

THE GIRL GHOST OF WELLS' HILL



DWELLERS in the delightful residences which abound on the crest of "The Hill," east of Bathurst Street, are blissfully unaware that once upon a time a ghost, spectre, apparition, shade, phantom or something of the sort, walked at the witching hour on moonlight nights over the lands on which the stylish homes stand to-day. About thirty-five years ago, "The Ghost of Wells' Hill" provided a local sensation. As far as can be ascertained the mystery was never solved and for all one knows the ghost may still be engaged in nocturnal peregrinations across the brow of the hill, but keeping in the dark about it. The path it used to take is pretty much built over in some places but little things like that are not supposed to bother a ghost in its movements.

The ghost of Wells' Hill was a lady—a mere girl, it seems, although it is proverbially hard to guess a lady's age, even if she is a ghost. She was comely and wore a sad expression and a white drapery. Her garment was apparently of a misty texture and responded to the antics of a playful night breeze, shimmering in the moonlight and skillfully dodging the twigs and branches of the bushes and willow trees as its weird wearer flitted in and out along a zig-zag course from a point behind the Hillcrest Convalescent Home to the eastern section of Glen Edyth, the Nordheimer estate, where a brook had formed a pretty pool. The distance was over one quarter of a mile and the ghost took her time in making it, travelling at a leisurely but sometimes uncertain gait and minding her own business.

AS THE sound of bells in the city fire hall clocks tolling the hour of midnight reverberated through the stillness which prevailed at that hour then, much more than it does now, in that particular locality, the eerie form

would emerge from a group of apple trees in the garden of the Wakefield residence which was the old homestead of the Wells family, after whom that section of the hill was named. Her coming was announced by the appearance of a phosphorescent glow which shed luminous rays through the branches of the apple trees pointing towards the east, and contrasted in strange manner with the moonlight covering the open space on the hill.

In a few moments after the advent of this ghastly light the girlish figure appeared to the east of the trees and stood still as if undecided, or wondering if she had not forgotten something. It was noted that she carried an old-time water pitcher in her right hand and swung it carelessly like the girl of to-day does with her chatelaine or shopping bag. In those days the Salvation Army had a large camping ground to the east of the Convalescent Home and adjoining the Wakefield garden. The ghost proceeded slowly across the corner of this field and then came in full view of spectators on Davenport Road, at the foot of the hill. In the incandescent light surrounding the spectre the form of a girl, or woman, then stood out prominently. With easy grace she continued her stroll until reaching the top of a flight of wooden steps which then extended up the hill from Davenport Road in order to afford access to the camping ground. Here she paused, but only for a moment, and evidently decided not to use the steps, for, without looking to the left or right, she continued her journey across what is now a section of Austin Crescent and then on to the land now occupied by Col. John B. Maclean's mansion and grounds, through the present estate of Architect E. J. Lennox, who built the city hall, then along the elevation now graced by Col. Sir Henry Pellatt's wonderful "Casa Loma," through the Austin

grounds to what is now "Ardwold" the residence of Lady Eaton, and then on to the Nordheimer estate where the halt was called at the pond in the stream.

Here there was a magical reproduction of the picture of Psyche at the well. The ghost girl lowered her pitcher carefully to the surface of the water and scooped a quantity. She was evidently a particular person for she rinsed the pitcher and then filled it again very deliberately. Nothing distracted her attention from the job in hand. With the water supply conscientiously attended to, she turned to retrace her steps. The pitcher of water seemed to be a little heavy for her and she adjusted its position to prevent the contents spilling. Then, at a somewhat faster pace than before she commenced the return journey.

SO FAR as can be learned, at this late date no one ever saw her get all the way back to the starting point in the apple trees of the Wakefield garden. She must have reached there somehow or she could not have appeared at that spot to repeat her errand on the next night but how she did so is only additional mystery. The story goes that after she had executed her mission at the pool she crossed the Nordheimer property to a point below "Ardwold" where the vision disappeared every night it was out. This is all the more strange from the circumstance that the vanishing act was performed in the open, there being no sheltering trees or irregular ground thereabouts to assist in such a performance, and the clear moonlight setting the ghost chose for her well act, together with her luminous self, made the locality surrounding her visible. She just faded out, water pitcher and all, leaving only bewilderment and the hope among the sympathetic that she got home all right without upsetting the water she had tramped so far to get.

The pond or pool patronized by the ghostly personage has disappeared now. At one time, long before the ghost came, it was the only source of pure ice supply for Torontonians. Ice was cut from the bay for general cooling purposes but for domestic use the pond on what afterwards became the Nordheimer estate did the honors. It was fed from natural springs and a brook of clearest water. The stream has been diverted and now runs beneath a rustic bridge on Popular Plains Road close to the waterworks station in a decidedly pretty section.

AMONG the remarkable things recalled about this girl ghost is a statement that she was quite visible to some people while other members of the same families could not see her at all, although they were looking just as hard. One well known lady who was recently a visitor in Toronto, but at that time was a resident on the Hill, is said to have been able to see the apparition very clearly when her immediate relatives could not see it. Neighboring families had similar experience. In one case two brothers were able to watch all the movements of the mysterious one but others in their household had not the right kind of spectacles, or something for they were unable to connect with the vision.

This led to all sorts of talk about some people being mediums and having psychic vision, second sight and other ailments, but it was not explained with

any degree of satisfaction, and people who could not see the spectre themselves were loath to believe that others could see it and some caustic references were made to personal habits in many cases. But among those credited with having observed the girl ghost were some with a guaranteed standing in the community as exemplary citizens. This held a goodly portion of the sceptics and curiosity ran high. Perhaps if Sir Conan Doyle had been available at the time he might have helped a little with the problem. There was any amount of talk about phosphorous and human agency and while that solution, if correct, explained for those who could see the girl ghost it failed to make clear why others could

populace was to let somebody else go and look for the ghost, but this did not prevent a considerable number of venturesome spirits setting out on the quest and they returned with varying yarns and speculations.

There used to be a little hotel at the south-east corner of Bathurst Street and Davenport Road where there was a toll-gate for vehicles coming and going along Davenport Road which was the western approach to the city. There was another toll-gate a short distance to the east of the hotel where a steep road around the side of the hill connected the north. This was a corduroy log road and difficult to negotiate but there was nevertheless considerable traffic over

Lovely Nocturnal Visitor Wore a Sad Expression and Luminous White Drapery When She Wandered in the Moonlight to Fill Her Water Pitcher at the Clear Pool, and Then Disappeared Until the Next Midnight.

put to bed to dream about it. As the news of the ghost was circulated throughout the city it naturally drew crowds of the curious to the locality. While the apparition lasted, which is said to have been a period of time extending over two or three weeks, the little hotel was the headquarters for the ghost-seers who made a night

had been in the habit of going to the pool for water and was keeping it up long after she was dead but they could not explain why, as a ghost, she started out from under the apple trees in the Wakefield garden or thereabouts. That was a long way from where she was supposed to have lived.

The strange affair was a big

of Bathurst Street over a decade ago cut away the old corduroy road, and the old wooden steps up the hill, becoming no longer necessary, gradually disappeared by the kindling wood route as the locality became more thickly populated. The toll-gates went with the adoption of good roads policies, but that particular bit of Davenport Road is as bad and perhaps worse than it was then.

It is fairly safe to assume that the girl ghost with the white robe and the water pitcher has gone too. Even if she had remained, there would probably not have been much to worry about, for those who remember her refer to her as a quiet and quite respectable ghost who would not willingly interfere with anybody. It is likely in any event that wherever she is now, if she is on the hill at all, that they have taps and good chlorinated water, which obviates the necessity of her having to carry a pitcher for a quarter of a mile or so in order to get water fit to drink. At any rate, she would never bother anyone who did not bother her.

IT is interesting to note that the spot where the girl ghost started her midnight walk was then a considerable distance from the city limits to the north-west, and that it would ever become a part of the city was then problematical, but to-day it is regarded as the geographical centre of the great city of Toronto. With the expansion of the city, however, that particular property remained mostly vacant land until a couple of years ago, and since then it has been transformed into one of the choicest residential districts. Nothing is heard of the ghost these days, but the ghost must walk pretty regularly somewhere down-town in order to maintain the pretentious establishments which have replaced the old apple trees, the shrubs and the willow trees of other days.

FIRST RACE TIPSTER WAS FRENCH PRIEST

THE first tipster on race courses is said to have started business on the Newmarket course in England in the time of Charles I. He was a French priest, the Abbe Pregnani, but he does not seem to have been a success as he gave the Duke of York three certainties and they all lost. Some extraordinary races have been run at Newmarket as a result of wagers.

Captain Jenison Shafto won £16,000 in 1759 by riding fifty miles on the Heath in 1 hour, 49 minutes, 17 seconds. He rode ten thoroughbreds during this time.

There are other kinds of feats recorded in the annals of Newmarket. One man betted that he would walk fifty miles, ride fifty and drive fifty on the Heath in twenty-five hours. He actually accomplished the task in twenty-three hours.

Captain Robert Barclay started on the night of May 31, 1809, to walk 1,000 miles in one thousand successive hours at the rate of one mile in each hour. All the walking was done on Newmarket Heath, and he finished on Wednesday, July 12th, at 3.37 p.m. There were ten thousand people to see him complete the walk.



"The ghost girl lowered her pitcher carefully to the surface of the water and scooped a quantity. She rinsed the pitcher and filled it again very deliberately. With the water supply conscientiously attended to she turned to retrace her steps."

not see it also. If it was material why couldn't everybody see it, excepting a blind person. This phase of the unusual situation caused a lot of hard guessing and was all in favor of the genuineness of the ghost. It was a great time for the local spiritualists.

PEOPLE who had never been very strong on ghosts before becoming thoughtful and non-committal. There were not so many counter attractions in those days so there was time and inclination to discuss the ghost business from all angles. In the city there was a scarcity of persons who had actually viewed the apparition but nearly everyone knew somebody who knew somebody else who had. Some frankly confessed that they did not want to see it, while others made excuse that the distance was too far to go or that the hour chosen for the visitations was most unreasonable on the part of the lovely young lady who was doing the ghosting. The city was then but one-fifth of its present size and there were no night cars. The haunted district was at that date considered to be away out in the country. The electric light had not reached that far. After dark it was an exceedingly lonely locality. The general attitude of the

it. At the hotel, "helping" horses were stationed to assist in the hauling of heavy loads over the incline. At all hours there was some activity around the hostelry which, from the accounts of old-timers, was a rather lively spot at times and repeated infractions of the license and other laws led to various changes in proprietorship. That district was not in the city then and the laws were dodged more easily than they are now. It may, or may not, be significant that this hotel was not far away from the scene of the ghost girl's wanderings it being situated just at the foot of Wells' Hill, and close to the wide wooden steps which led up the hill, and commanding a view of a long stretch of hillside to the east along which the ghost walked.

WHEN this big attraction was going strong the hotel management made the best of it as a means of encouraging custom. Drivers leaving the city along the toll roads in the evening were invited to wait around until midnight to see the ghost go for the water. Many of them accepted the invitation and doubtless by the time that twelve o'clock was striking were in a condition calculated to enable them to see anything of that nature and then be

of it whether they were able to see the ghost or not.

The stories contained in the gossip concerning the supernatural visitation were many and varied. While in the main it was attributed to clever trickery there were many superstitious souls who were greatly impressed and too much scared to scoff. Some of these were so overcome by the uncanniness of it all that they were in the frame of mind to believe anything. Some years before the dead body of a girl had been found at the foot of the hill somewhere along the route covered by the ghost and this circumstance was linked up with the strange goings on but it was hard to connect her with the luminous robe and the water pitcher.

There was a legend of the locality concerning a tragedy in a shack to the north of the Nordheimer estate long years before. It was to the effect that a beautiful young woman who was heart-broken over the trials and lonely existence of the early settlers had been left alone in the house while her parents went to work in their fields and when they returned they found her lifeless body hanging from the rafters. The extremely credulous were easily able to imagine that perhaps this poor girl

thing for the ghost fanciers. They came from near and far. Every inch of the route taken by the girl-ghost was carefully explored, but she left no tracks. This route was not over a beaten path, but there was no trace of foot-steps in the grass, and the branches of the trees through which she had passed did not seem to have been disturbed. The visitations stopped as suddenly and as mysteriously as they started, and the excitement gradually subsided, but there were people looking for that ghost long afterwards, while nervous folks would not go near the place at nights.

GREAT changes have come over the neighborhood since the ghost had things so much her own way there, thirty-five years ago. The little hotel went long before so many more were forced to go. Opposite where it stood, the Transportation Commission is now erecting big buildings on the old Hillcrest race track, which in the ghost-walking days was a great market garden resting a little to the west below where the ghost used to come out of the apple trees, and the noise the builders are making would scare off any peace-loving ghost even if one had remained in the vicinity. The straightening and grading

BILLEE GLYNN REVISITS BROADWAY

Canadian Writer Presents Impressions of New York "Ten Years After"—The Jackdaw Girl, in Heavy Make-up, Becomes Characteristic of "White Way" Life—Much-Touted Vampire Really Harmless.

Who listens once will listen twice,
Her heart be sure is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.
—Byron.

By
BILLEE GLYNN.

AS A mere boy I had visited New York, and recently returned to it, after a decade of wandering. As a Canadian, my impressions of New York's womanhood may be interesting, because of the newness by reason of long absence, and the difference in nationality I represent—though I pride myself on being a cosmopolitan. And, of course, for these very reasons I may also be wrong. In the year I have been in New York, however, these impressions have not changed, though I have variously endeavored to model them to enchantments for the pleasure of my mind.

With a writer it becomes second nature to watch faces, reading them with a certain intuition; and every writer must be interested in women (including the flapper in all stages), for women are the very lure of life, the quicksilver of every man's dream—if he has any imagination whatever.

On Fifth Avenue, in the shops, on the corner of Forty-Second and Broadway, of the Astor Hotel and Broadway, in the theatres, and many other places, I have watched the fair sex of New York on promenade, on business, and out for pleasure, and always, in spite of my natural desire to warm the vision, I have turned away with the disagreeable fact forced upon me that, as a whole, they were terribly made-up. This applied from ten years to sixty—and it was always the same—with now and then lovely exceptions.

Any reasonable man does not object to the artistic use of cosmetics, in other words, the suggestion of natural beauties through a touch of art, when such suggestion heightens effect; but when he sees it splashed on like house-paint, the eyes pencilled and khoiled till they remind one of cubistic drawings, and the subtle bo of the lips rouged to thick, rigid lines, he cannot but doubt if all taste is not lost to the mind that can approve such a distinctly revolting make-up, in the mirror. The observer's hand unconsciously grips itself for some steel instrument to scrape this false mask off, that he may see what the wearer really looks like.

GIRLS with exquisite features do this sort of thing with the same carelessness of effect as the homeliest flapper; girls of eighteen and nineteen, whose own natural coloring, given sun and cleanliness, were something to ravish men's hearts.

If it is their idea that this noticeable decoration appeals to the male as something bizarre, they are very greatly mistaken, indeed; for whatever his ready flattery may be, a man does not and cannot but consider it essentially and undeniably gross.

And rarely can the girl wearing such a make-up reach the chivalry in man. It is somehow part of his elemental heritage to consider her prey, until she decisively corrects his attitude. Nor can you blame him, for, after all, a glaring make-up is in its way a flag—a call to conquest. And in the generations just past, and which of necessity impinge formatively on present thinking, however removed we like to consider ourselves, the excessive use of rouge was regarded as declassé.

It consequently becomes incomprehensible that the New York girl, whom I consider a peculiarly proper type, hard-bright, and with thoughts centered on ambition, business, or herself, should lend herself to such garish adornment. The aborigine, in his warpaint, would certainly claim her as one of his own. But in all of this criticism, remember, I make exception of

that minority of natural loveliness in New York, that, while usually cold, is nevertheless enchanting.

One begins to revolve in one's mind whether it is New York that makes the girl, or the girl that makes New York. Certainly in ten years, the spirit of this city has changed. That throb of adventure which formerly belonged to it has been lost entirely in rampant commercialism. Even its aspect is different. The new skyscrapers, which leap to the sun, frequently without a line of appealing architecture, seem intent, as it were, in shutting out Nature itself. Beneath them, New Yorkers move like ants, each peculiarly concentrated on his or her own little problems—self-absorbed, hard, and superficially self-sufficient. The feeling of romance which previously existed has departed forever. Everything and everyone serve too obviously only the one god—Money; and laughter and love have died in that servitude.

ANCIENT atmospheres have given place. Delmonico's, Sherry's and other well-known cafes have vanished. Shanley's has become a dance hall.

Liquor has vanished, too, except for the bootlegger, and what the New York bootlegger sells for liquor, is at once disastrous and unnameable. He also is determined to get the money at all risks. Along with prohibition have come a thousand other restrictions. Its police will tell you that New York has become the best city, morally, in America. What they mean is that life is so regulated that it is almost automatic. And the strange thing is that the New Yorker submits to regulations with a readiness that suggests a manufactured article, rather than the psychology of the human.

The continued splurge of the New York newspapers, in the way of headlines, and erotic features to make New York appear interesting and devilish, to the rest of the world, is both superficial and pitiful to anyone who knows the New York of to-day. It is a sort of aftermath of an era when New York with lesser population, possessed individualism and greater freedom, when the machine it has become was not so apparent. As a matter of fact, there is more real temperament and healthy straying in Kokomo, Indiana, than in this metropolis, with its millions. No Main Street in the world is quite so wide or so deep as Broadway, or yields so many typical Main Street citizens. No disease is so chronic or incurable as the New Yorkitis of the dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker. His weakness, amounting almost to insanity, is that he thinks he sits at the top of the world. And his delusion is perfect in spite of the carbon dioxide atmosphere, the pit-like babel of the melting pot; a commercialism at whose touch everything of beauty dies, and tasteless, vitamin-lacking food served in countless lunch places—all with white composition tables, or armchairs, or nickle-in-the-slot-service. These so-called cafes thrive in flocks, seeming to be what the New Yorker wants, and have crowded the moderate-priced, but more distinctive, places out of business.

A few geggaws of fashion, which the New Yorker is enabled to wear first, that he glimpses the shows and movies before the rest of the country, with the exception of tryout cities, and that all the rest of America borrows money in New York, goes a long way to prop his sense of superiority, about which he is not snobbish, remember, but merely chronically certain.

New York distributes its own reputation, and consequently what reputation it pleases. Coney Island, for instance, probably the commonest and loudest place of amusement extant, is believed by people who have never seen it, to be a sort of rollicking Paradise. As a matter of fact, many other cities have similar places of amusement, greatly excelling Coney Island, and without its absolute-



"Commercialism is crowding the old Greenwich Village, and the artists who made it what it was are leaving one by one, unable to pay the high rents."

ly horrible rant. This is a minor point, but it is illustrative.

IN THE same way, Broadway at night, between 23rd Street and 60th, a flare of repelling, screaming electric advertising, is nationally-known as one of the most dazzling spectacles in the world.

In such an atmosphere, so turgid a flow of life, it is perhaps impossible for a girl to remain natural. The constant broadside of New York building and pavement alone, without a tree or a flower, must inevitably reduce the softer sex to artificiality. That New York is the theatrical hub of America also has its effect. Lured to the stage, like moths to the flame, thousands of girls become burnt out in their effort. They strut in red and green shoes and hennaed and peroxidized locks, from one agent's office to another, getting an odd day's extra work in pictures, perhaps, or a very short engagement which keeps them hopelessly, but interminably, hanging on. The very attractive girl has to withstand, besides, the ogling eyes of the agent.

In New York's big departmental stores, a general listlessness prevails among the girl workers, owing probably to a lack of oxygen. Their use of heavy make-up may perhaps be due to underlying pallor, and a feeling that they have to meet life with something. The Greenwich Village girl is somewhat of a type by herself. She does not use so much rouge, but she has an eternal cigarette. The moment one goes out, she lights another, and smokes avidly even while she serves you. Do not think of her as a waitress, however, for her tips are rarely less than a quarter, and her attempt to be picturesque is more or less successful. She plays at being a waitress, it would seem, merely as a compliment to those served. It could be more nearly said she is a part of the cafe's entertainment. It is highly probable, however, she will soon change character or disappear altogether, with her haunts. Commercialism is crowding the old Greenwich Village, and the artists who made it what it was are leaving one by one, unable to pay the high rents.

Turning again to the use of cosmetics. There is a point which I think is generally overlooked.

Whatever you wear serves to create you. The excessive use of rouge, the pencil, etc., has a psychological effect, which the wearer within herself cannot escape. It makes her artificial, unresponsive, material-seeking in spite of herself—and erases ideality, the sensibilities and all the softer fascinations of sex. Painting the face is really painting the subconscious mind. And a girl who uses a lip-stick in public, is no longer capable of a real blush.

I think New York femininity, as a whole, are notable for their un-bright eyes, and the setness of their expression. Whatever has caused it, they seem disillusioned. They smile, though not frequently, but rarely with a natural gaiety of the heart. This applies even to the streets' lovely faces, and is proven in the fact that you can almost instantly tell the girl from out of town, on a temporary visit—because of her very difference in this respect. Her smile is like a sun-kissed flower, full of freshness and infective charm.

THE New York girl, with the heavy make-up, her arms folded in her coat, and walking in jackdaw fashion, represents such a numerous type, that she has become characteristic of the city. Her appeal to a man is almost negative. She appears like one wound up, set going to a couple of ideas, and absolutely insensitive to her surroundings—an automaton whose brain might be a pigeon-hole.

In saying this, I am not trying to be harsh, for, like most men, it is really my nature to like, and I have battled a thousand times the impression I record here, before accepting it.

Also, I have heard it recorded on the lips of scores of men. A Southerner I remember, a man who has lived in every capital of the world, smilingly compared them to robots, who took the artificialities of metropolitan life so seriously because they had either lost their imagination or never found it. As both he and I are in our early thirties, we cannot be accused of having an ancient viewpoint.

I do think that New York women dress well—that is, they go in for all the latest knickknacks and modes. But they succeed, the most of them, in making one



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greatest achievement and the thing most worth while in this world.

"Think of the women whose names have lived on through the centuries. Think of the Empress Josephine, of Madame Recamier, and hosts of others familiar to us all. They were great because they helped men to achieve great things. All these names that we remember have continued to appear on the pages of history because they inspired the greatest artists to create their greatest works, whether they were artists with the brush or with the bayonet, with the pen or with the keyboard.

The women of to-day are losing the fine art of coquetry because they do not practise it. It is so in every country. Women do not cultivate the charm of the intellectual coquette; they do not try to inspire.

"Woman can inspire man only by being great herself. Men do not like women to be clever, but it must be so. An intelligent woman is the most fascinating woman in the world. She is more interesting and

alluring than a woman who has beauty and no intellect. A woman cannot be really beautiful unless she is intelligent."

This is true though I take exception with her in the matter of one rare type—the girl whose heart is so much like a rose that its open beauty is the wonder of creation. Coquetry could add nothing to this sort of girl, and, being aside from her nature, it would detract from her. She needs nothing but her own unconscious loveliness. From her lips and her eyes waft the perfume of her thoughts. But she is a seldom type, and does not bloom on every hillside. The cynic will say, of course, she does not exist. But it is his misfortune either to be blind to her, or never to have found her.

WITH regard to the sophisticated and semi-sophisticated of the sex, which I would say was ninety-nine per cent. Mile. Sorel is certainly correct. Coquetry, skillfully used, will increase their charms, or rather, the effect of them, greatly. The average man, particularly the American, is simple-minded where women are concerned, almost too much of a Puritan, restrained and fixed in his attitude, and with one hand in his pocket, ready to pay his way into a heart. He marries very often through liking, not love, with the idea of having an agreeable companion. He has affection, an honest lot of it, but only rarely

does the woman he marries reach his imagination, which in the matter of sex it is his tendency to keep in abeyance, regarding it with a Puritan bias as something poetical, that may get him into trouble. Yet it is in imagination, which represents the greater realities, that love, when it is worthy of the name, is founded. And coquetry is really the art of stirring a man's imagination.

Having to deal with the type of man on whom coquetry might easily and effectively be used, it is a wonder the American, and particularly the New York, woman overlooks it, especially when it would subtilize and heighten her fascinations. If it is her idea there is something derogatory about coquetry, she is mistaken. True coquetry is only the colored mantle over a heart, a heart so certain of its power of response that it fortifies itself with antennae of charm, in order to feel out and know that the lover protesting is worth all that it has to give.

The true coquette and the vampire have nothing in common; though the so-called vampire in America is almost entirely harmless—as she is usually the type of the heavy make-up, arrayed in extreme modes and khol-eyed.

She may imagine she is a vampire, but she is really an unthinking doll, and without danger to any man, who has ever been out of his home town. She has as little knowledge of true coquetry as a house-painter of murals.

THE SECOND TIME HONEY-MOON THAT FLOPPED

By GEORGE ADE

ONCE there were two legally married Persons to whom life was just one Chateau Thierry after another. They started before the World War and during the Versailles Conference were just beginning to warm up. They staged more come-backs than Willard ever attempted.

They would leap from the Hay every G. M., slip on the five-ounce Mts and wait for the sound of the Gong.

What is Home without a blood-stained Rug?

The real idea of Matrimony with them was not to let the Party of the Second Part get away with anything whatsoever.

Every time he landed a crushing Hay-Maker on her Family History, she countered with a short-arm Jolt on his personal Appearance. Of course, any one who has been living within ten or twelve feet of another Weak Mortal for a period of Years is sure to lay up a fine collection of Knocks. Each had the Goods on the other and it was a pleasure to dig Dirt.

He loved to start out the Day by finding in the Paper what a Professor connected with the University of Chicago had said about the American Woman being a vain and shallow Parasite with a Cerebrum about the size of an English Walnut.

She would retaliate by reading

aloud a special in regard to a Husband going after Wife with Axe, while under the Influence of Shine.

After which, for 15 or 20 minutes the Dining Room would echo with Battle Cries as the Contestants grappled, figuratively speaking.

Woman's Soul is Dissected.

Sometimes he would get First Blood, but just as often she would fiddle around for an Opening and then Zowie!—right on the Conk and him Stalling to escape further Punishment.

When Nightfall came they would still be edging around the Ring, whanging away, for each was too Game to be a Quitter.

Their Married Life, which started out with American Beauty Roses in every Vase and a long Piece in the Paper, now settled down to a Verbal Marathon.

The only time the Dove of Peace really Lit was when they had Company.

Then they would Dear each other until the Premises became Sticky and she would even coax up a Hollow Ripple of Fake Laughter when he pulled some Riddle that used to go Great, the Year they were engaged and both wore White Shoes.

But the Moment the last Guest closed the Front Door, the Dove of Peace would beat it and another domestic Gettysburg would drive the Servants to Cover.

Speaking of Servants, they never had much Trouble keeping Help because every menial, in addition to his or her Wage, got a Ring-side Seat, free of Charge.

After the Scrapping had been practically incessant for a great many Seasons, the Husband hap-

pened to get hold of a Powerful Work, written by a high-priced Novelist (unmarried), who made a psychological Dissection of a Woman's Soul. He took the blamed thing apart and then put it together again, lecturing on the various Parts, and then he preached a Funeral Sermon over the Dead Love that once blossomed in the Heart of the Heroine.

To Be Petted, Not Founded.

It was good double-X Literature and the Slecker made it so convincing that the Male Half of the Pugilistic Sketch suddenly became wise to the Fact that he had been in total Ignorance of that subtle Compound known as Woman's Nature and that he had been playing the wrong System.

He learned from the Novel that poor weak Woman needs to be petted instead of pounded.

Of course, he felt as means as a Pup. He admitted to himself that he had been to blame for the flickering of the Romance.

He learned from the Book that his Cue was to bear with the Weaker Vessel and to keep the Honeysuckle of True Affection pruned and watered by Devotion and Sacrifice.

Therefore, he made one large and manly Vow to cut out the Rough Stuff.

Next morning when the Queen of the Amazons put on her Paint and Feathers and began to beat the big War Drum there was naught Stirring.

He refused to enter the Arena, and when she Led he fell over a Punch being delivered.

Before starting for the Office he Kissed her a couple of times and gave her some Massage Treat-

ment around the Shoulder Blades and called her "Toots"—a Term of Endearment that had been rusting on the Shelf ever since they used it at Niagara Falls.

She was so dazed by this reversal of Form that she peeked from the Front Window and watched him clear to the Corner, convinced that he was on his way to meet some Vamp who had suddenly bewitched him.

Who Is the Vamp?

At various meetings of the M. W. P. L. (Married Women's Protective League) she had learned that when the Male has been making a Joke of the Marriage License he always tries to deceive the Bird in the Gilded Cage by Bringing home a lot of Bird Seed.

These low-grade Tactics might work with Tessies who were new to the Game, but she privately resolved that no bald-headed Don Juan would Kid her for a single Minute.

He came home that Evening with a Jar of Candied Nuts, and when Mrs. Simon Legree demanded the Name of the Hussy he simply pulled a Yearning Smile and invited her to go ahead and use him as a Punching-Bag.

Next day she put a Newspaper around the Bird Cage and tied up the Geranium and took the unfinished Tatting and Blew.

When she walked in on her Own People, with the Declaration that all Bets were off, they wanted to know how about it, and she said a Woman with any Spirit couldn't keep on rooming with a Guinea Pig.

MORAL: Contempt breeds Familiarity. Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

DRUMS

'Rub-a-dub-dub' Rolls Round the World --- A Universal Language in War and Peace.

Weird Tom-Tom System of the African Jungle Was the First Wireless Telegraphy --- Britain's Drummers Carried Civilization's Message Over the Globe.

By
V. A. SCOTT.

TO-NIGHT across the tangled miles of Africa the tribal drums are talking in the darkness. Near at hand in the villages they boom their notes of mystery and warning to the distant jungle. The sparkling stars in the dull hued heavens above are scarcely older than the dull sounds of the drums. They were from the beginning of man. Theirs was the first music in the world; and down through the centuries they have kept the pace of time.

In the heart of Africa the news of London to-day is known to-day. It is said the talk of the drums is again agitating the tribes. It is also said the drums are carrying on a campaign in political philosophy, others call it Bolshevism. At any rate it is organized.

It is reported that the announcement in Paris of the recent visit of an American delegation to General Lyautey in command of the French forces in Morocco was known on the Upper Volta three hours after it was made. From Foz to the Upper Volta region it is about two thousand miles. How directly the news travelled we do not know, but white men do know they relay very fast. Buller and Roberts knew a little of the drum telegraph by the rapid spread of news among the tribesmen during the Boer war.

IN TORONTO people who live in sound of crowded streets and shops sit before a moving picture that takes its name from the tom-tom and shudder in the safety of the theatre at the recurring rhythm of dusky hands upon a savage membrane. In some attic room a boy from some business office loses the drab routine of life by reading the story of the two Yorkshire drummer boys, Wagner and Bergin, of the noted 33rd Regiment who each won the Victoria Cross for splendid actions when under Napier, with the shout of "Yorkshire First" the gallant regiment entered Magdala. The two boys with their drums led the way into the breach, and it is said that Wagner was the first Englishman to get inside the city. He stood beating his drum and shouting "Come on 33rd" whilst Bergin was only a step behind him through the breach, and showed equal gallantry. The rush of the 33rd inspir-

ed by their historic drums completely routed the Abyssinians.

In civilization the drum has played its part. It thrills us today and fills our streets in a moment with wide-eyed expectant people. Our children run to see the drums just as the little black children in the far off countries do. In the British Army there are over thirty cavalry regiments that have special decorations for their drums known as drum banners. These banners bear the colors of the regiment and the drums. Certain of the Royal Horse Guards and Hussars as well as the Dragoons and Lancers have beautifully carved and scrolled silver drums.

The 1st and 5th Dragoon Guards still have the drums that played their regiments to the field before the battle of Blenheim. The 11th and 13th Hussars still treasure the drums that so often set the pace for grand reviews before the battle of Alma, and so it goes down through the years. Almost every regiment in the British Army has its quota of historic drums. The natives of the black countries decorate their drums too, but differently from the white man. Human trophies and colored skins and teeth and skulls are their favorite decorations.

TO TORONTO in 1902 there came a signal honor when the drum and bugle band of the Queen's Own Rifles won fame and distinction at the King's Coronation. Under the late Bugle Major Swift this band reached such a state of perfection that band masters from most of the famous regiments of the British Army were ordered to study the instruments and methods of the band. Bugle Major Swift had almost perfect knowledge of what drums should be and it is said he made his band famous by his wonderful control of the drums. Most of the drums are in use in the band to-day that were used at that celebration. The 48th Highlanders drums are well known in Toronto and throughout the continent. People in almost every part of the world, if they have once seen these famous kilted drums in action will always remember them. These are the drums that stirred the hearts of Toronto in the late fall of 1914 and on through the years of war. How many of Toronto's sons, thrilled by the stirring beat rushed to join the colors is well known. Proud fathers and proud mothers, too, stood erect and looked on with pride as their stalwart sons swung by to the regular throb of the drums.

IN THE comfort of some club some one says smartly that the beat of the tom tom was the

best part of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." It began almost as soon as the play began and was soft and sinister and merciless and slow and it swelled and quickened and threatened into an insistent and pursuing horror. From time to time our army and the veterans of our army gather to march to the graves of the fallen youth who heard the call of the regimental drums of their towns and cities in the dark days of the last world catastrophe. Several centuries before the Christian Era it was a custom in China for a nobleman to order that his wives, servants, animals and favorite articles should be buried with him at his death. To-day in the Royal Ontario Museum are several complete collections of the earthen statues that served this purpose instead of the actual persons and things. In the van of these funeral processions are several mounted drummers, who in real life beat the mystic chants that were sung for their pagan masters and now in death are supposed to do the same. All through the centuries the Chinese have used drums in their temple worship and sacred processions. Chinese war drums of the period of about 1000 A.D. were of bronze fantastically shaped and beautifully embossed and lettered. The exact tone of these drums was determined by a cut in the head near the outer edge.

In the open countries where there are no great highways with traffic and no great industries, sound carries far. It calls to ceremonies and to sacrificial festivals. Mr. Basten heard it among the Ibos of Nigeria where rare, prized drums covered with human skins and where in old days victims were flayed alive so that their skins might be used. He found big drums and small drums. Each square inch around the slotted opening of the cylinder had its own note and these were supplemented by fingering. Often two drums were used at once and the hands crossed and recrossed

like the cavalry drummers in Old London or the drummers of the Highland pipers in Toronto.

DRUMS and histories. Mr. Basten found. One stood at Umu-Nze in the centre of the market square, sheltered by a house. It was immense. From ground to top it was eight feet five inches high and it was nearly eight feet in port. It was hewn from a single block of wroko wood. The village had decided that it wanted the biggest drum of all the country and it sent for the only man that could build it. When he had finished his work the dreadful thought arose that he might proceed to another village and build a bigger. He departed on his way and suddenly, in the bushes, he died.

All the towns consecrated their tom-toms. Often they were sprinkled with the blood of human sacrifice. Sometimes the blood ran crimson into the dark hollow of the drums. Then the war beat grew ominous. These drums were made of brass and wood and were placed high on the hills that they might be the better heard. They were supposed to increase the vigor of the king or chief. Human sacrifices were offered them when the king was crowned. Each temple had rhythmically distinctive beats. The king had special drums for his private use and had his own private rhythms. There were hundreds of different beats and each was known to the people and had its meaning. For dying, for dancing, for war, for fire they struck their ever monotonous excitement. In case of urgency it was the duty of the first person at a distance who heard the rhythm to repeat the message. Thus in a few minutes the call carried hundreds of miles.

WALTER HERMISTON, a young Scotsman, who recently visited Toronto lived for a time in the heart of the great

Uganda country where he heard the drums. They told of dark deeds that were committed miles away, of an act of cannibalism in the lonely but living jungle. Once he chose to travel to a place some fifty miles distant, and the drums prepared his way. Native warriors met him in the jungle and relieved his own party, who returned to their base. In an incredibly short time his chief negro told him all

was well and that he was expected in the next village and would be cared for and met on the way by fifty black boys. In that country drums are much used for signalling. These signal drums are made of swamp-wood logs hollowed out and the ends covered with skins. They are about four feet high and three feet across at the top. For some distance down they are almost straight then they curve into a small base. They are beaten with sticks about ten inches long and a tremendous sound can be made with them or they can be hushed to a low murmur. The tom-tom of the Uganda is small in diameter and about five feet long and is mostly used at ceremonial dances. Smaller drums are also used. One has a bowl a few inches across with a frame work raised above, to which are attached five strings in such a way as to effect the tone when they are loosened or tightened. They are played by tapping the lizard skin with the fingers.

Drum signalling has been nowhere better developed than among the Duala of the Congo, said Grenfell's book, which was edited by Sir Harry Johnston. They used a small tom-tom two feet long and nine inches in diameter and beat it with two sticks of soft wood. It had four distinct and resonant notes. Under ordinary atmospheric conditions a drum tap could be heard two miles. When Sir Harry explored the Cameroons in 1885-7 the drums were talking incessantly. Grenfell reported the use of the language on the lower Lomamu, the Lulongo, Juapa and most of the affluents of the northern Congo. Lord Mounbatten and others heard it on the western Mubangi. Stanley's ears vibrated to it in the northern Congo, and heard it on the Aruwimi. Huge drums on the islands of Wane Mikuanga and Wane Busani informed each other hourly what transpired.

ALICE WARNER reported that a drum could talk over five or six miles. She heard smaller drums that were held against the chest and beaten with the open hands with a peculiar soft booming. Other kinds were held against the arm and this type is found in the Royal Ontario Museum. Another kind lies on the ground, others have legs like a stool.

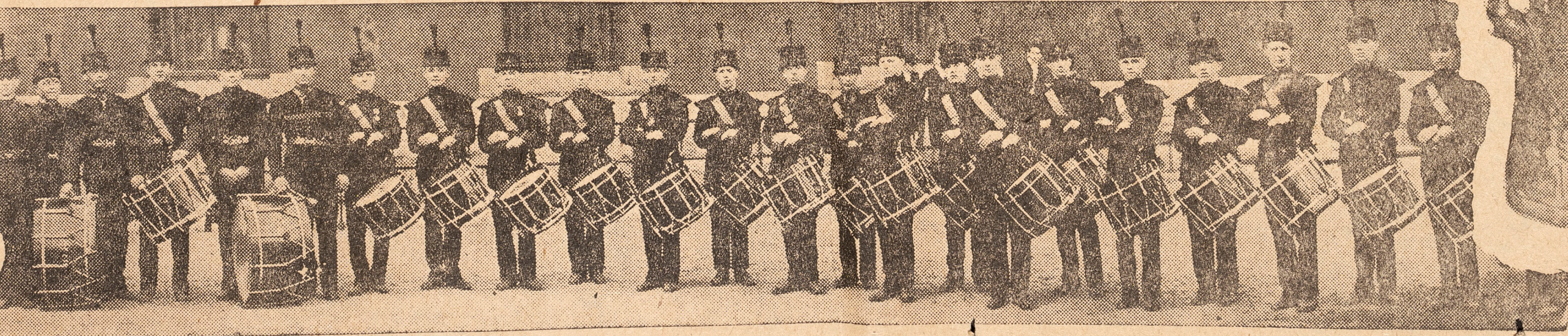
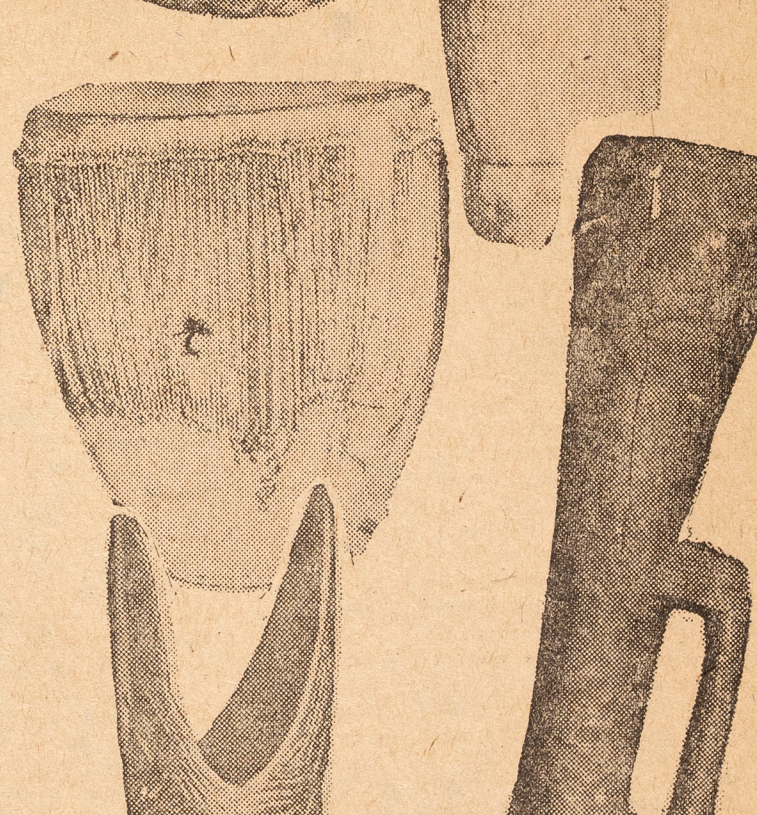
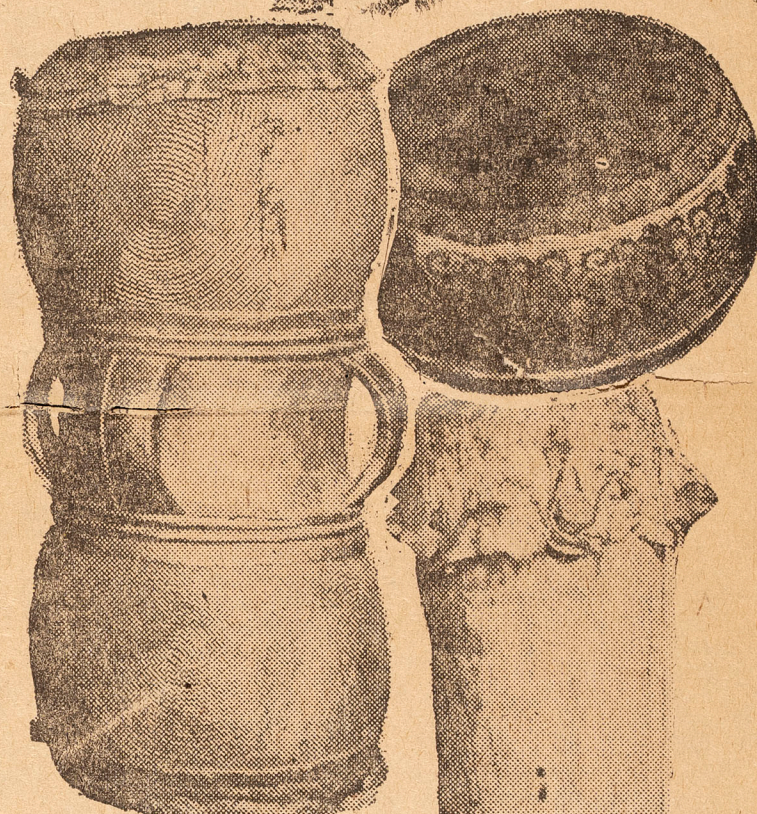
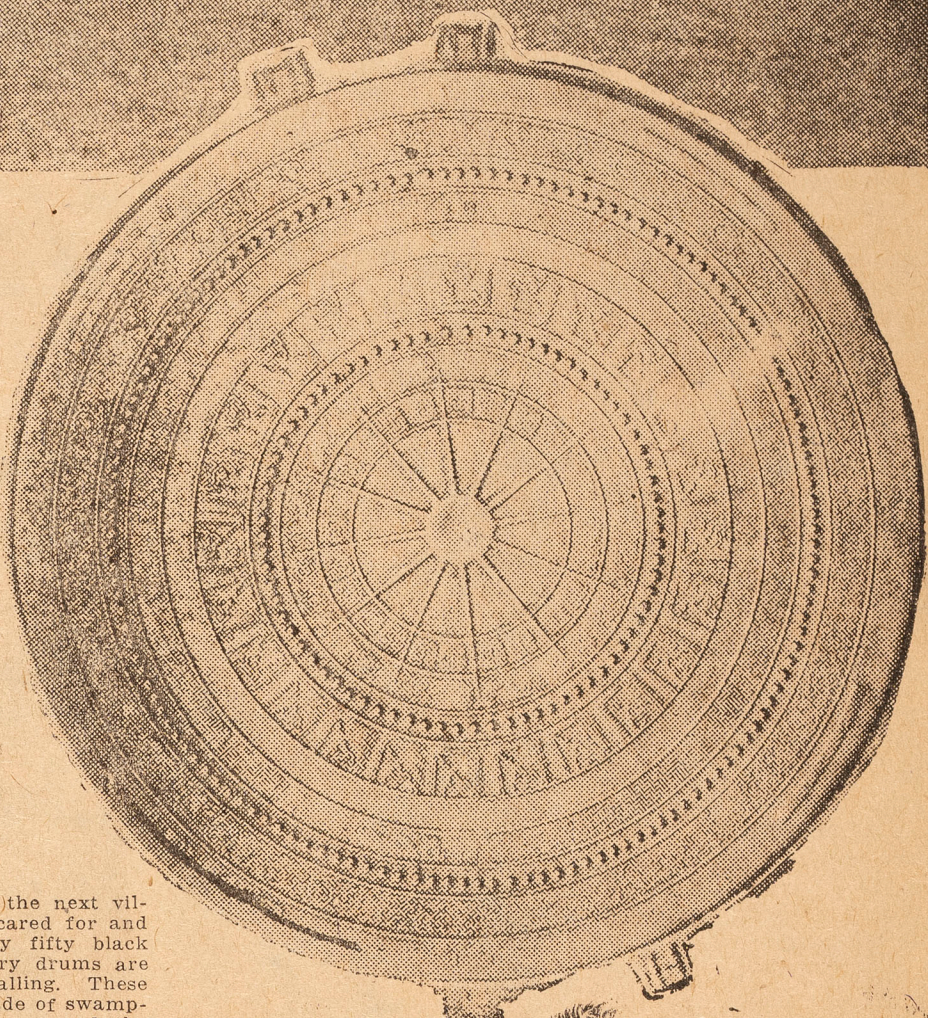
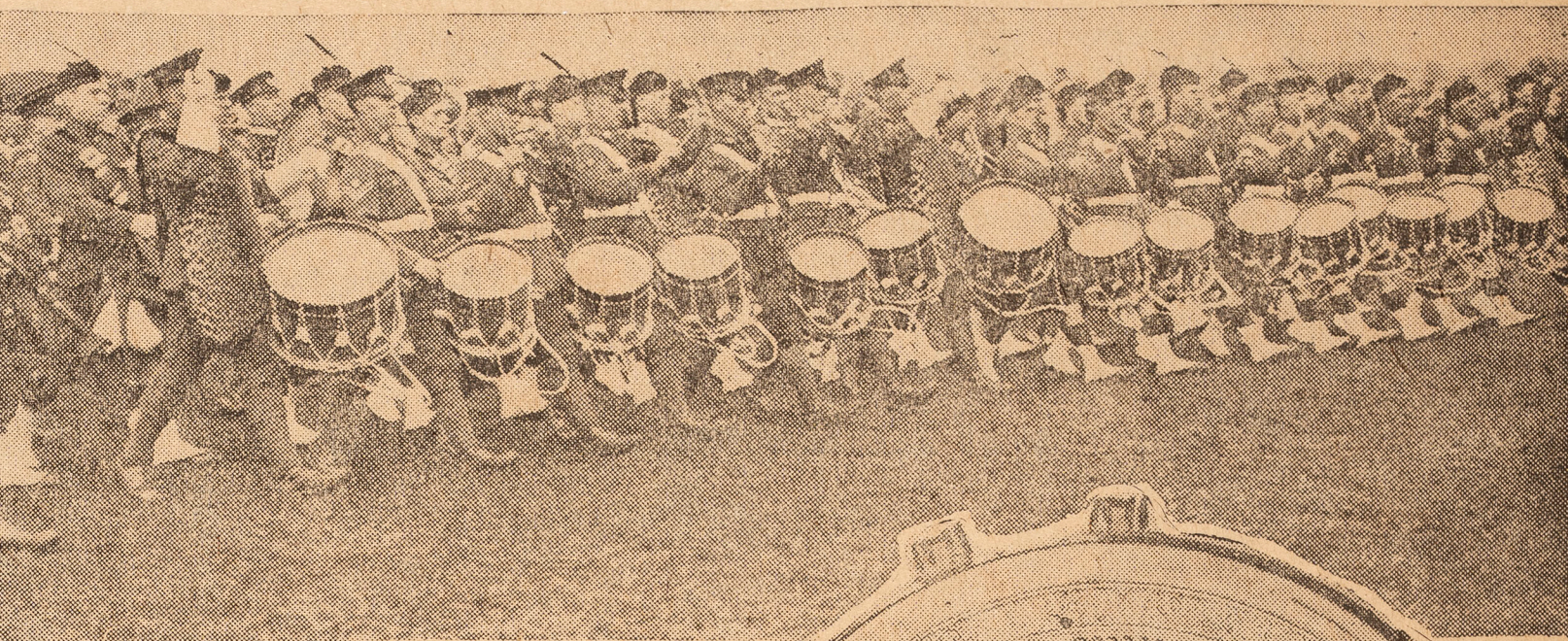
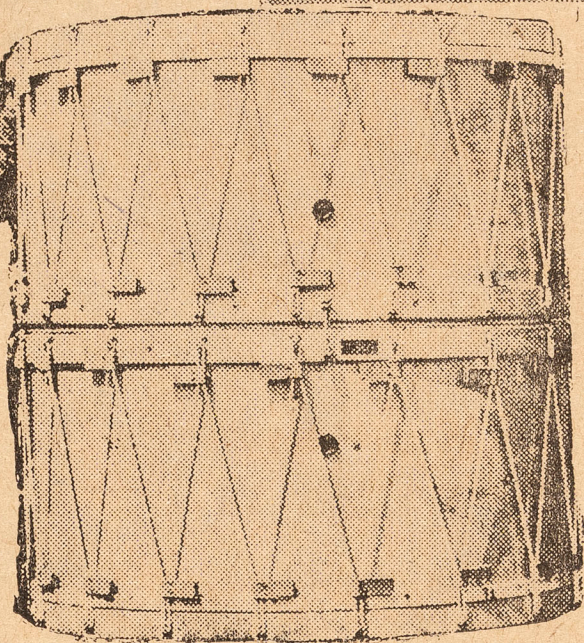
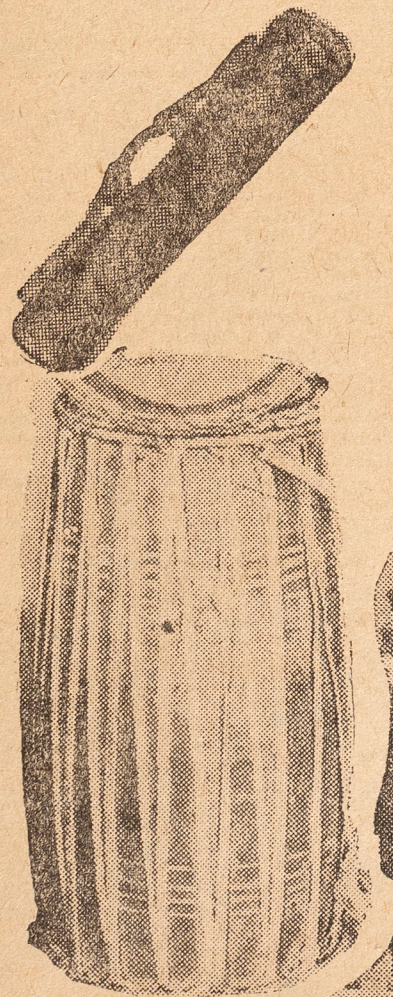
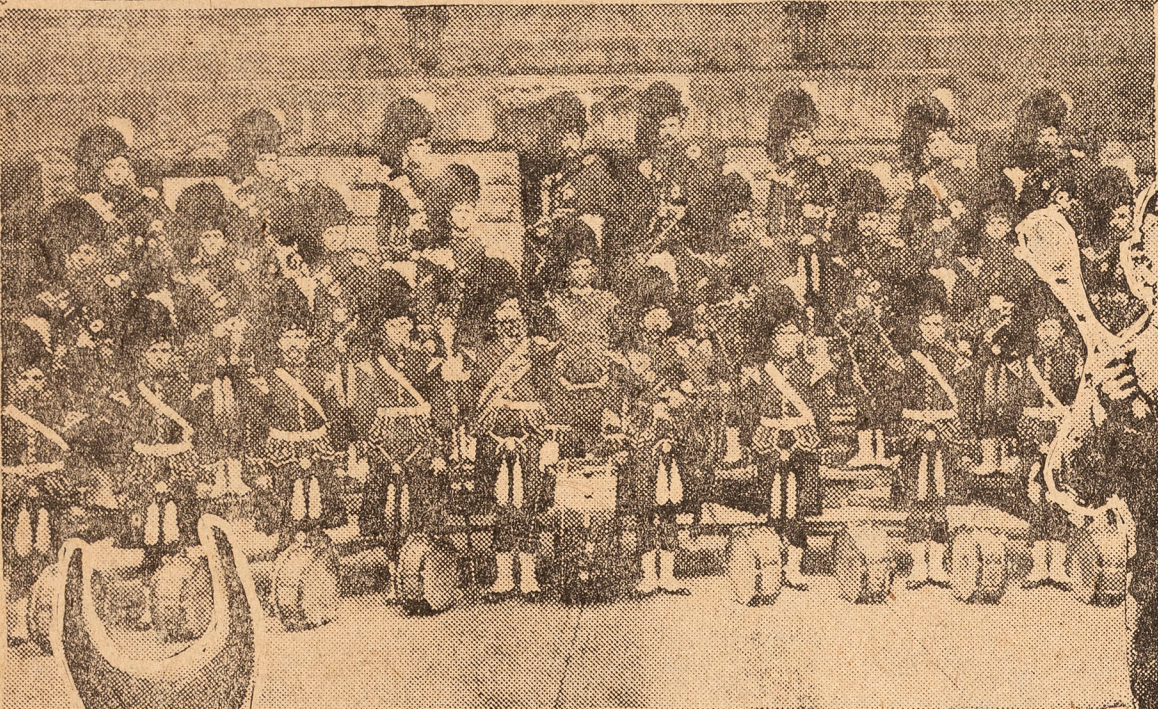
Amatur Talbot of the Nigerian Political Service advised all officials to learn to read the drum talk. He learned that each man of importance in a town had his drum name. A white man approaching a town would hear two drums. They were saying "Come quickly to town, hawks are around." For the approach of an enemy they boomed the recital, "Monkey flesh comes; climb tree quickly." They said monkey flesh instead of the simple truth in order to save the women from fright and panic.

R. E. Dennett in Landana in 1881 heard of the wreck of the mail steamer Ethiopia off Luango sixty or seventy miles away about

Continued on Page Four.

PICTURES ON THIS PAGE.

Right, from top to bottom:
Highland drums at Royal review.
Chinese war drum, A.D. 1,000.
West African drum, with handles; Chinese drum for temple worship, above to right, and West Indian goatskin-covered drum.
At extreme right below, New Guinea drums, with bowl-shaped example from Narsai, Africa.
Left, from top to bottom: Pipe Band of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto, showing drums.
New Guinea drum for holding against the arm.
Old Calabar tom-tom.
Small example of New Guinea drum.
Bottom: Burmese tom-tom beaten by the fingers.
Centre, at top: Drum, 48 by 48 inches, built for veterans of foreign wars at Harkness Hall. Four men are needed to carry it.
Centre, below: Bugle band of the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto.



Has Science Any Right To Disturb the Grave's Peace?

How would you feel to see scientists digging up one of your family's burial plots and scattering about the crumbling bones of your ancestors in the effort to find the remains of some historical celebrity?

Would any discovery they might make reconcile you to this irreverent tumbling of the ashes of your dead from their last resting place?

The question of whether it is a wrong and wicked thing for science to disturb the grave's peace in its ceaseless search for more facts about the past is becoming a very serious and puzzling one.

Many thoughtful and conscientious persons felt that the late Lord Carnarvon and his associates were not justified in their invasion of King Tut-ank-hamen's tomb—the tomb which the old Egyptian Pharaoh and his friends had taken such pains to have remain undisturbed as long as the world lasted.

But in this case there were historical prizes of the greatest importance at stake. The priceless relics with which the outer tomb was filled have added tremendously to the world's store of knowledge, giving us a clearer idea than we ever had before of life in Egypt thousands of years ago.

WHAT is now happening over in the village of Gravesend, England, is quite a different matter. There a whole graveyard is being upturned and its grinning skulls and other bones heaped up like so many bricks in the effort to find the remains of Pocahontas, the American Indian Princess, who is thought to have been buried there.

But the finding of Pocahontas' remains will clear up no perplexing historical mystery. Not a fact of any importance will be added to the store of human knowledge if the scientists are able to identify one of these mouldering skulls by its difference in size and shape as that of an Indian woman.

No, this ransacking of the graveyard which is filling the people of Gravesend with horror and indignation and arousing a storm of protest all through England is merely to satisfy the interest of Edward Payson Gaston, an American archaeologist, who happens to be a descendant of Pocahontas.

Ever since as a boy he heard the story of his famous ancestress who saved the life of Captain John Smith in Virginia's Colonial days, and later went to England as the wife of John Rolfe, he has been eager to find her remains and bring them back for burial in her native America.

EARLY this year he obtained permission from Britain's Home Secretary to begin his gruesome search. It looked like an easy matter, for tradition said that when Pocahontas died of small-pox she was buried in the vaults underneath the parish church at Gravesend.

But the part of the vaults that was supposed to hold the ashes of Pocahontas proved mysteriously empty, and then the search was continued in the churchyard outside.

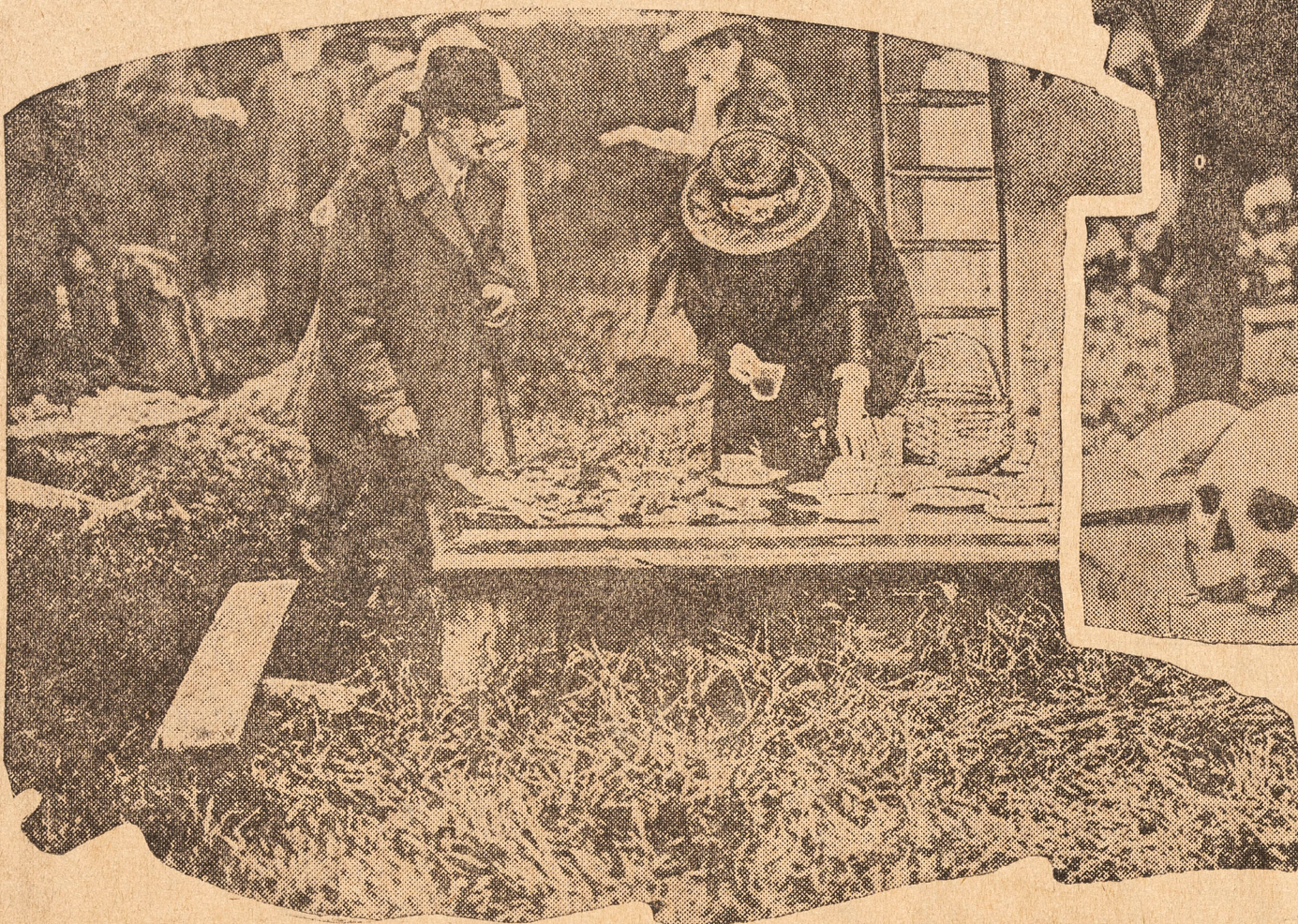
Soon the villagers of Gravesend were shocked to see a large force of men at work with picks and shovels in the burial place where so many of their ancestors rested and which they have always held in such reverence.

Under the direction of Mr. Gaston and his English associates, Dr. W. P. Pyecraft, assistant keeper of osteological collections in the British Museum, and Sir Arthur Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons, the laborers were bringing to the surface great quantities of human bones. The skulls and other parts of skeletons were heaped up all over the cemetery for Mr. Gaston and his fellow scientists to sort over and measure.

What particularly shocked the people of Gravesend was to see the excavators partaking of afternoon tea on a flat tombstone piled high at one end with bones. Meanwhile the workmen, with cigarettes in their mouths, were hauling up more and more of the cemetery's contents and photographers were busy making snapshots of the ghastly scene.

The fact that the excavators have the decency to re-bury with proper religious ceremonies the bones they found of no interest to them has failed to check Gravesend's indignation. The blind rector of the parish church is being

Why England is So Indignant Over an American's Shocking Efforts to Find the Bones of His Indian Ancestor, the Famous Pocahontas.



Serving afternoon tea on a flat tombstone, one end of which is littered with human bones waiting for Mr. Gaston and his fellow scientists.

bitterly denounced because he permitted the excavations, and also because he officiated at the reinterment of the bones.

THE popular indignation soon boiled over the tombstone Gravesend and heated up all England.

Marquis Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, addressing a meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, said "Let us at least spare the dead." He denounced the destruction of works of art in the past and asserted that reverence for ancient buildings was an admirable sentiment. He said that it was indeed almost a religious cult, and added:

"But there is one form this cult takes which seems to me to be antiquarianism run mad—the modern craze for taking up the remains of the dead."

Lord Curzon mentioned several instances, in point, including the excavation at King Tut-ankh-amen's tomb.

REFERRING to Pocahontas, he said he had just read of "a lot of ghouls gathered around the site of her interment, where they are finding a heap of skulls and bones, while men of science are actually sitting by to discover whether among this pile of debris they can find a skull with some black hair on it."

"In our passion for antiquity," the Foreign Secretary said, "Let us at least spare the dead."

Leading English newspapers vigorously endorsed Lord Curzon's protest against the ruthless disturbing of the peace of the graves at Gravesend.

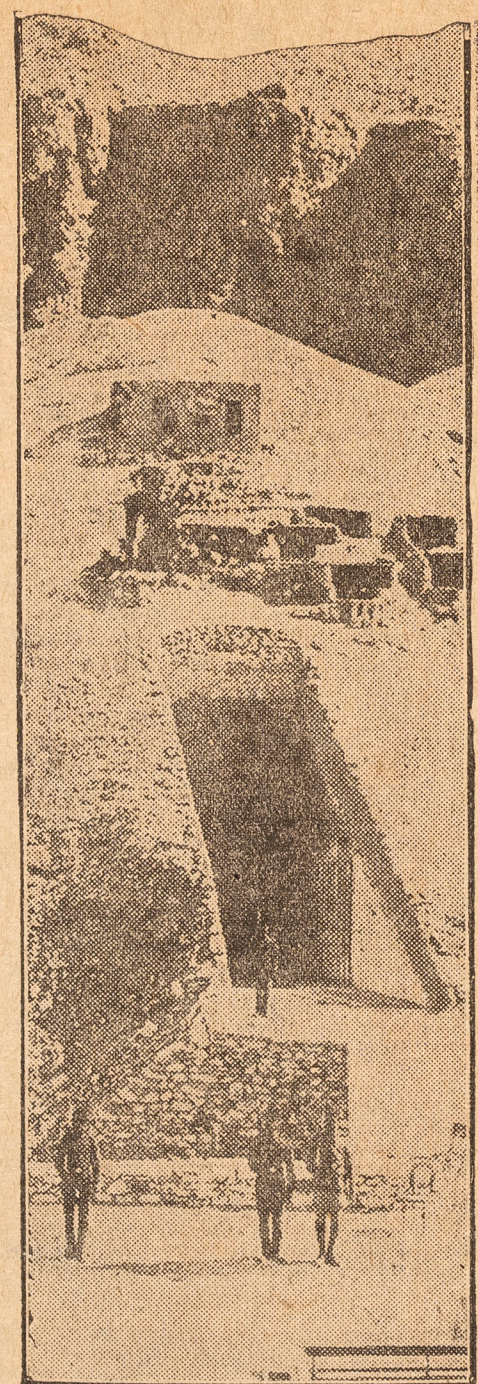
"It is difficult to see with what justice so many bones should have been upturned," said the Manchester Guardian. "There are many distinguished Englishmen buried overseas and posterity does not conceive it to be a patriotic duty to ransack foreign cemeteries, disturbing the many in quest of the one."

"The excavations at Gravesend constitute an offence against good taste," said the Daily Mail. "It is difficult to understand why the Home Office should have permitted them."

In defence of his undertaking Mr. Gaston says that his sole desire is to reclaim the body of one who played such a romantic and human part in the early Colonial life of America and re-inter it in a fitting national mausoleum at Washington, "where it will form an abiding memorial to one of the most gallant episodes by a woman in American history."

He asserts that he and his associates are not working on sacred and carefully marked graves, but on nothing more than a sort of charnel house of mixed up bones of people and animals that were thrown hastily there two centuries

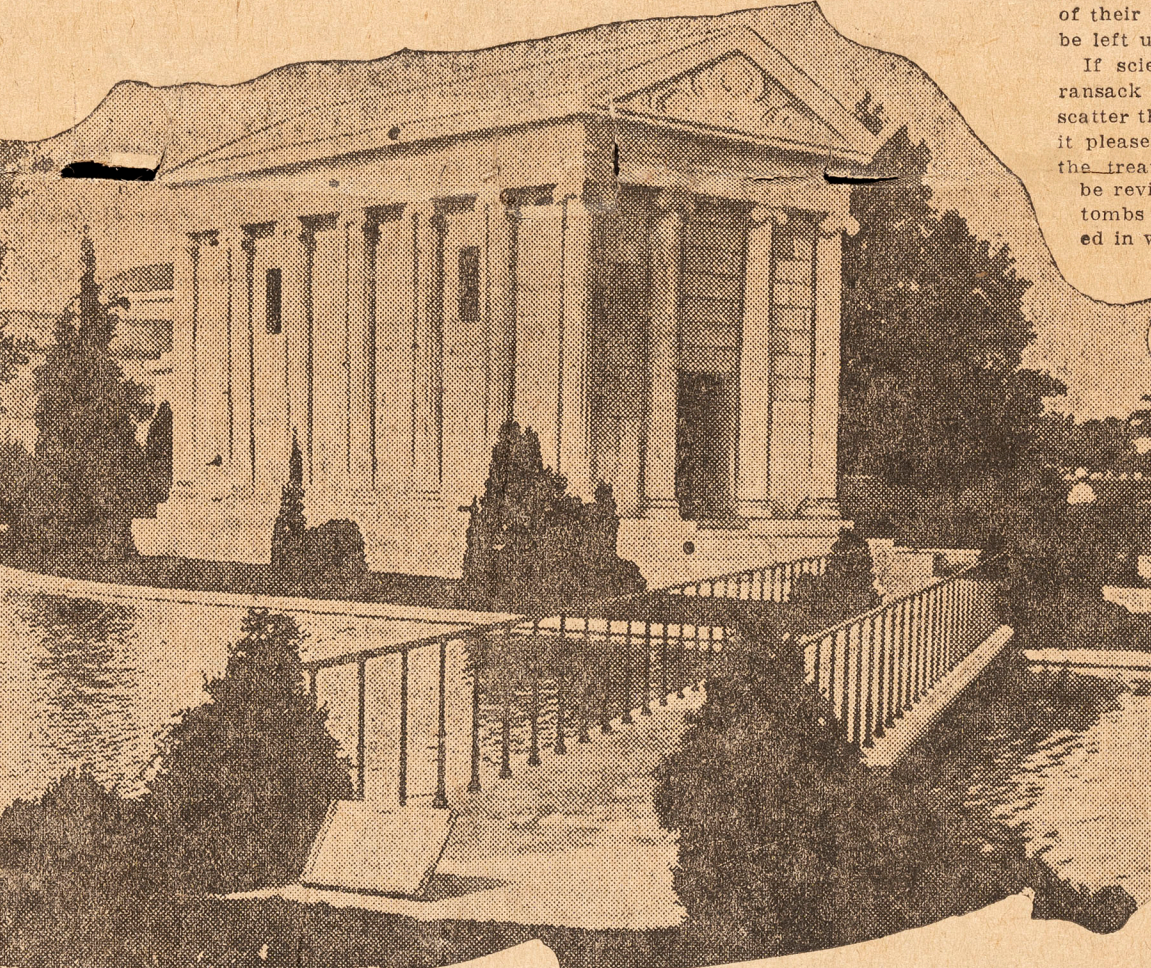
Below—Entrance to the tomb where old King Tut-ankh-amen doubtless expected his mummy would rest in peace forever.



ago after the Gravesend Parish Church was overrun by fire.

Mr. Gaston says that the bones of Gravesend's ancestors were mixed up with the remains of cats, pigs and horses and that he is really doing the village a great service by separating them carefully and then in the most dignified manner re-intering the human remains with a solemn religious service.

"The fact that I secured written permission from all the descendants of the Princess, both in America and Great Britain, and had the approval of the British



Ex-Senator Wm. A. Clark's \$500,000 mausoleum. What will the scientists of 200 years from now be doing to this?

Home Office to examine the remains will absolve me from any charges of private or mercenary designs," says Mr. Gaston. "The enterprise has cost me many years of effort and much money, and I intend to see it through in spite of misguiding and unreasoning protests."

THESE explanations have not allayed in the slightest the indignation of the people of Gravesend. They particularly resent Mr. Gaston's allegation that the part of the churchyard into which his men are digging is only a charnel house where the bones of human beings and animals are indiscriminately mixed.

The fact that in the primitive days of two centuries ago the dead were not always buried with the nice care shown to-day is no reason why their last resting place should be disturbed in this "ghoulish" fashion, they say.

But up to the time these lines were written the Home Office had done nothing to retract its permission to Mr. Gaston to go as far as he likes in his search for the remains of his Indian ancestor.

The bringing up of great bucket-

fuls of the bones continues. The scientists patiently apply their measuring instruments to all the skulls and cast into the discard those that show no resemblance to the bony head-piece of the Indian. And when tea time comes the meal is often served on a tombstone littered with the ghastly re-

lics the churchyard has been made to disgorge.

The resentment the people of Gravesend are showing against what they think gross disrespect to their dead ancestors is an expression of a feeling that is common to all mankind. Even savage peoples jealously guard the graves of their dead and insist that they be left undisturbed.

If science is to be allowed to ransack the world's graves and scatter their ashes about whenever it pleases, all our ideas regarding the treatment of the dead must be revised. Costly mausoleums, tombs of granite, caskets encased in walls of steel—all of these

will be of no avail in keeping the human remnants they contain forever inviolate.

In California ex-Senator William A. Clark has built a magnificent \$500,000 mausoleum to hold the ashes of himself and the members of his family. No pains or expense has been spared to make this a place as secure against invasion as the ancient Egyptians thought the carefully hidden and guarded tombs of their Pharaohs.

But if curiosity or thirst for knowledge impels them, will the scientists of two hundred years from now have any scruples about disturbing the peace of this half-million-dollar tomb as ruthlessly as Mr. Gaston and his associates are upturning that graveyard in Gravesend?

Shall we abandon all our age-old ideas of the grave's sanctity and allow scientists to invade it as they please? That is the question.

MR. GASTON'S upturning of the churchyard at Gravesend has brought to light three skulls which seem to be those of Indians. But

It is made from a single block of wroko wood and measures over two feet in length. The top is not more than two and a half inches across, and has an opening the full length. Through this small aperture the drum maker worked with his tools until the whole block, some 8 or 10 inches wide at the bottom, was hollowed and the walls were of nearly uniform thickness. This particular drum was originally used during the wars but is now only used for dancing by the natives at Ovimbundu in the Province of Angola, West Africa. Another very crude type comes from the West Indies. It is a piece of log about fifteen inches long hollowed, and covered at one end with a heavy skin like that of a goat. The skin is pegged with huge wooden pegs and it gives a peculiar rattling note.

The Hawaiians have drums like swollen gourds that give a noise when thrown against the ground. Others are more than eight feet long and in service would be carried on the back of one man while another walked behind to beat it. Some are decorated and carved, some are ornamented with human skulls.

Forbes, the explorer, saw a king's procession in 1850, which presented his wealth. There passed twenty men carrying the royal drums. One was decorated with twenty human skulls. Six men carried another drum from which hung twelve skulls. In another procession Forbes saw thirty women carry a single drum with twenty-four skulls.

ONE of the rarest types of African drums is the "dug out."

"In our passion for antiquity, let us at least spare the dead"—Lord Curzon



Pocahontas, the Indian princess, pictured in an old print.

further study will be necessary before any one of these can be identified as the probable piece of bone that held the brain of Pocahontas.

Many enthusiastic students of American history are hoping that Mr. Gaston will succeed in duplicating the exploit of General Horace Porter in discovering the body of John Paul Jones in Paris, in 1899. This, like the remains of Pocahontas, had been lost, though it was known to lie somewhere in a Protestant cemetery covered with houses.

It is considered particularly fitting that Pocahontas' bones should be recovered and brought back to America, because she is the ancestress of so many distinguished Americans. Her blood runs in the veins of many of Virginia's most aristocratic families. Among her descendants is one of the nation's most picturesque statesmen, John Randolph, and one mistress of the White House, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

But is this sufficient reason for invading the graves of scores of other men and women, scattering their bones about and wounding the feelings of a whole community of their descendants?

The people of Gravesend and many others in England think not.

DRUMS

Continued from Page Three.

an hour after it happened. The drum used for this kind of talk was hollowed from a log about six feet long. It conveys meaning as flexibly as speech. Given a good operator and a good listener, it comprehends all that a man can say. The long E sound is made by striking the side nearest the operator in the centre on the line of the incision of the drum. The sound U is made by hitting the belly of the instrument on both sides at the same time. Each vowel sound has its drum beat and other letters are made by a combination with the vowel sounds by striking with a second stick with more or less emphasis or precision.

The aborigines of Australia once used a cloak of opossum skin stretched between their thighs for a drum. The North American Indians believed in the use of drums to drive away evil spirits. A shaman sometimes beat a water drum to charm away his patients' sickness. The tone was regulated by the amount of water in the drum. There are drums of all shapes and sizes. There are little drums, beaten with the hands and others struck with small strips of leather. Drum sticks are straight and smooth or knobbed or even ended with a hoop with which to strike parchment.

BEFORE Columbus discovered America the Indians of North America were dancing their fire dances to the sombre beat of flat drums. After their councils of war when the war-whoop was gaining force before the attack they were spurred on by the drums. In the Royal Ontario Museum there are several drums used by the North American Indians. One was the special drum of Chief Osh-awana, and is said to have been used by his tribe for over a century. Drums of this same tribe were used by the pagan Indians at their "Green Corn Dance" in the incantation and celebration of the giving of names to the children. Even the Eskimos used a flat tambourine-shaped drum when they did their queer bear-like waltzes. In their low ice igloos, squatted in a circle they kept time while the dance went on.

In Palestine, too, highly developed drums have been found. One of these is now in the Royal Ontario Museum. It is a copper bowl shaped instrument with an iron ring at the bottom, to which are fastened many leather cords by means of which the skin is tightened. On the skins of many of the African drums and drums of Indians gum is used to get the exact tone.

ONE of the rarest types of African drums is the "dug out."

Why Lord Carnegie Wanted a Quick Wedding

London, July 5.

IT WAS only last month that the engagement of Princess Maud of Fife, niece of King George and the present Princess Royal, to Lord Carnegie was announced, and the last week of this month will see the lovers married.

Even in these days of speedy trips to the marriage altar this is an extraordinarily short engagement, but it is said to have been none too short to suit the wishes of Lord Carnegie.

His lordship, you see, has a stronger reason than a prospective husband usually has for wanting to claim his bride just as quickly as possible. His mind harbors painful memories of a previous romance in his life which ended, after the engagement had been prolonged for months and months, in the young lady's deciding that she didn't love him enough to marry him after all.

As a result of this unhappy experience Lord Carnegie made up his mind that if he ever fell in love again the wedding bells must ring out just as soon as ever they could. Never again would he give a sweetheart of his any lengthy opportunity to exercise woman's well known right to change her mind.

Although he has not the suspicion that time or anything else could possibly change Princess Maud's devotion to him, he thought it just as well to be on the safe side and have her redeem love's promise as quickly as possible.

The Princess and her family are understood to have been desirous of delaying the wedding until the late Fall or early Winter. But Lord Carnegie spoke an emphatic no, and in the end managed to have his way.

This is why the arrangements for the wedding have been hurried along with what many in fashionable society think rather undue haste for an event of such outstanding importance. Lord Carnegie confidently expects to be the husband of the Princess Royal within considerably less than two months after the announcement of their engagement.

LORD CARNEGIE is the son and heir of the seventh Earl of Southesk, who is also head of the great Scotch clan of Carnegie. He served in France as a captain in the Scots Guards, and after being so badly wounded that he could not return to the front he went to India as an aide-de-camp on the staff of Lord Chelmsford, then Viceroy of India.

Now, the uniform which an aide-de-camp of the Viceroy of India is required to wear is one of the most gorgeous creations with which the pomp of state and war brightens up the corners of this otherwise drab earth. Its designers seem to have made as elaborate a show as could possibly be made in any one uniform with gold braid and epaulettes and all the rest.

Such a fine, upstanding man as Lord Carnegie looked particularly well in this glittering outfit, and among the many who thought so was the Hon. Anne Thesiger, the pretty daughter of the Viceroy. It was not long before she decided that here at last was the man she could love, and when Lord Carnegie confessed his love for her and asked her to be his wife she was glad of the chance to say yes.

While apparently very much in love with her gorgeously attired hero, the Hon. Anne thought it best to postpone the wedding until Lord Carnegie's term of service in India was up, more than a year later. She preferred the greater brilliance that would go with a marriage in England.

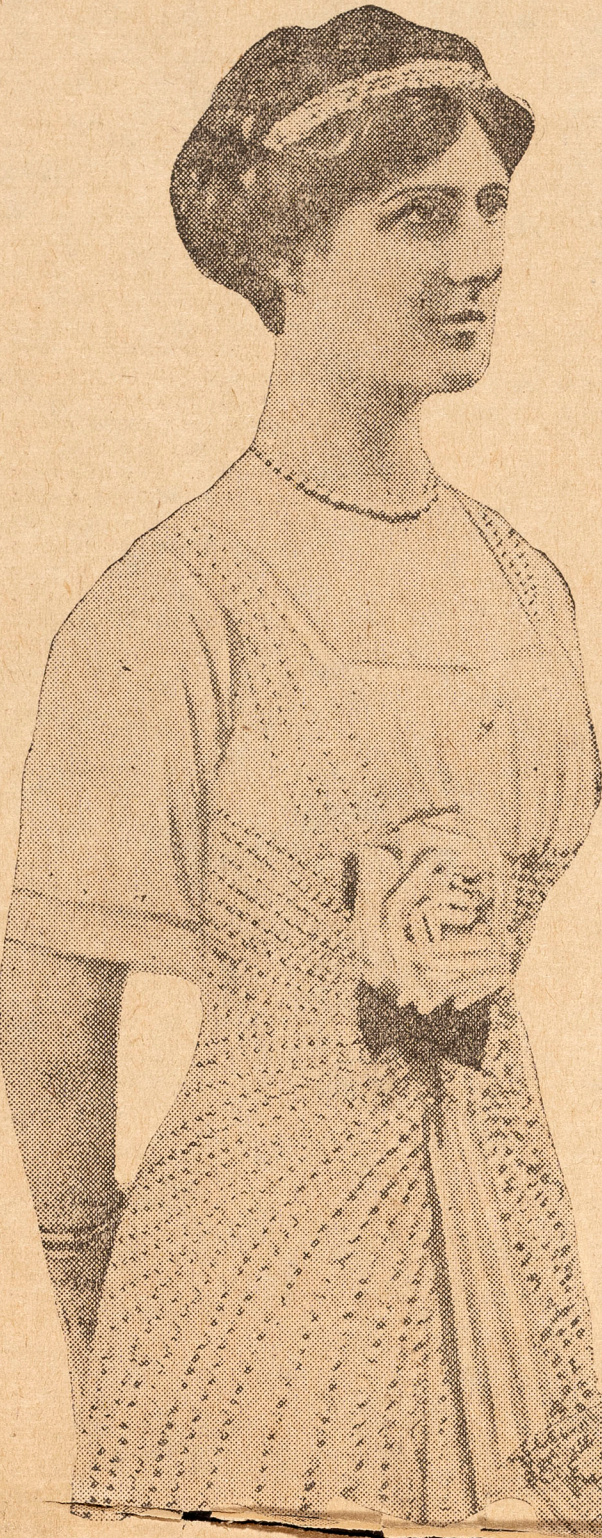
LORD CARNEGIE readily consented to this long engagement, and right there is where he made his mistake—or at least so he thought before he fell in love with Princess Maud.

The lovers finally sailed from Bombay on the same ship, full of joyous plans for their wedding a few weeks after their arrival in England.

Before the voyage was over, however, pretty Anne underwent a sudden change of heart. Lord Carnegie seemed to have utterly lost the strong appeal he had for her ever since she first laid eyes on him.

Some think this may have been

Unwilling to Run Any Risk of Losing the Lovely Princess Maud as He Once Lost a Former Sweetheart Through Letting the Marriage Be Postponed Until She Changed Her Mind.



Princess Arthur of Connaught, sister of Princess Maud.



A late portrait of Princess Maud, the fifth of Princess Mary's bridesmaids to marry.



In square—Lord Carnegie, son and heir of the Earl of Southesk.



Princess Maud, favorite niece of King George and England's Princess Royal, whom Lord Carnegie is hurrying to make his bride.

because Lord Carnegie now wore plain civilian clothes instead of the magnificent toggery of an aide-de-camp. The effect of a uniform's glamor on a woman's heart is an interesting subject. It is said that an unprecedented number of engagements were broken shortly after the armistice, when men were exchanging the uniforms of war for the workaday clothes of peace.

Whatever the cause, the Hon. Anne Thesiger decided that she no longer loved Lord Carnegie, and before they reached England she had given him the mitten along with her emerald engagement ring. Within what many thought a surprisingly short time she became the wife of the Hon. Donough O'Brien.

Now Lord Carnegie has consoled himself for the sorrow he seemed to feel over the loss of Lord Chelmsford's daughter by winning Princess Maud's heart—and claiming it as quickly as he knew how.

The romance culminating happily in the engagement of Lord Carnegie and Princess Maud began last Fall when they met in the romantic Scottish highlands. They were often in each other's society during the Royal Highland games held at beautiful Braemar, Aberdeenshire not far from Mar Lodge, the country seat of Princess Maud's elder sister, the Duchess of Fife.

Naturally the young nobleman who has ridden and fished from his earliest youth on the thousands of acres of his father's domain in Scotland and who had become extremely skilful in the games played by the British in India when he was aide-de-camp to the Viceroy, found a kindred spirit in a girl so keenly interested in sports as Princess Maud.

The Princess is an expert angler, having spent much time with her royal uncle, King George, fishing on the Deeside and who holds the record for catching the largest salmon ever pulled out of the River Dee. She is also a fine swimmer and an excellent horse-woman.

But it was not only the romantic Scottish hills, so full of romantic legends, or Princess Maud's skill as a British Diana that won Lord Carnegie's heart so quickly and so completely. She is also very beautiful and accomplished in many ways, among other things speaking and writing both German and Italian very well.

The Princess is a very important member of British royalty. She is in line of succession to the British throne, at one time having held fourth place therein.

In the event of anything happening to Princess Maud's elder

sister, Princess Arthur Connaught, and the latter's frail little boy, Lord MacDuff, she would inherit the dukedom of Fife as a peeress in her own right as well as all the large entailed property of the late Duke of Fife, son-in-law and intimate chum of Edward VII.

Lord Carnegie's fiancée owes her title to her grandfather, the late King Edward, who declared that her mother, the Princess Louise, should have the title of "Princess Royal" because she was his eldest daughter.

THUS Princess Maud, who is exactly the same age as her fiancé and very popular, was born a commoner like her eldest sister, Princess Arthur of Connaught, their titles as little girls being "Lady" Alexander and "Lady" Maud Duff, merely as, courtesy titles. Nor was it until their grandfather actually succeeded to the throne that he granted them by sovereign patent the titles of Princess.

In marrying a commoner Princess Maud will be following in her mother's footsteps, for the present Princess Royal chose a Scottish nobleman, the Duke of Fife.

The Princess Royal raised her daughters to enjoy a country life, and they have from choice been among the less conspicuous members of the court, despite the fact that Princess Maud is the present King's favorite.

And yet in spite of her quiet girlhood the Princess went through an experience rare in the lives of royalty, in which she and her family suffered the severest hardships in the shipwreck of the steamer Delhi on their way to Egypt.

The ship was driven ashore on the Moroccan coast in a storm, and they were rescued, with 200 other passengers, by ships of the British fleet from Gibraltar and taken ashore through the heavy surf in small boats.

As the Princess was handed over the side a woman passenger pressed a ring into her hand and insisted that she put it on because it bore a charm that would keep the wearer from harm. Although the boat was swamped the Princess did get safely ashore after being saved from being washed overboard by a sailor.

Her father, however, did not fare so well, and he died a year

later from the result of exposure during his attempts to keep the boat afloat.

KING GEORGE approves of the alliance with the Carnegie family, which emphasizes again the fact that those nearest the throne of England are not going abroad for their wives or husbands, though they marry commoners in Britain.

And it also proves something for the old superstitious about bridesmaids and the rapidity in which weddings among the bride's chosen maids are likely to follow.

Cupid has been very busy indeed since the wedding of Princess Mary, and engagements have been announced in this short time so quickly among the eight attendants who walked up the aisle a little over a year ago with the King's daughter that there are only three left for lucky men to lead to the altar.

Of the eight bridesmaids in Princess Mary's retinue, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon has married the Duke of York; Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox is the wife of Clare Vyner, grandson of the Marquis of Northampton; Lady Victoria Constance Mary Cambridge, daughter of the Marquis of Cambridge, is the spouse of the Marquis of Worcester, descendant of the Plantagenets, and Lady Rachael Cavendish is engaged to wed the Hon. James Gray Stuart.

IT remains for three lucky men to lead to the altar the other bridesmaids, Lady Mary Thynne, daughter of the Marquis of Bath; Lady Diana Bridgeman, daughter of the Earl of Bradford, and Lady May Cambridge, Queen Mary's niece.

And the marriage, which is to take place very shortly as Lord Carnegie has asked, will be remarkable in that this favorite niece of the King of England will enter a family whose estates were forfeited to the crown centuries ago because its then chief engaged in a Scottish rebellion.

And Lord Carnegie is descended also from exactly the same stock as Lord Northesk, the young man who hopes to marry Jessica Brown, the former Broadway dancing girl, as soon as the difficulties resulting from a former marriage can be ironed out.

The two young men are both

descended from the estimable David Carnegie, whose first son, David, became the first Earl of Southesk, and whose second son, John, became the first Earl of Northesk. And Lord Carnegie's mother bears the surname of Southesk.

Because of this connection Jessica and the proud Princess Royal, niece of King George, will actually become very distant relatives by marriage.

THE names of Southesk and Carnegie are well known in America, largely through the grandfather of the future husband of Princess Maud. For he travelled very extensively in the United States and Canada at a time when they were less familiar to Europeans than they are to-day.

He wrote several very pleasant books about America, and there are a number of towns on both sides of the Dominion border that bear the names of Southesk and of Carnegie.

Americans will find a double interest in the marriage, as Lord Carnegie actually has a strain of American blood in his veins, for his ancestor, Sir David Carnegie, married the daughter of Andrew Elliott, Lieutenant-Governor of New York.

Ancient chroniclers describe David Carnegie as "a wise, peaceable and sober man, in good credit and estimation of the King and taken into his Privy Council for his skill and knowledge in civil affairs."

The estimable David Carnegie took a second wife in 1568, the daughter of Sir John Wemyss. By her he had a numerous progeny. His first son, David, became the first Earl of Southesk. His second son, John, became the first Earl of Northesk.

The descendant of David is soon to marry King George's niece. The descendant of John is now in America, trying to arrange to marry Jessica Brown.

Jessica Brown, the Broadway dancer, whose promised husband, Lord Northesk, is a blood relative of Lord Carnegie

Englishman Reached Forbidden City in Disguise of Coolie

A YOUNG man of 25, bearded and pale, returned to London a few days ago. Few men who have reached twice his age have crowded into a few months the adventures that he had. For this young man, Dr. William Montgomery McGovern, had just returned from the heart of the sacred forbidden city of Buddha, the city of Lhasa in Tibet.

But there are few young men who have the temperament and disposition of Dr. McGovern. While at Oxford he became a convert to Buddhism, and later was ordained as a priest of that religion. He is the only Englishman to hold that status, and he also is renowned as one of the world's leading Orientalists.

Several months ago Dr. McGovern decided to visit Lhasa. But, despite his qualifications, he had the utmost difficulty in entering the Tibetan capital. He was obliged to travel disguised as one of his own coolies, which meant carrying a heavy load through the rough country. The coolie took the role of a Tibetan notability and had the time of his young life. In the high passes of the mountainous country Dr. McGovern struggled through snow drifts breast high, though dressed only in the thin cotton garments of the coolie class. He was obliged to paint his whole body in order to escape detection in case of a search.

When his party reached Shigatse, the secular town attached to the Tashilumpo monastery of the Tashi Lama, who is the second greatest spiritual personage in Tibet. He was threatened with exposure by the "Master" of the expedition, who believed he had the Doctor in his power. In a contest of wit and physical

strength the Doctor proved that the "Master" was wrong. Nevertheless, attempts at blackmail continued throughout the journey.

Meanwhile the Indian Government had learned that Dr. McGovern who had been denied permission by them to attempt to penetrate to Lhasa had eluded their vigilance and crossed the border. Fearing that he would be killed by the hostile tribes he telegraphed to Jase, 75 miles from Lhasa, asking the Tibetan Government that he be stopped and sent back to India.

From Jase onward at every stage of the journey the party was subjected to a searching examination by the local authorities. But Dr. McGovern, disguised as a humble hireling, with a heavy pack on his back, managed to slip by. At one rest house he listened to a discussion on the question as to whether the spiritual omniscience of the Dalai Lama would not be sure to penetrate the disguise of the foreign devil.

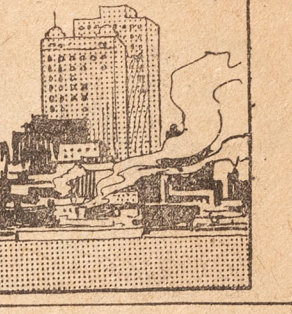
On February 15th, which is New Year's Eve in Tibet, Dr. McGovern reached Lhasa. The streets were filled with drunken brawlers, and the slightest slip that would have revealed his identity would have meant instant death.

After great difficulty a lodging was found in the heart of the forbidden city. Through having had to eat dried grain and raw meat with his servants the intrepid explorer was so ill that it was necessary to carry him up the stairs. The next day the news of his arrival leaked out. The populace rose against him. There was rioting in the streets, but fortunately his hiding place was not discovered.

The Dalai Lama, knowing his qualifications, gave him permission, so that he was able to explore all the mysteries of his most mysterious city and get safely away early in April.



All Around The Town



Dump Heap Provides Tires For the Poet's Old Flivver

By ARTHUR KENT.

"WHAT if some crazy coot did put a '22 engine in the old body, that won't keep the darn thing in tires," avowed the Mechanic. The Poet and the Mechanic sat in their bathing suits, smoking cigarettes. Their bare heels rested on the window-sill of their communal sitting-room, and through the frayed lace curtains they cast occasional squinting glances at their newly-acquired Lizzie, which was parked before the house, dripping wet in a warm Summer drizzle. The boys were "letting their dinners go down" before venturing into the not-so-warm waters of the lake, and while their respective wives were washing the dishes they sat discussing the grave problem of how to get tires without money.

"Wonder why the balmey old geezer who owned her last put a brand-new engine in the old hulk?" said Bill the Mechanic enquiringly, as he hurriedly brushed a morsel of hot cigarette ash from a bare leg. "And that salesman sure was a goat to sell us the thing for seventy-five bucks without even lookin' under the hood. Some little bus (lovingly). Why only this morning I passed a Packard." His comrade glanced at him sourly. "Fairly tales won't get us tires," growled the Poet. "Look 'em up, you know, through the window at a hind wheel. 'The damn thing's flat again. We can't use it till we get tires. How much money you got, Bill? I've got four dollars." "Two bucks more'n me," sighed the Mechanic, "and this is the day I gotta take the family to me mother-in-law's. Bad enough any time, but now—street cars for us, and—how I hate 'em."

The conversation lagged. Down the street, in solemn array, came three great horses, each pulling a clumsy two-wheeled cart, which thumped and bumped with each onward jerk. Over each presided a dusty, cheerful, tobacco-smoking Genius, who jerked and saved with thump and bump, steadily drawing on his pipe and keeping up an intermittent fire of rallery with his comrades. Each cart was loaded to the brim with the city's garbage, which, warm and wet, disclosed its presence in no uncertain way. And atop the heap in the first cart lay a Port tire, like a crown on a disreputable head. The Poet closed the window. "I do wish," he declared, "that we didn't live quite so near a civic dumping ground. The district rather loses caste, you know," Bill looked suspicious. "Yeah," he replied, "they do cast a lot of stuff around here, but you never can smell it, only when the dump carts are going past."

At this moment a Ford tire came bowling down the street, headed for the lake, and pursued by a youngster in a bathing suit. "Thump, thump," went the kid's stick on the speeding tire, and "slap, slap" went the little bare feet on the wet pavement. "Tires, tires everywhere," soliloquized the Poet, poetically, "but not even a doughnut for our tender old rims." "Haw—ouch!" stated the Mechanic, dropping his whole cigarette on his leg. A shrill treble sounded from the kid in

the street: "Hey, Mike, looka what I found in the dump." "Gee," he remarked. "Til bet them tires of ours is fulla shoes." "Rubber boots, maybe," the Poet suggested. "Naw!"—scornfully—"A shoe is a thick piece of canvas—or a bit of old tire cut down. Ya put it inside a bum tire where there's a bad spot, an' when ya blow it up the pressure holds it there, same's them skintight pants o' yours is held up by the pressure of your old tummy, see?"

Majestically the Poet ignored this. "Well, the tire that kid had looked all right; why not put a 'shoe' in such a tire as that?" "Rim cut," jerked Bill. "Can't put a shoe in a rim-cut tire, cause the edge of the shoe comes where the rim does, and pokes out the side. If it wasn't for that we'd be jake, 'cause people throw Ford tires away for the least little hole—they're so cheap. But gee, even good second-hand ones cost four bucks apiece. Just think, we can't even dig up four bucks apiece for tires."

They weren't in the water long that day. Bill was thinking too hard of the coming visit to Mother-in-law's to be happy, and the Poet seemed rapt in thought. He was quite busy during the remainder of that day, and when the shades of evening were gathering at about nine o'clock, and the Mechanic, tired, hot and grouchy, was leading his wife home to the tune of an endless argument, they observed him gently kicking a tire which lay flat in the grass. He smiled at them blandly.

"I've been buying tires," he announced, "four of 'em, including this spare. At your valuation, that's sixteen bucks. How do you like 'em? Look 'em over." In the fading light Bill examined each tire. "Gee, that back one's a cord," he ejaculated, "an' the tread on this one's hardly wore at all. Dunno how I'm goin' to pay you my share of sixteen bucks. Where'd you get the money?" "Oh, don't worry about that," said the Poet, breezily. "I know you've only got two bucks. Give me one and we'll call your end of it square."

"Here quick, before ya change yer mind," declared Bill, thrusting his fingers into his friend's open palm. "Gee, you're a prince." They had gone several miles in a night ride over rough roads to celebrate, and not a single tire had popped. And now at twelve o'clock the two boys were sitting on the upstairs verandah while the big tires were being put to bed. "Gee, them tires are sure O. K.," the Mechanic declared. "Where'd you get 'em?" "We-e-l-l," the Poet yawned, as a matter of fact, all but one have got little rim cuts in 'em, but I overcame that by turning the 'shoes' around and laying them 'em on the rim, see?" "But you never paid four bucks apiece for rim-cut tires, did you?" asked the Mechanic, horrified. No fear, returned the Poet. A light of terrible suspicion dawned in Bill's eyes. "Where'd you get them tires?" he demanded. "Well, if you must know," the Poet replied, "I paid three kids ten cents for each tire. They said they fished the blame things out of the dump. By the way (He entered the house rather hurriedly, jingling four quarters in his trousers pocket), how much is forty cents from a dollar?"

At last the authorities could restrain their curiosity no longer. Diver Lambert was selected as undersea detective. The solution was simple. The old diver was seen to get into an airlock in a hold, carefully raise his head above water, unscrew his helmet, and take a generous pull at a bottle.

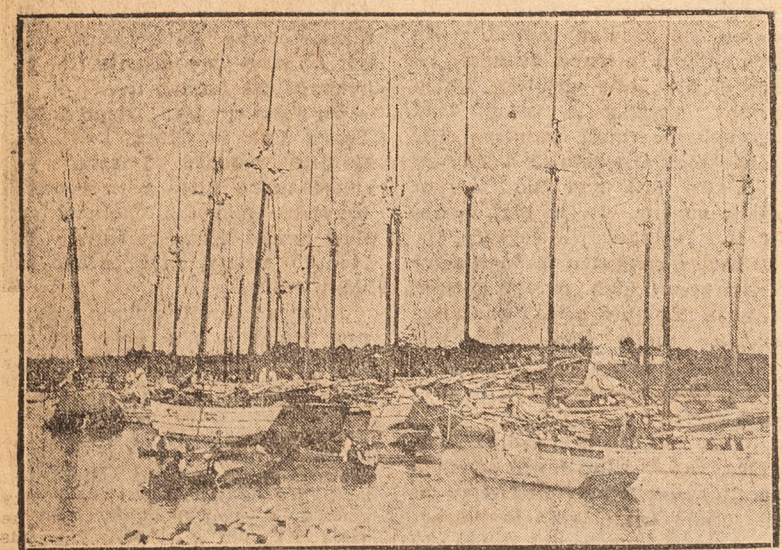
Then he replaced the helmet, and once more descended into the depths. The "wet hero" was solemnly informed that while he could have a case ashore, he must not drink a bottle below.

DIVER GOT DRUNK WHEN UNDER WATER

DIVER C. P. LAMBERT, who is busy at work in the Russell Channel, blasting away two dangerous reefs about one mile from Guernsey harbor, has some good stories to tell.

One dour old diver enaged on work on a sunken liner off the Azores, he said, would go down sober as a judge, and come up drunk.

Back in 1887 Port Credit Was a Busy Lake Port



This picture was taken in 1887, when Port Credit was a busy lake port. It was the home port of many of the finest and fastest sailing ships on the Great Lakes. With the growth of Toronto the importance of Port Credit as a lake port has vanished. To-day its harbor is neglected and few ships call.

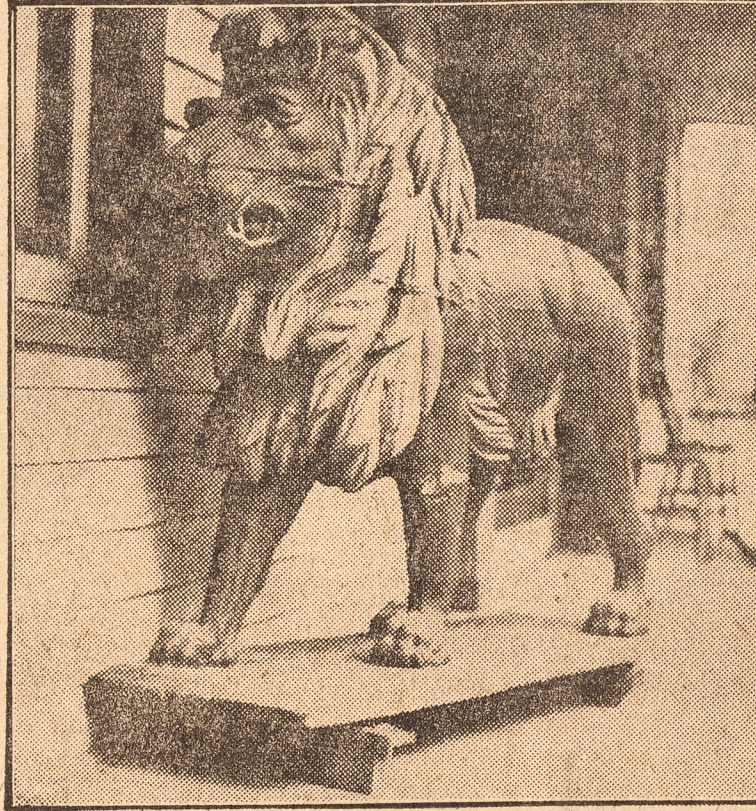
Golden Lion Inn of 1837 Is Sunday School Room of 1923

Favorite Yonge Street Stopping Place for Years of Those Going to Toronto—Was a Tory Headquarters in Rebellion Days and Social Centre Later.

By IRENE HUMBLE.

"YOU remember when—" not only brings memories tumbling one by one to older people, but causes a quiver of reminiscence to run through the frames of the many ancient structures around and about Toronto, particularly in the northerly part of the city. Out Yonge Street way, once a bush, and the stamping ground of early settlers the atmosphere fairly reeks with tradition. If the old buildings could speak exciting tales would be unfolded.

Among these one finds the very old frame building at Stop 31, Yonge Street (known as Lansing). It was in its time the scene of numerous historic events. This quaint hostel, "The Golden Lion Inn," evidently derived its name



Lower—The Golden Lion Inn as it is to-day. Upper—The Golden Lion carved from wood.

from the great wooden "lion" with life-like finish, crouching before, the door, beautifully and remarkably hand-carved by the original owner of the place, Charles Sheppard. This lion disappeared but was replaced by the present fine specimen (shown in the illustration) which is now "standing guard." It is also of wood, the skillful workmanship of the same hand and many years old.

The Golden Lion was opened as an hotel about 1832 by Charles Sheppard, who was a strong and staunch Tory, and his premises became known as the meeting place of the Tories. The original building covered a large area and was laid out with long halls, spacious and airy rooms numbering in all about twenty. An upper and lower gallery, or balcony, ran across the front of the house and around the sides. The stables or sheds of large dimensions, to shelter the teams of patrons, reached from Sheppard Avenue to the rear of the house on one side and stretched on the south, to the line of the property, nearly one hundred feet. Close by the front portion of the building is the old well, forty feet in depth, where men and beasts in the dim past quenched their thirst from the cooling spring water. To-day it still gives ample supply to house and passer-by.

Inside—The kitchen was of the old type, built of mud and clay with the usual great fireplace and crane in its midst, where during the Yuletide season, huge logs were piled which blazed a welcome to wayfarers and spread the warmth of hospitality to those who gathered around its hearth on cold winter evenings. The ballroom, where the elite from the city came to dance, was on the south side and here our mothers, fathers and grandparents in their youth, tripped the light fantastic in the good old-fashioned way, over its floors until the early hours of the morning. Tales are still told of these wonderful balls and parties held at the Inn, when the guests came for miles in sleighs with tinkling bells. Strictly formal, too, were these functions when fair damsels perfumed and powdered arrived with their chaperones, and escorts who wore uniforms and side whiskers. Refreshments at these affairs usually consisted of substantial suppers and included fowl cooked during the evening. Sad to say the new generation will never have the opportunity of testing the excellence of the old ballroom floor for it has entirely disappeared. The old wing was some time since demolished and all that is left to mark the spot is a smooth green carpet of grass.

Undoubtedly the bar-room, in those days, ranked as the most important room in the building and was on the north corner, its windows facing on both Yonge and Sheppard Aves., matters of tremendous import on political and other topics were earnestly discussed "over the bar," sometimes culminating in disastrous manner, for many a brawl was recorded as having taken place, over the "cup that cheers."

Strange and varied are the changes. Gone is every vestige of the once popular bar, where men of 1834 and later, came to drink and make merry. Now in 1923 little children on Sunday crowd the old room to listen to the teachings of the Gospel. During the Great War, Mrs. L. A. Catto, with her faithful band of Red Cross workers labored strenuously for the men overseas. Here matters of portentious import are still discussed and the fate of North York Township settled by its Council at their meetings during each month.

It was always a popular resort for those coming to and fro on market days, especially in winter, when two long team lines could confidence of the people who gamble for a kiewpie doll or reserve your disgust for those who pay to go onto the dips and then shriek in terror when the car takes a plunge? Whatever your reaction to all of these things might be, your eyes would certainly goggle at the spectacle presented by the merry-go-round. Dozens of persons paying for the privilege of going nowhere! Mature men and women, apparently possessed of their right senses, sitting astride gaudily painted wooden tigers, horses, cats, and lions, and obviously deriving immense pleasure from the act of chasing one another around and around in a circle to the accompaniment of brazen music! Young men and young women

fashioned way, over its floors until the early hours of the morning. Tales are still told of these wonderful balls and parties held at the Inn, when the guests came for miles in sleighs with tinkling bells. Strictly formal, too, were these functions when fair damsels perfumed and powdered arrived with their chaperones, and escorts who wore uniforms and side whiskers. Refreshments at these affairs usually consisted of substantial suppers and included fowl cooked during the evening. Sad to say the new generation will never have the opportunity of testing the excellence of the old ballroom floor for it has entirely disappeared. The old wing was some time since demolished and all that is left to mark the spot is a smooth green carpet of grass.

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It was always a popular resort for those coming to and fro on market days, especially in winter, when two long team lines could

be seen wending their way north and south, to and from the city with produce from the farm lands. If there was no adequate sleeping accommodation and quarters were overcrowded, travellers were satisfied to roll up in blankets and sleep on the floor.

It was in this section, too that William Lyon Mackenzie, made his wild dash for liberty, from the Deham House, a little farther north. When coming down the road to where Willowdale now is a saddled and bridled horse suddenly appeared which he mounted and taking the cut through Sheppard's Road, close calls and strategic maneuvers, finally won his way to safety.

The Inn has seen many changes since the day of its erection and each new owner has caused the old walls to add silently to the host of memories, days of gladness and sorrow. A blow to the pride of the Inn was when it was sold out under mortgage. However, Mr. Manny Burk became the purchaser and after passing through various hands it eventually was secured by the present owner, Rev. Mr. Pickett, who has lived under its sheltering roof for some twelve years, remodelling and replacing as occasion required. Mr. Pickett is well-known and beloved by all for his wide learning, his helping hand and gentle nature and the children whom he teaches in the former bar-room on Sunday afternoons, are devoted to him. Mr. Pickett also spends alternate Sunday ministering to the sick and conducting chapel services in the hospitals in the city.

It might be added that history connects itself not only with The Golden Lion Inn, which acts as a setting, but with the owner himself who is a grand-nephew of the heroic Laura Secord. Residing in the district, well-known also in political life is a son-in-law, Hon. Geo. S. Henry, M.P.P., for East York.

standing on the outer edge, draped against an imitation animal at what they evidently consider a very fetching slant.

What strange psychological kink is responsible for this endless delight in revolving, this urging to chase oneself on horseback? Does the desire hark back to the days when our remote ancestors performed whirling, circling primitive dances? Or is it simply a corroboration of the theory that we are all more or less crazy?

Regardless of any possible explanation, imagine if you can, the next time that you go to Sunny-side, that you are a transient visitor from the moon, and from that viewpoint study the merry-go-round spectacle. If it doesn't make you grin go back to the moon at once.

Bit of Old Country Planted in Toronto

New Ground For Church Enlargement Breaks Up Unique Garden.

By A. G.

ACQUISITION of the ground necessary for the proposed enlargement of St. Clair Avenue Methodist Church caused the dismantling of one of the most delightful "Old English" flower gardens in the city.

For very many years the beauties of Mrs. Perry's garden on St. Clair Avenue, near Rushton Road, were the pride of the district and proved a frequent attraction for visitors. There was a breath of the Motherland in the display which lasted from early Summer until late in the Fall and the Perry's hospitality and generosity in regard to their lovely flowers was proverbial. Many another garden in the city and elsewhere got its real start from seeds or plants presented by Mrs. Perry.

That good lady relates an incident of not long ago which demonstrates the joy her garden gave to lovers of flowers. One afternoon an American gentleman, paying a brief visit to Toronto was admiring the display from beyond the fence and, as was her custom, she invited him inside to feast upon its beauties to his heart's content. He left, profuse in his thanks, and a few days afterwards Mrs. Perry received a post card mailed from Youngstown, Ohio, which was addressed:

"To the Lady—Owner of the Old English Garden Corner Avenue and Rushton Road—next to church, Toronto, Ont., Canada."

The card said: "Dear Madam. After our pleasant visit to your beautiful city we are now in our home in Ohio, U.S.A. and I do not forget the courtesy of you and your husband. I intended to bring Mrs. T. to see you and your garden before we left but was not able to. I hope this will find you both well and with my best wishes I remain, Sincerely, Jno. W. Treadley."

"It was appreciation like that which made us love our garden all the more," remarked Mrs. Perry recently. "The postman had no difficulty in finding us, notwithstanding the unique form of address on the card. I miss the old garden."

Mrs. Perry is again growing some lovely old flowers in the garden at her new home on Rushton Road.

Why Not Train Mosquitoes To Attack and Kill Flies?

By R. K. HALL.

PEOPLE often speculate as to the whereabouts of the flies in Winter, but there is no mystery regarding their stamping-ground in Summer. Generally, it is in the stickiest, most luscious part of your pie or in your coffee a few seconds before you are ready to take the first sip. The house fly also has a fondness for dragging his feet over the bald spot at the back of your head, and for landing ticklishly on the point of your nose just as you have settled yourself for a nap on the chesfield and are hovering on the border and between sleep and wakefulness.

Many ingenious devices have been invented with the idea of ridding us of the impish house-fly, but so far none of them can be held up as an unqualified success. Screens are commonly looked upon as being the most effective barrier against the ubiquitous insect. It is probable, indeed, that a mentally defective fly might be non-plussed by a screen—might even retreat defeated before the puzzling meshes. But no enterprising, wide-awake, intelligent fly would be discouraged for a moment. If he couldn't discover some tiny aperture to crawl through, he would hang diligently around the back door until a suitable opportunity presented itself to sneak in. Failing that, he would undoubtedly hunt up his mate and persuade her to push a number of eggs through the screen itself, in order that their offspring might have all the advantages of a home and choice food.

Fly-paper may have its points, but it is safe to assert that as many men, women, and children have been trapped by it as flies. Men who like to lean upon the mantel or against the table sooner or later become violently attached to one or more pieces of fly-paper. Children are drawn to it as if by a magnet. In a home where things are tossed about with great freedom, a piece of fly-paper may catch anything from a twenty dollar hat to a library book or the gas bill.

There are, however, certain proved methods of disposing of the house fly—methods that, curiously enough, are not very generally known. Among these, the hair-oil trap ranks high. To employ this method, it is necessary for one of the household, preferably a man, to grease the hair with strongly-perfumed oil. In the pre-

sence of such an unguent, house-flies lose their customary cunning and circumspection. They buzz frantically around the cranium so treated, seeking a convenient landing place where they may inhale the overpowering odor to their hearts' content, and lick the oil with their little tongues. Another person armed with a fly swatter, or a stick, as soon as they do—should stand nearby, and as fast as the flies alight to sample the hair oil, should strike at them violently with the swatter. Since every fly in the house is drawn to this one point, it requires only half-an-hour's pleasant exercise at most, to complete the work of execution and to insure temporary relief from the fly annoyance.

Some people are too humane to deal with the foxy fly in this procure some fire-crackers with long fuses and to lay one of these, thickly coated with damp sugar, on the kitchen table, the fuse being allowed to hang over the edge. The sugar will act as a powerful bait. As soon as the fire-cracker is black with feasting flies, carefully apply a match to the end of the fuse. In the resultant explosion every fly will either be killed outright or mortally wounded. A fire-cracker or two in each room ought to account for every fly indoors.

Some people are too humane to use the method just outlined. They prefer to place the sugar bait under a small wooden box, one edge of which is propped up with a piece of stick, to which a long cord is attached, leading to a station on a ventilated air. Although this process is much slower than the cracker method, it is just as infallible and has the merit of being cheaper and quieter.

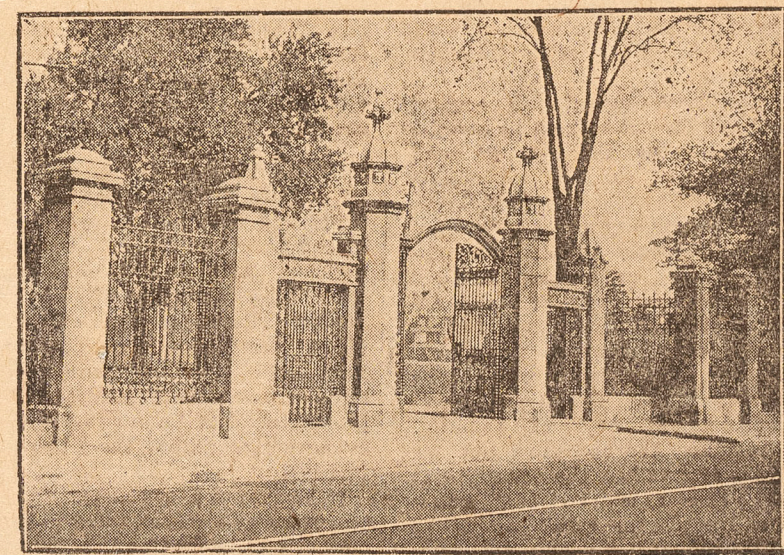
Probably the most unique method of combating the ravages of the fly is that now being developed by a Hamilton man. Some months ago he conceived the idea of training the mosquitoes to attack the flies. Although it is somewhat early to claim absolute success for his experiments, nevertheless, he goes so far as to say that the theory is sound, and that there is no more pleasing sight than seeing a mosquito astride a meat fly pecking viciously at its back. The only drawback to this method is the mosquitoes with which the mosquitoes are menting have been so cocky and unmanageable that they chase the dog and cat around, and even try to bite the engine of his car.

Old Trinity College Occupied Big Place in Ontario History

By IRENE HUMBLE.

THE present Trinity College has a unique and varied history, which probably has something to do with the recent search for the elusive corner-stone, which was missing for so many weeks, and

seel recommending that land be secured for the purpose of erecting four district grammar schools and a University. In December of the same year the former were proceeded with but it was not until March 15th, 1828, that the Royal Charter for the University was granted. This was to be called



Gates at entrance to Trinity College grounds.

defied the most persistent efforts of those who diligently devoted every energy to locate it, finally turning up on the 23rd of May, on the right-hand side, to the east of the main entrance on the second buttress around.

For the coming year or so Trinity will still be carried on as usual, when, at the close of an allotted period, the city of Toronto, which has become the purchasers, will take over the grounds and buildings, but it is not yet definitely known what they propose to do with them. The old school will be removed to the new site on Hoskin Avenue, the cornerstone of which was laid on June 4, by the Rt. Rev. Archbishop Thorne, of Algoma.

The early Trinity College was closely interwoven with political history, and many of its students have had remarkable careers and become public celebrities. Through the establishment of King's College (later Toronto University) Trinity came into being. In 1797 His Majesty King George III, expressed his intention of gratifying the wishes of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly in their request for a university and grammar schools. In 1798 a suggestion was sent to President Rus-

the Bishop included, seemed to feel that the school would not always remain an Anglican training school as anticipated and eventually denominationalism would disappear. As a consequence, Revs. A. N. Bethune, H. J. Grasset and Henry Scadding met in conference to devise a means for Divinity students that might have a systematic course of instruction in theology before taking Holy Orders. A recommendation was finally submitted to establish a theological college in the diocese. The Anglicans must have a university of their own under the control of the Church. Funds sufficient for the erection of such were not immediately available and it was decided to announce a course of instructions in the Ministry through the Anglican Press columns. This was done and thus was the beginning of the theological department of Trinity.

In 1849 King's College was changed to Toronto University and an ultimatum went forth to the effect that it would henceforth be a secular institution and in 1850 this decree went into force. In the interim, Dr. Strachan, who had been idle and following this final decision, announced his intention of establishing the new University. He sailed for England with a petition containing many prominent names to be presented to the Queen with a request that a Royal Charter be granted for the incorporation of a college adhering to the Church of England. This was not granted until two years later.

The turning of the first sod on the acquired site took place in 1851, on St. Patrick's Day, Bishop Strachan, officiating and on April 30, 1857, the corner-stone of Trinity College was well and truly laid. A brass plate bore the inscription in Latin, "In the name of the Father and of the Holy Ghost, Amen," the Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Strachan, again officiating. Rev. George Dalhousie MacKenzie became principal of the new school.



Old Trinity College. The new building is being erected in the University of Toronto group. The old grounds become a city park.

HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

Sidelights on Persons and Personalities

Seven Years Past Century; Still Actively Working

Laurence Johnson, of Avon, Finds Recreation in Checkers Since He Quit Baseball a Few Years Ago—"Don't Believe Doctors When They Say You're Sick," Is His Advice.



LAWRENCE JOHNSON.

LAST week Sunday World readers made the acquaintance on this page of John Swartout, of Dorchester, the oldest active ball player in the game.

This week we introduce Lawrence Johnson, one of Mr. Swartout's closest friends. Mr. Johnson, who is 107 years of age, quit baseball some years ago. He now finds his favorite pastime in playing checkers with Mr. Swartout when the latter is not with the ball team. Mr. Johnson is one of the most remarkable men in Middlesex County and lives in the pretty village of Avon.

Seven years past the century, he is well qualified to give advice on the correct mode of life with longevity as the goal, and he does so in a very few words.

"Spend plenty of time in the open air, don't be afraid of hard work, and when the doctor tells you you are sick, don't believe him," is the formula of Mr. Johnson. He also practices what he preaches, for a neat home or a better-kept garden would be hard to find in the county.

In the winter, it is Mr. Johnson's buckaw, that keeps the wood-box filled, and in the summer it is his hoe that keeps the

little farm looking spick and span. He quit active work on the farm about 20 years ago. He had had an accident in which several bones were broken just about that time, but his recovery was complete, as evidenced by his unusual activity at his present remarkable age.

One of the most extraordinary things about the centenarian is his friendship for John Swartout, 72, a near neighbor.

"John and I play checkers quite a bit," he remarked, "but damn him, he likes to go and play baseball."

"I used to play ball with the rest of them," he continued with a sigh, "but now I can't do anything but checkers. John may be pretty good at baseball, but when it comes to checkers I can beat him."

When Mr. Swartout is absent at the ball diamond, Mrs. Johnson, who is 82, tries her hand at the checker-board.

Faithful Dogs Reveal Tragedy

Strange Behaviour Arouse Curiosity of Neighbors Who Find Man Murdered.

DOG lovers have never ceased to be proud of the devotion which is legendary among their canine friends, and now can be added to the long list of stories three further instances, which occurred in England on one day.

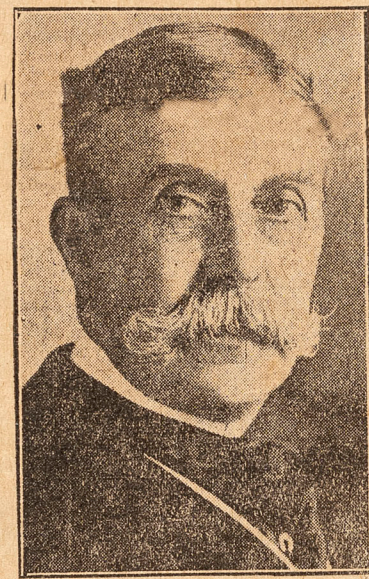
After a visit to some relatives William Spragg, of Bridgewater, Somerset, disappeared. A search was instituted and his dog, wet and covered with mud, was found shortly after barking on the bank of the River Parret. The river was dragged and Spragg's body was recovered a few yards from the place where the dog had been found.

As a farmer named Isaacs, of Ogwell, Devon, was driving along a country lane, a dog, which he immediately recognized as belonging to a relative named Parr, came howling to meet him. Isaacs, who was on his way to meet Parr, followed the dog to a copse, where he found Parr lying dead with his throat cut.

An Eastbourne girl was passing the house of her grandmother, Mrs. Emma Mathews, aged 73, when she heard the elderly lady's dog barking vociferously. She ran into the house and found that the old lady had apparently fainted and fallen in the fire. The girl dragged her away, extinguished the flames, and obtained help.

FOUNDED COMMUNIST VILLAGE IN ENGLAND

MARQUIS OF LINCOLNSHIRE is the founder of a unique community. Drayton Parslow, in Buckinghamshire, England. There are practically no employers in the village. Every resident farms his own small holding. There is no interference from any authority. The leading villager is the Justice of the Peace and no one has been in arrears in his rent in many years. Everything is divided upon



MARQUIS OF LINCOLNSHIRE

a community basis and the manner of living approaches the ideal of the Communists although there are no "radicals". The plan has been criticized by outsiders but is satisfying the residents and the Marquis.

Day Dreaming in Reason Not Bad Trait in Children

Often Looks Like Most Attentive in Class, Although His Mind May Be In Another Part of the World.

BY R. K. HALL.

PROMINENT among the many diverse types that cross the teacher's path is the pupil who whiles away the brief hours of the school day in day-dreaming. So far as the problem of discipline is concerned, he is a negligible quantity. He is too preoccupied with his favorite pastime to breed trouble. But his passive resistance to imparted knowledge, his serene indifference in the face of a well-taught lesson, his blank expression when he is suddenly called upon to explain why British Columbia has an abundant rainfall or to tell briefly the causes of the American Revolutionary War—all these tend to infuriate most teachers beyond measure.

There is a sort of legend or tradition to the effect that the typical day-dreamer is characterized by an easy lolling attitude in his seat, by a face turned cherubically skyward, and a general bearing that says openly and brazenly, "I'm day-dreaming and I don't care a hoot who knows it." This is, without exception, the cartoonist's conception of the species.

It is, however, the wrong conception. No modern schoolboy would be so foolish as to advertise his business in that ridiculous fashion. Advertising may be an absolute essential for persons engaged in the soap business or the collar trade, but you don't catch any Toronto schoolboy with a

BRITAIN'S AIR CHIEF PLANS BIG FORCE

Richest Bachelor Still Unkissed



Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for Air in the British Cabinet, who is planning to build hundreds of planes for the English air force to match the program of France. A home Defence force of 52 squadrons, thirty-four more than now exist will be organized as soon as possible. Britain's idea in having a great air force, according to Samuel Hoare, is for defence and nothing else.

PAGE'S CONFIDANT WAS CANADIAN BORN

S. C. SWIFT, chief librarian for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, writes The Sunday World that the Mr. Moore in the late W. H. Page in a recently published letter as his "special confidential friend Moore, the American," was born in Canada, although he is now a naturalized American. "Mr. Moore was born in or near the village of Wyoming, in the County of Lambton," writes Mr. Swift. "He received his early education in Wyoming and at the High School of Petrolia. After leaving school he moved to Port Huron, Michigan, where he became a naturalized citizen and took up the study of law. Later Mr. Moore operated a merger on a number of radial lines in Michigan, securing stock, etc., which laid the foundations for his present great wealth. He now owns many things, from racing stables in Kentucky to pine apple and sugar plantations in Hawaii. I feel confident that the man referred to by the late ambassador and about whom I have written is the same man. At school Mr. Moore was known among his companions as Dutchie Moore."

How Winston Dodged Church Parades

Ducked Out and Helped Local Police Compile Report.

AMONG details of the early life of Winston Churchill are published in the current number of the "Police Chronicle." The anecdotes are written by a member of the force who was stationed at Harrow when Winston was attending the great Public School there. One of the best stories tells how he used to dodge church on Sunday mornings. When the procession of boys started from the school Winston at a certain turning would slip out of the procession and make his way to the local police office, where he would pass the time helping the sergeant to make out his reports. As the sergeant was not an expert penman this help was always welcome. When the procession reached the same turning young Churchill was ready to slip into his place again, and marched back to school looking as spiritually impressed as any boy present.

CHINESE GRADUATES FROM S. A. SCHOOL

CADET WONG CHANG is the first Chinese Salvation Army officer to graduate from the Salvation Army West Point. He has had a career of many variations but sees ahead the fulfillment of a call which he heard when he knelt at the drumhead of the army on



WONG CHANG

a corner one night and first processed a longing for a better life. He has studied industriously and goes forth from the university with a splendid equipment for his army duties.

Top Hat of 1850 Vintage Did Duty in 1922 Parade

Russell Nesbitt, Recently Elected to Legislature, Will Need a Newer Silk Hat Now—Good as Long as it Stayed on.



RUSSELL NESBITT, M.L.A.

NOW that former Controller Russell Nesbitt has been elevated to the dignity attaching to a member of Parliament, it is not unlikely that he will signalize his victory by acquiring a new silk hat. Something happened to the conventional head-piece he, some times wore for civic functions. That was the reason one of the side-shows at the Garrison church parade of war veterans last Fall was Controller Nesbitt's silk hat. When the marching troops were given the command "eyes right," at the saluting point, some of the soldiers speculated as to the identity of the personage whose head adornment was somewhat reminiscent of the days of Dickens, and the Twelfth of July. Mr. Nesbitt's round face beamed beneath "the hat me father wore," and this is why:

On that bright Sabbath morn the Controller was aroused from his beauty sleep by the telephone, which conveyed a message to the effect that Mayor Maguire had been mugged up a bit in a motor-ing misfortune and that his Worship's civic duties for the day automatically shifted to the shoulders of Mr. Nesbitt, as vice-president of the Board of Control. The engagements were cheerfully assumed by the Controller and they included the church parade. The Mayor's automobile arrived at the Nesbitt domicile on Hillcrest Drive early in the afternoon, bringing James Somers, aide-de-camp to

the Chief Magistrate, all ready to make the required rounds.

"Ready in a minute, Jim," announced the Controller, who proceeded to put on some finishing touches ere he sought his silk hat to complete the picture. Then came an embarrassing surprise. There had been a mix-up in the transfer of his personal effects from his Summer home at the Island. The hat of an ancestor had been brought across in mistake for the modern topper which was lost, strayed or stolen. The Controller tried it on and it wiggled a bit, straggled into the mirror, and he wiggled too. There was no other silk hat in the house and the hat emporiums are not open on the Sabbath Day.

"Gotta wear a silk hat for this shine, haven't I, Jim?" he called to Mr. Somers.

"Sure thing!" was the response, "and, it's time we were on our way."

"Well, here goes," laughed the Controller, "guess I can get by with it, if it will only stay on."

That silk hat was one of the features of the parade. It might do for the City Hall, but not for Queen's Park.

Coal Oil Johnny Sought Gold Under Rainbow For 40 Years

BY HUBERT EVANS.

THOUGH few knew his proper name, almost every person who has swelled even the transient population of Nelson, B.C., has heard of "Coal Oil Johnny," that one lone sordid-looking who for almost two score years has worked his claim high up the mountain; everyone knew his strange story; of how forty years ago fortune smiled on him, then turned her back, and how, regardless of the march of time, this strange character has tried to win again her fickle favor. Few have heard its conclusion. There isn't much to tell. Coal Oil Johnny died this year.

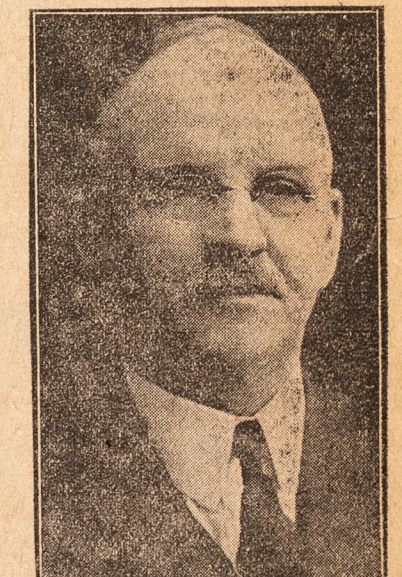
A long time ago, when Nelson was a booming mining camp and prospectors flocked from all parts of the continent, Coal Oil Johnny was in his prime, but he wasn't Coal Oil Johnny then. He was one of the boys, one of the hundreds filled with colossal optimism who every morning turned out of the blankets with high hope that before the day had gone great wealth would come.

To some it did. It did to Coal Oil Johnny. High up on the bald rock of the mountain, on the opposite side of Kootenay Lake from the hustling town, this man drove a tunnel. He hit ore, rich, rich ore. People flocked to see it. Offers were made for the claim; the highest being, it is said, eighty thousand dollars. The owner, dreaming of millions, smiled and shook his head; the prospective purchaser departed and the prospector drilled again, put in another shot of powder, touched it off, and blew his mine into oblivion. The vein of rich stuff had petered out.

For almost forty years Coal Oil Johnny tried to find it again. His modest grub stake was provided by a few more prosperous old-timers and every morning the disappointed one climbed the ledges from his cabin by the lake to the tunnel, never sure but that during the day the vein would return as suddenly as it disappeared. People in the streets of Nelson became accustomed to the daily muffled report of the shot and saw the turns of rock grow, faint like year by year, below the tunnel mouth. Then one day they didn't hear it. Coal Oil Johnny had given up the search.

Premier Ferguson Swimming, Towed Launch for 100 Yards

Engine Stalled in Middle of Rideau River, but New Prime Minister Got It Ashore — "Never Know What You Can Do Until You're Up Against It," He Says.



PREMIER FERGUSON.

YOU never know what you can do until you get up against it, but when you get up against it you do it."

That is a sentence which Hon. G. Howard Ferguson used on more than one occasion during his strenuous election campaign, when, for instance, he was going along on two meetings a day, a 100 miles or so of motoring and about two hours of sleep. That was the spirit which he put into the campaign, and it accounts to a great extent for the remarkable fight which he put up, not only during the big drive, but for years before.

As further illustration of his disposition to beat down all barriers, there is the story of the time not so long ago when he was caught on the Rideau River in a difficult situation. Hon. Mr. Ferguson had a gasoline launch, thirty feet long, and he had taken out a party of five ladies. Then, towards evening, the engine declined to carry on, while the boat was in the middle of the river, with the result that

the future Premier had to do his own carrying-on. Here is how he did it.

He calmly slipped overboard into the water, took the tow-ropes in his teeth, and tried to swim. For a time he just made the motions, then at length the bulky launch began to move; and so he carried on, swimming upon his back, until he towed the thirty-footer and its five passengers safely to the shore, a hundred yards distant. So if any person goes up to the Parliament Buildings and thinks he can lead the Premier, all he needs to do is think of the bulky launch and reverse his viewpoint.

Beck Told Reporters Plans Before Cabinet

THE return of the Hon. Sir Adam Beck to the Ontario Cabinet recalls an impressive incident of the days when he was a member of Sir James Whitney's first cabinet, which is a bit of Hydro-Electric history.

The value of the right sort of publicity is keenly appreciated by Sir Adam. He is held in high esteem by the working newspapermen, whose duties bring them in contact with him, for he judiciously takes them into his confidence, and it is reasonable to assume that this policy has been in no small measure responsible for the progress which has been made by the "Hydro." What Sir Adam says can usually be counted upon to have some news value which has been well weighed before it was considered ready for publication.

It is related of Sir Adam that, one morning soon after he had been made a member of the Whitney Cabinet, he visited the press gallery at the Parliament Buildings and invited the reporters of the various newspapers to call in a body at his room. He intimated that he had something of more than casual importance to talk over with them. Most of the prominent newspapers of the Province were represented when the cabinet assembled in acceptance of the invitation. Sir Adam told them that he had dreamed a dream, and then held his hearers enthralled for an hour in the earnestness with which he explained the vision. When he had concluded, the Ontario Hydro Electric system, almost as it is known to-day, had been described. While the newspapermen were sitting silent, awed by what appeared to be the immensity



SIR ADAM BECK.

of the project, Sir Adam rose, "That," he commented briefly, "is the project I propose to lay before the Prime Minister and the Cabinet. It will go through. It is a people's project, there is no party politics in it. I want the counsel, criticism and co-operation of the press."

The newspapermen who were present have not forgotten that. It was perhaps the first occasion when a Minister of the Crown appealed directly to the press before taking his plans into the council chamber. They have watched the man and his work triumph, as his dream became true, and his vision a reality.



This is the holiday season. Toronto school boys often earn a little pocket money by picking fruit in the country. The picture shows boys who are washing up after picking berries near Bronte.

penchant for day-dreaming courted publicity—not when publicity means detection, and detection means punishment in the form of detention after 3.30 p.m., and the imposition of extra work. Not much!

The day-dreamer has learned to dissemble. A casual visitor in a schoolroom, if asked to select haphazard the most attentive youngster, would very likely pick on the champion day-dreamer of the class. For the builder of castles in Spain knows that the only way he can build with impunity is by cloaking his fancy-fancies with a pretence of close attention.

The pretense is cleverly done

—so cleverly done that even the teacher is sometimes tricked. There he sits, the day-dreamer, the fourth boy in the second row, his eyes brimming with interest, his face turned full toward the speaker, his entire posture indicative of a burning desire to swallow information in big gulps. How he contrives it is a mystery. It is also a tribute to a surprising ability to do two things at one and the same time.

What is he really thinking about? Nobody knows but himself. It may be that he is on some baseball diamond hundreds of miles away smashing out a mighty home run that brings fifty thousand fans to their feet as one man and looses a terrific thunder of applause; there is a chance that he is standing, picturesquely clad, on the deck of a pirate ship, shaking defiance at a pursuing war-

The Knight's Gambit

HARSH note crept into the detective's voice. "That's a lie, Whitey, and you know it. If you was, you'd clear out. You know you can't bring her nothin' but misery. Now, what I want to find out is this: are you plannin' to go through with this deal an' marry her, or have you got a wiser?"

"I have no price." "You can't be bought off?" "No."

"Well, that makes my job harder. I thought maybe you was lookin' for a soft spot and didn't want to queer things by bargainin' with the old man. It'd be worth a heap to him to get rid of you. Not that you ain't a good crook, Whitey—an' in a professional way I ain't got nothin' but respect an' admiration for you. But as a gent, Whitey, you ain't worth a damn."

For a few moments neither spoke. It was Kirk who broke the silence. "You must know already that you can't queer me with the kid."

"Does look like a tough assignment."

"There isn't anything you can do."

"Yes, there is."

"What?" "Well, for one thing, I can make it downright embarrassing for you—so durned embarrassing that maybe you'll decide you'd better break it off with the girl and begin to talk dollars and cents."

"Not a chance."

"No?" "A pause, and then: "I'm glad you think so, Whitey. But, lookin' over that young lady kinder careful, it strikes me that if she was ever convinced you was a crook she'd give you the go-by so fast you'd think you was a popboy at an automobile race track. Yep—that gal sure never would stand for no crooks payin' her rent—not if I've got her right."

"Perhaps not," admitted the other.

"But you can't hang a thing on me. You know I'm a crook, and I know it. But nobody has ever gotten a thing on me. Not a thing. In ten years I haven't slipped once—not a single time."

Jim gazed at him keenly. "That's what you think," he said with peculiar emphasis.

"They returned to the house, Hanvey expressionless as ever, Kirk struggling to conceal the worry inspired by Jim's air of confidence. Whitey knew that he had never slipped in his decade of criminality—he knew, but he wasn't sure. Perhaps, somewhere in that period, there had been an error of judgment, a weakness which he did not suspect. He knew the axiom of the criminal world—a detective may make a thousand mistakes and yet be successful; a criminal cannot err once."

Whitey Kirk realized that he was only human—and, therefore, fallible. And if Jim knew something and could prove it—

Later in the evening Kirk persuaded Madge to accompany him to the veranda. Scarcely had they left the room when Jim fired a question at her parents.

"Knowing what you do about this guy, why'd you agree to their engagement?"

"Madge is headstrong," was the simple answer. "We thought it best to appear to consent."

"Mum!" Jim nodded slowly. "It sure is a pleasure to work with folks which uses their heads for somethin' more than having a picture taken of."

Meanwhile, on the veranda, Whitey Kirk was talking with low voiced earnestness to the girl. "It's this way, Madge—Hanvey is a detective, and a good one. He is one of the leaders of the police clique which for years has been attempting to hang something on me. Your father has fallen under their influence. He has hinted to you that my past is not all it might have been. He has hired Jim Hanvey to come down here and prove to you that I am crooked. He bent his handsome head close to her wide open, frightened eyes. "I believe I am a gentleman, little girl. I want you to promise that the minute you lose your trust in me you will let me know—and I shall leave you. But if you're willing to stand by me—"

With a little sob she seized his hand and pressed it tightly.

"Don't talk that way, Warren. Don't! I can't bear the thought that any one even thinks you are not all right. And don't suggest that I won't stand by you. I love you, dear."

He took her in his arms then and kissed her, and even as he did so there was a coldly calculating light in his gray eyes. He was playing this game for big stakes. It was the chance of a lifetime—an opportunity to insure affluence with safety. And Madge was a pretty good sort. He wasn't in love with her, of course, but, on the other hand, he might do worse in the selection of a life partner. Nice, clean kid—and sensible.

"Gee! It'd sure bust things higher than a kite if Jim could ever prove to her that—"

And so, after the silence of midnight had fallen over the house, Whitey Kirk sat staring from the window of his room. Beside him was an ash tray filled with cigar stumps. Jim had him worried. Whitey knew—none better—the ability of the ponderous detective; knew that he would not be absolutely safe until he was actually married to the girl. It wasn't that Jim had discovered proof of any past transgression so much as there was danger that Jim might frame him.

Whitey knew well the romantic strain rampant in the soul of the ponderous visitor; realized that Jim believed he must save the girl. And he realized that, all other methods failing, there was every likelihood that Jim would frame a robbery or a bit of crookedness in such a manner that he would appear guilty. "He might even plan a jewel robbery," reflected Kirk, "and put the

loot in my room. Then, if they caught me—"

Early the following morning he went riding with Madge, and forewarned her of that possibility. Madge was horrified and indignant, but there was in her eyes a queer, questioning light which had been absent the previous night. Madge was seeing a great deal of smoke, and instinctively she found herself wondering whether, after all, there might not be a bit of fire. She cast aside the idea as unworthy, but it persisted subtly, and she was downcast and constrained for the last hour of their time together.

But she was blessed with a strain of sterling loyalty and active fighting qualities. Immediately upon her return home she sought an interview with her father. It was brief, surfeited with mutual pain, and very much to the point. Father and daughter were honest with one another.

"Why are you opposed to my engagement, dad?"

"This disparity in age, far one thing."

"What else?"

"I don't like Kirk."

"You believe he is not—all that he might be?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why?"

"I have had him investigated."

"Yet you never heard of a man who was as evil as they say Warren is who has never been caught, have you?"

"No."

"Then why persecute him? Why not play fair? Why make me unhappy?"

"Believing what I do, Madge—"

"The police are down on him—for no reason. They have been persecuting him for years. If what they say were true, dad—and her voice crescendoed bitterly—they'd have proved something. But it's not true, and I want you to know that I shall stand by him in spite of you and mother and this fat Mr. Hanvey and all the rest of the world."

"No."

"Then why persecute him? Why not play fair? Why make me unhappy?"

"Believing what I do, Madge—"

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"No."



"You know what happened him, Warren!"

Madge sat at her window, staring seriously across the silhouette of hills. In her eyes was a brooding, reflective light which was at once doubting and speculative. Instinct informed her that Jim Hanvey was her friend. She could not help but trust him. And she had that day made the startling discovery that there was something to Warren Kirk beside suave gentility. She had glimpsed beneath the surface and had seen there a hardness and grimness which she—eighteen and in love—had never suspected.

There was little sleep for her that night, and she did not come down the following morning until long after breakfast. She had forgotten an engagement to ride with Kirk, and learned with an explicable measure of relief that he had gone alone. In the morning room she found Jim Hanvey smoking one of his vile cigars and worrying himself over the proper place to drop the ashes. She settled herself for a chat—and so eager and friendly, Whitey Kirk found her when he returned from his ride. He remonstrated with her, and as she had discovered a granite something in him the previous day, so he now learned that there was a strain of firmness in her which did not brook opposition.

"I think you're unjust and unreasonable, Warren."

"I know what I'm talking about."

"Has Mr. Hanvey ever harmed you?"

"It isn't his fault that he hasn't. He has tried."

"How do you know?"

"Kirk's face flushed. That was a question which was embarrassing to answer. He knew well enough, but: "I know—that's all."

"That isn't sufficient for me, Warren. I like Mr. Hanvey, and I believe he's our friend."

"Kirk's face hardened unpleasantly. "He may be yours, Madge; but he isn't mine."

They had walked down the rose path together, and now she left him abruptly and returned to Hanvey. He gave no slightest indication of interest in their conversation. He started stolidly at nothing at all and allowed her ample time to recover her mental equilibrium.

Kirk again tried to solve the riddle. Jim was proceeding with a smug complacency which worried him. Mentally, he checked over the list of his criminal exploits. He was positive that each had been excellently covered, but he wasn't sure. Now, he had been sure until Jim appeared on the scene. But nothing could explain Jim's air of confidence save the certainty that he had uncovered some supposedly closed trail of Kirk's. But if Jim Hanvey was planning to discredit Kirk in the eyes of the girl his actions gave no hint of that fact. It was the following morning, after a hearty tiff between Whitey and Madge, that he found her crying in an arbor and slumped down beside her consolingly.

"Aw, c'mon, kid—that ain't no way to carry on. Whitey didn't mean nothin' by what he said."

She faced him squarely. There were tears in her eyes, but no suggestion of weakness in the firm line of her jaw. "It isn't what he said, Mr. Hanvey—it's what he didn't say."

"Well, then—he didn't mean nothin' by what he didn't say. Whitey's a swell feller, Madge. An awful swell feller. Best in the world. He's got his faults—we've all of us got them. But I'm strong for Whitey, an' I'd give anything in the world if he'd believe that."

"So would I," she said. "I trust you, Mr. Hanvey. I don't know why, but I were untrue; but he could not prove they were untrue. The very fact that Hanvey's strategy was unintelligible to him caused additional worry. He could face a definite attack. This one, subtle and evasive, bewildered and rendered him horribly vulnerable.

Kirk could not vision the goal toward which Jim was heading. That Jim had a definite objective he did not doubt. He knew that the protestations of friendly interest were untrue; but he could not prove they were untrue. The very fact that Hanvey's strategy was unintelligible to him caused additional worry. He could face a definite attack. This one, subtle and evasive, bewildered and rendered him horribly vulnerable.

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TALES OF THE TURF

Jaundice's Last Race

HERE remains some of the Christ-spirit in the worst of us, perhaps, but the most optimistic of missionaries would hardly have assayed the soul of "Jaundice". O'Keefe with the hope of discovering even a trace of that quality. Jaundice was a product, or by-product, of the race-track. He had run away from his home in St. Louis at the age of eleven, to escape the beatings administered by a drinking father and a sodden mother, and had found refuge in a freight car loaded with horses which were being shipped to a race-meeting in New Orleans. Two hostlers were drinking from a bottle when not sleeping on a pile of hay. They welcomed the boy, gave him a drink, fed him, and allowed him to burrow into the hay for warmth. Perhaps it was kindness, perhaps they saw in him a means of escaping the work of feeding and watering horses during the long journey.

Jaundice was happy. He loved horses. Perhaps that was the remaining trace of good after the rest had been bred or beaten out of him. He had loved the horses which drew the coal wagon his father drove when sober, and the sight of the trim thoroughbreds filled him with awe and admiration. Arrived in New Orleans, he followed the horses to the race-track, found refuge in the stables, and was adopted into the army of those who follow the races. A year later he had acquired a master's degree in profanity and obscenity and developed a ratlike viciousness in fighting when cornered. He was undersized and undernourished, with the remnants of a fighting spirit from generations of Irish sustaining him. Stable-boys learned to fear the savagery of his methods and left him alone. Occasionally a trainer or stable boss beat him with a whip and cursed him.

Instinctively horses loved him. In

one year he was an exercise boy. At fourteen, with all the wickedness and viciousness of the race-track and stable concentrated in him, he could ride and was awarded a jockey's license and a suit of gay-colored silks.

He rode winners. Winning, with Jaundice, was unselfish. He rode not for personal glory or for money, but for the honor of the horse on which he was mounted. When he was beaten he gulped dry sobs and went away with his mount to console it.

FOR four years he rode races on the flat, at tracks all over America. During these four years he made as much money as the average man makes in a lifetime, and at the end of it had nothing. To him money meant only expensive meals, clothes remarkable for colors and patterns, wine, women of a sort, and large yellow diamonds. At eighteen he was an old man. His face was yellow and drawn; he had ceased to be "Kid" O'Keefe and become "Jaundice". He was gaining weight and beginning to pay the penalty of the carousals which followed each temporary period of prosperity. For a year he fought to hold his standing. His mounts became fewer and fewer. When the owners ceased to employ him to ride on the flat, he became a steeplechase jockey.

Riding steeplechasers in races means in the majority of cases moral and physical suicide. Jaundice had no fear of physical consequence, nor any conception of morality. With two drinks of whiskey poured into his outraged body he would have tried to make his mount jump the Grand Canon, had the course led in that direction. Falls and broken bones failed to break his nerve, but his subconscious honesty was shattered. On the flat he never had ridden a crooked race. He was restrained by no consciousness of right or wrong. He tried always to win because he loved the horses he rode. Over the

jumps he had no such scruples. The steeplechase horses were "has-beens" like himself and entitled to no consideration. He commenced to ride queer-looking races. He was nineteen when he fell off the favorite in a steeplechase race to permit an outsider to win and the stewards ruled him off the tracks for one year.

What Jaundice did in that year of banishment he alone knew in detail. Barred from the only home and the only associates he had ever known, the great loneliness came upon him. He was broke. He stole and was sent to prison. When the suspension was lifted he went back to the tracks. He had grown heavier and his eyes and his mind were blurred by drink. He lived with the horses, attaching himself to the stable for which he had been a star jockey, and lived in the stalls and the cars. His love of the animals themselves had waned. Druggery and vicious living had warped even that instinct. When he dared he became a tout, whispering information to petty gamblers at the edge of the betting-ring. When he left the tracks at night it was to betray stable information to bartenders in return for drinks.

When he was twenty-two there remained two loves by which it was proved that all good cannot be smelted out of a human being. One was for Doc Grausman, the gallant bay stake horse of the stable, whose dam he had ridden to victory many times. The other was for Lord James.

ON race-tracks there is something in a name. Jaundice received his because his complexion had become a dirty yellow. Lord James was so called because the one spark of decency remaining in him caused him to conceal his family name. It was reputed that he was the son of an English nobleman and that he could have a title and estate if he returned to England. Rags of an old pride and remnants of decent breeding restrained Lord James from mentioning the family name as his own or from returning home to disgrace them. He had come to America, a younger son, with a stable of race-horses and high hopes. Robbed, fleeced he had "quit." Jaundice can-

not be spoken of as having degenerated. His original height, permitted but a slight fall. But Lord James had sunk to even lower levels. He was a cadger, a tout and a sneak-thief at such times when no risk was involved.

No one around the tracks hated either Lord James or Jaundice. They pitied Jaundice, but the touts themselves despised Lord James. He had lost all his courage, if he ever possessed any and drink had sapped his health and his brain. Of the trio, only Doc Grausman bore his name honestly. His names were those of his sire and his granddam, and he was of royal blood and three years old.

When Lord James and Jaundice had become friends no one knew. Probably it was during Jaundice's career as a winning jockey, while he scattered money recklessly after every winning race. Upon such boys Lord James had preyed for years. These two had nothing in common. Race, religion, birth, breeding, and education made them different, but they met in the thick scum of vice and became inseparable. For Lord James, Jaundice stole and betrayed stable secrets, pulled race-horses, bought drinks, and furnished food and lodging. It is not recorded that Lord James ever did anything for Jaundice.

These two sank lower and lower together. When the majority of the race-tracks of the country were closed they disappeared from the world of sport, starved and served prison terms together. When racing reopened, they reappeared. Jaundice had developed a cough. His wasted body revealed the ravages of tuberculosis. Lord James was wearing, with a pitiful effort to maintain an air of decency, a suit purchased with his last remittance money two years before.

THEY horses were racing at Jamaica. The weather was raw and rainy. They experienced difficulty in gaining an entry to the track and were compelled to remain outside, shivering and wet, until the day's sport ended. Then a negro stable-boy allowed them to sleep with him in a stall, and Jaundice procured food from the camp fires where no one ever is refused.

Lord James did not get up the next morning. He had crawled into the hay with wet clothing, and in the morning he had a fever. Jaundice brought him food, but he did not eat. All day he remained huddled in the hay, covered with horse blankets, his face turned to the board wall. He was thinking and his mind was Gethsemane.

During the night Lord James touched Jaundice with his hand and waked him. Very quietly and with a return of long-forgotten dignity, he entrusted to Jaundice an envelope upon which was written an address in England, charging him to mail it. He asked Jaundice to see the boys and ask them to bury him decently. Then he gripped Jaundice's hand and died gamely, sustained by the traditions of his race and class. Jaundice alone wept. It was the first time in many years he had wept, and he was ashamed of his tears.

Around the race-track no man connected with the game dies and lacks a decent funeral, but there was scant sympathy for Lord James. The hat was passed, bookmakers, jockeys, trainers, owners, grafters, even the pickpockets, contributing, but their contributions were small. The whole amounted to eighty dollars. Jaundice was not satisfied. Had he been satisfied there would have been no story to tell.

ON the day following the horses moved to Belmont Park to open the racing season on that track, and Doc Grausman was entered to start in a high-weight handicap. Doc Grausman belonged to a wealthy man whose colors Jaundice had often carried to victory. The owner had entered the horse in the handicap with any expectation of winning. The colt needed work, and he wanted to see how well the three-year-old could carry weight racing against all aged horses.

Jaundice had not slept. His clothing still was damp and he was coughing. For the time his abiding love for Doc Grausman was put in the background while he went from man to man begging money to give Lord James what he considered a proper and fitting funeral. The undertaker wanted one hundred and fifty dollars. Jaundice was determined to raise the sum before the afternoon's sport ended.

Shortly before the bugle sounded, calling the horses from the paddock for the first race, a fractious colt lashed out with his feet and kicked the jockey who had been employed to ride Doc Grausman in the fourth. Jaundice heard of the accident within a few minutes. It was he who hurried to the club house and informed the owner.

"Thanks, Jaundice," the owner said carelessly. "I wanted the colt to have the workout. Now, I suppose I'll have to scratch him. I don't want to put a strange boy up."

"Mister Phil," said Jaundice, inspired with a sudden idea, "let me ride Doc Grausman. I'm down to weight, Mister Phil. I only weigh a hundred and twenty-eight now. Let me ride him, Mister Phil, and I'll win."

His voice was pleading, his eyes and manner appealing, and he coughed harder. The owner was surprised and laughed slightly. "I'm afraid it cannot be fixed, Jaundice," he said lightly. "How do you stand with the stewards?"

"I'm clean with them now, Mister Phil. They ain't got nothin' on me. They never could prove I pulled Lady Rose. I'm down to weight, Mister Phil, and that Doc Grausman horse likes me."

His eagerness and the truth of his final statement decided the matter.



By HUGH S. FULLERTON

he so completely ignorant of religion. I said that Jaundice thought Jesus Christ was a cuss word and that his only knowledge that he possessed an immortal soul was from hearing it God damned by trainers and others.

A week later I heard that Jaundice was in a Brooklyn hospital in bad shape. I went to see him to get for a newspaper the story of a jockey who, while sick to death, rode in a race to win money enough to bury a friend. He was propped up in bed, coughing. The doctor had told me he had but a little time to live. He was glad to see me and inquired how I liked Lord James' funeral.

"Great class to that, Jaundice; best I ever attended." "No one can't say that I liked," he responded, beaming at the praise. "I planted Lord James well, and his folks can't ever say I didn't." "You're looking better," I lied. "Be back on the track pretty soon?" "Lord James won't beat me more than a neck," he said without emotion. "Something busted inside me during that race. Have you heard how Doc Grausman is comin' along? He sure ought to win that stake this week."

Stable-boys learned to fear the savagery of his methods and left him alone.

AN hour later he ordered the undertaker to give Lord James the best funeral he could for one thousand two hundred dollars and paid over the money. There remained for his share of the victory just twenty-seven dollars.

The news spread around the track that evening that Jaundice was to give Lord James a "swell funeral." Curiosity was aroused. Touts, stable-boys, bookmakers' helpers, a few jockeys, attended. It happened that Jaundice came to me to consult as to the minister, and I had secured the services of a wonderful little rector who is much interested in all human beings.

The funeral was the strangest one I ever attended. The little minister was doing his best to comfort the mourners, but plainly was at a disadvantage because Jaundice was the only mourner. Jaundice, through some instinctive sense of respect for the dead, was standing very awkwardly and tears were rolling down his cheeks. He was weeping for the second time in his life. Finally the little rector read from the service: "He is not dead, but sleeping."

Jaundice started, then stared, reached instinctively for his pocket, and sobbed in a whisper: "Ten dollars will win you twenty-seven if you think old Lord James is only sleeping." His reversion to instinct raised a laugh. For the first time the assemblage was getting its money's worth. The little rector was very much shocked. He could not understand that Jaundice meant no disrespect. He argued that no man could live in the United States and

ference, that the Judges don't set a guy down forever. If he is sorry he done wrong." He remained thinking for a time.

"He didn't have to tell me to be sorry," he whispered. "Honest, I always was sorry when I pulled one of them bum chasers when he was trying. It wasn't square to the horse. This is the softest bet I ever had," he whispered. "I'm going to play it. Them's good odds—a chance to win all them things he told me about and only be sorry. It's like writing your own ticket."

I found the little rector very thoughtful and amazed at this new manner of man he had discovered, and when he buried Jaundice the next week he got right down among us and talked about handicaps and weights, and keeping on trying all the time. He talked just as if he had been in the paddock half his life, and the last thing he said was: "If I were a bookie, I'd lay odds that Jaundice catches that last bet."

Nature By Caltha

THE sunlight of a July day fell warmly on the wide expanse of the swamp. Its sphagnum carpet was as springy underfoot as the softest spring mattress. Its blended colors of crimsons, yellows, browns and grays, as beautifully intermingled as those of the finest Persian rug. Where the trees stood, their leaves cast flickering shadows, and here and there the glint of water added new beauty.

There is no place like a sphagnum marsh for finding treasures dear to the botanist's heart.

Stately and tall, the pink and white Lady Slipper, one of the most beautiful of our orchids, rose from the mossy bed in numbers. Here and there a dot of yellow would show a belated Moccasin flower (the yellow Lady's Slipper). Touches of crimson-pink reveal the flowers of the Grass pink (calopogon) on their long stems. Another orchid worth gathering, Habenarian orchids of all kinds, some very low and unobtrusive, others tall and stout, some with pretty fringes, others with stout bracts interspersed among the flowers.

The cups of the Pitcher plant, with their enticing nectar, luring unfortunate insects to their doom. And glittering like rubies, thickly scattered over the heavy moss, the clusters of Sun-dew. They also offer the sweets of destruction to the tiny marsh-flies which hover over them in myriads. Ah! foolish fly—you light on the pretty little round leaf, with the beautiful crimson hairs tipped with tiny translucent glands, and while you sip the delicious sweets, the tiny leaf is slowly, slowly folding about you, and where are you, foolish fly? To-morrow's sun will see the leaf again unfold, and you remains, foolish fly, will lie exposed—dried up—while your life-juices have gone to nourish the pretty round leaf of the Sundew.

The world of the swamp has its delusions and dangers equally with the world of men:

For ever and always, Temptation spills danger, And on Nature's scale, Be the life great or small, Some death-trap alluring, To none is a stranger, And Sun-dew and Pitcher-plant Wait for us all.



How To SLEEP 3-IN-A-BED

YES, IT CAN be done—but not I like this.

The trouble is, most people go to bed with "something" on the mind—or ON THE STOMACH!

The answer is, no matter what the day has brought forth to upset your mind and digestive organs, take Beecham's Pills when you retire.

Though in no sense a "sleeping potion," this 80-years-famous household medicine so harmonizes the system that you can sleep in quiet and perfect rest, even in two feet of bed space.

Beecham's Pills are as efficient and harmless for children as for adults—sweetening the stomach, invigorating digestion and stirring liver and bowels to natural activity.

At All Druggists.

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WRIGLEY'S



Sealed!

At great expense we developed the product to meet our ideals in quality and flavor.

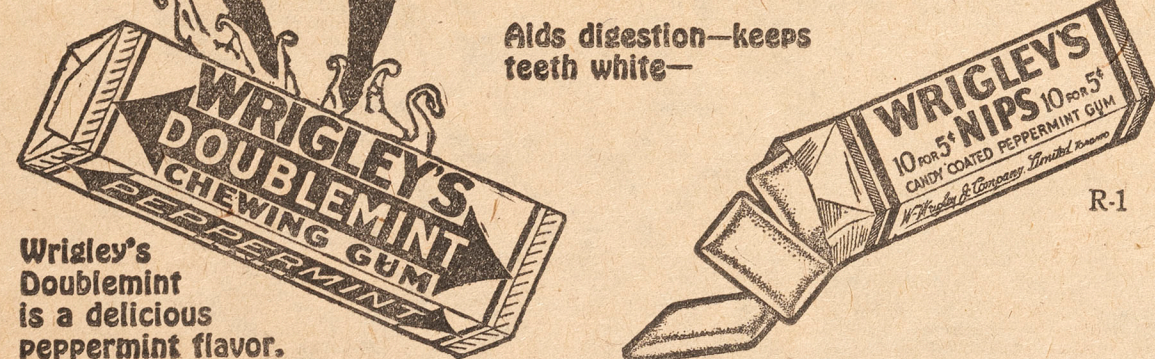
Then we spared no expense to make the package worthy of the contents.

Sealed Tight—Kept Right.

You'll always get WRIGLEY'S in all its original goodness and flavor.

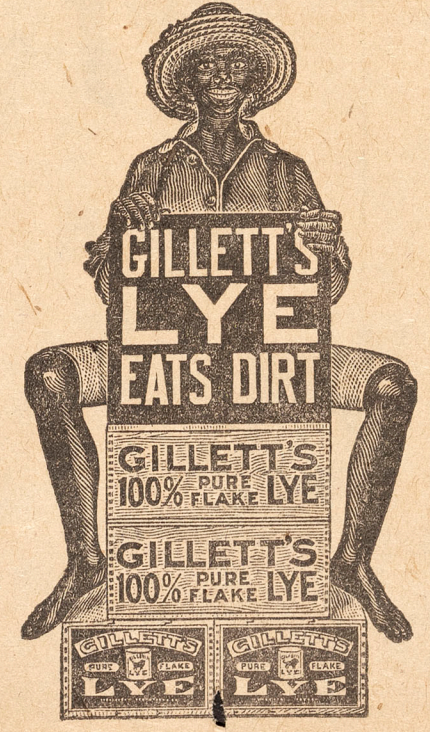
Pure chicle and other ingredients of the highest quality obtainable, made under modern sanitary conditions.

Aids digestion—keeps teeth white—



Wrigley's Doublemint is a delicious peppermint flavor.

After Every Meal



THE KNIGHT'S GAMBIT

Continued from Page Eight.

gesture she removed from the fourth finger of her left hand the ring which Kirk had given her. She extended it to him.

"You know what happened to him, Warren."

"I don't." His denial was fervent. "I'll swear to you, Madge."

"Take this, Warren. I'd rather not discuss the matter."

His eyes held hers. And the man saw there a light of finality which was beyond question of argument. With that revealing glance he knew that he had lost. Madge turned to her father and gave a calm, quiet, womanly explanation:

"I was about to elope with Warren. He was afraid that Mr. Hanvey might try to stop us. And so he committed this—this cowardly act."

"I didn't!" It was Kirk defending himself passionately. "I give you my word, Jim, you know I didn't do this. Tell them."

"It doesn't matter what Mr. Hanvey says," retorted the girl sadly. "He has always been your friend, and he's your friend now. He'd probably say you didn't do it, wouldn't you, Mr. Hanvey?"

"Yeh." Jim's big head nodded slowly. "I probably would. I ain't aimin' to get Whitely into no trouble."

"You see, Warren, he's standing by you to the end. For it is the end, Warren. The very end. I've learned a good deal in the last few days. Somehow, I marvel that I didn't know before."

"But I didn't do it, Madge. Tell her that I didn't do it, Jim."

Jim met his eyes levelly. "I ain't accused you of nothin', have I, Whitely?"

Kirk stood rigid, staring from one to the other. From father and daughter he received stares of unveiled hostility. From Jim Hanvey only a mild, blinking reproach. Kirk's big figure shook with fury, and he smashed one fist into the palm of the other hand.

"It's all a damned lie!" he shouted.

THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE

CUTTING THE CORNERS



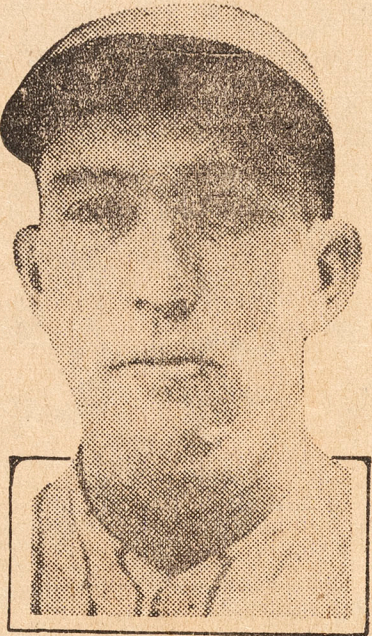
By J. V. McAREE.

ONE of the surest tests of a great idea is its simplicity. That is to say, when first presented a great idea does not cause us to say "How wonderful!" but "Why didn't I think of that before?" For example, why has nobody before this thought that horses that are bred for draft purposes should be tested for their strength? Perhaps you think they are? We assure you that they are not, and that the first test of this kind will be made by the Iowa State Agricultural College next month by means of a specially constructed wagon. Of course horses have been matched for strength almost as long as long as they have been matched for speed. To hitch two horses back to back and see which could outdraw the other was an ancient practice. But horses have never been bred according to their ability to pull a heavy load, as they have been bred according to their ability to run fast. Breeders of drafters have gone on the comfortable supposition that if they bred big boned, heavy horses they were breeding horses the best capable of hauling heavy loads. The point is that the horses were never really tested, as the racehorses are tested on the track.

The draft horses have been bred for show purposes primarily, although the show points have, as a rule, a foundation in utility. That is to say, other things being equal, the good show horse should be a better animal for the working purposes for which it is designed than the inferior show horse. For the drafter one demands a certain weight and conformation, a certain action, a certain quality and size of bone. The assumption that a horse possesses these qualities he will be the best for hauling heavy loads seems to have been accepted without question. The Iowa college is going to put the theory to the proof. It may discover that Clydesdale is not a better draft animal than a horse of much less weight; that a trotter can pull as much as a Percheron; or it may be likely to revolutionize the breeding of heavy horses. If a heavy horse cannot draw a heavier load than a lighter horse, there is obviously no reason for breeding heavy horses, for at bottom they are supposed to be utility breeds, and the only possible utility of a drafter is to haul heavy loads. Obviously, the drafter is not as smart or as swift or as easy to keep as the smaller one. If he loses his crown for strength he forfeits his right to be bred.

It is said that in the war all other breeds but the thoroughbred disgraced themselves. Mr. Harry Murtion, the well-known Toronto correspondent, who was in the artillery, we believe, sent home a dispatch in which he thanked God for the thoroughbred and damned all others. The cold-blooded horses could not stand the hardship, for one thing. For another, they lacked fighting spirit. If conditions were adverse they curled up and died. The thoroughbred fought for his life, and as often as not the lives of human beings depended on his. He has been much race track propaganda about that we mention these facts with reserve, though we are not wily as a matter of fact there is not a breed of horse that would not be improved by a shot of the right kind of thoroughbred blood. We told, for instance, that in Russia, where weight pulling capacity was tested before the war, the champion drafter ten years ago was a thoroughbred stallion weighing some 1,200 pounds. This we do not doubt, for weight pulling is not only a matter of weight, but it is a matter of the heart that he throws into it.

For instance, Justin Morgan, founder of the celebrated Morgan breed, a horse that is supposed by some to have originated in Canada, and which certainly had considerable thoroughbred blood, is supposed never to have been beaten when drawing against other horses. We suppose that Justin Morgan

RAY FRENCH.
Ray French, young inbred of the Brooklyn Nationals, after a brilliant start, has been handicapped by a sore arm. French, who cost Owner Ebbetts about 10,000 berries, has had the arm treated by Bonessetter Reese.

weighed nearer 800 pounds than 1,200, but he had the spirit. It is well known that the best men are not always the best men on a tug-of-war. Why should it be supposed that the heaviest horses will haul the heaviest loads? As we said before, it is extraordinary that this supposition has never been put to the proof. There is a breed of horse of which nowadays we never hear, and which may be extinct, namely, the Suffolk Punch, which was a great drafter in its day. We remember one of two of them in Toronto more than a generation ago, one, a sorrel, used by the McColl Oil Company. They were a long bodied, short-legged breed, weighing maybe, not more than 1,300 pounds, and from what we have heard of them we believe they would outdraw a Percheron or a Clyde, pound for pound.

THERE is another breed, which may be practically extinct by now, but which we should like to see represented in the performance test. That is the French-Canadian. We have seen but one or two specimens, but those suggested that the French-Canadian was one of the most useful of horses. Indubitably they had thoroughbred blood, and they were used for riding, driving and draft work. They were extremely hardy and long-lived, and unlike the thoroughbred were distinguished for heavy manes and tails. They could walk, trot, gallop and pull, and a good specimen would weigh maybe 1,200. They were the flivvers of their day. They decayed because they were not specialists. One breed could trot faster, another breed could gallop faster, and another breed could haul heavier loads. At least, the latter was taken for granted because the Shires and the Clydes were heavier horses. In a real test, however, it might be shown that the French-Canadian could haul as great a load as his taller, heavier rival.

Whatever may be disclosed by the Iowa test, it seems that it is time that the drafters should be submitted to some such test as the trotters and the thoroughbreds, Baron's Pride, as a draft stallion, has been ranked with Peter the Great, the trotter, and St. Simon, the thoroughbred. The get of Baron's Pride have justified themselves in the show ring, but they have never proved in competition whether they can haul such a load as their size and quality indicates, or whether they have the will-to-work to the same degree as the progeny of less illustrious Clydesdale sires. A series of tests may reveal the fact that some obscure sire has had the unsuspected ability to produce horses that have the ability to haul just as the progeny of Peter the Great have to trot fast. But so far it is all guesswork. In fact, the breeders of drafters have been going on the assumption that a horse comparable to Jess Willard was the best horse, the strongest horse, the most capable horse. Similar guesses in other departments have been proved erroneous.

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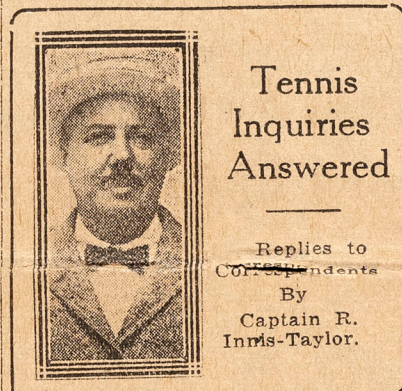
Tales of a Wayside Tee

By GRANTLAND RICE.

During the early stages of the open golf championship we journeyed back and forth among various groups and individuals composing star tournament players and leading instructors to get their favored list of "Don'ts."

Here is the list that received the greatest number of votes from thirty-five of the best professionals in the United States:

1. Don't wait until after the stance is taken to make up your mind.
2. Don't think ahead of the swing.
3. Don't think of anything but hitting the ball after starting your back swing.
4. Don't grip too tightly with the right hand on the back swing.
5. Don't start the back swing out-side of the ball—start the club head back on an inside circle.
6. Don't stand too long over the ball—but don't be in any hurry on the back swing or the down stroke.
7. Don't move your head—let it be your anchor.
8. Don't try to lift an iron shot with your hands—let the loft of the blade take care of this.
9. Don't move either head or body while putting. Let the hands, wrists and arms do the work.
10. Don't break your wrists too quickly on the back swing.
11. Don't attempt to check your down stroke. Hit firmly on through.
12. Don't let the hands get in too quickly. Cultivate the feeling of hitting with the club head.
13. Don't think of a bunker or a pond to be carried—think only of hitting the ball.
14. Don't start your down stroke too quickly—let it pick up speed on the way through the ball.
15. Don't have the feeling of using extra effort. When you have, select a longer hitting club.
16. Don't get mentally harassed. Cultivate the idea of mental steadiness or mental rhythm.
17. Don't try a club lofted too much for a short chip shot. Use figger, mashie iron or light midiron.
18. Don't try to kill the ball in heavy rough or matted grass. If anything use a somewhat easier grip and swing back slowly.
19. Don't try to get fancy in a bunker or sand trap. Be sure first of getting out of the hole.
20. Don't break the left elbow too much. Keep it straight or fairly straight with club head and wrist always in control of the club.

Tennis Inquiries Answered.
Replies to Correspondents.
By Captain R. Innes-Taylor.

J. W.: Your claim is correct. Your opponent, when he ran to take your short drop shot, lost the point if he touched the net, either with his racket, his clothes or any part of himself. His contention that he lost the point quite wrong. I quote you his following rule: "If the player or his racket (in his hand or otherwise), or anything which he wears or carries, touch the net, posts, cord, strap or band, or the ground within his court, when a ball is in play, or at the ball, or at any other time while the ball is in play, he loses the point."

H. B.: Write to Mr. Ray, Room 17, 24 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., secretary of the Public Parks Lawn Tennis Association, and he will give you particulars regarding the public parks tournament, which is now about to start.

N. G.: James Outram Anderson, the captain of the Australian Davis Cup team this year, was born in Enfield, New South Wales, on September 17, 1893, and is, therefore, this year's old. Anderson has never beaten Wm. Johnston; he did, however, beat Tilden in 1921 in the East v. West match at Chicago, three sets to two, the last set going to 19-17 in Anderson's favor.

M. D.: The racket you are using is too large in the handle and too heavy for you. You should not use a racket over 13½ ounces. I would recommend you to use one even lighter than this.

Note—If you desire information on any tennis matter, please address the Tennis Editor of The Toronto Sunday World, and your letter will be answered in these columns.

A.C.: Can you please tell me if Norman Brooks defeated H. L. Doherty when he won the championship at Wimbledon?

H. L. Doherty did not play in the championships at Wimbledon in 1907. In 1906 after winning he retired. Norman E. Brooks won the allcomers from A. W. Gore and as H. L. Doherty did not defend he became the champion. Norman E. Brooks won again in 1914 when he defeated the German Proetzner in the finals of the all comers. He then defeated A. F. Wilding in the Challenge round.

H. B.: Willie Ringdew was the best of the two brothers. He won the world's championship in 1881 to 1886 inclusive and again in 1889. He was unable to play in a tournament for over two years owing to injury. His brother, Ernest, won in 1888, and the twin brothers won the doubles in 1880, 81, 82, 86, 88, 89, so that they were the world's doubles champions seven times, and the Dohertys were world's champions eight times.

W.: Zeno Shimizu was born in Japan 1891. He was captain of the Japanese Davis Cup team this year. He once came within two points of beating Tilden in the Challenge round of the Davis Cup in 1921. He was Bengal champion of Calcutta 1913, 1916, 1918, 1920.

J.F.: P. E. Schwengers won the singles championship of Canada 1911 and 1912.

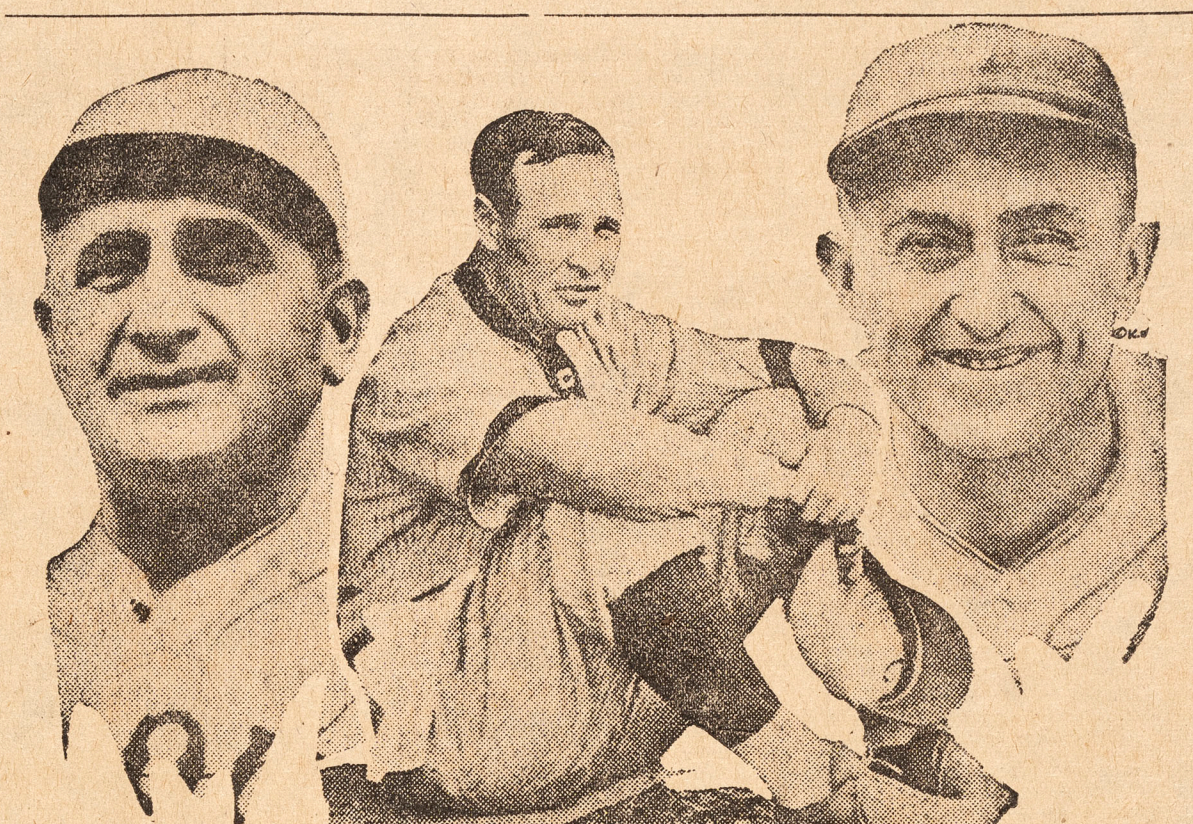
WEAR AND TEAR.

THE wear and tear of golf in a championship is enormous. We recall a certain football star who gave out the third day of an amateur championship, worn to a frazzle—not so much from the long touring under a hot sun as from the heavy strain upon his nervous system.

If you don't think there is any such strain in tournament golf keep looking yourself long approach putts or four and five footers to hole over keen, sloping surfaces.

And then miss about three in a row as you begin to wonder who placed that keg of lead on your back.

Is It the Last Year for Them?

TY COBB.
WILL this big league season mark the departure of three familiar faces from the managerial ranks in the American League? Listens that way. Conditions in the Detroit Tiger camp would make it seem improbable that Ty Cobb can be retained as manager another year and the team survive. Frank Chance, veteran manager, though back but a few months after a long absence from the game, signed for only one season with the Red Sox, and it is rumored now that he will not sign a new contract. Jack Barry, world's series veteran, is to succeed him, says Dame Rumor. And Lee Fohl, who failed by a nose to lead the Browns to a pennant last season, will give way to George Sisler, super-player, by next season in St. Lou. 'tis said.

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AUCTION BRIDGE

By R. F. FOSTER.

Author of Foster on Auction, Auction Made Easy, Foster's Complete Hoyle, etc.

AMONG the points upon which bridge players are still far from agreeing is the dividing line between suits which are strong enough in high cards to justify a bid and those which are not. The player who has been taught something about values can usually be depended on to follow the rule that there must be at least two tricks counted at attacking value in the suit called unless the bid is a shut-out.

The difference between an ordinary bid of one trick to start things and a bid of three or four to prevent any one from starting anything is that in the first case the bid invites the partner's approval and co-operation; in the second it tells him you do not care what he has, you do not want to have him say anything.

The estimate of two tricks in the suit itself requires some card or cards that have that value. An ace is worth two tricks, so is the combination of king and queen, but there is no other that comes up to that standard. This brings us at once to the working part of the rule, which might be simply stated by saying one should never call a suit that was not headed by at least the ace, or both king and queen. These are usually referred to as "the tops."

Some of our writers go further than that and insist the ace alone is not enough, and that there should be at least one other honor. If only the ten, with it, or more than five cards in the suit. This length in suit is assumed as always necessary.

When there is nothing better than the ace, or the king and queen, at the time of bidding, the rule is to be, of course, enough tricks outside to make up the four or more required to justify a bid.

The dividing line between those who insist on tops and those who do not know anything definite about bidding values is the combination of king-jack-ten. It is stretching things to call this worth more than a trick. No writer

Z deals. The educated players call this heart suit a secondary bid, because the suit itself is not worth two tricks and there are not four tricks in the whole hand. Therefore, they pass. Then three different finishes follow at various tables.

At one, A bids the hearts, Y passes, B denies the hearts with two diamonds, Z passes and B makes his contract with the encouraging eight from B, showing in trumps are all Y and Z can make. At another table A did not like the diamond take-out and shifted to three clubs. On this he was set, making two odd only.

At another table A took a chance and went to no-trumps, at which he made two-odd, but could not reach game. At only one was he left at hearts, making two-odd with honors against him. At these various contracts A and B score 5-6 plus at the no-trumper; 26 minus at clubs, 21 minus at diamonds; all gain for Y and Z.

When Z started by bidding the hearts the result was very different. All passed, and A led the king of clubs, getting the encouraging eight from B, showing at least the queen. Instead of going blindly on with the clubs, however, A changed his mind and led the king of spades, and put him back into the lead. Having in mind that encouraging eight of clubs from B, he led a small club, not the ace. B won this with the jack and led a fourth spade. On this, Z put the ten of hearts and A discarded a diamond to avoid the lead. Z is now in a hole. A's refusal to overtrump makes it look as if both ace and queen of hearts were in B's hand, and a lead through B was vital. To lead the ten of diamonds blocks the suit, so Z led the club for dummy to ruff and led the trump from that hand. A won the jack with the queen and at once laid down the ace to disarm dummy. Another club forced Z to trump and pull the rest of the hearts after which all he could make was the ace of diamonds. This gave him only five tricks, a bid to make seven. But he had simple honors to score and was not doubled. Net loss, 84. This is one of the many cases in which the conventional double stands in the way of substantial gain for A.

This is the solution to problem No. 167, in which hearts were trumps, Z to lead and Y-Z to win all five tricks: A leads the trump which Y wins with the ace, returning the five to B's best discard is the club ten after the spade. Z sheds the diamond, Y then leads the ace of spades which forces B to discard before Z does so. If B lets go a spade Z gets out of Y's way by discarding the spade king and Y makes both ten and two.

If B lets go the ace of clubs so as to keep two spades Z will discard the ace of clubs, as A still has that suit stopped, and will make both his kings.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 168

♠ J — ♠ 985
♥ A 8 ♥ —
♦ Q98 ♦ —
♣ — ♣ A87
♠ — ♠ A543
♥ — ♥ —
♦ — ♦ KQJ
♣ K1062

ERMINIO SPALLA, CANE AND ALL, HIKING ALONG COUNTRY ROAD.

Erminio Spalla, European heavyweight champion and native of Italy, says he'll fight in America if he can get a battle with Jack Dempsey, or maybe Luis Firpo. But back in Italy after an effort to make his name in the United States he says he's much better off there. Fights often for more money and is the idol of the native.

The SPORTLIGHT

Underestimated.

THE grind and wear and tear of golf has been badly underestimated, especially by those engaged in other competitions. Thirty-six holes call for ten or twelve miles over fairly rugged country. More than that, where the player is interested, there is the strain of trying to play each stroke correctly, the heavy nerve strain of constant suppression that wears one down almost as badly as football does.

Some years ago in Pittsburg we recall playing eighteen holes of golf one morning with one of the greatest of all pitchers.

"I am going to play eighteen more this afternoon," he said.

"Don't you work to-morrow?" we asked.

"Sure," he replied. "But what difference will that make?"

He played eighteen more that afternoon, and the next day Pittsburg got to him for seventeen hits.

Wild and Others.

WHEN Jimmy Wilde finished eighteen holes of golf on the day before he met Pancho Villa we asked him if eighteen wasn't enough.

"No," he answered, "I want to get in eighteen more. Golf doesn't tire you when you are in shape."

Possibly the ten or twelve miles he hiked up and down hill didn't affect him to any great extent, but he overlooked the nerve strain of trying to hit the ball 180 or more times as it ought to be hit. Wilde was a pretty tired athlete when he finished, and the 36 holes on Sunday didn't help him an awful lot on Monday night.

WE recall a day when we went out with Chief Bender in the forenoon for eighteen holes. That same afternoon the Chief held the Yankees to two hits and no runs for six innings and then had a six-run lead blown away before Mack could hurry someone to his rescue. He was waving badly when the salvo of swats struck him, about twice as weary as he thought he was, since the Chief always took his golf earnestly and gave the game his best.

Has Dempsey Been Over-Rated?

THIS was almost the first query taken up by fight experts, camp followers, non-combatants and bystanders after Dempsey had failed to stop Gibbons in fifteen rounds.

You could hear the echoes whistling back and forth: "Maybe Dempsey has

been over-rated—maybe he isn't as great a champion as most people thought he was."

It is yet too soon to write the final word on Dempsey's ability—to pass completely the test of his ultimate ranking in the heavyweight game. In most of his contests he has shown all the elements of ring greatness—hard knock, speed, swiftness of hand and foot, stamina, durability and cool thinking.

He showed almost invincible qualities against Fulton, Willard, Miske and Carpenter.

He looked to be only an average good heavyweight against Brennan and Gibbons.

But what other heavyweights have had flawless careers?

It took John L. Sullivan over seventy rounds to knock out Jake Kilrain and he never knocked out Charley Mitchell. Sharkey went the full route against Jeffries, and Jim Corbett lasted twenty-three rounds long after Fitz had knocked him out at Carson City.

Frank Moran remained the limit with Willard without suffering any annoyance, and Willard was then supposed to be at his best.

IT is quite possible that Dempsey isn't the superman, the ring marvel, the many thought he was up to the Gibbons entertainment. But don't forget these details.

Dempsey, between January 1, 1921, and July 4, 1923, had fought one fight lasting eleven minutes.

Gibbons in that same period of time had taken part in thirty-two battles. Dempsey certainly isn't superman enough to leave the ring and all active competition for two years and to be near his best. Timing, the most essential factor of the game—or a factor as essential as skill and condition—is almost certain to disappear in the long stretch of idle time.

Dempsey's timing, his accuracy, his judgment of distance, his accuracy were all well below all standards. And this deficiency was enhanced by the cool and skillful defensive fight Gibbons waged.

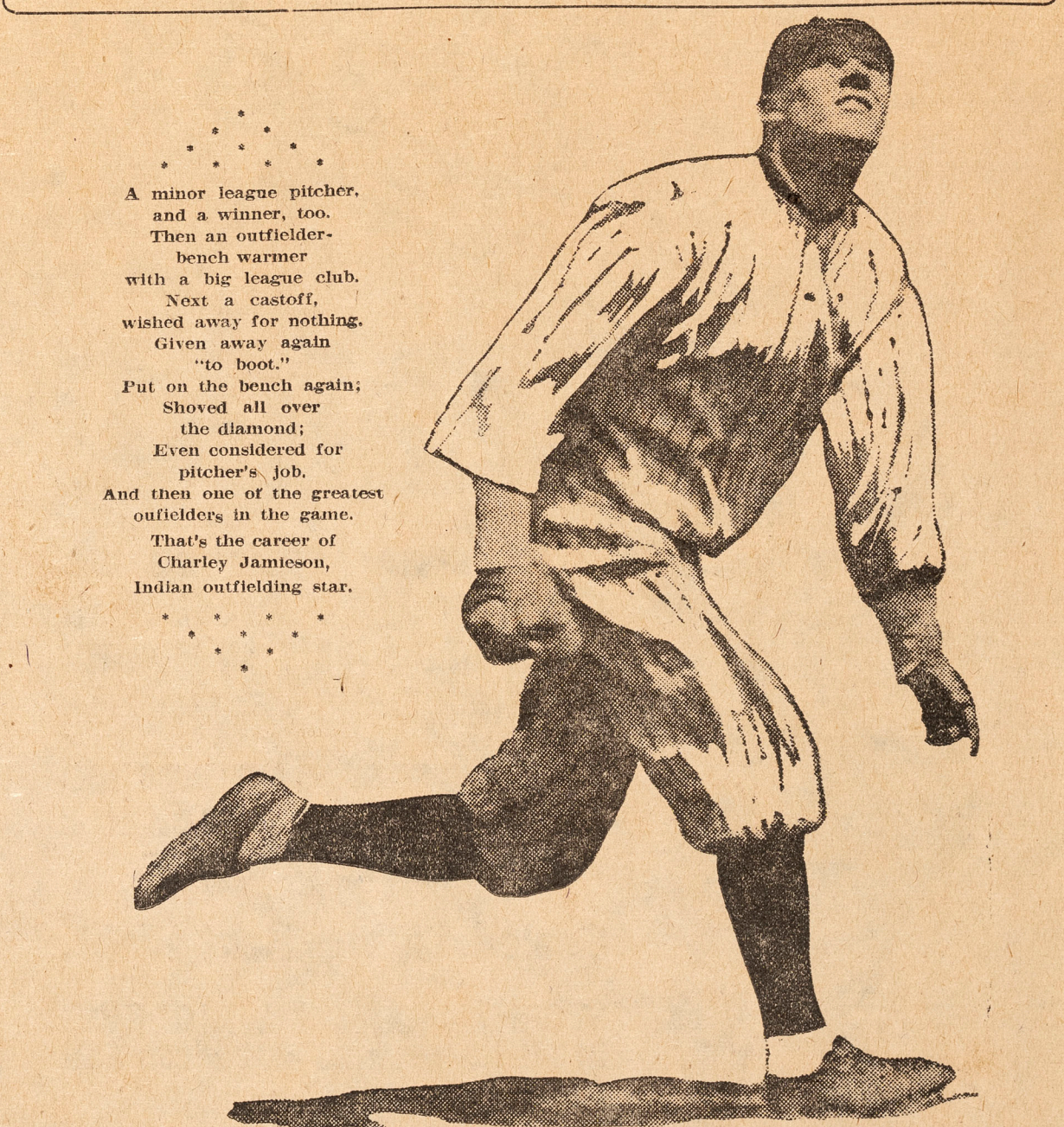
Dempsey may have been over-rated. But we still believe that if Dempsey had continued to fight at regular intervals after meeting Carpenter he could have won every battle in a few rounds, including the Siege of Shelby.

Dempsey, with his speed, his power, his heavy hitting with either hand, his iron jaw had too many qualities of greatness in his prime to be judged by one fight, or by two fights.

He is back in his next fight the verdict undoubtedly will be that he was badly over-rated—that he never whipped a first-class fighter in condition.

This, at least, will be the verdict of the majority. It will be time enough to form additional opinions next time he takes place. There should be no particular hurry in rendering a decision that will mean little until the complete returns are in.

Once "Booted" Around League He Becomes Star of His Team



Charley Jamieson going after onethat would be a hit with most out-fielders chasing it.

The men who hunt for the most valuable player to his team in the big show can give Charley Jamieson of the Cleveland Indians the once over first.

For this brilliant player who once was "booted" around the circuit like a man without a trade or home, now ranks not only as one of the best outfielders in the business, but his hitting, base running and all round baseball ability is making him the shining light of the Indian's play and the most valuable member of that team.

The better who remarked, as the umpire called the fourth ball, "everything comes to him who waits," spoke the truth. Jamieson waited years for the "grand chance," believing in his own heart he could deliver. And he proved his faith in himself.

Started in Mound.

Jamieson started out as a pitcher—a weird and woolly southpaw. He was with Buffalo. He won about two-thirds of his games for them in 1912 and in 1913 up to the time he quit the box. He was hitting the ball so

hard, however, that Pat Donovan, then bossing the club, decided to put him in the outfield to keep his bat in the lineup. Jamieson kicked not.

Clark Griffith paid two players and \$3,000 for him on August, 22, 1915, but signed him as a pitcher, only to switch him to the outfield in a vain effort to use him advantageously. Then he asked for waivers on him and the Athletics took him June 28, 1917, for the waiver price.

Connie Mack used him in the outfield considerably that season and the next, but decided he could not use the New Jersey gent in the rebuilding of his club, and when the chance came to grab Bobby Roth from Cleveland the tall one threw in Jamie with Gardner and Myers for Roth.

Still Jamie failed to land right side up. He spent much of his time on the bench until Jack Graney was injured in the 1920 campaign. Charley had filled in at first and the outfield, at times, however.

With Graney out Charley got his chance in left field. But his right to the berth was questioned. For a season or more Manager Speaker alternated him with Graney and Joe Mauer in the left garden—until Jamie's playing and hitting against south-

How About Union of Castoffs?

Those interested in the doings of the several unions of baseball players will now consider the possibilities of the organizing of the Loyal Order of Cast-offs.

For the big league players—principally pitchers—who have been given the gate by some club or other of recent months, have been doing very well, thank you, so well that they're feeling pretty snappy.

Owner Ebbets, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, is furnishing the most material for this new union. First, Sherrod Smith, southpaw hero of the 1920 world's series, was canned. Tris Speaker grabbed him for the Indians, and the veteran has been one of the outstanding figures of the team's play.

New Ebbets has watched Leon Cadore, cast off a few days ago, show indications that he'll live to pitch a bunch of good games.

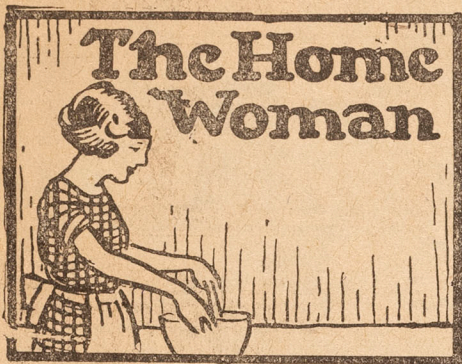
In between those deals Manager Lee Fohl, of the Browns, canned Hollister Thurston. This gent has been winning games for the White Sox.

"Jawn" McGraw decided that young Mike Cvenros wouldn't make a good pitcher, so let him go. The White Sox grabbed him, and he has been going great guns.

Jim Bagby, turned loose by the Indians, has been earning his salt at least with the Pirates.

All told, the list is fairly large. Some enterprising organizer might get some dues from these boys if he started to form such a union.

LEON CADORE.



Asserts Seat of Emotions is in Windpipe

Based On Algebra and Under Control, Says a Toronto Minister.

FORMULAE IS FOUND

Man Immune to Pain Allows Needles to be Run Through Checks.

"FEELINGS are registered, not in the heart, but on an emotional key-board situated in the wind-pipe."

Such is the extraordinary theory advanced by a Toronto minister. Some time ago a most singular advertisement appeared in one of Toronto's daily papers. The text of it was an announcement that if one would apply to a certain telephone number one would be shown how to win back straying or lost affections between the sexes.

A young girl whose attention was called to the advertisement, made an appointment and told her story to the man, whom we shall call Mr. Blank. It seems that she had been happily engaged to a young man who had had occasion to go away for a time. Since his return his ardor had cooled, and another seemed more desirable than the little girl who had waited three years for him. She asked Mr. Blank to help her win back the recalcitrant lover.

"I can't guarantee to bring your young man back to you," said Mr. Blank, but I can make you so happy that you will not miss him, nor want him back."

Things began to look interesting. Asked how he could hope to perform this feat, Mr. Blank further electrified the young lady by announcing that he could teach absolute emotional control to any one who would take his course of lectures, and apply themselves to the study of emotion.

Based on Algebra. "Feelings are based on algebra," was his next verbal bombshell. "I have made an exhaustive study of this matter; in fact I have written a book. I tell you that each emotion can be addressed by a formula, and can be quite under one's control."

The formulae, as shown to the love-sick damsel, appeared very much like algebraic equations, and were explained by Mr. Blank in algebraic terms. There is, according to the theory advanced, a disquieting equation and formula for each emotion, and when one has taken this course of lectures, or lessons, nothing is impossible, no ambition too lofty for realization, no height too great to soar.

"We have not one mind but nearly three hundred," he stated solemnly, "and each mind is made up of seven elements. As to our emotions, . . . until one has made a study of them, one does not realize how many there are."

According to this explorer in the realms of anatomical psychology, the feelings, which have always been supposed, (wrongly), to have had their centre in the heart, are arranged identically with the keyboard of a piano—each emotion a separate note which can be controlled at will, in much the same manner as one can strike and then release a note on the piano. When one is afraid the tiny muscle "note" of the emotional nerve of fear, contracts, automatically, and stays contracted until the fear is gone. So with all emotions.

Control of the Emotions. The most powerful emotions are located lowest down on the keyboard, and the five, in order of their intensity, are: love of person, love of liberty, love of beauty, love of abundance (material things), and fear, or love of self preservation. Mr. Blank stopped there, but if, as he stated, the arrangement is identical with that of notes on a piano, in octaves, then his "love-octave" lacks three notes.

Mr. Blank has his own emotions under perfect control. For instance, he said: "I was out walking one day, and discovered that I was very weary. I stood still, repeated the formula which calls up surplus strength, and I could feel it welling up within me until I could run like a little boy."

"I am immune to pain," he continued. "Just the other day I burned my hand quite badly, but it did not bother me in the least—I never felt it. Before that I had a blistered heel, a small thing of course, but often very annoying. I was entirely unconscious of it."

Mr. Blank then read a letter from a Toronto man, who had taken the course of lessons, and had succeeded in making himself immune to pain. The man stated in the letter that his friends had doubted him, and that he had allowed them to run needles through both cheeks, and through his wrists; that they had pinched him until he was black and blue from shoulder to wrist, and that

through it all he had been blissfully comfortable. The formula by which the pain nerve is addressed runs something like this: "I do not feel pain, I feel that I can control pain, I believe that I am controlling pain, I do not feel pain, I am not in pain, I have controlled pain."

Finds Canada too Small. "I have written a book on this subject," said Mr. Blank, "and I am engaged now in writing another. I feel that I have discovered something that is of vast importance to the world. There are, of course, those who think that it is not decent to try and control the emotions—that one should not strive for emotional control, but think that what is natural should be allowed."

Mr. Blank thought, however, that where uncontrolled emotions made for misery, either physical or mental, it was only right that these factors should be subject to the will of the person upon whom they would react.

He will not try to publish his book here. "Canada is too small," he said, "it is no place to publish such a book."

Coming back to the reason of the visit, Mr. Blank was asked why he inserted an advertisement which could not but be misunderstood, and which mis-stated both his powers and his intention.

"That ad must be changed," he said firmly. "I admit that it is very misleading."

"What are your terms for the course of lectures?" the young lady asked.

"I have not any set terms yet. If you should take the course I would only ask you to pay what you thought it was worth when you had finished. I would do this with you as you would be my first lady pupil, and would, perhaps, interest your friends," was the careful reply.

"You state that you can make me fearless, or able to control fear, immune to pain, possessed of 'surplus strength'—practically complete mistress of all my emotions?"

"Not quite that—it would rest largely with yourself. You must apply yourself closely, but when you once learn to control perfectly one emotion, the rest will be easy. It is like striking a note on the piano—when you want to sound it you strike it, and when you wish the sound to stop, you lift your finger from the key. You can learn to contract the emotional muscles when you want to—and to release them at will."

"Is there any physical treatment in the course?"

"None whatever. It is purely mental."

"Suppose," persisted the young lady, "suppose you are going to give me fear-control. How will you go about it? To get into touch with the emotion fear you must first call it up—make me afraid. Isn't that right?"

"N-n-o," said Mr. Blank. "But I can explain all that if you decide to take the course," and with that the young lady thanked him, and departed.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters concerning articles printed on this page should be addressed Editor, Woman's Page, Toronto Sunday World.

Disgraceful Dancing Seen in Some City Dance Halls

Paris Master Designs Bumper to Be Worn by Women

CONDUCTED BY MARGARET FEA



Poses illustrating new summer dances which are popular in Toronto halls.

Paris Now Decries Skirt to Be Short

These are the French capital's style hints—The waistline is slightly higher. Skirts will be shorter than those of the spring and summer. Embroidered velvets, silk and satins are being shown done in designs that are inspired by old Persian miniatures. All-over braided woollens are being used. Embroidered fur is one of the fancies for fall. Printed silks are much less used.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor of the Toronto Sunday World:

May I through the medium of your columns, answer the person, (for no lady would make such sweeping statements, or attempt a criticism on something she knows practically nothing of), who gave her views to the Sunday World on the "Shop Girl." She admits she has but made inquiries with regard to the "Shop Girl" getting time off to attend sales, and a percentage of discount allowed for personal shopping and picks, from her intellectual observation, a type—lamentably true—that exists in every class of worker. If the reference is only to the frizzed and rouged, why limit the criticism to "Shop Girls" only?

I would also like to remind her that there are many very well educated and talented young ladies to-day earning their living in stores not from choice but force of circumstances.

Anyway who is to blame in the matter of these young girls of the type she presumably refers to? What are their mothers doing? You will find in most cases like mother—like daughter. Both in the matter of menu and dress and these mothers, have little or no control over them whatever. So one cannot blame the girls for what to them is quite in the running.

Do they do it to attract the attention of men? Whether that is the intention, or just to satisfy themselves they look nice according to their own idea, I know not but attract they certainly do and you find these girls very seldom get "left."—And again whether there is something in them intellectually after all, or whether they are what the men that marry them are only looking for is an open question.

By the way our employers give us the respectful title of sales-ladies as it is not in the argument I will spare the details of the but-side purchaser in "type" as seen from the shop girls' point of view.

As to dress in business, it's up to the heads of the stores to see to that.

Dark dresses with a touch of white or little color, certainly. But—uniform in civilian life, in this free and glorious country, well to use a Canadian expression—Try and get it!

BOBBED BUT NOT FRIZZED.

Buy Home Products.

To the Editor of The Sunday World.

Your column under heading "Own Products," in Magazine Section July 8 issue, should be advertised to a greater extent than at present. Credit should be given to a local departmental store which inaugurated an "All Cana-

dian" week some time ago. Can't our other large stores follow their lead? At the beginning of 1923 I pledged myself (as a New Year's resolution) to purchase Canadian manufactured goods where quality and prices are equal to foreign competition. There are hundreds of home manufactured commodities in this city alone and thousands would benefit by purchasing a good article at a reasonable price. We have "Mothers' Day," etc. Why not an "All Canadian Day" every day.

F. A. GREEN (Britisher).
37 Breadalbane St., Toronto.

Malds From England.

To the Editor of The Sunday World:

I trust that you will please publish this letter in regards to the maid-servant. There have been plenty of maids here from England, but they have found things very discouraging. The mistress here in Canada has got to learn how to give orders, also know how the work is done. The English maids know their business. In England the maids stay at their jobs 5, 10, 15, 25 years. All the maids that come over here sooner or later go into factories and shops. There is no one to blame but the mistress of the household. Several of the English maids are doing hospital duties here, which is better than house work here in Canada. So please mistresses, learn how the work is done, also how to give orders.

A. COLLINS.
Willowdale, Ont.

Gorgeous Creations by Callot Fated to Be Worn But Twice

Police Suppression of "Edith de Nantes" Robs Parisians of Chance to See Jane Renouardt in Lovely Creations.

When the Paris police in the guise of censors for public morals rang down the curtain on the second night of Jane Renouardt's presentation of "Edith de Nantes" the fashion world sustained a loss from a standpoint of clothes.

Jane Renouardt, who took the title role, had never before gone to so much expense in the preparation of toilettes for a single piece. She had five of the loveliest dresses Callot could make. And if stage morality gained an advance in refusing to let the play go on the stage, dress certainly suffered a loss when all of these works of art from a standpoint of costuming indirectly came under the ban.

The figure shows the most striking of these costumes by Callot. It is a lovely evening dress in

gorgeous brocade, of rose, green and gold, with floral designs as big as a dinner plate, made over a petticoat of gold lace.

Bordering the edge of the brocade overskirt—for that it what it is, being cut away in front and sloping down toward the sides and back to form a wide sweeping train—are big festoon shaped ornaments of green and rose lame. The bodice is nothing more than a waistband. At the back there is a full length sash panel, reaching from the top of the low décolletage to the hem of the skirt, of a divine blue.

This startling touch of vivid blue on a dress of rosy red, jade and green and scintillating gold is typical of Callot's strong flair for blue this year. She uses it at every possible opportunity on every sort of dress and in combination with all the prismatic rays. The whole dress is a daring conception of color and design and was worn with great effect by Renouardt, who is young and pretty.

Earrings Complete Summer Costume

Earrings are an integral part of the summer costume. They are designed for both day and evening wear. The earrings worn in the evening are of the more precious stones—emeralds, rubies and diamonds. Those worn during the day, at the club, casino or promenade, are developed in the lighter colors, the semi-precious stones, such as white crystal, jade, lapis-lazuli and amber combined with diamonds and onyx.

'Choker' Necklace Is Fashion's Fad

"Choker" necklaces are very much favored for the summer. They are composed of white crystal, jade, lapis-lazuli and amber combined with other semi-precious stones to make unusual color effects. A double "choker" necklace is composed of large jade beads of a deep green, each large bead separated by small beads of lapis-lazuli and the two strings clasped together by a dark blue stone of an odd design. Another "choker" necklace is made of white flecked jade with onyx beads between.

Longer necklaces are also being used, and here again the choice is a matter of individual preference. A necklace with a barbaric touch is made of large amber beads grouped with smaller beads of carnelian and onyx. Another of clear green jade combined with sparkling white sapphire flat beads, is as cool as a white-capped summer ocean.



Vogue of Immodest Dancing In Some of Toronto's Halls Suggests "Modesty Bumper"

Objectionable Practices at City Resorts of Some Types Are Revealed by Survey—Other Amusement Places Show Little For Criticism.

HEARING much regarding the evil of the modern dance hall, The Toronto Sunday World has directed a quiet survey of a number of such places in the city and its environs. The survey resulted in the gleaming of the following information concerning the various halls visited.

NUMBER ONE—Absolutely beyond criticism except for the fact that no effort was apparently being made to discourage ladies from smoking at the tables with their escorts. The dancing was graceful and modest, the music a delight to the ear, and the whole atmosphere one of refinement.

NUMBER TWO—Almost as irreproachable. Smoking was permitted, and the fact that there were more dancers upon the floor than it could comfortably hold, made it almost necessary for men to hold their partners closer than would have otherwise been deemed polite.

NUMBER THREE—Disgusting. The music was the most extreme "jazz." The men held their partners very tightly, and shimmying was quite the accepted thing. Several couples of girls danced together all the time, so apparently the legislation demanding that each girl be escorted by a man had been discarded for the evening. The dancing was most extreme, and one of the worst features of Number Three was the fact that at intermission time "petting parties" would lose themselves in the darkness adjacent to the hall.

NUMBER FOUR—Much the same variety of entertainment as at Number Three, with the addition of a very exaggerated "shimmy" with several very suggestive variations and an atmosphere redolent of exhilarators.

NUMBERS FIVE AND SIX could not be termed decent, even with a very broad minded person interpreting.

IF MODESTY bumpers have to be worn to induce our young people to comport themselves decently in the ball room and dance hall, it is time that the dances themselves were subjected to close scrutiny," declared a Toronto matron who had read of the use of this new device.

"To rid the modern dances of a source of the gross proximity of the dancers which is considered by many to be objectionable," says a despatch from London, "it is suggested that the lady dancers should wear a belt with chain fastenings in front three large protruding buttons, shaped something like the buffers of a railway train."

"At the international meeting of dancing masters," the despatch continues, "which has just been held here to decide upon new dances, Professor Rossi, a well known French dancing master said he had invented such a device. The belt is destined to keep the male partner at a slight distance, so that the bodies of the dancers do not touch. While dancing the belt is covered with silk ribbons, and is neatly disguised in the manner of the wearer's dress, and when worn insures a 'separation' of about three inches."

"This belt, or buffer, is called the 'Princess Lilly' belt, and has the approval of priests, and dancing masters."

"How perfectly ridiculous," said Mrs. Mosher, "I never heard of such a thing. Nobody will wear it as the accepted distance for graceful dancing has been three inches apart for some time. Of course the question of the correct distance between partners always comes up at dancing conventions, but the three inch distance is practically agreed upon, and has been for some time."

"There may be no need for it in many of the better-class dancing places, but there certainly is grave need for something which will act as a bumper in some of the dance halls," declared another interested woman.

"Quite recently I have had occasion to be in or near several of the places where our young people gather to dance, and while some are absolutely beyond reproach, there are others where interference would not be amiss."

"One hears so many things," declared a welfare worker, "but the other day a minister told me he heard reports of nude dancers, and later I heard that the 'Dance of the Seven Veils' was being danced in a place of some sort. In this dance the veils are discarded one by one, and the last veil entirely discloses the body."

Girls who have no escorts loiter about the dance halls, and are "picked up" by young men who arrive without girls, and who are desirous of appropriating a "jazz baby," with all that the odious term implies.

In one dance hall which I visited, continued the first speaker, "there were a great number of young couples who were dancing most gracefully. There were three couples—all girls—dancing, and with the exception of one other couple, they were the most objectionable dancers on the floor."

"They shimmyed, and shook and gyrated, rolled their eyes and interlaced their arms, until they reminded one of the Igerote dancers and the negro influence which is occasionally shown upon the screen. The other couple, man and girl, were the worst I have ever seen. At one moment they would be locked in each other's arms and the next they would be

twirling madly about at arm's length. In one part of their dance, which seemed to be entirely original, they would begin to tremble and quiver, and the palsy would spread quickly down the legs to the feet. It was perfectly disgusting. I stayed until almost closing hour, and when I came away there was a policeman there. It is to be hoped that he had a better heart talk with that couple."

"Another phase of the matter which I don't like," she continued, "is the tendency of the couples to wander off between dances in pavilion dance halls, and lose their way in the darkness. I presume that the 'petting parties' of which I have heard, are responsible for this aspect of the affair."

SOME time ago, it was related, the police who had been carefully watching a local dance hall, raided it, and so swiftly was the raid made that there was not time to hide the "dope" which was on the persons of some of those present, and girls were caught, in their retreating room, in the very act of "taking a shot" at each other.

Another dance hall seems to attract, according to observation, parties who come in sixes or eights, and "bring their own," so that the end of the evening finds them hilarious, ugly, and "the refreshment happens to affect them."

"I went one evening to the 'dope' declared one lady. "I had heard that it was very pretty, that the music was lovely, and that a most delightful evening could be spent watching the dancers. I never saw anything like the dancing that went on there that night. Several couples were indulging in a dance in which their feet never moved at all. The man would place his hands upon the girl's sides, and she would do the same and not dance at all, but merely shiver and shake." There was some very potent liquid refreshment in some pockets, too.

"I heard about a girl who was carried out of a dance hall and taken to a hospital a while ago; the nurses knew about it," said another welfare worker. "She had fallen in a faint to the floor, and they couldn't revive her. When she regained consciousness in the hospital she said she had felt someone jab her with a needle, and she guessed she'd been drugged, but from the marks they found upon her body, she was taken to be an addict. And she was just a kid, too."

"The sad part about it, to me," stated a mother. "is that the good halls, those well run and carefully supervised, are falling into disrepute because of the way vicious places. There are tea-rooms and summer places which are really delightful, but because one couple may get in and dance immodestly, the place is given a bad name and all the dances are liable to be put in the one class. I know of one place where I would no more let my daughter go than I would go myself, and yet—the best society in Toronto is seen there."

TALK about modesty bumpers," continued, "those who need them wouldn't wear them. Some of the girls won't wear corsets to dances any more, because they say the boys won't dance with them if they do."

"It certainly think the device is most ridiculous and uncalled for," said Mrs. Mosher, "especially now that the jazz element is being done away with. The music has changed—it is lovely now, and people cannot do jazz dances to really fine music."

Mrs. Paramor

A Story of LOVE and INTRIGUE
in Fashionable Suburban Colonies
Surrounding A Large City

LOUIS
By JOSEPH
VANCE

THE ACTORS; THE ACTION SO FAR.

MRS. PENDLETON WAYNE, young and beautiful, an author engrossed in her work, but still fondly in love with her husband.
PENDLETON WAYNE, successful lawyer of fortune. He is enamored of JULIET WETHERELL ("Jill"), who is characterized as a girl seeking a wealthy marriage by PERLEY REX, a society philanthropist. Rex unexpectedly meets an old friend, PETER GRANVILLE, who has been adventuring in China and other lands. Granny is an old admirer of Mrs. Wayne.
THE HOLBROOK ANNISONS, Beth and Hal, a shamelessly old fashioned couple, still in love with each other and happy, although married.
EVELYN DRACUP, Nelly's secretary, a pretty English girl who champions Granny's plea that Nelly marry him.

On their wedding anniversary Wayne takes Nelly to the Tanglewood Country Club for dinner. There Jill draws from Wayne a promise that he will divorce Nelly and marry her. Nelly pleads with Jill to leave Pen to her, but Jill answers: "A woman who can't hold her husband doesn't deserve to have him." Jill marries Rex, killing Wayne. Two years later Rex and Jill start home from France with their year old boy. Through Arnold Pusey, a woman's dresser, Rex meets Mrs. Paramor, a famous and beautiful author. Rex is Mrs. Paramor's first visitor at the Annisons' home in New York. Wayne calls to see Annison and meets Nelly, but they merely bow. He tells Annison his one desire is to win her back. Jill calls for Rex and sees his card attached to flowers he had sent to Nelly. She is told when the latter interrupts her talk with Beth, but agrees with Rex to dine at the Annisons' that night. Miss Dracup urges Granville to push his suit for Nelly's hand, and Granny suddenly discovers the secretary herself is a beauty. Annison brings Wayne and Nelly together. Wayne protests he has always loved her, but Nelly tells him she cannot marry him again. After Wayne leaves, Rex comes in search of Nelly, but she hides. Jill, trailing him, accuses him of being in love with Nelly.

GRANNY AND EVELYN.

"O Jill!" Jill retorted in innocent astonishment. "I never supposed you were flattering yourself there was anything secret about it." And, watching him while he made business with a match and cigarette, she noted with satisfaction that his hands were none too steady. "Of course," she thoughtfully considered, "I've got no rights worth mentioning, only those my generous husband grants me—not even the right of believing the testimony of my own eyes."

"If your eyes were trustworthy witnesses, my dear, they'd be a different color."

Rex gave a small grunt. "Now, whatever put that into your head?" He stopped by the desk and sat himself on the edge of it, observing her with a grin that must have been purposely irritating.

"Thank God!" she cried, in scorn. "I'm above being jealous of that creature. Middle aged and plastered with paint till she daren't smile."

"Hello! Since when have you turned against rouge and whitewash?"

"With her touched up hair." Jill stormed on, "and simpering voice! Jealous of her? I should hope not! Oh! you are contemptible—to drag me here to-night, humiliate me before everybody by ogling that woman all evening and letting her leer at you, and then insult me!"

Rex had a sorry shrug and wavered. "Oh, hell!" as he stood away from the desk.

"And swear at me!"

"That wasn't swearing," he advised, casting this way and that for shelter.

"That was just invoking my idea of a haven of rest and recuperation from the merry-go-round of domestic life."

"The only domestic thing in our life is myself," the woman sneered.

"And I've only myself to thank; I ought to have known better than marry a man with the temperament of a tomcat."

"I think," Rex thoughtfully reflected—yes, I do believe it's the first time you've called me that."

"Oh, not that I blame you."

He arched one apprehensive eyebrow. "Not—"

"You've got to run after other women. I quite understand, because they don't know you as well as I do."

"You win," Rex, in despair, intoned: "round one's all yours on points of vicious repartee. But if you want this battle to go on, you'll have to let me crawl to my corner now and get my wind back."

He blinched a magazine from a side table, flung himself into a wing chair, looped a knee over one of its arms, and buried his nose in the pages.

His wife watched him in silence, then with a toss of her head turned to leave him. Half way to the door, however, her steps faltered; she whirled about, suspiciously observant.

Rex hadn't budged. Compunctions softened the angry set of her features, she drew in her under lip between white teeth, hung in hesitation another instant, then softly paced toward the wing chair.

"Perley?"

"Eh?" He did an effective bit of acting. "What? Thought you'd gone."

"Aren't you going to play any more bridge?"

He seemed fairly grateful for the return to that mellifluous key. "Of course—I'm only out for this one rubber."

"I've got to get back right away; I'm dummy, this deal." Her husband wisely refrained from the conspicuous retort, and, as if taking heart from this consideration, she drew nearer.

"Perley..." Her hand fell gently upon his shoulder—and wasn't shrugged off. "Perley, you're not in love with Mrs. Paramor, are you?"

Rex turned a page. "Not in love with anybody," he absently replied.

"Not even with me?"

"Oh! you, of course."

"I don't," she uttered in a wistful little voice—"I don't believe you love me."

"Don't, eh?" Rex looked up with his most effective smile. "Think I'd stand for your nonsense if I didn't?"

"Poor boy!" Face and tone alike

contrite, Jill gave his shoulder a series of consoling pats. "I suppose I do say things I oughtn't to. But it's only because I'm so crazy about you. I simply can't bear to have you even look at any other woman."

"Dear old girl!" He put up a hand to catch hers. "Can't you understand it's quite possible to look at other woman without seeing them?"

She sank down to the arm of the chair, her hand stole across his shoulders. "I know... But tell me you can't see any of the others."

"The only woman in the world I can see, Jill, dear," he solemnly pronounced, looking directly into her eyes, "is you."

"I hope it's true," she sighed. "I'll never be content, you know, to be your gardenia wife."

"Gardenia wife?" he wondered, not without misgivings.

"A slighted one... to ornament the buttonhole of a man of affairs." She bent swiftly, brushed laughing lips to his, and jumped up. "Now I must run, or hold up the game. But Perley!" She paused, suppliant.

"Promise me something. If Mrs. Paramor finds you alone here, while I'm playing—you won't flirt with her?"

"If Mrs. Paramor finds me alone here while you're playing," he recited by rote. "I won't flirt with her."

"Nor let her flirt with you?"

"Nor let her flirt with me?"

"Then I'll run along... and try to believe you."

"Right old girl!" Perley turned a page of his magazine. "You might as well."

That article on Tailoring for the Townsman must have held much nourishment for a sort for which Perley's aesthetic nature had long been starved for it seemed to render him forthwith oblivious of his wife, indifferent whether she returned to the cardroom, in conformance with her declared intention or stopped on stealthily to study him while he thought himself unmolested; and certainly he could have had no intimation of Mrs. Paramor's presence before she, pausing at the table back of his chair, dispelled the hush with the rasp of a match. Whereupon the man, in sudden distrust—or his look belied his temper—peered round a wing of the chair; and the magazine and his feet all found the floor at one time and the same.

The surprise may have been mutual; the back of the wing-chair was high, and Perley had been as still as a mouse in it. There was a spontaneity in the cry—"Why, Perley, are you there?"—which she threw to him over the fire she was setting to a cigarette that might have been reckoned adequate explanation of her familiarity with his given name, though Mrs. Paramor at least didn't seem to think it evident enough tacitly to be passed over. "You did startle me!" she protested—with every evidence of poise quite unimpaired—and, daintily blowing out the match, disposed of it. "So much so that I called you Perley. Do you mind?"

"Mind!"—he laughed the absurd idea out of court—"when you make me so happy!"

Her eyes veered from the significance of his, as if confused. "It does not take a great deal to make you happy, does it?"

"Not when it comes from you."

"I see!" she soberly made fun of him. "You think my tongue betrays my heart. O, but Perley, surely you're noble enough not to take advantage of my innocent, girlish sill!"

"There you go!" he peevishly grumbled. "All the time you laugh at me. And when it means such an awful lot to me."

"It seems to me," she said dismissing his purely personal viewpoint as not really worth discussion, "we've come to know each other well enough by now to dispense with stupid formalities. Unless, of course, you think Mrs. Rex would object."

"What Jill thinks," he surmised, brazenly gallant, "doesn't matter a great deal, I fancy—to you and me."

"My gracious!" The woman's mirth rang true as she turned away from his over-ardent countenance and strolled to the fireplace. "You do make a little encouragement go a long, long way—don't you?"

He followed closely, on the qui vive. "If you only knew how I've waited for a little encouragement—!"

"Suppose..." She lightly seated herself on the fender and made a modest place for him. "Suppose I did know?"

"If you did... you know more."



"At least it's my name I'm imperiling, Granny, not yours."

"Perhaps," she admitted, with enigmatic eyes.

He stood over her, debonnaire in his positive assurance. "You knew how fearfully in love with you I've been all along?"

"I feared the worse," she smiled. "You must admit you've given me cause enough. And, after all, I'm hardly an ingenuem I?"

"You are adorable!"

"Please don't say that."

"Why not?"

"It's too sweet to know that someone thinks you adorable," Perley hadn't waited for an invitation to the place on the fender at her side; now he displayed even less doubt that she would welcome his making free with her hand. But she didn't; or, at least she made a good show of disapproving; which he may have considered all a part of the good old game. "You mustn't do that, Perley," she quietly said, twisting her fingers in his—"please."

"Why?"

"It isn't right."

"Why not?"

"You ask me that!" Her hand was her own again, and what he must have accounted a weakening of her self-confidence to all appearances was now repaired completely.

"Have you forgotten," she pleasantly reproached him. "Jill!"

"I'm madly in love with you," he avowed with vast intensity. "A man can't think of two women at once."

"Can't he?" But it seems to me one man would have to—if you truly care for me—because you've got to care for me."

"What difference need that make to you?"

"Of! Of! you are too enterprising."

"That's dodging the issue. What difference?"

"I'm afraid," she equivocated, "that's a question I have to let you find the answer for."

"You do love me then?"

"Please you go too fast, too far!"

"If you care a snap of your pretty fingers for me you've got no right to torment me by refusing to answer."

She drew away from him a little, as if subtly mistrustful of him and sensitive. "What am I refusing to answer?"

He put it too her inexorably: "Do you love me?"

"Would you believe

it?—that woman has taken half an hour already to get into a simple little frock!"

"Simple?" Beth doubted. "To me it looked rather a complicated garment. Besides, I notice every new dressmaker has a secret system all his own with hooks and eyes, and each more troublesome than the last."

"I know what you mean, and I quite understand it must be trying. But you can't expect real ingenuity to work in a groove—now can you? That's one reason why I wanted to insist on putting Mrs. Paramor into the gown myself. I could easily have done it in ten minutes at most," Mr. Pusey brooded, presumably on the maddening inanities of social life as at present organized, till he could no more contain his impatience with them. "I do think conventions are sickeningly stupid things—don't you? I simply cannot for the life of me see what difference it makes who puts Mrs. Paramor into a new gown, her maid or I."

"Neither can I," Miss Dracup chimed, without looking up.

"Thank you, Miss Dracup. Really, it's wonderful to know you—so broad minded and sympathetic! Sometimes I think you're the only really sensible woman I've ever met."

"If you must make these intimate personal avowals," Miss Dracup suggested with vindictive pen transfixing a copy reader's gratuitous correction of her employer's English, "you might at least wait till we're alone. What you've said, I'm afraid, must be very painful to Mrs. Annison."

"To the contrary," Beth chuckled. "I quite agree with Mr. Pusey."

"I'm sure Mrs. Annison knows I wouldn't dream of being rude to her."

"Why! of course I do."

"What I meant was," Mr. Pusey hastened to explain, against the bare possibility of Beth's amour propre suffering in secret any lingering

smart, "Miss Dracup's sympathy has been very precious to me. Sympathy does mean a terrible lot to an artist, if you know what I mean."

"She does," Miss Dracup assured him, sitting back while she transferred a corrected galley to the bottom of the sheaf. "But I'd be glad to know what makes you think I'm so sympathetic."

"Well!" Mr. Pusey bridled. "It was the interest you took in my designs—wasn't it—that induced Mrs. Paramor to commission me to make her this gown—your sympathetic faith in me."

"That wasn't sympathy," the secretary calmly corrected, "that was the pure spirit of scientific research manifesting itself in this unworthy vessel."

"Scientific research?"

"Science teaches us even the lowest forms of animal life have their uses. I wanted to see if it was true."

"Now I think you're perfectly awful!" Mr. Pusey giggled. "Always poking fun at me!"

"But I assure you I'm entirely serious." Miss Dracup looked it. "You were such a hopeless dud as a reporter I wanted to find out if by chance you were good for anything else."

"How are you getting on with your Town Tattle work, Mr. Pusey?" Beth Annison inquired. "Famously, I trust."

"Anything but! It's just as Miss Dracup says: I am absolutely hopeless as a reporter," Mr. Pusey with strange vivacity confessed. "And I just glory in it, because I perfectly loathe journalism."

"Why?"

"Of! It's so crude and sordid, if you get what I mean, so—what shall I say?"

"Masculine," Miss Dracup helped out, though again busy reading proof.

"In the very worst sense of the word!"

"But if you dislike such work so much, Mr. Pusey, what made you consent to try it?"

"Well, I was broke, you know, Mrs. Annison, and there was nothing else in sight at the time. And then, I presume, the spirit of adventure in me had something to do with it. The truth is, I'm an adventurer born."

"But can you reconcile that asser-

tion with this passion of yours for millinery?"

"Why, of course!" Mr. Pusey gurgled. "Every dress is a new adventure to me."

"You know"—Miss Dracup perplexedly consulted Beth Annison across the desk—"every so often the creature breaks out like that, with something so completely out of character!"

"O! I don't care what you say about me, Miss Dracup!" Mr. Pusey gaily protested—"you've been so kind."

"But I'm beginning to wonder if it wasn't perhaps mistaken kindness."

"But there! I daresay it's silly of me to see anything personal in your interest, I'm sure you'd have done just as much for any man."

"Not at all; men are different."

Mr. Pusey seemed slightly posed by this, Beth Annison bent lower over her needlework, Miss Dracup placidly went on scoring proofs; and the conversation languished till the dressmaker had another look at his watch.

"O dear!" he sighed... "this suspense is simply terrible. I don't suppose I'd feel it so much if I was going to have any chance to make alterations, but with Mrs. Paramor leaving so soon, so unexpectedly... I'd like to know what on earth," he petulantly broke out, "put it into her head to go on to California on such short notice."

"The motion picture from her novel is to be made out there."

"I know; but she told me she'd be in New York a month at least—and it's barely a week since she landed."

"If women didn't change their minds so often," the secretary reminded him, "they wouldn't need so many dresses. Then where would you be?"

"That's it precisely. Where am I if she packs off to California to-morrow without giving the opportunity I'd counted on to prove I can make her the best dressed woman in the world? She practically promised me, if my gowns for her turned out half as wonderful as the designs, she'd find backing for the little place I'm dying to set up here in New York."

"There, there!" Miss Dracup soothingly cooed—"be a nice little Pusey and leave off yowling till somebody really does tread on your tail. Mrs. Paramor never forgets her promises."

Mr. Pusey feebly moaned and, squelched, subsided into a weebone pose on the club fender; only, however, to bound up again with a gurgling of nervous joy, for Mrs. Paramor was coming in from the hallway.

"Was I long?" She had a beaming smile for the excited young person.

"Never mind, Mr. Pusey; here I am at last; and I think your gown is quite too lovely."

"O! not for you, Mrs. Paramor, never for you." And then, because Nelly was offering to drop the shawl of old Chinese brocade, the hue of ivory, which she had thrown over her shoulders for the journey from bed chamber to study, and whose bed of voluminous folds draped her figure to the heels, Mr. Pusey executed a pas seul of protest. "No! please no, you really must not—not yet, not by daylight! It's a perfect crime to show off an evening gown except by artificial light."

"O! Very well, Mr. Pusey; just as you wish."

The dressmaker had darted first for the western window; but there Beth Annison, rising, saved him the trouble of manipulating the curtain cords; while Miss Dracup, making no pretence of being less keen to witness the impending revelation, switched on the wall-sockets while Pusey was shutting out daylight at the southern windows. And Mrs. Paramor waited for him to turn before she discarded the shawl.

A shape of loveliness unrelieved, her figure of a slender girl setting on as much as set off by the gown of jade satin and silver stuffs, she dropped the three a low curtsy and, recovering, slowly prouetted for their delectation.

"Well?" she confidently demanded as she came to a pause again. "What do you think?"

In the same breath Beth Annison cried "O sweet!" and Miss Dracup gave the word "Ravishing!" in a drawl that carried a thrill.

Preening himself, Mr. Pusey chirped: "Isn't she just too lovely for words?"

"It would be hard not to be," Nelly Paramor insisted with a moue of self-deprecation, "in such a gown."

"If I believed that," Miss Dracup in open envy affirmed, "I'd bribe Mr. Pusey to make me one just like it."

"I'd perfectly love to do you a gown, Miss Dracup," Mr. Pusey had plumped down on his knees at the feet of Nelly Paramor, not in worship but in anxiety to fuss with folds of material that, to his captious eyes, didn't set as well as they should have. "Let me make you a wardrobe, and I'll guarantee you'll catch a rich American husband."

"Thanks ever so much," the English woman curtly negatived. "But it's my notion to be loved for myself alone."

"But," Mr. Pusey argued, worrying the skirts, "you wouldn't have my clothes on all the time."

"Mr. Pusey!"

"O dear! have I said something awful again?"

"Fortunately," Nelly Paramor laughed, "there are no men present."

"Yes," Pusey simply agreed, sitting back on his heels and concentrating a solicitous scowl on the gown—wasn't it?"

"Every time one sees something exquisite, like that," Miss Dracup plaintively confessed, "it makes one positively sick of sensible clothes."

"Well! I can tell you one thing: The dressmaker hopped up and fell back to consider his handiwork with head on the bias and the narrowed eyes of an artist. "If I were a beautiful woman, no man would ever catch me with a sensible rag on my back."

"I'm not sure"—Miss Dracup's eyelids had fallen, her mouth was prim—"I ought to understand what you mean."

"O! now you know perfectly well my heart is God's little garden."

"Is it?" Nelly wondered. "But isn't that where all the trouble began? With the apple, I mean."

"Perhaps it is true, clothes don't make the man"—Miss Dracup achieved an accent of pragmatic conviction—"but nothing is more certain than that clothes like that make the married man."

"Isn't that the truth?" Pusey in high glee piped. "All the same, Miss Dracup, I should perfectly hate to see you married."

"Precious little fear," the girl in disguised brevity asserted. "But what do you care?"

"Men are such beasts," Pusey bleated with some feeling—"you don't know—"

"That's just it," she gave back a growl; "I don't know. That's why nature—shifty old devil! cursed women with curiosity; so even the intelligent couldn't help falling for marriage... given half a chance."

At this juncture the man Andrews entered the study, bringing Nelly a card on his salver. The quick flush of pleasure with which she scanned the name was pretty to see. "In the drawing room, Andrews? Say I won't be a minute." The servant withdrew.

"Help me with my shawl, please, Mr. Pusey... It's Granny," she threw to Beth, perhaps a trifle consciously failing to see the sudden inexpressiveness that covered Miss Dracup's features like a cloud of constraint. "I don't want to keep him waiting, I'm expecting somebody else before long; so I won't stop to change. The Chinese shawl was draped over her, and the smile of an animated school girl rewarded Mr. Pusey for his gallant office. "I must fly—"

"O, but Mrs. Paramor!"

"That wall staved her, she humored Pusey, whimsically patient.

"You're going away to-morrow—"

"On the Twentieth Century Limited."

"To be gone for months—"

"I won't say that. Perhaps not much more than a month."

"But about your other gowns—"

"You can be making them, and have them ready for me when I return."

"O! thank you so much. But... aren't I to see you again before you go?"

"But, of course! Come back this afternoon, for tea—come a bit early; that will give us time to talk over your plans. And—I all but forgot—Miss Dracup will make out the cheque now, if you don't mind waiting."

The first thirty seconds or so following passed in silence but for the savage scratching of the secretarial pen. Then Mr. Pusey sighed himself out of the trance of adoration into which he had lapsed.

"Isn't she the sweetest thing?" he melodiously murmured. "I don't wonder that men can't resist her—I'm sure I couldn't!"

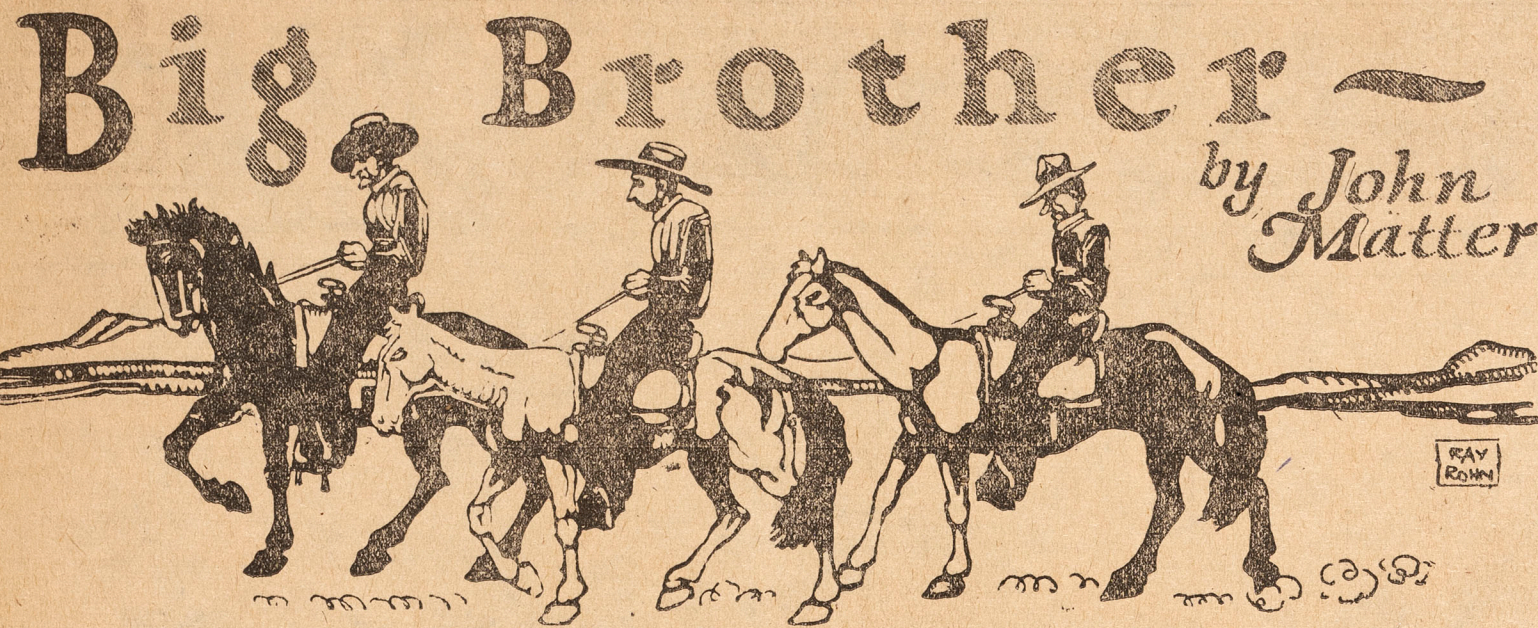
"Don't say that," Miss Dracup, impassively extending the cheque in the stead of hands, nevertheless produced a tone sonorous and poignant: "Leave her at least my illusions."

"Why, Nelly!" Peter Granville had been given a glimpse of the warmly illuminated study as the door opened and closed. "You're all lit up! What's the occasion?" With the more excuse in view of the quaint disguise she had chosen, he added: "Amateur theatricals?"

"A dress rehearsal, Granny," the woman laughed, and let her shawl of ivory tinted silk slip down till only the ends looped over her forearms saved it from drooping about her feet.

"Don't you think the dress is worth it?"

"Can't find words to tell you how well." Eyes of



HOF TAYLOR was finding life dull in the late afternoon. If life had been a knife, he could not have cut his finger with it.

"I couldn't nick hot butter," Hof scolded bitterly. "I couldn't stab a jellyfish. I couldn't whittle potatoes. I couldn't rip water with it. My goodness, but life is dull. I was happy when I was truckin' down round Lake Street in old Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A., but I didn't have sense enough to know when I was happy; so the happiness didn't do me no good. And now that I'm homesteadin' on the Arctic Circle, I'm unhappy and I have sense enough to know it. But the knowin' don't do me no good."

The wind thrust across the Saskatchewan prairie and worried the corners of Hof Taylor's house so that the flimsy shack waved in petulance. The unhappy owner tilted his chair against a wall and braced his feet against the stove.

He drew a harmonica from his vest pocket and pressed it against his lips. "Play baby," he admonished. "Play sweet and low for your Uncle Hof. He's terrible lonely and homesick."

The instrument had time to respond merely to the extent of three bars when a man's figure appeared in the doorway. "Come in and set down," he invited. "Are you a homesteader, too, poor fellow, or are you human?"

"Who, me? I never heard of homesteaders' fore now. Come to think it over, guess I did read 'bout them somewhere, along with pollywogs and beetle bugs in some book dealing with the curiosities of nature. Me? I'm a rancher. That's my ranch, six miles down the coulee. You can see a couple of the buildings, if you step outside."

"I've seen 'em. They're the only things 'cept country to see in any direction," whistled Hof. "I was thinkin' of preachin' down there right soon to investigate what them buildings was and who was in 'em."

"Where are you from?" "The southwest corner of Lake Michigan. Get off and turn to the right and ask anybody. Hof Taylor by name; truck driver by inclination and profession. But as soon as harvest comes I'm goin' thrashin' and make some money to start farmin'. What do you raise—muley cows?"

"Only on holidays. Week days I raise horses."

"Horses!" cried the homesteader. "Now you're beginnin' to take holt. My middle name is Horse. I had a team, comin' five three-quarter Percheron, that could snake two ton through any travin' that ever blocked State and Madison at noon on the day before Christmas and never slip a hoof."

"Ever do any horse stealin'?" "No, I'm an honest man."

"Well, listen to my proposition just the same. My name is Dow Carpenter. You're new in this country and you don't know me. I came up here to your shack this afternoon to chase you out. I didn't wish no homesteaders playin' 'Home Sweet Home' in my ear. I want free range for my stock. I'm figurin' on grazin' cattle next year."

"All right. Graze tarantulas and billygoats if you likes. You didn't chase me. What next?"

CARPENTER gazed steadily at his host for several seconds, and the homesteader as steadily returned the look. "I want the land for free grazin'," at length remarked the rancher. There was something approaching persuasion in his voice. "I don't see why homesteaders has to horn in on this rough grazin' land. There's plenty of better farmin' country up north."

"I don't know either, when it comes to knowin'. I just whirled round three times and lit there."

"You're the second one to light. By and by, they'll be droppin' like ducks, if us ranchers don't do something. Last year some fellow took up a homestead eight miles west of me. He didn't last long."

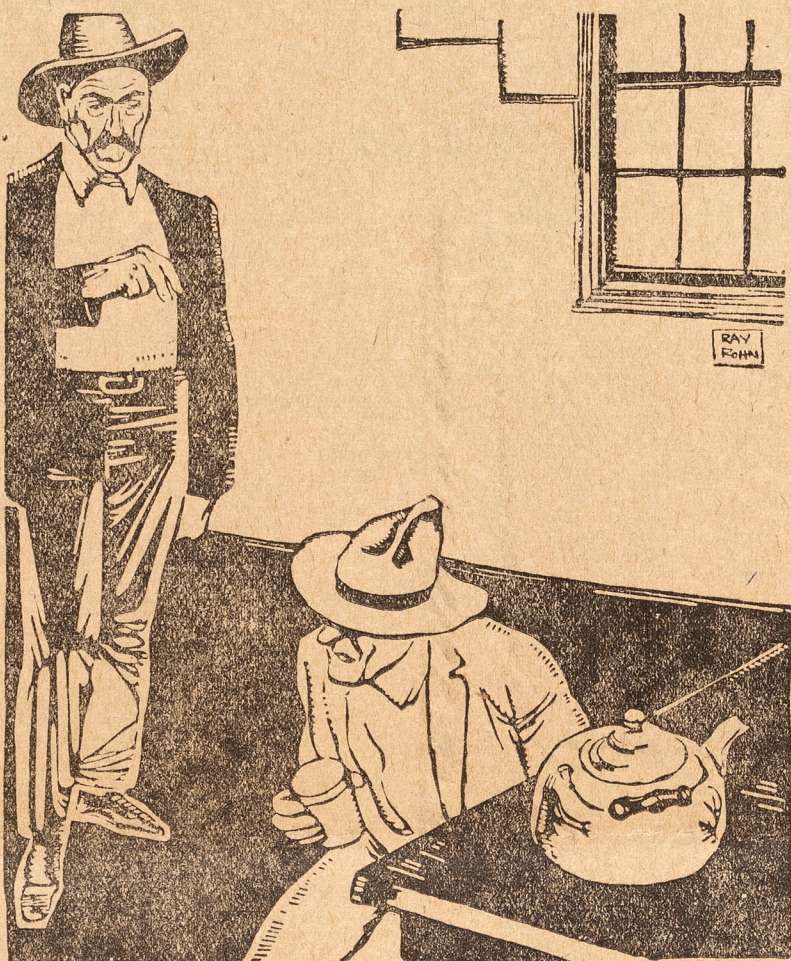
"What happened to him?" asked Hof Taylor. "Or was it unmentionable?"

"Probably so, to him. First, his barn blowed down; then some short-sighted person mistook his horses for antelope and shot 'em, and then his house burned down one day when he was gone to town for grub. He sure had tough luck."

"What became of him? Did somebody with bad hearin' mistake him for a cockroach and poison the poor insect?"

"It would have come to that, but the miserable cricket left here afore anybody could squash him; went back to his mama, I reckon. He was too young, anyway, to run loose. Looked

HOF could navigate a four-horse truck through crowded Chicago thoroughfares in the old days and pilot schooners across the mahogany bar with equal facility. Naturally, a man of his ability wasn't going to lose his head just because he happened to be more than forty-five minutes from the "main stem."



"How would this suit?" asked the homesteader, stuffing the bank-notes into an empty baking-powder can and raising a short section of board from the floor beneath the stove.

about twenty-one with no wisdom teeth out."

"What was his name?" "Harris, or Harrison, or some such like that."

"So you ran him out?" "I ain't braggin'. I sort of coaxed him out."

"And you come visitin' to-day to sort of coax me out?" asked Hof Taylor.

"I come to size you up."

"How do I size?" "Too heavy on your feet to run. But I think I can buy you out."

"You can sell your valuable services," stated the rancher. "If you can rope and bridle five hundred dollars and your fare to the south-west corner of Lake Michigan, you'd be willin' to go, wouldn't you?"

"Go? That ain't no word to use round me. I'd fly. Man, I can feel the pin-feathers on my arms already."

"It's fifty miles to the Montana line," continued Carpenter. "My ranch foreman and me start this evenin' at dark. The ranch hand I expected to go with us had the poor judgment to let a horse throw him yesterday as far as next week, and now he can't ride a rockin' chair. I need a third man, and I can't spare no more from the place."

"The thaw is sure arrivin' fast."

"We'll come by here leadin' a horse. You climb on top that broncho and travel with us. You're to ask no questions, but do as you're told, and keep a clamp on your jaw. Tomorrow we rest, and tomorrow night we herd the bunch north to my place. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be tucked in your garter as soon as the last animal is in my corral. In 'bout a month there'll be another bunch needin' exercise at night, and another two hundred and fifty in your other garter. In the meantime, betwixt and between, you can ride range for me and earn your carfare. Think it over, and let me know inside of ten minutes how you think."

"Ten seconds is nine too many," replied the homesteader. "I only know of one better business and that would be clippin' coupons with a band saw. But why stop at two little travellin' parties?"

"There'll only be two ridin' parties and no more," replied the rancher. "Ridin' at night arouses curiosity, and I don't like to have myself talked 'bout. My feelin's are sensitive. Besides, I'm goin' into the cattle business this fall with some meat packers, and I won't have time for pleasurable trips."

"But how do you know that I won't hurt your feelin's by talkin'?"

"I don't know, but I'm just gamblin' your word."

"One more question before I clamp

"Dow?" he inquired. "No," answered his employer, apologetically. "This is Santa Claus."

"I didn't hear no sleigh bells and it's a long time till Christmas," Herb rubbed his visage vigorously, and one eyebrow appeared above the soap line. "Did you run that homesteadin' fellow back where he belongs?"

"Run nothin'," answered Dow Carpenter testily. "That fellow has locomotor aphasia of the brain and hind legs. He wouldn't run to a fire. The rancher kicked the bunkhouse disgustedly. "He wouldn't run from sizzlin' dynamite."

"I'm goin' to take him with us to-night."

"What?" cried Herb, opening his wide, big eyes and with a howl of pain promptly closing them.

"It's this way, Herb," began the rancher. "I'm gettin' cold feet clear up to my knees concernin' this Montana trip."

"WE'VE done the same identical thing in the past, and the damage was nothin' or less."

"True enough," Herb pulled the trick afore, but every time we makes the play our chances are taller, heavier and wider. This deal is all set and I'll play it out."

"Good! You're shoutin' now."

"And after to-night I'm through. It's gettin' too dangerous—harder for our men to land jobs on the big Montana ranches, harder to sell horses."

"This homesteadin' badger, how does he cut into the pie?" asked the foreman. "I ain't ever asked him to pull up a chair. I ain't even seen him. What's his name, or ain't he named?"

"Hof Taylor, so he said."

"What did you make a pet of him, for? He must have purred and rubbed your shins."

"You remember that young homesteader, Harris or Harrison, or whatever his name was, that we run off last year? You remember he made no holler? He just disappeared. But there was talk up and down the trail to town. It ain't in the nature of things for a man, even a cussed homesteader, to have his barn blowed over, his horses shot dead, and his house burned down, all in six weeks. Some folks sort of looked our way squintin' like."

"Let 'em look. It will do 'em good. But if you're startin' a subscription list for homiesick homesteaders, pass right on and try the next house."

"I wouldn't subscribe to a new rope to hang him with," asserted Dow Carpenter. "But I'll have him caught ridin' a horse that don't belong to him."

"How so?"

"Leave that to me. And leave to the Montana ranchers the merry little fact that they will make life interestin' then for our homesteadin' friend. And while that is proceedin', you and me will be back here sleepin' quiet and peaceful. He won't never return to bother us."

"How so, once more?"

"I told him I was short a man to make this trip to-night and that I would pay him two hundred and fifty to go with us. Also, that I would pay him the same to make a second trip with us a month later, and that he could chore 'round in the meantime and accumulate his carfare to Chicago. He grabbed like a coyote at a roostin' hen. You and me ride by his place to-night, leadin' a third horse for him—Baldy, the sorrel."

"Baldy, the sorrel!" ejaculated Herb

"I'll bring the money with me to-night, and you can put it any place you like 'round this mansion until you get back. Any place, just so you and me knows where it is." And the rancher rose.

"Must you be movin'? Well, so long. Looks like the sun would set in the west this evenin'. Hurry back. In the west this evenin'."

Herb Essley, foreman of the Carpenter ranch, was waving his rust-tanned countenance from a tin washpan on the sill of the bunkhouse in preparation for his supper when the proprietor rode around the corner of the barn and dismounted. Soap suds covered Herb's face and he could not see. He turned his head and reached blindly for the towel.



"Supposin' I just shove this little note in this here little hole and we goes on our way rejoicin' and sees what happens?"

Essley. "Why, that mangy runt can't carry a full grown man to Montana and back. He can't carry his tail up that far. He will go lame afore we are half way to the line."

"I'm countin' on Baldy goin' lame. If he isn't limpin' by the time we hit the border, I'll trade mounts with the homesteader and make the sorrel lame."

TWO hours later the rancher and his foreman rode to the homesteader's shack. Dow Carpenter dismounted, and leaving his companion outside, opened the door without knocking. Hof Taylor, with chair tilted against the wall and feet braced against the stove, was devoting himself to music.

The rancher closed the door and remarked, "How high can you count?"

The homesteader finished the chorus of "Home, Sweet Home," and carefully tucked the harmonica into a vest pocket before he replied, "Fingers, or pencil and paper?"

"Suit yourself," answered Dow Carpenter, tossing a package of bank-notes into the other's lap.

"Hide it where you please. Get action; we're due to be movin'."

"How would this suit?" asked the homesteader, stuffing the bank-notes into an empty baking-powder can, and raising a short section of board from the floor beneath the stove, disclosed a hole dug in the ground. "After you left this afternoon I spent one hour of my valuable life preparin' this safety deposit vault."

Three horsemen rode south through the night. One was short and one was tall and one was neither short nor tall. They rode in single file for miles across the open prairie and not one addressed another. At midnight they struck a trail that angled southwest.

"Fair time," said the short man, drawing rein. "We're half way there. Everybody happy?"

"I ain't," replied the tall man; "neither is my horse. I suspicion that it is thinkin' 'bout goin' lame."

He told me three miles back that I was too heavy for him. He didn't have nobody else to talk to and neither did I."

One hour later, the tall man remarked, "This horse ain't the least bit reasonable; he's done gone lame."

"Bad?" asked the short man. "Tolerable. I should say. He told me just now he was good for something like ten miles if necessary."

"It's necessary, and no mistake. Ten miles more will put us close to the border. You can walk the rest of the way."

"THE RANCHER and the foreman centered on through the darkness; the homesteader, aloof, and leading the limping sorrel, proceeded to follow."

"Little horse," mused Hof Taylor, "I smell a mice."

The sorrel did not answer, but continued to limp philosophically along behind the tall man. In time they came to a stream.

"I hates to ride you across," remarked the homesteader, "but I hates worse to have my feet wet. I may be compelled to do some sprintin' within the next twenty-four hours, and I sartin' best in dry socks. He mounted the sorrel and rode through the water dismounting when the opposite bank was reached. "Here we are, on the trail again, and no damage done your shoulder, I trusts. That willow tree in the fork ought to be showin' soon. Come along, Baldy."

The tall man found the tree a quarter of a mile down the trail.

"Somethin' tells me," he ruminated, "that there's a hole in the right side of the trunk of this tree, 'bout six feet from the ground, where a limb has broke off. Sure as you live, Baldy, here's the hole. It would make a rip-sartin' place to hide a little note in. And here's a little note all writ and in my vest pocket where I keeps my harmonica. That's co-incidence, Baldy; don't you forget that. Supposin' I just shove this little note in this here little hole and we goes on our way rejoicin' and sees what happens? You wouldn't tell nobody, would you? And you haven't objections, have you? The eyes win. In goes the note. Come on now, Baldy; we mustn't be late arrivin' at the coulee. Your boss was snapshin' the last we saw of him, and I don't propose to let his disposition curdle and me be to blame. Him and I has a secret, and you and I has a secret. I'd rather have a secret with you, Baldy, than I would with him."

The first sliver of daylight was streaking the Eastern sky when the tall man and the sorrel horse descended the bank of the coulee. Half way across the flat bottom a whistle smote the pedestrian's ear from the left of the trail. He trilled a bar of "Home, Sweet Home," and turned to the left.

Herb Essley arose from the ground to greet him with, "You're a long time comin'."

"I don't wear spring heels and one of my corns is hurtin' me powerful. What's the menu, now?"

"Follow me."

As they approached the willows, Dow Carpenter rode forth, leading a horse by a rope.

"Here's your new broncho," he informed the homesteader. "Throw your saddle and bridle on him quick."

"How many are we?" "Two lads who brought up this herd, and us three who rode here to-night."

"What'll I do with Baldy?" "Turn him loose. He will edge in with the others."

"Good-bye, Baldy. Whoa, there, you great big stepladder! Let your Uncle Hof climb aboard. He's kind to dumb animals, but he don't like 'em to be too dumb."

In the light of the dawn the five men drove the herd of young horses east along the coulee bottom. Herb Essley rode beside his employer.

"The lads tell me," he vouchsafed, "that the ranchers down her has a reward posted of five hundred dollars for information leadin' to the apprehension of certain unknown parties—or some such words. How would it be for you and me to tell on each other and split the reward?"

"Most pleasin'. Try it and see."

"I can see it without tryin'," said Herb Essley. "The two lads also tell me that the ranchers of this section are ridin' range freely on the lookout for them unknown parties; with blood in their eyes."

"That so? All the better. This here homesteader, whose corns hurts him, thinks there's two more men to join us with another bunch of horses. I led him on to think so. 'Bout 5 o'clock this afternoon I'll send him out to hunt the other men and find what the trouble is. He won't find the men, but I'm expectin' he will find the trouble. I'll give him orders to ride south fifteen miles and look 'round. That will put him onto the Lazy Y ranch. Probably he will stop afore he gets that far—stop, by request of some of the Lazy Y men. And he will be ridin' a Lazy Y horse, which fact will be interestin' for him to explain."

"His explanations may interest us."

"How so? By dark we'll start north with our herd. Not a branded animal, except what we rode down, goes back with us. I warned the boys that the last time that I wanted no more branded horses included. I suppose they slipped some in, havin' the same thirst for gate receipts as you has. If they did, every brand comes out, and the two boys who brought them up here can start them south this evenin'."

By the time this homesteader can bring our name into his conversation with the Lazy Y men we will be across the line. By this time tomorrow we will be back on the ranch and there won't be brand there that don't belong there."

Several miles farther on they came to an opening in the north coulee bank.

"Drive 'em in," called Dow Carpenter, and the forward drivers turned the staggering herd toward the opening.

Hof Taylor, bringing up the rear, was the last to enter. He found a car designed by nature. "Some barnyard," he muttered to himself, watching the horses scatter over the half section of land in the blind coulee and begin eager grazing.

"Some barnyard; only the gap has to be watched."

He lay down and promptly went to sleep. At 4 o'clock he was awakened by the rancher's hand on his shoulder.

"Get up. We need you."

"I knew you would," answered Hof. "The other herd hasn't come in yet. The rancher. 'Somethin' has delayed the boys. We have to start north at dark. I want you to ride south fifteen miles or so and look 'round."

"THAT'S some ride, with fifty miles ahead of me to-night, and my corns still jumpin' up and down."

A few minutes later, Hof Taylor rode out of the natural corral into the coulee. He crossed the bottom and climbed the opposite bank, and continued south. For half an hour he rode, then halted and looked at his watch. "Five o'clock," he said. "I loaf a while, and then by the time I gets back there, things ought to be just 'bout beginnin' to happen."

He drew the harmonica from his vest pocket and devoted himself to "Home, Sweet Home." It was his intention to play for fifteen minutes, but he found the charms of the melody so compelling that the half of an hour went by before he sighed and glanced at his watch. "Sixteen," he murmured, "stacks!" he exclaimed, and hastily galloped in the direction from which he had come. As he approached the coulee, he slowed his mount to a walk, cautiously drew near the bank and peered over. Below, he saw something that caused him to ejaculate, "Things has happened!" and to ride quickly down the slope.

The herd of horses was being driven west along the bottom. Four men, whom Hof recognized as his former companions, followed in single file. Their arms appeared to be bound tightly to their sides. Behind the four came six strangers.

"Your name?" asked the leader, as the homesteader drew rein alongside.

"Hof Taylor."

"You look the description. Prove it."

With a smile, the homesteader drew the harmonica from his vest pocket and played "Home, Sweet Home."

"Here's a cheque for five hundred," said the leader, tendering him a slip of paper. "It's made out to you. Are you ridin' our way?"

"Thanks, no. I've a rendezvous at a scrub willow in the fork of a trail—a rendezvous with a fellow named Harrison and a bakin' powder can that comes out of a hole under a loose board; eh, Carpenter?"

The homesteader winked, but the rancher did not return the salute. "I guess I'll have to change horses for that sorrel over there that's limpin'." This critter don't belong to me."

ICED TEA
when pure, delicious
"SALADA"
E505
is used, is a satisfying and refreshing summer-beverage.

"Don't bother," said the leader. "Keep the horse you're on. He's mine and I gives him to you."

"Thanks, once more. Any word for Harrison?"

"Say good-by for us again. He was a god ranch hand. I hates to lose him. I reckon he's headin' east as soon as he meets you."

"EAST is the word for him and me, too," replied Hof Taylor, gathering up his reins. "Well, so long. Oh, yes! I most forgot some-

thin! I wanted to tell my boss. You may be glad to know, Carpenter, that Harrison is a friend of mine. Fact is, he's a relative of mine. Wanted excitement and run away from home—changed his name. I'm glad he did, if he had to be tripped on by a tumble-weed like you. And now I meets him at a scrub willow in the fork of a trail not so many miles away. Yes it was all arranged by a little note. You see, I'm his big brother."

MRS. PARAMOR

Continued from Page Twelve.

"The prettiest yet! If my guess is good, your name has first place in the nightly prayers of every modiste in all Paris."

"It ought to have," Nelly Paramor averred, without, however, any evidence of a stricken financial conscience—"If you could have seen my bills! All the same, this simple little frock is one hundred per cent. American. Who do you think made it for me? Who but Miss Dracup's favorite seamstress!"

"Fussy," Granville gave a snort of intolerance. "Blessed if I understand what Evelyn sees in him to deserve the amount of mothering she wastes on him."

Nelly had slipped a hand under his arm and was leading him toward the front of the room. But now, opposite the arched opening that gave upon the entrance hall, she halted, overcome by burlesque astonishment, with explicit indignation in the amused eyes that veered to him. "Evelyn!"

He reddened. "Why! . . . ah . . . isn't that her name?"

"Aren't you sure?" His arm was subjected to a playful shake. "I was surprised to find you knew her so well—that is all."

"O!" he artlessly parried—"a slip of the tongue."

Beg pardon, Mrs. Paramor. The man, passing through the hall, espied her and paused. In his arms a box rested, one of those long and narrow pasteboard coffins that fashionable florists provide for a spendthrift's hopes and fears. "Where would you wish—"

"O! take it to my room, please, Andrews."

"Come regularly, eh?" Granville sourly commented. "Every day at noon."

"Yes," she said, in unfeigned ennui—"every day at noon—if it matters."

"It matters to me. You know only too well how I feel about you, Nelly."

"Well, yes! With a dry little laugh she disengaged her hand against the pressure of an arm that jealously would have retained it and sat herself on one end of a period settee."

"I rather think I do."

A secret significance in her tone plainly indicated Granville's distrust, but suspicious examination of her face told him nothing, and masculine intuitions in respect of women, such as they are, seldom stir in their torpor when the day is young. "Then," he bungled, bulking above her with the dour consequence of a hanging judge, "you can hardly expect me to welcome these evidences of your infatuation—"

"Infatuation!" she flared at him—"O!"

"Don't like that name for the way you're going—do you?"

But her anger with him was brief of life. Look and voice were kind with forgiveness when she commented: "You didn't mean me to like it—did you, Granny?"

"I confess I didn't," he said in a mutter of shame; "used it with intention."

"To wake up to your opinion of my misconduct?" She nodded with a gravity that was at odds with twitching lips. "I quite understand."

"Not my opinion only . . ."

"You needn't trouble to enlarge."

For an instant only her temper again was acid: "One's friends are all so kind . . ."

I know what reward one reaps for such officiousness, Nelly. Granville's complexion was that of a well fired brick; but his eyes held the devotion of a dog, as, abandoning the stern, judicial pose—and most judicious by her side, "But it's somebody's job to wake you up before it's too late—and apparently nobody else cares enough for you to risk your displeasure."

"And you, at least, my friend!" she refused him her countenance, but her words fell softly—"You at least are generous enough to assume it's not yet too late."

"I know, of course, you're frightfully angry with me, but—"

"To the contrary, I am deeply touched. Ah!" she cried, with a slight, ironic nod—"many thanks!"

"You can't know how it hurts to hear your name everywhere coupled with Perley's—"

"Do you?" Nelly's eyes were momentarily roiled, but her smile was problematic. "Did you, indeed?"

"All New York knows what Perley is!"

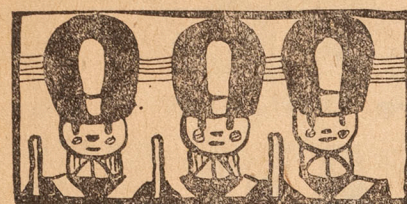
With a sharp movement of her whole body she shifted to a position which made it easier to deny his attempts to read her face. "At least," her lips with embittered precision framed, "admit it's my name I'm imperiling, Granny, not yours."

"God knows I only wish it were mine!"

"But what a notion!" A gust of silent laughter shook her.

"Keep the horse you're on. He's mine and I gives him to you."

"Thanks, once more. Any word for Harrison?"



HELPERS' MAIL BOX CONDUCTED BY AUNT ROSE

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS.—
At last we've heard from some of our "lost Helpers." Aren't you glad? I hope you are all going to enter the contest.

NEW MEMBERS.

Glady's Abbott (age 12), Isabel Abbott (age 9), 16 Vickie Avenue, Mt. Dennis, Ont., are both new Helpers. I am ever so glad to have you girls join, and hope you will like them. Helpers don't hardly know what to do with the few cents you each sent, as there is no entrance fee. If you wish a Helpers' badge, they cost ten cents, so I cannot either keep this money till you sent five cents each more for your badges, or I could put it in our Fund for the Incubable Children. Which would you rather?

Frank Molinaro, age 11, 19 Gore St., city—I can't send you a personal letter, Frank, but you may certainly write some comic stories if you care and if you make them up all yourself.

May Darwin, age 11, 2515 Danforth Ave., city, is a new member of Rose Gibson's.

Mildred Reade, 73 Clifton Road, Mary May, 81 Rose Park Drive, Alice, 92 Clifton Road, Josephine Allard, 92 Rose Park Drive, and Betty Cunningham, 101 Rose Park Drive, are five new members of Captain Grace Becker's.

Phyllis Scraggs, age 8, 20 Brant St., city, wishes to join under her sister, Lillian. We are very glad to have you, Phyllis.

Glady's Roberts, age 10, 76 Willard Ave., city—No, it isn't necessary to have anyone ask you to join. Gladly I am very glad you decided to join for yourself, and hope you will enjoy it. If you wish a badge, they cost ten cents.

Robert Gichert, age 7, 51 Huron Ave., city, is a new member of Jack Christie's.

Marion Leggett, age 10, Elgin St., Bowmanville, Ont., Greta Pollard, age 14, Box 209, Bowmanville, Ont.; Marjorie Legge, age 9, 100 Mary St., Oshawa, Ont.; Cyril Powell, age 10, 105 Mary St., Oshawa, Ont.; Lorenzo Powell, age 11, 105 Mary St., Oshawa, Ont.; Ruby Lyke, age 14, 63 Co-born St., Oshawa, Ont.; and Zeldner Davidson, age 10, 105 Mary St., Oshawa, Ont., are seven new members of Major Marion McDougall's.

Jack Cameron, age 13, Howie Ave., city, is a new Helper. If you wish a badge, Jack, they cost ten cents.

James White, 127 D'Arcy St., Edward and James Albert, 127 Spadina Ave., and Walter Gensh, 127 Spadina Ave., make eighteen new members for Willie Johnson.

Everlynn Toomey (age 10), Elm St.; Lila Godfrey (age 10), 61 Dundas St.; Elizabeth Pinkus (age 12), 61 Dundas St.; Goldie Pinkus (her sister), of same address, and Bessie Winfield, age 12, 61 Dundas St., are four new members of Major Margaret Percy's. Do you know, we have badges for all ranks now, Margaret, and they cost ten cents apiece.

Lambert Dunn, Box 103, Madawaska, Ont.; Muriel Dunn, Box 103, Madawaska, Ont.; Betty Dunn, Box 103, Madawaska, Ont.; Dimple Dunn, Box 103, Madawaska, Ont.; Lillian Regan, Madawaska, and Lucy Regan, Madawaska, are five new members of Greta Dunn's.

LETTERGRAMS.

Jack Christie, 60 Logan Avenue, city: I am glad to hear about your new club, Jack, but I am afraid I cannot very well put an announcement in the paper. You write out one for me. Thank you for the tidbits.

Rose Gibson, age 10, 2314 Danforth Avenue, city: Sorry May is too shy to write, but tell her she needn't be afraid. I am sure some of the girls between 8 and 12 will be delighted to write to you. Are you back in Toronto, for good?

May Johnson, 125 Bouthill Ave., city: I am glad to get your new address, and thank you for your nice story. I was sorry I couldn't use your book list, but I do not like "series"—please just mention one or two books you have liked, and tell why you liked them.

Captain Grace Becker, 102 Rose Park Drive, city: Congratulations, Captain Rose. Yes, it is ten cents for all badges now.

Major Marion McDougall, Pett's Pt., Scotch Island: I didn't did it remain at captain for long, Marion. It isn't necessary to do anything but sign the Helpers' Pledge and read the Page in order to be a captain. Even getting a badge is optional.

A. C. W., Toronto: Thank you very much for the contribution to the Fund and your thoughtful little deed. Margaret McCartney, age 13, Grimsby, Ont.: Thanks for your story, Margaret. I'm sure your stamp will be lovely, even with only nasturtiums in it. I sympathize with you having to wear silk, but I had to wear them, too, when I was a little girl. Have to yet, some times.

Ida Carolla, 95 Gore Vale Ave., city: Lieut.-Colonel comes after major, Ma, and is for 20. Page Marshall is 30 now. Thanks for your book list.

Captain Greta Dunn, Madawaska, Ont.: I am glad you liked your badge so well, Greta. I'm afraid you must have forgotten to put the ten cents in, as I could not find it.

HELPERS' LETTERS.

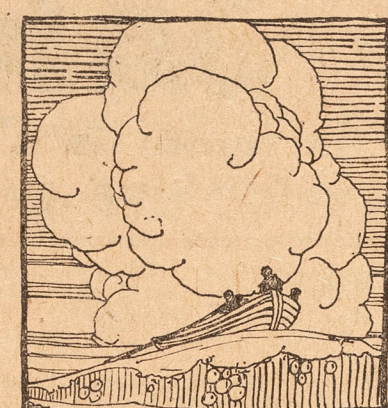
226 Ferris Street,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Dearest N. Aunt, What a story of your smelling salts, Aunt Rose. I'm sure you've fainted. Make certain you have someone to catch you. But it's really me, and I've come to—beg for forgiveness. Prodigious son, etc.

And notice change of address. You see, I'm away on my holidays, and come up here for Homecoming Week. A great time? You said it. I met Eleanor Hewitt at Blind River station, and Helpers all she's a dear. Actually, I'm completely in love with her. She handed me a box of candy as a "little gift," and took me completely by surprise. I think she's a darling. And I've called up Helen Mackenzie, but I haven't seen her yet. I intend to before I go home, though, you know. And you know I have a baby brother! I was so pleased, and he's just wonderful. We all think

OUR HELPERS' WINDOW BOX.

MY window box is now a riot of color for my climbing nasturtiums are covered with blossoms ranging in tones from deep red to golden yellow. I have to keep them picked carefully so they won't begin to go to seed and stop blooming. The dwarf nasturtiums have not begun to flower yet although I'm hoping it won't be long before they start. They are much nearer it than the four-o'clocks, which are not fully grown yet and probably won't begin to show signs of flowering for a couple of weeks. I've had to sprinkle the nasturtiums several times since I first told you about the little black bugs I found clustered on them. I wish the ants wouldn't use my nasturtiums for pasturing their cows. Have you found any on yours?



THE ADVENTURERS.

WE ARE the crew of the bedtime boat.

Billy and Jane and me.
Over the drowsy waves we float.
To drift on the sleepy sea.
And every night as sure as fate,
We launch our boat from the strand.

Where the dustman lingers at half-past eight,
To gather his golden sand.

The wind that stiffens our flowing sheet,
Blows over the counterpane.

Tender and loving, soft and sweet,
Ahoy! for the Slumber Main!
We set our course by our mother's Bliss,
By the breath of her lullabies.

And steer by the light in her eyes;
And are blown away to the Isle of Bliss,
By the breath of her lullabies.

he's the modern "King Tut." I guess he glides and laughs continuously, just like a baby should. He's three months old now.

I can't write forever, can I? And I'm selfish, taking up this room, am I not? Anyhow, Helpers, forgive me if I don't answer your letters immediately. I am having a gorgeous time.

Roberta Allan.
(The long-lost name!)

I should say it is! However, we're all glad to hear you're well and happy. Don't stay away so long again.

Dearest Aunt Rose: How is your window box coming along? Mine is doing fine but of course mine had a very unpleasant accident. It was knocked over and had to be replaced but is coming on fine now.

I am going to send a picture for I imagine and will send it in my next letter.

Will you try and get Joan's K. address for me, she asked me to send her some stamps. I have sent over 100 British Colony and Newfoundland stamps.

Our Submy Home Age 12
By Thora Miller

stamps and have not heard from her so I do not know whether she has received it or not.

If any of the Helpers belong to the Girl Guides I would love to correspond with them.

I think I will copy Dot James' plan about saving the coppers in a tin box. I am sure you will like it. I hope you will like it. It is not a very long one. I would be pleased if some of the Helpers would write to me I would like very much if Marion McDougall would write.

I wear my badge all the time and like it very much. I may be able to get some Helpers for the club. Say what are the new ranks? I am sending five cents for the fund as that is all the change I have. I have will close now, for this time wishing the club brilliant success.

Burlington, Ont.
Dear Aunt Rose—I moved to Burlington on June the eleventh and that is the reason I did not write for so long. I am sending in a story which I hope you will like it. It is not a very long one. I would be pleased if some of the Helpers would write to me I would like very much if Marion McDougall would write.

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'My Favorite Summer Sport'

Helpers' Contest.

WHAT is yours? Do you like to swim, or paddle, or play ball, or swing, or fish, or row, or walk, or go on picnics, or just lie in a hammock and read? Whatever it is, tell us about it and why you like it best and you will have a chance to win one of the three nice prizes we have planned.

Write your entry on one side of the paper only; do not make it longer than 300 words, and be sure to write your full name, age, and address quite plainly at the top of the first page. Send your entry to,

Helpers' Contest Editor,
"The Children's Page,"
Toronto Sunday World.

Don't wait, but write your story and send your entry in at once.

Ever so glad to hear from you again, Myrtle, and thanks for the "two bits" for the Fund. I am sure you will have a lovely time on your visit to Thessalon and the Soo.

Enclosed you will find a little "bit" for the kiddies. I have been reading a lot lately, and I'll send you a list of books for the "Corner" soon.

Your loving niece,
Myrtle Fry.

471 Ossington Ave., City.
Dearest Auntie—Kindly excuse me for not writing before, as I knew you had so little space for correspondents. I passed my final examinations at school, and will now be in the senior fourth grade. Yesterday I went across the lake, and had a lovely journey. I think "Tip and Tap" is very interesting, and think the writer, Thelma Nugent, is very clever. Auntie, do you think Incubable Children would like some Sunday School papers and paper dolls? Enclosed you will find a list of some of my favorite books, for the "Bookreaders' Corner."

Your loving niece,
Bertha Durham (age 13).

Thanks so much for your book list, Bertha. I think your idea for the Incubable Children is very nice, but I was speaking with the superintendent, and she says they have always a good supply of papers and paper dolls. I am glad you like "Tip and Tap."

Dear Aunt Rose—I have not written before because you had such little space for letters. Well, Auntie, am writing lots of stories in my holidays and am sending you one. I have a Window Box and everything is growing fine. Glad to hear you are all right after it fell over. Roberta hasn't written for a long time. Neither has Dorothy Woods. I hope she still wants to correspond and will write soon. I like the story of "Tip and Tap." It is very interesting. I think the new titles are lovely, Auntie. I am so very glad you are all going to have a good time on your holiday. I have increased this week. My aunts and cousins have gone away for a holiday. I have to feed the bird and water the flowers, which I enjoy doing. Are you going anywhere for your holidays? If you do I hope you have a good time. Good-bye Aunt.

Your niece,
Irene, (age 11).

Thank you for your story, Irene. Yes, I am going out to Vancouver with the Women's Press Club in September, and I'm hoping to have a wonderful holiday.

203 Western Ave., Toronto.
Dear Auntie—I just finished reading the "Blue Bird" and I think it is a lovely story, don't you? I guess most of the Helpers are going away for their holidays soon. I am going to either Unionville or Pittsburg for two or three weeks. "Oh boy!" won't I be glad. I would like very much if some of the Helpers would write to me. I would like around 12 to 14 would write to me.

Rose Miller (Age 13).

Thanks for your book list, Rose.

HELPERS' FUND.
We added 45 cents to our Fund for the Incubable Children this week.

AUNT ROSE.



He felt he was king indeed.

Tip and Tap

By THELMA NUGENT.

CHAPTER 7.

THE WISE WOMAN'S PLAN TO FIND A WORTHY MATE FOR HER GODCHILD.

"I WOULD have you know," began the young queen, whose name was Violet, "that my father was a great and powerful king. I was his only child. Because of the great love he bore to my mother, he would not take to himself another wife. Instead, he had me trained in the ways of statecraft and all that appertains to kingship."

"Now, when he saw that I was nearing womanhood, he called a cabinet meeting to choose for me a fitting partner. Each of his ministers had a different proposal. My father cared for none of their plans. Still less did I care for them, for every man of that cabinet party had a scheme on foot to get me married to some one belonging to himself."

"After days of wrangling the cabinet resigned. A new ministry was formed, but their proposals were even more selfish than those of the first."

"Queen Violet looked straight into his merry eyes.

"Do you know," she said, "you'll make a splendid king. I'm right proud of you. Don't blush. I'm going to kiss you in the full view of your future subjects." She rose and led him to the balcony's edge, and there to the delight of her adoring subjects, kissed her future lord and master.

Suddenly a great hush fell upon the assembled multitude.

"She's coming, she's coming," was faintly whispered through the crowd.

"What's going to happen next?" wondered Tap.

Everybody was straining their eyes upon some distant object. Tap gazed in the same direction. "Why goodness!" he whispered to his bride-to-be, "it's the silent, rim-eyed woman of the hut, the Wise Woman, or whatever you call her."

"Why so it is," she exclaimed, joyfully, "Welcome Godmother."

(To be concluded.)

NESTLINGS

IT WAS nice of Mrs. Robin To build her nest so low. And put her babies into it So I could watch them grow.

If she had built it in a tree Or somewhere really high, I never would have seen them (before) Before they learned to fly.

They make a 'stordinary noise When I come out to call. I'm not allowed to speak like that To visitors at all!

They open their mouths at once, And give such squawks and squirms Until they almost make me feel, As if I were a worm.

—Selected.

world for my husband, and my people have the bravest-hearted man for their king."

"After so much flattery I shall have to give you a kiss," said Tap, and quite regardless of the watchful multitude who take notice of the most trifling actions of their kings and queens, he kissed his bride-to-be full on her rosy lips.

Lor, how the people cheered! "The king has kissed his queen!" they shouted to one another.

"Dish it," exclaimed Tap, his face aglow with blushes. "I forgot I was a king. I'm just a lad and you're my lass. Queen or beggar-maid, you are MY QUEEN."

"Of course I'm your queen, and you're my king, as the Wise Woman told me long ago."

"Tell me what she said, and how it's me," implored Tap.

"It was a rhyme that ran thus—'Choose him who gives his last coin away: Swift of foot, brave and gay, Who ne'er from danger runs away: Lead him to the hut on the moor, If he knocks once, then open the door. He's your king if he rests in the magic bed'

And walks with his guards wherever he's led."

"Hundreds of men sought the house on the moor. Scores never found it. Of those who found it, many dared not enter, dared not sleep in the magic bed. Of the few who managed to sleep through the night, none save you dared to face the consequences of their rash act, and they fled when the royal officers arrived with the State Coach. You alone, my king, saw me as a poor and distressed damsel and had sufficient courage to brave the unknown penalties."

Queen Violet looked straight into his merry eyes.

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(To be concluded.)

A PURPLE BEACH.

The Beach of Snails Island in the Gulf of Mexico changes its color twice daily, and for this reason is of great interest to travellers. The sands are really of a golden color, but when the tide is receding it has a pronounced purple tinge. This is due to the myriads of tiny snails crawling in the wake of the ebbing tide. The presence of these snails gives the island its name.

Name
Address
Age Date



The Lady Who Doesn't Come In

THE door from the passage will swing open wide, And nobody's touching it—no one outside:

At least there is no one that people can see, But mother and me.

It's only the lady who doesn't come in— We tend that she's old, and she's little and thin— And nobody asks her to come in to tea.

But mother and me. —Selected.

"AIRPOST STAMPS."

By SIDNEY WELLINGTON.

WHEN the Great War closed a large supply of military equipment was left idle on the hands of many of the allied nations, as well as those who had been neutral. Mostly all the German and Austrian equipment was surrendered or destroyed, but even that which they were allowed to retain, they found very little use for. Learning from experience that war was a very unprofitable business, the governments of many European nations turned to find a more peaceful and useful means for using their supplies. The tanks were transferred to the farms, the guns were broken up or kept as relics, the aeroplanes were refitted and used for passenger service. After a while it was found necessary to speed up the postal services, so instantly the refitted aeroplanes were put under the control of the Minister of Postal Affairs in many countries.

Generally one important city is used as the base for the aeroplanes, which are stationed as near as possible to the central post-office. The air routes run in many directions, with a landing field at some certain town, miles away, as the terminal point. Then, when the plane starts, is given a number of bags of mail, which he fits in a device under the machine. This device is called like the bomb-bay, and is used on the bombing planes. When he is passing over the town that he has letters for he releases a lever, and the bags of mail are sent down to the air to the earth below, where the post-master or his agent is waiting.

The first country to utilize its surplus aeroplanes for postal service was the United States of America. At first the letters were carried with the ordinary postage stamps, but a few weeks later a new stamp was issued bearing the picture of an aeroplane in flight (1918). These were of 6, 16 and 24-cent values, and were very popular.

These were of 6, 16 and 24-cent values, and were very popular. The next aeroplanes issued appeared later in 1922, and these were very disappointing in the way of design. There are nine stamps in the set, ranging from 25 pennies to 5 marks. They bear the picture of a bird as though dropping downwards like a dart, and the values are printed in the top corners and "Deutsche Flugpost" beneath.

Danzig, the Prussian sea port on the Baltic, issued airmail stamps in 1920-21 and 22. The early issues contained an aeroplane printed in red on the old Germania stamps, with new values. The 1921 series were of special design, and bear the picture of an aeroplane rising into the air, with the steeple and turrets of the Danzig Cathedral as a background. These stamps have only been purchased at the Danzig post-office.

The Belgian Congo, in Africa, famous for the Congo River, where many expeditions of adventure and discovery have been made, issued in 1920 a set of airmail stamps. They run from 50 centimes to 5 francs. It is somewhat peculiar that a country in the heart of Africa should indulge in airmail delivery.

1922 was a record year for airmail stamps. Austria contributed 5, Czechoslovakia 3, Lithuania 13 and Memel 20. The Lithuanian issue appears to be the best for the year, and the Danzig the second.

So far no airmail stamps have been issued in its infancy, we can expect before very long, to hear of another new issue being released. I think, myself, it is Canada's turn now.

The 4 Aukus Airmail stamp of Lithuania (1922).

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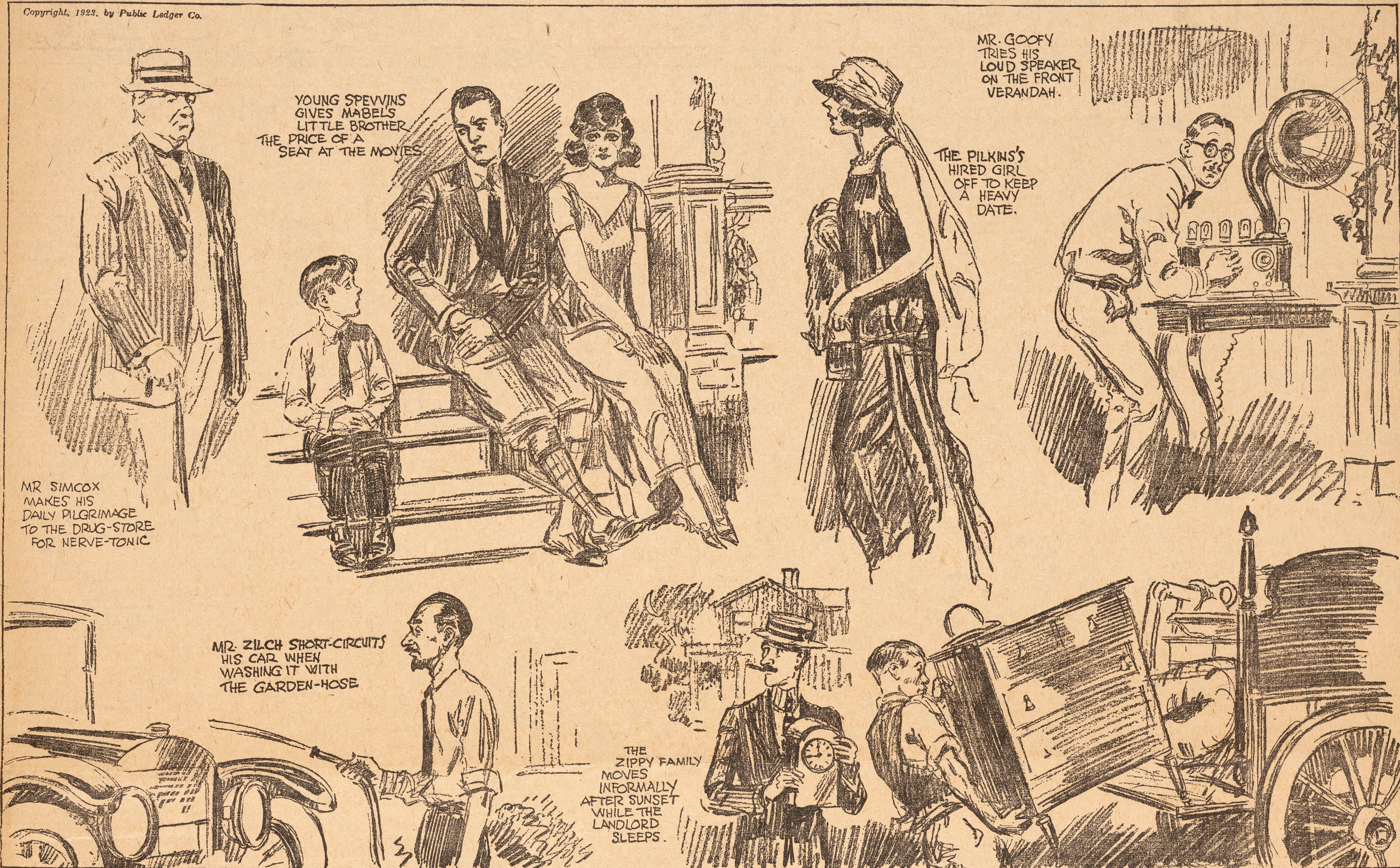
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FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Hanlon

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SEEN FROM YOUR FRONT PORCH

THE POTTERS

PROLOGUE.

Every day the sea looked different to the Potters, but on board the good ship Erratic every day was the same . . . breakfast at 9, beef tea at 11, lunch at 1, tea at 4, dinner at 7, sandwiches at 10 p.m., and in the meantime and in between time, as the song has it, they loafed on deck and invited their gastric juices, or sat in a salon that heaved and rolled beneath them listening to American jazz in a foreign accent . . . the most exciting moment of the day came when the mileage for the preceding day was announced . . . this excitement mounted steadily until the memorable evening when word went round that to-morrow morning the first land would be sighted—the Scilly Islands . . . Columbus was not gladder to see land than the Potters . . . Land's End . . . Plymouth, where a score or two of passengers and their luggage were unloaded into a tender, to be taken ashore, with a nonchalance and an air of unstudied ease and leisure that seems criminal to the nervous, up-and-at-'em American Potter (who lives twice as fast and gets half as much fun out of life).

Another day of leisurely sailing in what the steward explains to Pa as "undeepest" water, another night, and in the morning, bright and clear, the Potters get their first sight of France . . . everybody happy—except Mamie, who must leave the gallant First Officer, who is going to write to her regularly—he says so himself—and the baby, who will feel bereft, with no extra tires to play with . . . his own interpretation of life-preservers.

SCENE I.

All passengers disembarking at Boulogne-sur-Mer will leave the ship in half an hour . . . the tender is waiting, and a hectic conference is going on in the Potter cabin.

PA (reading list for tenth time):

Table steward, \$10; assistant, \$5; room steward, \$10—gosh, Ma, it seems a shame to give all this money away.

MA (decidedly): I wouldn't do it! We paid our fare. Why should we give all these tips?

PA (earnestly): We got to; it's the custom. You got to do everything that's the custom in Europe . . . you're not in the good old U.S.A. any more.

(Of course, there are no customs in the good old U.S.A.)

MA (toting figures with an ease born of long experience with grocery bills):

Why, Pa, it's over \$80!—that would buy me a dress. Can't you trim it somewhere?

PA (who has been trimming it since daylight):

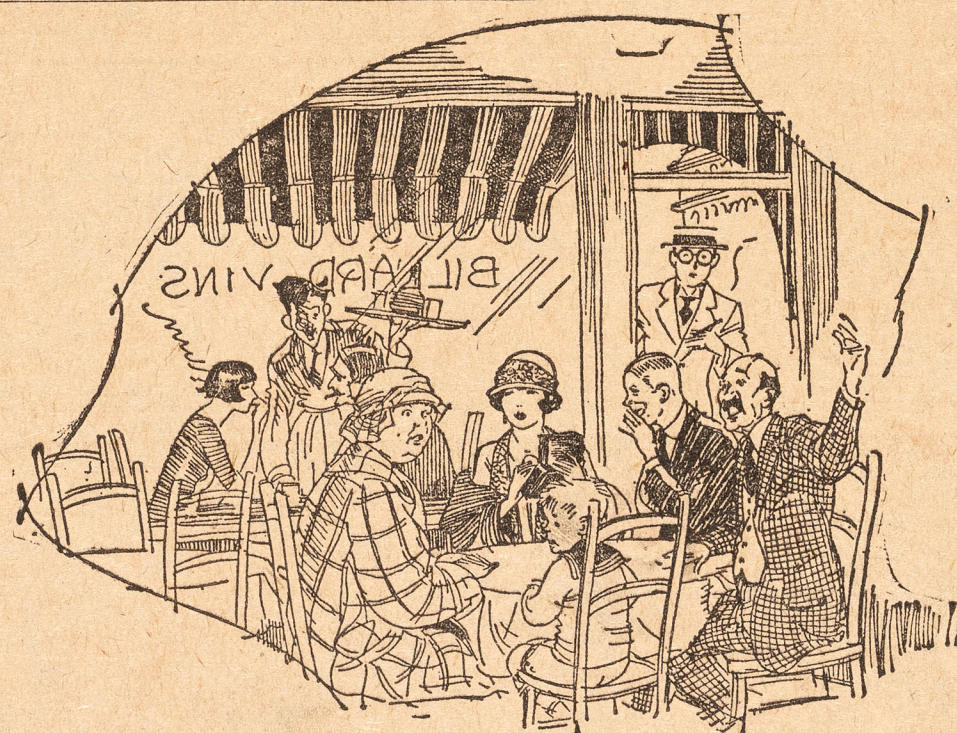
Gosh, I don't know how we can. We might skin the table assistant down to \$3. We can put it into an envelope and slip it to him and hurry out before he can look at it. (Bright idea.) We don't have to come back on this boat, anyway.

MA (she never thought of that): In that case, we don't have to tip any of them, do we?

STEWARD (at the door): The officials have come aboard to vize your passports for France—up in the salon.

PA (with a sigh of relief): You fix it up, Ma, and I'll get Mamie's passport and mine vized; but you got to tip 'em, remember that. You got to do what everybody else does. This ain't the U.S.A. any more.

(Surely the one thing that distinguishes Americans is that they are each and every one of them stalwart individualists; the similarity of dwellings, clothes, meals, conversations, and ideas is, of course, a mere accident . . . incidentally, the hopeful, and at this late hour tre-



"Hey, there!"

mendously industrious, employees of the good ship Erratic are \$40 shy of Pa's well-meaning benevolence . . . they can thank Ma's eagle eye and ingrown economy for that—if "thank" is the word.)

SCENE II.

Except for the perspective, Boulogne-sur-Mer (Boulogne by the Sea) could very well be painted on a back-drop for the effect it makes as you come into the harbor through a narrow channel, through an incredible jam and jumble of moored fishing smacks with mahogany colored sails, coal barges, and schooners . . . the tender touches land and is instantly inundated by a swarm of porters, in blue jackets with big leather belts, as numerous and voracious as the grasshoppers Moses wished on to Pharaoh . . . the Potters stand in a bewildered little group beside their pile of hand baggage, over which the porters climb and jump with light hearts but heavy feet . . . ah, the gay French, so joyous, so irresponsible . . . where are those neat rows of orderly Redcaps, Nowhere!

BABBLE:

Porteur, porteur, porteur.

PA (to Ma):

I guess we better get one or two to carry our baggage. It looks like they'll take it, anyway.

MAMIE (in perfect high school French . . . she will rescue the Potters . . .

they will not be strangers in a strange land):

Porteur, vooly voo uh—uh—vooley voo porty la baggage?

PORTER: Comment?

MAMIE:

Can't the poor dub understand his own language? (To porter.) Porty, baggage, there . . . la.

PORTER:

Oui, oui . . . oui, oui. (Strings four or five bags on a strap and swings them over shoulder.)

MAMIE (triumphantly to Pa):

There! See?

BILL:

He doesn't know yet what you said. It's lucky you thought of pointing at the baggage. (Mimicking.) Vooly voo, vooly voo. God help us!

(The Potters troop after the porter, who leads them into a large room down the length of which extends a long table . . . the hand baggage is dumped there for customs inspection, which is brief but to the point . . . everything is taxable, it seems, except one's debts and old clothes . . . Pa's hundred cigars set him back 132 francs . . . he bleeds externally and internally, but he pays . . . he bought them wholesale to save money . . . Poor Pa.

By J. P. McEVOY

. . . The trunks are going straight through to Paris, where a reception committee of numerous French government officials is waiting at the Gare du Nord with characteristic French politeness . . . and now they may board their special train to Paris, three hours and a half away . . . the Potters discover that one can ride first or second class, the difference being that the second class pays half as much and arrives first . . . being nearer the engine, which, incidentally, looks like Mr. Baldwin Locomotive's youngest child . . . into their private compartment with the Potters, through the window, comes the baggage . . . Squeak, squeak (that's the engine whistle . . . it seems terribly embarrassed and frightened, poor little thing) and the Potters are off on the last lap to Paris.)

SCENE III.

One can forgive the Potters their rapturous oh's and ah's as they ride through the quaint, brightly colored little villages of Picardy, each nestling around the tall spire of a church, that was old before Columbus sought the aid of Ferdinand and Isabella . . . the fields are neat squares of various greens marked off by tall rows of poplars, each village a little different from the next, each house different from its neighbor . . . what a hopeless waste of time and energy, thinks Pa. Just think, they could have been standardized and built in half the time . . . like the Dutch colonial in almost any suburb, which the Dutch never saw and the colonials wouldn't recognize . . . first stop Amiens, where Pa and Bill get off for a moment and look all over the station for signs of German bombardment . . . the only signs they see, alas, are those they can't read . . . more villages, more fields . . . the villages close enough for street car stops . . . the fields hardly larger than good-sized gardens . . . villages, fields, small towns . . . Chantilly . . . Paris—and the Gare du Nord (the Station of the North).

PA (loaded down with baggage, followed by Ma, loaded down with baggage; followed by Bill, loaded down with baggage; followed by Mamie, loaded down with baggage):

Let's go to a restaurant and get lunch. (They come out of the station and run smack into Paris . . . traffic going every way, which, with happy traffic police waving ineffectual batons and nodding approvingly . . . rows of cafes with most of the tables on the sidewalk, and Paris—and yet American policemen rather like being called bulls.)

MAMIE (to the waiter, now that the Potters are finally seated at a table beside.

. . . Ma wouldn't think of eating on the sidewalk . . . it seems almost indecent):

Garkon, garkon! (Waiter pays no attention—why should he?)

PA (to Mamie):

Let me try it. (To waiter.) HEY THERE! (Ah, the waiter pays attention—it's an American . . . beau-coup pourboire.)

MAMIE (after studying menu intently and recognizing only soup and dessert): Dunny m'wah la—la—

BILL:

What are you doing—singing? Why don't you point out what you want, like you did the baggage?

(Meanwhile waiter and proprietor are having a pour-parler that is costing the Potters plenty . . . wine appears on the table magically . . . hors d'oeuvres come in numerous courses . . . the Potters recognize the celery, sardines, and salami, but that lets them out . . . Ma is terrified by the crevettes . . . pale little reptiles that look like a cross between a crawfish and a large pneumonia germ . . . the little clams, served alive and unhappy, open their scalloped shells and thrust out their tongues at the Potters in inept defiance . . . how should Mamie know that those were coquillages, and how, when she ordered ecrevisses, could she dream that they would bring her a few handfuls of bright red, vest pocket size lobsters? . . . well, Pa may starve, but he won't die of thirst . . . already he has learned that vang rooge is red wine and vang blong is white, which, incidentally, is about all we have learned from the war.)

Everything comes to an end eventually, even the first meal in a foreign country, and now the Potters are ready to see Paris, and Pa is wondering even now if he can do a little seeing on his own hook . . . perhaps, who knows?)

(And that's that—until next Sunday.)



"Can't the poor dub understand his own language?"



"Why, Pa, it's over \$80—that would buy me a dress."

THE EDITORIAL PAGE

The Toronto Sunday World

FLIES

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All manuscript, drawings and photographs submitted to the editor must be accompanied by return postage. The name and address of the sender should be written plainly in the upper right-hand corner of the first page of the manuscript, and on the back of each photograph and drawing. Manuscript will be considered when written on one side of the paper only. Sufficient room should be left between lines to permit editing.

When the Turk is Human

TURKEY is young at the democratic game, but evidently she is learning fast. From Anatolia, where a general election has been in progress, comes this pledge from the platform of the party led by Mustapha Kemal: "The problem of the officials without jobs will be solved and all the affairs of the people will be expedited."

Kemal gives promise of developing into a fairly shrewd politician, at this rate. Apparently the Turk can be human as well as inhuman.

When Greek Meets Greek

A DUEL between two politicians is reported from Poland. Angry words led to challenge and acceptance, and the party repaired to a lonely spot for the fight.

Just what the two desperate combatants fought with is not made clear, but since the only man injured was one of the seconds, who fell over a rock, it is quite possible that they made speeches at each other.

Passing of the Balloon

While the airplane has made the balloon practically obsolete as a weapon of war or a vehicle in peace, the balloon race still holds its following as a spectacle. The balloon was here first and, in the form of simple toys, it has a universal sway.

In time, the airplane may become popular in Toyland and the balloon will lose its present hold upon the imagination. It is neither ornamental nor useful.

A Story Still Untold

Another war secret has been disclosed by a British admiral. It throws another ray of light on the methods used in dealing with German submarines.

The war was fought in a great silence and the world has yet a lot to learn as to what actually happened.

The world must wait a while yet before books can be written presenting an adequate summing up of the tremendous event.

What Next?

Those who thought the limit was reached when a Toronto man seriously proposed that men should wear corsets will have to rub their eyes again. The suggestion comes from New York that men should take up hair-dressing.

Traditional conservatism of men with regard to dress may well be due to the extreme radicalism of the suggestions made for reform. Corsets and hair-dressing may be the limit, but one never can tell; the perfume devotees have still to be heard from.

Sitting on the Lid

Complaint is made by a learned observer that there are not enough cranks in Canada. Writing in The Atlantic Monthly, this college professor attributes what he diagnoses as a colorless situation in this Dominion to a lack of cranks.

It is to be noted that no complaint about a lack of cranks ever is made by people who live in Canada. The truth appears to be that there are lots of cranks in the country, but the common sense of the majority of Canadians keeps the cranks where they belong.

Why Worry?

Every little while, some more or less prominent speaker gets up to deplore the commercialism of our times. He urges people to think less of making money and to turn their minds to higher things.

Commercialism has always been deplored. Some people believe that a prejudice against commercialism has even turned the ordinary school into an impracticable institution, failing to prepare the young for the duty of getting something to eat. To deplore commercialism is a safe and easy way to win applause, even at a business men's convention. People like to hear beautiful thoughts, even when they know such thoughts are idle.

So long as high taxes require the people to make money, there will be commercialism. Worry over commercialism might well give way to consideration of how to reduce high taxes.



If Mother Ceases to Fight the Fly--Civilization Is in Danger.

THIS is a truthful picture. It may exaggerate the number of flies surrounding a woman and her baby. It does not overestimate the horrors of the situation which grips many people at this season of the year.

In well-screened homes the fastidious ones may not fear the common house fly. The diseases that it brings are not at hand, because the fly itself is rigidly excluded. But there are homes in this city which still have the house fly and its grim attendants.

There is little sympathy with those who do not do their utmost to correct the conditions which breed the fly, but there should be abundant sympathy for those who are actually unable to resist this invasion.

"Some people have got to the stage of exhaustion where they no longer resent swarms of flies," said the artist, Mr. Skuce, in a brief comment on his strong conception of what the house fly means to humanity. "When a mother ceases to care whether flies rest on her baby's face, then civilization is in danger, whether we stop to think of it or not. I want people to stop and think it over."

The mother who is too ignorant to realize the peril of the house fly needs to be instructed and to be protected against herself. The highest and most impartial and dispassionate authorities bring a grave indictment against *Musca Domestica* or common house fly. The Encyclopedia Britannica says in part:

"Its distribution is of the widest and the rapidity of its breeding, in manure and door-yard filth, is so great that as a carrier of germs of disease, it is now recognized as a potent source of danger."

WHAT OF THE MOTHER?

But what of the mother who fails to prevent the breeding and entrance of flies? Shall she be left to pay the penalty of her own folly, to follow the white hearse through the streets from her alley to the cemetery? In the picture she stands horror-struck yet numbed. Why does she not act? Her babe is being assailed. Behind her are other mothers and their little ones quite enveloped in the cloud of destroyers that herald the advent of disease and death. Why is she standing still?

For many years the City of Toronto has been practising with increasing rigor the precautions against the breeding of flies. In general terms the Britannica advocates all measures of general hygiene and the isolation, prompt removal or sterilization of the animal or human excrement in which these flies breed. Our sewerage disposal facilities from the homes and haunts of men are perfected. Garbage is covered and promptly removed. All is swiftly and completely treated, except in the few cases where rat-harboring, fly-breeding "dumps" are permitted.

Compulsion is applied, and yet the flies remain, greatly reduced in numbers, hated and attacked in most homes and areas instead of admired as "pretty and intricate wonders of nature." And yet there are babies that will die in Toronto this summer because of flies.

The reason goes deep into life. There are women in the poorer districts too beaten down in spirit to fight the fly. Glib and clever exhortations to "Swat the fly" are all right in their place. Inspections and court summonses have their place, particularly if people consider filth holy and flies sacred.

ASSAILED BY MANY FLIES.

But what are you going to do about the woman who feels death closing in on her baby's throat and yet is powerless to help herself? She looks from the gaunt windows of her flat overlooking the narrow so-called "Avenue" and wonders how long must this existence last. She steps into the smelly space between the rows of heat-baked walls and tries to give the little one a fresher air to breathe.

She knows that flies are not good for the child, but she has one or two things to do beside brushing them off its face. She has seen other little ones sickened and die in the smelly heat as well as in the cold. Her whole life is lived in dread of unemployment, drunkenness, higher rents, desertion, disease and death. To her the fly is a monster as in the picture.

"Swat the fly," says the catchword. There are too many flies bothering her—low wages for an unskilled husband are something of a fly, instructions from all sorts of functionaries are as the buzzing of a blue-bottle in her dulled ears. Who will brush the flies away for her, if not prevent their being bred to trouble her?

LOOK THE FACTS IN THE FACE.

The Civic Department of Health and countless agencies of social relief recognize the need of a clean and gentle human touch in helping these people who cannot protect themselves. This demand for a more human approach to the poorer people is not meant to disparage their efforts or their aims. But the great mass of citizens who can shout flippantly, "There aren't any flies on us?"—are they standing between the mothers and the foes of childhood?

Of course, you say, there are no slums in Toronto. If flies don't make slums what does? And are there no swarms of flies around some of the side streets past which you travel in street car or automobile every day?

There are persons who insist that the street cars on certain lines passing through the poorer districts carry an odor of their own and yet these lying snobs tell their consciences that there are no slums in Toronto. But for some peculiar reason or other the babies die faster in certain areas. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

If this picture does no more than make you shudder it has failed. But if you stop to think over your own duty toward the people who cannot resist this invasion, then you may be the better citizen for having looked the facts squarely in the face.

CATNIP AND DOGGEREL

CONDUCTED BY RUB.

WHY?

Bondsley is known to be rolling in wealth.

Lander owns houses galore. Pill's a rich doctor, down on his health.

Coyne doesn't need any more. All of the comforts money can get

Are their's, whatever may come. Nevertheless, they constantly fret. Being distant, grouchy and glum

Most of the neighbors are quite well-to-do.

Excepting old Smiley whose luck

Has never been any too good to be true;

He knows what it is to be stuck. But any old time, strange though it appear,

Whenever old Smiley we meet. He always hands out a line of good cheer;

The jolliest soul on our street.

ANKLE STUDY CLUB.

The dreaded return of the longer skirt, although not yet so pronounced as to be viewed with alarm, is nevertheless engaging the attention of the Ankle Study Club.

President Will Seattall introduced the subject at the last meeting and ventured the practical suggestion that the studies would be facilitated to an appreciable extent if the manipulators of the garden hose on front lawns in residential districts could be induced to co-operate by sprinkling the sidewalks as well as the grass.

This would result in skirts being raised while passing over the damp places and enhanced opportunity for observation would thus be afforded to those members who are remaining in town for the summer.

Secretary O. Lookatit moved that the suggestion be brought to the attention of the lawn waterers, and that a committee composed of C. A. Peach, A. Gazer and I. Squint be appointed to arrange and carry out the details. This was carried.

That New York newspaperman who left an estate of a million dollars after forty years of publishing a paper must have had an enormous amount of money when he started in the business.

Means many a strong-arm mother-in-law
Forty years hence.

Letters to the Editor

A MEMORABLE TRIP.

Dear Editor,—I am just writing you a few lines to thank you for the lovely time I had on Tuesday on the beautiful trip to the Niagara Falls. The boat trip was lovely and I don't think I ever enjoyed myself better.

DOROTHEA KIRBY
537 Dupont Street.

HAD NEVER SEEN FALLS.

Dear Editor,—I wish to express my thanks to you for the very enjoyable trip we had on Tuesday, July 10. It was the first time I had ever visited the Falls and it was indeed an educational trip and I learned much from it. It was a source of great pleasure to me all through the day, everything was done for our comfort and the kindness of those who had charge of us made the day a perfect one. Again thanking you for it all.

VERA LISLE
236 Woodfield Road.

A NOISE PROTEST.

To the Editor, Sunday World:

I am one of those who view with satisfaction the rapid increase in motor vehicles, although I share with everyone else the feeling that drastic laws are needed to protect pedestrians. But there is another disagreeable feature.

At all hours of the night young men on motorcycles pass my house and they appear to take delight in making the exhaust explode like a rattle of musketry. Is this necessary? The noise they make is simply unbearable.

I am not a motor expert, but automobiles do not make this horrible row and surely something can be done to protect our ears from motorcycle riders who desire to call attention to themselves.

FED UP.

TO SAVE HIS HEAD.

To the Editor, Sunday World:

I presume there is a by-law respecting the height of street awnings from the sidewalk in Toronto. Do you think it could be observed more closely?

I am a tall man, just over six feet, and cannot expect much sympathy, but my hat has been knocked off so often that I am in fear for my head. My head may go next.

Let me put in a shy word for the tall men, who pay taxes as well as their shorter brethren. Most of us acquire a stoop in the shoulders and no wonder.

SKY-SCRAPER.

THE MILL RUN

NAMES, FOREIGN AND ANTIQUE.

It has occurred to us that one reason why we do not, as a rule, like foreign novels is that we cannot satisfactorily pronounce foreign names; and unless we can pronounce a name, not correctly perhaps but in a way that sounds convincing and familiar to ourself, the owner of the name remains a stranger. We have little doubt that Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" was greatly helped to its popularity among English-speaking readers, because the names were almost all of them simple enough to be translated without embarrassment to the reader. They had an air of familiarity. He had no trouble in visualizing the owners, and therefore he understood them. We remain aloof from the masterpieces of the blood-spitting, consumptive Russian and Scandinavian novelists because their characters bear names that are as unfamiliar as the Latin descriptions of household insects. Who could love a hero called Czexchyrnyff? Who could sympathize with the sad betrayal of a Mme. Vrllyxiesth? It is a long time since we have read Tolstoi, but we believe that Anna Karenina owed much of her popularity to the fact that she seemed to bear a human name, not easily mispronounced, and, if we are not mistaken, her lover had some such obvious name as Volsky.

Take the few foreign novels that have become classics in our own tongue, and reflection will suggest that they owe much to their names. "Don Quixote" is an example. It is true that we do not pronounce the name as the Spaniards do. He is not Kev-hoat-ee to us, but he is the equally satisfactory Kwixot. "Gil Blas" gives no more trouble, even if we do not think of him as Geol Blaw. Gliblass seems reasonable enough. In the "Three Musketeers" few of the names give us any pause, except that of the great hero D'Aragnan, and even that can be readily Anglicized, while Porthos, Athos, Aramis and Miladi we can do, as they say, on our head. Goethe remains a sealed book to most of us, because of his name, which few are courageous enough to mention, and the same goes with regard to Nietzsche, whose views on life appear as foreign as his moniker. We believe that translators might well translate these names as well as the other words. There ought to be an English equivalent to Goethe just as there is a French equivalent to London. We assert flatly that an unpronounceable name to a reader is

the same of a character that it is impossible to understand.

Another fault we have to find with authors who are now fortunately far beyond our blame or approval is that there was a time—about two generations ago or more—when military novels were popular, and when the writers scrupled to give a regiment a name. We read a book devoted to the affairs of a certain regiment and the name of the regiment was the "shire" of our own times, and we never could visualize the "shire," not even when some daring innovator called it the Blankshire. Inventiveness was not lacking in the writers of this period, and it would seem that they might have called the regiment the Hartshire, for example, or the Hundred and Forty-Third, there being no existing regiments of these names to be offended or flattered. To come across such exasperating artificialities is like reading the old jokes in Punch before that great paper had earned its name, which dealt with the witty remark that the Bishop of X made when the Duchess of W—asked him if he slept with his beard inside or outside of the bed covers.

We are frightfully contemporary we fear, being strongly prejudiced in favor of our own times, and another difficulty we find in reading the novels of an earlier age is to fall in love with heroines' names, Maria, Harriet, Emily and Sophia. The very names have a sort of antiqueness as though they should belong to aunts or grand aunts. No doubt they were good gals in their time, but they seem to us to belong to the days of anti-macassars and "Lea." she said, bridling. Names like Marv, Martha and Elizabeth are older, but they never lose their charm. One can imagine slipping his arm around Elizabeth, but not around Eliza.

You have a notion that you would leave such plays to your grandfather who hadn't seen as much of the world, and when, maybe, there wasn't much to see.

Let us not be understood to advocate such names as Daphne and Ruby and Birdie. They, too, belong to a period, and in another generation none of them will survive. Dorothy had a tremendous play some years ago, and if we hear that a girl is named Dorothy we can almost guess her age, which is usually ample. She is as old as Kathleen and Marie, Mae, Jane and Anne and Edith and Marion persist with Mary and Helen, fit names for those who would be brides of heroes, as Johnson said brandy was fit to be their drink. We have a notion that nobody who is much good can go far back in his pedigree without finding a Mary and a John. —J. V. M.