special attention of a hospital transported from a rural part, on account of the rough and impassable condition of the roads.

There are fewer physicians and nurses in the rural districts than in the urban districts. This proportionate difference is due in part to the hardships of the country practice involved in being obliged to use all sorts of disagreeable roads. Vital statistics indicate that maternal and infantile mortality in Canada are both approximately 10 per cent. greater in the country than in the city, showing an insufficient amount of medical knowledge and attention in the former. According to the Child Welfare Association of Montreal, Que., the infant mortality rate is the best index of the social and moral conscience and sanitary status of a given community or nation. Canada's rate is 115; Ontario's, 95; that of the United States is 87.

That better rural roads will make the work of the medical and nursing professions in the country more attractive, and that the development of public health work for infants and the sick in the country will be promoted by better roads are therefore evident facts.

Good Roads and the Tourist Traffic.

The countries that tourists avoid are known for their poor means of internal transit; those that motor tourists forego the pleasure of traveling through, as a general rule, for their poor roads. The country that has improved its means of access has in these alone an attraction for the tourist.

A country with such variety, beauty and grandeur of natural attractions, such series of paradises for sportsmen that the Dominion of Canada possesses, owes to all within her borders and to all would-be tourists from without, every facility that will render such attractions more accessible. Natural scenery is a national resource when it is made approachable. But, however, grand and alluring a district may be to tourists, it is a waste of money to advertise attractions that cam be reached only after discomforts and hardships on the roads leading thereto. Before the roads have been reasonably improved, it is better from the standpoint of ultimate results to discourage tourists from visiting places known to be worth seeing.

The amount of travel between the provinces by motor has of late increased considerably. But the greatest source of tourist traffic to Canadian points is from the United States. Records kept by officials of the Department of Customs of the numbers of cars registered for touring purposes at the different ports of entry to Canada indicate that the number of people coming from the South to enjoy our scenic investiture and salubrious climate is steadily increasing. Since 1919, when Federal aid towards highway construction and improvement became effective, the number of motor tourists from the United States has nearly trebled.

The number of automobiles registered for six months' sojourn for the years 1919, 1920, and 1921 was, respectively, 1,202, 1,743 and 2,211; the number entering for thirty days or less was, respectively, 59,105, 91,718 and 127,321; and the number registering for twenty-four hours or less was, respectively, 177,646, 439,414 and 490,887. The large number of one-day entries is made up almost entirely of traffic between interurban points in the States of Michigan and New York, and the Province of Ontario.

The average number of entries at the sixty-three ports along the border during 1921 was 2,056, taking no count of the one-day tourists. The number varied from 19,241 at Lacolle, Que., to three at Summerside, P.E.I. The differences in the tourist crop garnered by the several sections of the Dominion reflect highway conditions in the vicinity of the border ports. At points where the highways have recently been improved the increase in entries is notable, showing that good roads invite to the points of interest accessible.

Some indication of the trend of motor transport towards long-distance travel is seen in the fact that thirty-eight different states were represented in the grand total of motor tourists entering British Columbia last year from the South. Nine States bordering on the Atlantic Ocean from Florida to Massachusetts sent fifty-seven motor vehicular parties to British Columbia to visit the Canadian Alps and other natural attractions in that province.

Assuming that motor tourists entering Canada for six months remain on an average half time, for one month, full time, and that the occupants of each vehicle would make outlays daily of $20, the value of this crop to Canada annually based upon the record for 1921 is $90,000,000 in round figures.

The cultivation of the tourist industry is desirable for the following reasons:—

(1) Tourists leave usually large sums in the country visited;

(2) The tourists of to-day may, and often do, become settlers of to-morrow;

(3) Experience has abundantly shown that international trade and commerce are largely increased, as a consequence of foreign tourist traffic; and,

(4) The demands of the tourist industry help other industries.

Roads and the Automotive Industry.

The expansion of the automobile manufacturing industry in Canada has been marked in the last few years. The grand total value of automobiles, supplies, accessories and repair parts manufactured in this country increased from $101,196,706 in 1919 to $137,420,351 in 1920. The capital investment necessary in the production of these goods amounted in 1920 to $89,183,306, an increase of 57 per cent. over the year preceding. Over 14,500 persons were engaged in the making of these products, and this group of industrially employed earned nearly $23,500,000 in 1920. There are in Canada seventeen motor vehicle manufacturing plants of which ten make passenger vehicles and seven make trucks; and the motor vehicle supply plants number in all sixty-two. It is said that no less than eighty-five different occupational activities or classifications of skilled labor are necessary in the assembling and completion of one motor vehicle. The making of 94,000 passenger and commercial motor vehicles in Canada in 1920 therefore helped largely to increase the skill as well as the pleasure and profit of a large group of our citizens.

But to the above total of persons dependent upon the automotive industries should be added automobile dealers and their employes. The Automotive Industries of Canada report that there were in 1920, 5,522 automobile dealers, employing 43,094 persons, to whom $56,022,200 were paid in wages. Public garages, repair depots, accessory supply stores, and gasoline stations swell the number, so that the employed and their dependents concerned with the manufacture, sale and service of motor vehicles in Canada total approximately a half-million persons.

The development of the automotive industries is closely related to the development of motor routes and to an increase of mileages of improved roads in every province.

As far as the law is concerned, automobiles have an equal right with other vehicles to the use of the highway, and this fact now imposes the responsibility upon road authorities of providing road surfaces correspondingly as sufficient as were the improved roads for the vehicles of the day before the advent of the automobile. Huddy states in "On Automobiles": "Where a statute provides that the highways shall be kept in a reasonably safe condition for travellers, with horses, teams and carriages, the word "carriages," is construed to include motor-cars or automobiles." Again, "A failure to conform the highways to the changed methods of travel within a reasonable time, justifies a finding of negligence," on the part of municipal, provincial or other responsible road authority.

Accidents on the public highways are commonly due to one or more of the following causes: Excessive speed, inebriated condition of experienced operators, inexperienced operation, faulty lighting on vehicles or the road, faulty sight-lines and the condition of the road. For the first four of these enumerated causes, operators are responsible, and subject to the regulations and penalties prescribed in prvincial statutes. But for the last two, namely, faulty sight-lines and road conditions, road authorities are responsible.

Poor sight-lines may be due to turns and twists in the road that follow the meanderings of a stream, or have taken the course of a sometime animal runway. Where trees or shrubbery has grown up at the bend of the road, the difficulty of seeing what is ahead is increased. Improvement of any road includes consideration of the best means of correcting faulty lines of sight, and the taking of all means possible to remove, eliminate or remedy natural obstacles to clear vision on the road.

Sometimes the only course open to the highway engineer is to recommend a new location entirely for the road between certain points. The importance of having proper surveys for all roads which will be required to sustain heavy traffic of fast-moving motor vehicles, and of paying particular regard in such work to the suitability of a given location from the standpoint of sight-lines is being recognized more and more.

Perhaps more accidents on the road have been caused by the condition of the road than from all other causes combined. The features of a road that lead to accidents are commonly, narrow grades, excessive crowns, slippery surfaces, pot-holes or sunken depressions, weak, narrow structures, and irregular improvements.

All primary roads are expected to provide for two-way traffic. For double traffic roads, modern practice calls for paved surfaces at least 18 feet in width, with two shoulders at least three feet in width each.

Many roads have been built for the use of animal-drawn vehicles with higher crowns than are desirable for automotive traffic. The amount of swaying that may arise from any cause on a road makes little difference to a buggy or wagon, but owing to the weight of motor vehicles and the sensitiveness of their steering mechanisms, swaying on a road with high crown is apt to lead to an accident with the motor car. Where the road surfaces have been wetted, high crowns are quite dangerous. The amount of crown required depends, of course, upon the character of the surfacing, and attention paid to drainage methods; but the tendency now is to reduce grades to about one-half-inch to the foot on the bases of the durable types of pavement.

Proper regard for the reasonable expectations of present-day highway traffic will remove most of the conditions on the road contributory to accidents.

However, a word of caution might be sounded to those motorists who may be inclined to look for too much by way of long stretches of uniformly improved roads. Cases there have been of drivers of powerful machines attaining a high speed over a recently improved highway, and then coming suddenly to a bridge approach, for example, striking some obstacle, and having their vehicle overturned, with more or less serious consequences. As yet most provinces have been able to provide improved surfaces for but short stretches outside of the larger centres. This fact is but another reason why each responsible authority may properly be expected to erect temporary signs of warning and direction, as the road is being built, so as to guide and warn foreign traffic particularly.

Roads in Relation to the Value of a Country's Citizens.

The march of civilization has been rapid when and where facilities for transportation have advanced.

Equality of opportunity, the unfolding of personal resources, and the enjoyment of a full intellectual life are all denied many citizens of a province who are obliged to use roads that discourage attendance at public and high schools, churches and social gatherings.

A high-class rural citizenship is impossible where the educative influences provided by organized associations usually found in towns are not brought within the reach of every farmer's family. Hence gradually good roads are coming to be regarded as indispensable to general welfare of the community, the province, the Dominion.

Accordingly, the federal, provincial and municipal authorities are now cooperating in an endeavor to make in Canada a general system of improved roads, stamping the nation as one in which civilization flourishes and prosperity is encouraged.

CANADA NUMBER OF PACEMAKER ISSUED.

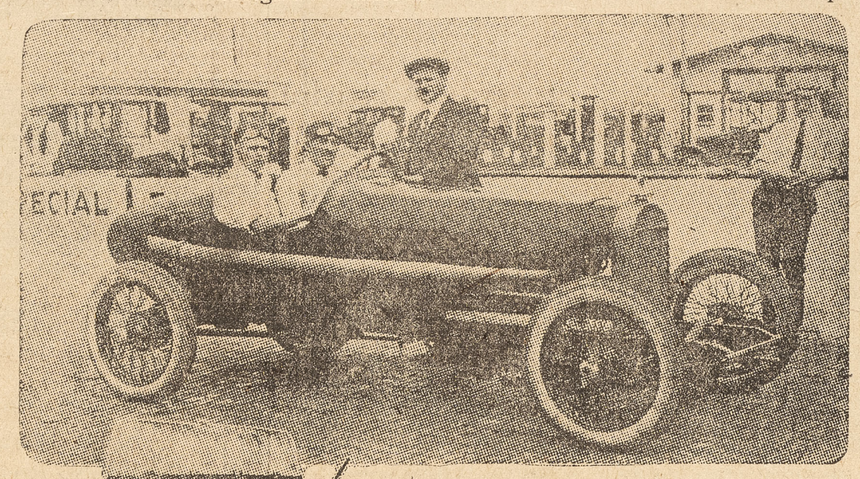
One of the most attractive "house organs" published by any motor car company is the Oldsmobile Pacemaker. The current edition of this profusely illustrated publication deals exclusively with Canada and is called the "Canada Number." As this publication has a circulation of three hundred and fifty thousand in the United States it will do a considerable "bit" to advertise the Dominion there. The demand for the Canada Number of the Pacemaker has been so great that a supplementary edition has been published. Copies will be forwarded to any desiring them on the receipt of requests by the Olds Motor Works, of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

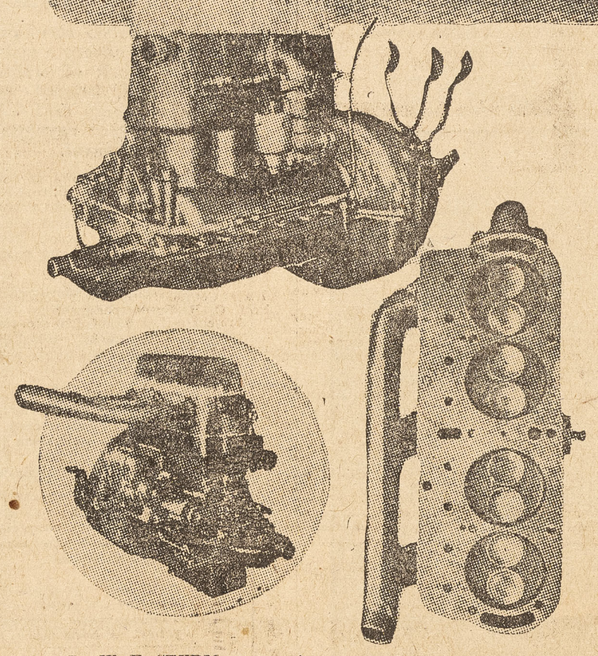
SHATTERS EDMONTON TO CALGARY AND RETURN RECORD.

A McLaughlin car, equipped with Dunlop Cord Tires on all four wheels, made a record run from Edmonton to Calgary and return on November 5. The 416 miles were covered in 9 hours, 26 minutes. This is said to be a new dirt road record, not only for Canada, but for all America. The same Dunlop Cord Tires had one week previous (on the same car and the same class of road) covered 1,000 miles in 27 hours.

100 MILES PER HOUR IN A FORD

Louis Chevrolet Redesigns a Famous Product and Gets Some Real Speed





By W. F. STURM.

By taking a Ford chassis and applying certain features of modern design, Louis Chevrolet has succeeded in producing a car capable of running 100 miles per hour. Chevrolet in this design uses a number of Ford standard parts, but he has an almost equal number of special parts and attachments.

The Ford cylinder block and crank-case are standard except that the cylinder bores are refinished .008 inch oversize to get a more accurate finish and uniformity of bore. The camshaft, piston pins, connecting rod bolts, crankshaft gear and connecting rods all are stock. All other engine parts such as crankshaft, cylinder head (valves in the head) pistons, etc., are special. The transmission is stock throughout, the propeller shaft and torque tube also. The rear axle is altered, but the housing is stock. The front axle is special.

The engine is fitted with a special head carrying eight tungsten steel valves of 1⅞ inch diameter operated by rocker arms and vertical rods. The rocker arms are pivoted off-centre so that the ratio is 1½ to 1 giving an increased lift of one-third over the standard Ford. The drive from the camshaft is through a nickel steel gear, the camshaft bearings being stock. Pistons are of aluminum alloy with flat top and beveled, carrying two special rings 5-32 inch wide. The piston design and head design are such as to give the engine a compression of 85 pounds gauge. One type of head uses 75 and another 65, depending on the use to which the car will be put.

The crankshaft is a chrome-nickel steel forging with integral counterweights.

The crankshaft is machined to take the Ford crankshaft gear and the regular Ford flywheel. The shaft is drilled so as to feed the main and connecting rod bearings under pressure, the oil pump being driven by the forward end of the camshaft. There is an oil-reservoir in the body of the car and a four-gallon reservoir in a sub-case underneath the crankcase Maximum oil pressure is 50 pounds.

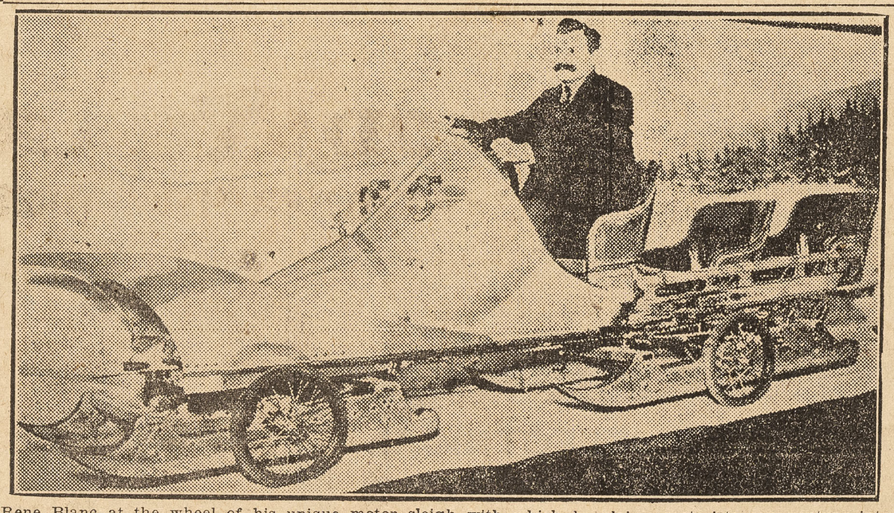
The carburetor is an L-7 Zenith 1¾ inch diameter; ignition a special Delco replacement type using a Willard battery in connection. Spark plugs are Champion.

The engine will turn up 3,600 revolutions per minute.

The transmission is unchanged from Ford design, but the rear axle uses a 3 to 1 gear ratio and sleeves are inserted in the outer ends of the axle tubes, the sleeves being machined to accept New Departure ball bearings No. 309. The axle shafts are of special chrome-nickel steel 1⅝ inch at the outer end and 1 1-16 inch at the inner end, the latter dimension being standard so that the Ford differential may be used.

Braking is by the regular Ford bands in the transmission and rear wheels. The frame side rails are special and the front springs semi-elliptic. The steering gear is a special worm type, the front axle is a Stan-par and wheels 28 by 4 wire, using special cord tires.—Motor.

Another Automotive Bob Sled.



Rene Blanc at the wheel of his unique motor sleigh with which he claims motorists can venture into the most obstinate snow-filled roads. Preliminary tests in the Alps are said to have demonstrated the trustworthiness of this machine and the inventor has completed plans to produce them for sportsmen this winter.

FAR-EASTERN REPUBLIC SEES FUTURE IN ROADS.

Development of the Far-Eastern Republic through more highways is predicted in the booklet "Trade and Industries," published by the special delegation of that country to America.

"Together with the railroads and water routes," says the report, "highways are of tremendous importance. The purpose of highways, among others, is on the one hand to carry through the territory of the country commodities for export, and to direct these commodities into the principal routes, and, on the other hand, to distribute among the population the imported goods received from the principal routes. By these highways it will be possible to reach the known vast mineral deposits. In the near future it will be possible to organize either through the Government or by private means automobile and tractor transportation of freight on the same commercial basis existing at the present time on the railroads and water routes."

Use a thinner grade of oil in Winter. Cold weather causes your oil to thicken.

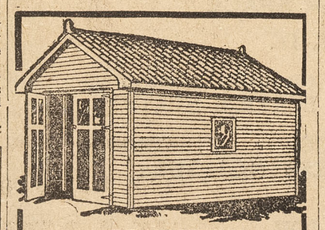
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Cement Making An Industrial Romance

Tremendous Rotary Kilns Used As Long As the C. P. R. Building Is High.

The climax in the huge impersonal drama of cement making is the burning of the raw materials in great rotary kilns.

One of the largest kilns, set on end, would be as tall as a 20-storey building. A touring car could run through it.

The kilns are steel cylinders lined with fire brick. They rest at a slight angle from the horizontal on heavy rollers, and are driven by steel gears at half a revolution a minute. A medium sized kiln with fire-brick lining weighs over 600,000 pounds, and has foundations as heavy as for a 10-storey building.

Into the upper end of the revolving kilns flow the finely ground materials for cement. There they meet a blast of burning pulverized coal, blown in at high pressure from an 8-inch jet at the opposite end.

Where the materials enter the kiln the temperature is 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit or more. As they tumble over and over on their 3-hour journey through the kiln in the face of the flame, they rise gradually to a temperature of 2,500 to 3,000 degress—more than is required for almost any other industrial process.

The workman, watching through his peephole in the end of the kiln, must wear smoked glasses. It is like looking at the sun.

And if you speak to him you must shout close to his ear to be heard above the roar of the flames.

In a big cement plant there will be a dozen or more of these kilns, roaring and revolving side by side in one great room.

A medium-sized kiln's output is 25 barrels an hour, and in that time 3,500 pounds of coal must be blown into it.

You may have seen the great smoke stacks in rows over a cement plant. There is a stack for every kiln, and four kilns make a medium-sized plant, with 3,000 barrels capacity a day or thereabouts. When you see four of these stacks together, you can know that enough coal or equivalent fuel is being burned in the kilns beneath to supply the electricity for the homes, streets, shops and industries of three ordinary cities of 20,000 inhabitants each.

Burning cement, costly as it is, is only one of the heavy fuel-consuming operations in cement making.

Every ton of cement takes the equivalent of more than half a ton of coal in heat and power to make it—more than 200 pounds—that is, to the barrel of 376 pounds.

Leyland Co. Secures Larger Premises

Canadian Assembiy Of Famous English Truck Is Being Extended.

Leyland Motors, Limited, are removing their depot, which is a direct branch of the well-known English company, to new and more commodious quarters at 100 St. Patrick Street, Toronto.

It is interesting to observe the remarkable progress the Leyland truck has made in Canada.

A large fleet of these trucks is owned by the Government, who employ them in the service of the Canadian Air Force and the Canadian Militia. The servicing of these trucks alone requires adequate organization to deal with the Government's requirements.

The Leyland truck is standard equipment in the Royal Air Force, as well as for the Indian Government Transport.

The success of the Leyland truck for Canadian requirements is evidenced by the ever increasing numbers seen upon the streets in commercial service.

We are informed by the company that a bigger proportion of the assembling of the Leyland chassis is now done in Canada than heretofore, therefore the company feel proud that they are able to employ more and more Canadian labor.

Branches have recently been opened at Montreal and Vancouver.

Maxwell Co. Offers Club Coupe Model

Is a Two Passenger "Job" With Several Unique Features.

The latest product of the Maxwell Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., is the club coupe, a two-passenger enclosed car of pleasing appearance, which displays a number of very obvious features unusual in a car of the type.

Quarter windows which drop full length in substitution of the solid, fabric-covered rear quarter sections generally incorporated in the design of the two-passenger coupe, form one notable feature registered in this latest Maxwell product. These windows, together with the rear light fhich is of large, standard coupe size, give unobstructed vision in all directions, adding greatly to the pleasure and safety of driving. The seating space is positioned as in the roadster, with the added advantage to riding qualities of greater weight and an almost even distribution of weight to the four wheels. Unusual comfort and remarkable roadability are claimed for the car.

Correct ventilation, a matter of real importance in the enclosed car of small passenger compartment space, is another feature of noteworthy interest. The extra quarter windows, alone, are not responsibel for improved ventilation, it is explained; the use of the standard Maxwell closed-car windshield is the factor which is emphasized by the company. It is a windshield of the double ventilating type, but is of original design and is used on no other make of car. The complete control of ventilation is made possible by its use. An added feature is found in the fact that this windshield is firmly set all around in a rabbet, making it water-tight and rattle-proof.

Seat and back-rest are upholstered in genuine leather. The upper section is covered with attractive broadcloth in contract with the prevailing gloomy trim of cars of the type. Hardware, of the new satin finish, is substantial and attractive. Yale door locks, heavy, rear-window curtain, rear vision mirror, windshield wiper, windshield visor, floor carpet and ventilating type of heater, form the very complete equipment of the club coupe.

A very large deck compartment in the rear is equipped with Yale lock, while another deep compartment for parcels is located inside, immediately back of the rear seat.

Highway Education Boards Hold Meet

Better Regulation and Segregation Of Traffic With View to Efficiency and Safety.

Washington, D.C.—Efficiency and safety must be the slogan of the motorist of the future.

This fact was emphasized at the conference of the Highway Education Board, Washington, in which the motorists of the country were represented through delegates appointed from the National Motorists' Association.

Resolutions approved by the conference stress the need for training in schools and colleges which will make for better regulation and segregation of highway traffic and more safety for life and limb. A study of the sociological aspects of highway transportation, in the interest of the farm population, also was presented in resolutions and given approval.

Working with a unified traffic code as its objective, the Highway Education Board will call attention to the need for study of traffic administration, the careful registration of vehicles, and the education of both drivers and the general public.

To this end the student in engineering schools will be taught the design of highway and rolling stock, the engineering features of highways and streets, and the important part which is played by parking spaces, safety zones, crosswalks, street intersections, etc. The best types of signs, traffic devices for the guidance of pedestrians and drivers and vehicle and traffic lights, will be studied, looking to the standardization of same.

The farm population, it is pointed out, should be brought in closer touch for social and economic purposes with trade, professional service, hospitals, churches, schools and amusements.

On the subject of the marking of country highways, to which the National Motorist Association has already given constructive attention, the resolutions adopted say, in part:

"Since more than thirty million people live on country roads, other than the main truck line highways, it is obvious that any general program of road building and road marking should have this important element continually in mind. If the farm element is given the proper incentive, it will more cheerfully and more generally support a road building program. This will make bond issues much easier to float. Among the many things which could possibly be done to stimulate the interests of the farming class, none would be of greater value than to provide him with a definite house number. He could get parcels delivered to him without difficulty, could receive calls more frequently and in greater number from the city dweller, and in turn could travel to better advantage himself in calling on people in either nearby cities or country."

Other subjects treated in the resolution on the sociological aspect of highway transportation are as follows:

Need for research, planning highways according to future needs, training of highway engineers, appeal to all persons engaged in highway construction, national growth and stability, decentralization of city homes, women and highways, rearrangement of village life, and study of neighborhood life.

Prof. C. J. Hughes of Harvard University was the chairman of the committee on "Teaching Highway Traffic Regulation and Safety," and Prof. C. J. Galpin, economist in charge of farm population and rural life of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, was chairman of the committee on "Sociological Aspects of Highway Transportation."

Other committees which submitted resolutions, all of which were adopted, and the chairman of each committee, were as follows:

"Required and Elective Undergraduate Subjects in Highway Engineering." Prof. H. Walter Leavitt, chairman.

"Required and Elective Undergraduate Subjects for Highway Transportation Business and Highway Engineering Positions." Prof. I. M. McIntyre, chairman.

"Subject Matter of Basic Required Undergraduate Courses in Highway Engineering." Prof. L. E. Conrad, chairman.

"Subject Matter of Basic Undergraduate Course in Highway Transport." Prof C. B. Breed, chairman.

"Subject Matter of Undergraduate Course in Highway Engineering Theory and Design." Prof. C. C. Wiley, chairman.

"Subject Matter of Undergraduate Course in Highway Engineering Laboratory." Prof. C. A. Baughman, chairman.

"Graduate Work in Highway Engineering and Highway Transport." Prof. H. C. Smith, chairman.

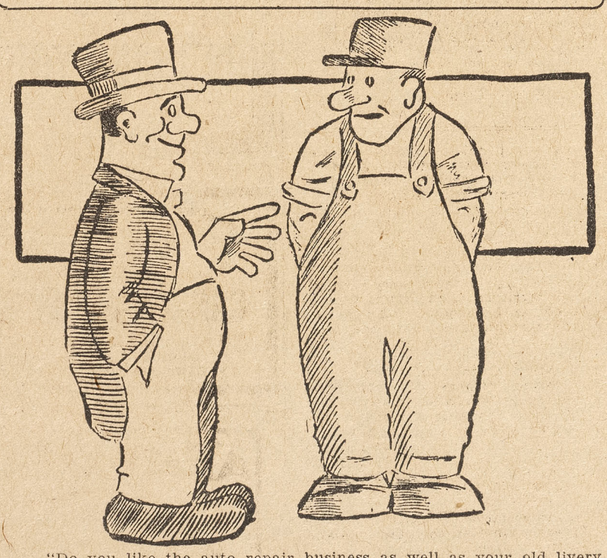
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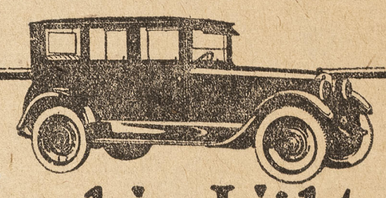
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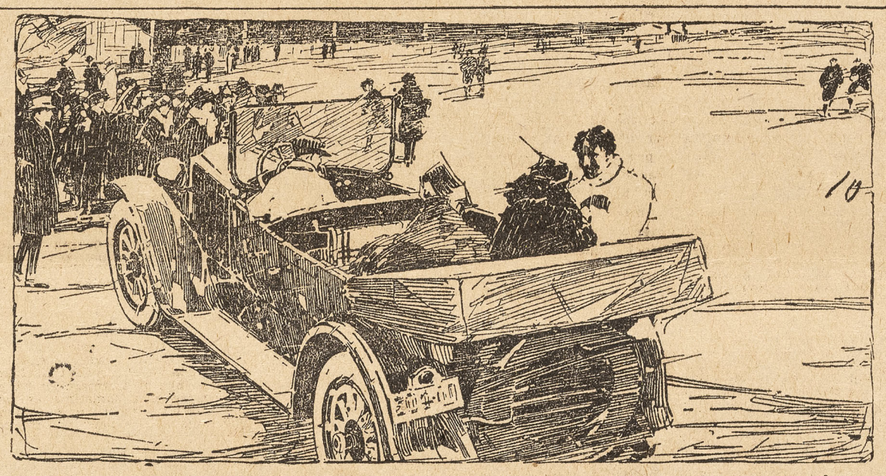
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The Car and Football.



If you have attended any of the recent senior Rugby football games in Toronto and were not early you had a little game of your own finding a parking place within three blocks or more of the Stadium. Gridiron contests attract more motorists than any other team competitive sport in Canada. There is no "pro" pursuers of the pigskin elipsoid in the Dominion. Possibly that is one of the reasons it ranks as Canada's first quality game.

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On Sixtieth Drive Across Continent

Cannonball Baker, Holder Of Many Records, Is Trying For a New One.

Erwin G. "Cannonball" Baker, who has burned up ga sand roads in fifty-nine transcontinental trips, is now making his sixtieth tr p between New York and Los Angeles in an effort to see how little gas he can use.

He is driving a Neracar, equipped with a 2½ horse power eng ne (13½ cubic inches displacement). This is the smallest machine to ever attempt this trip under its own power, the smallest machine to go through hav ng a sixty-one cubic inch displacement. The Neracar and Baker with equipment weighs 425 pounds, the Neracar alone weighing 190 pounds.

He has covered 1,357 miles of the trip at an average speed of twenty-two m les per hour. He expects to complete his trip in about twenty-one days, using less than sixty gallons of gasoline for the 3,500 miles.

Baker holds the transcontinental time record (one man driving all the way), made with a Templar in 1920. Time, four days five hours forty-three minutes. In September, 1922, he lowered the motorcycle record with an Ace motorcycle. Time, f ve days four hours twenty minutes.

Yet Another Dealer Demonstration Stunt

About fifty years ago a member of the Patent Office resigned. When asked what the trouble was, he said it was not because of unpleasantness, or because of pay, but because he felt there was not going to be much use for a Patent Office, as about everything had been patented. Frank B. Ansted, President of the Lexington Motor Company, compares that episode to the car dealer who thinks he has "gonedry" on selling stunts. He calls attention to a report just received from H. H. McIlvain, distributor for the Lexington Motor Company in California. Mr. McIlvain wanted to prove the tremendous power, together with the unusual economy, of the Ansted Engine, with which Lexington cars are equipped. He hitched up a twenty-six-hundred-pound chassis to a stock Lexington touring car and towed it from Los Angeles to San Diego. The entire trip was made in high gear except for a short stretch on Torrey Pines, where Mr. McIlvain shifted to second. He averaged eighteen miles to the gallon of gasoline.

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Jim Wainwright's Kid

BY JOHN A. HILL

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

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AS I put down my name and the number of the crack engine of America—as well as the imprint of a greasy thumb—on the register of our roundhouse last Saturday night, the foreman borrowed a chew of my fireman's fine-cut, and said to me:

"John, that old feller that's putting on the new injectors wants to see you."

"What does he want, Jack?" said I "I don't remember to have seen him and I'll tell you right now that the old squirts on the 411 are good enough for me—I ain't got time to monkey with new fangled injectors on that run."

"Why, he says he knowed you out West fifteen years ago."

"So! What kind o' looking chap is he?"

"Youngish face, John, but hair and whiskers as white as snow. Sorry-looking rooster—seems like he's lost all his friends on earth, and wan't jest sure where to find 'em in the next world."

"I can't imagine who it would be. Let's see—Lige Clark, he's dead; Dick Bellinger, Hank Baldwin, Jim Karr, Dave Keller, Bill Parr—can't be none of them. What's his name?"

"Winthrop — no, Wetherson — no, lem me see—why, no—no, Wainwright; that's it, Wainwright, J. E. Wainwright."

"Jim Wainwright!" says I, "Jim Wainwright! I haven't heard a word of him for years—thought he was dead; but he's a young fellow compared to me."

"Well, he don't look it," said Jack.

After supper I went up to the hotel and asked for J. E. Wainwright.

Maybe you think Jim and I didn't go over the history of the "front." "Out at the front" is the pioneer's ideal of railroad life. To a man who has put in a few years there the memory of it is like the memory of marches, skirmishes and battles in the mind of the veteran soldier. I guess we started at the lowest number engine on the road and gossiped about each and every crew. We had finished the list of engineers and had fairly started on the firemen when a thought struck me, and I said:

"Oh, I forgot him, Jim—the 'Kid,' your cheery little cricket of a firesy, who thought Jim Wainwright the only man on the road that could run an engine right. I remember he wouldn't take a job running switcher—said a man that didn't know that firing for Jim Wainwright was a better job than running was crazy. What's become of him? Running, I suppose."

Jim Wainwright put his hand up to his eyes for a minute, and his voice was a little husky as he said:

"No, John, the Kid went away—"

"Went away?"

"Yes, across the Great Divide—dead."

"That's tough," said I, for I saw Jim felt bad. "The Kid and you were like two brothers."

"John, I loved the—"

Then Jim broke down. He got his hat and coat, and said:

"John, let's get out into the air—I feel all choked up here: and I'll tell you a strange, true story—the Kid's story."

AS we got out of the crowd and into Boston Common, Jim told his story, and here it is, just as I remember it—and I'm not bad at remembering.

"I'll commence at the beginning, John, so that you will understand. It's a strange story, but when I get through you'll recall enough yourself to prove its truth.

"Before I went beyond the Mississippi and under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains I fired, and was promoted, on a prairie road in the Great Basin, well known, in the railway world. I was much like the rest of the boys until I begun to try to get up a substitute for the link motion. I read an article in a scientific paper from the pen of a jackass who showed a Corliss engine card and then blackguarded the railroad mechanics of America for being satisfied with the link because it was handy. I started in to design a motion to make a card, but—well, you know how good-for-nothing those things are to pull loads with.

"After my first attempt, I put in many nights making a wooden model for the Patent Office. I was subsequently informed that the child of my brain interfered with about ten other motions. Then I commenced to think—which I ought to have done before. I went to studying what had been done, and soon came to the conclusion that I just knew a little—about enough to get along running. I gave up hope of being an inventor and a benefactor of mankind, but study had awakened in me the desire for improvement; and after considerable thought I came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to try to be the best runner on the road, just as a starter. In reality, in my inmost soul, my highest ideal was the master mechanic's position.

"I was about twenty-five years old, and had been running between two or three years, with pretty good success, when one day the general master mechanic sent for me. In the office I was introduced to a gentleman, and the G. M. M. said to him in my presence:

"This is the engineer I spoke to you of. We have none better. I think he would suit you exactly, and when you are through with him, send him back; we are only lending him, mind," and he went out into the shop.

The meaning of it all was that the stranger represented a firm that had put up the money to build a locomotive with a patent boiler for burning a patent fuel—she had an improved valve motion, too—and they had asked our G. M. M. for a good engineer to send East and break in and run the new machine and go with her around the country on ten-day trials on the different roads. He offered good pay, it was work I liked, and I went. I came right here to Boston and reported to the firm. They were a big concern in another line, and the head of the house was a relative of our G. M. M.—that's why he had a chance to send me.

"After the usual introductions the president said to me:

"'Now, Mr. Wainwright, this new engine of ours is hardly started yet. The drawings are done and the builders' contract is ready to sign; but we want you to look over the drawings, to see if there are any practical suggestions you can make. Then stay in the shops and see that the work is done right. The inventor is not a practical man; help him if you can, for experience tells us that many things fail because of bad design where one does because of bad manipulation. Come up into the drawing room, and I will introduce you to the inventor.'

"Up under the skylight I met the designer of the new engine, a mild little fellow—but he don't figure in this story. In five minutes I was deep in the study of the drawings. Everything seemed to be worked out all right, except that they had the fire-door opening the wrong way and the brake valve couldn't be reached—but many a good builder did that twenty years ago. I was impressed with the beauty of the drawings—they were like lithographs, and one, a perspective, was shaded and colored handsomely. I complimented him on them.

"'They are beautiful, sir,' he said; 'they were made by a lady. I'll introduce you to her.'

"A bright, plain-faced little woman with a shingled head looked up from her drawing board as we approached, shook hands cordially when introduced, and at once entered into an intelligent discussion of the plans of the new record beater.

"WELL, it was some months before the engine was ready for the road, and in that time I got pretty well acquainted with Miss Reynolds. She was mighty plain, but sharp as a buzz-saw. I don't think she was really homely, but she'd never have been arrested for her beauty. There was something 'fetching' about her appearance—you couldn't help liking her. She was intelligent, and it was such a novelty to find a woman who knew the smoke-stack from the steam chest. I didn't fall in love with her at all, but I liked to talk to her over the work. She told me her story; not all at once, but here and there a piece until I knew her history pretty well.

"It seems that her father had been chief draftsman of those works for years, but had lately died. She had a strong taste for mechanics, and her father, who believed in women learning trades, had taught her mechanical drawing, first at home, and then in the shop. She had helped in busy times as an extra, but never went to work for regular wages until the death of her father made it necessary.

"She seemed to like to hear stories of the road, and often asked men to tell her some thrilling experience the second time. Her eyes sparkled and her face kindled when I touched on a snow-buckling experience. She often said that if she was a man she'd go on the railroad, and after such a remark she would usually sigh and smile at the same time. One day, when the engine was pretty nearly ready, she said to me:

"'Mr. Wainwright, who is going to fire the Experiment?'

"'I don't know. I had forgot about that; I'll have to see about it.'

"'It wouldn't be of much use to get an experienced man, would it—the engine will burn a new fuel in a new way?'

"'No,' said I, 'not much.'

"'Now,' said she, coloring a little, 'let me ask a favor of you. I have a brother who is just crazy to go out firing. I don't want him to go unless it's with a man I can trust; he is young and inexperienced, you know. Won't you take him? Please do.'

"'Why, I'll be glad to,' said I. 'I'll speak to the old man about it.'

"'Don't tell him it's my brother.'

"'Well, all right.'

"The old man told me to hire whoever I liked, and I told Miss Reynolds to bring the boy in the morning."

"'Won't you wait until Monday? It will be an accommodation to me.'

"The next day Miss Reynolds did not come to the office, and I was busy at the shop. Monday came, but no Miss Reynolds. About nine o'clock, however, the foreman came down to the 'Experiment' with a boy, apparently about eighteen years old, and said there was a lad with a note for me.

"Before reading the note I shook hands with the boy, and told him I knew who he was for he looked like his sister. He was small but wiry and had evidently come prepared for business, as he had some overclothes under his arm and a pair of buckskin gloves. He was bashful and quiet, as boys usually are during their first experience away from home. The note read:

"'Dear Mr. Wainwright—This will be handed you by my brother George. I hope you will be satisfied with him. I know he will try to please you and do his duty; don't forget how green he is. I am obliged to go into the country to settle up some of my father's affairs and may not see you again before you go. I sincerely hope the 'Experiment,' George, and his engineer will be successful. I shall watch you all.

"'G. E. REYNOLDS.'

"I felt kind of cut up, somehow, about going away without bidding Old Business—as the other draftsman called Miss Reynolds—good-bye; but I was busy with the engine.

"The foreman came along half an hour after the arrival of young Reynolds, and seeing him at work cleaning the window glass, asked him who he was.

"'The fireman,' said I.

"'What! that kid?'

"And from that day I don't think I ever called young Reynolds by any other name half a dozen times. That was the 'Kid' you knew. When it came quitting time that night, I asked the Kid where they lived, and he said Charlestown. I remarked that his voice was like his sister's, but he laughed and said I'd see difference enough if they were together; and bidding me good-night, caught a passing car.

"We broke the 'Experiment' in for a few days, and then tackled half a train for Providence. She would keep her water just hot enough to wash in with the pump on. It was a tough day; I was in the front end half the time at every stop. The Kid did exactly what I told him, and was in good spirits all the time. I was cross. Nothing will make a man crosser than a poor steamer.

"We got to Providence in the evening tired; but after supper the Kid said he had an aunt and her family living there, and if I didn't mind he'd try to find them. I left the door unlocked and slept on one side of the bed, but the Kid didn't come back; he was at the engine when I got there the next morning.

THE Kid was such a nice little fellow I liked to have him with me, and somehow or other (I hardly noticed it at the time) he had a good influence on me. In them days I took a drink if I felt like it; but the Kid got me into the habit of taking lemonade and wouldn't go into drinking places, and I soon quit it. He gave me many examples of controlling my temper and soon got me into the habit of thinking before I spoke.

"We played horse with that engine for four or five weeks, mostly around town, but I could see it was no go. The patent fuel was no good, and the patent fire-box little better, and I advised the firm to put a standard boiler on her and a pair of links, and sell her while the paint was fresh. They took my advice.

"The Kid and I took the engine to Hinley's and left her there; we packed up our overclothes, and as we walked away, the Kid asked: 'What will you do now, Jim?'

"'Oh, I've had a nice play, and I'll go back to the road. I wish you'd go along.'

"'I wouldn't like anything better; will you take me?'

"'Yes, but I ain't sure that I can get you a job right away.'

"'Well, I could fire for you, couldn't I?'

"'I'd like to have you, Kid; but you know I have a regular engine and a regular fireman. I'll ask for you, though.'

"'I won't fire for anybody else.'

"'You won't. What would you do if I should die?'

"'Quit.'

"'Get out!'

"'Honest; if I can't fire for you, I won't fire at all.'

"I put in a few days around the 'Hub,' and as I had nothing to do, my mind kept turning to Miss Reynolds. I met the Kid daily, and on one of our rambles I asked him where his sister was.

"'Out in the country.'

"'Send word to her that I am going away and want to see her, will you, Kid?'

"'Well, yes; but Sis is funny; she's too odd for any use. I don't think she'll come.'

"'Well, I'll go and see her.'

"'No. Sis would think you were crazy.'

"'Why? Now look here, Kid, I like that sister of yours, and I want to see her.'

"But the Kid just stopped, leaned against the nearest building and laughed—laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. The next day he brought me word that his sister had gone to Chicago to make some sketches for the firm and hoped to come to see us after she was through. I started for Chicago the day following, the Kid with me.

"I HAD little trouble in getting the Kid on with me, as my old fireman had been promoted. I had a nice room with another plug-puller, and in a few days I was in the old jog—except for the Kid. He refused to room with my partner's firemen; and when I talkd to him about saving money that way, he said he wouldn't room with anyone—not even me. Then he laughed and said he kicked so that none could room with him. The Kid was the butt of all the firemen on account of his size, but he kept the cleanest engine and was never left nor late, and seemed more and more attached to me—and I to him.

"Things were going along slick enough, when Daddy Daniels had a row with his fireman, and our general master mechanic took the matter up. Daniels' fireman claimed the run with me, as he was the oldest man, and as they had an 'oldest man' agreement, the master mechanic ordered Smutty Kelly and the Kid changed.

"I was not in the roundhouse when the Kid was ordered to change, but he went direct to the office and kicked, but to no purpose. Then he came to me.

"'Jim, said he, with tears in his eyes, 'are you satisfied with me on the 12?'

"'Why, yes, Kid. Who says I'm not?'

"'They've ordered me to change to the 17, with that horrible old ruffian Daniels, and Smutty Kelly to go with you.'

"'They have!' says I. 'That slouch can't go out with me the first time; I'll see the old man.'

"But the old man was mad by the time I got to him.

"'That baby-faced boy says he won't fire for anybody but you; what have you been putting into his head?'

"'Nothing; I've treated him kindly, and he likes me and the 12—that's the cleanest engine on the—'

"'Put, tut. I don't care about that; I've ordered the firemen on the 12 and 17 changed—and they are going to be changed.'

"The Kid had followed me into the office, and at this point said, very respectfully:

"'Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Wainwright and I get along so nicely together. Daniels is a bad man; so is Kelly; and neither will get along with decent men. Why can't you—'

"'There! stop right there, young man. Now, will you go on the 17 as ordered?'

"'Yes, if Jim Wainwright runs her.'

"'No ifs about it; will you go?'

"'No, sir, I won't.'

"'You are discharged, then.'

"'That fires me, too,' said I.

"'Not at all, not at all; this is a fireman row, Jim.'

"'No one but this boy shall put a scoop of coal in the 12 or any other engine for me; I'll take the poorest run you have, but the Kid goes with me.'

"Talk was useless, and in the end the Kid and I quit and got our time.

"That evening the Kid came to my room and begged me to take my job back and he would go home, but I wouldn't do it, and asked him if he was sick of me.

"'No, Jim,' said he. 'I live in fear that something will happen to separate us, but I don't want to be a drag on you—I think more of you than anybody.'

"They were buying engines by the hundreds on the Rio Grande and Santa Fe and the A. and N. in those days, and the Kid and I struck out for the West and inside of thirty days, we were at work again.

"WE had been there three months, I guess, when I got orders to take a new engine out to the front and leave her, bringing back an old one. The last station on the road was in a box-car, thrown out beside the track on a couple of rails. There was one large, rough board house, where they served rough-and-ready grub, and let rooms. The latter were stalls, the partitions being only about seven feet high. It was cold and bleak, but right glad we were to get there and get a warm supper. Everything was rough, but the Kid seemed to enjoy the novelty. After supper I asked the landlord if he could fix us for the night.

"'I can jest fix ye, and no more,' said he. 'I have just one room left. Ye'll have to double up; but this is the kind of weather for that; it'll be warmer.'

"The Kid objected, but the landlord bluffed him—didn't have any other room—and he added: 'If I was your pardner there I'd kick ye down to the foot, such a cold strip of bacon as ye must be.'

"About nine o'clock the Kid slipped out, and, not coming in for an hour, I went to look for him. As I went toward the engine, I met the watchman.

"'Why don't that fireman o' yourn sleep in the house or on the caboose floor such a night as this? He'll freeze up there in that cab wid no blankets at all; but when I told him that, he politely informed meself that he knowed men get rich minding their own biz. He's a sassy slip of a Yankee.'

"I climbed up on the big consolidation, and, lighting my torch, looked over the boiler head at the Kid. He was lying on a board on the seat, with his overcoat for a covering and an armrest for a pillow.

"'What's the matter with you, Kid?' I asked. 'What are you doing freezing here when we can both be comfortable and warm in the house? Are you ashamed or afraid to sleep with me? I don't like this for a cent.'

"'Tope you won't be mad with me, Jim, but I won't sleep with anyone; there, now!'

"'You're either a fool or crazy,' said I. 'Why, you will half-freeze here. I want some explanation of such a trick as this.'

"The Kid sat up, looked at me soberly for a few seconds, reached up and unhooked his door, and said:

"'Come over and sit down Jim, and I'll tell you something.'

"I blew out the torch and went over, half-mad. As I hooked the door to keep out the sharp wind, I thought I heard a sob, and I took the Kid's head in my hands and turned his face to the moonlight. There were big tears in the corner of each tightly-closed eye.

"'Don't feel bad, Kid,' said I. 'I'm sure there's some reason keeps you at such tricks as this; but tell me all your trouble—it's imaginary, I know.'

"There was a tremor in the Kid's voice as he took my hand and said, 'We are friends, Jim; ain't we?'

"'Why, of course,' said I.

"'I have depended on your friendship and kindness and manhood, Jim. It has never failed me yet, and it won't now, I know. I have a secret, Jim, and it gnaws to be out one day, and hides itself the next. Many and many a time I have been on the point of confessing to you, but something held me back. I was afraid you would not let me stay with you, if you knew—'

"'Why, you ain't killed any one, Kid?' I asked, for I thought he was exaggerating his trouble.

"'No—yes, I did, too—I killed my sister.'

"I recoiled, hurt, shocked. 'You—'

"'Yes, Jim there is no such person to be found as my sister, Georgiana—for I am she!'

"'You! Why, Kid, you're crazy!'

"'No, I'm not. Listen, Jim, and I will explain':

"'MY father was always sorry I was not a boy. Taught me tricks and made me learn drawing. I longed for the life on a locomotive—I loved it, read about it, thought of it and prayed to be transformed into something that could go out on the road. My heart went out to you early in our acquaintance, and one day the thought to get started as a fireman with you shot into my brain and was acted upon at once. After the first move there was no going back, and I have acted my part well. I have even been a good fireman. I am strong, healthy and happy when on the road with you. I love the life, hard as it is, and can't think of giving it up, and—and you, Jim.'

"And then she broke down and cried as only a woman can.

"I took both her hands in mine and kissed her—think of kissing your fireman on the engine—and told her that we could be happy yet. Then I told her how I had tried to get a letter to the lost sister, and how they never came back, and were never answered—that I loved the sister and loved her. She reminded me that she herself got all the letters I had sent, and was pretty sure of her ground when she threw herself on my protection.

"It was a strange courting, John, there on that engine at the front, the boundless plains on one side, the mountains on the other, the winds of the desert whirling sand and snow against our little house and the moon looking coldly down at the spectacle of an engineer making love to his fireman.

"That night the Kid slept in the bed in the house and I stayed on the engine.

"When we got back to headquarters, the Kid laid off to go home, and I made a trip or two with another fireman, and then I had to go to Illinois to fix up some family business—Kid and I arranged that.

We met in St. Louis, the Kid hired a ball dress and we were married as quiet as possible. I had promised the Kid that, for the present at least, she could stay on the road with me, and you know that the year you were there I done most of the heavy firing while the Kid did the running. We remained in the service for something like two years—a strange couple, but happy in each other's company and our work.

"I often talked to my wife about leaving the road and starting in new, where we were not known, as man and wife, she to remain at home; but she wouldn't hear of it, asking if I wanted an Irishman for a side partner. This came to be a joke with us—'When I get my Irishman I will do so-and-so.'

"One day, as our 'hog' was drifting down the long hill, the Kid said to me, 'Jim, you can get your Irishman; I'm going to quit this trip.'

"'Kind o' sudden, hey, Kid?'

"'No, been hating to give up, but—' and then the Kid came over and whispered something to me.

"John, we both quit and went South. I got a job in Texas, and the Kid was lost sight of, and Mrs. J. E. Wainwright appeared on the scene in tea gown train and flounces. We furnished a neat little den and I was happy. I missed my kid fireman and did indeed have an Irishman. Kid had a struggle to wear petticoats again and did not take kindly to dish-washing, but we were happy, just the same.

"Our little fellow arrived one Spring day, and then our skies were all sunshiny for three long, happy years, until one day Kid and I followed a little white hearse out beyond the cypress grove and saw the earth covered over our darling, over our hopes, over our sunshine and over our hearts.

"After that the house was like a tomb, so still, so solemn, and at every turn were reminders of the little one who had faded away like the morning mist, gone from everything but our memories—there his sweet little image was graven by the hand of love and seared by the branding iron of sorrow.

MEN and women of intelligence do not parade their sorrows in the market place; they bear them as best they can and try to appear as others, but once the spectre of the grim destroyer has crossed the threshold his shadow forever remains, a dark reminder, like a prison-bar across the daylight of a cell. The shadow is seen and recognized in the heart of a father, but it is larger and darker and more dreadful in the mother heart.

"At every turn poor Kid was mutely reminded of her loss and her heart of a father, but it is larger and darker and more dreadful in the mother heart.

"At every turn poor Kid was mutely reminded of her loss, and her heart was at the breaking point day by day, and she begged for her old life, to seek forgetfulness in toil and get away from herself. So we went back to the old road, as we went away—Jim Wainwright and Kid Reynolds—and glad enough they were to get us again for the Winter work.

"Three years of indoor life had softened the wiry muscles of the Kid, and our engine was a hard steamer, so I did most of the work on the road. But the work, excitement and out-door life brought back the color to pale cheeks and now and then a smile to sad lips—and I was glad.

"One day Kid was running while I broke up some big lumps of coal, and while busy in the tank I felt the air go on full and the reverse lever come back, while the wheels ground sand. I stepped quickly toward the cab to see what was the matter, when the Kid sprang into the gangway and cried 'Jump!'

"I was in the left gangway in a second, but, quick as a flash the Kid had my arm.

"'The other side! Quick! The river!'

"We were almost side by side as she swung me toward the other side of the engine and jumped as we crashed into a landslide. I felt the Kid's hand on my shoulder as I left the deck—just in time to save my life, but not the Kid's.

"She was crushed between the tank and boiler in the very act of keeping me from jumping to certain death on the rocks in the river below.

"When the crew came over they found me with the crushed clay of my poor, loved Kid in my arms kissing her. They never knew who she was. I took her back to our Texas home and laid her beside the little one that had gone before. The Firemen's Brotherhood paid Kid's insurance to me and passed resolutions saying: 'It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, George Reynolds,' etc., etc.

"George Reynolds' grave cannot be found; but over a mound of forget-me-nots away in a Southern land, there stands a stone on which is cut 'Georgiana, wife of J. E. Wainwright, aged thirty-two years.'

"But in my heart there is a golden pyramid of love tothe memory of a fireman and a sweetheart known to you and all the world but me, as 'Jim Wainwright's Kid.'"

FLAPPER FILOSOPHY.



"Gee whiz, Hazel! I'm gonna take up that psychology stuff if it'll give ya personality."
"Whaddaya want of any more personality, Flabbs? Gosh, ya weigh over a hundred an' eighty now."

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Below are a few selections which are presented neither as specials nor sales. They are just typical Tisdall Values, unsurpassed the world over.

We invite comparison.

FANCY WRIST WATCH IN SOLID GOLD

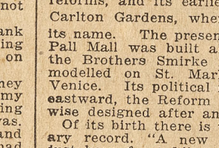
Solid 14k. White or Green Gold Ladies' Fancy Shape Wrist Watch, complete with 15 jewel lever movement, guaranteed five years. In gift box..... $22.00

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10k Gold Scarf Pins in a wonderful variety, from $1 up.

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10 and 14k Gold Rings. Something in our wide range will please. Prices range from $1.50 up.

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"Political Scullery" Still Roasts Foes

Carlton Club of London Has Survived Its Rivals.

THE Carlton Club, where the Conservative members of the House of Commons decided the fate of the Coalition Government, is just ninety years old.

It is possibly unique as the one social organization left where the destiny of parties is moulded. Lord Houghton called it long ago "that political scullery." It was founded during the First Reform Bill period as a rallying-point against revolutionary reforms, and its earlier home was in Carlton Gardens, whence it obtained its name. The present club-house in Pall Mall was built after designs by the Brothers Smirke in 1856, and is modelled on St. Mark's Library at Venice. Its political rival next door, eastward, the Reform Club, was likewise designed after an Italian palace.

Of its birth there is this contemporary record. "A new Tory club has just been formed," wrote Mr. Raikes in his journal, "for which Lord Kensington's house in Carlton Gardens has been taken. . . . The object is to have a counterbalancing meeting to 'Brooks's' which is purely a Whig reunion; 'White's' which was formerly devoted to the other side, being now of no color and frequented indiscriminately by all (parties)."

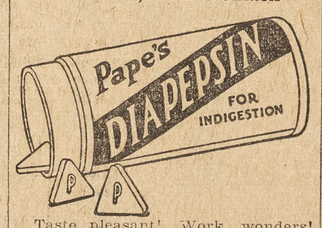
The reasons for success included a regard for creature comforts. The Carlton was the child of the new age, and led the way in club comfort and magnificence which its rivals later followed with the same success.

But whereas they became more or less exclusively social, the Carlton was one of the few which remained first and foremost political. The first break, indeed, in its political continuity was in 1912, when, in view of the fusion of the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist wings of the party, it was agreed that Unionists should be eligible for membership of the club.

The Carlton has no rivals. Leaders are made there—and deposed. Programs are unfolded within its classic walls—and sometimes "turned down."

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WONDERFUL MEMORY OF OLD MR. DENNY

THERE is an old man in London who has a marvellous memory.

He is Mr. Thomas Denny, who is nearly eighty years old. He can recite a hundred and sixty-four poems and whole chapters of the Bible without a break. He claims that he could go on for twenty-four hours before exhausting his stock!

"I learnt the poems and so on when I was a young man," he told me, "and though I am getting on in years I don't think I've forgotten much."

Mr. Denny has another claim to fame. He is one of the "wonders" of St. Thomas's Hospital. Many years ago he was so badly injured while stopping a runaway horse that he was reported dead. In six months, however, he was as well as ever, much to the surprise of the doctors and nurses.

DO THEY EXPECT?

Women are so careless—they will leave a perfectly good husband about anywhere, and expect to come back at the end of the Summer and find him exactly where they left him.