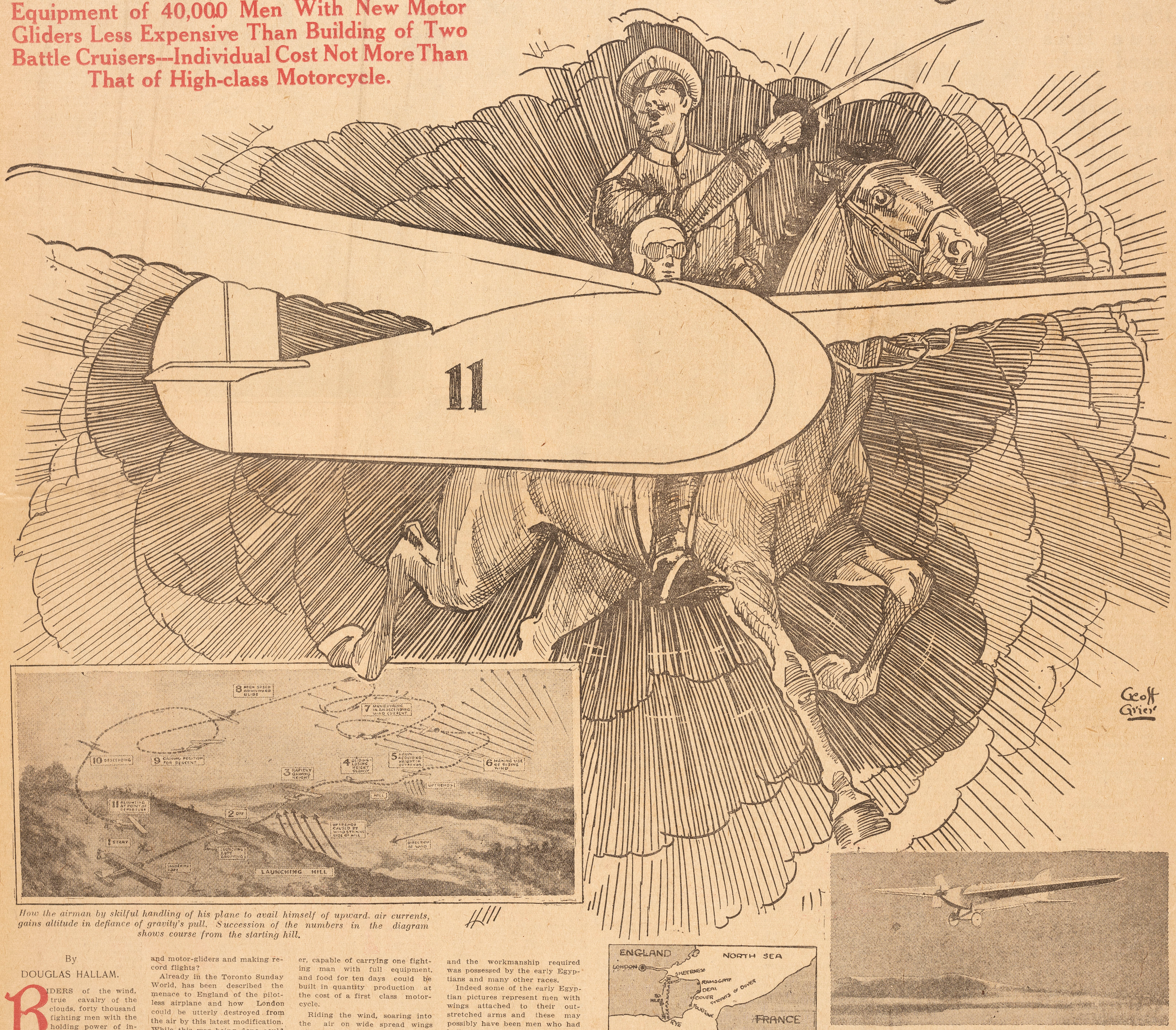
MAGAZINE SECTION

The Toronto Sunday World

33RD YEAR—ISSUE NO. 14,885. TORONTO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1923. 10 CENTS PER COPY—

Could Air Cavalry Invade England?

Equipment of 40,000 Men With New Motor Gliders Less Expensive Than Building of Two Battle Cruisers---Individual Cost Not More Than That of High-class Motorcycle.



How the airman by skilful handling of his plane to avail himself of upward air currents, gains altitude in defiance of gravity's pull. Succession of the numbers in the diagram shows course from the starting hill.

By DOUGLAS HALLAM.

RIDERS of the wind, true cavalry of the clouds, forty thousand fighting men with the holding power of infantry and with a greater mobility than any cavalry, could be thrown into England by an active enemy which could control the coast of France, and such a project is to-day well within the technical, financial and organizing power of any nation, because such a force could be equipped at what it would cost to build two first class battle cruisers.

Is this the secret behind the great activity in Germany, France and England in building gliders and motor-gliders and making record flights?

Already in the Toronto Sunday World, has been described the menace to England of the pilotless airplane and how London could be utterly destroyed from the air by this latest modification. While this was being done could a force of forty thousand men landing like a flock of locusts in the triangle of land between Sheerness and Rye, and which would include Ramsgate, Deal, Dover, Folkstone and Dungeness, and the military storehouse at Ashford, hold this area as a jumping off point for a serious invasion of England!

The landing of the forty thousand men is made possible by the perfecting of the "glider", and the quick following after of the "engined glider". An engine glider, capable of carrying one fighting man with full equipment, and food for ten days could be built in quantity production at the cost of a first class motorcycle.

Riding the wind, soaring into the air on wide spread wings without the aid of mechanical power, has from time immemorial captivated the imagination of man as the legends of Dardalus, Icarius, Simon the Magician, (who was crashed in flight by a well aimed prayer by St. Peter), and many others show. It is now being done and could have been done at any time in the past by any reasonably civilized people, had the ways and methods been understood. The material in fabricating and building a glider, as these engineless machines are called, is simple and easily obtained, and the workmanship required was possessed by the early Egyptians and many other races.

Indeed some of the early Egyptian pictures represent men with wings attached to their outstretched arms and these may possibly have been men who had built gliders in imitation of the wings of the birds.

Gliding flight unlike airplane flight depends on wind currents and it is only yet in its infancy.

Records of attempts at gliding flight are frequent, but broken bones or death seem to be invariably the portion of these bold men. In the eleventh century an English Benedictine Monk, Elmerus of Malmesbury, glided in his machine from the top of a tall tower. At first "he soared upwards like a bird" but his glider collapsed and he fell, breaking both his legs, and from that time on ceased to take any interest in gliding experiments. Then there was a Saracen in Constantinople in the twelfth century who glidded from a tower but when near the ground lost his balance and fell, breaking his bones. This fate was also met by Dante, a celebrated Italian mathematician of the fourteenth century, who made one successful flight, but in trying to repeat it an iron fitting broke and he crashed.

Leonardo da Vinci, that versatile Italian, famed in art, mathematics and physical science, in the fifteenth century first set on paper some rational notions of human flight and his sketches and notes show that he thoroughly understood how to construct a glider and the principles that governed their flight.

In spite of this glider makers continued to break their bones and kill themselves, the casualties being very heavy in France where the French kings offered huge rewards to those who made the attempts.

IT WAS not until the nineteenth century that gliding became truly scientific and the work was done by Otto Lilienthal, a distinguished German engineer, who made gliding flights and tabulated his findings. He was truly obsessed with the passion for soaring or gliding flight and wrote about his desire to fly with lyrical fervor.

Here is what the "Father of the Aeroplane," as he is now called, wrote as a preface to a cold, scientific statement of the problems involved in gliding flight:

Continued on Page Thirteen.

Map of Channel Area.

The small motorized glider in which Georges Barbot, French Aviator, recently completed a remarkable flight across the English Channel.

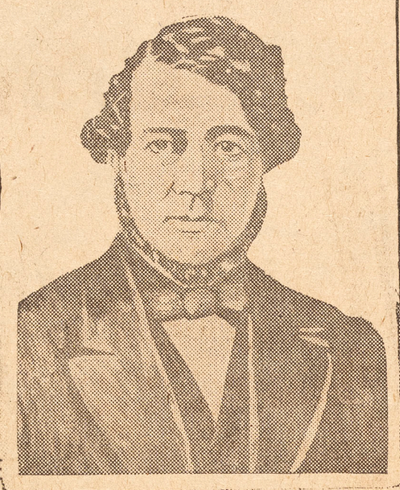
Should Circumstantial Evidence Convict?

Canada's Famous Criminal Trials Reveal Many Instances in Which Life or Death Issue Has Hinged on Indirect Testimony--Can the Awful Shadow of Doubt Be Lifted From the Court-room?

By ALBERT R. HASSARD, B.C.L.



Frederick Benwell, Slain by Reginald Birchall.



Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee.



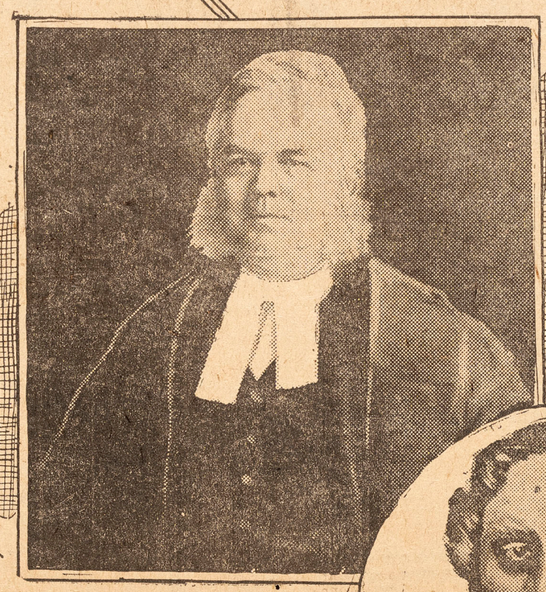
Reginald Birchall, as an Undergraduate.

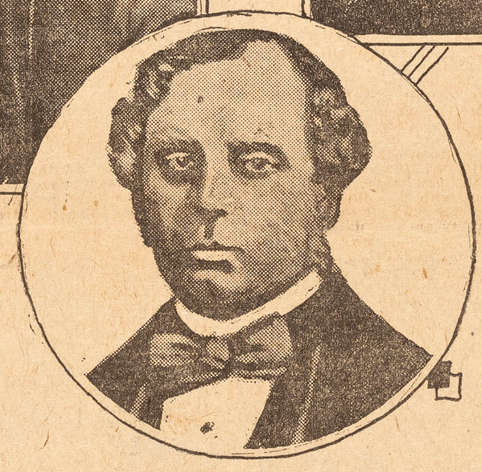


Sir M. C. Cameron, famous Canadian jurist.



Justice McMahon, who presided at the celebrated Birchall-Benwell trial at Woodstock





Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, brilliant Canadian lawyer, who took a leading part in the defence of Whelan, slayer of D'Arcy McGee.

IT IS of considerable importance that in cases where a conviction is likely to be followed by a heavy fine or a term of imprisonment, one who is innocent of of any offence whatever should not be called upon to suffer punishment. But it is of incalculable importance that no mistake should be made in imposing a penalty, which, when once inflicted, can never be recalled, as, for example, where the punishment for the offence is the death penalty.

We are all accustomed to hearing repeated the old proverb, "it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." Is there a lingering doubt that in some civilized parts of the world, in England, in North America, in Canada, yes, even in Ontario, innocent people have suffered, have paid enormous fines, have gone into the dungeon darkness of solitary cells, have even tremblingly ascended the gloomy scaffold's fearful stairs, and passed thus ignominiously into eternity, in payment of the penalties affixed to crime, which they have never committed?

Yes, it is quite possible that such calamities have occurred. And it is possible, too, that homes have been blighted, reputations have been sullied and sufferings immeasurable have been endured in the land. To what, in part, may we ascribe such misfortunes, worse by far than ruin or death?

To the fact that circumstantial evidence is accorded the terrible weight which it is accustomed to receive in the tribunals of civilization!

IT IS doubtful if a remedy can be suggested. Eminent jurists have given the question excellent consideration. Parliament has striven to remove the difficulty. But it has been all to no avail. The ancient grievances still prevail. Innocent persons, in this age of light, civilization, progress and knowledge, still suffer for the dark and bloody deeds of the guilty.

Illustrious students of jurisprudence have frequently declared that circumstantial evidence is, in many respects, the very best evidence which can be given in many kinds of criminal cases—that it is often much more reliable than that direct testimony which is furnished by those who claim to have been eyewitnesses of the deed in question. These latter may prevaricate; or they may be honestly mistaken. Witnesses have deliberately sworn, in many instances, to the existence of facts which they have afterwards found never to have existed at all. Was it Bill Nye who said that he well remembered having been with Caesar at the Rubicon, or with Wellington at Waterloo, he had just forgotten which? That great American humorist told, as he himself admitted, many untruths. In this instance, if not deliberately untruthful, he at least must have been mistaken.

Everyone acts on circumstantial evidence. Judges and Juries are forced to do likewise. Have they in any cases within recent memory acted wrongfully when relying on this kind of testimony?

In the year 1876 a policeman named Cook, who lived at West Point, Whalley Ridge, not far from Sheffield, in England, was murdered while in the act of catching a fleeing burglar. Three brothers, named Habron, were arrested and accused of the crime. The principal evidence against them was that shortly previous to the crime they were heard to declare wrath upon a policeman, and, in addition, they bore slight resemblances to the men who were suspected of the murder. One of the brothers was discharged, but the two others, John and William, were sent for trial to the Manchester Assizes. They were tied together in that city in the November of the year of the tragedy. John Habron was found not guilty, but his brother William was convicted and sentenced to death. Subsequently, in response to a tremendous outburst of public opinion, the doomed man's sentence of capital punishment was commuted to one of life imprisonment.

FOUR years afterwards the notorious Charles Pearce, in payment of his many murders, was about to die on the gallows. He confessed to the officials that he alone was guilty of the murder of Cook, for which poor Habron was undergoing a life sentence. It was not a case of Pearce wishing by a falsehood to shoulder a burden in order that a fellow culprit might escape. That bad man, Pearce, gave a circumstantial account of the manner in which he had slain the policeman, arguing in extenuation, that the actual killing had been unintentional. Pearce also stated in addition the terrible fact that during the entire progress of the trial of the Habrons he had been a miserable and terrified occupant of the gallery in the Court House, looking down at the pathetic spectacle of which he was the atrocious author. He also stated further that he had sat there unmoved while the tones of the judge rang in his ears, as he doomed an innocent man to death for a crime that the ferocious occupant of the gallery alone had committed.

Habron was subsequently released, and was paid by the Government of England a sum aggregating nearly four thousand dollars, as an ill compensation for the dreadful experiences which he had needlessly and cruelly undergone.

SOME years previous to the Habron tragedy a woman named Margaret McLaghlan was tried in Glasgow for murder. On circumstantial evidence she was convicted of the offence. On being asked what she had to say why sentence should not be passed upon her, she caused her counsel to deliver an impassioned oration denouncing as the true murderer the principal witness for the Crown. This witness was an aged and partially infirm man, which seemed a partial contradiction of her story, inasmuch as strength in the culprit was required to consummate the butchery. The public was aroused as never before, and an immense multitude of people declared their belief in her story. She was reprieved, and a most searching investigation was held to seek the truth in connection with the crime. The excitement was intense. The situation was unprecedented. The press divided in its allegiance between the woman behind iron bars and the aged victim of her terrible accusation. The result of the investigation, which was practically a re-hearing of the case, was just as unsatisfactory as the trial. The decision given was that the investigators could reach no conclusion different from that which had influenced the jury. Its verdict therefore was permitted to prevail. The unfortunate woman went into prison, where she remained for fifteen years,—the British equivalent, in some instances, of a life sentence. On her release she emigrated to America, and just as the dawn of the nineteenth century was breaking over the world, she died at Port Huron, in the State of Michigan.

On a candid review of the evidence, either of the two persons upon whom suspicion had rested might have been the actual murderer. But that was no reason for forcing the one who was perhaps the less guilty of the two too near the scaffold in order that there might be thus crudely appeased that public sentiment which demands a victim whenever the vaunted majesty of the law is spectacularly outraged.

A most singular story comes from France, the land of mysteries, problems, passions and surprises. Francois Lesnir was convicted in July 1848, on circumstantial evidence, of the murder of Claude Gay at Bordeaux. His sentence was life service at the galleys. Nearly seven years afterwards Pierre Lespagne was convicted, also on circumstantial evidence, of having been Gay's murderer. Ludicrous enough would this have been, had it not been perfect tragedy. However, the entire matter was re-investigated, and on this occasion Lesnir was adjudged to have been the murderer, while Lespagne was set free. Fortunately no capital punishment had followed the earlier trial of Lesnir, nor the later trial of Lespagne, thus averting a double travesty upon that justice which we are not in the habit of looking to see it enthroned in the land of love and laughter, —the land of tragedy and tears.

What has been the history of Canada in so far as trials depending on circumstantial evidence and its consequences are concerned?

IN THE year 1868 Thomas D'Arcy McGee, one of Canada's most unique statesman, and most brilliant and fascinating orators, was murdered at the very door of his dwelling near the corner of Metcalfe and Sparks Streets, in Ottawa. The story of the crime has been a thousand times retold. The great orator had just finished a captivating oration on the floor of the Canadian House of Commons, and the Assembly had stood adjourned until the following afternoon. The hour was long after midnight, and Mr. McGee had left in company with one or two friends on his way down the broad walk lying before the stately legislative buildings on his way to his home just a few hundred yards away. He had said "good-night" to the friend he had quitted latest, and was at his own door, when through the stillness of an icy winter night a pistol shot rang out, and the great man lay dying on his door-step. Mr. McGee had experienced a memorable career in which vision of Fenians had been present before him for many years, and it was thought that he had been slain in order to avenge some grievance which the Canadian branch of the mystical Fenian organization held against him.

Several arrests were made in consequence of the murder, and ultimately a man named Whelan was taken into custody. The toils were said to have quickly closed around Whelan, and in due course he faced a jury on trial for his life. He was prosecuted by an eminent lawyer named O'Reilly, who, for many years was one of the leading Counsel in eastern Ontario, and who, in addition to his brilliant abilities and numerous successes, was one of the most beloved men in the country. Sir John Macdonald and Mr. O'Reilly were close friends of many years standing. Whelan was defended with singular ability by two of the of the greatest lawyers of that generation, one of them being the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, Q. C., the Osler of his time. His colleague, a man of many and varied talents afterwards ascended the bench, and received the dignity of a knighthood. He was the formidable Sir Matthews Crooks Cameron, long feared by the wrongdoers who appeared on trial before him. Mr. Justice Latchford told me not long ago that he well remembered the famous trial of Whelan, and that even now, after a lapse of more than half a century he distinctly recalled seeing the two defence counsel in this case as at the close of a day's sitting of the Court they would walk from the place of trial to their hotel in the City of Ottawa.

THE evidence against Whelan was purely circumstantial, and because of the presence of informers—in those days a common characteristic of a trial in which an Irishman was the victim—the trial was protracted to a great length. Speeches of great brilliance were delivered, the Judge's charge was extensive, and the case was given to the jury. After a lengthy conference the jury returned to Court and announced a verdict of guilty against the prisoner. Whelan was sentenced to death immediately after the verdict was recorded.

Several reprieves were granted in this case, owing to the fact that numerous appeals were taken, which consumed much time both in argument and in preparing judgments. These appeals however turned upon points of law, and not on the fact that the evidence was circumstantial. The appeals were all dismissed, and Whelan was left to his fate. The doomed man perished on the scaffold in Ottawa jail, in the presence of a vast multitude of people. It is said that it was because of the disgraceful scenes attending this execution that the law was amended so as to prevent public executions of criminals in the future.

Of Whelan's actual participation in the killing of McGee there remain grave doubts even unto this day. It is true that confederates told their stories to the jury. Others since then have been accused openly of the crime. And there still exists the belief in the minds of many of the survivors of that generation that the wrong man was placed on the scaffold, while the one who fired the shot at poor McGee lingered among the crowds crushing around the fatal gallows on that gloomy and mournful day.

When Lount and Matthews, convicted of treason in consequence of Mackenzie's ill-fated rebellion of 1837, were standing in front of the old jail near the corner of King and Church Streets in Toronto, awaiting the doom which was soon to be theirs, it is said that a messenger was bearing in the direction of the scaffold a pardon, which had been contumaciously withheld by the authorities, their intention being that those two patriots should suffer, as they did a few moments afterwards, on the gallows.

In the winter of 1896 an Indian named Machekequonabe was tried for murder at the assizes in Rat Portage, now Kenora. His crime was that he had slain a man believing him to have been that form of evil spirit known among the Indians as a Wendigo. The story in a fanciful one, rivalling tales of romance and deeds richly colored by the magic touch of fiction. It turned out that the victim of the killing actually was the foster father of the murderer. The Indian was arrested for the crime. After a lengthy trial, in which the customs, habits, beliefs and traditionary superstitions of this poor untutored creature were investigated, he was convicted and doomed to die. His case was appealed to a higher tribunal. Echoes of the strange behavior of this band of uncivilized aborigines of Canada mystically floated strangely from the far western wilds where

"is the end of cultivation."

to the learned precincts of Osgoode Hall. The judges, perhaps blinded to the fancies of romance and deaf to the haunting voices of superstition, unanimously decided that the prisoner's error in killing a human being in the belief that he was "laying" an evil spirit was no answer to the charge of murder, and affirmed the conviction. The misguided savage was however reprieved and his sentence commuted to one of life imprisonment, which he stoically and silently underwent.

There was not much in the way of direct evidence in that case, but a strong, although unavailing, plea to reduce the charge to manslaughter.

ONE of the most thrilling murder trials which ever took place in Canada was that of the brilliant, gay but erring Birchall. This fascinating young Englishman, married to an attractive young woman, came to Canada where he proclaimed himself to be engaged in the establishment of opulent young English immigrants upon promising Ontario farms. His real intention, however, was to lure these unsuspecting youths to this country and to murder them, having done which he would retain possession of their previously given money. He spent the autumn of 1899 in Woodstock where he cultivated the acquaintance of some of the leading families of that western Ontario town. He returned to England the following spring and brought with him to Canada two young men, one named Benwell and the other Pelly. Having left his wife and Pelly at Niagara Falls, he proceeded westward to dispose of Benwell. Quitting the train at Eastwood station, seven miles east of Woodstock, the two men started on foot to the highly pictured but phantom farm. Later in the day, Birchall, unaccompanied, returned to the station, and back to the Falls. Subsequently, and most strangely, Benwell's dead body was discovered in Blenheim swamp, four or five miles from Eastwood station. The dead man was photographed, and the newspapers contained copies of the likeness, while the public was called upon to identify the deceased. Birchall went to do so and while interviewing the police at the village of Princeton, a little farther east than Eastwood from Woodstock, he made some unguarded admissions which led to his arrest. He was placed on trial the following autumn in Woodstock, before Mr. Justice MacMahon and a jury, on the charge of having murdered his companion. The great B. B. Osler, Q.C., prosecuted the case, and the brilliant George Tate Blackstock, one of Canada's most picturesque and ornate orators, together with Mr. I. F. Hellmuth, a present day leader of the bar in Ontario, defended. The trial was one of the legal sensations of that generation, lasting as it did for nearly a month. It engrossed the attention of almost the entire civilized world. The late Mr. John R. Cartwright, K.C., former deputy attorney general of Ontario was with Mr. Osler at the trial, and told me that his illustrious colleague's notes, used as the basis of his five hours' address to the jury consisted merely of a single slip of paper with only a few words written upon it.

THE official reporter of that trial is still living, and declared it as his opinion that although the evidence was wholly circumstantial, Birchall was woven in a net from which there was no possible hope of disentanglement. And yet no one had witnessed the crime. Witness after witness tracked the prisoner and his victim from Niagara Falls to Eastwood Station, and in the direction of the swamp of tragedy, some mysterious shooting was heard, and the prisoner was seen returning to the station without his friend, and a little later, return to his wife and Pelly at the Falls. But no one had seen Birchall with the deadly revolver in his possession. No one had been present when the shot was fired which had borne the leaden messenger of destruction into the body of the poor unfortunate Benwell. No one had seen the quivering body fall into the swamp where it was to lie unheeded until the hour of its strange and unexpected discovery. No one had looked as the murderer cast one last, long, lingering, startled glance at the prostrate form lying helplessly on its unhappy couch in the midst of that dreary and unfrequented tract of frozen marshland. No one had viewed the murderer hastily flinging away the smoking weapon, and leaping lightly and indifferently from log to log, and hurrying away from that desolate vista of tragedy, which in a few days was to shriek aloud with that irrepressible cry for justice upon the vanished murderer which was yet to go ringing around the world. And yet fact after fact was pieced together with remorseless accuracy until Birchall heard at the close of the trial the fatal words which were to consign him to the hangman.

As has been said the evidence was circumstantial. Tremendous chasms in the case were bridged by the inexorable logic and supreme genius of the illustrious counsel for the Crown.

"They say," he thundered to the jury, "that the prisoner was not in the swamp on the fatal day. Then what does the mud on the boots and the turned-up trousers mean?"

A WIDELY known case of murder in which circumstantial evidence was a prominent feature occurred in the winter of 1893, in Ontario. An elderly couple named Williams were living in a lonely farm house on "the middle road" about fifteen miles west of Toronto. They were brutally murdered by being clubbed to death. Two men, one of them named McWherrell, were arersted on suspicion, and were tried that spring at the Brampton assizes. The formidable Mr. Osler appeared for the Crown while MacWherrell was brilliantly defended by the late lamented and highly talented Mr. T. C. Robinette. The trial was marked by a succession of sensations, one of which consisted in MacWherrel delivering, just before the death sentence was pronounced on him, an elaborate oration lasting nearly an hour, and during which he protested his innocence with singular ability.

After he was doomed to death a singular circumstance happened. Men came forward and made violent protestations that MacWherrell was not guilty at all, and should not be executed. Tales were told of a mysterious stranger, covered with blood, who appeared at a farm house, and whose incoherent ravings pointed to his having been the murderer. Seldom was the public mind so aroused as it was during the weeks which followed MacWherrell's condemnation. Ultimately MacWherrell was spared the gallows, and to this hour many believe rightly. The feeling prevails in the locality of the deed that MacWherrell was guiltless of the spilling of the blood of Williams and his wife in their lonely home on that gloomy winter's day.

And yet another case in Ontario—one of many. Mrs. Olive A. Sternaman was tried at Cayuga in November, 1897, for having murdered her husband in the month of August in the previous year, the cause of death being given as arsenical poisoning. She was prosecuted by the great Mr. Osler, who was at that time at the very zenith of his fame. At her first trial she was defended by Mr. German, of Welland, a successful lawyer and subsequently an equally successful parliamentarian. She was convicted at that trial. The courts refused her a new trial, she was granted one by the executive at Ottawa—one of the few instances of that having being done in Canada. At the next trial she was defended by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, one of the greatest criminal defence lawyers Canada has ever known. Mr. Johnston secured her acquittal. Unquestionably Mr. German's efforts in securing the new trial helped largely in securing the verdict in her favor which was subsequently recorded.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL evidence was a leading factor in both the MacWherrell and the Sternaman cases. Yet in both cases the death penalty, although at first decreed, was not inflicted, because in the former case the executive felt that doubts existed, while in the latter case the evidence showed that the accused woman was not guilty.

Some years ago, a Mrs. Maybrick in England, had been convicted of poisoning her husband, and sentenced to death. She escaped the gallows but served a term of fifteen years' imprisonment—that being in some instances the British equivalent for a life sentence. She complained during many years that if she was felt to have been guilty she ought to have suffered death, and that inasmuch as she was spared capital punishment it implied her case was doubtful and she ought to have been released from prison on the plea that a prisoner is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Is her contention unassailable logic? If so, of course, there never can be any commutation of capital sentences. The subject has been under review many times.

Colonel Denison records in his autobiography that he convicted a man found guilty on convincing circumstantial evidence of crime. Subsequently it transpired that the prisoner had a good alibi —he was undergoing imprisonment at the time that he was said to have been committing another offence. But Colonel Denison, fertile in resources decreed a Solomon-like justice in this instance. On the following three or four occasions when this same prisoner was convicted of crime, he received to his astonishment a judgment of "suspended sentence" —the equivalent of his freedom, perhaps much to his astonishment.

THE Love case at Ceylon near Owen Sound a few years ago in which a father suffered death for a crime which the son some years later confessed as being his own doing is not without its lesson in both justice and sentimentality. If the son's confession be the truth, then the subject merits a consideration perhaps more fitted for the poet or the philanthropist than for one writing a few newspaper paragraphs.

Similarly is the case of Henry Lambert, of Maine, pardoned a few days ago after twenty years imprisonment for a crime of which it is now admitted he was not guilty. Lambert goes out into the world, robbed of a vast extent of life, and with tragedy as his ever-recurring companion down the lonely vale which has been permanently shadowed by the one large dark horror of his existence. Perhaps like Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," from gloomy shades of endless night, tragically emerging, Lambert may hopelessly cry;

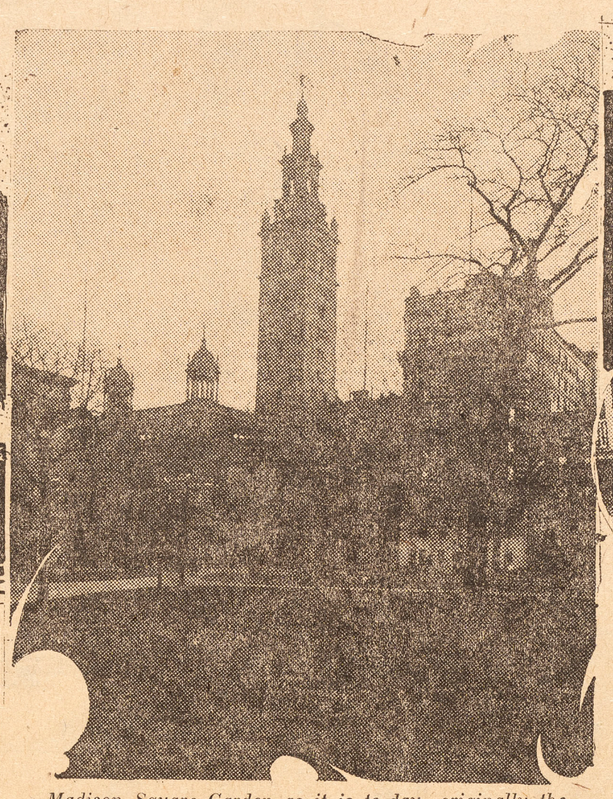
"even I,
"Regained my freedom with a sigh."

There have been many other trials in Canada, in which circumstantial evidence has played its melancholy part in dooming the innocent to unrighteous punishment. Yet is there any escape from similar calamities in the future? Has science, which has brightened almost all else, flung any stray rays of light into the court rooms where that form of evidence stalks with grim and fearless daring? If so, then much injustice may be prevented, and we shall feel happy in knowing that while the fair science of jurisprudence has not reached the lofty pinnacles of perfection, at least it has attained a vaster height than in the dark and portentous days when human frailties and human prejudices so closely and so fearfully beset it.

The Origin of "The Greatest Show On Earth"

Barnum Joins Forces With Another Great Showman, W. C. Coup, and the Two Produce the First Monster Travelling Circus ---Madison Square Garden Built to House It in New York.

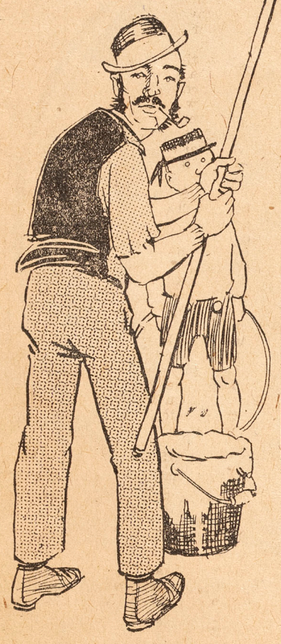


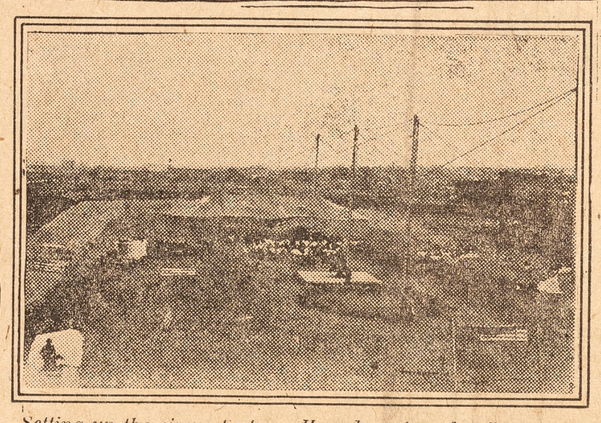


Madison Square Garden as it is to-day—originally the site of Barnum's Circus in New York.



The old method of circus travel. Barnum and Coup were the first to transport a circus by rail.





Setting up the circus tents—a Herculean feat that Barnum taught the world.

The Eighth of a Series About P. T. Barnum, By M. R. WERNER.

BARNUM had made two fortunes and had virtually decided to retire from the show business when the idea of the circus, which is now his greatest claim to fame, was thought of.

Strangely enough, this idea of an immense travelling show, combining all the elements of the museum, menagerie, and variety performance, was not Barnum's own conception, at least in 1870, when he first joined some other showmen in the organization of such a combination.

It is true that forerunners of the circus were present in "Barnum's Great Asiatic Caravan, Museum, and Menagerie," and in Barnum's and Van Amburgh's Museum and Menagerie, but these were nothing in comparison with the enterprise which was now projected.

W. C. Coup and Dan Costello, showmen of experience, called upon Barnum during the period of his semi-retirement and urged that he form with them a great travelling show. They asked for the power of his name and for any financial support he was willing to supply, and they arrived at the correct time, for, tired of doing comparatively nothing, Barnum approved of all their plans.

In 1869 he had decided that it was time for him to devote himself "to serious reflections on the ends and aims of human existence," and he had no thought of engaging in the circus business. In 1870 he was making preparations with his new partners for the huge exhibition which they suggested, and which was larger than anything Barnum had ever previously attempted.

IN his autobiography Barnum was in the habit of giving himself credit for the origin of anything with which his name was associated, and his partners, realizing the immense asset of the name of Barnum in their enterprises, were willing to be silent, at least until their retirement. W. C. Coup published many years after the end of his association with Barnum an interesting book of circus recollections, "Sawdust and Spangles." In his book he printed the following letter which Barnum wrote him in October, 1870:

"Bridgeport, Oct. 8, 1870.

"My dear Coup: Yours received. I will join you in a show for next spring and will probably have Admiral Dot well trained this Winter and have him and Harrison in the show. Wood will sell all his animals outright, and will furnish several tip-top museum curiosities. You need to spend several months in New York arranging for curiosities, cuts, cages, bills, etc. All things got from Wood I will settle for with him and give the concern credit. We can make a stunning museum department. If you want to call it my museum and use my name it may be used by allowing me the same very small percentage that Wood allows for calling himself my successor (3 per cent. on receipts). You can have a Cardiff Giant that won't crack, also a moving figure, Sleeping Beauty, or Dying Zouave—a big Gymnastic figure like that in Wood's museum, and lots of other good things, only you need time to look them up and prepare wagons, etc., etc.

"Yours truly,

"P. T. Barnum.

"I will spare time to look up the show in New York when you come. I think Siamese Twins would pay."

"A CARDIFF Giant that won't crack" referred to the then famous curiosity, a huge figure, supposed to have been dug up in the small town of Cardiff, New York, and presented on exhibition as a fine prehistoric relic. Soon after the exhibition of the original Cardiff Giant, the figure began to show seams and other signs of artificial manufacture. Barnum planned the manufacture of a prehistoric relic without blemishes.

Coup devoted time and energy to the organization of the Greatest Show on Earth, and Barnum supplied advice and some financial support. On April 10, 1871, the show opened in Brooklyn, New York, with the largest area of tent canvas that had ever been spread for a circus, and the show boasted that it employed more men, horses and animals than any previously organized in the United States or Europe.

There were wax works, dioramas, the Sleeping Beauty, and the Dying Zouave—mechanical figures which breathed evenly, and gasped realistically for breath—Swiss Bell Ringers, and the Cardiff Giant, who did not crack. Admiral Dot, the Eldorado Elf, and Colonel Goshen, the Palestine Giant, exhibited together, the Admiral sometimes occupying the Colonel's hand as a seat. Esau, the Bearded Boy, and Anna Leake, the armless woman, were other special attractions.

But the greatest attraction of the opening season was the family of Fiji Cannibals, whom Barnum was supposed to have obtained from the Fiji Islands with the aid of the United States consul.

These man-eating cannibals, according to Barnum, had been captured in war by King Thokambau and rescued from death and consumption as food by Barnum's agent at Na Vita Levu. King Thokambau accepted a bond for the safe return of his captives, and a large sum of money for their use in Barnum's circus.

ANOTHER great attraction of the first season was the giraffe. "Other managers," Barnum explained, "gave up trying to import giraffes several years ago, owing to the great cost and care attending them. No giraffe has ever lived two years in America. These very impediments, however, incited me to always have a living giraffe on hand, at whatever cost—for, of course, their scarcity enchances their attraction and value as curiosities." The giraffe's long neck was always of great advertising value to the circus.

The success of Barnum's circus was almost immediate, but it was not spontaneous. While Barnum was enjoying the fruit of his past activities at his home in Bridgeport, Coup was preparing the continent for the Barnum show.

The name of Barnum was a great attraction for his thirty years of association with the public in the amusement business carried his name and reputation everywhere throughout North America and in many of the important countries of Europe. General Tom Thumb, Jenny Lind, and the Museum formed a background of notoriety which finally made Barnum's name and later the name of Barnum & Bailey a household expression and a national institution.

During the first season Barnum was present with the show in all the large cities, and he exploited his personality and reputation for the benefit of his circus. Frequently he delivered lectures on temperance at the Y. M. C. A. in a city where the circus was performing. "My managers and assistants," Barnum wrote, "insist that my free lectures, especially in the large cities, result to my pecuniary disadvantage, as fully satisfying many who otherwise would patronize the exhibition to gratify their curiosity. However, as our immense pavilions are always crowded, I can see no real cause for complaint." No doubt there were enough people who, after seeing Barnum, still wanted to see the giraffe and the Fiji Cannibals.

BUT in its first year the factor that contributed more than any other to the success of Barnum's circus was W. C. Coup's advance publicity and advertising and his excellent transportation arrangements. Every other circus had previously been confined to a town and its immediate vicinity for its patronage; Coup ordered his advertisers to post their bills as far as fifty and seventy-five miles from the place where the circus would exhibit, and his advance brigade of bill posters, it was said, posted more bills in one week than other circus companies posted in an entire season.

Coup then arranged with the leading railroads of New England and New York to run special excursion trains at reduced fares to points where the Barnum Circus pitched its tents. Often the attendance at the circus was in this way brought up to a total of twice and three times the population of the town visited. The gross receipts of the first season were more than $400,000 and this sum did not include the profits from candy stands, incidental concerts and side-shows.

COUP noticed that in the larger towns the receipts averaged from $5,000 to $7,000 a day, and in the smaller they fell to $2,000 a day. This led him to consider the possibility of transporting the Barnum show by rail, thus making sufficiently long trips to eliminate all towns where the receipts were likely to fall below $5,000.

Barnum tells us in his autobiography how he triumphed over all other showmen because of his high-handed enterprise and his liberal outlay of money. He particularly records how he startled his partners, Coup and Costello, when he decided to transport the circus by rail. But these statements were not true. All his associates in the circus who have left any records of their opinions agree that in his last years Barnum was inclined to be niggardly and conservative, traits which would have been fatal to the success of such a gigantic enterprise as he was then conducting.

It was Coup who negotiated with the railroads for the transportation of the circus, and who informed Barnum arbitrarily that during the season of 1872 the circus would be transported by rail. The innovation startled Barnum, and he protested vigorously. Even after rail transportation had been demonstrated as successful. Barnum urged that it should be abandoned in favor of the old wagons confining the show to short trips.

But Coup refused to listen to Barnum, and he so perfected the details of loading and unloading that it was made possible to make trips of one hundred miles each night, give the far-famed street parade in the morning, and an afternoon and evening performance in each city visited.

HIS system of railroad transportation also made it possible to carry a much larger show about the country, and during the first season of rail transportation the receipts of the circus were more than one millioin dollars, according to Barnum's own figures. These tremendous figures of profits and expenditure were enough to frighten a younger man than Barnum.

For the winter months when the circus could not travel, Barnum and Coup rented the Hippotheatron, on Fourteenth Street, New York, and they used some of their curiosities and performers in this continuous museum, menagerie and circus. Part of the show was also sent during the winter on a tour of the southern states, and in 1872 Barnum accompanied the show on this trip.

On December 24, 1872, the Hippotheatron was destroyed by fire, and Barnum found himself in possession of nothing but two elephants and one camel, besides the part of the show which was then exhibiting in New Orleans.

He immediately, so he wrote, cabled his agents in Europe to obtain duplicate curiosities and new animals and properties, and he telegraphed his son-in-law: "Tell editors I have cabled European agents to expand half million dollars for extra attractions; will have new and more attractive show than ever, early in April P. T. Barnum."

Coup, meanwhile, had provided for the reorganization of the show, and in 1873 it was able to take the road with a larger collection of performers, curiosities and animals than during its first tour.

THE Barnum show depended for its patronage upon its size, and in 1872 Coup and Barnum added another ring under their tent. This was the first two-ring circus, a development which was followed by every other large show in the country, and which eventually grew into the famous three-ring circus which has been universally adopted in this country.

The three-topped tent circus, with its two separate rings, and later three separate rings, had great advertising advantages over its smaller rivals. The very fact that the spectator was offered more than he could possibly see was such a glamorous inducement for him to spend his money that he usually forgot the obvious disadvantage of not being able to see it all.

This large-sized show, inaugurated by Barnum and Coup, has always been deplored by circus performers from an artistic point of view, for they have always seen in its immensity no opportunity for the display of individual merit. Clowns and acrobats have considered that their decline in individual popularity was due to the increase in the magnitude of circus presentation, for it was impossible to do stirring or excruciating things in the air, in animal cages, or on the sawdust when two other groups were occupied in distracting the attention of the audience at the same time.

Circus clowns like Grimaldi are no longer popular personally, because the maximum time allowed for an individual performance under the Barnum and Bailey regime, which came a few years later than the Barnum and Coup show, was six minutes.

Bailey is said to have imported a famous English clown, who could not possibly shorten his act, he insisted, to less than twenty minutes. Bailey paid the clown's expenses back to England.

But psychologically the three-ring circus proved a great success, and brought huge financial profits. The size of the circus gave body to the statement that it was the Greatest Show on Earth, and Barnum's show when it finally combined with Bailey's was certainly the largest; throughout Barnum's career largest and greatest were synonymous.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1873, Barnum visited Europe for the purpose of attending the International Exhibition at Vienna. While he was in Europe, Coup obtained a lease on the old New Haven Railroad depot at Madison Avenue and Twenty-Seventh Street, New York, and he determined to build what is now Madison Square Garden, where Barnum and Bailey circus has performed for many years.

Barnum declined absolutely to join Coup in this enterprise until Coup cabled him that he had plenty of offers of capital and did not need his aid. Then Barnum determined to join the enterprise.

In his autobiography Barnum presented a different version of his reaction to the plan for Madison Square Garden. If we are to believe him, he received letters from Coup and his son-in-law that the New Haven depot was available. "I immediately telegraphed them to take the lease, and within twenty-four hours from that time I was in telegraphic communication with seventeen European cities where I knew were the proper parties to aid me in carrying out a grand and novel enterprise."

The grand and novel enterprise was the construction of Madison Square Garden on the site of the New Haven depot and the operation there of a gigantic place of amusement, combining all the features of the circus, museum and menagerie, which was to be called the Great Roman Hippodrome. Coup's health broke down from overwork on the Madison Square Garden project. He went to Europe and later sold out his interest in Barnum's show. Costello had already left the show.

COUP was a bold adventurer. Later he invested all his capital in the New York Aquarium, where he had a valuable collection of aquaria and several giraffes and elephants. His partner was a German, who insisted that the Aquarium must be kept open on Sunday. Coup would not consent to this, and since they could not settle the difference of opinion, Coup coolly suggested that they flip a coin to determine which partner should own the giraffes and other large animals, and which should take the aquaria, which were far more valuable. Coup lost, and by the flip of that coin he lost the fortune he had spent years of wandering circus life in gaining

WHEN Barnum returned to New York, the show, which had opened as the Great Roman Hippodrome at Madison Square Garden, was larger than ever, and he was greeted with cheers by the crowd assembled in the immense building. This applause Barnum took as a gratifying tribute to his enterprise as manager of a monster exhibition. President Grant and his cabinet, governors of states, and judges visited the great show and congratulated Barnum on a stupendous achievement.

In December, 1874, the show returned to New York and again filled Madison Square Garden with an enthusiastic audience. King Kalakaua, the first King of the Hawaiian Islands to visit North America, and one of the first reigning sovereigns ever entertained here, arrived in New York at this time.

BARNUM sent King Kalakaua an invitation to watch the the Greatest Show on Earth, and when the King arrived at Madison Square Garden, P. T. Barnum was in the arena, ready to conduct his guests to the royal box, decorated tastefully with the United States and Hawaiian flags. There was a capacly audience in Madison Square Garden to great Barnum and the King.

A great display of fireworks, which formed the word "Kalakaua" in letters of blue and red, followed the entry of the King, and His Majesty was much pleased.

During an intermission the cry went up from the audience, "King Kalakaua! King Kalakaua!" Barnum invited the King to answer the call by riding around the arena with him in an open carriage. There was much cheering and waving of hats and handerchiefs for Barnum and His Majesty, while the band played "Hail to the Chief." After the performance King Kalakaua visited behind the scenes, where he was introduced to the "gauzy ballet girls."

A New York newspaper remarked editorially on this reception: "They (Europeans) will be astonished that any man on earth would have had the presumption to propose making a show of a living monarch, albeit his kingdom may not be the most extensive in the world, and we confess that, in our opinion, the only human being on the footstool who would have the temerity to show up a King is our worthy countryman, Phineas T. Barnum." The King seemed to realize that he was being made a part of the Greatest Show on Earth, for as he and Barnum stepped into Barnum's carriage he murmured philosophically, "We are all actors."

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

May Obtain Relief by Enriching the Blood Supply.

In the days of our fathers and grandfathers, rheumatism was thought to be the unavoidable penalty of middle life and old age. Almost every elderly person had rheumatism, as well as many young people. It was thought that rheumatism was the mere effect of exposure to cold and damp, and it was treated with liniments and hot applications, which sometimes gave temporary relief, but did not remove the trouble. In these days there were many cripples. Now, medical science understands that rheumatism is a disease of the blood, and that with good, rich red blood any man or woman of any age can defy rheumatism. There are many elderly people who have never felt a twinge of rheumatism, and many who have conquered it by simply keeping their blood rich and pure. The blood enriching qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is becoming every year more widely known, and the more general use of these pills has robbed rheumatism of its terrors. At the first sign of poor blood, which is shown by loss of appetite, dull skin and dim eyes, protect yourself against further ravages of disease by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have helped thousands—if you give them a fair trial they will not disappoint you.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE FABLE OF WHY ESSIE'S TALL FRIEND GOT THE FRESH AIR

By GEORGE ADE

THE Owner of a Furnishing Store gave employment to a Boy with Dreamy Eyes, who took good care of his Nails and used Scented Soap, and carried a Pocket Looking Glass. It was his Delight to stand in the Doorway and watch the Girls all Color Up when they caught Sight of him. He was said to be a Divine Dancer.

There was a Girl named Essie who was Hanging Around the Front of the Store about half of the Time, waiting to get a Chance to speak to Bert. She chewed Gum and kept her Hat over one Eye and her Complexion was snow-white.

After she had waited an Hour or so, and he had Broken Away long enough to take her aside, she would want to know what it was that Net had said about her, or else she would ask why he had not Answered her Note. It was always just as momentous as that.

If Essie did not come she sent some one with a Message, and sometimes other Floor Managers with landscaped Eye-Brows would come in to see about the Arrangements for the next Grand Hop by the Eucalyptus Pleasure Club.

Bert was so Engrossed with his Love Affairs and the Pleasure Club and the Bundle of Correspondence that he carried with him that he had little Time for Furnishing Goods.

To tell the Truth, he had a Soul above Suspenders and Garters. His Thoughts were concentrated on the things that really Mattered.

Often enough, while he would be passing the Tape under a Customer's Arms, to get the Size, he would be trying to figure whether or not he could afford to take Essie to a place which charged 75 Cents, with a large list of ready Entrees from which one might take his or her Choice.

Those who complained that he was Inattentive often misjudged him, because they had no way of knowing that a Sweetie named Clarice, with Straps across her Insteps, was trying to come between him and Essie and he was wondering how he could put the Siren out of his Life and, at the same time, be a Gentleman.



Sordid Details of Trade.

Fellow-Employes often rebuked him because he could not remember the Cost Mark and suggested to him that he was a Dumb Bell and gave him the name of a good Night School. One might have inferred, from their caustic Comments, that Bert was Ignorant, whereas he had a lot of Information concealed under the mucilaginous Mop.

He knew all the late Songs about Daddy having the Blues and he could identify the Pictures of Bebe Daniels or Mae Marsh.

He knew what shape of Collar was being worn by the sure-enough Slickers and he had made an exhaustive Study of tying Bow Ties.

The Baseball Averages interested him throughout the whole Season and he could tell, almost any Afternoon, which Teams were in the lead, because he grabbed the Extras as fast as they came out and was a close follower of the Comic Strips.

His Taste in Cigarettes was that of a Connoisseur and he always tapped the Pill on the back of the Hand before igniting it, and in many other ways was quite swagger, deporting himself as one accustomed to Refined Society.

Notwithstanding which he was a kind of a Bloomer in Haberdashery Circles. He submitted to the hateful Associations of the Furnishing Goods Business because he needed the Coin. It would have suited him a darned set better if some elderly Woman of Great Wealth had adopted him and bought a Car for him.

Because of a natural Aversion to the Sordid details of Trade, it used to Annoy him considerably when anyone came in and wanted to spend Money. He would set out the Goods in a Manner that showed it to be something of a Come-Down for him.

While the Customer would be asking Questions, Bert would be working the Flexible Neck to see if Essie was still waiting for him. Sometimes when there was a Rush he would get real Cross, and if People did not buy in a Hurry he would slam the Boxes around and be Lippy and give them the Eye. Yet he wondered why he did not get a Raise in Salary.

During the Holiday Season, when the Eucalyptus Pleasure Club was simply in a Delirium of All-Night Dances and Hamburger Suppers, and when Essie had worn a Path in the Snow coming down to tell Bert not to Forget, the Proprietor decided that the Boy's Job was interfering with his Gaiety.

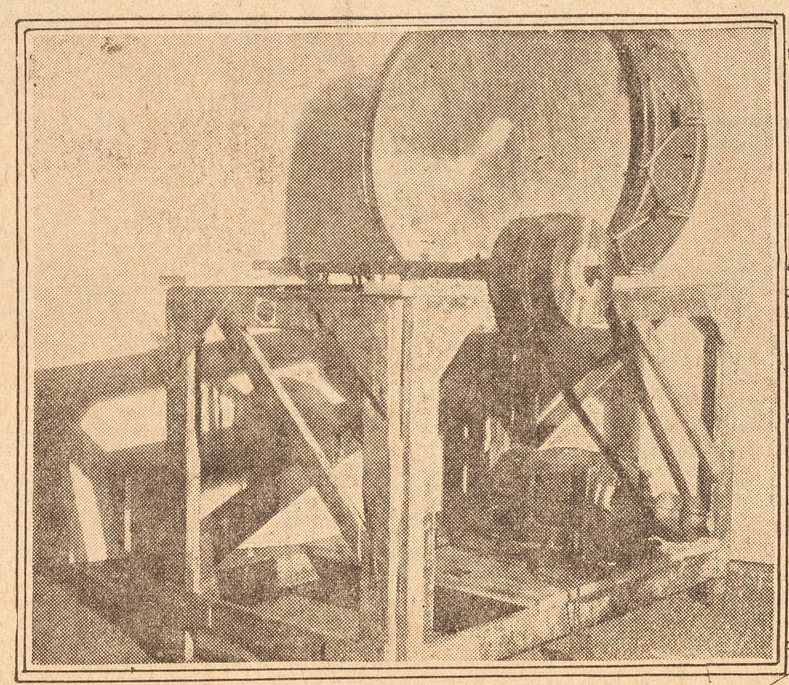
So when Bert came to get his Envelope the Furnisher told him he needed more Outdoor Life and Exercise, and he had better find it by jumping off of a Tall Building.

MORAL—An cary Frost gets the Petunias but spares the Shrubbery.

The Work-shop of Make-believe.

Intimate "Back Stage" Glimpses at Hart House and Downtown Toronto Theatres ---How the Property Man and His Crew Produce Illusions by Machinery.

By ELTON JOHNSON.

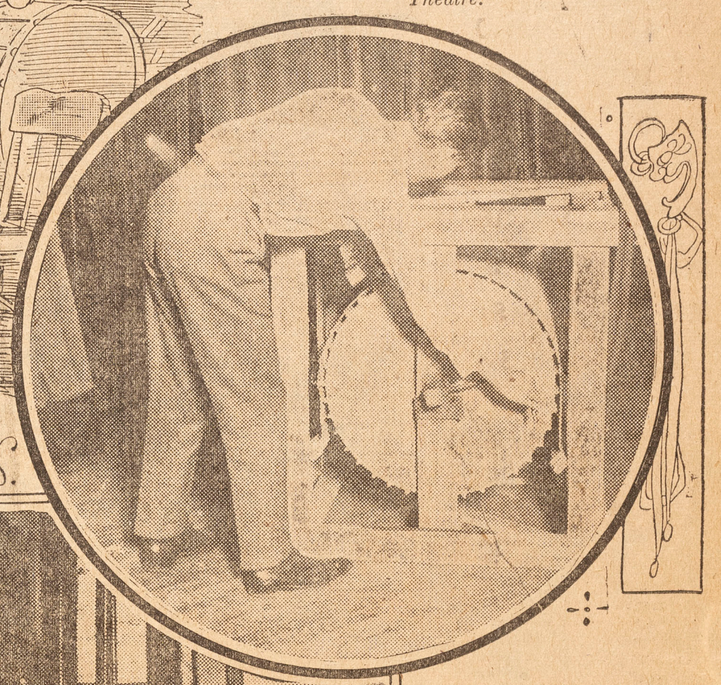


The electrician at the Royal Alexandra Theatre constructed this ingenious bit of mechanism last week to represent the hum of an airplane in flight. It was used in "The Broken Wing." On a piece of pipe which is whirled at a tremendous speed by means of a motor attachment are tied ten leather thongs with knots on the ends. The operator brings the big bass drum slowly down on to the revolving straps. When the knots merely touch the hide of the drum, the far-off hum of the airplane is simulated. As the drum is brought further down, the hum is increased, until finally, with the drum well down, the noise is deafening. When this noise is at its height, a properly man fires two shots into a barrel. The aeroplane has been hit! It crashes to the ground, and two other property men suddenly get busy. One twirls around a loud crash rattle, while the other drops a long heavy iron chain on to a big steel plate. Those who saw "The Broken Wing" will testify to the realism of the effects, but not one of them would have guessed how these were accomplished.





Beating the great thunder drum at Hart House Theatre.



In circle: The wind machine at Hart House Theatre. A property man whoops up the Arctic gale, which brings shivers to the audience and perspiration to himself.



No one has been able to improve on this old-fashioned device for simulating the noise of horses' hoof-beats. A property man, in the wings of the Royal Alexandra Theatre, is striking two half-cocoanut shells, one after the other, on a solid table, and the audience thinks that the hero is galloping to the rescue of the distressed heroine on a spirited thoroughbred horse.

WHEN you see two people on the stage busily engaged in conversation, what do you suppose they are saying? If they are members of a well-trained cast the chances are ten to one that they are repeating over and over again, with varying inflections of the voice — "one—two—three—four five"; "one — two—three—four —five."

And when a pair of happy lovers are admiring the landscape with appropriate gestures while the action of the play is being carried on by other members of the cast, he says to her—"I think I like it best over here," and she says, with apparently great earnestness, the well-worn line—"No, I think I like it best over there."

So often, three or four actors and actresses gather in a corner and hold a heated conversation. What can it be that they are saying? Simply—"buzz—buzz—buzz—buzz," until the cue comes for one to break out with a spoken line. And when the audience listens to the guests at a dinner party all carrying on an undertone of constant conversation, it seldom realize that Madame the hostess is saying—"one two — three — four — five" and her daughtre and the young man, so obviously in love, are "buzz-buzzing" at each other, like a pair of animated blue bottles.

If the stage people behave so in full view of you, what in the name of goodness must be happening behind the scenes when the thunder roars, the lightning flashes, the rain patters on the roof, the wind rises and falls, the carriage drives up to the door and the exhaust of the midnight express dies away!

Shall we go back-stage to this strange workshop of make-believe and stand quietly aside while the property master and his crew perform their nightly rituals?

THERE are many ways of making thunder in the theatre. In our childhood days when Harry Lindley and the Marks Brothers provided dramatic fare, it was a chunk of sheet iron hanging in the wings and rattled by seizing it firmly by the lower right hand corner.

I doubt if that kind of thunder ever frightened anyone and showmen have given it up on behalf of an appliance known as the thunder drum—a great square drum, five feet on each side, with raw hide stretched tightly over it. It has a great booming tone and is beaten with one or two drumsticks.

On damp days when the thunder is liable to go off a little, the drum has to be dried out and for this purpose the cleverest drums of the modern theatre have electric toasters on the back of them.

For great storms of the kind that David Belasco and D. W. Griffith revel in, the drum is only a filler for distant rumbles and to piece in between the big outbursts. Most terrific of the mechanisms are steel chains, often sixty feet long and weighing three hundred pounds each, supported with trigger devices, so that they may be allowed to fall on a steel plate, which they do with a culminating crash which is deafening. A man stands by with an automatic revolver and punctuates the crash with loud reports.

Griffith uses a crash made with half a dozen heavy steel plates falling on a hardwood base and capable of being released to give a successive series of reports.

The cannon ball has played a large part in stage thunderstorms. A risky practice is to drop them from the fly gallery on a heap of packing boxes. For distant rumbles, they are used in a sort of cradle, thirty feet long, which is rocked to and fro, allowing half a dozen cannon balls to pursue each other up and down a constantly changing plane. For worse thunder, the cradle is slatted underneath the cannon balls.

The most magnificent device of the sort ever used in a theatre was the one installed by Sir Henry Irving. This consisted of a long twisting trough which ran from the top of the theatre back stage to the cellar and cannon balls were released into it at appropriate places to give the required length of peal.

Old-timers who remember it say that nobody who really understood the mechanism ever felt happy about it until one night in the middle of a performance one of the cannon balls leaped from its natural channel and crashed down in the middle of the stage. Sir Henry is said to have caught the prevailing unhappiness and the dreadful machine was removed.

LIGHTNING used to be accomplished with chemicals and still is in some places. The advent of electricity saw the first electrical mechanism which was an old file and a piece of carbon, Fire authorities will no longer permit this unless it is carefully housed in a wire mesh basket.

This has given rise to what is called the lightning striker—a thing not unlike a fishing basket which swings from a wire high in the loft of the theatre. This is set swinging pendulum-fashion and the circuit is made and broken by the switchboard man irrespective of where the basket is at the time. This is the theatre's realistic contribution to the idea that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

The lightning you see flashing on the sky is made with a stereopticon. The light is flashed on and off and a slide is shot across the aperture of the lantern.

The rain-making device is quaint and unexpected. It is a tin barrel of peas and beans—not just peas or just beans—a difference in the size and shape adds to the irregularity of the noise. The barrel is rotated violently as the gusts of rain sweep the house.

The on-stage rain you see may be real water dropped from one or more pipes pierced with many holes and caught on an oilcloth below. There is, however, a hypothetical rain made with a device called the sciopticon in which disks are rotated by clock work before a stereopticon. The rain disk is a rapidly driven sheet of mica, opaque but for rain drops. Driven at a different speed, it gives the effect of falling snow. Driven very rapidly and properly masked, it is a waterfall. The theatre man produces all these effects on a more or less darkened stage.

Of course, there is still the kind of snow which is made from torn-up newspapers emptied from a sort of eavestrough or scattered by hand in such a way that it fairly pursues the unhappy heroine.

Snow on a coat sleeve or on shoulders is common table salt. Mojave desert dust, incidentally, is Fuller's earth.

THE wind barrel is not unlike the rain machine except that here the outside of the cylinder is used and it is slatted to provide greater resistance against the surface of an apron of silk or stout canvas thrown over it. Soft, dulcet breezes are made by turning it slowly—the fierce icy blast which brings chills to the audience and perspiration to the operator is made by turning it with great violence.

The big windstorms like David Belascoe makes are done by a series of siren whistles attached to a blacksmith's rotary blower and cranked quietly or violently not as the storm would dictate, but in such a way as to fit in between the speeches of the actors. A stage hand who whoops up the arctic gale while the leading lady is talking, will find a real arctic gale out in the alley.

When the sea whispers gently in the distance—yes, we have no sea, we have two old fashioned window screens with half a pound of buckshot between them and a man in his shirt sleeves rocks the ocean to and fro and wishes the scene were over. The rumble of the sea is made with one of the accessory thunder machines.

If you have to see the ocean, its waves are made with another of the rotating disk effects in a sciopticon lantern, either projected through a wet back drop or thrown from the gallery over the heads of the actors. A flowing river is another of these disks —so is rising water—so is a sandstorm on the desert.

There doesn't seem to be much improvement in horses' hoof-beats in the last century. They are still made with two half cocoanuts on a slab of marble and horses always gallop—they never trot. When they come to a stop, there is a sharp—click-click-clack—then the property man leaps into the air and comes down firmly on both feet. The hero has alighted and slapping the sides of his leggings with his riding crop, he strides on stage. "At last Reginald——"

A carriage driving up is a more serious affair. It is a large pole about fourteen feet long and two inches thick and is carried upon the property man's shoulders with the front end resting on the ground He then runs along, pushing it ahead of him.

Musketry is the cushion out of the buggy, violently and irregularly beaten by two men, each with two stout switches. Distant cannons are made with the thunder-drum.

DURING the war, when the rage for war plays was at its height property men were hard put to it to keep up with the new effects which were constantly being developed. The siren whistle did for the passage of shells and various crashes, were used for their explosion. Bursting bombs were skilfully contrived by running diagonal wires down to the stage and gliding glass bombs down them. At a certain point on each wire, there was an interruption and when the bomb hit it, it exploded with a small report, skilfully supplemented by a wallop on the drum.

Probably the most ingenious trench bombardment mechanism of the whole war, was the one used in a certain play at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. The elaborate device proved to be a series of ten mogul-sized rat traps nailed to a board and each capable of being released by a long string running to the end of the board. This board was incorporated in the trench parapet and then covered with earth, shavings and refuse. As a glass bomb exploded in the trench scene, the property man pulled the string. The effect was appalling. As each of the great rat traps sprang into action, it scattered into the air a bushel of rubbish which never stopped until it reached the orchestra well. After the first show was over and all ten rat traps had been "exploded," the orchestra went out and had a bath. Fortunately for the musicians the show didn't have a long run. This is believed to have been, for actors, stage crew and musicians, the most unpopular device ever brought into a theatre, but the effect was one to satisfy the soul.

A sawmill in a theatre is an electric fan with a piece of cardboard stuck into it. An airplane is the same with a slightly larger stick or switch inserted into it. Motor cars, too, are usually simulated with a fan. The fan is indeed a most useful device in a theatre. When the curtains flutter at the window—that is a fan. When a swirl of snow follows the hero into a lonely cabin—that is a fan When flames seem to leap up from the fireplace, those are pieces of red tissue paper pasted to the red glass in the grate and they are made to flutter by means of a fan.

The train that whistles in the distance is not a train—it is a man with a stout wooden or metal whistle which blows two notes. A steam boat is the same, only its notes are lower and mellower. A factory whistle is too much for the human lung, so it is attached to a tank of compressed air and the operator turns it on at the proper cue.

When Lord Algernon rushes through the door and falls into a encumber frame, he doesn't really. He hurries straight to his dressing room to have a cigarette and a long gangling stage hand sitting on a chair smashes a plate of glass into a soap box already full of broken glass.

When the same Lord Algernon falls down stairs, in the cheaper sort of shows they record his fall by reversing a long box full of broken crockery. In a better show they would roll a cannon ball down three or four steps to get the preliminary bumps—then a stage hand would leap three times as the actor's trajectory became supposedly greater and the whole effect would end up on one of the crash machines described before.

A TRAIN rumble is a fearful thing—it is about six feet square and consists of a fixed floor on which a small merry-go-round rotates, riding on small and preferably not very regular iron wheels. A rope is let in to some place in the top of it and a stage hand rotates it violently. It is no advertisement for any railroad.

The wailing of the rolled up baby in a play does not come from the baby. It comes from a young actress posted as near the baby as convenient, and in order to get the required extreme youth into her voice she fills her mouth with a rolled up silk handkerchief. The convulsive wailing of the infant is thus reproduced exactly. There is a metallic "baby wail," so called, used in cheap farces and sometimes by jazz orchestras but this is a crude device.

A door bell is not on the front door of the house. It is on the left index finger of the prompter and was originally intended for a bicycle. He goes about ringing it whenever the prompt book requires it. Often when the book calls for the ringing of the telephone and the actors would love to hear the expected jangle, the walking door bell is having a chat with a friend.

Clock striking is no mean art in the theatre, particularly if an actor has to say— "Ah, it is seven o' clock." There is a fatal tendency to strike six or eight and clocks that solemnly rap out thirteen are by no means uncommon in a theatre.

A cathedral chime is never in the belfry. It is always in the cellar and is a long tube or octave of tubes, suspended by strings and struck with a mallet.

The phonograph creeps into mediaeval productions mode often than one would suppose. In a production in New York a few years ago, it was found that a phonograph playing an unaccompanied palestrina choral number could be accompanied by a real organ in such a way as to reproduce perfectly the effect of a church organ and a choir of singers. The hum of the organ killed or absorbed the characteristic phonograph sound. It takes a skilful organist.

There was a great vogue some years ago of moons rising over the bay or among the pines. A moon for such purposes is a dishpan with cotton stitched over the mouth and an electric light shining in it. The cotton is tinted orange and the whole thing is slowly raised on piano wires behind a gauze. To keep erratic stage hands from jumping the moon a few inches, then going slow and then fast again—a thing the moon rarely does in these prohibition days—it us customary to crank the Goddess of the Night up with a low-geared mechanism and some terribly correct producers insist upon a clockwork.

When the moon rises high enough to make ripples upon the placid waters of the lagoon, the ripple is secured in either of two ways. The old device was to cut slots in the cloth depicting the water, to put behind it another slotted cloth and the light behind that again. By gently oscillating the cloths, horizontal glints of light sneaked through.

To-day, with the ever valuable sciopticon, the light sneaks through between the slots in two rotating disks and is projected upon the back of a cloth on which Lover's Lane is depicted.

OVER some bayous, where fire flies used to flit to and fro, these are tiny resistances on the end of swinging wires and cost so much a dozen. They are much more reliable than the actual flies.

Stars are a rather similar problem except that they do not flit. They are usually holes punched in the cyclorama and an astronomer would be hard put to it to identify any of them. Purely decorative stars are of bright metal and are hung on a sky gauze in front of the sky cloth. The slight fluttering of the gauze makes them face the light intermittently, thereby creating a twinkle.

A few years ago clouds were painted on the back drop. Later, efforts were made to get clouds with gauze. Now, there is a sciopticon disk but it is an unsatisfactory device and can only be used on a dark stage when clouds would not be especially visible anyway. The European theatres are said to be projecting clouds on a plaster back wall but it seems to be scarcely worth the trouble.

Mists or fogs are made with successive gauzes let down from the loft. Smoke used to be steam. It is now a chemical product which issues black and dense from a box containing jars of ammonia and disappears into thin air almost immediately after it appears, without choking either actors or audience, as real smoke would do.

Fire in the theatre is not the strangling, red fireworks of an earlier day. It is flame effect projected by a sciopticon and is quite harmless. Any kind of real fire on the stage has to be protected with the utmost vigor. If a prominent citizen's wife has to destroy a compromising letter, she may seem to toss it carelessly into the fireplace. Really, she throws it into a pail of sand placed in the grate opening by the property man who, with the assistance of the fireman, promptly puts it out.

CIGARETTE butts are watched with the same care and most cities require that an elaborate license be taken out before an actor may discharge a revolver.

One wonders what has become of those great gray flannelette oceans like James O'Neil used in Monte Cristo. It took ten men a side to stir the mighty deep and there was a slit in the middle of it where Monte Cristo emerged, puffing like a grampus, after his dive from the Chateau d'If.

It is Monte Cristo's unhappy lot after the plunge which is taken into a mattress or two, to crawl under the dusty, gray cloth until he finds the open seam, through which his strong arm, appears.

Years ago in Toronto, a stock company at the Princess Theatre played Monte Cristo and after the prisoner leaped into the water one day at a matinee, the audience's heart sank. He was so long down, he could not possibly hope to live. Behind the scenes, the problem was less tragic. The actor had missed the slit. At last, to the great relief of the stage crew, but to the horror of the audience, he emerged through the opening, wrong end first, and swam vigorously with both legs kneeling on the ocean. When at last he got the rest of his person safely on top of the water, nothing remained but to climb up the rock piece in the centre, out of the top of which a hose intermittenly squirted water and cry in a loud voice—

"The world is mine."

The scene seems to have lost its impressiveness that day.

Those were the great days of theatre effects when Robert B. Mantell played "Monbars" and "The Face in the Moonlight." It was in "Monbars" that Mr. Mantell was bitten each performance by a hypothetical mad dog in the wings. He used to rush in, and thrusting a poker into the open fire-place, wait with grim, white face until the iron was hot enough to cauterize the wound. As he waited, the property man slipped into the fire-place a moderately hot poker, painted pink at the end. Turning back his sleeve, Monbars seized the poker and seared, to the accompaniment of smoke and great hissing, a quarter-inch layer of cocoanut butter on his arm. It was a feat to make a strong man shudder.

STAGE foods are wonderful. That great trencher laden with a steaming ragout which mine host brings in to the guest at The Three Jolly Pigeons is a heap of bread crust, firmly pressed into place over a reversed pan and the appetizing steam comes from a can full of hot water spilled over it, just before mine host enters.

The canton flannel chicken which the servant carries after him has been similarly treated to make it steam.

And if there is another servant, he is carrying a beaker full of water and burnt sugar or caramel which passes for most liquors in the theatre. It is a flat, insipid mixture, but the property man consoles the actors by telling them it is good for their digestion. Actors who are supposed to drink ginger ale and lemon sour rarely do so. It induces "frog in the throat."

Exotic tropical fruits are mostly very common domestic ones. When Hart House Theatre opened four years ago, the table in the Egyptian banquet scene was laden with pomegranates in golden platters—all carefully guarded by the property man. The student crew watched them with longing eyes all week. On Saturday night when the show ended, there was a rush for the pomegranates. They were gilded and aniline-dyed onions!

The stage mutton chop may be real. Usually it is papier-mache in the poorer types of show and toasted bread cut to shape in the better ones. If stage soup is real, it is always tomato soup. If it is consomme, it is always chicken. If it is not real, it is bird seed—carried from town to town in a bag. It was a smart property man who found this means of outdoing Mr. Campbell. He had a virtually inexhaustible soup and one he could be sure that the actors would eat, if they did, in profound silence.

IT HURTS a property master to see actors really devour the "props", so he usually spreads the rumor that there is paris green on the cake or the equally disquieting certainty that the food has been treated with coal oil. It is a great step in the direction of economy to annoint food "props" —jelly roll, cheese, fruit, etc.— with coal oil.

A sandwich is a sandwich on stage as in the world but a slice of roast beef is as often as not a piece of brown felt. The mashed potatoes are usually real because the actor has to eat something.

Tea is always tea but the little cakes with which the actors toy so gently are better toyed with than eaten.

The theatre is pre-eminently a place of sound-like and look-like and delighted as he may be to reproduce an effect with workmanlike accuracy, the property man looks on it as being merely a part of the day's work and he of all the people in the theatre is least affected by the noises he makes.

Whether he is clanking prison chains in a dungeon, or slamming the heavy door that shuts out the light of the world for the hero, ringing the merry sleigh bells that herald the Christmas-tide or gurgling the whistle in a cup of water that recreates the matins of the little birdies—what is really passing in his mind is that the show is the "bunk", the actors are all big pieces of cheese, the manager doesn't know a good property man when he sees one and the theatre is a hard, hard world.

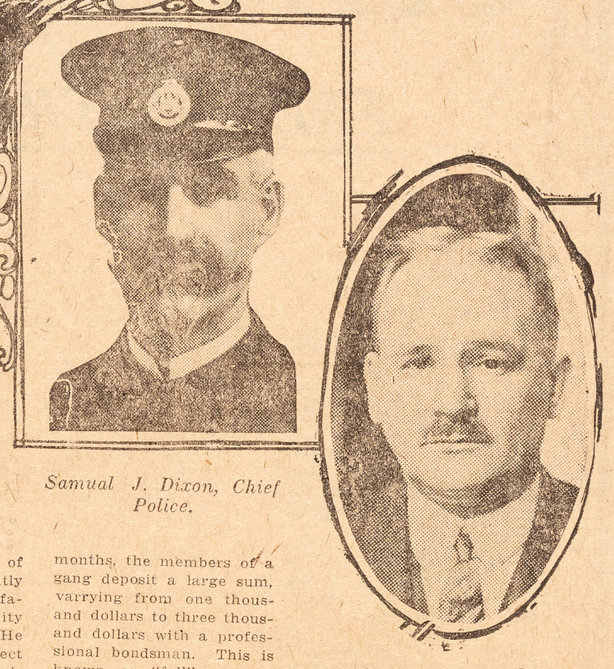
"BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS"

Familiar Old Sign Has Disappeared But The Light-Fingered Fraternity is Still Operating Although not With So Much Freedom as Formerly---Methods of the Most Despised Class of Crooks.





Among the gay midway throngs pickpockets of bygone years found "easy Pickings."



Samual J. Dixon, Chief Police.

George Guthrie, Inspector of Detectives.



William Wallace, Deputy-Inspector of Detectives.

WHAT has become of the signs "Beware of Pickpockets," that used to hit us in the eye at most places where crowds would be likely to congregate? Not so very long ago it had its position of prominence at all the amusement resorts and some of us used to joke about it, making such remarks as, "If a pickpocket can find anything on me, I will be quite willing to give him half," or such a cruel slander as, "That must be meant for the unmarried men."

The sign seems to have disappeared. If it was still doing business we should probably be saying such things as, "That warning does not mean much in our young life, for we have just settled the repair bill at the garage," or perhaps, "Alas, the warning is superfluous; it has come too late, we purchased the sugar for the preserving and have bought the coal for next winter."

Possibly the once familiar sign has been discarded because those who were responsible for its appearance considered that the world has become better. It is a fact that the watchfulness of the police authorities has had the effect of reducing pocket-picking to a minimum in Toronto, but there are still too many pickpockets encumbering the community, and the old sign might yet prove of benefit to the careless.

When the Big Fair is upon us, Toronto might naturally be supposed to be something of a paradise for the pickpocket, but such is really not the case, for the police precautions are very thorough. For days before the Exhibition gets under way, known pickpockets and suspects who stay around the city are gathered in on general principles and put away on remand as vagrants until the show is over.

Chief Inspector Guthrie of the local detective department is credited with possessing an almost uncanny faculty which enables him to spot a pickpocket on sight, and this fact is well known to the nimble-fingered fraternity all over the continent, with the result that a lot of the experts give Toronto a wide berth, for the Guthrie methods of deduction have been passed along to his subordinates.

Not very long ago Inspector Guthrie was crossing the busy intersection of Queen and Yonge Streets on the way to his office in the City Hall, when he paused for a moment, and then accosted a well-dressed chap and invited his company. The pair proceeded to the detective department where, after some questioning, the young man was detained in custody, pending some inquiries, which resulted in the information that the prisoner was a clever pickpocket from across the border. With his apprehension a small epidemic of pocket-picking which had been annoying the police, ceased entirely.

THE liberty of the known pickpocket is always precarious. The writer recollects an occasion, many years ago, which demonstrated that fact. Deputy Commissioner Alf. Cuddy of the Ontario Provincial Police was then a member of the Toronto detective force, and in company with his colleague, Stuart Burrows, was walking down Yonge Street on a warm afternoon. As they passed the old Tremont House, an emaciated figure slunk through the swinging doors leading to the bar, and Cuddy remarked casually, "That was our old friend, "Molly Matches'," who, it may be explained for the edification of those who do not know, was the most famous pickpocket of his time. Burrows was a bit incredulous, but on being assured that there was no mistake, insisted that it was unsafe to allow such a character to remain at large. Cuddy was more generously inclined, and said that "Molly" was a physical and mental wreck and was not likely to be "up to anything." Burrows could not see it that way so the two detectives entered the bar and approached the remains of the celebrated crook, who submitted to arrest without much protest being quite used to it. He insisted that he was behaving himself but Burrows replied that he might not be continuing the good conduct tomorrow and he was marched off to the station.

Prior to the opening of the "Ex" there is a round-up of all the known bad actors and a sharp look-out is kept for the newcomers. Considering the magnitude of the Canadian National Exhibition, and the enormous crowds all the time it is in progress, the few cases of pocket picking which reach official ears is truly remarkable and a tribute to the efficacy of the preventive measures adopted by the authorities. While the exhibition is on, all suspicious characters are arrested on general principles and either remanded to the jail until the fair is over or forced to shake the dust of the city from their wayward feet.

A similar policy is adopted in connection with the various race meetings. The blooded horses carry many undesirables in their wake as they make their circuit, but the number of pocket-picking cases at the races is very light to what it used to be, in fact it is almost a wonder that there is not much more of it, for there is a lot of money in sight and the owners of some of it are very careless. Occasionally they have to pay for their neglect, but it would be much oftener if the police abolished the practice of putting suspects under lock and key for the duration of the races, on the principle of "safety first."

CHATTING on the subject at headquarters the other day, Deputy Chief Inspector Wallace remarked that if there was any class of criminal he particularly detested more than any other it was the pickpocket, whom he characterized as a slimy sort of a crook, absolutely lacking in any redeeming feature and consequently unworthy of an atom of sympathy or any other form of consideration from anybody. He has brought many of them to book, for, like Inspector Guthrie, he spots them on sight. He intimated that this opinion was shared by police officers generally.

How these light-fingered human leeches operate was explained in an interesting fashion by Inspector Wallace. They seldom work alone, but travel in pairs, trios or quartettes, each having his or her part assigned in a systematic manner. A gang of four is composed of the "stall," the "dip," the "cover" and the "banker," each a specialist in the particular line. The large proportion of pickpockets is of the male persuasian, although there are many women adept in the nefarious business.

In a gang of four, number one is termed the "stall" and is often a big fat loafer who blocks the way of the intended victim getting on a street car, entering the vestibule of a railroad coach, crowding around a ticket wicket, getting aboard or off a boat, or causing a jam any place where there is a crush of people sufficiently big to create a favorable opportunity for operating. He prepares the prospect for the "dip," who is nuber two in the arrangement.

The "dip" who, by the way, is also sometimes called the "tool" in the vernacular of the fraternity is, generally speaking, a somewhat nervous individual who is continually glancing to the right, left and backwards as he performs his share of the operation, which consists of crowding the victim close against the "stall" and while in that position deftly extracting the pocket book or roll of bills and passing the spoils swiftly to the "cover," number three, who is standing close behind him and concealing his movements.

JUST as soon as the "cover" has secured the loot he fades away out of the crowd and gets somewhere where he is not likely to be observed while he mixes up the money obtained with his other money, gets rid of the purse and anything else identifiable, in order that there will be no "evidence" on him in the event of his being arrested.

The "banker" is the fourth member of the gang, and he is close by to relieve the "cover" of the ill-gotten gains. He is considered "safe" by the other members of the gang, for he acts in the capacity of bookkeeper and accountant. When the police arrest a pickpocket who has a neat little book in his possession with four separate sets of figures carefully marked down, just like four sums in simple addition, they are safe in assuming that they have captured the "banker" and that there are three others in his party. The officers are also safe in assuming that unless speedy action is taken in covering railway depots, radial stations and steamboat wharves that the others will make a "get-away," for they are afraid that their erstwhile pal will "squeal" upon them and thus cause them to share his fate. Any person debased enough to become a pickpocket cannot be depended upon, even by his fellow gangsters.

Thieves of this class are methodical and scientific in all their unscrupulous enterprises, leaving little or nothing to chance. They are organized and mostly make their headquarters in the large cities across the border, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, etc., where they live in dens of vice, frequently "hop joints" and other unsavory environment where they are continually in contact with creatures of their own kind, with whom they exchange experiences of the past and discuss plans for the future. Here they form their gangs and go forth to other places to operate.

Prior to leaving their headquarters on a thieving expedition, which may occupy weeks, or even months, the members of a gang deposit a large sum, varrying from one thousand dollars to three thousand dollars with a professional bondsman. This is known as "fall" money, "fall" being the term used by these crooks to signify arrest. The money thus placed on deposit is intended for use in case one or more of the gang should fall into the hands of the police in a strange town or city where there are no confederates to help them out.

The purpose for which this money may be used depends entirely on the conditions prevailing at the point where the arrest takes place. If bail is granted, all or part of it may be put up as bond. If bail is refused, which is seldom the case, the money may be used for the purpose of buying off the complainant, influencing witnesses, or for any other means of attempting to prevent a fair trial in order that the ends of justice may be defeated.

WHEN any member of a pickpocket gang is arrested it is considered to be the first duty of those who escape to notify a criminal lawyer, whose name and telephone number they had previously secured for use in just such an emergency, to look after a person who was arrested at a certain time at a certain place. The name of the prisoner is not given to the lawyer, for the simple reason that the gang do not know what name has been used. When pickpockets are taken into custody they give the first name that occurs to them, no matter whose it is. The member of the gang who telephones to the lawyer refrains from giving any name, in case he might be talking to a lawyer who does not want pickpockets for clients. If the lawyer accepts the case, he is given the name and address of the person who holds the "fall" money, and at the same time a message is sent by the crook to the bondsman, giving the real name of whoever is under arrest, along with the name and address of the lawyer who has been retained to look after the case.

That is the way the professional bondsman and the lawyer are brought together to formulate the details. In particularly bad cases, where the evidence against the prisoner is very clear and a penitentiary sentence seems to be threatening, the bondsmen, or some of the gang, send along a cunning and vicious representative for the purpose of arranging an alibi, bribing witnesses or anything else calculated to prevent conviction and imprisonment. The result is that pickpockets much too frequently escape the punishment they are entitled to. There is no limit to the unscrupulous underground methods which will be taken to prevent a clever and well-known pickpocket getting his just deserts.

As a rule the pickpockets are a well-dressed lot. They travel in comfort, using first-class accommodation, and generally live in good hotels or boarding houses. They keep pretty well aloof from each other, particularly when they are "working" in gangs. Then they endeavor to avoid all that would indicate to any person that they are connected. Despite this precaution, the alert police officer who has devoted a little time to the study of their methods of operating, is likely to spot them just as soon as he sees them in action, and is usually on the watch for them at the places where crowds assemble.

The arrested pickpocket is very brazen in his attempts at bribery when he falls into the toils. Even when he is only taken into custody on a charge of vagrancy he is often quite willing to pay a fancy price for his freedom, either to the officer who makes the arrest or to anyone else who might be instrumental in securing him his liberty. In this country, however, officers who would yield to this form of temptation are fortunately very few and far between.

OF all the classes of crooks Inspector Wallace has encountered during his service, covering nearly thirty-five years in Toronto, the pickpocket is his pet aversion. He regards pickpockets as the most contemptible and most to be despised among all the police customers. His estimate of them, in a nutshell, is that sixty per cent. of that class live on the avails of prostitution when not pocket picking, seventy-five per cent. are "dope fiends" and one hundred per cent. vicious, cold-blooded liars.

Almost all pickpockets belong to the transient criminal class because it is impossible for them to work successfully for any length of time in locations where they are known, consequently their favorite fields for operating are in towns and cities far removed from their own homes. They are generally regarded in police circles as being the vultures of crookdom. Their selected victims are frequently the aged aand infirm, or a man or woman carrying a child while moving through a crowd. They are absolutely devoid of feeling or conscience. The stranger who becomes confused in the excitement and bustle of a large city is pounced upon by these parasites as legitimate prey and they will rob him if they can, regardless of the cruelty the crime involves.

Among the many distressing cases which have come to his attention, Inspector Wallace referred to one of last summer, when a man called at the detective department to report that his pocket had been picked, either while he was getting off the Montreal train at North Toronto or while he was boarding a street car a few yards distant from the station. He was in a rather sad plight. Every cent of money he possessed had been stolen as well as transportation for himself and wife to their home in Western Indiana, leaving both stranded in a strange city hundreds of miles away from their friends.

An officer in the department who overheard the complaint took a personal interest in the case and learned from the victim a simple enough tale, but it commanded sympathy. The stranded stranger was a working man earning small pay. His wife, who had been brought up in Montreal, had gone with him to Indiana after their marriage and they had saved up for years to finance a visit back to the eastern city. Eventually they owned enough money to take the long looked-for holiday, and after two pleasant weeks spent among old friends in Montreal they were on the way home and had hoped to enjoy a day or two in Toronto when the pickpocket put such an unpleasant crimp in their arrangements. The officer was impressed by the story and gave the couple enough money to pay their way home, although he had never seen or heard of them before. He heard of them again, however, for shortly after their arrival home they sent him a letter of thanks, enclosing the amount of money which had been advanced.

MISERY and disappointment often follows in the wake of the pickpocket. In the course of a year there are thousands of cases most of which never reach the ears of the police, the victims probably thinking that they have lost their money on the street or something. Then there are many who do not care to be bothered with going to the trouble of making a complaint, particularly when they are not sure as to the cause of their misfortune, or when the amount lost is so small that it is not regarded as being worth worrying about.

Deputy Commissioner Cuddy, of the Provincial Police, is another authority on pickpockets and their ways, and he is no fonder of the fraternity than is Inspector Wallace. Mr. Cuddy is heartily in accord with the local method of rounding up all known pickpockets and their associates before they can get a chance to operate at such affairs as the Exhibition, where large crowds of persons congregate. Sometimes this gathering in of suspects results in strong protests in individual cases. He recalls one some years ago when a man named Rogers was among those taken into custody by Wallace just prior to the Exhibition, on general principles. There was a fuss, which included some newspaper criticism but the police stuck to their man while the Fair was in progress and they did not entirely lose track of him when it was over. At about two o'clock one morning Cuddy encountered Rogers on York Street and took him to the police station. When Rogers was searched his possessions were found to include an "outsider."

WHAT is an "outsider?" It is a burglar's tool used by Hotel thieves to enter the rooms of guests who lock the door on the inside and carlessly leave the key in the lock. An "outsider" is a little instrument which can be used to turn the inside key silently and without much difficulty if it is done by an experienced operator. Many a good citizen has wished he had something of the kind when he has arrived home to find, on inserting his latch-key in the lock, that his wife has pulled the door shut as she went out and left a key in the lock on the inside. Further investigation of Mr. Rogers proved that the police had made no mistake. Developments resulted in a three years sentence at the penitentiary.

Among the collection quietly roped in shortly before the opening of one Exhibition there was a stylish old Englishman who nobody seemed to know much about and he was deemed worthy of official inquiry with the result that he turned out to be a pickpocket professor who operated a school for the young in Chicago, where he instructed boys and girls in the ways of his kind charging fifty cents a lesson, and he had arranged to have some of his pupils here. His timely arrest attended to his own case and kept his juvenile undesirables away.

Mr. Cuddy knows of no pickpockets' organizations in Canada such as exist in some of the large American cities, or any schools such as that just mentioned, but there are "steerers" in Canadian cities who render assistance to this class of crooks who come from the other side. It is on this account, among other causes, that persons of the character of "Gas" Burns, Jimmy Burns, Maurice Dalton, Charlie and Jessie Thompson, are put away for safe keeping during Exhibition time, if they are not already in prison. Jessie Thompson, who is probably Toronto's best known woman pickpocket, is at present serving a three-year term in the penitentiary, so she will not be at the Fair this year. She is a woman getting on in years, must be fifty, or so, and has long been a pickpocket, having been taught when she was a young woman by Charlie, who was ostensibly her husband.

There have been many arrests at the Exhibition and elsewhere of suspected pickpockets who were not pickpockets at all, but a class known to the police circles as "rubbers." These suspects are men, and not always young men, who presumably find some satisfaction in rubbing closely against women where a crowd has assembled. Sometimes the women thus annoyed make an outcry and the supposition is that an attempt has been made at pocketpicking. The police, who are never very far away from such crowds, take care of the offender and hold him for inquiry. The known "rubbers" are among those present when the clean-up is made before the Fair starts.

ALL sorts of confidence men are sent away from the city, or held in custody if they chose to remain here while the Fair is in progress, but this is another transient class of criminal often hard to locate, and it is inevitable that some must remain at large where they find victims for their various schemes. Mr. Cuddy recalls a case of many years ago when a man from the West took in the Toronto Exhibition while on his way to England. He was approached by a pair of confidence men who unsuccessfully attempted to swindle him, for he saw through their game in time, and reported them to the authorities, with the result that arrests were made and the offenders were each sent to the penitentiary for five years. Nine years later the man returned from England and was in Toronto on his way to Victoria when he fell a victim to the identical swindle he had exposed so long before, and lost three hundred dollars. He told his troubles to the police but they had not much sympathy for him and he proceeded West after disconsolately acknowledging that he had been a silly fool and deserved what had happened to him.

AT various times pickpockets have made substantial hauls in Toronto, and got away with the wealth. It is impossible for the authorities to know them all, or to guess at them all, for they look very much like other people that make a crowd, but once they are caught their "number is up," and their chances of successfully operating again in these parts are greatly diminished. There are, of course, new ones cropping up all the time and big events like the Toronto Exhibition are regarded by them as their harvest. They are assisted in their operations by persons who are thoughtless in regard to carrying money on their person and would not be protected if "Beware of Pickpockets" signs were pasted up everywhere.

Mr. Cuddy takes the view that the disappearance of these signs is a good thing and that they were never of much use to anybody but the watchful pickpocket. Persons, particularly those carrying considerable sums of money, would glance at the sign and then instinctively put a hand on the place where the money was kept to see if it was still there The alert eye of the pickpocket would discern this movement and he would set to work, having the advantage of knowledge of location of what he was after instead of having to take all the chances involved in feeling around for it. That being the case the departure of the warning signs need not be mourned.

List of Awards in Sunday World Camera Competition

More Than 5,000 Pictures Testify to the Skill of Canada's Camera Artists

H. J. Kirkpatrick Takes First Honors In Class A—H. E. Lovick Heads List In Class B—Interest Centres Almost Exclusively In Section For Smaller Pictures.

IN announcing the winners in its amateur photographic contest, The Toronto Sunday World takes great pride. The interest created among amateur photographers when the contest opened on May 1 was sustained until the closing on August 11. Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific entered pictures. Although they were all taken by Canadians, they are not of necessity Canadian scenes or subjects, and the contest shows that the Canadian camera has been well around the world in civilized and uncivilized corners.

The greater interest of course was taken in the Class B part of the competition for photographs taken on a camera taking post card size or smaller. It is in this class that the large proportion of amateurs figure and therefore the entries in Class B were much more numerous than in Class A which was for larger contact pictures.

More than 5,000 pictures were in when the contest closed on August 11. These represented the best efforts of nearly 600 competitors.

OWING to the fact that in Class A, for the larger pictures, there was a limited number of entries the board of judges in whose hands the rewards were left unreservedly decided that the prizes should be awarded only to those of a quality to merit an award. However, there was keen competition for the prizes which were decided upon.

In Class B there was a wealth of material and the judges were a couple of days making the eliminations until the best had been picked out for the prizes.

It was a tremendous task for the the judges who sat for hours in painstaking study. There were so many types of pictures. There were photographic studies of people, quiet landscape scenes, sea pictures, rural life studies and city pictures, Canadian and foreign, freaks, comics and tragedy.

In Class A the judges finally agreed on a Toronto scene exhibited by H. J. Kirkpatrick, 38 Dearborn Avenue. It was a beautiful picture to which the entrant had given the title "Sunrise and Sunset." It showed an elderly lady at the Old Women's Home on Belmont Street with a child. The second was an entirely different kind of picture showing the entrance to the Law Courts at Winnipeg. It was an excellent study entered by P. McAdam, Winnipeg.

FROM the thousands of pictures in Class B the judges finally chose as the winner the "Elusive Needle" taken by H. E. Lovick, 161 Campbell Avenue. It will appeal to every one. It simply presents, in picture, the homely scene of the threading of an elusive needle as its title states.

The second prize winner, The Pilot, is rather an unusual picture. It shows the cabin of a yacht showing through the window part of the city skyline. It was taken by Russ. M. Collins, 48 Palmerston Avenue. The third, shown by G. F. Rodger, 110 Carlton Street, was a picture of the Pennsylvania Depot. The fourth by H. P. Vavasour, Brittania Bay, Ottawa, shows an interior church scene. Lorne Robertson, Stratford, was next with a picture entitled "Pals" showing two very colored colored boys. Miss Marjorie Candee, 39 South Drive, Toronto, was sixth with a picture showing a child paddling. A dog picture, taken by George Robertshaw, Oshawa was next, a winter scene by John Orrell, Thorold was seventh.

A brief description of the first seven winners indicates the variety presented in the contest. There were literally hundreds of pictures in this class that would be regarded as good work in any company. The judges were quite pleased with the result. Going over the list of the prize winners it will be found that many of them are sent from small villages and hamlets in Ontario. These little spots have scenes and life that are as interesting in picture studies as any city.

Selections from the pictures will be published in the rotagravure section of the Toronto Sunday World in coming weeks. The board of judges was as follows: Charles Aylett, portrait photographer; J. Kennedy, portrait photographer; Fred J. Booth, commercial photographer, Alex. J. McLean, press photographer; Herbert S. Palmer, artist.

Camera Competition Prize List

CLASS A.

1st—H. J. Kirkpatrick, 38 Dearborn Ave., Toronto.—"Sunrise and Sunset," $100.

2nd—P. McAdams, 358 Parkview St., St. James, Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Law Courts, Winnipeg, Main Entrance, $75.

3rd—A. G. Fraser, 43 Prince Arthur Ave., Toronto.—Evening, San Diego Harbor, Calif., $50.

4th—Hedley Douglas Ashley, 510 Ontario St., Toronto.—No Title. Boy in Fancy Dress, $25.

$10 AWARDS.

5th—J. W. Shuttlewood, c-o Hydro Power Commission, Dam No. 2, Trenton, Ont.—"Very Easy."

6th—Colin S. Farmer, Perth, Ont.—The Picnic.

7th—H. J. Atcheson, 86 Willow Ave., Toronto.—A Shady Spot.

CLASS B.

1st—H. E. Lovick, 161 Campbell Ave., Toronto.—The Elusive Needle, $100.

2nd—Russ. M. Collins, 48 Palmerston Ave., Toronto.—The Pilot, $75.

3rd—G. F. Rodger, 110 Carlton St., Toronto, Pennsylvania Depot, $50.

4th—H. P. Vavasour, c-o Mrs. S. Carey, Britannia Bay, Ottawa, Ont.—Cathedral Sanctuary, $25.

$10 AWARDS.

5th—Lorne Robertson, M.D., 55 Albert St., Stratford, Ont.—Real Pals.

6th—Miss Marjorie Candee, 39 South Drive, Toronto, "Paddling."

7th—George Robertshaw, 110 Church St., Oshawa,—Study of Dog.

8th—John Orrell, c-o Pilkington Bros., Thorold, Ont.—A Point of Beauty.

9th—Sidney L. Adamson, 535 St. Clarens Ave., Toronto.—Nature's Cloister.

10th—Mrs. J. L. Rook, 19 Harcroft Road, Bloor West, Toronto.—"Peg o' My Heart."—Cat.

11th—V. Roland Henry, 782 Water St., Toronto.—Winter Scene.

12th—E. F. Sparling, 67 Huxley St., Hamilton,—The Swimming Hole.

13th—C. Ghent Carroll, Norwich, Ont.—"Off for a Ride."

14th—J. W. Corcoran, 15 Duncan St., Toronto.—Taj Mahal, Agra, India.

$5.00 AWARDS.

J. F. Johnston, 52 Longwood Road, Hamilton.—"Summer Pasture."

John R. Newman, Box 254, Schumacher, Ont.—"Sandy Falls, North Ontario."

F. H. Robinson, 390 Cannon St. East, Hamilton.—"During the Storm."

Martin Smith, Box 108, Oakville, Ont.—"An East Storm at Oakville."

Arthur E. Luker, Oakville, Ont.—"Studious Moments."

Edward H. Beck, 18 Toronto St., Toronto.—"A Perfect Stroke."

C. Ostler, 173 Burris St., Hamilton.—"Jeanie."

J. R. Foster, 106 Lake Front, Kew Beach, Toronto.—"Approaching Storm."

Harold G. Davidson, 170 George St. Belleville,—"Regatta, Bay of Quinte."

Thomas S. Moon, Box 15, Haliburton, Ont.—"Waiting for a Snap."

Albert Edward Chapman, 107 Oakcrest Ave., Toronto—"Young Canada."

Effie M. Haist, Ridgeville, Ont.—Road West of Fonthill.

Miss Mary Wheeler, 485 W. Marion St., Toronto.—"Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining."

William Sneath, Box 42, Wingham, Ont.—No Title—Picture of Child.

Miss A. L. Gerger, 244 Scarboro Ave., Calgary, Alta.—No Title—Street Scene.

Eugenio D'Angelo, 69 Dundas St., West, Toronto.—"A Peaceful Meal."

Miss Muriel Adamson, 44 Russell St., Toronto.—"The Drinking Place."

Mrs. Mary E. Smith, 831 Dupont St., Toronto.—"Bloor Viaduct."

A. Terrence Pinard, 8 Park Ave., Toronto.—"On the Home Smith Drive."

Leonard Parker, 40 Craighurst Ave., Toronto.—"Flotsam and Jetson."

Ernest Stephens, R.R. No. 1, Chatham, Ont.—"Thames River."

Ernest L. Touhey, 48 Grange Ave., Ottawa.—"Sunset."

A. Gordon, Port Dover, Ont.—"Sunset."

Reay Metcalfe, 19 John St., Welland, Ont.—"Pay Day."

A. C. Smellie, 11 Royal Ave., Toronto.—"Study in Architecture."

Mary O'Leary, Kearney, Ont.—No Title, Scene of Lake.

Elton Johnson, 198 Neville Park Boulevard, Toronto. — Egyptian Study—No Title.

Mrs. L. D. Jones, Apt. 14, Ernescliffe Apts., 192 Wellesley St., Toronto.—"Aerial Trolley Above the Whirlpool, Niagara"—No Title.

Alan G. Hamilton, 230 Brock Ave., Kingston.—Grant Hall, Queens University.

W. G. Colhoun, 167 Strachan Ave., Toronto.—"A Shady Nook."

NO WASTED WORDS.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his surgery in Edinburgh and showed him a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor took place:—

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:—

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice"

Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred:—

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing," exclaimed the doctor. "Most sensible woman I ever met"

FAMILIAR FACES.

"It is fine to scrape up a new acquaintance with some of the old familiar faces," remarked George, the barber, while he was operating upon one of his numerous customers who have just got back from the summer outing.

CLAY AWAY THE YEARS!

FREE—A TRIAL TUBE OF *Boncilla* —FREE



What Is This Clasmic Clay

Boncilla Beautifier is a blue-gray clasmic clay of remarkable smoothness, compounded with the finest-known East India balsams.

While Boncilla Beautifier Clasmic Clay is drying on the face, the wonderful rejuvenating work is taking place.

Its liquid balsam portion is being absorbed by the pores, penetrating to their depths, bathing them with a refreshing, invigorating stimulus, cleansing them of every impurity—revivifying sluggish circulation and building up sagging facial muscles.

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You can *feel, see, know* the splendid results of a Boncilla Beautifier face pack after the very first application. Boncilla is guaranteed to do these definite things for the face, or your money will be refunded:

1. Clear the complexion and give it color.
2. Cleanse and close enlarged pores, removing excess oiliness.
3. Remove blackheads and pimples.
4. Lift out the lines.
5. Rebuild drooping facial tissues and muscles.
6. Make the skin soft and smooth.

Most women now use Clasmic Clay

Your Opportunity to Test FREE

the amazing complexion loveliness imparted by this famous Clasmic Clay

Here is a remarkable Clasmic Clay which offers you a complexion beauty that is really deeper-than-skin-deep—in an amazingly short time.

You need not wait weeks and months to see results—they are delightfully apparent after the very first application.

Succeeding applications may be given each day—or twice a week, if you prefer—until your complexion is in fine condition. Then occasionally—to keep it so.

Boncilla Beautifier demands no tedious facial massage. Spread it on your face, allow it to dry, and then remove it with a wet towel.

The use of Boncilla Clasmic Clay results in a glowing, youthful complexion beauty that is natural—lasting—real.

If you have never tried Boncilla, you should not fail to take advantage immediately of this unusual offer. This generous trial tube contains enough Boncilla Beautifier for two to three facial packs—more than enough to show what remarkable complexion beauty Boncilla can accomplish for you. This introductory tube is not for sale—but we will send it to you direct on receipt of the coupon below.

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Get it in the mail today—before you forget. The charm of a beautiful complexion is your right—and your possession if you let Boncilla Beautifier show you how to develop it.

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18

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O, what heaps of new clothes you need, at once, for the long Fall and Winter ahead! Don't choose, don't, without seeing the smarter, lovelier-than-ever new clothes at Campbell's. Tempting prices, too.

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HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

Sidelights on Persons and Personalities

Dr. Banting's Namesake Of Sixty Years Ago Gave World System of Dieting

Word "Banting" Passed Into English Language as Synonym for Dieting —It Was an Alleged Cure for Extreme Corpulence.



THE discovery of the Insulin treatment for diabetes by Dr. Banting, of Toronto, falls curiously enough in the year of the 60th anniversary of the introduction of the word "banting" into the English language. So long ago as 1863, a William Banting of St. James' Street, London, a funeral furnisher by trade—the sign board is still to be seen there—published a "Letter on Corpulence, addressed to the Public," in which he set forth an alleged cure for extreme corpulence.

It was time he set himself to find a remedy, for he had grown so fat that he had to walk down stairs backwards, and his life was in danger. He adopted a system of dieting, however, which was so successful that he lived to be 81, dying in 1878. His cure became popular, and 'banting,' as a synonym for dieting, pased into the language.

To-day, by one of the most curious scientific coincidences ever known, Dr. Banting has perfected his own system and cure for a similar disease to that which troubled his namesake sixty-three years ago.

Statue As Unruly As Poet Himself

Can't Keep Shelley's Statue At Oxford From Staining.

THE marble statue of Shelley in University College, Oxford, is giving the college almost as much trouble as the poet himself gave.

He was expelled for professing atheism. The college disowned its unruly son. Shelley became the greatest poet of his age, and the college put off the killing of the fatted calf until too late. He was drowned at the peak of his fame.

University College realized its mistake in disowning Shelley and let it be known that he was indeed a University College man. The statue was erected in a specially constructed building. It shows the body of Shelley wet from the sea, his long hair trailing.

The principal trouble with the statue is that it is too wet. Water from the atmosphere condenses on the cold marble and causes discoloration. Two college servants have been assigned to wash Shelley frequently. The task takes two hours every two months, and in spite of all this work the marble is stained.

The college authorities have decided to put a heating apparatus in the building to keep the marble warm and prevent condensation of moisture. If this does not work the superstitious will see in the phenomenon of the weeping statue the hand of Shelley's ghost. Some say already that Shelley is displeased with his statue and dissatisfied with the repentance of the college which expelled him.

The Man Who Runs the Exhibition



IF THERE had never been any dogs in the world John G. Kent would have missed a lot of pleasure he has taken out of life and never have been General Manager of the Canadian National Exhibition. The first time Mr. Kent went to the big fair he went holding a dog leash. That dog won a prize and the Exhibition authorities of that time decided that Mr. Kent knew so much about dogs he had better run the dog show. He did, and in 1919 the authorities decided he knew so much about shows he had better run the National. He accepted the invitation and he's running it now with a staff of loyal assistants. Now the whole continent comes to John G. Kent for advice on running big exhibitions.

It is recorded in several Who's Whos and a family Bible that John G. Kent was born in Selkirk, Ontario. Hon. J. S. Martin, Ontario's new Minister of Agriculture and the Postal Guide say Selkirk is in Haldimand County, and can be reached by easy stages from Dunnville or Hamilton. However, Mr. Kent came to Toronto quite early and is reported to have been accompanied by a dog of doubtful breeding, but kindly disposition. Mr. Kent was in the Gowans-Kent Company, which made glassware. When he wasn't attending to business he was raising dogs, having discovered that a dog could still be a real dog even if it had a high brow pedigree. So he became a fancier of greyhounds and folf hounds.

Now John G. Kent didn't become manager of the Exhibition for the salary that goes with the job. As a matter of fact he served for some time without salary at all. Having retired from active business he was in a position to give his time and energy to the building of the greatest permanent fair in the world. Good will is his motto for the Exhibition. When he isn't busy with the Exhibition he is helping the Boy Scouts as a commissioner, or helping Old St. Andrew's Church as a manager, or picking out a new greyhound.

No one around the Exhibition has ever seen Mr. Kent lose his temper. For two weeks during the Exhibition there are fifty-five excuses an hour for "the boss" to get peeved, but he never has and the trouble makers fade before his smile like snow before the sun. He can generally be found at his office except on Children's Day, when he can't be found at all. He is out among the children and many a lost kiddie has gained cheer from an ice cream cone for which he could thank the Exhibition manager if he knew that he had sent it with hundreds of others of its kind to the lost children's tent. Every day during the fair the residents of some charitable institution are Mr. Kent's guests at the fair. The fair is for everybody and he gets them all there. He doesn't want the fair called Toronto show. The word National he wants to mean exactly what it ought to and the Canadian National Exhibition in its management refutes every hint or suggestion of "hog town." It must not become a money-making institution, and one of its fundamental functions must be its educational features.

John G. Kent wants the Exhibition to keep expanding. He would probably like to see as big a gate at old St. Andrew's Church as at the Exhibition, to have every boy a Boy Scout, and to have every person in Canada own a dog. It would be a happy world if John G. Kent's practical doctrine of good will was carried out. Even in 1923 Mr. Kent changes not. He is lost on children's day, he has all the people from the city homes at the Exhibition and he has a dandy greyhound, Tawneyside Tarquin, over in the dog show.

When "Do It Now" Saved the Situation

Western C. P. R. Superintendent Remembered Car Insurance At Golf Match.

By P. W. LUCE.

AS WESTERN Superintendent of the C.P.R., Mr. Fred W. Peters has long since learned that it doesn't pay to take chances. Whenever he makes up his mind something should be done, he does it right away.

Playing golf one afternoon this summer at Jericho, something in his opponent's style of play reminded the C.P.R. man his automobile was not insured.

Making a hurried trip to the clubhouse, Mr. Peters called a Vancouver agency and took out a policy covering theft, fire, and accident liability. Then he went back to the course and trimmed his erratic opponent.

Next morning the C.P.R. official called up the agency:

"Have you got that policy on my car ready?" he wanted to know. "I've got a cheque all made out for you."

"It isn't written out yet, Mr. Peters," he was told, "but that's quite all right. You needn't worry. You're fully protected, as from four o'clock yesterday afternoon."

Mr. Peters heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"I'm mighty glad to hear that," he told the insurance man, "because, as it happens, my car was stolen while I was at the theatre yesterday evening!"

TRYING TO SWIM ENGLISH CHANNEL



G. A. Walker, of Cleveland, who swam across Lake Erie from the Ontario side in 20 hrs. 15 mins. He has just sailed for England and will attempt to swim the English Channel.

Sir Robert Horne Classifies Bachelors and Confesses to Which Class He Belongs

Told Bachelor M.P.'s at Dinner That He Opposed Tax on Them Because Taxes Should be Placed on Success and Not on Failure.



IT IS not often you can get a former Chancellor of the Exchequer to express an opinion on such a personal subject as matrimony, but Sir Robert Horne did more than this at the Bachelor M.P.'s secret dinner, which was held at the House the other night. He divided bachelors into three categories, and confessed to which category he himself belonged:

His categories were as follows:

1.—Bachelors who were filled with the romantic idea that one day they would come across the ideal of their dreams. At any time they might have to bemoan the loss of these.

2.—Bachelors who would not get married because they would not be bothered. Even they were not safe.

3.—The group (of which he, the Chairman, was the only member present) who had not been able to induce any woman to take an interest in them.

Sir Robert Horne recalled the time when Mr. Bonar Law was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and proposed to tax bachelors. Sir Robert Horne had told the ex-premier at the time that such an act would be contrary to the principles of British taxation. "We only tax people on their successes, and you intend to tax us on our failure. I added," said Sir Robert Horne, "that I should be able to prove, by producing all the girls who have refused me, that I have not been either a passive resister or a conscientious objector."

LLOYD GEORGE HAD NO REPLY TO THIS

AS an instance of the thoughtlessness or want of humor in the selection of pieces sung at presentation or farewell meetings, the story is told of a meeting where a presentation was made to Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George at Llanystumdwy, some years ago, where the local choir sang the plaintive Welsh air, "Dafydd y Garreg Wen," with the words "Mae Dafydd yn Marw" ("David is Dying"). At a concert given at No. 10 Downing Street, in aid of a charity, one of the songs sung by Miss Leila Megane was this fine air, traditionally regarded as the dying song of the minstrel Dafydd y Garreg Wen in his home between Portmadoc and Criccieth.

THROUGH TWO WARS AND NEVER TOUCHED

SIRDAR, an old war-horse who has travelled extensively and went through the battle of the Marne without a scratch, proved recently at Aldershot that the common saying, "There's life in the old dog yet," is also applicable to horses.

Sirdar is a famous jumper. Last year he was one of the team of three which won the Prince of Wales Cup for jumping at Olympia, and yesterday he won a competition for jumping open to the whole world.

During the twenty years of his life Sirdar has travelled from Queensland to India, and thence to France. He belongs to Col. J. H. Gibbons, of the R.F.A.

Became Father Confessor To Man Who Robbed Him

How Nicholas Garland Caught a Robber Three Years After the Burglary Took Place.

FEW there are, if any, in Toronto, to whom Mr. Nicholas Garland, merchant, of this city, is not a familiar figure, his personality lending a distinction which marks him as not only one of Toronto's most successful business men, but versatile to a degree.

When in business in Caledonia some years ago, Mr. Garland found upon entering his store early one morning, that the premises had been burglarized. Sizing up the situation, he rightly judged that the robber was familiar with the premises. He and Mr. T. Garland bound themselves to be as silent as a Sphinx on the subject, hoping by this means to round up the culprit. Three years, passed, however, and it was safe to conclude that the incident had been forgotten, but Mr. Garland has a poor forgettery. He was driving along the road one day when he met a man. "Jump in," invited the genial Mr. Garland, "and I'll drive you to town." The man complied, and whether it was under the benign influence of the kindly Mr. Garland, or whether it was that the Powers That Be impelled him to unloose his tongue and make Mr. Garland his Father Confessor, it is not known, but he began:

"Funny about that burglary in your store!"

"What burglary?" asked the wily Mr. Garland.

"Don't you remember?" continued the man.

"No!" replied Mr. Garland, aghast.

"Why, yes, you do; but you never found who did it!" he exclaimed confidently.

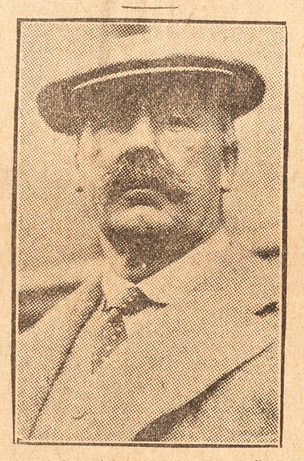
"Never is a long time, my man. I'll just drive you to my office, and you'll sign a note for $300, to pay for the goods you stole on that occasion," coolly spoke Mr. Garland.

The man, a farmer in the neighborhood, tried to bluff it out, but finally confessed, and not only signed the note, but paid it when due.

COPY FOR LENIN'S BOOK LOST IN FLOOD

THE first copies of Lenin's complete writings will not appear for sale in Moscow, as the entire edition has been ruined by heavy rains which flooded the basement of the storerooms of the State printing plant. The Soviet Press estimates the damage at £30,000. In addition to Lenin's works much Communist propaganda was also destroyed.

STUDYING METHODS OF FORESTRY HERE



Lord Lovat, who is now in Canada studying Canadian forestry methods and requirements. With others from the Old Country he is now visiting the Canadian forests from coast to coast. He is chairman of the Forestry Commission of the United Kingdom and also of the British Empire Forestry Conference.

WHEN ARTIST WROTE SOME PLAYFUL VERSE

AT seventy-two Elihu Vedder, the artist, became a poet. Later, in 1914, he published "Moods in Verse," which was privately printed for his own friends. Some of the titles in the volume are illuminating. For instance: "Welsh Rabbits," "Humble Pie," "A Tee-Total Table," "The Survival of the Unfittest" and "Starch." Here is a vagabond rhyme from the volume:

You in Venice, I not there!
'Nough to make a beggar swear!
For sure I must a beggar be
When I cannot get to thee;

But longitude and latitude
And money's offish attitude
Keep me from being there.

In his book, too, "Digressions of V.," there is ample evidence that Vedder was a very human artist. With memories of a Summer afternoon long ago, out Jamaica way, Long Island, and of a boy stretched out in the war grass while a pretty and plump little girl swung gently in a hammock and sang "Comin' Through the Rye," Vedder writes:

I took but one kiss, when I might
have had twenty,
For the sweet lips I kissed had
kisses in plenty,
But I let my chance go, and am
standing in snow
Saying, Oh, Jimminy!

The sweetest of kisses are those
we have missed,
And the ones most regretted are
those never kissed;
So—don't let your chance go or
you'll stand in snow
Saying, Oh, Jimminy!

WILL BE CHEF AT WHITE HOUSE.



Anthony Giacobbe, chef at the Hotel Willard, is expected to receive the appointment of White House chef. At the hotel he is preparing all the meals for the new President. In the picture he is shown preparing a new dainty. It is "butterscotch pie." This is how he made the filling: The yolks of 4 eggs, whipped well with ¼ pound granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons molasses, 2 ounces corn starch, add slowly one quart boiled milk, stirring continually until thickened.

Churchman's Grips Mixed With Those of Bootlegger

By W. L. E.

WHEN Mon. Petro di Marie, the Apostolic delegate to Canada, was one day in November last journeying to Toronto from Montreal to represent the Vatican at the Centennial celebration of the founding of St. Paul's Church, Queen and Power Streets, his train was boarded at Leaside by Father Miller and Messieurs Pat Kennedy and James O'Hagan, who had been deputed to extend a preliminary welcome. This function performed, the two laymen, with a view to making themselves useful as well as ornamental, began looking about for the prelate's baggage. Observing two portly valises near the feet of their guest, they decided these should come under their special charge.

"Gad," remarked Mr. Kennedy, as he lifted one of the valises, "this is some weight."

"And so is this," rejoined Mr. O'Hagan, as he removed the other valise to the aisle. "I suppose they contain sacred vessels and other appurtenances for the celebration.

With much effort and care the two laymen conveyed the valises from the train to an awaiting motor car on arrival at the Union Station, and with much effort and care transferred them from the motor to the Bishop's Palace when the latter—the prelate's place of sojourn—was reached. Thanking their stars that this somewhat irksome duty had been performed, Messieurs Kennedy and O'Hagan comfortably settled themselves in chairs, awaiting the return of Father Miller, who had accompanied Mon. di Marie to his alloted room. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when Father Miller came rushing down stairs, exclaiming with some excitement as he ran:—

"Gentlemen, Monseigneur Marie says the two valises you brought in are not his. Rush them back to the station as fast as you can!"

But there was still a greater surprise in store, for on examining the valises for marks of identification it was discovered that their contents were Scotch whiskey of a brand much in favor with connoisseurs.

"Ah, ah, I see," remarked one of the group engaged in making the examination. "Some bootlegger placed the valises with the prelate's effects, believing they would there be safe from possible police interference, the intention evidently being to take possession after Mon. di Marie had taken his departure."

The discovery did not, however, lead to any change in the decision to return the valises to the station, where they were claimed by an individual who was somewhat excitedly pacing the platform.

Until after the week's celebration at St. Paul's was concluded no reference as to the contents of the valises were made to Mon. di Marie.

"Ah," remarked the prelate, with a merry twinkle in his eye, after Father Miller had "let the cat out of the bag," "why didn't you hold on to the bottles? Then we would have had a real celebration."

Was in First Parliament After Confederation

Albert Hagar, of Plantagenet, Recalls Incidents of Stirring Political Days—Was Sheriff of Prescott for 35 Years, Retiring in 1922.

By WILLIAM BUTLER.

TO THE present generation the name of Sheriff Albert Hagar, ex-M.P., of Plantagenet, Ont., is probably not a familiar one, but to those whose memory carries them back to the stirring days of fifty and sixty years ago it will have a double significance, for in addition to being the sheriff of Prescott County for thirty-five years and a member of the Provincial Legislature, Mr. Hagar is the only surviving member of Canada's first Parliament of 1867, in which he sat for eleven years.

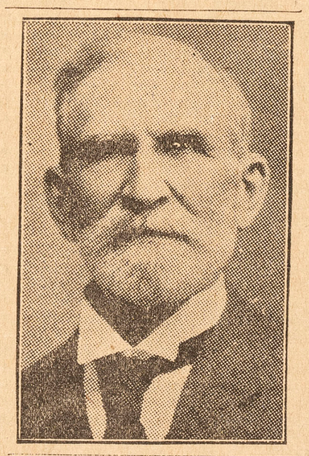
Mr. Hagar, who celebrated his ninety-six birthday in January last, first became interested in politics in 1867 as an Independent. In announcing his candidature for the House at Plantagenet, July, 1867, "the New Dominion," now in its fifty-sixth year, is referred to after which the announcement goes on to say, "that I consider it the duty of every good citizen—every well wisher of his country—not only to give it a fair and impartial trial, but also, to the extent of his ability, and the opportunity afforded him, to assist in starting and working the machinery of the new Government as harmoniously, smoothly and economically as possible, for in this, the dawn of our new existence, fairness, and not faction, liberality and not intolerance, patriotism and not partisanship, should prevail."

Mr. Hagar represented Prescott for eleven years, and as a political opponent had Mr. Thomas White, who was connected with the Montreal Gazette. In the elections at the latter end of the seventies he was defeated by the small majority of three votes. In 1887 he was appointed sheriff for the counties of Prescott and Russell, and on September 11, 1922, when he was superannuated, he was the oldest sheriff in the Dominion.

His political reminiscences are naturally interesting since he was well acquainted with Sir John A. Macdonald and the other notable men of that day. Mr. Hagar recalls that Sir Mackenzie Bowell and he were room mates in their apartment during the first session of Parliament. "I used to drive to and from Ottawa every week-end and in summer I would go by water. I recall hearing D'Arcy McGee, the great poet, historian and orator, make his last speech on the very night that his assassination took place. The House had adjourned shortly before midnight and D'Arcy McGee was shot just as he entered his own door."

"I was there at the time of the Pacific Scandals," added Mr. Hagar. "Excitement was at a great pitch. Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Donald Smith (afterwards Lord Strathcona) were fighting very strenuously. Sir John shook his fist and the House was in a real uproar."

Mr. Hagar entered the political arena as an Independent, but later he became a Liberal Progressive. "In the first Parliament



party lines were not so clearly observed, the main idea of all being to work for the success of Confederation and to support the Government of the day in that purpose. There were some very able men in that Parliament, and probably there has never been a superior group of legislators."

Mr. Hagar was born at Plantagenet, Ont., on January 1st, 1827. His parents came to Canada from the New England States in 1800, and eighteen years later moved to Plantagenet, which was then only a wilderness. On the death of his mother, in 1835, he was sent to relatives at St. Johnsbury, Vt., where he received his education and later at the Peacham Academy.

Was in Lumber Business When All Timber Was Floated to Market—Hard Work, Temperate Living the Secret of His Healthy Years.

Beyond his lumber and commercial interests, Mr. Hagar has pursued farming as a hobby, having displayed special interest in progressve methods of agriculture and live stock.

The Rebellion of 1837 and Mackenzie's flight to the United States are still strong in his memory, with many other interesting reminiscences of those early days when vicissitudes and hardships were the pioneers' daily lot.

It is Mr. Hagar's firm opinion that despite the lack of wonderful inventions, discoveries and improvements of to-day our forefathers were far healthier and happier than we. They worked harder but they enjoyed life and the fruits of their labors. In speaking of labor events he remembered very well the visit of King Edward VII, then the Prince of Wales, to Canada. At the reception at Ottawa an immense and enthusiastic crowd was in front of the Parliament Buildings to welcome him.

Mr. Hagar throws an interesting sidelight on the lumber business of those days by telling that all timber was floated to market. Sawn timber in crib shape went to Montreal, while square pine was formed into rafts for shipment to Quebec. Some of the latter went to New York City via the Richelieu River from Sorel through the locks to Lake Champlain and through other locks into the Hudson River.

Mr. Hagar has a triple explanation of his longevity and good health, namely, hard work, temperate living and good sound sleep. "I have never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life," he said. "Smoke? Well, anyhow, I didn't start until between thirty and forty years of age, and it has never become a habit with me. I married rather late in life; that was a good mistake," he admitted, "for one of the best things a man can do is to find a good wife, and the sooner he does it the better."

Capt. Jethro's Luck

By Captain Dingle

Turn Back With Old Eph Out There Somewhere in the Frozen Seas? Not Cap'n Jethro--Not So Long as the Boards of His Old Whaler Should Hold Together.

A HUNCH may lead a man where no punch could ever drive him. Cap'n Jethro Scraggs had followed a hunch. He still followed it, after ten months of failure in the face of growing opposition from his greybeard crew. Even old Eph Brower, his staunch and loyal chief mate, no longer made pretense of sugaring the pills of his biting sarcasm when discussing it.

"Yew made a couple o' crackin' good v'yages, and yewr fat head all swelled up!" said Eph. He puffed fiercely at a spitting, reeking short clay pipe that knew no friends and but one master. Eph cared notning at all for the bulging eyed glare on his skipper's red face.

"Here we be," Eph proceeded, "ten months out, an' the bottom tier o' casks jest bare full. 'Tarnal Fire! Why yew wanted tew come gallivantin' up intew these here cold Greenland seas arter fish es yew don't know nawthin' about is a hull lot deeper 'n I kin fadom."

Jed Roach, second mate, listened with ears that resembled stu'ns'ls. He had made one record trip with the ancient spouter, the first one after her rejuvenescence. Then, bewildered by his big share, he deserted the whaler and bought a share in a steamboat, commanding her coastwise trading. When the old Grayhead rolled home on her second voyage, not only full to the beams but towing behind her a juicy piece of salvage of a disabled tug, Jed had learned his lesson about steamboating. He was glad to ship in the old spouter again as second mate. He had been first mate on that first amazingly successful co-operative voyage, when all hands recruited from Snug Harbor's Sailors' Retreats, and small cottages, had each put up three hundred dollars towards fitting Jethro Scraggs' ancient whaler out, and had shared equally in the quickest trip on record. Jed had played Jethro's luck. Now it seemed as if three times running was more than could be expected of any lucky number. This trip into the Arctic surely promised failure, stark and cold.

"Eph," said Cap'n Jethro slowly, swallowing hard on the anger that was rising in him, "Eph, yew an' all hands voted last v'yage against my jedgment an' made me take thet thar tug. 'T wuz nawthin' but a blessed accident es tarned thet trip back tew our profit. Ef thet tug's wheel hedn't drapped off arter she'd give us her line last trip 'd ha' been purty poor, Eph, purty poor."

"'Tarnal Fire! Don't I know it?" retorted Eph. He stumped to the rail, knocked out his pipe, and rubbed up some coarse nubbles of black plug tobacco to refill it. "Ain't we all give yew credit? But, hell's bells, Jethro, is thet any reason why we should keep cruisin' around in these dum cold seas when all hands kin see ez every 'tarnal whale is gone south fer th' winter?"

"I ain't so sure," persisted Jethro. "I know our two good trips sent a dozen old spouters a-fishin' again, and the price of sparm ile ain't goin' tew go up none. I happen tew know es thar's a fat market fer whalebone, though, an' we kin git that better up here 'n anywheres else."

"Ain't got much yit, Jethro," put in Jed Roach. The man at the wheel, leaning forward to hear, added his little note:

"S'posin' we gits froze in, what then? A hull winter lost, Jethro; and they dew say es nights be six months long thar. Why, we'd burn up all the ile we got f'r light!"

"Seth Noakes! Ef yew stick yewr beak in whar 't ain't asked fer, be dummed ef I don't hit it sech a poke es 'll make yew swaller yer handkerchief tew wipe yewr nose wi'!" roared Jethro. He shook his fist in the faces of his mates and blared in finality:

"Ef yew all votes agin me, I got tew do es yew say. Ontil then I'll foller my own nose. Hob's Boots! 'T is the last v'yage I'll make all free an' ekal wi' sech a sojer's watch of Salt Lake whalers!"

There was a distinct ice blink to windward. A keen November air tingled the skin and made breath visible. Tiny white tips curled over the pale green seas, and under all ran a deeper swell which rolled the old whaling barque dizzily, light as she was, until every ancient knee and timber, beam and stanchion in her flavorsome old fabric squealed and groaned again. In small knots about her littered decks her hoary headed old crew carried on jobs like sailormen, criticizing Cap'n Jethro meanwhile like green hands. Noel Pease, bo'sun again after one voyage as second mate, held forth like the greenest greenhorn, making up for his lost dignity by an assumed bravado that was never carried up to Cap'n Jethro's bodily presence. He stood with his back to the pink panels of the fore side of the galley, carefully scrutinizing every foot of a stack of long ash oars for flaws. The high bulwarks were pink, too; but the dainty paint was smeared and smudged with smoke from the ugly brick tryworks, set in an iron pan amidships. Incongruous, that pink paint seemed, maybe; but there had been excellent reason for it at first: lacking paint for the fitting out, and with no cash left to spare for fripperies, old Eph Brower had picked up a drum of paint along-shore, which had turned out to be pink. It was used, gratefully, and so amazing had been their luck on that memorable voyage that when Eph asked about paint for the next trip Cap'n Jethro had replied emphatically, "Pink, Eph, paint her pink!" Slippy, the cook, had rebelled at first at having his galley painted like the inside of a sea shell. Now he painstakingly scrubbed away with soft soap and canvas at a greasy smear of grime on the inner side of the half door, his head cocked sideways to listen to the old whalemen's growlings as he scrubbed.

"'Tis like everythin' else," grumbled Noel, stealing a glance aft before raising his voice. "Men be like ships; they be built tew stand jest so much an' no more. Clap a skys'l ontew th' old Gathead, an' likely she'd bust wide open wi' sinkin' pride an' drowned all hands. Ol' Jethro's rigged a skys'l, in a manner o' speakin', an'——"

"Yew won't never drownd, yew won't," grinned Slippy, drawing his door to, practicing safety first. "They hangs men as talks like yew're talkin', Noel. Leastways, they do fer mutiny, an' mutiny grows out o'——"

"Why, yew greasy ol' swab, I'll poke yewr tripes out!" swore Noel, thudding angrily with the loom of an oar at the spot where Slippy's waistline should have been. The stout ash only banged on a stouter oak door, and ribald merriment floated through the square window from inside.

"I'll fix yew, anyways!" growled Noel, and went surlily to work again, his audience sniggering too openly for him to carry on with his argument.

Every few minutes a flurry of big snowflakes came along on the breeze. Over the dark green of the windward horizon, where dull gray clouds hung low and heavy with snow, there was a glint of waning light on distant ice. The air grew colder, and at times the old whaler slid through drifting thin ice with a hiss that was far more pleasing to hear than to ponder upon. And the lookout in the crow's nest high up on the foretopgallantmast came down without waiting for his relief and marched aft to the poop.

"'Tarnal fire!" roared old Eph. "Who told yew yew might come a-visitin'? Yew quit lookin' out, then?"

"Yew shet up, Eph," retorted the old whaleman independently. He entered the cabin and walked into Cap'n Jethro's stateroom without knocking.

"Jethro, yew'll hev to break out thet spare slop chest," he said. Jethro stared at him ferociously. The old fellow looked around the cabin, anywhere except at Jethro, until he found what he sought. Then he coolly took down a fat black bottle, poured a tot of rum into the skipper's tumbler, and drank it off with a nod at his almost choking host.

"Didn't yewr rum ration git for'ard to-day, Amos?" Cap'n Jethro inquired with cold politeness.

"What thar wuz of it," returned Amos with a shrug. "Yew don't figger a chap's rum rations goin' tew feed an' clothe him tew, do yew? Ef yew be goin' tew mooch around these dum blasted frozen seas, Jethro, thar's more'n me es 'll need clo'es. I be dummed ef I'll freeze up thar in that bar'l another minit onless I hev storm undergear tew bend."

"Get yewr slops at eight bells!" Jethro retorted. "'Tis no time tew issue slops now. Why, yew or'nary old barnacle, th' hull ocean might be full o' right whales an' nobody tew see 'em while yew're——"

"Thar ain't no whales tew see, thet's my notion," stated Amos indifferently. Cap'n Jethro glared at him, then dragged a dog eared book from his meagre shelf of navigation works.

"Hob's Boots!" he roared, slapping the book down and groping for a well soiled page. "Here, yew sojer! Read that! 'Course yew can't read. Ef yew could, yew'd be somethin' besides a barnacled old swab wi'out no sense. I'll tell yew what it says. Loot'nant Maury o' th' Navy he claims es right up thar inside the ice pack all th' right whales is born an' bred. Don't he know? Why, yew or'nary old——"

"I be a barnacled swab. I knows it. Yew jest told me so," Amos cut in. He helped himself again from the skipper's bottle. "Yew never stays long enough in one place tew git barnacled. Yew 'minds me o' one of them thar Potigeese Man-o-Wars es jes' drif's and drif's, an' drif's, 'stid o' holdin' on tew whar their grub es proved tew be good. All them things gets outa life is a mean disposition, es——"

"Amos!" yelled Cap'n Jethro, leaping to his rheumatic feet and swiftly rueing it. "Ef yew ses another dum blasted word I'll hit yew a doughboy over th' callybash es'll larn yew es I ain't got a mean disposition. Hob's Boots! Git for'ard an' hev a meetin.' Vote me a idjit, an' hum we goes. 'Till then I carries on. Here—" Jethro's tone lost its sting. He unhooked a suit of heavy underwear from the head of his bunk and handed them to Amos. "Here, Amos, yew ain't so young es yew wuz. I'll git some noo gear unstowed afore eight bells. Yew git back on lookout 'till yewr watch is up. Thar's whale, Amos, an' I kin smell it."

"Huh! I ain't sayin' es yewr smeller ain't good," muttered Amos, accepting the under-garments rather humbly. "But we be all free an' ekal, Jethro, an' yew ain't froze none es I kin see up thar in th' crow's nest. Ef we hed cut in whale a plenty it'd be diffrunt."

JETHRO favored the seaman with one brief glance, then put on his pilot jacket, pulled on a woollen storm cap, and pushed past out of the cabin. When Amos reached the deck, carrying over his arm the suit of underwear, Cap'n Jethro was half-way up the fore rigging, bound for the lookout barrel.

"Wal, yew riled th' old grampus, didn't yew?" grinned old Eph.

"Go tew grass!" growled Amos sharply, and wandered forward like a man dreaming, gazing aloft fixedly until he was brought up by almost capsizing Slippy, the cook, bearing a full bucket of galley garbage to the lee rail.

"Hey! Yew struck blind dodgin' lookout?" chattered Slippy.

"Go tew ——!" snapped Amos, and tumbled into the forecastle.

Twelve old men crouched over their supper under the rays of a swinging oil lamp. Fish hash, potatoes, boiled tea and soft biscuit comprised their fare. They favored food that needed little chewing, these ancient mariners of the Gayhead Here and there parted lips revealed some scattered teeth; it was old Eph's boast that he owned the only two teeth that actually met. But they made up in earnestness what they lacked in masticating ability, and whiskered old jaws wagged, stooped shoulders swayed with the lift of arms, and heads dipped and rose in rhythm with the movement of spoon or fork.

"Bout time tew tell Jethro es we don't agree with him, I guess," stated Saul Rowe, his keen blue eyes glittering from behind the wrinkles of a face that looked like a dried apple that had retained its color magically.

"Thet's so," mumbled another ancient, scraping the hash kid with a crooked forefinger. "Ain't no fish up here. Nawth'n' but cold an' snow. He hadn't no call tew desart th' sparm grounds."

"Why, yew hungry ol' walrus, yew wuz all hell bent tew try right whalin' yewrself!" retorted Seth Noakes, rescuing the last biscuit from the old marauder's fist. Seth had been foremost of those suggesting that Jethro be voted down. But it was another matter when somebody else stuck in his oar.

"Yew ain't no more like a giddy weathercock than a giddy weathercock is, Seth," growled Amos. "A mite ago yew wuz all for tarnin' south."

"Ain't I allus stood by Jethro?" snapped Seth, illogical as a girl. "I sez give him a chance tew prove ——"

"Ain't he had his chance?" chorused the others noisily.

"I claims es it should be put tew vote," grumbled the hungry one sulkily. He stuck his pipe over the lamp chimney, tamped down the red coal of tobacco with an impervious finger end, and puffed reeking cloudlets across the table. Under the low beams, in an atmosphere already almost tangible with the steam of food, wet clothes, and fed men, faces were all but invisible unless the owners were seated. Forward, where the massive bowsprit heel was faintly to be seen, the old barque groaned and creaked as she put her sturdy bows to the swells. Dim shapes of swinging oilskins hung from the beams, like bodies. Under the densest of the smoke, a pair of gnarled, brown hands industriously tore the fly leaf of a mail order automobile catalogue into squares.

"Put it tew vote, I sez," came from above the hands.

"Ain't no call tew git flustered," Amos put in. "Longest way round es quickest way hum sometimes. Mebbe ef yew all goes aft an' gits yew some warm gear from Jethro's spare slop chest yew won't be so hasty 'bout tarnin' back."

"Wall, ef yew old mossbacks ain't th' beat of anything I ever see I'll eat th' galley mop!" taunted Slippy, the cook. He gathered up the supper empties. "A mite ago yew wuz all yammerin' ezzackly opposite frum what yew be sayin' now. Yew ought tew be suckin' candy in an Old Man's Home, 'stid o' up here whalin'. Do yew happen tew know, any of yew, who's up in th' crow's nest at this minit? Betcha yew don't. Not yew. 'Growl yew may but work yew must' has been rule o' the sea 's long es I kin remember, but here yew be a-growlin' like greenhorns an' leavin' th' work tew ——"

"Blo-ow, ah blo-o-ow!" came the penetrating whisper from aloft, and in a flash Slippy was up the ladder, with every one of the growling old sea dogs hard at his heels. Beside the foremast they stopped, waiting breathlessly while Jed Roach on the poop took a bearing of the whales from word called by Cap'n Jethro already on his way down from aloft.

"Small pod o' cows, headin' no'th," the skipper hailed as he dropped from the sheerpole to the deck. "That's ice purty thick thatway," he remarked with a frown at the gang about the foremast; "so ef any of yew soft sailors feel es it's mebbe too cold tew be out all night, yew stay aboard." Which piece of biting sarcasm off his stout old chest, Jethro stumped aft, shouting as he went:

"Lower away, Jed, an' yew, too, Eph. Yew'll mebbe git fast afore dark ef yewr crews ain't froze wi' fright."

TWO boats went away. The mates had to drive men from them, instead of to them. The men remaining, under the direction of the loquacious Slippy, set a great blubber scrap flare all ready to be lighted when darkness fell. And three of the keenest eyed of them all clambered eagerly aloft to the three mastheads to keep a lookout for the boats, never thinking of the cold, nor caring that it was their rightful watch below.

In half an hour the short twilight was nearly gone, and just before it failed Amos, at the main royal mast head, bawled lustily:

"Jed's fast tew a hundred bar'ler!"

And as if in echo:

"Eph's headin' dead tew windward, in tow!" the foremast lookout howled.

Then darkness came. The flare sent its red and black broadcast, lighting up the sea for two hundred feet all around the ship. Little cakes of ice tinkled along the sides and hissed crisply at the shearing stem. Soft, dry flakes of snow fell increasingly; an hour after darkness set in the illuminated part of the sea was dancing with flurrying flakes as large as feathers. Through the hours of the first watch the old Gayhead sailed slowly on a wind, eating windward but poorly in her light trim. The lookouts were relieved every hour, and Cap'n Jethro now and then took his glass aloft to scan the opaque wall of darkness for any sign of the boats.

"Thars one of 'em!" he bawled down near midnight, when a tiny speck of light suddenly bobbed out of the darkness in the northwest. "Bear away a mossel!" to the helmsman. "More yit—that's yew. Stiddy es she goes!"

In half an hour the big flare amidships crept over the motionless shape of Jed Roach's boat, lying moored to a dead whale.

"See anything of Eph?" the skipper roared when the ship rounded to beside the kill.

"Jest afore dark he wuz steamin' plumb intew a wall of ice es high as th' mainmast, towed by th' dumbdest whale I ever see at th' end of both tubs o' line," Jed Roach shouted back.

"'But how fur off is thet ther ice, Jed?" Jethro inquired anxiously.

"Yew 're right in th' broken bits of it now!"

"Startin' tew snow bad, too," muttered Jethro. He went aloft once more and stayed there so long that the whale was fast in the chain slings when he reached the deck again.

"Yew reckon tew look for Eph afore yew cut in?" Jed wanted to know.

"Wisht I knowed," returned Cap'n Jethro gloomily. "Yew kin see jest tew the end of the flare light frum aloft, and thet's with a glass, Jed. This is a purty bad night fer them old men tew be adrift; yit we might lose 'em for good by carryin' on blind arter 'em. What d' yew fellers say?"

He glared around, not very hopefully, and every weathered old visage his gaze fell upon was turned to avoid him. The men who would have voted as one man against him when only the matter of ship's business was concerned balked at uttering an opinion when a boat's crew of shipmates was the stake.

"We be wi' yew, Jethro," blurted Saul Rowe.

"Ain't yew got no more sense 'n tew 'spect a helpful answer from sech old barnacles?" exclaimed Slippy, the cook. "Yew be skipper, Jethro. Keep all on bein' skipper, an' tew hell wi' 'em."

"Yew shet up!" growled Amos, sticking a horny elbow into Slippy's belt. "Ef we respecks Jethro's jedgment, 'taint tew say es we be bustin' tew hear yewr foghorn. Old Eph es out thar. 'T ain't no matter tew cackle about."

Jethro was gazing into the seemingly solid wall of snow. So dense was it now that the spars and sails of the old barque cast shadows against it on that side away from the flare. Fresh fuel had been thrown into the barrel, and the red glare formed a cavern of light in which the ship swam like some impish Argosy manned by flame touched Ancient Mariners. Slippy brought more oily scraps of splintered wood and Jed Roach shoved him over to the tryworks.

"Light up!" the second mate said shortly.

He had only anticipated Jethro's order.

"Eph 'il hev a bigger chance o' seein' us ef we starts tew try out," the skipper said. "We couldn't see his lantern ten fadom away in this. Git all hands aft, Jed, an' give 'em a snort o' rum apiece, then start cuttin' in."

Through the night and into the dawn the old whalemen sliced and hauled, ripping the dripping blankets of blubber from the fat whale. All through the chill, lonesome hours Cap'n Jethro kept his post far up in the crow's nest, never ceasing to scan the pall of snow for sign of his old shipmate.

He never realized that he was cold. Hours had passed and he knew nothing of the passage. Somebody climbed to the barrel and called to him to get out and go to breakfast, and he was glad when the relieving lookout helped him drag his numbed old limbs over the edge of the barrel.

THE snow was thicker than ever; thick as the make believe snow of the stage. Jethro found the cutting in finished; the vast head of the whale lay on deck ready to give up its store of whalebone when the men had eaten.

"See anythin'?" Jed asked, concealing his own anxiety for old Eph under an apparent curtness.

"Only snow," returned Jethro sharply. He went to the cabin and made poor pretense of eating.

At nine o'clock the carcass of the whale was cut adrift and there was a course to be set.

"Carry on tew windward o' course!" Jethro snapped, in reply to Jed's question.

"Wind hevn't changed, hev it?"

"No, but thar 's ice, Jethro."

"Thars old Eph, tew. Th' dum old loon, tew go kitin' right intew ice arter a blessed whale!"

After breakfast Jethro went aloft again, doubly wrapped against the cold. There was a swirl in the snow now; the old barque sailed faster as the wind rose; ice cakes piled at her stem and fell noisily. Just before noon, while gazing intently through his glass, Jethro saw the snow solidify. It came toward him like a wall. He took the glass from his eye and vigorously polished the lens. Then he rubbed his eyes and looked again. He felt the old Gayhead quiver as the ice thickened around her, then the truth flashed across his brain.

"Down hellum! Down hellum, Jed!" he yelled. "'Bout ship like light! We're aboard o' th' ice!"

In ten seconds the decks were in confusion. Gear and canvas thrashed and thundered as the ship came up to the wind. Her icy yardarms scraped against some vaguely visible solid thing as they swung around.

"Haul yewr heads'ls over. Stick 'em out!" bellowed Jed. He leaped clumsily but with the certainty of experience to the spankersheet, the helmsmen leaving the helm to lend a hand. From high up among the loftier spars great pieces of ice tumbled down. There was a rasping jar under the old hull as she scraped over a ledge. Then she paid off, out of disorder came orderliness, and as suddenly as it had appeared the ice vanished, leaving nothing but a splintered yardarm and a ton of ice to prove that ice had existed there.

"Send a man aloft, Jed, and relieve him every hour," said Cap'n Jethro, wiping his forehead. "I never see that ice ontil we wuz on top of it. Yew want fresh sight up thar. Guess I been keepin' awake too long."

"Yew goin' tew run off?" Jed asked.

"Yew call me when we've run ten mile. That'll be sleep enough for me," Jethro returned. "Mebbe th' snow 'll let up by thet time an' we kin git sight o' th' sea to th' no'th."

"By mid-afternoon Cap'n Jethro was on deck again and the ship labored heavily against a blizzard driven on a screaming half gale.

"Git the courses hauled up an' stow 'em, Jed," said Jethro after a brief glance at the weather.

"Man clew-garnets!" bellowed Jed. and ran down to 'tend the main tack himself. Old men tumbled out from snug corners and faced the icy gale.

"Hey-hey-hey-hey-y-y-y!" they howled, and hauled the heavy clews up to the yards.

"Hey, hey, O hey!" they screamed, and manned bunt lines and leach lines. The great sails crumpled up and rose in billowing folds to the tug of the lines, showering the men with icicles and snow.

"Aloft an' furl it!" roared Jed, and was first man in the rigging. Jethro held the deck; he took the helm, sending the sailor to help.

Out on the yard they swarmed, those ancient shellbacks.

"Start a tune!" shouted Jed. He took the heaviest place in the bunt. Amos started the one and only furling chanty:

"We'll heave, with a will,
"And we'll pay Paddy Doyle fer his boots."

There was a rousing response to that. It seemed as if every man on the yard had something on his mind he wished to forget, and put every pound of pressure his lungs held into the furling song.

"To my way-a-ay-ah!
We'll pay Paddy Doyle fer his boots!
We'll haul, an' we'll furl,
We'll pay Paddy Doyle fer his boots!"

WHEN they had the ship snugged down, and she still drove against the blizzard, still held to the northward, fighting the bitterness of it when she might have turned and run from it in fair comfort, old graybeards muttered against Jethro again.

"Eph's shorely gone afore now!" was the opinion of one old salt wth a grievance. His tobacco was all wet. His bunk would have kept dry had the ship been running instead of beating.

Jed Roach came forward to tell Noel Pease he was promoted temporarily to keep old Eph's watch. Noel's bunk was dry. His tobacco was excellent. He was once more going to stand his watch on the poop, an officer.

"Yew give me a belly ache, yew do," he told the grumbler. "Time enough tew say Eph's gone when Cap'n Jethro sez so. Yew young squirts ain't got no guts no more, that's th' trouble."

The young squirt was only sixty-two. Noel boasted of sixty-four winters. Difference enough.

Seas piled up green and icy as the old whaler thrashed north. She was too light for much heavy water to board her; but such seas as did top her bulwarks carried lumps of ice with them and made her decks a place of scant safety. The snowflakes had ceased to fall light and feathery. They were points of ice that came on the breath of a sixty mile gale and and stung bitterly. Lookouts at each masthead and far out on the jib boom were changed every hour. Cap'n Jethro paced the short poop restless as a caged bear. Every few minutes he would climb to one or other of the lookout stations; but his eyes were no more able to penetrate that wall of blank whiteness than those of the lookouts.

Twice the Gayhead smashed her way through heavy ice. She charged for a third time an invisible berg, breaking off her jib boom and hurling the lookout into the bitter sea.

"Hold yer course! I see him!" bellowed Jethro, seeing Noel Peace motion to the helmsman. The shattered ice swept past; Jethro tumbled over the rail into the mizzen chains, hooked an arm about a chain plate, and was plunged beneath the ice-strewn sea. But when he emerged, dragged by the old barque's next soaring heave, he held on like a pit bulldog to the half drowned lookout.

"Take him below an' warm him up," he ordered when they pulled him over the rail with his burden. He stood shivering, as if undecided. Jed Roach thought he saw signs of weakening; thought a change of course must come.

"Goin' tew run her off?" he asked.

"Yew hold on yewr course!" snapped Jethro. "'Taint that es is botherin' me. I be scared tew go below for dry clo'es for fraid yew'll run her off yewrself."

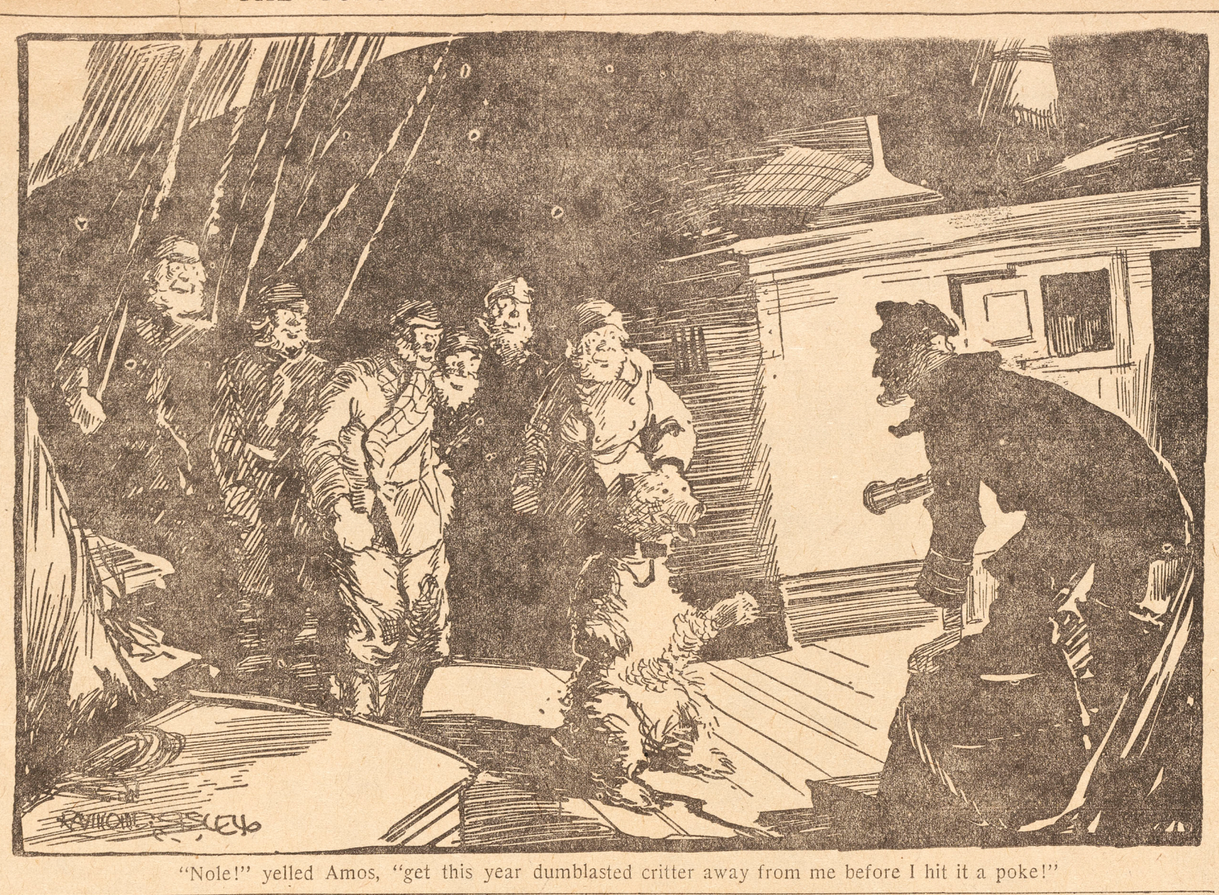
"I ain't buckin' yewr orders," grumbled Jed. "Es long as th' hands don't vote yew down, I be here tew take yewr orders. But jes' the same, Jethro, 't is gittin' mighty dangerous—"

"Ontil I be satisfied as old Eph's gone. Jed, this yer ship ain't goin' nowheres but no'th. So yew kin shet up."

Jethro changed into dry clothes, And he held his course right through another night until the blizzard ceased

Continued on Page Fifteen.

By Captain Dingle Complete in This Issue



"Nole!" yelled Amos, "get this year dumblasted critter away from me before I hit it a poke!"

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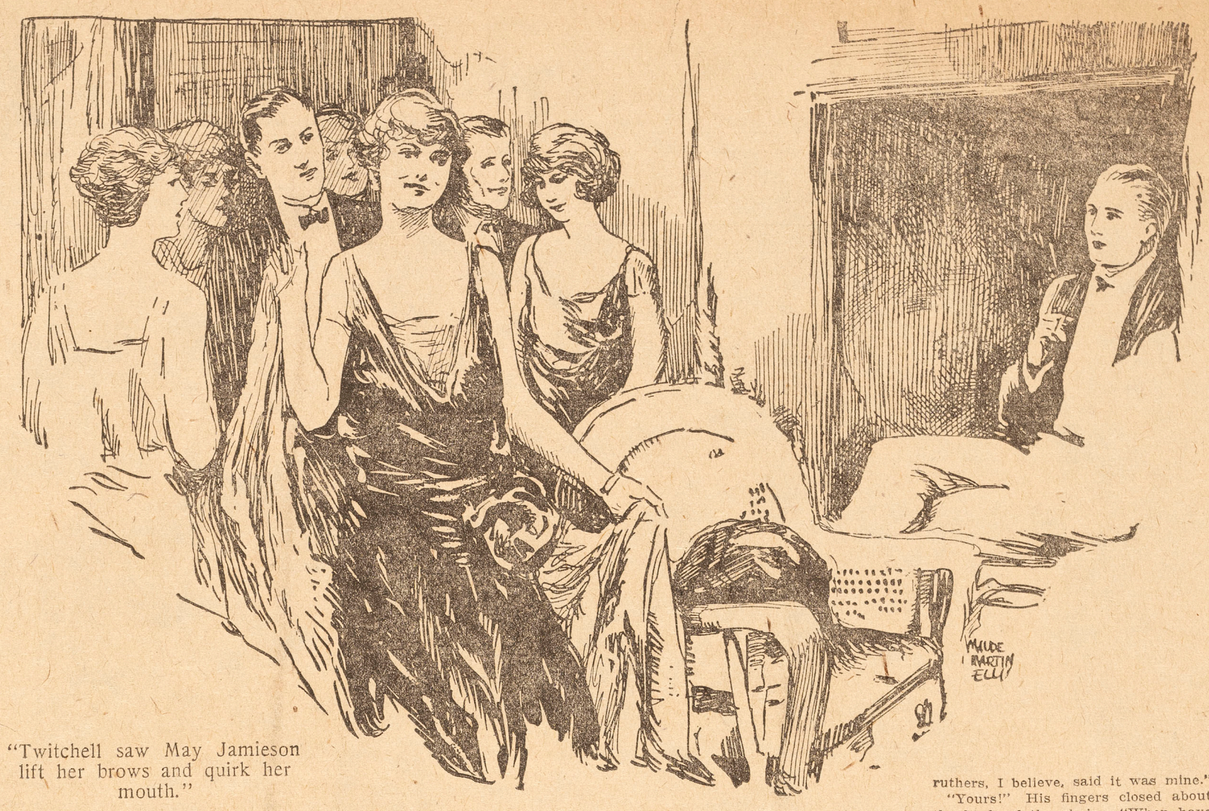
R-1

After Every Meal

The Wrong Right

His Wife's Handkerchief in the Wrecked Car, His Wife's Note Asking That the Dead Man Return Her Letters: What Was Twitchell to Think?

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW



"Twitchell saw May Jamieson lift her brows and quirk her mouth."

FROM his window nook in the country club Dan Twitchell watched the dancing couples; bright frocks reflected in the polished floor, a succession of gliding figures, two of them forming a moving tableau before him for a moment, and then gone, to be followed by others and yet others.

Presently Judy, his sister, came to a stop beside him, and fell against him laughing. Two men were trying to cut in, and her partner was protesting. Judy's dances were always cut in two, and even quartered. Twitchell's eyes twinkled as they rested on her, small, vivid as a gypsy, electric as a charged wire—a pocket edition of the joy of life. The dispute was settled by caveman tactics on the part of one of the men and she was whirled off again.

Twitchell flicked the ash from his cigarette and leaned forward to look further up the long room, wondering why another figure, taller and more languidly graceful in her movements than Judy, was not among the dancers. He liked to watch his wife dance, and usually she was almost constantly on the floor. It was the one amusement that she cared a great deal about. Perhaps she was tired now. He looked at his watch and yawned; he was quite willing to go, if she was.

Alice Willetts, drifting past him, gave him a sharp look, and then bestowed her haggard prettiness in a chair beside him.

"You're a lazy thing, Dan," she said scornfully. "You really ought to have something to worry about, like the rest of the world. Give me a cigarette. Frankly, Dan, I never see you or Evelyn without wanting to stick pins into you."

He looked at her with tolerant indulgence.

"You always do stick pins, Alice. But I don't mind." He laughed. "Also, you don't need to worry about my laziness just now. I've got a law case on that is keeping me awake at nights."

"Yes; but you'll win it," she said discontentedly. "You always win everything. And then you will rest up by taking some lovely jaunt with Evelyn, and probably Judy."

"O, Judy, certainly." He spoke carelessly, but a warm, protective note crept into his voice at the mention of her name. Their mother had died at Judy's birth, and he, older by fifteen years, had idolized the charming, precocious child. And this affection for her had never roused the jealousy of Evelyn. She, essentially maternal and with no children of her own, was as fond and proud of Judy in her own undemonstrative way as Twitchell was in his.

"You all spoil each other ridiculously." Mrs. Willetts' thin shoulders gave an irritable twitch. "Well, —there was a rasp in her short laugh —"some feast, others starve." She had had a quarrel earlier in the evening with her impossible husband and her nerves were even more ragged than usual.

As she looked at Dan Twitchell, good looking, placid, successful, she smarted with a sense of the unfairness of life. Evelyn, without a line in her face. Evelyn, to whom love and care were commonplaces; who were free to indulge herself in any extravagant whim. And she, Alice Willetts, born to luxury, drawn and haggard before her time, and with big darns showing all over her rusty black lace frock. Ugh!

The Twitchells, she reflected sulkily, were one of those happily married couples who are the envy and despair of the mismated, the inspiration of those looking forward to marriage, and the refutation of the cynic.

Twitchell suppressed another yawn.

"I wonder where Evelyn is," he murmured. "For once she doesn't seem to be dancing. Maybe she's ready to leave the gay scene. Guess I'd better look her up and find out, for I know that I am. If Judy wants to stay somebody can tuck her in and bring her along later."

The corners of Mrs. Willett's mouth dinted maliciously, a gleam came into her quick eyes.

"O, I wouldn't bother about Evelyn." She shrugged. "She's quite comfortable. She has been sitting out the last three dances on the porch with Ralph Hensley. Moonlight and honeysuckle, and a south wind and the sea. Look out, Dan. Hensley's really dangerous, and so unspeakably rich. I only wish he had picked on me, but evidently he prefers the Madonna type like Evelyn. You really ought to be getting just a tiny bit jealous. The way those two have been sitting up to each other lately. O, dear!" crushing out her cigarette. There's Jack, scowling at me to go home. G'night, old owl."

Twitchell looked after her, his eyes drawn together. Tiresome, fidgety woman, a wasp that always left a sting! Making up that stuff about Evelyn and Hensley. Eve was probably waiting somewhere for him to come and get her. But why hadn't she hunted him up? She knew that at this hour of the night he'd be simply sticking around, ready to go at any time.

The music had stopped, and as the dancers, Judy among them, were exchanging last words, Evelyn came in from the porch with Hensley just behind her.

Twitchell was at once struck by some subtle change in her expression. Her lips were parted, smiling; her eyes radiant. Hensley, on the contrary, looked a little grave, almost as if he were vexed about something. He was tall and rather distinguished looking, with a more cosmopolitan, sophisticated air than most of these well to do suburban men.

As the two came into the room Twitchell saw May Jamieson lift her brows and quirk her mouth, and he had a fierce impulse to throttle her. These women!

Then, just as Evelyn reached him, Billy Randolph came running up.

"You dropped your handkerchief out there, Evelyn. I knew it must be yours, because it was scented with jasmine."

Evelyn took the gay orchid and yellow wisp of chiffon.

"Thank you, Bill; I wouldn't have lost it for the world. Betty Spence just sent me a half dozen of them from Paris."

"Evelyn always manages to acquire the latest and best of everything." Alice Willetts said with a caustic tang in her voice.

Twitchell felt violently annoyed. It was not like Evelyn to make herself conspicuous. But she had certainly done so to-night, most successfully and unpleasantly—and with Hensley, about whom every one was curious, since he had only recently bought the old Marvin estate and settled down among them. He had plenty of money apparently, good enough letters of introduction and the women seemed to take to him; but he was by no means one of themselves yet, not one of their own intimate group.

The fact, also, that the fellow and his wife, if not openly separated, were at least living apart, each following an individual path, had rendered the more conservative members of the club a little chary about taking him into too close communion; and Dan had expressed the same idea as to his own family; when Eve only about a week before had suggested inviting Hensley to the house.

Mulling over these things, he went grumpily now to get his motoring coat; and picking it up, pulled it on, still occupied with his vague dissatisfactions. He slipped his hand down into the pocket for his gloves, and his fingers touched an envelope. He did not remember putting any letter in his pocket, and he jerked it out and looked at it. Hensley! Addressed to Hensley, and in his wife's hand. Unmistakeably her writing.

There was a shout of laughter from behind him and Tom Jamieson called out:

"What are you up to there, Dan? Trying to steal another man's coat?"

He glanced down confusedly. The coat almost dragged on the ground.

"It's mine, I think," said Hensley pleasantly. "Yours is still on the hook, Mr. Twitchell. Almost twins, aren't they?"

Forcing himself to laugh with the rest, Dan stripped off the coat and handed it to the other man.

"Misfits will happen," he said with agreeable banality, although he felt a good deal more like throwing the coat in Hensley's grinning face.

Outside he found Evelyn already in the car and Judy waiting to hop up beside him. Eve was calling something back to a group on the steps, and two or three young men were bidding for Judy's time the next day. Twitchell was in a mood where he could have ground them all beneath his chariot wheels without a qualm. He drove off without broadcasting his usual cheery good-nights, and it was several minutes before it was borne on him that Judy, instead of chirping and chattering beside him, was also unwontedly silent. This was so marked a departure from custom that he turned his head to look at her, and saw that her big, dark eyes were staring at the road ahead of them, and there was a look of perplexity on her face.

WHEN they reached home she declared that she was dead beat and was going at once to bed and although she held up her face to him with a smile, she looked at her sister-in-law as if she saw her for the first time, a doubting, wondering sort of glance, and the kiss she dropped on Evelyn's cheek was light and perfunctory.

He wanted to turn then and ask Eve why she had made herself a subject for gossip that night, and also why she had written to Hensley, when she must have known she would see him at the club. But Judy was still on the stairs, and Evelyn was already following her. So he waited a bit, with the idea of getting his thoughts straightened out before he spoke to her.

Upstairs, he got into a dressing gown and fussed around his room a while telling himself one minute that he was making a mountain out of a molehill, and laughing at himself for playing the role of injured husband. But in the next he would remember than long conversation on the porch, May Jamieson's upraised eyebrows, Alice Willetts' insinuations, the letter in Hensley's pocket, Judy's puzzled, shocked glances; and the blood rushed to his face and throbbed in his temples.

O, what was the use? He was going straight to Evelyn, and insist on an explanation. He tapped on her door and walked in.

A frivolous, light-minded affair—Evelyn's room. White chintz with bunches of yellow primroses over it; white chairs with cubistic primroses painted on their backs; white and dull gold rugs; a dressing table covered with ivory and gold trifles; and Evelyn sitting before the mirror in a primrose embroidered negligee, taking down her hair.

"Not in bed yet?" She tilted up her oval face until the light was caught in the deep blue of her eyes. Twitchell was struck by her beauty, the lovely modelling of her features. He had always delighted in it. But to-night it was a wound in his heart.

He stood with his hands in the pockets of his dressing gown, frowning.

"What on earth induced you to make a spectacle of yourself this evening, dancing again and again with Hensley, and then sitting out three dances in succession with him? I wish you had seen those women making eyes and gossiping. And Alice Willetts had a few words to say. You've given her a nice, meaty bone to carry from door to door."

"If she didn't have one, she'd invent it. Nobody pays any attention to what Alice Willetts says. Don't be silly, Dan."

"I'm not silly. What were you talking to him about all that time on the porch?"

She got up, and stood with her hands back of her on the dressing table.

"Dan! Just because my slipper hurt me and I preferred to sit outside rather than in, and a man, who doesn't care much about dancing anyway, sat with me, you make a scene. You would have thought nothing of it if it hadn't been for Alice Willetts. She had all her claws unsheathed to-night and she meant to draw blood."

She went over to him, and, putting her hands on his shoulders, gave him a slight shake. Involuntarily he put his arms about her, his face relaxing. He was longing to agree, to kiss her, and forget the whole incident. And then his clasp loosened, his jaw set again.

"That isn't all," he said grimly. "I put on Hensley's motor coat by mistake when we were leaving, and hauled out a letter addressed to him in your hand."

She did not start; but she stiffened ever so little, and it seemed to him that an expression of chagrin or dismay crossed her face. But, if so, it passed so quickly that he could not be sure.

"O, that?" she said carelessly—too carelessly, he thought. "Why, yes; I wrote him a note asking him for a contribution to the Girl's Guild."

He had a sense that she was deliberately evasive, but in her replies, her manner, she seemed to cut the ground from under his feet. She had explained everything, and nothing. After their years together—six years of harmony and understanding—it struck him as monstrous that he should stand there questioning her; and about a matter which she made appear so trivial and yet there was something that he couldn't put his finger on—a feeling of something withheld or concealed. His intuitions were very quick where she was concerned.

"Well," he said doggedly, "I don't like it. As I told you before, no use in making a pal of Hensley until we know more about him. His wife mightn't like it, either."

There was a flicker across her eyes, an odd expression which he could not translate.

"O, do go!" She gave him a little push, "I'm so sleepy I can't keep my eyes open any longer. And don't go away huffy, Dan." She drew his face down to hers ,and kissed him. "Now run to bed like a good boy."

He went to bed, but not to sleep; his mind was on Evelyn. In some ways she was a baffling creature. He was never quite sure what she would like and what she wouldn't, what would please or displease her, or what she would do or say under any given circumstances. Now Judy was as transparent as water. But Eve was —yes—enigmatic. One of her charms for him before they were married was that she had always kept him guessing.

And then he began to puzzle over Hensley. Why had he, a man who had been from one end of the world to the other—a roamer, with no responsibilities to hold him—suddenly elected to live in this suburban community. His wife was supposed to be in Paris; and it looked as if he were perfectly content to leave her there, throwing himself, as he did, with all the airs of a bachelor, into the life of Shell Beach, entertaining and being entertained. Women probably found that sort of a man interesting, and Evelyn was a young, charming woman. Maybe she was bored—he began to toss restlessly —maybe she wanted excitement. O, hang it all, he wouldn't think about it any longer.

It was late when he awoke the next morning, and he realized that he would have to dress and eat his breakfast in a rush.

DOWN in the quaint Georgian dining room the sunlight was falling through the windows, and Evelyn was putting fresh roses in a bowl on the table. She was a perfect housekeeper and endlessly occupied in making her home not only lovely but supremely comfortable. She had evidently heard him coming, for his breakfast was brought in at once. There was nothing to growl about, and he had subconsciously hoped there would be.

"Had your breakfast?" he asked, seizing the paper.

"No," serenely. "I waited for you."

Judy was eating hers.

"I was hoping you'd miss your train," she said, "so that we might have a morning on the links."

He grunted.

"Have some more coffee, Judy?" Evelyn asked gently.

"No, thanks." Judy's tone was cool, almost ungracious. He remembered her manner to Evelyn the night before. Judy was his passionate partisan, always rising vehemently to his defence.

He caught his train just as it was pulling out, and, according to his habit on his way to town, was rapidly disassociating himself from the home atmosphere and identifying himself with that of the office and its professional preoccupations, when the man beside him gave an exclamation, and Twitchell, following his glance, looked through the window.

There was Hensley cantering along on one of his horses. He rode as well as he danced or played tennis, which was saying a good deal. Hensley's accomplishments were manifold. Dan winced. He felt himself a clod, an oaf compared to this man considerably older. And Evelyn liked the grand manner, that air of assured competency. She was rather perfect herself.

"Lucky hound, Hensley," said the man beside him. "He doesn't have to go to the dusty city every day."

Twitchell nodded. A new doubt struck him. Did Eve see much of Hensley in the daytime?

Thereafter he found himself watching, studying her. It seemed to him that ever since that night at the club a change had come over her. She was restless and unsettled. Always a little languid about bestirring herself, she was going to town every day and appeared absorbed in the problem of Fall hats and gowns. She usually dragged Judy with her, although Judy yas plainly reluctant to leave the links and the tennis courts this golden weather.

It was fortunate for him that his big case demanded most of his time and attention, so much so that one night, about a week after the dance, he announced that he would have to shut himself up in the library after dinner and devote the entire evening to it.

"In that case I shall go directly to bed," said Evelyn. She leaned her head wearily on her hand, and he noticed her pallor. "I have had a headache all day."

"And I," Judy remarked, "am going over to the Merediths. I may drift on somewhere else, but I will be home about midnight. You will be through about that time, won't you, Dan?"

He smiled back at her.

"Better not disturb me. I don't know how long I will be."

He worked steadily for several hours, and when he finally decided that every vulnerable point was covered he threw himself back in his chair and looked at his watch. It was after 12 o'clock; time to go to bed. But, although tired enough, his brain was still too active for repose. A walk in the fresh air would be the proper prescription for that; so taking his hat, he let himself out of the hall door and started down the sidewalk.

It was a clear, bright night, with the harvest moon, now full, shining down on the quiet houses set deep in their lawns and gardens. He had walked some distance and was at last turning to go back home when he heard footsteps and saw a man coming toward him. As they drew nearer he recognized Tom Jamieson.

"That you, Dan?" Jamieson called; and then, as Twitchell came up to him: "I'm just back from the village. A terrible thing has happened. Hensley. An automobile accident. His car went over the embankment, not far from his own gates. Killed? O yes. He made too wide a turn at that crossing, I guess."

"Good Lord!" Twitchell was shocked almost beyond speech. But even at the moment his mind raced back to Eve. "When did it happen?"

"About three-quarters of an hour ago, I believe."

"Too bad. Too bad. It was bright moonlight. too."

Jamieson shrugged his shoulders.

"Never can tell about those things. I didn't hear the exact details. Hensley was a good driver, of course, but reckless; and that turn is mighty dangerous. There ought to be a railing there. Carruthers and one or two of the fellows that knew him best have gone out to the house. They'll do everything that's necessary, I suppose; notify his relativves and all that. His wife's in Europe, I understand. "Well," shaking his head, "it's pretty awful. Chap I was playing golf with only yesterday. Good sort, too. Had everything to make life pleasant. H'm!" He looked vaguely up at the stars. "It's beyond me. I suppose I'd better go in now and tell May. Good night."

"Good night," Twitchell echoed mechanically. And he must go in and tell Eve'yn.

It was all settled, all over now; and yet his doubts, the sting of jealousy remained. He and Evelyn would go on together—but how? That would depend on her self-revelation. Even her powers of repression must fail before the shock of this news.

THE house when he entered it seemed very silent. The only sound was the heavy ticking of the grandfather's clock against the wall. He went softly up the stairs and stopped before his wife's door, his hand lifted to knock. But everything was quiet within; she must be asleep, and she'd had a headache. To-morrow would be time enough to tell her. Relieved, yet disappointed, he turned away. He was obsessed with a curious, cruel longing to see how she would take it, to know at last if she had really cared for Hensley.

When he came down in the morning Eve was already in the dining room. There were blue shadows in the pallor of her face, her mouth looked pinched.

"Dan!" Horror in her eyes, she laid her hand on the newspaper before her. "This says that Mr. Hensley was killed in an automobile accident last night. It—it must be true, I suppose?"

"Yes," he said gravely. "Tom Jamieson told me about it shortly after it happened."

He picked up the paper and began reading the account of the affair, but he was intensely conscious of her the while. She was suffering; he knew that, and resented it.

She began to pour his coffee, her hand shaking so that she spilled some of it on the table cloth.

"Where had he been? Did Tom know?" Her voice was little above a whisper, a breathless one.

"No. All that Tom knew and more is in the paper here." He laid it down and began to eat his breakfast.

"Where is Judy this morning?" he asked presently. He was glad that Judy was not there to witness Evelyn's perturbation; it would have humiliated him.

"Asleep," she answered. "I saw her late last night and she said she was tired. She had been up every night for weeks and she thought she would stay in bed this morning."

"I should think she would want to stay in bed," he said; "going the way she does, all day and all night, too."

"Yes," Evelyn agreed abstractedly. She, he noticed, was eating nothing. Now and then she sipped some coffee or water, but that was all. He could see that she was putting a strong curb on herself.

"Well"—he looked at his watch—"I must be off. You'd better see about sending some flowers and that sort of thing, hadn't you?"

"What?" she roused herself as if she had hardly heard him. "Oh, yes, of course."

Her cheek was resting on her hand and she was gazing drearily before her. At the door he stopped to glance back, but she did not notice him, did not seem to know that he had paused. He went out. For the first time since they had been married Evelyn had failed to kiss him good-by.

When he reached the station the train was not yet in, and little groups of men were standing about discussing the tragedy of the night before. They were his friends, men he traveled to town with every day; yet as he came on the platform they all seemed suddenly to break off in their conversation and he could see warning glances telegraphed over heads. Their very attempts at naturalness in their greeting of him only made them more awkward. He knew instinctively that they had been talking about Evelyn in connection with the affair. O Evelyn had certainly done her best to make life pleasant for him! His mouth twisted bitterly.

There was a whistle in the distance, rumble of the oncoming train; but, just as it appeared in sight, he heard some one shouting his name. He whirled around to see Bates, the gardener, running up the platform steps. He was panting and waving his arm.

Twitchell caught him by the shoulder.

"What's the matter?" he demanded roughly, fear clutching at his heart.

"Mrs. Twitchell wants you to come back at once, sir. She said for you not to go to town."

"Is she all right?" hastily. "Anything wrong at the house?"

"No, sir. She said to tell you that everything was all right, but that she must see you about something important, and you weren't to take the train."

The distance to his house was not a great one, but it is doubtful if Twitchell had ever covered it so rapidly. He left Bates far behind him.

He was a little reassured to see Evelyn standing on the porch, but when he came up the steps she simply motioned him to follow her and crossed the hall into the library.

He shut the door behind him and stood there looking at her. If she had been pale at breakfast, she was ghastly now.

"Dan," she said in a queer strained voice, "I have been asked to appear at the coroner's inquest this afternoon. A handkerchief was found in Mr. Hensley's car, and Mrs. Carruthers, I believe, said it was mine."

"Yours!" His fingers closed about the back of the chair. "When have you been driving with Hensley?" An incredible thought struck his mind. "Were you—last night?"

She looked at him in dumb, anguished appeal.

"You lied to me about going to bed!" It was an accusation, not a question.

She twisted her head about and let her chin sink down on her chest.

"Why?" sarcastically. "Did you consider that necessary?"

She shivered at his tone and, after swallowing once or twice, made another statement, made it desperately.

"A note signed with my initials was found in his pocket. It—it asked the return of some letters."

LETTERS! He had a momentary impression that some one had hit him; there was a mental confusion, befogging but temporary, and then a hot, searing anger. She had cared—cared enough to go on, to invite scandal. And now the scandal had come. He wanted to dig his fingers into the white flesh of her shoulders and shake the breath out of her. This was what those men on the platform had been talking about. They knew—all his little world knew —and he didn't. He had played the blind, complaisant husband to the limit. He was that always ridiculous figure, as old as time, the man who is ignorant of what every one else knows, that his wife is conducting a flagrant affair directly under his unsuspecting eyes.

A laughing stock! The blood rushed to his head; his collar felt like a choking band about his neck. He ran his fingers under it to ease it.

And then suddenly he was cool again. He felt as if something in him had been turned to ice and iron. Now that he knew—knew the worst—his brain began to function again. He didn't intend to let this silly, empty doll, this piece of fluff, pull his house down about his ears, if there was any way to save it. He would have his reckoning with her later, but not now, with the house to be saved.

He sat down.

"What time is this inquest?"

She, too, sat down, although it was more as if she had fallen into the chair. Her knees seemed to give way beneath her.

"Half after two, in the Town Hall," she said; and then the stony immobility of her face broke up, she stretched out her shaking hands to him.

"Oh, Dan, I can't go through with it? I don't know what to do. I can't think straight." She touched her forehead with her fingers. "I don't know what is right or wrong. I thought if I got those letters it would be all over. He was going away at once. He promised. And now you believe—you say horrible things to me. Dan, I wasn't—I didn't——"

"Don't try any muddling explanations," he said icily. "The evidence is quite clear."

"You can speak so to me?" she cried. "After our years together? When you have known me, known my very soul?"

"That's the last thing I have known about you," he said slowly and truthfully. "Your soul, if you have one. You've always been careful to withhold a good deal of yourself, your confidence."

She strained her hair back from her forehead with her hands.

"I wanted to make your home happy. I wanted to see you contented, and not ever bothered with my worries—or—or—anything. And I can't talk out things like other people do. I've tried, I've tried. But I can't. Something in me shuts up tight when I try. I was always that way. And now, now, you won't help me. And I'm—I'm afraid."

"You weren't afraid to carry on a clandestine affair that every one was on to except myself," he said bitterly. "You and Hensley thought I was easy. Well, if he had lived I would have shown him differently. But that's over. Now you and I have to stand up to the music. We've got to go through this and put the best front on it that we can. Do you hear me?" impatiently.

She lifted her head and looked at him, her face as frozen as a marble statue's.

"Yes."

"What time did you get home last night?"

"Some time after eleven."

"Did he let you out at the door?"

"No," she hesitated. "A block or two up the street, I think."

"You think!" he sneered. "You know, of course. Do not try to hedge or any questions asked this afternoon. It gives the impression of guilt. Make your answers clear and direct. Now listen. You will say that Hensley telephoned to the house after dinner and asked if he could come over. You replied that I was going to work all evening in the library, you were sorry to say, and that you had been suffering from a headache. He wondered, in that case, if the air wouldn't do you good, and suggested a short drive in his car. I was in the hall while you were telephoning and urged you to go, saying——"

"But, my God!" he broke off exasperatedly. "What are we going to say about that note you wrote him that was found in his pocket? And all those letters that the damned gossips are probably popping their eyes over now?"

"I got the other letters from him, she said dully.

"O!" with relief. "Well, that shows a faint glimmering of sense on your part. Of course, in the minds of every one, letters that a woman asks to be returned to her mean only one thing. No one doubts the nature of them. Still," more quietly, "the coroner under the circumstances will hardly inquire closely into them. They have nothing to do with the case as it appears at present. Nevertheless, if it should take on a different aspect, you must be prepared to answer any questions that many be put to you. Let me think a minute." He sat rubbing his chin in nervous, irritated thought.

"You will say," he began at last, "that you had some money of your own you were anxious to invest, and, knowing that Hensley was a very rich man with many interests, you consulted him and asked his advice. Several communications passed between you concerning the matter, and you had given him various memoranda. Then I told you suddenly that I had arranged for the investment of the money; and you, not wishing me to know that you had been carrying on negotiations elsewhere, asked Hensley for the return of your letters. Of course, no one will believe anything so weak and flimsy; but it's some kind of an excuse. You cer-

Continued on Page Thirteen.

Complete in This Issue

Any Touch of Indigestion

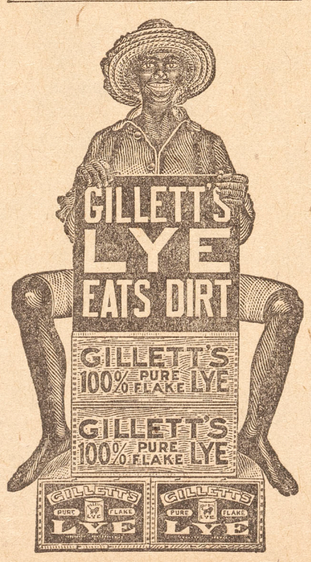
Your Food will Feed you more

Until your various digestive organs are in order your food, instead of properly nourishing you will be liable to clog and poison your system. Your blood will be poor and impure and your nervous system thoroughly run down. Take immediate steps to secure the healthy activity of stomach, liver, and bowels. To this end you should

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THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE

CUTTING the CORNERS



BY J. V. McAREE.

THOSE who are interested in the racing of the Grand Circuit, where the best trotters and pacers measure strides, must have been struck this year with the number of in-and-out performances. It has been a bad year for favorites, and we are inclined to think that favorites win more frequently in light harness than under saddle. Last season, too, there were some sensational upsets, one of the most striking being the performance of Peter Earl 2.04¾, favorite in the $14,000 Kentucky Futurity for three-year-olds at Lexington. This horse bolted and was distanced in the first heat of the race. He was driven by Nat Ray, formerly of Toronto, and owned by J. J. Archbold of New York. The latter was inclined to blame Ray for his handling of the horse and not long after the disappointing race he changed trainers. Peter Earl, however, had performed erratically before and horsemen did not believe that Ray was to blame. That there was something seriously amiss with the colt was indicated when he died suddenly and apparently without valid cause a few months later. There is now reason to believe that the reversals of form, the odd behavior of horses and the death of Peter Earl were all attributable to the operations of a gang of crooks who have made a small fortune by nobbling the favorites and betting on the next best thing.

Two or three weeks ago there were several arrests at Columbus, two of those taken into custody being women. They are supposed to have doped many horses including such stars as The Great Volo, 2.02¼; Margaret Dillon, 1.58¾; and Single G., 1.59. The Great Volo is supposed to be the most valuable of living harness horses, while Margaret holds the record for pacing mares and Single G., is the greatest campaigner of recent times, having earned the name of "The Horse that Time Forgot." King Bingen, 2.03¾, which died last year near Cleveland, is supposed, like Peter Earl, to have been a victim of the poisoners. All the horses mentioned, with the exception of Peter Earl have been noted for their consistency as well as for their speed. They give their best every time out, and unless victims of hard luck are usually there or thereabouts, especially Single G. and The Great Volo. It was the curious behavior of the former that attracted the attention of the judges at the Cleveland meet of the Grand Circuit. He showed distress after the first heat and could scarcely strike a clean stride in the second heat. Since he has been racing for some years and his habits and capabilities are universally known among light harness men, the judges concluded that something was wrong. About the same time another well known pacer, Symbol S. Forrest, 2.01¾, started favorite on a half-mile track near Cleveland, and had to be withdrawn after two heats, his driver giving it as his opinion that the horse had been drugged.

BY THE advice of the veterinary surgeon, Margaret Dillon was withdrawn after she had won a heat of the free-for-all race at Kalamazoo, for she seemed on the verge of collapse. Tommy Murphy, one of the shrewdest reinsmen in the business, thought she had been tampered with By this time many horsemen and officials, after noting the performances of horses and the fluctuations in the pools, had arrived at the conclusion that they were not considering isolated events or mere coincidences, but had come upon the clearly-marked track of a gang of nobblers and sure-thing gamblers. The betting showed that owners and drivers were not implicated. Stable connections were wagering confidently on their entries. They were being crossed by outsiders, who knew more about the chances of a given horse to win than the drivers themselves. When Columbus was reached private detectives were employed to watch the stables, and keep strangers away. On the last day of the meet a stranger who, with a Royal Humane expression, offered an apple to The Great Volo as he was about to start in a race, was brutally rebuffed. Later on he was detected the act of making a similar overture to another horse and was arrested.

It is said that this man made a confession which resulted in the arrest of four other members of the alleged ring, one of them a veterinary surgeon, and two of them women. In such a conspiracy as is supposed to have been unearthed the role of the veterinary would be to supply the drugs. That of the women was to give it to the horses. They had comparatively an easy job. Nothing could be more natural than for a woman to offer a lump of sugar to a horse. It is a fact of general knowledge that horses like sweets, and that of all horses, racing horses are most pampered and cossetted by trainers. They are so well mannered that even the most timid woman bearing a dainty can approach them without qualms. A lump of sugar, or other sweetmeat, or a slice of apple, which the scoundrelly vet had previously treated, could be fed to the horse without anyone's suspicions. Apparently this has been done for several months. After the dose was administered the gang could bet against the drugged horse in the certain knowledge that he might win one heat, but not two.

SO far as we are aware, there has been no authenticated case of a horse having been nobbled in England or the United States for a good many years. The theme is one that has had a vogue in the movies and in the Drury Lane contributions to almost contemporary drama. The truth is that drugging one horse in a race is not, as a rule, sufficient reason for the sure-thing gambler and fixer to risk his own money unless he is a bookmaker, and then he can follow the time-honored custom of "laying against the favorite." The outsider, however, has no opportunity to lay against anything. He may know for a certainty that the favorite cannot win. But it remains for him to pick a winner from among the undrugged horses. Which will win? Ay, there's the rub! In a race that is obviously between two horses, though a dozen may start, knowledge that one of the two cannot win is extremely valuable, and it was the possession of such sinister wisdom that made the operations of the American gang so profitable. Their scheme would have been less prosperous had they been doping thoroughbreds, for the system of handicapping that prevails with the running horse is supposed to give every entrant a chance. Horses rarely stand out as they do so often among trotters and pacers.

The device of drugging or otherwise disabling horses, however, originated on the turf, and is an evil inheritance from England, where it has long been known as nobbling. There it was resorted to by bookmakers who did not care which horse won, as long as it was not the favorite. Stable boys, and even trainers, were bribed. A favorite trick was the "night ride." Under this treatment an inside confederate sat on the back of the horse all night as he stood in his stall. Next day he would be so weary that he was a couple of stone below his form. Another trick was to insert a piece of sponge in a horse's nostril as he was leaving the stable, thus interfering with his breathing, and effectively stopping him. In the old days, when many bets were made long before the race, and had to be paid whether the horse started, it was not an extraordinary thing for him to be the victim of some such operation as that described in "Silver Blaze," one of the cleverest of the Sherlock Holmes stories.

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GHOSTS.

MEN have been haunted by nameless shapes,
Haunted by some regret;
Haunted by dreams that could never come true,
Haunted by sin or debt;
But worse than a spectre out of the tomb,
Rougher than bitter truth,
Is the phantom that comes to the fading star,
Haunted by ghosts of youth.

Haunted by fiber that never tires,
Haunted by speed and might,
The mocking voices of vanished youth
Whisper across the fight;
The years take toll in a subtle way,
Wherever the road may turn.
And they spread the secret among the crowd,
Which he is the last to learn.

HANDLING THE "DOUBLE PADDLE"





CANOES and How To Manage Them

By D. Bruce Ridpath

DOUBLE blade paddling is perhaps the best of all. When using a double blade always sit on the bottom of the canoe. This not only makes the craft steadier, but keeps the blade inclined downward at a smaller angle, so the water is not so apt to run down the handle.

There are two different kinds of double blades, the straight and the twisted. In the use of the straight blade, both blades are at the same angle all the time and generally flat, while the twisted blade is turned half way around and spoon-shaped.

The twisted blade is much the better, although a little harder to manipulate at first. In using this blad, keep a firm grip on the handle with the left hand when turning it for another stroke; the right hand should be loose, for the handle to turn in it. When the blade is in the air it is turned flat, thus having no resistance whatever from the wind.

When turning in the water, it is held back to a certain extent. The straight blade is not turned when making a stroke, which causes resistance, especially when going against the wind, the water also runs down the handle more freely, although with practice this will be overcome.

Always keep the upper hand well down. Just cover the blade in the water. If the upper hand is high in the air the water will run down the blade very freely and the blade in the water will be too far down, making it much harder on the paddler and gaining nothing.

Some double blades are jointed in the middle with a ferrule so that they will come apart. This is very handy for putting the paddle away, but I prefer the solid joint; it is much more reliable.

"Don'ts" for Canoeing.

Don't go in a canoe unless you can swim.

Don't invite a nervous person for a paddle.

Don't try to change places in a canoe.

Don't reach over the side of a canoe.

Don't go out if the weather looks threatening.

Don't take four persons in a 16-foot canoe.

Don't go out without an extra paddle.

Don't drop your paddle and catch the gunwale; if you lose your balance grip the water with the flat of your paddle and straighten yourself up.

Don't take a chance.

Don't give a false danger alarm.

AUCTION BRIDGE

By R. F. FOSTER.

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

IF A person should happen to stumble over anything the natural tendency of the spectators is to laugh. If one stumbles over one's own feet the natural impulse is to swear, whether there are any spectators or not. When a bridge player gets in his own way, or in his partner's path, the usual outcome is a postmortem, beginning with the invariable, "If you had."

The tricks that are lost by not getting out of the way of your own or your partner's suit are usually lost by the pair that are opposed to the declaration. They cannot see the whole hand and plan the entire play as the declarer can, and the mistakes they make is because they do not see the exact holding in each other's suits.

There are certain conventions which are designed to help them out of this difficulty. As it is impossible for them to know exactly what can or should be done and how to do it they have to depend on probabilities, and to play in such a manner that it does no harm if unnecessary, and may do a great deal of good if it is the one thing that was necessary to be done.

One of the first things the beginner has to learn in his play against the declarer is the advantage of the opening lead, especially against no-trumpers. It is getting the first blow in a fight. It is advancing a suit one move toward establishment before the declarer gets his own suits going. The object in these early leads is to get a suit clear that is not already established. This leads to the rule for picking suits to lead.

It is a common error for beginners to start out by taking the sure tricks in one suit, because there is nothing but perhaps one sure trick in another but longer suit. The advanced player knows that the sure tricks in the short suit will make any time. The thing is to lead the long suit and let the declarer win what tricks he can in it at once.

It does not matter if he wins two tricks or even three, the rest of the suit is of no use to him, but the two or three little ones left in the hand of the original leader are now as good as aces if he can get into the lead, which he must do with the high cards of his short suit, which is probably the declarer's long suit.

In trying to establish a long suit the leader's chief enemy and obstructor is often his own partner. It is for the benefit of this player that certain conventional rules have been formulated and practiced. One of the earliest of these, which I invented in the old whist days, is the eleven rule. This tells the leader's partner just how much establishing the leader's suit needs and, incidentally, whether it is worth establishing or not. It may have too far to go. Another is the plain-suit echo, sometimes called the Foster echo, which I suggested in connection with the play in the trump suit at whist.

The first requires one to be alert and to do a little sum in arithmetic, which takes in the three factors; the card led, the higher cards in the exposed dummy hand; the higher cards in the player's own hand, and the residue, if any, that remains in the hand of the declarer. The plain-suit echo requires no thinking. It is a rule to be followed as mechanically as following suit to the card led. If a player forgets the eleven rule the plain-suit echo may save the day. Here is a deal in which some players remembered one, some the other, some both, and some did not know, or remember, either.

Z dealt and bid no-trump. A led the seven of clubs and dummy put on the queen.

Now, if B knows the eleven rule he will deduct seven from eleven and get four. Of the four cards higher than the seven which are in sight, dummy has two and B has two; therefore the declarer, Z, has no card as good as the seven. Therefore, the leader must have held ace, nine, eight, seven, with or without smaller ones, if he leads fourth best.

The eleven rule would tell B to get out of his partner's way by giving up the ten on the first trick, so that if A should get in before B did and should lead the ace to kill the dummy's king, B could continue to "unblock" the suit by giving up the jack, making A's nine, eight and smaller all good for tricks.

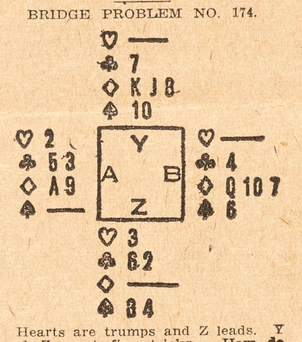
The plain-suit echo would tell B to give up the ten no matter what A led, or dummy had, as the rule requires the player to give up his second best when he makes no attempt to win his partner's trick.

At one table B did not play the high card. Dummy led heart jack and A held off. Dummy followed with the three of hearts, which made the ten a re-entry for the fourth diamond, giving Z a discard of the losing spade ten; four by cards and game.

This is the solution of Problem No. 173, in which hearts were trumps, Z to lead and Y-Z to win five tricks.

Z starts with the spade ace and Y sheds a diamond. A small spade follows. Y trumps with the jack and leads the ace of trumps, picking up A's queen. B has three discards. If he sheds the club Z lets go the club ten and both Y's are good. If he discards a diamond Z makes a trick with the four by getting in with the club ten. If B sheds the third spade Z makes a trick with the jack after shedding the diamond.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 174.



Hearts are trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want five tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

FAR-AWAY COMPETITORS.

Firpo comes up from south of the Equator to meet Dempsey, and once again the Australians come from the other side of the world to appear in the challenge round of the Davis Cup.

Australia's tennis glory goes on back to the early days of Brookes and Wilding, when the far-away team was almost unbeatable.

New stars have come along, but it is still the same country from "down under" that sends its talent on through to the final stand.

It is a wonderful record for a land with less than ten million inhabitants—a record that, in proportion to population, no other country has ever approached.

Anderson and Hawkes may not win against such remarkable entries as Tilden and Johnston, but competitive sport has known many quainter episodes in its time.

It has been just nine years since Brookes and Wilding took away the cup on its last 12,000-mile trip. Tilden and Johnston led in its recovery four years ago, and they have held the world at bay ever since, two of the most remarkable defenders any age has given to the game.



"WILD BILL" DONOVAN.

Along with the generally accepted rumors that Ty Cobb will not manage the Detroit Tigers next year comes the report that "Wild Bill" Donovan, one-time pitcher with the team, may return to the club as pilot. Bill took a crack at the managerial game with the Yankees a few years back.

Tales of a Wayside Tee

By GRANTLAND RICE.

FOR the third time in the history of golf in the United States, the open champion and the amateur champion will be part of the brilliant field which goes after the amateur championship.

Four amateurs have won the open, yet "Chick" Evans is the only one to date who has won both titles the same year. Ouimet won the open late in September of 1913. He had lost his title to Walter Hagen at Midlothian in June before he had another shot at the amateur, which he won at Ekwanok.

So while Ouimet held the open and amateur crowns upon successive years, he was never able to hold both at the same time.

In 1915 Jerry Travers won the open at Baltusrol. He had a shot for the double crown at Detroit, but fell before the spectacular play of Max Marston. Travers was 2 up when the pair came to the seventh hole in the afternoon. At this short hole his pitch was only twelve feet away. Marston dropped a mashie shot within six feet of the cup. Travers went for his 2, missed, overran the cup and laid Marston a dead stymie. Marston pitched over and holed his 2, and from that point ran off a string of birdies. Travers, 2 up at the sixth, played the last twelve holes in exact par, and yet lost four of them.

Against the Field.

Picking four men against the field isn't as simple as it sounds. In tennis it would be easy. One can name Tilden and Johnston and find no one to offer even money against this pair.

In 1915 one enterprising bettor stated that he was willing to put up $2,000 on three men against the field.

His bet was covered and he named Travers, Ouimet and Evans. None of the three survived the third round.

In 1919 the four men named against the field were Evans, Ouimet, Jones and Gardner. Herron won.

In 1920 the dope ran truer to form. The four leaders called for that date were Evans, Ouimet, Jones and Gardner. Three of these reached the semi-final round and two fought out the finals.

That 1920 championship at the Engineers came closer to prophecy than any other ever played.

Ouimet, Guilford, Jones and Evans were listed as the four most formidable antagonists when Sweetser broke through, and Sweetser beat three of these on successive days—the rarest of all championship achievements.

The Flossmoor Order.

Who are the four to be named against the field at Flossmoor?

Three of these must be Jones, Sweetser and Evans. After these follow Ouimet, Gardner and Guilford, with such stars as Marston, Hunter, etc., to be considered.

Our pick for the fourth name will be Ouimet. His fine play in England was the leading feature of the American invasion. He won the St. George's Challenge Cup, went to the last eight in the British amateur and held Wethered to a tie at St. Andrew's, after a great battle.

Jones, Sweetser, Evans and Ouimet stand as a formidable combination. What is their show against the field? There are Gardner, Guilford, Marston, Hunter, Johnston, Held, Dyer, Manion, Bockencamp, Rotan, Knepper, Godchaux and other stars—not forgetting Chicago talent in the persons of such young stars as Dexter Cummings and Ira Couch.

Where the Odds Are.

We favor one of the first four named against the others — four against twenty-eight is what it means.

Considering the last ten champions, one of the first four favorites won in 1911, '12, '13, '14, '15, '16 and '20.

There were upsets in 1919, '21 and '22—upsets to the extent that none of the first four selections came through.

One point to consider here is that golf ran truer to form from 1911 through 1916. For six straight years one of the four leaders arrived in front.

But there has been now a greater development of talent, and so in three of the last four years we find the top of the batting order stumbling upon serious trouble.

In this next championship there will be three open or ex-open champions and six or seven who have won the amateur championship on one or more occasions. Added to this stronger marching order are the younger stars, who have been coming along, gathering experience and steadiness, perfecting skill and form, who will again threaten from many ambushed places. Last Fall at Brookline two youngsters almost unknown carried Bobby Jones to the thirty-fifth green by the finest sort of golf, and Jones at the time was playing his standard game. Flossmoor is a long, hard test, and these youngsters like to ride the ball. There isn't a longer hitter in the game to-day than Dexter Cummings, the Yale star, who is up with Mitchell, Wethered or Tolley.

So Sweetser in defending his crown and Jones in going after his second sceptre will have as hard a week's work as they have ever known. Both have just passed twenty-one, and so will be able to stand the marathon route where stamina will play an important part. If they should ever reach the final frame the gallery would set a new mark for championship stampedes.

THE GREATEST PITCHER.

"Of Mathewson, Johnson, Cy Young, Ed Walsh or "Rube" Waddell, which is rated as the greatest pitcher of all time?" asks a reader. Cy Young won a hundred more ball games than any other pitcher has ever won. Mathewson held the admiration of greater crowds, and Johnson, with a losing team, has been the marvel of two decades.

There is no basis for any fair or correct judgment. Cy Young, by winning over 500 games for twenty-two years, was the most durable—and one of the greatest. Young, Mathewson and Johnson have all been great enough to hold an equal place along the plateau.

Varying conditions with different ball clubs mean too much for anyone to arrive at a standard balance. And who could say that even these three could outpitch Walsh, Waddell and Radbourne?

The SPORTLIGHT

By Grantland Rice

The Reign of Youth.

GREY-WHISKERED and bent-backed age of thirty or thirty-one now trudges in the shadows. Youth more than ever is massing its forces upon the heights of fame. There has been nothing like it before in sport.

Miss Helen Wills—women's tennis champion—seventeen years old.

Miss Glenna Collett—women's golf champion—nineteen years old.

R. T. Jones, jr.—open golf champion—twenty-one years old.

Jess Sweetser—amateur golf champion—twenty-one years old.

Here are four of the leading champions of the year, male and female. Their combined ages are just seventy-eight years—an average age below twenty. It is far and away the youngest average that ever held these four important titles, calling, as they do, for stamina, skill and experience. The average age, to be exact, is just nineteen and a half years, back in that golden corner of morning that even at thirty looks to be as far away as another century.

And in no case mentioned is there any fluke champion, any upset to be explained. They have all reached deserved heights. They have all come to the top through greater ability than their mates. They hold four of the leading sectors in the realm of sport—and they don't average twenty years each.

The Mystery.

How is it that old man Tilden and old man Johnston, up around thirty, or nearly so, are holding back the tide of youth? Here they are, the two main favorites for the next turf tennis championship and the Davis Cup tests in an age where twenty-four or twenty-five finds the decrepit athlete barely able to make a showing. No one to look at Tilden and Johnston would figure them headed yet for the Old Men's Home. Yet they are about ten years older than the age average of the four stars named—and ten years is a long, wide span in sport. What about the test at Germantown? They must still be given a wide margin, but youth seems to be on the wave, rushing forward like the surf. When Tilden and Johnston both are beaten, then those around thirty or over must begin to take account of the setting sun and the coming shadows.

These two premiers make their first big stand at Forest Hills this week, when Australia comes after the Davis Cup. They will meet keen competition, but should win. Their next stand is at Germantown, where again they are picked to reach the final frame for the fifth consecutive year. They have gotten that far along for four years, and that is fair enough proof as to where they belong.

Rays of Hope.

There are rays of hope. Dempsey is twenty-eight, and no one is yet betting even money against him.

And if you look in the records you will find that two of the leading pitchers of the year are "Babe" Adams of Pittsburg and Grover Cleveland Alexander of Chicago. The "Babe" is now nearly forty-two. He was a world's series star fourteen years ago, and his average is still over .700.

Alexander was a star twelve years ago, and he is still winning more than his share of games for a ball club that isn't in the race.

And there is Tris Speaker, grey-headed and on his way to thirty-seven, up among the leading fraternity at bat. There is also hope from Eddie Collins, who in his sixteenth campaign is romping along as merrily as ever.

These show what long, hard, extensive training will do. Baseball calls for seven or eight months of training and play—and it calls for everyday work. So it is nothing unusual to locate stars who are good for some period between sixteen and twenty years. Walter Johnson, Alexander, Collins, Cobb, Speaker, Adams and McInnis are among the list that has mocked at Time. They are not only hanging on, but hanging on with a lot of stuff left in their enduring systems.

Another Upheaval.

After a brief rest we come upon another wild upheaval in the realm of the resin and the uppercut.

Starting on Friday of this week, we stumble over three championship contests within two weeks—Wilson v. Greb, Leonard v. Dundee and Dempsey v. Firpo.

This is quite an armful, since the trio of bouts embrace the three leading and most historic weights of the ring—light, middle and heavy.

Each champion draws a hard customer to handle, but at this moment Wilson seems to be the only one in imminent danger. If Greb can work himself into old-time form after a siege of illness, he should win.

Greb is too fast—too elusive—to be outpointed by the left-handed champion. And Greb hasn't been knocked out yet—not even by a Tommy Gibbons in three starts.

There will be fur and fuzz when Leonard and Dundee square—all the action you are looking for—a great contest, with the probability of a Leonard victory.

As for Dempsey and Firpo—Dempsey may run closer to trouble than he has been in five years—but we are still willing to bank on greater speed, greater experience and two-handed stuff against greater power with one huge paw.

The next noise in sport will be the dull boom of the punt and the strident voice of the coach. The first of the football workouts is only a week away, with more uncertainty this season regarding the names of the top five than we have known for some time. Yale and Harvard start with more trained material than Princeton, but 1922 proved how little this can sometimes mean. When Princeton had lost Keck, Lourie, Gilroy, Garrity and Wittmer the shadows over Tigertown seemed to be the deepest in years. Whereupon the Tiger rambled out and dashed into one of his greatest years. The Army and the Navy will both be strong, and so will Notre Dame for two Eastern invasions against the Army and Princeton. But it is still a trifle soon for any direct prophecy.

For Firporean Cheer.

JUST before starting on his British expedition, in the hope of discovering the broad spear of a heavyweight challenger through England or Scotland, "Tex" O'Rourke outlined an opinion that may be of passing cheer to Firpo's supporters.

"Tex" happens to be a first-class trainer, with a keen knowledge of boxing lore.

He handled Jess Willard for his battle with Jack Johnson, and later on at Toledo predicted that Dempsey would win in five rounds or less.

"Heavyweight boxing," he remarked one day before sailing, "is no longer a matter of any particular boxing skill. It is mainly a matter now of wading in to close quarters and then nailing your man with the punch that hurts or stuns or knocks him out. It is the punch that counts far above all else. A big, strong man, fairly fast and fairly tough, who can hit, and hit to hurt, is the one to watch. And when you get too much cleverness you are bound to lose part of your punch. The two rarely work together.

The New Art.

"Modern heavyweight boxing is a new art," O'Rourke continued. "The single idea is to drop your man—and drop him cold with a killing punch. You get nowhere by standing back and boxing. Foot-work and speed help—but the main idea now is to wade in and soak."

Now, Firpo wades in and Firpo socks, as the saying goes.

He isn't fancy, and he isn't beset with frills and furbelows.

He is no part of a dancer. In the older art of boxing he is no skilled interpreter of magic.

But he is one of the best of all waders in—and, once he gets in range, there is no argument about the hammering power of that club-like right fist that is about the size of a sack of salt.

Anyone who says there is no danger in this big fist is chattering through his sombrero.

Dempsey, of course, will be harder to hit than Brennan or Willard were. But Jack also likes to wade in and start punching, and no aggressive boxer is free from absorbing a few on his own hook.

When you attack, you must take your chance. To say that Dempsey can wade in without running any risk is simple. And Dempsey isn't going to try to win by any defensive stand. He is an attacking machine at heart, and he isn't going to change this late in his career. He isn't going in wild and open, but he is going in. And then a lot of fun will begin practically at once—fun distributed on both sides of the show.

Six Big League Clubs Want Him

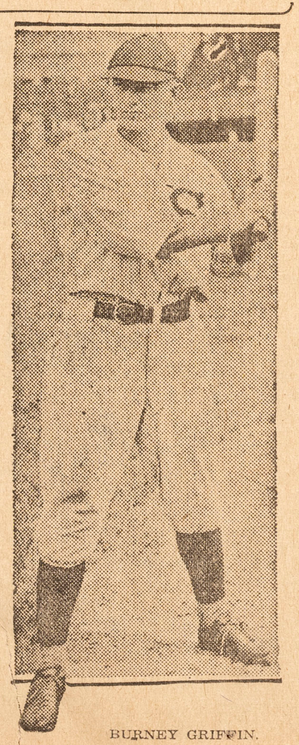
Burney Griffin, a southerner who in his first year in professional baseball is leading the New York-Penn Baseball league batters and base runners as a member of the Scranton team, is wanted by six teams in the major leagues. The Philadelphia, Cleveland and St. Louis teams of the American league, and St. Louis, Pittsburg and Boston of the National league have bid for Burney's services.

Griffin was signed by George Stallings, who, with Walter Hapgood, owns the Rochester Internationals and the Scranton teams, when he was graduated from Georgia Tech last spring, and he is undoubtedly the best ball player in the New York-Penn league.

Although not very tall, he is a well-built lad and has more speed than many major leaguers, being especially fast in getting down to first base. He bats from the left side of the plate, hits southpaw pitching well and throws with his left hand.

Before he sprained his ankle recently he had been in eighty-five games in which he was at bat 338 times and made 128 hits for an average of .379. Among his hits were twelve doubles, eight triples and three homers. He stole thirty-eight bases and scored seventy-one runs.

Unless some major league team bids high enough to get him will be sent to the Rochester International at the close of the present New York-Penn season.



BURNEY GRIFFIN.

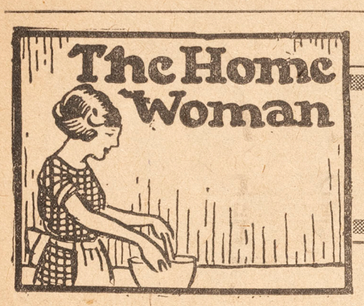
California Girl Tennis Wonder Now Aspires to Meet Lenglen



MISS HELEN WILLS.

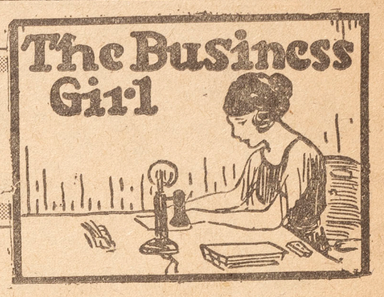
But one person now stands between Helen Wills, seventeen-year-old California tennis marvel, and the world's net title for women. It's Suzanne Lenglen, world's champion. Miss Wills won the American title by defeating Molla Mallory in straight sets. Miss Wills and the French flash probably will clash at Wimbledon next year.

It is only through defeating Mlle. Langlen in the Wimbledon matches that Miss Wills can win the French girl's world title. Mrs. Mallory defeated Miss Wills last year, but in the recent matches she was overwhelmed by youth.



Court Hearings Show Shop-Lifting Evil Result of Lack of Discipline in Home

Aged Women and Mere Babies Caught in Act of Stealing



CONDUCTED BY MARGARET FEA

Laziness Breeds Thieves; Prefer Theft to Dishpan; Children Taught to Steal

Lack of Discipline and Self-Control at Root of Shop-lifting Evil—All Ages Engage in "Industry" of Theft.

"DO WOMEN shoplifter fight when we catch them?" echoed a store detective appealed to for information! "I should just say they do, look at that scar," and she pointed to a livid thread which showed upon the whiteness of her skin, "that is just one of my souvenirs, They fight like demons and it is all we can do to hold them, sometimes, until assistance comes to us,"

Various workers interviewed gave the following stories of the shop-lifting industry in Toronto.

Some time ago, almost a year back Torontonians who live in one of the best residential sections of the city began coming home from months spent abroad, at the sea-shore, or at their summer homes, and subsequently there arrived at their homes statements from the various large stores in which they had charge accounts, When the people began to check up their accounts they found items which they could not remember purchasing, and in some cases the amount of the charges was very large, investigation followed, and it was found that in practically every case the articles had been sent out from the stores so that they would arrive on a last delivery, and in the cases where the orders were for a large amount the clerk's memory still held good and the description of the purchaser tallied. After careful and clever work on the part of the detectives, the thief was caught, and proved to be a young girl for whom, when the story was told, some sympathy was felt, She was about to be married, and conditions at home made it impossible for her small earnings to be spent on the coveted trousseau. In some way she learned the names and addresses of many people who had charge accounts and the rest had been easy. She had bought what she craved, charged it to the accounts of the people whose accounts she was sure of and had after dusk gone to the houses and collected the parcels left by the drivers. A wonderful trousseau had been collected, and was, of course, confiscated, and those who saw it, stated that the young lady had certainly used discretion, and had taken, while she had the chance, the best there was. Not one of her ten pairs of silk stockings retailed at less than three dollars and fifty cents a pair, and her choice of linens was faultless.

A CASE which had nothing of pathos but much of the ludicrous in it was the case of the woman past sixty who was arrested for shop-lifting. She had tried very hard to mitigate the severity of time's ravages, but her too lavish use of paint, or calsomine, or whatever it was, had rather defeated the desired end, and as she stood in the dock to answer to the charge of theft, she was frankly an old woman. Her plunder was produced, and wonder of wonders she too had fallen before the lure of matrimony and the desire for a modern trousseau had proved the pit into which she had fallen, Camisoles were her ruling passion and they were there by the dozen in every shade which the most delirious designer would dare to choose for under garments. The old lady was about to take unto her self a third husband, and more than that she was going into the United States to be married. Such was the story of "Love's Sweet Dream," Restitution was made the old lady charged to stay in the land of the free and allowed to depart to scurry across the border and indulge in her third matrimonial adventure without the moral support of silken camisoles.

"What do you think is at the root of it?" a well-known woman, in touch with the matter was asked.

"It begins when a baby cries and its mother shoves a comfort into its mouth," she said, "actually, I believe that that is the first step downward, for it is the first lesson in lack of control and resistance The baby is warm, well fed, comfortable, but it cries, and the mother gives it something to appease the child's dissatisfaction. So it goes through life, If there is something wanted, get it, no matter how, Lack of self control, lack of resistance, lack of discipline in the home—these and downright laziness are at the root of thieving."

"WHY," she continued, "I know of a girl who was in court last week for theft, and when the judge asked her why she took the article, it was a string of beads, she said she didn't have any work, and she thought if she took those beads and pawned them she wouldn't have to pawn her own but could keep them.

"Why don't you get work to do?" the judge asked her,

"'Well, I can't get the kind I want.' was her answer, and when the judge told her that she should have no trouble in getting housework, she said, 'But I don't like washing dishes.'"

She actually preferred stealing to washing dishes in someone's home for an honest wage. Of course," continued our informant, "there are cases where impulse is to blame," I was told of the pitiful case of a middle aged woman who was caught stealing a cheap, little, black silk dress. It seems that for years the woman had struggled with her husband to pay for their little home, They started with just the laths and tar-paper and by degrees worked up till finally the little home was built, the last payment made, and the debt of years gone, a burden which had rolled from shoulders grown round with its weight. Then, free at last of debt, when only a few weeks would have bought her the dress out of legitimate savings, the craving was too much for the woman, and she stole. It was a poor dress, only worth about ten or twelve dollars, but still all her life she had longed for a black dress and the knowledge that she was free of the big debt proved too much of a reason for celebration, and the theft resulted.

SOMETIMES, too, we learned, girls, who have come from poor homes, where soft caressing materials and dainty garments are only seen from much window gazing, or on the counters in stores in tempting array, yield to a sudden desire for soome foolish trifle which spells luxury to them, and in that first theft are detected and caught.

It would seem that the ones who are caught in their first attempt are luckier than they think, for the lesson learned it apt to prove salutary and the chances are that they will learn a greater resistance.

Perhaps the most pitiful aspect of all is found in the numbers of little children who are taught by their mothers to steal. Not very long ago a store detective overheard a mother, whom he had seen steal a blouse, tell her four year old daughter, into whose little satchel she stuffed the plunder, to say, if any one asked her about it, "I des tookit for my dolly."

"Not so very long ago I was in one of our largest stores," said the woman, "and became aware of quite a commotion, I went closer and found that a store detective had a woman and child detained and that he had found numerous small articles in the child's bag, Just as I arrived the mother who was volubly denying all knowledge of the thefts, broke loose from the man's hold and proceeded to beat the little child most unmercifully over the head, and calling it a 'brat thief' and other names in the same category. Evidently the child was new at the game, for, finally escaping the rain of blows, it burst in wild sobs, amid which came the condemnatory, "You told me to."

"Some of the women are awful fighters," declared a detective, "one detective I know, a woman, had her nose broken, and another had her mouth badly torn by a thief who tried to scratch her eyes out threatening to do it and tried her best. What was she arrested for? Stealing a silk dress. She went to the waiting room in the store where she stole it, took off her own dress, put it out of sight in the toilet compartment, threw the tags down the toilet, and walked out in her new dress. She certainly put up an awful fight before she was taken, and the woman who held her had to have medical atteneion for the thief, whose nails cut and tore her mouth was infected."

"There is no limit—either way to the ages at which people will thieve, nor is there anything, hardly, they won't try to take. Girls take jewellery for their own adornment, they steal stockings because the ones they have on are dirty, and merely go to the wash room and change, leaving their dirty hose on the floor. They do the same with gloves, underwear and dresses, and what they won't try to get away with isn't worth mentioning. Why the other day a whole family—five in number—were caught. They had shopping bags, suit cases, satchels, and were simply loaded. They had ten pairs of boots, blouses, dresses, gloves, stockings—everything. They were going to start a peddling business,"

It was learned that in stores where the crowds are not so great there is far less thieving, for the thieves depend upon the density of a crowd and the fact that the attention of the sales-staff is engaged, to cover their taking ways.

Not only are the shop-lifters and pickpockets busy, but there is always some one with a clever trick with which they will try to "get away,"

Not so very long ago, it was told a large store in Toronto had one of the most obliging clerks in attendance upon an old lady who wished to purchase a fur coat. After much fitting, her choice was finally made, the coat, of Alaska seal which she decided upon being priced at one thousand dollars. She appeared very pleased with her purchase and desired to wear it away, tendering in payment a thousand dollar bill. The time which elapsed between her giving the bill and the delivery into her hands of the coat was so long that she demanded to know the cause of the delay, and upon her insistant demand the clerk was forced to admit that the expert was examining the thousand dollar bill. She told the old lady that it was quite customary with bills of large denomination, but the old lady waxed most indignant, and when the word came that the bill was alright, she refused to take the coat, saying she had never been so insulted, and demanded the bill back. It was returned to her, but the salesgirl was no nice about the matter, explaining fully, and urging the old lady to take the coat she liked so well, that finally the aged purchaser declared her anger appeased, and decided that she would take the coat after all.

The thousand dollar bill was brought out again, the coat put on the beaming old soul, and she departed. It was not until fifteen or twenty minutes later that the expert into whose hands the bill came again, discovered that the second bill, with which the old woman had actually paid for the coat, was not the same as the first which he had examined, but was a clever counterfeit.

"You absolutely can't be up to them," declared the detective. "They are as clever as they can be, often work in gangs, and we have to actually see them take the stuff before we can do anything. They often come all prepared with paper and string to wrap what they steal in, and little children are so often made the scapegoats that it is dreadful,"

Of course, the person who will take one thing will take another, it was intimated, so watch your purse no matter where you are, and be more than suspicious of those who jostle you too much in the crowds.

According to a New York Deputy Police Commissioner, the wisest persons are the ones who do not invite attention upon the part of the light fingered gentry by displaying their money in public, but carry as little as they can get along with, and that in an inner pocket, in the corsage or stocking, but never in a purse which dangles from the wrist—or in a pocket to which access is easy.

"The nerve of the thief is colossal," said a woman who had been the victim of theft. "After being caught in the very act of thieving, the girl to whom I am indebted for the loss of various sums, was sent to the office of the manager to await the arrival of officials. She pleaded so well for herself that the man decided to give her another chance, and told her that if she would make restitution he would not hand her over to the police. She promised to do so, and when leaving his office, asked him for a personal recommendation which she might use in getting work in another store."

"Not much meekness of spirit there," declared the woman, "but then, what can one expect, in an age when discipline in the homes is almost obsolete."



"I've wanted a silk dress all my life— so to-day I saw this and I just took it!"

Take a Vacation at Home By the Electrical Route

Stomachs Rebel at Too Much Cold Food, Even in Torrid Weather—Electrical Appliances Save Housewife From Drudgery, While Paving the Way to Palate Pleasing Meals.

THERE are all degrees of cool cookery. To some folks this means dashing out to the delicatessen at the last minute, buying expensive and rather tasteless cold meats, potato chips (whose fat, by the way, does not always retain its sweetness this hot weather), making some hasty iced tea, buying a melon and some lettuce and calling it a day.

That isn't cool cookery—it's no cookery at all. And to have only cold foods, cold drinks, cold baths in hot weather is dangerous. We do not want to deprive the stomach of all warm foods—it may go on a strike, for it cannot digest well in the cold.

Good Taste in Foods a Duty

Now if I've sold you the idea of the worth-whileness of giving a thought to food, here are some practical suggestions as to what to think:

It will make a vacation if you take a fraction of the vacation money and give yourself some of these clever home helpers. Unless the family is very large a fine three-heat grill with reflector and upper and lower pans will cook the main dish for breakfast, dinner or supper.

Supplement it with the electric frying pan that plugs in at the handle, has the element concealed in its steel base, and so fries or pan broils to perfection on three minutes, preheating. You get a browning and searing—a different effect from the grill cooking where the heat is not in direct contact.

The chafing dish, with its hot-water pan, means the perfect cooking of cream sauces, eggs, etc.

From the proper paring knife to the electrical refrigerator, which means no drip pan to empty and no ice man to wait for, ever more there are all sorts of conveniences to take the routine and labor out of cookery.



DANCING MASTERS DOOM JAZZ.

Miss Hilda Hanker, of San Diego, California, is the originator of a new waltz which she introduced at the International Association of Dancing Masters, recently in session at the Hotel Commodore, New York.

She is shown here dancing with F. H. Sinclair, of Ottawa. As the dancing masters have doomed jazz dances, the new waltz may be the successor in popularity.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

Velvets Lead In Fashion Race

Velvet is the thing! In the fashion marts of France and Switzerland, milady goes gowned in velvet, and knows that she is correct, and that la derniere cri in the world of fabrics is for velvet, soft as thistledown, supple as silk, for all its rich depth of pile, and in shades as delicate as those of the rainbow.

Velvets are first choice, and the colors range all the way from faint rosy ivory to the richest American beauty shade, running the gamut of all the greens, blues, greys and shading from palest cream to a deep golden.

Nor are they plain velvets. There are the cut velvets on foundations of sheerest georgette, material so fine and soft that it would nearly fulfil the fairy demand of going through the needles eye. There are printed velvets in rich tapestry design, rare paisleys, and small floral patterns as dainty as a rose petal. These are Fasccones velvets, with the wee brocade designs so favored this year, moire velvets which embrace all the colors of the old fashioned garden perennials; Crush velvets where the pattern, while permanent is almost moire in its conception and is merely crushed into the pile of the velvet. Chiffon velvets come in various finishes, and notable among these is the Salome finish, which is extra soft for draping.

The penchant for velvets however does not mean that velvet is fashion's only favorite.

Moire silk is good for evening wear, and comes in all the evening shades, while a wonderful effect is produced in the moire silk when an elfin thread of silver or gold forms the wave-like design on the delicate background of solid shade.

Metallics hold high carnival both in changeable effects, when the metal threads are interwoven on grounds of softest silk in wonderful tints of orchid, rose, green, blue, buttercup, and all the greens, and in the broches and brocades which are extensively used for evening wraps, as well as for the stately draped dinner or evening gowns.

Velvets also lure the metallic within their magic circle, and form sumptuous designs with the supplest of velvet for their base.

Dainty fasconnes on lingerie silks are shown, and heavy brocades in the same alluring tints are shown for linings for evening cloaks, and in some of the heavier weaves form the cloak proper.

Changeable taffetas are adopted again this season for the more informal evening dresses, and come in all the flower shades, and many which the gardener never saw.

When a buyer goes to these large manufacturing plants in France, or in Switzerland, he is often not even shown the fabric itself, when he places his order, but sees the pattern stamped upon paper, in all the richness of its final coloring, and, allowing his imagination scope as far as the fabric which carries the design is concerned, he buys the material, knowing that it is an "exclusive buy"—and that no other house in his locality will show the same fabric. The materials are not draped upon living models, but in some places, the fabrics will be brought in, one bolt at a time, so as not to confuse the buyer.

While all of the fabrics mentioned are not shown, many are on view at a fabric exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Letters to the Editor

"DIRTY KITCHENS."

Dear Sir:

As one who has seen more of the inside of Toronto kitchens than most people I beg to heartily endorse the "Sunday World's" recent article on this subject.

Unfortunately, the public assume that a great display of cleanliness in the dining room means a similar state of things in the kitchen. This is not so; neither is it true that cheap places are necessarily the dirtiest, for expensive hotels and restaurants are often surprisingly dirty and over-run with rats and cockroaches. Also Chinamen are not by any means the only offenders against cleanliness.

There has been considerable improvement lately, thanks to Dr. Hastings and his splendid efforts but a great deal remains to be done.

The sanitary conditions under which kitchen help are expected to work are often most defective.

I have seen a tiny room with practically no ventilation serving the dual purpose of vegetable store-room and helps' dressing room.

I myself have been frequently called upon to prepare food which I would not think of eating, and it is still no uncommon thing for a proprietor or manager to give orders for all kinds of leavings from customers plates to be saved, sorted out, and used up in some form or other.

It is unpleasant, but true.

Yours faithfully,
A TORONTO COOK.

Toronto, August 16th.

Sent Home For More Clothes Extreme Gowns Sans Sleeves Banned For Business Wear

Master Designers Never Intended Their Creations to be Worn on the Streets or During Working Hours—Pope's Disapproval of Modern Fashions Led to Wild Rush for Tulle.

A CERTAIN New York business man and the Pope at Rome hold at least one view in common. The New York business man, tired of walking into his office and having an uneasy feeling that he had surprised a number of young women in their boudoirs or on the bathing beach because of the array of bare arms and necks, finally made up his mind that his office was no place for half-dressed women. So he summoned one of the young ladies and told her that her job would be waiting for her if she cared to excuse herself and go home and put some clothes on.

The young lady was doubtlessly highly insulted. But good jobs weren't so plentiful, so she departed and unearthed a frock with at least a semblance of sleeves. The next day some of the other young ladies took the hint and sewed up a few slit seams.

Doubtless these modern business girls were no more highly affronted than a group of tourists in Rome who had been granted an audience with the Pope, but who found their way barred because they presented themselves with bare arms and necks. Their tears and protests were of no avail when a richly garbed Holy Father explained to them that the Pope didn't approve of modern fashions. A hurried visit to the nearest shops resulted in the purchase of enough tulle to drape arms and shoulders and some of the visitors were allowed to enter, but surely not without some chagrin.

There is certainly nothing wicked about a bare arm or even about the curve of a lovely shoulder. But the designers of the sleeveless frock never intended their creations to be worn in a business office or on the public highway.

Yet for some strange reason women persist in these glaring inconsistencies in dress.

Many a woman who would not think of serving pie for breakfast or oatmeal for dinner, blandly appears in a business office in a frock which must have been designed for a ball room, or a formal dinner. A man who appeared at the office of a morning in his dinner jacket would instantly be set down as either a little crazy or else certainly suffering from the effects of too much conviviality the night before.

Perhaps American women are the worst offenders in this matter of the lack of fitness in dress.

An American woman wears a beaded sleeveless gown on the street and may appear at dinner in the evening in a blouse if it suits her fancy; while an English woman wears a decollette dinner gown if the frock is ten years old and a little frayed and faded. But the chances are that she would find a frock with sleeves and without too many beads to wear to business.

The matter seems all the more strange when you remember that American women, when they want to be, are undoubtedly the best dressed women in the world. They know how to combine dash and smartness with good taste and comfort when they want to. Why, then, will they, with all their unmistakable flair for good dressing, let their sense of fitness so often utterly desert them?

Though the rebuke must have been humiliating, the Pope rendered women a very real service when he reminded us of the proprieties, and the business man who did the same thing just proved how easy it would be to create a better standard of taste among business women if the men said what they really think about it.

Do Canadians Appreciate Country's Natural Wealth? Trade With U.S. Over Billion

Canada Also Holds Second Place in World For Per Capita Possession of Motor Cars.

Slowly is dawning the knowledge that the housekeeping department in American newspapers is not suitable for the average Canadian wife. With ardent eyes she reads the recipes for something which is guaranteed to make husbands hurry home, only to find that it is necessary to:

"add one cup of mushrooms, finely chopped,

"one cup of nut meats,

"the whites of five eggs, to three cups of white chicken meat. Fold in two cups of stiffly beaten cream, add dissolved gelatine and chill before serving," and she longs in turn for an electric stove, a fireless cooker, a thermostat heating system, a cold storage plant, a porcelain topped table, and an ice-cream freezer.

The average young Canadian husband is earning two thousand odd dollars yearly, and could not afford either the kitchen equipment which these writers deem essential, or the ingredients which such recipes call for. Young Canadian men and women, on whom the future of Canada is dependent cannot afford such housekeeping de luxe. So—these magazines fail doubly in their mission. They excite revolt, rather than entertain, and they breed discontent and longing, rather than aid in the young wife's determination to be efficient and economical.

Perhaps after all the power of bringing to Canadians a sense of Canada's needs for every Canadian dollar, lies with the editors of Canadian magazines and Canadian newspapers.

All Canadians can not travel. Give them the benefit of travel in picture, and diagram and in round, indisputable figures, and as their knowledge grows, so will their pride in their own country. How many Canadians know that Canada has invested in manufactures, according to a late compilation of figures, the sum of $3,239,686,368?

How many realize the power lying in our nine link chain of united provinces, or the immense fishery wealth that is ours through our triple ocean boundary? Can we estimate the advantage of our freedom? Free speech, free press, free worship, free schools?

Do the majority of Canadians realize the significance of the fact that last year our amount of trade with the United States totalled $1,398,499,787, while our trade with the United Kingdom amounted to $526,818,433?"

How many know that in 1918 Canada had 84 plants manufacturing agricultural implements, and employing 10,000 people, with an invested capital of $74,410,603 and a production value of $34,853,673?

Canada now holds second place among the wheat growing countries of the world, and with one thirteenth of the population of the United States, Canada grows one-fourth as much wheat as does the United States. Canada's land area equals 1,401,100,000 acres, and that is exclusive of all forests, swamplands, territories, and the Yukon. Canada has the third largest forest resources in the world. She holds second place in the world per capita possession of motor cars, with one car to every 18 of population. But—in 1920 there were 90,000 motor cars came into Canada from the United States.

In 1918 Canada had 626 business failures; in 1920 she had 898 failures and in 1921, 2,348 businesses failed, with 1921 liabilities standing at the figure of $49,999,321.

And yet, the richest man in the world is the Canadian, for he has in his national banks a deposit of two billions,, and is worth $225 per capita. So think of these things—and give Canada all you've got to give, of effort, of strength and of patriotism.

Great Diversity In Midsummer Hats

FASHION herself would be puzzled were she called upon to answer the very possible question what hat of all varieties of hats best represents the mode? One says that the small hat made of straw and trimmed with ribbon is the thing. Another goes in for pokes with the wheel motif made of ribbon, another for the fabric hat, another for hats of the picture type with flowers and streamers for its trimming.

All this is very satisfactory to the woman who would be hatted most becomingly, for her choice will surely meet with the approval of some authority on millinery modes and she may go about her choosing. It is nevertheless true that the small hat is most popular at the present time, for it is the hat of convenience as well as smartness. That the large hat will grow in popularity as the season advances is a foregone conclusion, for the picture hat of straw with its flower and ribbon trimming is a picturesque accessory to the summer mode.

The Mother of Gold

By the Author of THE COVERED WAGON

EMERSON HOUGH'S Last Story



"How came she here in the darkness of this adventurous night?"

SYNOPSIS.

In a desert rendezvous in northern Mexico are encamped three Americans, John Palmer, "Pug" Hallock and Don Silsby. Palmer is a veteran of the gold mines; the others engineers whom Palmer met while taking a post-grad. course at Cornell. Palmer believes he has discovered the secret of the "Mother of Gold," and is to share it with the others. All are sworn to secrecy, as is Barry Allison, the fourth member of the party, whom they are now awaiting. Palmer voices the fear a woman is detaining Allison. He warns the youths they cannot have any thoughts of women if their venture is to succeed. Palmer is right. Allison in Chicago, has not seen his fiancee for three years. He has gone to Deneville, a small Ohio town, to bid her farewell.

In her old aunt's crystal sphere, Mary Westlake has seen the valley of gold. Barry swears her to eternal secrecy, then tells her the legend of the Mother of Gold, the lode from which comes all the world's gold. He tells her of the trip he plans, tells her he is sure Palmer has found the valley in Mexico.

Barry joins the others in the desert rendezvous. Palmer, angered at his tardiness, becomes even more angry when Barry admits he has confided their secret to Mary. But Palmer and the others agree Barry shall go with them.

Randall Trent, the richest man in Deneville, asks Mary to marry him. She tells him of her engagement to Allison, and that Barry is in Mexico. Randall, who has vast oil and mining interests in Mexico, says he will locate Barry and learn what he is doing there.

In the desert the four gold hunters see a gathering of penitentes near Lomaverde. They need flour, and shoes for the mules, and Palmer volunteers to slip into the settlement at night and secure the supplies.

Palmer frightens away a family with a tick-tock contrivance against the door. Then he fastens hobbles to a long pole, and through the window he rattles them as he makes ghastly noises. This drives the whole settlement to the hills. The prospectors make themselves at home in the hut, but as they eat a meal they find there they hear steps approaching.

Back in Ohio Mary's mother becomes ill. Dr. Blakely recommends that she and Mary go away for a rest—to Mexico, he tells Trent. The latter tells Mary he will follow and find her wherever she goes.

LUISA.

THE four men in the semi-darkness of the adobe of Loma Verde sat silent, eyes and ears strained, each with his hand on a weapon.

The soft slither of footfalls along the walk continued, pausing, hesitating, but coming closer to the door. There was but one entrance. As to the open window, Palmer was too much of a border man to sit where he could be shot from any window. He and his friends sat under the farther wall. Each covered the single door perfectly.

The moonlight lay brilliant on all the open spaces of the huddled village, so the interior was dark as the open air was bright. But now presently the low door was filled; a figure stood there, outlined perfectly against the flooding illumination. One hand was raised to the door jamb, the other remained docile, the fingers spread.

It was a woman. Moreover, obviously it was a young woman. Her hair caught the back lighting of the moon, though her face was left wholly in darkness. With no more than this definition, with the concealment added of the drawn mantilla, the imperious presence of youth and beauty of woman, never to be concealed, made itself felt now. A sense of amazement, of sudden curiosity, came to the four watchers.

The voice of John Palmer rose distinctly, not loud, but imperative. "Entre ala casa, senorita. Somos amigos."

The apparition at the door still hesitated, only a low exclamation escaping her. The next moment she stood reflected in a sudden glare of light in the darkned interior. Pug Hallock, in spite of the laughing protests of his friends, always carried with him in camp at night one of the modern little electric spark or flash lights. He found it in his pocket now and used it.

A scream of terror broke from the visitor's lips. She turned, would have fled, but feared to do so; her hands caught at her throat in sheer womanly terror, whose speech is much the same all over the world. But before she could escape the tall form of John Palmer strode across the light beam, caught her wrists, and drew her into the room.

"Luisa!" he cried. "Luisa! You!—what are you doing here? Did you know I was coming? Come, tell me!"

He spoke, of course, in rapid Spanish. His friends heard a soft murmured reply. The girl was now fully within the door. Silsby hurriedly freshened the fire with dry pinon boughs.

The hint of beauty which made itself felt even through the semi-darkness now was verified. The girl was beautiful, indeed. The gracious, round, not so tall figure was Spanish truly; but for the rest she lacked the usual marks of Spain. Her eyes, even in this light, were dark and soft, but might be blue or gray. Her hair, lighted as it was now, was not black, but blonde, a perfect golden blonde. In fact, she was of that type of beauty which is found in certain parts of old Spain and in certain parts of old Mexico—the so-called Andalusian blonde. The women of this type, even as they resemble, always differ in contour from their golden sisters of the far north. They have no rivals, even in lower Mexico, a land of beautiful women.

As for this young woman, even clad as she was, even present as she was in this little hovel, she owned a strange air of loftiness, hauteur, dignity—what we call class, for want of better word. This was true even though she showed sheer terror, caught as she now was, unprotected, in this room with four men who must be enemies, not friends.

But she knew this man, John Palmer—spoke to him directly in full recognition. Palmer's friends looked on, puzzled. What did it mean? How came she here in the darkness of this adventurous night? How should she know John Palmer? Why should he call her Luisa, as though she was his daughter, sister?

He turned at length to them. "Boys, I know this senorita! I know her people, her sister. She's three hundred miles from where she ought to be. She doesn't belong here. Can you guess now why Pancho Villa came to Loma Verde?"

He turned again, began rapid questions. The young men found themselves waiting for her replies, so soft, so low in the dimness, spoken with low voice and sweet, an excellent thing in woman in any land.

There was not a chair, not even a box, in the whole apartment. At Palmer's request, the young woman seated herself apart, on a sheepskin on the floor, easily, graciously, as though it were a throne. She drew her mantilla half across her face, modestly, for the Mexican woman is one of the most modest women of the world.

Palmer seemed to have forgotten them all, went on for some moments in his conversation before he again accosted his friends.

"Yes, I know this girl, and know her family. That's why I am here, and that's why I sent out to my own country for you others. She has a sister down below—I can't tell you about all these things just now. But if we ever get out of here I'll tell you more some time. It was down there—through this girl's people—that I learned some of the things which bring us all here on our errand!"

"She knows why we've come?" demanded Allison of his friend. "I thought you had said that no woman knew the secret."

"This girl's family is acquainted with some of the old traditions," replied Palmer, coldly. "Beyond that, it may be very fortunate that she's met us here.

"The young lady is Senorita Luisa Martinez. Her people have lived for generations in Lower California. I met them there years ago, before I went to southern Mexico.

"You see, I drifted south from San Diego, down the Camino Real, hundreds of miles through the mountains. I was trailing south, I didn't know where, trying to get away from myself and certain things—traveling just to see and to admire. Well, down in that country I found the Martinez family—and the sister of Luisa. Luisa herself was then little more than a child. She went—with us—when I moved out to the Coast. I can't explain everything now. I was younger then." His voice half broke as he went on after a time. "Well, at last I had found the one woman in the world! Each of us does, you know. You ask me about secret traditions? Because of the way in which I made these friends, I came to know about that great secret, that great tradition. It's time now for me to tell you that I lived for a time in the middle of Lower California. It remains to be seen whether I will ever be happier in any valley than I was there, when this girl was so little I could hold her out on my hand. Well, I was American, you see. I came from the north."

HIS friends sat still silent, their eyes fixed now upon the young girl whose face was lighted by the pinon flames; upon the face of their older friend, strangely moved now as he spoke.

"They came from Spain generations ago by way of Vera Cruz—this family Martinez. They seemed to have tried to get as deep into the wilderness as they could—even as you and I. Well, there wasn't any place much farther off than California Baja. They crossed the gulf on some mission of their own, a few centuries ago. They made that desert blossom like a rose. And foses grew there. Luisa is like her sister, yes. Fair as a rose."

"But John!" the voice of Barry Allison ventured once more. "We're not headed for Lower California."

"No! Nor was I headed for that country when I found it. But then I don't know that presently I would pull up in sight of old Orizaba, a thousand miles from there. I didn't know then that I ever would be within touch of the valley of the Great Mother.

"Well, you may begin now to ask whether or not I am a fitting guide for you. I tell you, to make all this short, that for five years I've lived within thirty miles of the mouth of the valley of the Mother of Gold herself!"

"But that's two hundred miles, three hundred, below here," broke in Pug Hallock, his eyes still fastened upon the figure of the beautiful apparition of the night. "How does this young lady come here?"

"She's just told me," answered Palmer. "O, yes, I have known her—I have seen her grow up while I was dreaming the years away down in there. She grew up under my roof. . . I've ceased to dream. The woman who took me there, this girl's sister, died there more than a year ago."

"Yet she's here!" the resonant voice of Hallock broke in. Silsby felt the rattle of paper under his hand in the hidden pocket. Allison had in his mind the picture of a tall American girl.

"Why did she come here?" Palmer went on. "Listen, I'll tell you. You have heard me say that there was a rumor Francisco Villa came to this village to see a favorite of his own, a very beautiful girl. Well, that last part is true—she was beautiful! This is the girl herself! This is the girl who shot the Honorable Pancho in the knee—gave him the wound which the Associated Press said he received in battle! She's been here a prisoner for months. I didn't know where she was, though I did know that Villa made a raid south with some of his bands, looking for help in the lower country among the Zapatistas. You see, the Honorable Pancho had ambitions to be President of the Republic of Mexico. Well, Mexico might have done worse—I don't know.

"But in town the Honorable Pancho saw this girl, Luisa Martinez. He took her prisoner, carried her north, and dropped her in this hole in the mountains, where no one would ever see her again. But for some reason or other that ruffian did not pursue his usual tactics with Luisa Martinez. That much I do know. She would have killed him if she could, meant to do so. Pancho never resented the wound she gave him. He only laughed at her and promised to come back again some time when she felt more amicable. Now, my friends——"

Palmer turned toward the others as they sat, confused by the rapid development of events——. "We are going to take this girl back home with us. She doesn't belong here. It may mean the end of all our chances for personal safety. What do you say?"

Th gaze of young Hallock was riveted upon the face of the girl before him. He could not draw back from regarding her. Her beauty fell upon him like an actual spell. Indeed, in any Garden, woman must be.

"Why do you ask that question of us?" demanded Hallock quietly.

No one spoke for some time, but at length Palmer laughed gently.

"Poor old Pancho seems to have had some sort of reverence for Luisa Martinez. It's well he had. He had chosen her for his consort. 'She will make me hidalgo some time'—that's the way he spoke to her, so she tells me. He was going to have her teach him to read and write. O, yes, it's quite possible Pancho would follow us if he knew—even her villagers may follow us, who knows?

"There is no prouder, cleaner blood in the world than that of the Martinez family, my friends. This girl was rich one time, could be now. There was no reason in the world why the whole family should not grow rich.

"Luisa!" He turned to the girl, whose eyes had been following him, perplexed, as he spoke. "Querida, you don't know what I have been saying in my own language to these others? I have been telling them that you would go back with us."

"When?" demanded the young girl eagerly, still using the Spanish.

"To-night—now!"

"You have others—you have a force with you?"

"We are an army of four, that's all."

Her eyes were wide, her lips trembled as she turned to him once more. "Can that be, senor? Can you dare?"

"Boys," said Palmer, "she asks if we dare take her away from this place." Then rose the Tartar laugh of these invaders, the laugh in front of danger. The girl understood then, even without Palmer's added words.

"O, yes, they'll follow us, I presume," he went on. "Come, Luisa! It's women that make all the trouble in the world. No, we can't leave her here after what she's told me. Still, I told you fair enough that we'd have enough trouble every foot of the way. Now look out for trouble!"

"Tell her that we are going to take care of her," said the deep voice of Hallock. "She shall go with us!"

"Well, that's settled, then," said Palmer, beginning to get the odds and ends of his present belongings together. "She's got an old woman with her—old Serafina, a servant of her family. Villa let her bring a woman. They have a little house of their own up the street, Luisa just came back, because she has more courage than these others, not being a half blood herself. She heard something in our spirit business at the window yonder which made her suspect that there were Americans about. Well, there were.

"Yes, we're Americans. The actual conquerors of this country will not come from the south. Doniphan knew that in 1847."

"But no one ever knew a thing about the Madre D'Oro in those times," protested Allison.

"Probably not. The story of it seems to rise and fall, the thought and tradition of it to vanish for a generation or two, then to come up again. No one ever guessed at the exact location of the great vein. The Spaniards found enough gold and silver without that trouble.

"The very old town of Guanajuato rich beyond belief—is rich beyond belief now.. They had mine after mine, all through these hills, so many they could afford to go away and leave them if they felt like it. The Spaniards always knew where the gold was—always except in regard to the mother of all the gold. That valley has not yet been found by them.

"So this girl goes with us—she and her woman. It may very well happen that she may be of great aid to us in what we have to do. You see, she's known down below—Oaxaca, Jalisco. Not that her people ever loved me. We may be running into complications of more sorts than one. But we take her with us?"

THE clearing of throats, unspoken words, made all the renewed answer he needed. Hallock turned once more toward the girl, stared at her so intently that she sensed almost rudeness and drew back. He flushed as she drew the mantilla higher across her face. "That's the first question," said he. "The rest can take care of itself."

Palmer only nodded. "When I came north I took a different road through the hills," said he. "Of course, I didn't know she was here. Poor child, now she's grown! And what a miracle that I've found her here in time!"

The young woman now broke out in a torrent of rapid Spanish, which Palmer understood sufficiently well. He turned, interpreting.

"She says we ought to pull out just as soon as we can. Says that she knows where the horses and mules are corralled and will be ready in three minutes to go with us. She thinks Villa is expected down in here again—he is getting tired of being a farmer where he is. Says we have to get up and ride as far as we can. Of course, we all know that when her people come back they will have to sit down and pass resolutions and talk before they can follow us. Maybe we can get over the next range and make a run for it, fellows?"

"There is no argument about it," replied Allison, and the others nodded. Allison was fingering over some dust of tobacco in the side pocket of his coat. Absorbed in the situation before them, he absentmindedly cast a pinch of the dust from him into the fire. It puffed up, broke out into a blaze, gave a little cloud of white smoke.

"What's that?" demanded Palmer, suddenly turning.

Allison laughed. "By George!" said he. "That's some of that flashlight powder I spilled in my pocket. I was doing some vein photographing up in Colorado—some spilled out in my pocket, I suppose. I didn't know any powder was there."

Palmer turned toward him eagerly. "Is there any more of it?"

"Maybe so," replied Allison. "I think I have got an ounce or two of it in my war bag. I used to carry it around when I was making photographs of the drifts for my company."

"Go get it, quick!" said the older man. Bring it here! Sit still, the rest of you! I've got an idea!"

Allison, without asking for any explanation, strode out of the door and across the open space to the place where the pack animals were tied to the corral fence. He had little difficulty in slipping his hand into his personal pack, which was placed near the top of the one mule load. He returned and without comment handed over the little paper of chemicals to their leader. The latter spoke rapidly to their visitor. She rose and passed out swiftly.

"I told her to hurry and get her horse saddled, and to bring Serafina at once. When those two women come all of you but Hallock go on down the canon with them. I don't want to lose our caballada, so you go down the trail a half mile, where you can't hear much or see much.

"You see why I want this powder? You have to understand the mental processes of these people. I'm going to throw a spirit scare into these folks which will make them think of anything else but following us."

Hallock broke into a gust of laughter. "By Jove!" he said. "We'll touch her off outside."

"Exactly! We'll disappear in a pillar of fire and a cloud of smoke by night. If I'm any guesser, that'll hold them for a time. Now, Allison, you and Silsby set the packs and cinch up all the saddles. We don't want to stop, once we do get started. There's quite some country between here and Orizaba peak—three hundred miles or so at least."

Hallock was least anxious to mount and ride. Instead he sat down, leaning against the adobe wall. "I'll just wait along with you, John," said he. "I'll take the women on down."

Palmer laughed. "O, all right!" said he. "It's too bad you can't speak Spanish."

"Some day," said Hallock. "Some day—who knows?"

"Quien sabe?" Palmer still smiled. "Well, I'm going to give these people a Fourth of July which they'll remember as long as they live."

He scraped together a little pile of dust from the hard earth, hollowed it slightly on top, and into this receptable poured his flashlight powder. He and Hallock stood listening to the lessening footfalls of the animals as they passed rapidly down the canon. A few moments and they heard hoofbeats coming from the upper portion of the plazita. Luisa rode a side saddle, evidently from the lower country. Serafina, her serving woman, was seated after any fashion on top of an easy footed mule.

Hallock rose, removing his hat as he stepped up to the bridle rein of the foremost rider. "Tell her not to be afraid, John," he said. "Tell her I am going to take them down to where the others are waiting."

Light hearted, boyish, he hummed to himself a carefree air of his college days, "Around her neck she wore a purple ribbon!" Then, unconsciously, he hummed the refrain, "Far away! Far away! She wore it for her lover, who was far, far away!"

"Hush!" said Palmer. "Don't be silly, Hallock! Go get me that old door hanging against the house there. We'll prop it up against this new fireplace so I won't get my legs burned when she goes off. I'll take a chance now. You two get out of here, fast as you can! I'll wait until you get around the corner."

A moment later old John was left alone in the centre of the deserted village of Loma Verde. He paused until he heard no sound of hoof beat from the canon mouth. Neither did he hear any sound from the surrounding hills into which the population had scutted and lay hid. At length he stooped over, a lighted match in his hand. His hand reached out above the top of the sheltering plank. He dropped the match—sprang back.

There came a roar, a vast, blinding flash. A tall pillar of white smoke rose up into the mountain moonlight. It was a thing inexplicable, not to be dreamed by these ignorant observers hidden in the surrounding fringe of trees. To them it must have seemed a thing of terror.

Palmer turned back, laughing like a child, ran as fast as he could down the canon.

"She's good powder, boys!" he exclaimed when he came up to them. "I'd like to have a few more pounds of it along."

The others hidden in the defile could only guess at what had happened. He explained. "That ought to prove to them, if we haven't proved it already, that spirits are abroad tonight. I'll bet a thousand dollars that's the worst scared bunch of pelones in all Mexico right now.

"Far away! Far away!" the others cheerily broke into the old college refrain which Hallock had started.

"What is it that the young gentlemen sing?" asked Luisa, close at Palmer's elbow. "I don't know the English."

"Rest easy, my dear," replied John Palmer, in her own tongue. "This young gentleman is only singing that he is thinking of his loved one, far, far away."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And she wears around her neck a purple ribbon, my dear."

"A ribbon of purple? And she is far away?"

The voice of Luisa was low and sweet, even if now a trifle contemptuous. They passed out into the night of the canon walls.

IT IS a wild and unknown country, mystic, mysterious, strange, old that long peninsula which lies just under our lower borders in the far south-west—one which we held under our own flag for a little time, and abandoned as worthless. Spain originally held it, if it could be said ever to have been in any human holding. Its original inhabitants were the wolves and the antelope, the wild deer of the wastes, the small foxes, the reptiles of the deserts, the wild horned things of its dry mountains—these were the first and fit peopling of that strange, fascinating yet forbidding land.

Always men have dreamed of treasure there, and some have found it; others have lost it. Against the few and scattered natives who once dwelt here hundreds of years ago, the bands of Spaniards sent out by Cortes waged war for sake of treasure. These natives dwell to-day as they did then, in the little valleys, around the water holes, in isolated settlements, infrequent, inconsequent.

Should you travel the trails which reach inward from the sea, you might come upon strange valleys; or you might find some of the little bays where vessels have been coming for years. Gold, pearls, the fur of otter and of seal—all these things and many others called the adventurers of earlier years.

In this land time is not noted. There are almost no instruments known for the measurement of time. Life flows on in one vast, steady stream. There are men here so old they do not know when first they looked on life. There is no reason why life should be here, or why death should come here. Sometimes death forgets to come.

Now it was this last fact to which Dr. Blakely, physician for Mary Westlake's mother, had adverted. The story of old Pedro Sandoval, the Spanish centenarian, had brought its own hysteric publicity of to-day; and now to-day was bent on tearing asunder a great and splendid yesterday.

It was long ago the rumor came up to the Californian cities—of an old Mexican said to have passed a century and a half of life. Surely he was far above the hundred years of age, as could be proved. This man, as Blakely said, had cut his second set of teeth at 80 years of age, and was past a hundred years of age when he married one more young wife and get himself seriously about the business of beginning once more the establishment of a household. Thereafter he added largely to his already large flock of children, who lived about him in the sun and sand.

It was the strange case of this old Mexican—nameless, not famous in any way—which first attracted the attention of medical men to this far-off country. Had old Pedro not lived on so stubbornly or apathetically, forgetting much to concern himself with life, forgetting even to die at the appointed time, Dr. Blakely could never have learned of the strange little valley where dwelt the white man Father Ernesto, in his own unknown Ranch of Good Hope.

Father Ernesto—as he was known long as any can remember—did not care for the mines or flocks of herds, seal fur or pearls or sugar lands. He devoted his life to the good of others. Provided apparently with some little means of his own, he had established himself in one of the rare and beautiful little valleys far back from the sea coast. Here he had built for himself, on ancient foundations, a comfortable home of rock and sun dried brick, adding to his adobe structures from time to time as he had need or wish. Not accredited to any church, none the less he had builded himself a little church! He had some flocks and herds, some servants who lived on in tenure of one sort or the other, and who raised for him sufficient to supply his table.

He had lived thus many years, careless and content, simple, unambitious, a small soul or a great one, as you chose to call him a coward or a brave man, as you choose to call him; a failure or a success, as you shall have it. But to him, life was solved. Here he found oblivion, by the world forgot.

It was Father Ernesto, strange recluse who sent out to his own country, a Saxon world, the story of old Pedro and his second youth, his many marriages, his carelessness as to dying, his renewal of his youth many times. One or two parties of medical men came down by coast-wise steamer, combining medicine and pearls, working inland later. Sometimes parties came down mule back, overland, passing for this or that reason across the unknown country. They all were welcomed at the home of Father Ernesto, the Rancho of Good Hope. He asked them to come and eat, to sleep, as they liked, to fill their water bottles, to visit his church, his house, to avail themselves of all his small possessions. Beyond that none knew much of Father Ernesto. He never spoke of himself. There was a wall of reserve beyond which none penetrated. In the far country gossip is an unknown thing, questions remain unasked.

WHEN the little party of medical men, of whom Blakely was one, found themselves in Father Ernesto's company one time in San Diego, there was something of fellowship sprang up between them. Blakely keen soul that he was, knew without speech that here was a man who spoke no evil.

"About this old man, father," said Blakely, "what of him?"

"He is one of very many," said Father Ernesto. "People do not die there. I read sometimes, though you may not think it. It seems there is talk of what you call germs, bacili? Very well, we do not have them."

"How far back is old Pedro's country from you, then?"

"Thirty miles, perhaps—inside of ten or twenty miles you will be in a wilderness, in a desert. It is high, but always warm. There are very few diseases known there. They bring in men to me who have been wounded, hurt in accidents. Surgery is possible here which would be fatal in your cities—though I am but amateur surgeon. I only take the place my people give me. It pleases them to call me padre. They can understand that. Here my friend, you learn, you look deep, you understand. Here you may be healed of many things. I know!"

"You've done good in the world," said Blakely gravely.

"Very little. But much could be done."

Blakely answered soberly. "You have here a splendid dream, the dream of a great man, a good man."

"Wholly a dream! My piles of rock are the houses of God. My lanes between the desert streets are the streets of God. The stars of God are above them. Here and there the water of God comes up for us. There a man can forget and be forgotten, and can learn. Do I not know?

"For instance, there was the American, John Palmer, a good man, who came to me years ago. A good man, but young.....Well, the woman was beautiful! So, together, they went out into the world, hand in hand, not yet ready to forget. But I have seen many people go away. Myself I remain."

"How came you there?" demanded Blakely suddenly.

"I cannot tell you that."

"They call you Father——"

"Perhaps they do well," answered Father Ernesto.

"I ask you a hundred pardons, Father."

"Some day I shall be as old as old Pedro! He is a man of tradition. Aztec beyond doubt and of the pure blood. Yet he was slave of the Spanish family of Martinez.

"That was her name, the young woman whom John Palmer loved. And they never dared return. I do not know what became of them. A man of mine, babbling, told me old Pedro had told them of an ancient treasure. Perhaps John Palmer sought that. Love and treasure, they mean naught to me. There are a few buried in our little graveyard yonder. They were ready to fold their hands. One day I shall be. It is all."

So now it was here, far back in the unknown interior, that one day came a strange cavalcade, belonging here not at all—the party of Dr. Blakely and his patient, Mrs. Westlake; Mary, the daughter; Mr. Westlake himself, stubbed and gray; their servants.

Then Father Ernesto felt his heart sink. White men, or one, at least, he had welcomed here. But this was the invasion from the north. He knew now that his own day was done. But, since his life long since had been devoted not to his own happiness but to the good of others—for sake of what he knew he owed by his own ancient fault, not yet expiated—he welcomed them, and with him, in quiet and in comfort, Mary Westlake, her mother, her physician, found temporary home.

(To be continued).

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A PARSON IN BOHEMIA

London's Night Life Viewed From New Angle



By REV. A. J. WALDRON.

"Bohemia Out of Doors" is the scope of this further article by the Rev. A. J. Waldron. It deals with the unconventional folk who love not only the life of freedom in the round of town pleasures, but the more wholesome out-of-door life—the life of the river and the woods, and fieldpath and the hills. Interspersed are interesting anecdotes of the odd adventures and eccentric tricks of those men and women who are well-known in Bohemia.

MOST Bohemians have a strong love for the open air—for the life of the river, the broads, the sea, and the country. As I have heard many say with a grimace of disgust: "After the professional lodgings with the strong need for a tin of Keating's and the poor, badly cooked food, what a change to get away in a caravan or a tent—anywhere to be in close contact with God's fresh air."

It is a mistake to suppose that Bohemians are only found in the stuffy West End bars and nightclubs and queer clubs. I have encountered them in the holiday season in some very unconventional places, and verily believe that the rural surroundings hold more charm for many of them than the garish delights of the metropolis. As one used many times to say: "I prefer the odor of the farmyard to the sweet 'atmosphere' of the Ritz, and the singing of the birds to the strains of the choicest orchestra."

House-boat life is generally very Bohemian, and perhaps very good when it does not become too "swift." When it becomes a nightly round of card-playing for big stakes, moonlight bathing by the ladies and gentlemen in very scanty attire, and the gramaphone going monotonously to stimulate the dancers—then it is possible that the Bohemian becomes a nuisance not merely to himself but to others.

House-boats are very deceptive in their exterior. Pass them in the early morning when the mists are still on the slumbering river and they look poems of beauty fitting in with the riparian scene. But sometimes the interior gives a bit of a shock. I remember visiting the house-boat of a very famous theatrical favorite, whose name it would be unfair to mention. The inside was filthy. Beer bottles and brandy bottles stood about; dirty places with food upon them; confusion was everywhere, while the footlight favorite was unshaven and unkempt, strumming on a banjo while a very dowdy "lady friend" kept him company with a cracked voice. The surroundings were gorgeous, the scene being Marlow at its best, with the sunshine full on the lovely Thames.

What a contrast was the house-boat of dear old Marie Lloyd—now at rest from all her worries and triumphs. It was always spotlessly clean, decorated with flowers, and a refuge for all her "pals" who liked to partake of her good-natured hospitality. She kept "open house" and, I am sorry to say, that there were a good many people who took advantage of her careless good-nature. Poor old Marie. She used to go down to her house-boat many a time to get a little rest from her theatrical labors—and no woman worked harder—but more, perhaps, to seek relief from her private woes which in the end, I verily believed, killed her.

Close by her house-boat was another, named "The Castle" owned by Dick Burge, the boxer, and this too was a delightfully pretty boat. He used to be up and out for a swim in the early morning, and he was also devoted to sculling. Naturally, he gathered round himself a circle of admiring disciples—and also those other people who "hang on" to a man who has found fame. Dick used to say that often his house-boat parties were like a good cocktail—very well mixed.

A friend of mine, Captain Arbuthnot—soldier, gentleman, jockey, traveller, and actor—who had done well for his country in the Great War as a flying corps officer, rented the house-boat "Haidee" as a quiet retreat for his honeymoon, Alta. It proved anything but a "quiet retreat" as he found to his chagrin. It was close to town and too delightful a spot to escape the notice of his host of Bohemian friends, who came flocking down to pay their respects to the newlyweds and to sample the lavish hospitality of "The Haidee."

One of the first callers was that delightful sporting man-of-the-world, Major Boileau, better known to his friends as "Dog Fox," because he had been master of so many packs of hounds. He called for the evening—and lingered on for three weeks. So many theatrical "pals," army and navy officers and Bohemians of all sorts and conditions, were at last gathered on the house-boat that it became a miniature "Alhambra." The evenings were spent in delightful al fresco concerts and entertainments, for "all the talents" were present. But alas, for the dream of the house-boat being the honeymoon "Dove's Nest."

Another house-boat was rented by a small band of artists who had the brilliant idea of keeping themselves by painting views of the river and selling them to people residing near. But the "brilliant idea" hardly worked out well, for the worship of Bacchus was so industriously carried on that there was nothing left over for ways and means. Consequently debts were incurred and finally one morning the artists were compelled hastily to evacuate the position leaving behind a good portion of their painting materials.

In connection with this party I recollect an amusing incident.

One of the artists whose name I had better not mention, as he has now become known to fame, went to London one evening and lost the last train. But he got a ride on a goods train from a friendly driver and landed down at Bourne End at about two in the morning. Deciding that it was too late to walk along the river to his house-boat, and being still rather jolly, he thought it a bright idea the seek sanctuary on another house-boat. He entered it, found it empty, and settled down comfortably in the bunk, having first liberally helped himself to the cigars and spirits he found aboard. It happened to belong to Sam Mayo, who had gone down the river to pay a visit to another house-boat. Sam returned in the "wee small hours" and was amazed to find he had a visitor who had made himself so comfortable. Genial Sam thoroughly entered into the joke and when the visitor opened his eyes in the morning he found a cup of tea ready—with a "bracer" inside it. How characteristic of the true Bohemian—one taking a liberty and the other entering into the spirit of it. Knowing that no offence was meant.

River customs are curious and sometimes not altogether pleasant. On one boat run by some very ultra-Bohemian art students it was their playful custom to push a visitor into the water on the occasion of a first visit—"the baptism" as it was called. On one occasion a Major—a very well known character who was always on the bordering of genteel poverty (he was an old Army officer with an obscure past) was pushed over board to celebrate his initiation to the houseboat. After the ducking, he had to borrow a suit while his own was drying. His host rigged him out in a beautiful suit of his own—real Bond Street cut and it fitted him to perfection. The temptation was too strong for the Major. He caught the next train back to town, and well, he forgot to return the suit he had thus "borrowed."

Apart from these dwellers in house-boats, there are the inhabitants of the various islands—in the noble Thames, Eel Pie, and Monkey Islands.

Taggs is of course famous for Fred Karno's enterprise. The Karsino. Here life in the summertide is colored as the rainbow and sometimes as "rapid" as the lightning. Under the shadows of the trees and amidst the dazzling light of the sunshine, men and women try to forget some of Life's shades, and dance and make love in the sheer delight of the open-air life. The stars gleam like footlights upon the river, mirroring the ebb and flow of the emotions of these children of Bohemia. True the laughter is boisterous and some of the jokes are a trifle broad, but on the other hand these people do not spend their time in iniquitous schemes of crooked finance and swindles. They are boasters, of course, beggaring language in describing their talents—but their hearts are good and they will be found real "pals" to those who are in trouble.

I suppose there can be found no other place just like Taggs for its vivid collection of theatrical and art people—the genuine Bohemians who have got away from London to make merry in the open air.

Most of the "stars" visit here. George Robey frequently comes, and you are often tempted to forget the comedian in the Oxford man by the brilliance of his talk of men and affairs. George Carney may often be seen there, with his spontaneous humor—one of the few professional "funny men" who can be really humorous when away from the footlights. Many others could be named, all mingling in the delightful freedom of getting away from Theatreland and yet generally talking "shop" all the time.

Many Labor leaders may be seen here, especially Ben Tillett who is always a welcome visitor. Bransby Williams brings charm and dignity; start him talking about Dickens and you will probably miss the last train home to town.

It is always easier to condemn than to forgive. When people write to the papers about "disgraceful scenes on the river" and say that the Sabbath is being desecrated, they often are unaware that many of these boisterous Bohemians have been to an early celebration of Holy Communion at some village church. Sunday is their only holiday. Where the sun shines and the river flows, the birds sing and the flowers bloom, there they want to be and to revel in it all. He or she who does not respond to the beauties of Nature is a dull fool.

There is often too much of the vine of Scotland and France, or of the British barley brew, with its attendant tragedy and sordid pathos. Thus emotions are easily aroused and passions fired; for Bohemia in the open air is full of love and love's adventures. I may be all wrong compared to that ideal holiday described so eloquently by a Walt Whitman or a Stevenson. But even in Bohemia on the river and in the country there is often high talk on lofty themes spiced by wit and a knowledge of real life. Let us remember "There's good in the worst of us and bad in the best."

The Bohemian who acts or paints describes the conditions and passions of human nature, and in so doing often runs great risks by living out the dangerous life of the "unfettered and the free"—meaning, of course, the unconventional. Stars often pay a heavy price for their place in the firmament, and many a time the revelry on the river or the gay laughter of the open air life covers an aching heart and a mind heavy with unsuspected troubles.



THE WRONG RIGHT

Continued from Page Nine.

tainly have made me the most absurd object on God's green earth."

He stopped. He must not rave now. It was essential that she keep her nerve. She must not appear at the inquest in a state of collapse.

"See here!" he said. "You know this town, and how they will be watching us. Now take this attitude, and hold to it. You have done nothing wrong, nothing which calls for criticism from any one. You had my approval of your friendship for Hensley. I shared it. I urged you to go on this unfortunate drive. Don't think, don't feel anything else. Wear something quiet and dignified this afternoon. Be at ease And remember—remember every minute—that they are not investigating your relations with Hensley, but the causes which led to his death. It is really just a matter of form, unless the coroner has reason to suspect murder or suicide; and even then——"

"Suicide?" she interrupted. She was on her way to the door, and now she stopped with her hand on the knob. "No one could possibly think that. He had every reason to live. He was looking forward——" She stopped abruptly and bit her lip.

He sprang up, and pushed her roughly through the door, slamming it and locking it behind her.

THIS was the last straw—a straw that struck him with the force of a thunderbolt. Hensley had been happy, had he, had been looking forward? Looking forward to the time when Evelyn would be free. She knew that he, Twitchell, would never refuse her a divorce if she asked for it. And they had banked on that—those two! Hensley's death had ended that dream; the man was beyond his reach now. Dan envied him. He would rather be dead himself than standing here amid the wreck of his fool's paradise. He had not known before that he was capable of the emotions that seemed tearing his heart out. He tried to control them, to crush them down; but the effort brought the sweat in beads to his forehead ,and he put his face down in his hands, his whole body shaken by dry, racking sobs.

He did not see Evelyn again until luncheon. To his relief she gave no signs of nervous excitement, but looked and seemed coldly composed. She was wearing a dark blue frock and a dark, small hat, and her face had lost that ghastly pinched look which had been so noticeable earlier in the morning. He did not know that this improvement in her appearance was due to slight touches of rouge on her cheeks.

They got through the meal decently, each preserving the conventional amenities while the maid who served it was in the room, and Twitchell was glad to see that Evelyn forced herself to eat something, and also drank her tea. It was a further proof of her self-control.

He noticed the absence of Judy, but did not comment on it. For the first time in his life he was glad that this young, gay sister was not about. Poor child! She had probably heard something of these events. Perhaps she had suspected the affair between Evelyn and Hensley, or even had known of it positively. He recalled various little incidents which seemed to point to such a conclusion. The thought sickened him. He resented intensely that such ugly knowledge should have come to Judy in his home, that her happy care-free life should be shadowed by it. He fancied that she had thoughtfully obliterated herself as a member of the household for the time being by keeping to her room, or perhaps going to some of her friends.

After luncheon there was still some time to be put in before it was necessary to start for the Town Hall and Twitchell, after scowling through the dining room window for a few minutes, finally followed Evelyn into the library. She was sitting there quietly putting on her gloves, and did not look up as he came in.

He hated to speak to her, to have to hold any further words with her. But it was imperative that she should be letter-perfect in the story she was to tell, and he doubted if she was, considering the mental state of each of them during their previous conversation.

"I think we had better go over the main points of—of what you are going to say this afternoon," he said.

"No. I am perfectly sure of what I am going to say."

Her tone was so positive that he abandoned any further attempt to rehearse her and, shrugging his shoulders, turned away.

They reached the Town Hall a little after two o'clock; but, early as it was, the dusty assembly room was already full. Every one the Twitchells knew was either there or on his way, and as the hour for the inquest drew near the entire population of the village tried to surge in at the door.

The coroner, a small, sleek man, obviously feeling the importance of the occasion, rose and called first the two men who had discovered the wrecked car and Hensley's body. They testified that they had been driving home, when Hensley passed them a short distance from the bridge over the railroad cut. They saw the tail lights of his machine flick across the bridge and then heard a crash. When they reached the spot they found the car lying half way over the embankment. Hensley had evidently turned too wide and had struck a large embedded boulder. This had slewed the car about and thrown it half over the steep bank. Hensley had been hurled out and they found him further down. He was dead when they picked him up.

In answer to a question from the coroner they admitted that it was strange Mr. Hensley, covering the distance every day, should have been so careless at that dangerous spot. He practically invited the tragedy.

THE doctor and a policeman came next: and this completed the technical aspects of the case. It had been legally proved that Hensley was dead, that his death occurred at a certain spot, and now it remained for the coroner to probe into the more obscure causes of that death and decide whether it was due to unforseen accident or to a contemplated design.

Carruthers, an old friend of the dead man, was called to the stand, and reluctantly related a conversation which had taken place about six months before and in which Hensley had said that he was occasionally tempted to commit suicide.

Then Evelyn was called and sworn. Twitchell could feel the thrill which pervaded the hall—the excited whisperings, the rustlings, the audible murmurs. His blood ran slower, colder: it seemed to him that the air was full of sinister implications. He looked up and caught Tom Jamieson's eyes fixed on him. He saw, or imagined he saw, an expression half of pity, half of derision in them.

"Mrs. Twitchell," the coroner was holding a small square of red and blue figured chiffon, one of the so-called handkerchiefs which it is the mode of the moment for women to carry, designed to complete their costumes, but certainly serving no practical purpose. "Mrs. Twitchell," he asked, "have you ever seen this before?"

In the overwrought state of Dan's nerves wafts of the jasmine Evelyn always wore seemed to float from that tiny square and eddy around him.

"It is exactly like some I have," she replied clearly.

The coroner handed it to her, and she looked at it and raised it to her nostrils.

"Can you swear that it is yours?"

"Not positively; there are, of course, many others like it. But the probabilities are that it is mine."

Twitchell was conscious of an impersonal, detached admiration of her. So far she was carrying it off better than he had hoped. She was meeting the issue squarely. No hedging, thank God.

"Were you in Mr. Hensley's car last night?"

"I was." Her voice was distinct but devoid of any expression.

"Will you state at what hour or hours you were with him?" The coroner's voice was very bland, very gentle. "Tell us the whole story in your own way, Mrs. Twitchell."

There was the faintest pause. The auditors, to a man, leaned forward, so as not to miss a word, their faces sharpened and eager.

"Mr. Hensley called at the house about nine o'clock. He drove out the shore road for about ten miles and then returned. I said good-night and went into the house and up to my room."

The coroner lifted a sheet of note paper from the desk.

"Have you ever seen this letter before, Mrs. Twitchell?"

Evelyn took it with a steady hand and gave it the merest glance.

"Of course," she said. "It is from me."

"You wrote to Mr. Hensley asking the return of certain letters. Were those letters returned?"

"They were. Last night."

"Did you—er—have any difficulty in persuading Mr. Hensley to part with them?"

"No. He was prepared to do so."

"He returned them willingly?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Twitchell, what would you say was the state of Mr. Hensley's mind during the evening? Was he—er—most down, despondent?"

Evelyn hesitated and turned her head restlessly.

"Not despondent; no," she said. "He regretted that it was necessary for him to leave Shell Beach and be away for some months. But he was looking toward the future. It—It"—her voice broke slightly—"looked very bright to him."

The coroner, too, paused a moment as if choosing his words.

"In order to decide whether the deceased came to his end by accident or suicide, Mrs. Twitchell, I am afraid I shall have to ask you the nature of those letters. You see," he explained, "Hensley carried very heavy life insurance."

Dan did not dare look at Evelyn's face, but he saw her fingers interlace and press into the backs of her hands.

"I do not know the nature of the letters," she answered. "They were written to Mr. Hensley by a relative of mine, whom he had met elsewhere."

The rustling, the stir at this announcement sounded dry and mocking in Twitchell's ears. She could never put that over!

"The letters are still in your possession?"

"No; they should now be in the hands of the person who wrote them."

"And the name of that person, Mrs. Twitchell?

"I cannot give it." Evelyn's voice was low, but steady.

"You mean that you refuse to give it?"

She bowed her head.

"But I will!"

Twitchell jerked around. Judy was standing there two rows behind him. That shrill cry had come from her. The color was blazing in her drawn face, her eyes were dilated.

"I won't see her tormented any longer! She shan't be my scapegoat. It is me she has been shielding. I didn't know you would ask her all these questions. She told me it would be nothing. Only a form. And for my brother's sake, for my own sake, I must keep out of it. But now I will tell the whole story.

"I—I met Mr. Hensley in New York some months ago. He was attracted to me. And before we knew it we were both in love. His married life had not been happy. His wife had gone to Paris to secure a divorce. He—Ralph—bought the Marvin place, and we were going to live there after—after!" Her voice shook hysterically. She caught her breath, and went on.

"Eve, my sister-in-law, found out how things were between us. She was worried. She felt that it would distress my brother terribly. She is old-fashioned; she though I was frightfully indiscreet. She thought Ralph was too old for me. I wouldn't listen to her. We had arguments. But I made her promise not to tell my brother, until the divorce was granted.

"Then she appealed to Ralph. She didn't want the people here to begin to talk about me and a married man. He gave her the letters I had written him; she was afraid they might fall into some one else's hands. He—he said Eve was right; and although he hated to go away, it was best. He was leaving to-morrow, to stay away until he was free. But he asked me to drive with him last night to say good-by."

She was trembling from head to foot, her voice breaking with sobs. But she went on.

"I didn't want Eve to know I was going, so I picked up her coat in the hall, intending to slip out. That handkerchief was in the pocket. But she came downstairs just as I was leaving. She begged me not to go. I wouldn't listen to her. Then she went out to the car with me, and sat in it for a few moments talking to Ralph. So she didn't lie to you. She was in his car last night. And she was waiting outside for me when I came home.

"And this talk of suicide! I have a letter here. Ralph wrote it to me yesterday. He was full of plans for—for our future.

She drew the letter from her frock and held it out toward the coroner, but it dropped from her fingers as she swayed and fell. Two or three persons sprang forward, but it was Twitchell who gathered her in his arms and carried her, inert and unconscious, through the hall.

Later, when the doctor had come and gone, and a nurse was in charge of Judy, Twitchell went in search of Evelyn.

"What can I say?" he cried, standing before her. "I am in the dust. And yet at the same time I'd like to slap you. Of all wrong headed performances! Keeping things from me, as if I were a child. I'd have soon settled this matter of Judy. A man of his age, and married." His face was black.

"That's the reason I did everything to keep it from you," she said. I knew you would adopt strong-arm methods, and then there would have been something to pay. An elopement probably, before the divorce. But" that faint moonlight smile of hers flickered around her mouth, "I can't take high ground and reproach you for not trusting me, Dan. You are a lawyer, and the evidence was dead against me.

"Really, I was so muddled I didn't know what to do. I felt, if I told you the facts, you would make an awful row, and everybody would be talking. And then, when the unforseen happened, and Hensley was killed, there was nothing left for me to do but go on with it. Judy was a wreck. I couldn't let her go to that inquest and tell her poor little story, as she would have to have done."—she sighed—" as she finally did."

She put her arms around his neck and nestled against him.

"I chose the wrong right, I suppose: but I'm only a poor fool, so you'll have to forgive me."

He rubbed his cheek against hers, his arms tight about her.

"It's the right right now, anyway," he whispered; "so long as you are all mine."

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Could Air Cavalry Invade England?

Continued from Page One.

"With the advent of Spring, when the air is alive with innumerable happy creatures; when the storks on their arrival at their northern resorts fold up the imposing flying apparatus which has carried them thousands of miles, lay back their heads and announce their arrival by joyously rattling their beaks; when the swallows have made their entry and hurry through our streets and pass the windows in sailing flight; when the lark appears as a dot in the ether and manifests its joy of existance by its song; then a certain desire takes possession of man.

"He longs to soar upward and to glide, free as the bird, over smiling fields, leafy woods and mirror-like lakes, and so enjoy the varying landscape as fully as only a bird can do.

"Who is there who, at such times at least, does not deplore the inability of man to indulge in voluntary flight and to unfold wings as effectively as birds do, in order to give the highest expression to his desire for migration?

"Are we still to be debarred from calling this art our own, and are we only to look up longingly to inferior creatures who describe their beautiful paths in the blue of the sky?

"The observation of nature constantly revives the conviction that flight cannot and will not be denied to man for ever."

The writer of this, Otto Lilunthal as a boy built his first pair of wings out of wild geese feathers attached to a light framework of wood and because he could not fly with his contrivance was told that he was a "goose." But Otto was not afraid of ridicule.

He studied the flights of storks, and made a special study of the young birds. He was amazed to find that the young storks although possessing wings had to learn to fly. He watched the young storks face up into the wind, stretch out their wings and then run forward and draw up their legs, launching themselves into the air. At first the young birds could not balance themselves but constant practice soon made them proficient.

Arguing that if young storks which were already provided with wings by a kindly nature had to learn to use them it was not impossible for man to construct wings which he could learn to use he perservered in his efforts.

AND he was right.

In 1891, Litienthal made his first successful gliding flight and continued through more than a thousand experimental flights until 1896, when he was killed in an accident. During these years he laid the foundation of modern aeronautical science.

Although many experiments followed him there was little of interest done until the Wright Brothers started experimenting in the United States, after first going over all the drawings, calculations and notes of Litienthal. So well did they study the master and improve on his methods that Orville Wright, in October, 1911, made a motorless glider flight lasting ten minutes and one second over the sand dunes at Kilty Hawk, N.C.

Their idea was to be able to soar like a bird with an engineless machine. But so successful were their experiments that they put in a gasoline motor and constructed the first airplane. It flew and in a few years everybody was at it. Then came the war and the gliders were forgotten. The cry was continuously for more power, more speed, faster climb, or more power, greater size and greater lifting power.

As an example of this, the writer before the war in 1914, flew a machine weighing about twelve hundred pounds with a so-called sixty horse power engine, which probably only delivered about forty-five horse power actually. In 1919, after the war, the writer flew a machine weighing fifteen tons and with engines delivering 1,800 horse power.

So the glider stood over until after the war, when the Germans, who were not allowed to have powerful engines, did some wonderful things in gliding.

As remarked before, gliding flight unlike airplane flight depends on wind currents. The air which surrounds the earth is never still, there is always movement. Ascending air currents are caused by the wind being deflected off the surface of the uneven country, a hill, sand-dunes, a wood, etc. Another source of ascending air currents is the uneven absorption of the heat from the sun by the ground owing to different coloring and different materials. Currents of air due to solar heat are usually upward off the bare ground and downwards over a wood or water. On the other hand wind blowing over water creates ascending air currents as each individual wave gives the air an upward deflection. This is why the best soaring birds are sea birds. Meteorological conditions such as cloud formations, etc., also cause rising currents of air.

IT is these uprising currents of air which the pilot of the glider uses to keep himself aloft, just as do the great soaring birds, and in England skilful pilots have climbed to a thousand feet above where they started from.

The German pilots, Martens and Hentzen, electrified the world in 1922 by remaining in the air for one hour and fifty-three minutes. This record was beaten in October of the same year by an English pilot, Mr. F. P. Raynham. His record was again beaten by the French airman, M. Maneyrolle, who won a prize of £1,000 offered by the Daily Mail for remaining in the air with a glider without an engine for three hours and twenty-two minutes.

Then what happened?

Designers immediately jumped to the idea that if a glider without an engine could stay in the air for long periods, a glider with a small engine which would enable it to rise quickly from the ground would be a splendid thing.

It would cost no more than a first-class motorcycle.

It would be easy to handle, would use little gasoline, and would shortly become as popular and useful as a Ford car.

It would be a cheap and quick way of transporting a fighting man and his equipment and food quickly over long distances.

The French aviator, Georges Barbot, put a small motor in his glider and rising into the air from the French coast glided across the English Channel.

Another French aviator with a smaller motor still rose into the air and crossed to England, and then turned round without landing and glided back to France. He carried for the trip less than a gallon of gasoline.

WHAT did this show?

It showed that a motor glider costing no more than a first-class motorcycle was practicable and that the Ford of the air is now in our midst.

But it also proved that an armed fighting man could be transported across the English Channel and well into the heart of England.

All continental nations are now experimenting with small motor gliders and the engineless gliders are in the background. Mr. W. O. Manning, who was technical officer to the station while the writer was at the Hendon airdrome in England during the war has designed and built a successful engined glider called "The Wren." To describe it technically you would say it was an ordinary glider with enclosed fuselage monoplane cantilever wings with pronounced dihedral, an undercarriage with the wheels half hidden inside the fuselage, and a 3 1-2 horsepower A.B.C. engine mounted in the extreme nose, driving a tiny tractor screw, and that the pilot sits well forward. That it can get off into the air from rough ground and land in rough ground safely, and that it has a top speed of fifty miles per hour.

Untechnically it could be described as a small machine to carry one man, that anybody could fly it who could drive a motor car or ride a motorcycle, and that it would be no trick to do eighty miles in it or more under reasonable weather conditions on one gallon of gasoline.

THAT this machine is intended to carry a fighting man is clearly expressed by its official description, which is "A Troop Carrier."

Such a machine makes it possible to invade England from the air and through a land of strong holding force in England. Picture to yourself the situation. Here is the coast of France separated from England by a twenty-two mile strip of water.

As already described in The Sunday World the great city of London, which contains one-fifth of the total population of England and is the centre of her transportation system, commercial life and administration, and the nerve centre which controls her navy, army and air force, is being systematically destroyed and the population killed by pilotless airplanes flown from the coast of France containing high explosives and poison gas.

As part of this attack, Portsmouth, Southampton, Dover, Sheerness, and Harwich are also being heavily bombarded from the air. This attack, destroying warships, submarine bases, naval storehouses, and barracks, by using ton bombs and torpedo running seaplanes.

BEHIND the line of sixty giant catapults which are flinging out pilotless airplanes to rain 130,000 pounds of high explosives a minute on London are the lines of waiting engined gliders—40,000 of them.

For ease of handling they are divided into regiments of one thousand machines, and each regiment is divided into squadrons of one hundred machines, and each squadron in flights of ten machines, exclusive of its officers. The machines are distinctively marked in colors so that at a glance the flight, squadron and regiment can be known.

In each machine is a wicked fighting man armed with the latest light automatic rifle, and carrying all other necessary weapons, tools, kit and food and water for ten days.

Now the attack has already demoralized London and the South of England. The word is flashed to the waiting riders of the wind. The small engines are started, the tiny propellors whir, and led by their officers, in formation, a flight at a time, the motored gliders take to the air and begin to climb at the rate of five hundred feet a minute. Inside of ten minutes there are forty thousand machines in the air proceeding in forty columns towards England.

Picture the tremendous spectacle.

At the end of twenty minutes the airplane gliders are up to the height they need, the engines are shut down and the long glide towards England commences. Below them they see the steady stream of pilotless airplanes on their deadly way to London. Above them circle a guard of highpowered airplanes of the latest type and armed for fighting to attend to any interference from English flyers.

In twenty minutes the vanguard is over the English coast. Here they are met by English pilots which are immediately engaged by the fighter airplanes and a dog fight commences. The columns of motor gliders sweep on. Now anti-aircraft guns come into play. The units separate out into open order and continue on amid the bursting of high explosive and shrapnell. Hits are made, individual machines disappear in masses of black high explosive smoke to appear later in tattered fragments, other machines disabled fall to the ground whirling like falling leaves, and still others caught in the flame filled burst of phosphorous shells catch fire and drop flaming to earth.

But there are too many to be stopped, the columns keep gliding on and land on a prearranged plan. Under the surprise conditions under which the attack has been made there are only some three thousand men under arms in the area chosen, to defend it.

Four regiments of the Riders of the Wind land outside Dover, three land at Folkestone, one lands at Ramsgate, one at Dungeness, two at Sheerness, one at Deal, two at Ashford where there is a tremendous collection of stores and the remainder, some twenty-seven thousand men land on a twenty mile line, roughly between Sheerness and Rye, thus straddling all the railways between the inside of England and the ports.

Leaving their machines parked the invaders now act as infantry. The railway lines are destroyed, telephone and telegraph lines are cut, roadways are ruined, bridges and culverts are blown up, and trenches and fortifications are dug. Owing to the demoralization and destruction of London there is no organized resistance and the line between Sheerness and Rye is made into a strong defensive position.

The two thousand men who have landed at Ashford sweep away the handful of defenders and the field guns and ammunition stored there are rushed up to the line. The defenders of the landing places along the coast demoralized by the heavy bombardment from the air which preceded the attack can put up little resistance and within two hours, Sheerness, Ramsgate, Deal, Dover, Folkestone and Dungeness are in the hands of the invaders.

The landing ground is prepared, England is now open to a serious invasion by troops carried on surface ships.

But what of the British Navy?

It is rather significant that Admiral Beatty was reported as about to resign unless the navy was allowed its own air force, severed completely from the air ministry, and it is not impossible that his stand was taken owing to the methods for attacking warships from the air which are now being developed.

Strength of Nations in the Air at Present and Authorized Expansion

FIGURES GIVEN ARE SQUADRONS.

	Present.	1924.	1925.
France	174	200	220
United States	48	..	..
Great Britain	34	50	84
Italy	37	..	..
Japan	33	..	..

ALLOCATION OF AIR SQUADRONS AT PRESENT.

	Home.	Overseas.	With Fleets.
France	131	39	4
Great Britain	7	23	4

NATURE

By CALTHA

Rising on long stems from among its large heart-shaped leaves the floating heart or water poppy flowers bloom. Very attractive they are. Large pale yellow with a deep golden spot on each of the three broad petals, they decorate the pond, and surrounding the great white water-lilies, give the imagination a great chance to picture the water lilies as queens in "white granite, mystic, wonderful," attended by the water-poppies as ladies-in-waiting.

Their growth is peculiar, the long creeping stems ascend to the surface of the water and branch out, sending out long white silken roots from the joints from which the flowers spring. The long oblong green buds, gradually open into the broad petalled dainty yellow flower cups. They spangle the surface of the pond as soon as the first rays of the morning sun touch them. About four in the afternoon they begin to close and remain so till the next sun re-awakens them to beauty.

Out in the deeper waters of lagoons, looking down into the depths of the dark water, numberless spirals can be seen making their curly way up toward the surface. These are the flower stems of the tape-grass or eel-grass. Away down in the mud at the bottom of the pond, two little plants begin to grow. The one sends out narrow grass-like leaves that reach a length of six feet. This plant bears the long—sometimes yards long—thread-like stems (the spirals we see in the depths) of the pistillate or fertile flowers. The other plant bears the staminate or sterile flowers. These at the proper time break loose from the lowly plant in the mud below, and float to the top of the water where they expand and throw their pollen far and wide. The pollen is wafted to the fertile flowers which have reached the surface, and so their fertilization is made sure. Then the strange plant begins to contract the long thread like stems, and as the spirals draw closer and closer the closed flowers are carried again to their mud home, where they lie until it is again time to send the flowers up again on new stems for the next season. This wedding journey of the Vallisneria every year is one of the many curious happenings in nature.

The Children's Page

HELPERS' MAIL BOX
CONDUCTED BY AUNT ROSE

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—This is the second last time I will be able to print your letters and receive new Helpers before we start on our trip. I expect there will be a regular deluge of letters when October comes and you can all write again. You will have so much saved up to talk about! However, this is coming at a very good time for you will all be so busy with Exhibition and school starting again that you wouldn't have had much time for letters until later anyway, would you?

NEW HELPERS.

Reta (9) and Helen (13) Robertson, 151 Yarmouth Rd., city, are two new Helpers of Dorothy James.

Eileen Hill, age 10, 94 Gates Ave., city, is the sixth new member to join under Rose Gibson. I hope you will like the Club and be as good a Helper as Rose, Eileen.

Jean Pinchin, Long Branch, Box 108, Ont.,: I am glad you decided to join and send your essay in, Jean. I hope you will like the club very much and that we will hear from you often

Dorothy French, age 11, Box 572, Burlington, Ont., is a new member of Mura Carter's. Iam glad you have joined us Dorothy. It is too bad your story was just a little late for the contest.

Rilla Wilson, age 13, Box 164, Brampton, Ont., is joining under Colonel Kathleen Wilder and would like some of the Helpers to write to her—specially Jean Strathearn. Catherine Potvin and Lillian Bunch. I am glad to hear you had such a nice holiday, Rilla, and hope you will also enjoy the Exhibition.

Edith (10) and Audrey (7) Bevens, 71 Hazelton Ave.; **Edith Fields,** age 13, 46 West Ave., city, and **Nesta Garon,** age 9, 182 Riverdale Ave., city, are all new members of Jean "Babe" Russell, whom you all know as one of the clever little dancers who helped to entertain you at our last theatre party.

LETTERGRAMS.

Vera Entwistle, 11 Belsize Drive, city: I am glad you decided to enter the contest, Vera; even if you were a little late. Have those cousins of yours left for China yet?

Capt. George Pendleton, age 12, 211 Symington Ave., city: Your story sounded as if it could be very interesting, George, but I'm afraid you were too much in a hurry when you wrote it, for you left out a good many necessary words and didn't write it half so well as you could I know.

Louise Scardifield, Richmond Hill, Ont.. Thanks so much for the verses you sent, Louise. They are as cute as can be.

Mura Carter, Burlington, Ont.: Your contest writing was a bit late, Mura, but I was glad to get your other story.

Captain Aubrey Mason, Orillia, Ont.: I'm afraid I never received that letter concerning Harvie, Audrey. So many letters with money in have been lost lately that I am quite worried. I think it would be much better to send it in stamps.

Ida Carola, age 12, 95 Gorevale Ave., city: Your story was just a little late for the contest, Ida. Better luck next time.

Lillian Scraggs: It was lovely of you to think of sending me a card from Niagara Falls, Lillian. Thanks so much.

Lucy Carolla: I'm afraid your dolly is a bit too large, Lucy, for you know how crowded we always are. Something small would be better.

Anna Schell, 154, Greenwood Avenue, city—I am so glad to hear you still enjoy the Page, Anna, and you need not worry about getting too old. Once a Helper always a Helper, you know. I am glad you decided to enter the contest, and glad to hear that your window-box is doing so well. Thanks for the suggestion. I shall tell the other Helpers about it.

HELPERS' LETTERS.

68 Yarmouth Road, Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—My window-box has just one four o'clock in it and four climbing nasturtiums, also one dwarf nasturium. Say, Aunt Rose, did you know that one of your little Helpers has passed away? Her name was Vida Gardhouse. She has not belonged to the Page very long. I hope you have a good time on your holidays. It will be a lovely trip. It seems so long to wait a whole week for the Page again. I enjoy it so much. I look forward to it eagerly.

Yours sincerely,
Age 12 years. Melba Painter.

Yes, I heard about Vida, and wrote a letter to her little sister, who I know will be feeling very lonely these days.

69 Hazleton Ave., Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—Sorry that the last letter that I wrote went astray. I might have written you before now, but was waiting to hear from you. I have been busy all the summer with engagements, and have just finished at the Hippodrome. I will come and visit you soon. Enclosed are names of new members.

Your loving niece,
Jean "Babe" Russell.

You are certainly a very busy little girl, Jean. I should like to see you very much.

64 Fifth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Dearest Auntie,—The Bluebird Club is like most clubs. We want lots of the Helpers to join. Anyone can join from eleven years upwards. When it gets started we're going to elect a president, vice-president, etc. (We've only temporary ones for the present), and Helpers all. We intend to have grand times in it. Yes, we do! So Helpers all join, won't you, as we wish to make our club one of the successfulest. If you wish to join send a self-addressed envelope to

Miss Marjorie Murray,
3190 A Dundas St., W., Toronto, Ont.

Well, Auntie, guess I'd better close now.

Yours lovingly,
P. M. Lillian Bunch.

Yes, Marjorie's letter arrived safely, Lillian, but it is a good idea to tell about the Bluebirds again, I think.

Sutton West, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I am sending 10c for the incurable children. I went to our Sundy School picnic yesterday and I won 35c in running and my sister won 65c. I wore my badge to the picnic and two men looked at it and said it was very nice indeed. School will soon start now and I am sorry, I have enjoyed my holidays very much. From your Helper,

Lily George.

Thanks so much for the ten cents for the fund. It is so nice of you to give the Incurable Kiddies a share in your prize money.

Bala, Ontario.

Dear Aunt Rose,—The above is not my regular address, but I am spending the holidays at a cottage here. We are on the Muskoka River, ten minutes' walk from the station and post-office. The water is quite warm for swimming and I am in every day. Very little rain has fallen since the last of June and the blueberries have all dried up. This condition also helps along the bush fires, several of which are burning near here now. The smoke is so thick that I cannot see across the river.

My last appeal for correspondents brought forth one answer this time from Amherstburg.

The other day I became the possessor of an old stamp. It is a two-shillings and sixpence of Queen Victoria, with plate letters B and G. At the first opportunity I will have it valued. I wonder if there is any stamp club among the Helpers?

Sincerely yours,
Jack Sainsbury.

Thanks very much indeed for the 25 cents for the Fund, Jack. If you are interested in stamps you should certainly write to Sidney Wellington, Box 72, Terminal Sta. A., Toronto, and join the Helpers' Stamp Society.

Box 72, Terminal Sta. A., Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose,—Thank you very much for inserting my H.S.S. membership advertisement. So far I have received seven applications. I am hoping to make this club a big success, as it is the only one that is entirely for stamp collecting Helpers.

I also wanted to ask you, Aunt Rose, if it would be possible for you to make an exception in your rule for persons not over 14 to join the league. I thought that, to make the clubs organized by the Helpers of a real usefullness to the Page, that a person between the ages of 14 to 16 could have the privilege of joining the league by first becoming a member of one of the Helpers' Clubs. What do you think of this suggestion? Also would it be possible to have a small corner of the Page for Club Reports and Activities?

I do hope you have a very nice time on your trip to Vancouver, also that the weather will be exceptionally fine. No doubt you will meet some of the Western Helpers.

Yours sincerely,
Sidney R. Wellington.

I think both your suggestions are very good, Sidney, and am quite pleased to accept them. If the clubs will send in their reports I shall certainly try to give them space. Thanks for your good wishes.

1033 Shaw St., Toronto.

Dearest Aunt Rose,—I am sure you are going to have a wonderful trip to Vancouver, and I think it is very nice of you to tell us all about it. I received my Major's Badge and am trying hard to become Lieut.-Col. The poetry I am sending you is a little piece my cousin made up for their "Class Journal." I hope you will like it. About a month ago Margaret Percy asked for some correspondents, so I wrote to her but have not heard from her yet. I wish she would write if she sees this.

Your niece,
Dot James.

I think the poetry is very nice, Dot. Thank you for it and for the ten cents for the Fund. You are right about the centre one, though I didn't like the picture.

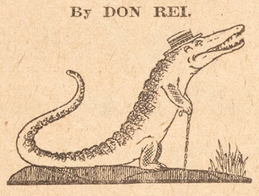
HELPERS' FUND.

We added forty-five cents to our Fund for the Incurable Kiddies this week. Lovingly,

AUNT ROSE,
Toronto Sunday World.

Animals of Neverwhere

By DON REI.



THE WOOLLY CROCKODILE.

THE Woolly Crockodile has a very comic smile,
He's funniest of all when he goes walking,
For his back is broad and flat, while his legs are short and fat,
And his tail it always wags when he is talking.
He eats snow-balls for lunch and drinks Sahara punch;
When he's enraged his teeth go chatter, chatter;
His nose is long and pointed, and his ears are double jointed,
While his eyes stick out like grape-fruit on a platter.
To say the very least, he's a most peculiar beast,
And if you should ever meet him, do beware,
For if you're not discreet, he will grab you by the feet,
And devour you, skin and clothes, and bones and hair.

To the Coast With "Aunt Rose"

HOW would you like to go clear from Toronto to Vancouver with Aunt Rose? Well, watch for the page of September 16th and we'll all start together! Of course I can't take you really, truly, as there are so many of you I'd be like the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," and besides, the Women's Press Club, with which I am going, might possibly find you a bit noisy at times. However, they can't possibly object to us all going in "pretend fashion," so that's how we'll manage it. Don't you think it will be great? Every week I'll write and tell you all about everything I see, and we'll pretend you are all seeing the same things. Only please remember—no more letters to the "Mail Bag" until October 1st.



How many of you know the story of Peter and Wendy's house in the tree tops? Here is a picture of it drawn by Richard Semore—one of our helpers.

Grunty Growl
A Very Canadian Bear.

By "PIONEER."

CHAPTER THREE.

The Second Explosion.

GRUNTY never explained just what happened at York on those terrible days of battle, explosions and burnings. Before he arrived there was a great explosion and he was later in great danger from the second explosion.

The first explosion has often been explained, but the second never. So here is the story of what is supposed to have happened each time. It is important, for if the powder had not been blown up and the men killed, Grunty Growl might never have gone into the fighting again.

An artilleryman in the western battery lit a match and waited for the order to fire. The order was delayed for some reason and he threw the match away. The burning match fell into one of the casks of powder, which were piled up high. The powder all went off at once and the explosion wrecked the building and the cannon. This may not have been the first man in the world to throw a match away without looking to see that it was not on fire. Certainly he was not the last person in the world to be so foolish, but it was the last of him, and of York.

That was the first explosion, and see what happened from it. The gunners were killed and the big guns were dismounted so that they were of no more use, even if there had been men to fire them. That left nobody but the infantry to stop the Americans, and all the time that Grunty Growl was hurrying through Rosedale and down to the western fort the cannon from the American warships were firing on the defenders.

The British General Sheaffe lined 400 men along the shore and they stopped the first Americans who landed their boats, but there were no cannon to sink other boats and so the invaders kept landing more and more men. The Canadians had to retire to the woods around Queen Street.

The firing began before seven o'clock in the morning and by two o'clock in the afternoon General Sheaffe and his men were retreating along the Kingston Road to Kingston.

When Grunty arrived on the scene, the Americans had taken Brock's old Fort. There was General Pike, a man who had explored the Rocky Mountains, sitting on a stump with most of his 1,7000 soldiers near at hand Some of them had been sent north near Trinity College to see where the Canadians were and Pike was waiting for them to return.

All of a sudden there was a tremendous roar, a great mass of flame rushed up to the sky and the walls of a great stone building broke up and the stones were hurled in every direction among the soldiers. Two hundred and sixty men were killed or wounded, and the general died almost instantly.

Now, there is nobody who can say that Grunty Growl had ever seen General Zebulon Pike when they two were in the Rocky Mountains. And the general died soon after the terrible explosion that nobody ever heard him say whether he had seen a grayish-brown hulk shuffle quickly through a stone doorway into the powder magazine.

However, there was a soldier who dropped his pipe that day not very far from the edge of the woods and who might have told that a strange huge creature rushed past him, picked it up and hobbled away into the woods before anyone could take up a musket and shoot. So if that pipe were burning and if that queer grayish-brown animal were Grunty Growl and if that bear acted as wisely as usual, the Americans paid dearly for taking General Brock's fort and for coming so near to the little clearings that Grunty Growl defended.

After that the Americans were very angry. They burned the public buildings, looted everything that they could carry away and stole the government's money. The people of York then got very angry and spoke fiercely to the American leaders. So everybody got to hating everybody else because poor Grunty was so brave and fierce and did not know that no good could come of what he did that day. Grunty himself was now very determined to make fiercer war than ever and so he decided to go off to Detroit where he had had such success the year before.

(To be continued).



A soldier saw a strange, huge creature rush past him.

Great-Great-Grandfather Sun

SAID Candle-Flame to the Match: "Oh my!
"Don't you wish you lived as long as I?"
Said Lamp to Candle: "You die so quick!
"But I live on, from wick to wick,"
Said Electric Light to Miss Stuck-Up Lamp:
"I make you look like a postage stamp!"
Then a big gold laugh rumbled down from the sky,
And a big gold voice said: "Poor babies, I have lived for millions and trillions of years,
"Long, long before you were born, my dears,
"And I'll still shine on when your lights are done.
"And my name is—Great-great-grandfather Sun!"
—From the Little Delineator.

OBEDIENCE.

A father going into his stable one day found his little son with a slate and pencil in his hand, astride one of the horses.

"Why, Harry!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Writing a composition," was the reply.

"Well, why don't you write it in the house?" asked the father.

"Because," answered Harry, "the teacher told me to write a composition on a horse."—Ex.

TOO BIG FOR DRESSES.

Little Joe is very much like his brother Ned, and almost as tall. When Joe donned his first pair of pants he ran over to his grandpa's to display them. Grandpa pretended to believe he was Ned. "Don't you see it's me, grandpa, with pants on?" he cried. Then he added loftily, "I'm not going to wear clothes any more.



OF all the days I love the best,
The one I most remember,
Is the day we all go back to school
In the merry month, September.
Its fun to meet our chums again
We tell each other where we've been
Then settle down to book and pen
And holidays seem like a dream.
—Adapted from a poem by a Helper.

The Reason



WHEN I was naughty an' sent up to bed,
And wouldn't go up—I was growing I said,
Too big to be sent—Mother just shook her head.
It's cur'ous she didn't believe that I was,
And didn't do like what I thought she would, 'cos
She sent me on upstairs to bed.
When I was naughty and sent up to bed,
And somehow I cried on the stairway and said
I was on'y jus' little, then Mother instead,
Came suddenly to me with eyes open wide;
Her eyes were all shiny, "just little," she cried
An' carried me down from bed.
—Marion St. John Webb.

Margaret's Failure

By Mura Carter, Age 12.

"Oh, I will come first in all my exams," said Margaret carelessly. "I've taken all that work up long ago and I know it perfectly." The girls only smiled. "That is alright for her to say," said May Smith, "but she will find that she has not such a good chance after all."

Monday arrived and Margaret Brown was almost the first girl there. Soon the class gathered for the first exam. "Oh, this is terrible," said Margaret to herself as she was writing out her history. "I don't know this Quebec Act at all. I had no idea we would have it on exam."

"Oh well, the exams are over now. My but they were easy," said May to Margaret next day. Margaret looked at her queerly, but said nothing. The ones who passed were supposed to be kept after school for a sort of a party after four. Of course Margaret was there with her new dress on that morning ready to hear her name called on the passers' list. At exactly ten o'clock the teacher called attention and read the list of passers. "Doris Boardman first," said the teacher, "May Smith second, Annie Harris third, Lillian Dorland fourth and Elsie Finley fifth. That is all who passed this time." Margaret was thunderstruck. She had bragged and boasted that she would come first and then she never passed at all: it was terrible. How could she face the girls after this? She sobbed until she fell asleep. Next morning she met the girls down town. "Oh, girls, you don't know how bad I feel after what happened, and I will never boast again."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Grandfather sighs, "What a dreary season!"
But I laugh and don't agree.
I've a new raincoat; that's the reason
It's never too rainy for me.

Stories From
"MY FAVORITE SUMMER SPORT" CONTEST.

FIRST-PRIZE STORY.

By Kathlyn Lapointe, Age 14.

"No, it's not tennis, golf or swimming, although I'm fond of them all, and fishing and walking or hikes."

"Don't, please, think I'm silly and not a sport, 'cause really I like sports, but my real and true favorite sport (if you call it that) is reading, whether it be sitting in a hammock or a rocking chair.

The other day I was down to South America with Rosalee Warwick, and at her ancestral home in England, sharing her joys and sorrows, and being happy with her at the conclusion. It was a book and I was rocking on our front porch.

Again I was way up North where the dog sleighs are and people wear furs and ship them here. I lived with them knew there customs and was dressed like them.

It was a book and I was sitting on our front porch. That's the enjoyment of good reading.

If you go for a swim well you feel fine after, if you play tennis and win a few sets you are elated. If you fish and are lucky you are proud of your skill. But how long could you talk to an educated person or anyone and keep clever conversation, keep them interested, ahem! I have my doubts.

If you would read good books, papers, magazines etc., you would know enough about current topics to carry on a conversation, what is more embarresing than to be in a room and look at people and not know what to say.

Do not read the same line of book get variety and you will not tire of reading.

By all means swim, fish, row, go on picnics, but try to read a little too. Reading is an education as well as entertaining.

SECOND PRIZE STORY

By Harold J. Fair, age 13.

One of the greatest, if not perhaps the greatest of summer pastimes, is camping. This pastime combines under its heading, many sports.

As soon as the summer vacation time, is nearing, the details of the camp are given their last thorough revision and all the things that are necessary for the camp are packed up.

For the camping ground some people prefer the Northland, others prefer the mountain, while others prefer some secluded spot on a neighboring lake's beach. The beach and the mountain may be all right but the place where camping flourishes is in the northland, particularly in the forests of the northland.

Necessary for the northland camp is a quiet lake and a rushing river with forest on all sides. A camp in such a location would make any artist wish to paint a picture of it. The lake where one could have a cooling plunge at the break of day, and where one could also have a paddle in a canoe the birch bark kind, a row in a row-boat, and a sail in a sail boat. The rushing river would be a fisherman's paradise, the forest a hunter's paradise. These are some of the modes of exercise in the northland camp. If the day happens to be raining it is spent in the tent reading or playing some indoor game which has been brought along.

The campers look forward to a night in camp as much as they do to a day in camp. At night they sit around a roaring camp fire and sing songs, tell stories, or just sit quiet and listen to the strange sounds of the woodland. Very soon the eyes of those around the camp fire begin to droop. This is the sign recognized as the call for bedtime by all campers. The fire burns low, one by one the campers steal away to sleep on the deep hemlock and cedar bough beds where they will soon float away to the land of Nod.

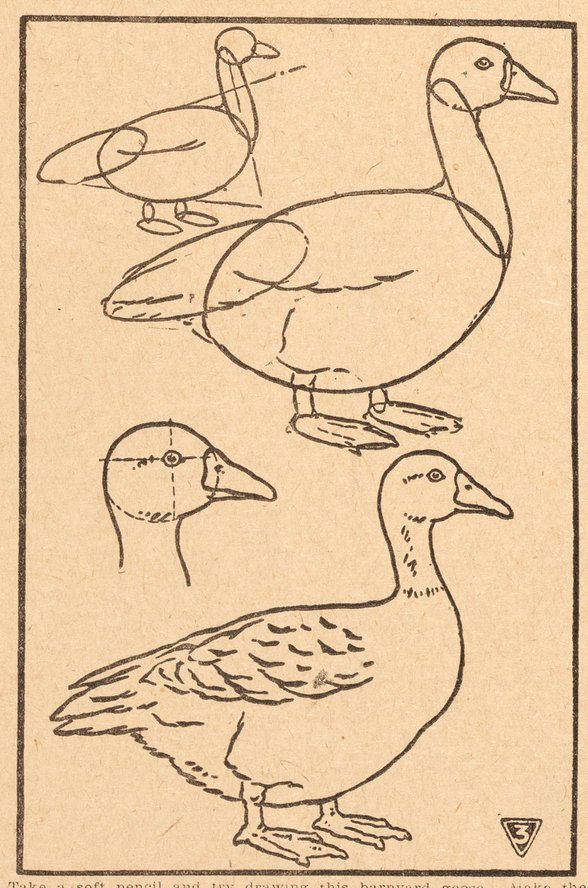
Camp fare is the most delicious to be had anywhere, game or fish, possibly venison to be had for every meal and abundance of fresh water to be used alone or to be heated for tea or coffee making. The above are some of the fine points of camping. The mosquitoes are the worst hindrance but fighting these takes a lot of what might be called monotony out of camp life.

THIRD PRIZE STORY.

Rita Dwyer, Age 9.

My favorite Summer sport is swimming. I like to go swimming the best because some water is warm and my sister takes hold of me and I swim. I go away out in the water up to my neck, and then I go back, because if I go out any farther it is too deep. Sometimes when I want to go out of the water I get up on the edge of the tank and lie there till I want to go in again. Sometimes you have to get a shower bath before you go in the water, and if you aren't all wet when you go in the water they make you go back and get a shower bath. Over at the tank there is a great big rainbow ball, and the tank owns it. Anybody that wants to have it can have it. The next time I go to the tank (I expect to go soon) I am going to try to get it.

EASY LESSONS IN DRAWING



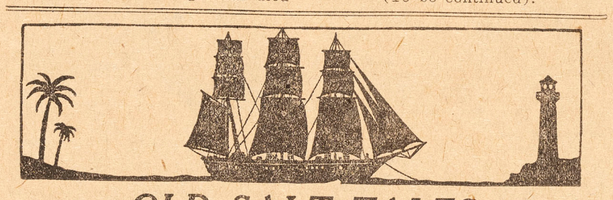
Take a soft pencil and try drawing this barnyard goose. Make the ovals in the same free-hand manner that you do when writing. Start with the simplest shapes first, then add the construction lines, and leave the detail until last. After the drawing has been penciled you may finish either with pen or brush. When the ink has dried, erase all the pencil lines. You may then color the drawing by using crayons or water colors.

OUR HELPER'S WINDOW BOX



ARE any of the leaves on your window box nasturtiums turning yellow? If there are here is a suggestion from Anna Schell, one of our Helpers who is having great success with her box. She says, "If your dwarf nasturtiums are not very high or the leaves on your plants are turning 'yellowish,' pour soapy water on them (warm) or tea drains. I am sure they will be as nice as the climbing ones. I did that to mine and they are fine." She also says, "I am going to get one or two little white lattice fences for them to climb up. It will show them to more advantage, don't you think?"

Next week will be the last I can talk to you about the Window Boxes until I get back from Vancouver, but don't forget to keep yours well cared for and don't forget that we are going to have the "My Window Box" story contest after I return.



OLD SALT TALES

By CAPTAIN IRA PERKINS.

"SMASH! A rifle bullet crashed through the binnacle lamp in the forward deck house, and that was my introduction to the island"—the Captain had plunged straight into his yarn.

"In those days I was just a young lad not a mite bigger than some of you who are listening to my tale. It was before steam had come much into use. Our ship was an old-time sloop fitted with a special clipper rig overhead and in her day there were few of her size afloat to whom she couldn't show a clean pair of heels.

"We had put to sea over two months before. The day we sailed there had been overmuch whispering, and coming and going, and taking on of strange parcels, as I thought at the time. Few of the others seemed to mark it though, which set my mind more or less at ease. I said nothing. Many a time after I did think how much better it would have been had I voiced my fears aloud and perhaps in that way have saved the life of many a good seaman who's only fault was that he had shipped in a boat along with the devil—or it may be one of his prime ministers.

"Never was there a harder working or a better minded crew than ours when we left port. We had scarce been two days out of harbor though, when the devil began to show his presence. And the devil in this case was no other than our skipper, Captain Lorsin.

"There was none who saw him do the first shooting. But there were few of us who did not see his poor victim lying stark upon the deck. From that moment Captain Lorsin was a hated man—and a doomed one.

"Our destination was set down in the ship's papers as Lima, Peru; but it was with no thought of making Lima that Captain Lorsin had sailed. He had got hold of a copy of an ancient map showing a certain island off the Chilean coast where Inca gold was said to be hidden. The legend held that it was gold sacred to the snake god and that a curse fell on any one who touched it. Captain Lorsin must have touched it in his dreams for he never saw it alive; yet he was surely cursed if ever man was.

"As we neared the island, mutiny smoldered in the breast of every man aboard. But since we all knew that it was death to cross the captain and since every firearm aboard ship was securely locked in his cabin, we minded his orders and did his will.

"It was late in the evening when we at last drifted into the channel at the south end of the island which formed a sort of landlocked harbor. A grey mist hung low over everything. No sounds could be heard distinctly above the rustling of waves sliding up the sand of the nearby beach. Over all there seemed to brood an uncanny sense of terror and mystery.

"The bullet which shattered the binnacle lamp came out of this mist cloud. Others followed. Captain Lorsin was hard put to it to know what to do. At last he called into the cabin such men of the crew as he thought he might trust. Rifles were put in their hands. Then the fight was on. It lasted most of the night, with our men aiming at the rifle flashes which spat out at us through the darkness.

"Just before dawn the firing died out. As the sun rose, I saw another ship of much the same size and form as our own. There was a 'Hallo,' from the other's deck. Our mate called back. In a few minutes we were all gathered at the rail and shouting across at one another.

"As we talked there came a sudden explosion between decks. Several men rushed down to see what it was. I shall never forget the look in Captain Lorsin's eyes when they came back bearing him between them. Apparently he had hidden a lot of ammunition in the hold and it had exploded when he had attempted to get at some of it. He was mortally hurt. A little later our boat began to sink appreciably in the water and we got into the life boats, taking with us whatever things could be easily borne.

"Captain Lorsin died before we reached the shore. The captain of the other ship had been killed by a rifle bullet. He got his pay for starting the fight. His thought had been to drive us away, so that he might get the entire treasure for himself. It seems that he had got word of the island about the same time as Captain Lorsin, and had scarce more than reached it when we arrived. Between them, in their love of gold, these two men had been the means of killing eight true, honest seamen and wounding twelve more. They had shown the souls of pirates and as such we agreed to bury them.

"As for the gold, we found no real gold on the island. There was only the snake-gold of the Indian legend. We came upon the Indian gold as soon as we started to climb about on the rocks back of us. It was infested with a sort of yellow snake which glittered golden bright in the sunshine."

THROUGH THE WALLPAPER



By BETTY BROWNE.

RUTH had been ill with the measles. This morning she felt much better, and when her mother came into her room and opened wide the curtains of her east window, the sunbeams which came dancing in were very welcome, indeed.

As she lay abed, she thought of many things. Of the children playing games outside; of the picnic which was coming; of the new dress she was to have as soon as she got well—and as she thought, she kept looking at some blue flowers which were figured on the wallpaper. Strangely enough, these flowers started to sway gently to and fro. Then out from a clump of them, who should step forth but the 'Crockey-joy himself.

"Hello, Ruth," he called. "I've come to take you to Crockey Town, if you care to go." Of course Ruth wanted to go. It was the very thing she had been wishing for. Out of bed she tumbled and away they went across the floor. When they came to the wall, Ruth saw that what she had always thought just paper with pictures of flowers on it, was really a garden. With the Crockeyjoy leading, into the garden they strolled. Birds sang in the trees. A little fountain tinkled and the drops from it flashed like rainbows in the sunlight. There was the odor of many kinds of fragrant flowers. The air itself felt soft and balmy. It was more beautiful than any dream.

They reached a little cabin and the Crockeyjoy went inside. Ruth heard him talk to someone on the telephone. A moment later a servant with big touring car drove up and they got in. The car rode more smoothly than a canoe in still water. Ruth was delighted. She heard the Crockeyjoy saying that they were coming to his home very shortly and that if she stayed awake she could see every room in it. For some reason, though, she felt drowsier and drowsier. The ride was making her sleepy. She wanted to keep her eyes open. She wanted—she wanted—

Then the next thing she knew she was back in bed and her mother was standing beside her. "Ruth dear, what were you dreaming of? You were smiling so happily," said her mother.

Ruth didn't tell because she thought her mother might laugh at her. Right then, she promised herself that the next time the Crockeyjoy took her on an adventure she would stay awake and see for herself in just what sort of home he lived.

OUR BOOKREADERS' CORNER



DEAR BOOK LOVERS,—

You won't be having much time for reading these days I suppose but just in case you do here are a few suggestions which I feel sure you would like.

"The Peasant and the Prince," by Harriet Martineau.

Tells just the story of a typical French peasant of the days before the Revolution and then of the Dauphin, Louis XVI. It is a splendid picture of the times.

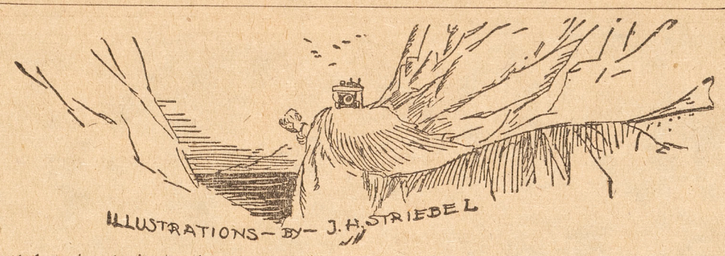
"The Slow Coach," by Edward Lucas,

Is the story of a slow, old coach and seven merry children who travelled in it over England in the time of Shakespeare.

"Otto of the Silver-Hand," by Howard Pyle.

A tale of robber barons and of war and hatred within and about the great fortress castles where Otto grows up and brings reconciliation and peace.

THE POTTERS



By J. P. McEVOY

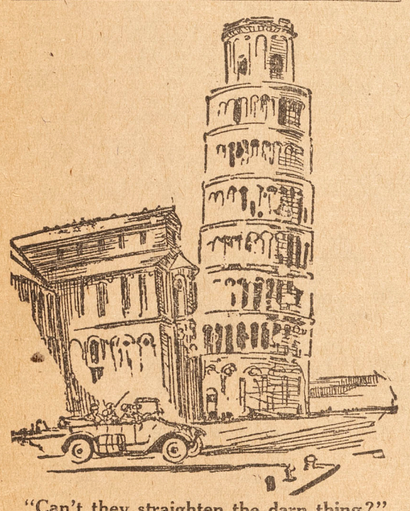
PROLOGUE.

A few days in Nice—a sparkling white city where every day is a gala day and the tourists work not, but are worked neatly and with dispatch—a few days and the Potters are off on their tour for Italy . . . Monaco . . . Mentone . . . and then the border, where the customs or "dogana" examination is conducted by two cunning little Italian carabinieri, with the cutest feathers in their hats . . . that's Mamie Potter's description . . . perhaps it was Mamie's smile that made the examination so easy . . .

SCENE 1.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL *(measuring gasoline):*
Dix-huit lira, s'il vous plait.
PA *(worried):*
What did you say we had to pay?
MAMIE *(to the rescue):*
Eighteen lira . . . isn't that right?
BILL *(practically):*
Lira? Lira? . . . gosh, good night!
We haven't anything here but francs.
MA *(helpfully):*
We could have stopped at one of those banks.

(They could have, but they didn't . . . well, maybe they'll give them some exchange at the restaurant next door . . . sure enough . . . and the Potters get soaked plenty—a suitable omen . . .)



"Can't they straighten the darn thing?"

BILL *(a few hundred yards farther on):*
"Pericoloso" . . . jumping gee,
That doesn't mean a thing to me.

(He nearly falls off of Italy into the Mediterranean and learns that "pericoloso" means dangerous . . . travel certainly broadens one . . . that is to say, it usually leaves one flat.)

MA *(after fifteen or twenty miles of riding on the edge of Italy, with the constant expectation of falling off):*
Isn't the sea a lovely blue? . . .
Watch where you're going . . .
STOP THERE . . . Oooooh!
PA *(nervously):*
Bill's all right, Ma . . . let him drive.
MA *(peering down fearfully):*
I'll be glad if I ever get home alive.

SCENE 2.

(Near Alassio the Potters ride through miles of mountains, all solid marble, a thrilling ride for an undertaker . . . a town on every little bay and inlet, each with only one street, ten feet wide, and all the inhabitants standing in the middle of it . . . try to get through . . . they dare you!" . . . the Potters have nervous prostration before they reach Genoa for the night. . . .)

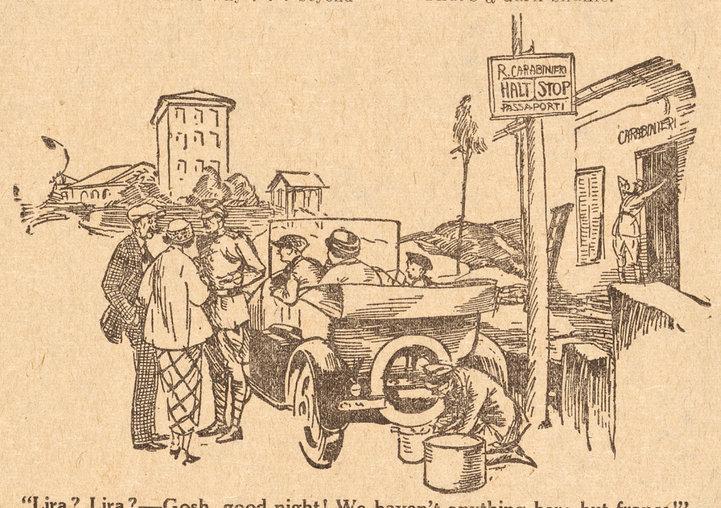
PA *(next morning, to guide . . . everybody is a guide in Italy):*
So this is the house of Christopher Columbus? Well! Well! How did he ever find his way to America from here?
BILL *(sorrowfully):*
I'd like to see him find his way through this traffic.

(In some Italian cities you drive on the right, as in America. In some you drive on the left. If you guess wrong you lose, as there are no signs. . . . The natives drive where they darn please.)

GUIDE *(indicating huge, somber buildings full of offices):*
Dis is Palazzo Cambiaso, Palazzo Gambaro, Palazzo Spinola . . .
MA *(to Mamie):*
Look; there's some good looking pocketbooks.
BILL:
What' he talking about?
GUIDE *(excitedly):*
Palazzo, palazzo, palazzo!
BILL *(tolerantly):*
All right, all right, old top; have it your way; palazzo.
PA *(earnestly):*
He means they are palaces. They look more like jails to me.
MAMIE *(peering down narrow side streets, at least eight feet wide in some places and alive with washing hanging out for six stories):*
Isn't that quaint?
MA *(practically, passing up the Palazzo Something-or-Other):*
How do you suppose it ever dries there with hardly any sun at all?
MAMIE *(the young generation):*
I should worry.

SCENE 3.

(The Potters make poor time driving through Italy, principally on account of the railroad crossing guards, who always let down the gates and lock them when the train is scheduled to pass . . . if the train is late you wait just the same . . . his not to ask the why . . . beyond



"Lira? Lira?—Gosh, good night! We haven't anything here but francs!"

Massa Ma sees a sign that turns her blood cold. . . .)

MA *(excitedly):*
Look . . . stop . . . bandits!
PA: Where?
MA *(pointing to sign nailed high on tree beside road):*
There . . . "BANDITA" . . .
PA *(nervously):*
Gosh, what do you think of that?
BILL *(practically):*
I bet it don't mean anything of the kind.
MAMIE *(thrilled):*
Bandits! Wouldn't that be wonderful! I hope they have stunning costumes.
BILL *(thumbing his worn "All the Italian You Need to Know in Ten Easy Lessons"):*
Gee whiz, look here! It says "bandita" means "notice" and is usually put up where there is no hunting allowed.
MAMIE *(disappointed):*
That's a darn shame.

SCENE 4.

(The Potters arrive in Pisa and make a bee line for the Leaning Tower to satisfy themselves that it really does lean.)

PA *(practically):*
Can't they straighten the darn thing?
BILL:
Why should they? This is probably the town's principal industry.
MAMIE *(girlishly):*
Maybe they have no inclination to straighten it.
BILL *(bitterly):*
Your sex protects you.
MA *(decisively):*
Well, I don't see anything much to it except that it leans.

(The Potters are then conducted by the inevitable guide through the cathedral, the baptistry, and the Campo Santo, or burial ground, a truly marvelous cloister of tombs, sculptures, and primitive Italian frescoes.)

GUIDE *(conducting the Potters over countless tombs worn smooth by the feet of generations):*
. . . and this *(spitting nonchalantly on the melancholy slab)* is the tomb of a famous Pisan general.

SCENE 5.

The Potters are coming into Florence, and Pa has been requested by the family to find a good hotel in the guide book as Bill drives along.

PA *(reading his Baedeker bravely):*
Florence. Railway Stations. 1. Stazione Central Santa Maria Novella (Pl. D, 3)—what do you suppose that means?—lunch basket, 1½ to 2½ francs . . .
MA *(querulously):*
Never mind the lunch baskets, Pa. Look for a hotel.
PA *(aggravated):*
All right; all right; I'm coming to it. O, yes; here it is. Hotels (comp. p. xxi.; luncheon usually about 1 o'clock, dinner about 7.30; drinking water see page xxv., 547.) What's all this about, anyway?
MA: Haven't you found a good hotel yet, Pa?
PA: Who's doing this, anyway? *(Reading.)* On the right bank of the Arno, best situation, mosquitoes troublesome . . .

(Who said Baedeker isn't a good comedian?)

MA: Let me have it a minute. *(Takes trusty red book.)*
Where is that? . . . O, yes . . . Grand Hotel Pl. a; C, 3 Piazzi Manin 1, 200 beds at 8-15 . . . What does that mean?
BILL:
It means you have to go to bed at 8:15.
MAMIE:
It doesn't, either. It means the price is 8 to 15 lira a room.
MA *(reading bravely):*
B. 2, L. 5, D. 7, P. 18-26 omn. 2 fr.
(Helplessly.) I give it up.

SCENE 6.

(An extract from letter written by Ma to Grandma.)

. . . It's terribly hard to get around here in Italy without knowing the language; besides, everybody's hand is out for a tip or to sell you something you don't want, and they even charge you to go in and see the churches, and then there's always two or three more guides inside who light candles or open doors or something, and they expect tips, too; and tourists have to pay three or four times as much as anybody elese, and as for the taxes, you'd never believe it—8 per cent. for this and 15 per cent. for that, and 12 per cent. for something else.

But Florence is a beautiful city, all full of churches with pictures and statues, mostly by Donatello or something like that, and two of the biggest picture galleries I ever saw. I want to tell you my feet just ached from looking at pictures. I don't want to ever hear about Donatello, or whoever he is, again. I had to soak my feet every night in soda water before going to bed.

We are leaving here to-morrow by train for Rome, which is about five hours, and from there we are going to Naples, where Mount Vesuvius and Pompey, I think it is—anyway, that city that was covered by the explosion. I've always wanted to see Rome, but I hope it isn't full of picture g lleries, too; my feet will give out on me. Love from all of us.

P. S.: We are going to leave the car here in Florence until we come back from Rome and Naples. When you write, let me know what is good for a dull pain in the back.

(And that's that—until next Sunday.)



"How do you suppose it ever dries there with hardly any sun at all?"

CAPT. JETHRO'S LUCK

Continued from Page Eight.

and the sky cleared. When the human eye was able to scan a mile wide circle of sea, all hands gasped. Even Jethro was staggered. The dangling tip of the broken jib boom was an eyesore to a seaman's eye; but it faded into insignificance. The old Gayhead had gotten herself into a predicament, indeed, and as if she realized it she slowed up in a vast area of small floes, swerved from thick ice to thin, and then came to a dead stand with a pack of small cakes piled up to her hawsepipes.

Everywhere was ice. Back on the course she had traversed the ice had closed behind her. North lay a serrated ridge of small bergs, stretching in a line broken in only a few places. To the south and east the sea was heaving gently under free ice that only wanted absolute calm to freeze solid. Cap'n Jethro gazed darkly at the situation. Old men muttered about the decks. Every eye flashed toward him when he looked elsewhere. He knew what they were saying about him. He cared little for that. He knew that so long as there was a swell to the sea there was a chance of forcing his ship through. And somewhere beyond that field of glittering white old Eph had disappeared. He had known old Eph a long time.

"Set both courses, Jed," he ordered sharply.

"Ain't no use doin' that, Jethro," protested Jed. And the weary old crew grumbled.

"Set them courses! Hob's Boots! Be I tew tell old Eph es yew refused—"

"I ain't refusin', Jethro!" Jed hurried to affirm, a bit ashamed. "Only wisht I thought yew'd hev a chance tew tell Eph anything again. Hey, yew old barnacles! Let them courses fall! Yew froze stiff?"

Creakily the great sails tore adrift from their icy bands as buntlines, clewlines and leachlines were overhauled. There was still a fresh, chill breeze. The added sail made the old whaler groan and tremble; then, as most ships do when beset by ice not yet solid, she crushed her way through the thinnest of it, finding the way by simply following the line of least resistance, and as she gained headway, moving faster until she began to hurl the cakes aside from her stout old stem.

Men who had watched Jed Roach, only waiting for him to lead them to demand of Jethro a change of course, went back to the snug corners they had found during the bitterest hours, grumbling uncertainly. Not one of them hoped to see Eph Brower again. Not one of them dared voice their fear so long as the ship went forward. But, as yet unspoken aloud, the determination grew in all of them that the very next time the ship encountered a halt they would force Jethro to turn back before too late. As they glanced gloomily around the ice-clad sea there was not one of them but felt sure it was too late already.

Jethro had returned to his lofty perch to scan the prospect. Abruptly his hoarse old voice roared out.

"Jed! Set yewr flyin' jib an' gaff tamps'l!"

Now the showdown was nigh.

"Ef thet ain't dum foolishness!" roared Seth Noakes. Then he shut up and moved slowly aft to help with the gaff topsail, for Jethro was coming down and shouting as he came:

"Thar's somebuddy adrift on thet thar big berg! Hob's Boots! Ain't yew got them sails set yet?"

A BUZZ filled the decks. Men hauled at frozen ropes like maniacs, for none doubted that old Eph was in sight. The ship moved as if she, too, believed so, for she sheared her way through ice with a tinkling, crashing, roaring force, and luck was with her. She neared the berg and found the ice all loose and broken small. Soon it became less certain that Eph and his boat's crew were in sight. Presently Jethro, again aloft with his glass, shouted:

"Git a boat out, Jed! 'Tain't our fellers. It's three o' them Eskimos, seemin'ly, an' a half growed dawg."

Grumbling, as became them, the old whalemen lowered a boat and forced their way through the floes. The half growed dawg Jethro had reported crouched in a strange fashion for a dog, swaying his shoulders heavily, with head hung low. The three fur-muffled figures ran into the floating ice to reach the boat, chattering away and pointing to the swaying animal.

"Why, dummed ef 't ain't a ba'r!" exclaimed Noel Pease, in charge of the boat.

"They be scared of it," cried Amos. "Give thet thar feller a wide berth, Noel!"

"Huh! 'Tain't nawthin' but a babby," retorted Noel. "It'll likely die left alone thar. Shove in further, lads."

As unconcernedly as he would handle a sheep, Noel grabbed the heavy bear cub by the scruff and hauled it into the boat. The frightened beast clawed him, ripping his heavy jacket and stinging his skin.

"Yew or'nary cuss!" roared Noel, cuffing the bear heavily, dumping him into the bottom of the boat. "I'll larn yew tew hev better manners soon's I get yew aboard. Shove off, fellers. Mebbe Jethro kin understand what these yer funnies is sayin'. Be damned ef I kin."

"Mebbe somebuddy'll be able tew make him understand thar ain't no use gettin' froze in no more," grumbled the midship oar.

They reached the Gayhead and hauled up the boat, letting it hang at the tackles. Noel Pease dragged his bear cub forward, tied it to a stanchion, and gave it a piece of frozen salt cod. Then he borrowed Slippy's ax and went to cut his pet's claws, while all hands stood by waiting for Jethro to reappear from the cabin, where he was trying to make something out of the Eskimos' jargon.

The sun had shone out. Men peered up at it fearfully. Fine weather surely meant freezing up. Only by an increase of wind, even to the extent of bad weather, could they hope to see the ice keep loosely moving.

"Jumpin' Mack'rl!" yelled Saul Rowe, with outflung arm. "Look thar! Jumpin' mac'rel!"

Another sun had appeared below the first. Ancient whalemen who had never before seen a mock sun, stared in awe.

"Thar's another!" shouted Amos.

"Four of 'em, by th' 'tarnal!" chattered Saul. And in a body they marched aft, their minds made up at last. They wanted no more of those frozen seas where there was no sun at all one day and a family of them the next. They'd show Jethro Scraggs where he stood. Jethro came on deck as they trooped up the ladder. He was smiling all over his fine old red face.

"We'll git old Eph, fellers!" he announced. All their intended protests died for the moment under the spell of that hope. "Can't make much o' what them pore natives sez, but by signs they make out es they see Eph's boat away no'th o' their driftin' berg. They see him cut loose from th' whale arter he'd got 'way inside the ice. Then he sot sail an' stood no'th. I can't make 'em say how many days ago. They be 'most starved. How'ndever, no'th we goes. 'S long es this breeze holds th' ice won't freeze right solid."

Jethro got out his sextant to try for an observation. Then he saw the mock suns. His mouth fell open and he almost dropped the sextant. Slowly, a queer grin wreathed his lips, and he stared hard at Jed Roach. Jed, his mind set on the ship's course, looked ever ahead, and had not seen the fictitious suns. Jethro was about to speak about them, but slowly they melted away, as the real sun gained brilliance with the dissipation of the haze, and then the sky was normal again.

But in the forecastle men hammered at the subject. Noel's bear had no power to attract them from it, once the spell of Cap'n Jethro's enthusiasm was off them. The dark, reeking interior was thunderous with the crash of ice at the bows. More frequently now the heavier ice struck her with a terrific force that was little less than disastrous, and there was the matter of those extra suns.

"Lookut th' little growler!" cried Noel, backing away from his claw-clipped pet in a grotesque attitude of boxing. The old whaleman seemed unable to believe that a half-grown, wild Polar bear might give him serious opposition. "Lookut th' white hope!"

"Yew take th' dumblasted critter aft, Noel Pease," came a sore voice from forward. "Yew don't b'long here, anyway. Yew b'long aft."

"Only until we pick up Eph, me lad," retorted Noel, whacking his bear on the snout with his mitten. The bear seemed to like the rough play.

"That'll be long enough," the same voice growled.

Noel departed, dragging the cub. Then the men entered into solemn conclave. They grumbled, they growled, they criticized. One or two of them had seen mock suns before, and their ridicule abashed the others. But all the while the roaring and crashing of ice at the bows filled the old Gayhead's hull with ominous thunder. The relieved helmsman, coming below for his ten minutes' smoke at four bells, told of wonderful lights in the sky as darkness approached, and they forgot the ridicule over the mock suns in wonder at the Aurora Borealis. They feared again. They heard the mate bawling excitedly to the watch on deck, and crept up to see the cause.

"Hev tew take a spell at pumpin', fellers," Jed shouted. He was examining the sounding rod. Jethro was coming down from his self-chosen lookout, looking as if he had news to tell, but could not tell it until he knew more about the leak that had developed.

"Makin' much, Jed?" he asked.

"Smart bit, Jethro, smart bit. Some o' them hefty bits hit her hard." Then to the slowly-moving old men he yelled:

"Git a move on yew! Ship them brakes, an' pump. Great Irons! Be yew gone clean daffy?"

The watch below swarmed up and mingled with the others, and rusty voices made an uproar.

"Ain't no use carryin' on, Jethro!" yelled one.

"We'll pump, but yew'll have tew tarn back!" another roared.

"We kin make out wi' this breeze," Seth Noakes put in. "But ef it once draps calm, yew're stuck here for six months, Jethro. Not even old Eph would——"

"Jest a minit, boys, jest a minit," said the skipper, holding his telescope aloft. "Ain't no call tew delay th' pumpin' while yew rakes me fore and aft wi' yewr tongues. Git tew work. I jest see a bit of a wisp flyin' on what looks like land tew th' no'thwest'ard. Pump her out. Gimme ontil we kin make out what thet thar wisp is, an' ef 'ts none o' Eph's crew I'll tarn fer home. That's fair, ain't it?"

"Yew'll be lucky ef yew kin tarn then," growled Saul Rowe; but Saul was first man at the pump brakes. It was Saul Rowe who disputed with Seth Noakes the privilege to start up that wonderful chanty which famous musicians have called of classic quality as a tune :

"O Shanandore, I long tew hear yew."
And lustily went the refrain:
"Away, yew rollin' river!"

Then Saul and Seth, still striving for precedence as soloist:

"Across thet wide an' rowlin' river—"
with the gang pumping full stroke:
"Ah, ho, we'e bound away, cross th' wide Missouri!"

Voice after voice joined in. Water gushed from the pump lip. "Growl, you may, but work you must!" That's a maxim as old as seafaring. Those ancient mariners could growl; none better; but they were sailormen to the last crooked finger joint, and that weirdly beautiful chanty went right down to the sound hearts buried under their mossy breasts.

"Missouri she's a mighty river,
Away, yew rowlin' river!
The Injuns' camp lies on its borders—
Ah, ho, we were bound away, cross th' wide Missouri."

"Oh, Shanandore I love yewr daughter,
Away yew rowlin' river!
F'r her I'd cross th' stormy water—
Ah, ho, we're bound away, cross th' wide Missouri."

That old love song moved the pump brakes. Amidships Slippy, the cook, tended a big flare again, and it poured a wonderful light upon the scene. The old whaler shouldered her way sturdily through heaving masses of breaking ice that stretched away for acres on all sides. The light shone upon weatherbeaten, wrinkled old faces lit with brilliant, brave eyes; on bowed backs and gnarled hands; on clouds of visible vapor panted from laboring lungs. And Cap'n Jethro Scraggs looked on, trying to hide under a frown the real feelings within him.

"Yew mossgrown old barnacles!" he chuckled; "yew be all out tew bullyrag me intew tarnin' home, but thar ain't one of yew es 'ud let me give up old Eph es long es th' old Gayhead'll float."

Into the night they pumped. None noticed that a spell at the pumps had developed into constant pumping; for the lookout at the foremast head had reported a light, dim, flickering, eclipsed at times, but still a light undisputably, and the ship was drawing nearer to it all the while.

But the breeze dropped. The ship moved sluggishly. Soon she stopped altogether, and the dim light was still a mile away across ice that might stop a ship, but yet could not be depended upon to bear walking men.

Then the distant light went out. The pumps stopped. At last weary old men were made aware of aches and pains, of sweat that turned chill as soon as work ceased. There was a tremendous jarring beneath the ship; she listed, and the ice, driven against her stout old sides with a force that came from a gale a hundrede miles away, crept up and fell back in masses until it topped her battered rail. The hanging sails, bereft of wind, froze into iron-hard sheets, the ropes to rigid bars.

"She ain't goin' tew sink through this yer ice, boys, might es well git sail off her," said Jethro. He glanced doubtfully at the calm sky, already looming heavy with the threat of more snow.

"Come on, bullies!" roared Jed Roach. "Leggo all yer halliards tew once an' git them sails rolled up."

Noel Pease led his men too. But his bear cub wanted to help, and clung to his jacket with sharp teeth. Noel glanced around like a schoolboy meditating mischief. Slippy, the cook, was tending the flare barrel. Noel shoved the bear inside the galley and shut the door. Then lent his weight to the job of dragging down yards that should have come down of their own weight.

"C'm on now!" he roared. "Hay, ay, ay, oh Ray! Oh, bust thet rope! Now boys! One pull!"

"It's no use" puffed Seth Noakes, picking an icy Manilla splinter from his gnarled hand. "Got tew git hot water an' thaw them blocks an' ropes afore them sails 'll stow."

"Put yer big copper on th' flare, Slippy," said Jethro. "Be dummed ef I ain't half a mint tew git out on the ice and try to git tew that thar camp, or whatever 't is. Any of yew keer tew try it?"

The first soft flakes of snow fell. The flare lit up a wide expanse of rough field ice which heaved weirdly over the breathing sea. The old Gayhead had heeled over until her port channels were beneath the ice, her starboard channels three feet clear above it. Grim faced ancients looked, and shivered. They thought of old Eph, perhaps out there now, lacking, even if he lived, the solid security of the ship, or its warmth. That made them uneasy. They wanted to follow Jethro, but the impulsiveness of youth was wanting.

"Come on Chips," urged Jethro, clambering on to the rail. "We kin take a look at her side, anyhow. Mebbe we kin get tew th' leak." Chips was hard on Slippy's heels as that important member of the ships' company stepped to the galley for his copper. There was likely to be hot coffee inside, and Chips liked hot coffee on cold nights, whether he had to venture out on the ice or not.

"Jest a minit, Jethro," he replied. "I'll borry Slippy's lantern, fust, then ——"

Slippy opened the door. Something butted him hard in the stomach and bowled him over on to Chips, who had a fleeting vision of something big and soft and boisterous trampling over him as he went down.

THE bear cub headed for the men around the flare. Amos scrambled on to a cask, and perched there on hands and knees, glaring pop-eyed at the frolicking cub, reaching around blindly for something to poke it with. Other old men groped for places of refuge, while they roared with glee at Amos' predicament.

"Noel!" yelled Amos. "Git this yer dumblasted critter away frum me afore I hit it a poke!"

Noel was too busy. His hoarse guffaw filled the echoing spaces of the frozen sails. Even Jethro sat comfortably on the rail grinning at the time we had tew cut loose or bust tew bits against th' ice we wuz right nigh these fellers' camp, an' went tew look see. We lost our boat landin', and' wuz stuck. Found these yer chaps 'most froze an' nigh starved; been thar on thet little hump o' rock six months, livin' on blubber, raw, an' waitin' fer th' ice tew git thick enough tew walk on. Dunno what we'd hev done now th' ice hes set in heavy. Started off somewhar, likely. Now we be here."

"Yew're right!" grunted Jethro. "Here yew be, an' here we be, wi' seven extry bellies tew feed, an' grub gittin' purty low es 't is. 'Sides bein' nipped in th' ice an' leakin' like ol' Shark Perkin's quart feed measure."

The old Gayhead suddenly lifted a foot, groaning and creaking alarmingly, while the ice outside reverberated away to the far horizon with terrific reports under the pressure coming in from seaward. Again the Gayhead jerked, this time straightening up almost to a level, but another foot out of the water.

"You are lucky, Cap'n," said the stranger who had made the same remark previously. "There is scarcely a chance now for you to come to more harm. Your ship is raised above the bends. More pressure may force her higher, but can scarcely break her. My ship was deep laden when we got caught, and the ice got us fair, like taking a nut in the crackers. You ought to be able to get at your leak and stop it before the ice lets you through again. But thanks for your warm up, and the coffee. We won't add to your burden if you're short o' grub. Come on, boys."

"Yew jest bring yewrself tew anchor right here, Mister," growled Jethro. "Whar did yew git th' idee es we Gayheads tarned men adrift? Ef yew lived six months on raw blubber, we kin live on it, too, a little while. Hob's Boots! What yew fellers gawkin' at? Get yew out on th' ice long o' Chips, an' see ef yew kin find thet thar leak! An yew strangers, yew come aft wi' me. Mebbe we kin find yew quarters somewhars."

Daylight revealed the ice definitely frozen solid for the winter. There was no longer hope of release before the long arctic dead season was past. Daylight, too, bore out what Eph's castaways had affirmed: that the hummock of land they had been marooned upon was merely a spot of solid land in a vast expanse of sea, far from any other shore. The three Eskimos accepted the situation with stolid patience; they borrowed harpoons and fishing gear, axes and knives, and departed from the ship, to return in a few hours loaded down with walrus meat and fish.

Jethro was on the ice under the Grayhead's bow, examining the leak, now well within reach, when the hunters appeared. His face lit up brightly with the surety of a food supply. The progress Chips was making on the leak added to his contentment. He and old Eph had already set in motion a plan for the occupation of all hands during the dark, dull days, to prevent them growing surly and quarrelsome from inaction. And when things were looking rosier than at any time in more than a week the leader of the four strangers dropped to the ice beside Jethro and Eph, and suggested they go with him to the place he had lately existed upon.

"Yew go, Eph?" suggested Jethro, "Yew be younger'n me."

"How much?" retorted Eph. "'Tarnal Fire! Yew make much of a few months, yew do. Yew better come, too, Jethro. Mebbe yew'll thank me afterwards."

"Thank yew? Huh!" Jethro grunted. "Look here what I got tew thank yew for! Empty holds, too. Hob's Boots!"

"Jest th' same, yew better come," persisted Eph.

Jethro went. As they plodded over the ice, squinting their eyes against the white glare of it, the stranger had something to say. He and the survivors of his crew hailed from Scotland, and had been out from home nearly two years.

"I owned half share in the Borqual," he said. "Brother had the other half, and sailed mate with me. He was lost when the ship slipped through the ice and sank. By then we had taken almost all her blubber and bone out. We carry blubber home frozen, instead of trying it out. So there's—

They reached the barren, ice-clad shore, with its pitifully amateurish snow hut, and its laboriously spliced pieces of broken oars and boat planking that served as a signal staff. The castaway stepped ashore, waved his hand toward a hummock of snow that stood behind the snow hut, and concluded:

"There's our full cargo of frozen blubber, Cap'n Scraggs, and baleen enough to double the value. You've saved our lives, and it's yours. I can't move it. If you want to give my lads a small share of it——"

Jethro stared. Then he switched his gaze to old Eph.

"What in 'tarnation yew grinnin' for, Eph Brower?" he blurted out. "Hob's Boots! Ef you say a word about luck I'll——"

"Whenever you're ready to ship it, say the word, cap'n," the skipper of the Rorqual concluded.

"Got plenty o' time tew try it out, anyway," put in Eph.

They marched back to the old Gayhead with Jethro leading, setting such a pace as had them all sweating. As they neared the nipped old whaler a full-throated chorus of more or less rusty harmony rang out toward them.

"And when we came tew far Greenland,
And tew Greenland cold came we,
Whar thar's ice an' thar's snow, an' whale fishes blow,
We found nawthin' but frozen seas, me boys,
Nawthin' but frozen seas!

"Our captain stud on his quarter-deck,
An' a mad little man wuz he,
'Hob's Boots, sech luck! Was thar ever sech luck?
We be froze for a year!' sez he:
'Not a whale for a year,' sez he."

Aboard the Gayhead much work had been done. The sails had been thawed out and sent down from aloft to be stowed away. There was already the frame over the waist which was to be covered with canvas to keep the ship free from snow during the long winter, Chips, with his gang, at the bows, was beginning to hammer caulking into the new seams. Jethro's face was red with exercise and perhaps a little human thrill.

"O, Greenland is an awful place," the song went on,

"Whar daylight's seldom seen,
Whar thar's ice an' thar's snow, and no whale fishes blow,
But thar's mountains o' fat and baleen me boys,
Jest mountains of fat an' baleen."

Seth Noakes stood on the bulwarks and waved his greasy old cap. Slippy, the cook, hauled him down and waved his own cap, far greasier than Seth's.

"Come on, boys! Three cheers for Cap'n Jethro's luck!" he bellowed. And like a thunderclap the response came. Every rusty old pipe that had cussed at Jethro for keeping on, every throaty old bellow that had growled and counselled rebellion blared out in one earsplitting yell, three times repeated, and three times yet again.

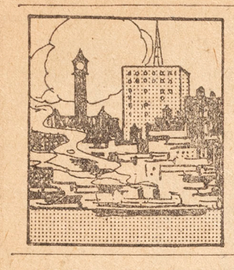
Old Eph grinned at Jethro's red face. And slowly a twinkle crept into Jethro's eye too. He stood creakily, picked up a huge lump of snow and crowned Eph with it before he could dodge.

"Yew or'nary, grinnin' old grampus, yew told 'em about it afore yew told me!" he roared, while a full whaler's crew, four castaways, and three Eskimos, to say nothing of the bear, stood by and whooped at the sight of two ancient, frosted mariners pummelling each other in the snow.

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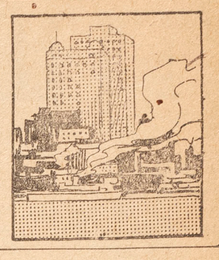
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All Around The Town

City Life in Pen and Pencil



York Mills Church Is Rich In Its History

By IRENE HUMBLE.

FOR almost 80 years the Church of St. John has stood like a sentinel at York Mills. It has served well several generations as a place of worship. In 1812 the parish of St. John's consisted of about 1,000 people and three brick houses.

Missionary services were conducted once a month at York Mills in a small log-house close to the present church. In 1816, it was replaced by a frame building of oblong design. The site was on what was then Yonge Street and the land comprised three acres, the gift of Joseph Sheppard and his wife, to be used for a church and burying ground. The laying of the corner stone was conducted by Gov. York, a silver medal inscribed with the following "Francis Gore, Esq., Lieut.-Gov., 1816," on one side and on the other, "56th of George IV." being placed in the stone after which the Rev. John Strachan preached the sermon.

York Mills in 1824, was placed under the charge of a missionary and in 1830, Rev. Charles Mathews, of Upper Canada College, became clergyman, remaining in charge for ten years following which Rev. J. H. M. Bartlett was made rector of the new rectory—the second in the township of York. This was in 1841 and in 1843 the laying of the corner-stone of the present church took place. Bishop Strachan and his chaplain Rev. H. J. Grasett taking their places at the communion rails. Rev. E. Sanson read the morning service and Rev. Dr. Bevan, of King's College University, preached. The confirmation rite was also administered to A. Sanson by the Bishop.

It was purposed to build a new church of burnt brick, to be forty by sixty feet, of Gothic style with lancet windows and a tower. The latter to-day, stands majestically and can be seen for miles around. The building committee consisted of many well-known residents, Messrs. Murray, Thorne, Huson, Cameron, Neil, James, Van Nostrand, Tredges, Harrison, Miller and Temple. The church-wardens were: C. Van Nostrand, W. C. Rochfort, H. Papst and W. Marsh.

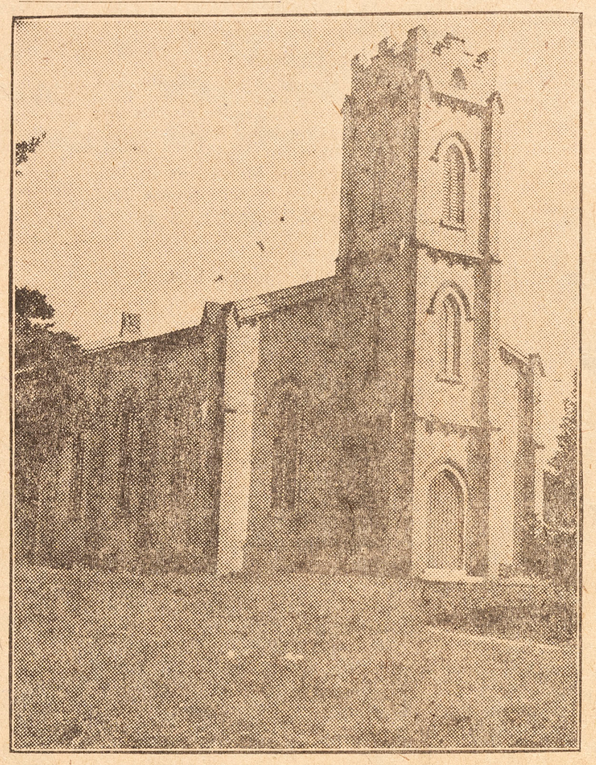
When the chuch was completed on Tuesday, June 11th, 1844 opening services were conducted by Bishop Strachan and for the nine years that followed Rev. A. Sanson officiated as rector, after which came, Revs. Mitchell Saunders, Roberts, Langtry, Webb, Hodge and Trew, until 1874 when Rev. Canon H. B. Osler was appointed.

In 1888, Mr. A. B. Lamb, contributed the sum of $300 towards improvements among which were the replacing of the high back pews and old chancel carpet, $1,018 was spent in this way and the church became one of the prettiest in the countryside. St. John's also had the distinction of becoming a Mother Church, St. Clement's Church in North Toronto, then Eglinton, being an offshoot, with Canon Osler and his assistant serving there.

A unique and curious organ was a part of the church and worthy of mention. This instrument was a barrel organ, with three barrels, each of which played ten tunes and was operated by turning a crank. It was bought in England shortly after the church was built and cost, including freight and duty, about $400. At the time of the jubilee it was not in use for accompanying the singing, but was played for the voluntaries and if strangers were present. It is said it was very amusing to watch their amazed expressions when they saw the organist down stairs seated with immovable hands, yet strains of music filling the church. The pipes, which gave the appearance of a real pipe organ, were never used, not being suitable.

In the year of 1893 a jubilee service was held, not only on St. John's anniversary, but also that of its rector, Canon Osler, who entered into sacred office also in the year 1843, and who, with Rev. F. L. Osler, was among the five living of the 95 clergymen in the area, at that time (1843), in the Diocese of Toronto, comprising the Province of Ontario. The Jubilee services were held on Sunday, June 8, 1893, and on Monday as well, and are recorded as having been remarkably successful. Special music was rendered by the choirs of St. John's and St. Clement's under the direction of Mr. E. Still. The Sunday morning service was taken by the Rector, the communion service by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and the sermon by the Rector was of historical nature and was heard by about 350 people. In the evening the congregation numbered 325 from all parts of the community. Canon Osler read the service and Rev. A. Williams, M.P., of St. John's Church, Toronto, preached an impressive sermon.

From memoirs in the possession of Mrs. F. H. Banks, Rowanwood Avenue, daughter of Canon Osler, and from which the foregoing facts are gleaned, it is recorded that "the Jubilee of 1893 worked perfectly, the attendance which embraced numerous adherents of other denominations than the Church of England, came from far and wide, clearly demonstrating the cordial good feeling evinced toward the Canon and Mrs. Osler." "It is interesting to know that Canon Osler occupied the pulpit of this little church of St. John, with its seating capacity of about three three hundred, for 28 years; having been appointed in 1867 to an



Honorary Canonry, he was in 1874 made rector at York Mills, and in 1875, Rural Dean of North and West York, by Bishop Bethune. The late Canon Osler was an outstanding figure and well known in Toronto. He was an uncle of Messrs. E. B. and B. B. Osler, and a younger brother of Rev. Fetherstone Osler. Ordained in 1843, he ministered in Lloydtown for 31 years prior to coming to St. John's Church—the second oldest church in the Diocese. Canon Osler was 87 years of age when he died.

Some of the service books, their pages yellow with age, are still there (though not in use), of old type is the printing with an "s" that reads like an "f" and on the fly-leaf of one, dated 1819, is written "The Honourable William Drummer Powell (The Chief Justice of Upper Canada), to the Second Episcopal Church of York, Upper Canada."

In the old burying-ground close by one finds the graves of many of the early members; also here lie the faithful Rector and his much-loved wife.

A remarkable coincidence is the long and continuous service rendered with untiring effort and loving care of John Squire, who, for 56 years has acted in the capacity of sexton of the church, and who is familiar with each and every nook, cranny and item of interest connected with it. The present pastor of the church is Rev. R. Ashcroft, who has been at York Mills for some twenty-three years.

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS FOR GRASS WIDOWERS



By R. K. HALL.

IT IS common knowledge that thousands of women pack up during the summer season and leave the city for the lake or sea shore. But so far little attention has been given to the troubles of the husband left to master the intricacies of housekeeping. It has just been taken for granted that the poor devil would pull through somehow, even as it is assumed that an infant getting its teeth and howling day and night will eventually get its grinders and stop howling; or that a man who buys a small six-room house on the instalment plan will get the place paid off by the time he is 177 years old, provided he has not lost heart and neither of the mortgages has been foreclosed in the meantime.

This, it seems to us, is assuming altogether too much. What the temporarily bereft husband needs are some words of practical advice; some suggestions that will help him to decide whether, when he forgets his latchkey, it is better to ship up the verandah post and pry open an upper window or to take a borrowed axe to the back door; sage counsel regarding the respective merits of baking soda and washing soda in an angel cake; and useful information as to the correct procedure when he eats some tulip bulbs that his wife has left on the fruit-cellar floor, in mistake for onions.

The purpose of this article is to impart the needed information in light and readable form. And to insure this, it might be as well to give a resume of the work that the embryo housekeeper will probably be called upon to do each day, and how best to do it.

There is, to begin, the matter of making the bed. Although the manufacturer makes the bed before you buy it, that is not enough. You have to keep on making it. In fact, it has to be remade every time someone sleeps in it. It is quite true that bachelors often neglect to perform this service, claiming that in time the bedclothes if left undisturbed, tend to conform to the shape of their bodies like a plaster cast, and provide the acme of cosiness, as well as an effective safeguard against their falling out of bed, but this course is not to be recommended. Promptly on rising, the bedding should be hung out to air, a very good arrangement being to hang the mattress out of one window and the sheets out of another. After a day's exposure to sun and wind, the bedding will be as sweet as clover, and ready to be replaced on the bed at night.

Next comes breakfast, the preparation of which should occasion no trouble whatever. In frying the bacon, be sure to oil the pan liberally, and add enough shortening to shorten the job. If you like eggs with your bacon, drop a couple into the pan, being careful to pick out all the pieces of shell before frying. Nothing is so trying to a hurried man's nerves as eating ham and eggs on the half shell. To make excellent coffee, fill the pot with water, spill into it half a cupful of ground coffee, and bring it to a boil. If you haven't a boil of your own to bring it to, make tea instead. Having finished breakfast, pile the dirty dishes in the sink, leave tickets out for the breadman, and iceman, and lock up.

Lunch, of course, will be taken down town.

On returning in the evening, the first consideration is dinner. Here are a few dishes you might fancy, with the method of preparation in each case:

Sirloin Steak—Lubricate the pan well and fry the steak until it stops spitting, at the same time adding salt, pepper, and mayonnaise dressing. If the steak refuses to spit, sue the butcher.

Pork Chops—Fry until the pork stops chopping; otherwise the same as sirloin steak.

Fresh Fish—Cut off the head and tail and fry on all three sides. In eating be careful not to swallow any bones.

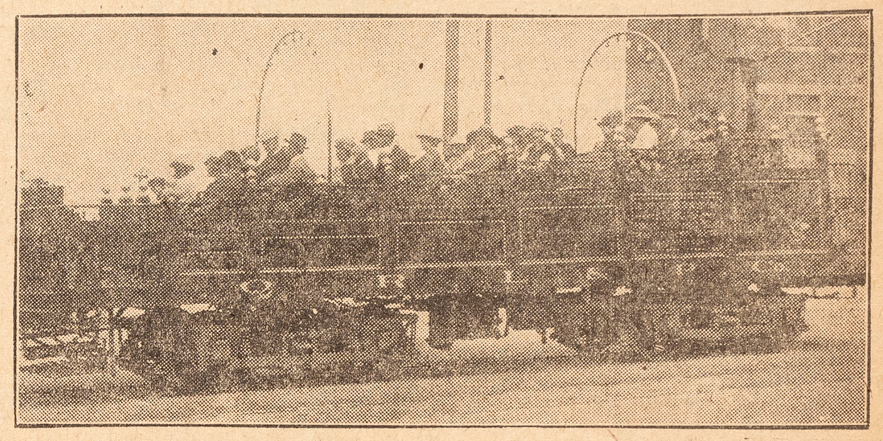
Boiled Potatoes—Skin three or four fresh potatoes and boil in hot water until they begin to roll their eyes.

Canned Corn—Boil the can until the label comes off. Then open with a can-opener if you can. If you can't, try canned peas.

There are various ways of keeping dishes clean. Some men chain a half starved dog in the cellar and feed him nothing but dirty dishes. A good dog of this sort will even put a high polish on the silver. Others line the sink with dishes and just before retiring for the night turn the hot water tap full on. By morning everything is as clean as a whistle. Another way not partcularly favored is to wash the dishes with ordinary soap and water.

Those husbands who are fond of pastry can spend their Saturday afternoons making the simpler kinds of cake and pie. Any good cook-book will give full directions as to ingredients and procedure. Among others devil cake is a confection easily made and is sure to taste like hell in any case. Dream cake, if carefully made by a disconsolate widower, is sure to live up to its name in every particular. And pound cake should present few difficulties in the making, but if a slice of it weighs more than the pound, it is better not to eat it. It is altogether too rich.

Would This Type of Street Car Pay Here?



By L. B. J.

WITH all the changes in street railway rolling stock with which the citizens of Toronto have been obliged to contend during the past few months there is yet one type of car that is a stranger to them. The observation cars that are now running in Montreal and Quebec are strangers to Toronto; but is there any reason why they would not pay here as they do in other places.

These observation cars are roofless, and each seat is raised above the one in front, until the rear seats are at a considerable elevation. The cars seat forty patrons, and a charge of fifty cents is made for a trip throughout the city lasting for about one and a half hours. They operate during non-rush hours and only in the tourist season.

How would the Exhibition visitors like to be able to board cars of this type on Wellington, near Yonge, and journey to the northern city limits, returning to St. Clair Avenue and going west and south to Sunnyside take in all the sights there, and then enjoy the run along King Street, and finish by going north to Danforth and then down Broadview and along Dundas to the starting point? It sounds a lot for fifty cents, but the trip should be done in less than two hours and the question arises if there are many cars earning thirty dollars an hour on the ordinary runs during the non-rush hours. If these cars pay elsewhere, why not try them here and let folks see the town?

An Amateur Ventures Forth in the Guise of a Travelling Salesman

By A. I. MACKENZIE.

DID you ever travel? I don't mean just travelling in the sense of going somewhere but travelling to sell something. And to do that, I found out you don't have to leave Toronto. You see 'em on the streets every day with their horn rimmed spectacles and despatch cases. For a time I thought that these people with despatch cases and horn rimmed spectacles were members of the latest secret society, Knights of the Gu Gu Grip or something of that sort. But they turned out to be merely travellers. The disguise is assumed, apparently, to get away from the old notion of the traveller.

The old traveller dressed much as other people. A trifle more snappily in order to impress the inhabitants of the smaller towns. If he represented a big firm in the old unregenerate days and had a big drawing account the general impression was that you could find him at the best bar in the town with his customers.

No one would expect to find a man with horn rimmed spectacles and a despatch bag at a saloon even if there were saloons to find him at.

However, this isn't the story. The saga of the old travelling days must be sung by a genuine warrior of the grip. This is a yarn of an amateur who thought travelling looked easy.

A friend of mine had secured the agency from a New York firm for a line of babies' coats, dressing gowns, night dresses, ect. It was a fine line. It would sell itself he told me when he suggested that I try my hand at it. I had always thought I was a reporter until a city editor ventured to doubt it. So I was willing at that time to try anything once.

"Now I've explained just what these things are and you have your prices. Just walk into the stores and tell them who you represent. Your prices are better than any they can get," said my friend. He made it appear that babies cried for the clothes manufactured by the firm. Although I am unmarried I knew that babies cried. In fact, to my hazy recollection they cried most of the time. Quite possibly they were crying for these fixings. I packed my grip and started out.

"Babies cry for them," I told the young woman at the first store I tried, after I had spread my wares on the counter.

"Huh, huh, and my landlord would be crying for his rent if I bought 'em at the figure you're giving me," she retorted.

So that was that. I packed my grip and departed. Right there I wanted to quit. But I mustered up all the old stories I could recall at the time. Dick Whittington, Bruce, the baby and the Pearl's soap cake and other famous people.

I might have had a sale at the next place. A tall, imposing female in black silk met me and condescended to examine the garments. I got into prices, discounts, duty. I had 'em all at my finger tips. And then she asked me what firm I represented. It took me five minutes to remember.

"I don't think we wish to stock any at present," said the imposing female after a long pause. I could see suspicion in her steely glance. Her eye said as plainly as words "Young man, where did you come into possession of these?" I broke into a cold sweat. With trembling fingers I jammed the goods back into my old black travelling bag. The female kept her eyes rivetted on the bag. It certainly wasn't the bag usually affected by travellers.

Somehow the bag seemed to wear a furtive, suspicious air even as I worked hurriedly to get the blamed things back into it. I could hear the voice of the constable enquiring how I, a newspaperman and unmarried came into possession of some dozens of babies' doo-dads. Just then I hated babies. Squalling brats. They came into the world, as I had always understood without the services of the Ideal Children's Wear Company. Why not let 'em stay that way?

Desperate I turned to one of the big departmental stores. Here was a chance. My friend assured me that these firms, if they liked the goods would buy hundreds of dozens, or thousands of dozens or millions of dozens. I forgot which. At any rate I had a friend who had a friend who was manager of the canned soup, garden hose and children's wear department at the big store. I looked him up. My heart sank when I learned that he had been promoted to the shingle nail, rag carpet and tooth brush department. However, he introduced me to his successor and the deal was on.

He pawed over the goods. All too high. That was the burden of the song. Finally he lit on one article which met with some favor. It was a night dress with a turned-up end which buttoned. I understood in a vague sort of way that this was a nobby fixture which prevented baby from slipping through its nightwear and becoming numbered among the missing.

"The Whoosiz mill makes this, doesn't it?" enquired the department manager, turning his gimlet eyes on me for the first time.

"Yes, yes," I babbled in reply. Further search by the manager over the garment. Then the discovery that the Whoosiz people didn't make it. It was the Whatsis mill product. More suspicion and a leisurely survey of me. I felt in my pocket trying to bluff that I had kept my horn rimmed spectacles off because they hurt my nose.

Finally "We'll take an order of these if you can make the price right." I had a vision of the streets blocked in the morning while frantic mothers tore each others' clothes to secure some of the turn-over night dresses for mama's pet. The manager figured on a pad of paper.

"We can take 200 dozen if you pay the duty and freight, deduct 100 per cent. for cash and give delivery by to-morrow at 4.15," said the manager hastily, looking up coldly at me.

One would take it, as our Old Country friends say that my prices were simply not done that year. I tried a store where they are popularly supposed to cater to the class which might be aristocratic had the Dominion house not passed the no-title act some time back.

"Have you nothing of better quality than this? Say something costing about three times as much?" enquired the kindly buyer. Then she added that the store stocked nothing but the most expensive lines of anything. My stuff might do for the workingman's baby who had no acquaintance with Belgian lace trimmed nightdresses, cloth of gold dressing gowns or solid silk coats.

That beat me. I was too dear in one spot and not exclusive enough in prices at others. I returned to my base of operations and the advice of my experienced friend.

With a knowing air he unfolded a dark [illegible], worked with success by travellers, he told me, the world over. This was to approach only those stores which might be counted upon to fail shortly and who had no credit worth the mentioning. "You can sell 'em a bill of goods and get your commission. Let the credit man look out for himself," he told me.

This sounded good. I tried it. But, like everything else there was a catch in it. A careful government, looking to turn the honest penny had placed a duty of 50 per cent. on my line. The failing stores wouldn't put up that 50 per cent. My conscience also reproached me. It would not be fair to my firm to ask them to pay 50 per cent. duty in advance and then have the account go bad on them. Besides they wouldn't do it. So that was that.

A sale, a sale, Like the shipwrecked mariner I saw one in sight at last. It was in the east end. I had spread my samples but no one came from the rear of the shop to look them over. In walked a lady. But she was a customer. She was interested at once. My samples were pawed over as no retailer had ever examined them.

"How much is this?" she enquired, looking over a baby's coat. Chinchilla, I vaguely remember my friend called it.

"It's $13.50 a dozen," I said.

Disappointment furrowed her brow. "There's little Jenny, and the baby, and Harry, and Freddy, and Grace and Tom," she muttered to herself and went out shaking her head. A half dozen order was lost through my lack of salesmanship. "Always fill an order, no matter how small," my friend had cautioned me.

At one store I nearly had an order. The lady in charge told me frankly she liked the stuff even though the vogue at the time was to have all the elderly aunts knit the little dear something. "Call back next week," she said. I took counsel with my friend.

"What you should have done was to pull out your watch, ask her when she wouldn't be busy and say that you'd call back in half an hour or an hour. Why, a hundred travellers might call in during a week," he explained to me.

That was all right but I have no watch.

Finally one day I happened to be lugging that ill-fated collection of infant's fixings in the neighborhood of a Humber bridge. It was evening. There was no one in sight. Hastily I opened the grip. "In the name of Allah, curse me no more," I exclaimed as I saw a cloud of baby pink, baby blue and white float down stream.

No doubt some time this summer will come the news that a creche has been sunk with all hands or that an amateur King Herod is at work in the city.



"Curse me no more," I exclaimed as I saw a cloud of baby pink, baby blue and white float down stream.

KEEPING PRISONERS.

DURING the Fenian rising in Ireland in 1867, the British troops, who were commanded by Lord Strathnairn, bagged large numbers of prisoners.

At one place the authorities were in a quandry, as they had a great many prisoners and could only spare a very few soldiers as escort. They were afraid that some might escape on the journey to Dublin.

So thep appealed to Lord Strathnairn for advice.

"Take away their braces, and cut off the buttons from their trousers," was the reply.

This practice was often resorted to by our Tommies during the Great War, when they had to deal with large numbers of German captives.

Cherub is Name of Child Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

By R. HALL.

IF you walked into a classroom in any Toronto Public School and allowed your eye to come to rest finally upon the boy whose face and bearing indicated conscious rectitude, honesty that cried aloud its presence, innocence unbounded, a sweet desire to comply with the teacher's every demand, and a wistful quality that somehow tugged at your heartstrings—if you did this, you would have discovered the type of schoolboy known familiarly as the "cherub."

The cherub is really a living embodiment of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He is a dual personality—a creature with two selves. To the teacher's face he is polite, assiduous, energetic, a thirst to drink in all the knowledge offered. Behind the pedagogical back, however, he changes in the twinkling of an eye; he is now disrespectful to the extent of sticking out his tongue or pulling cocksnooks at the back of constituted authority; his face loses its seraphic cast and registers whatever arrangement of features the moment demands; he disdains to work; he is ready at a moment's notice to pull a girl's hair, stick a pin into his unsuspecting neighbor ahead, engage in sprited fisticuffs with the boy across the aisle, or shoot a spit-ball at the near-cherub in the first row, fourth seat from the front.

Should the teacher turn or reappear suddenly, Mr. Hyde becomes Dr. Jekyll with the same astounding rapidity. The transformation is so lightning-like that even an old and cynical teacher is sometimes deceived. One instant he is gazing upon a face distorted into a fiendish mould as its owner kicks viciously at the shins of the boy to his left; the next, every trace of hostile intent is wiped out as if by strange magic, and the cherub is once more the cherub—beatific, industrious, honest-eyed, witsful. If he were suddenly charged with misconduct, his start of hurt surprise, his quick disclaimer, his frank, unswerving gaze would disarm anyone who had not actually witnessed his guilt.

The cherub is often the most troublesome boy in the class. It is not safe for the teacher to turn his back upon him for a moment. A cherub outwardly, he is in reality quite often a sneak, a bully, a thief, and a coward. Sooner or later he earns a strapping—not by reason of any one serious misdemeanor perhaps, but rather by a long series of petty annoyances that eventually exhaust the teacher's patience. He is one of the best specimens of a bad boy—that rara avis that educationists who have retired from active teaching claim to be non-existent, and that teachers still in harness know only too well to be still extant to the number of from one to five or even more, in every class.

It seems a remarkable inconsistency that a youngster so personable in appearance should be, in actuality so contemptible, so furtive, so dishonest. Any boy will "cut up" when given a favorable opportunity—he wouldn't be a boy and human if he didn't—but the really manly youngster will confess to it as soon as he is taxed with it. The cherub, however, invariably tries to lie or cry his way out of it. The fact of the matter is that the cherub wears his cherubic appearance as a cloak. It covers his glaring shortcomings.

When the cherub is treated to corporal punishment, he continues to wear his mantle of misjudged and injured innocence. In the first place, he refuses to accept punishment. When that bluff fails, and he is forced to suffer, he plays his next card. He threatens to tell his father, who, to quote the cherub's words, "will fix you"—the "you" being the teacher.

Most fathers of cherubs are evidently aware of the fact that their offspring is troublesome, for very seldom does the parent appear to champion the cherub's cause. The mothers have no such qualms, however. They blow into the school like a November gust of wind, give the teacher a short but hot course in the science of education and child psychology, and in nine cases out of ten wind up their lecture with the illuminating statement that "Harry never gives me any trouble at home; if you let him have his own way, he'll do anything for you."

There lies the explanation of the whole trouble. The cherub is simply the product of his home environment, and more and more homes nowadays are supplying that particular brand of environment. Pampered, indulged, encouraged by a lack of disciplinary direction to steal, lie and deceive, the cherub comes to school with the idea that what went at home will certainly go at school. The result is certain to be disagreeable to the cherub.

Almost any other type of schoolboy has a better chance to succeed in life than the cherub. The teacher does his part in making a man of the cherub—and sometimes succeeds surprisingly—but too often the home influence nullifies his efforts. A few months ago, a cherub met an old teacher of his on Yonge Street and in the course of conversation said: "I lost two years and five jobs before I saw that you were right. I'm going to keep this job." The trouble is that not many cherubs learn their lesson until it is too late.



The extremes of motor transportation are shown in the above picture. A little English two seater is shown beside a big five ton truck. They were photographed at the North Toronto Business Men's Picnic. The little car is not half the length of the big truck nor half the height and not nearly a quarter the weight, but out on the road the little car can show the big one dust.

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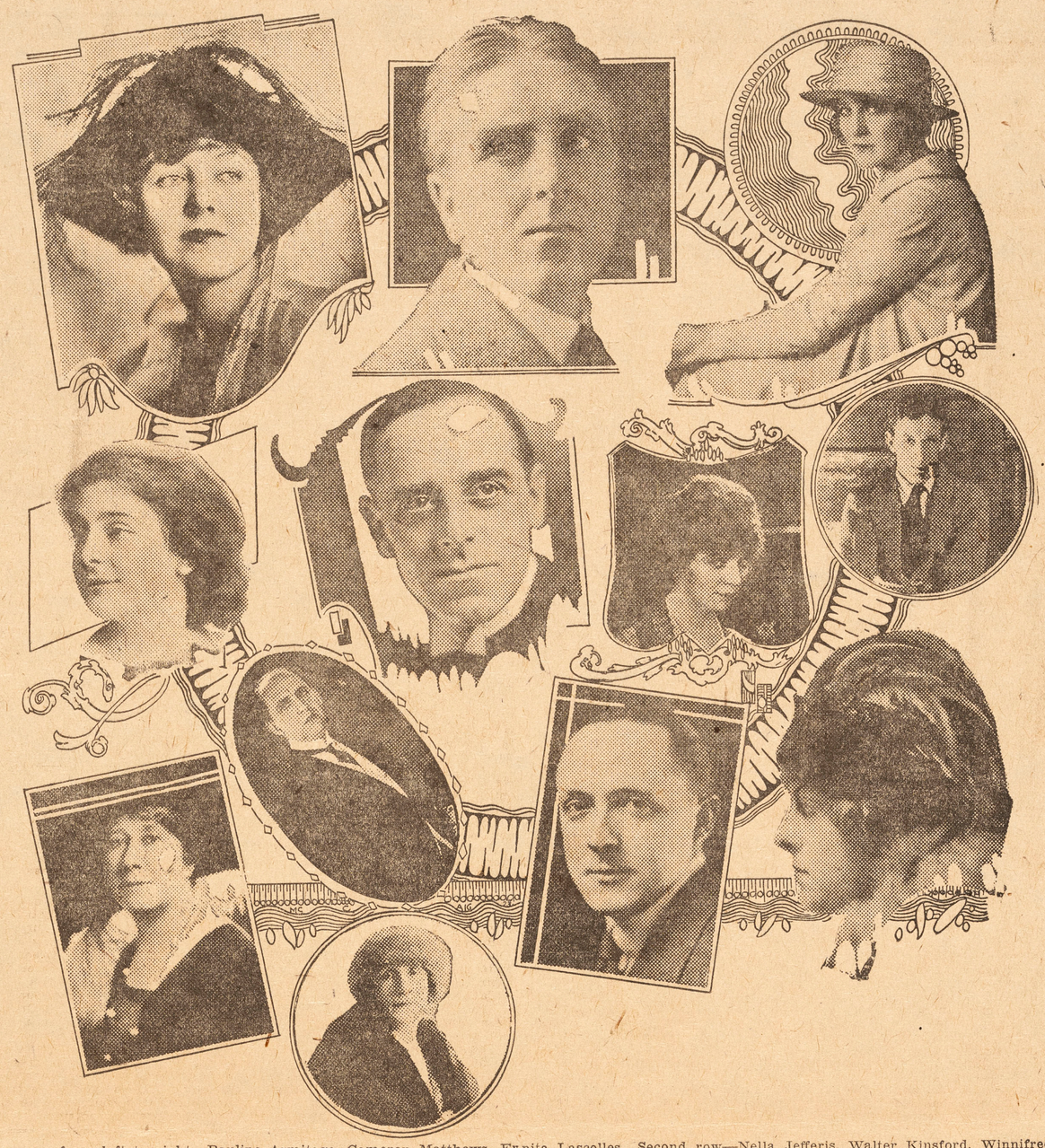
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MUSIC

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Top row, from left to right—Pauline Armitage, Cameron Matthews, Er nita Lascelles. Second row—Nella Jefferis, Walter Kinsford, Winnifred Mason, Leonard Mudie Third row—Augusta Haviland, George Grah am, Edward Douglas, Jessamine Newcombe. Bottom—Louie Emery.

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

The presentation of Offenbach's operetta "Fortunios Song" in the Dairy Building at the Exhibition grounds on Thursday was the first production of this opera in America, although many persons are familiar with the tenor solo "La Chanson de Fortunio." The translation from the French was made by Miss Elizabeth O'Driscoll and Miss B. Clapp, and Maestro J. A. Carboni made the production of the novelty.

Nathan Gartin, violinst, pupil of Luigi Von Kunits, left Sept. 1 for further studies in Europe.

Miss Pearl Burford will remain in Toronto this year after studying two seasons in New York with Ernest Hutcheson. Her coming recitals are being looked forward to with interest.

It would be interesting to calculate the number of immortal melodies which have passed into the permanent stock of the world's music that are to be found in the repertoire of standard operas to be presented by the De Feo Grand Opera Company at the Exhibition Coliseum next week. Of the seven works to be presented the only opera which is unfamiliar is Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," which is being presented at the Saturday matinee because it is the greatest musical work for children ever composed. Even it, though of the modern school, contains clear-cut melodies in the children's prayer and the famous chorus of guardian angels. But when we come to the other productions we encounter works which fairly teem with familiar melodies, though doubtless many will see the operas themselves in their complete form for the first time. "Il Trovatore," the opening and the final bill, at once suggests the 'Misere"; but there are half a dozen other immortal melodies in it, like the duet "Back to Our Mountains." Leonora's Aria "On Love's Bright Pinions." There are many who go to hear "Cavalleria Rusticana" for the intermezzo alone, which also figures in the opera as the Easter hymn "Regina Coelis"; but numbers like Turridu's serenade before the curtain rise, Alfio's drinking song and Lola's flower song will never be forgotten. It is the same with the great "Vesta la Giubba" aria in "Pagliacci."

"Rigoletto" again is a perfect mine of well-known airs, like "Donna Mobile," the famous quintette and Gilda's aria. There is hardly a scene in "Carmen" which does not produce a number well known on the concert platform. The overture itself is constantly done by bands, and the "Toreador" song is one of the most popular ballads ever written. Then there are Carmen's "Habanera" and "Sguidilla," Jose's "Rose" song and the two lovely arias of Micaela. No wonder "Carmen" is the most popular of all French operas. "Martha" is not so frequently done as these works, but it contains one immortal lyric "Last Rose of Summer," and there is not a bar of it that is not melodious and that has not been filched by other composers.

The selection of this year's opera repertoire was definitely based on the public love of melody and in engaging his singers Impresario De Feo has been awake to secure youthful, resonant voices that could make melody tell in a large auditorium.

Mona Bates, the Canadian pianist, has decided to remain in Toronto until about January 1st, when she plans to return to Europe for further study and concertizing.

Frank Concerse Smith, violinist, will be at his study at Nordheimer's, 220 Yonge Street, after September 1st.

Mr. Frederick Warrington, who in the seventies and eighties was recognized as the premier bass-baritone of Toronto, paid a flying visit to the city last week, in order to exchange greetings with old friends. Mr. Warrington is now the soloist and choirmaster of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church at Port Richmond, Staten Island, New York City. He proceeded to Montreal, and will spend a few days in that city.

Mr. Harold West, one of the most brilliant of the younger school of Canadian pianists, has been appointed to the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music as assistant to his own teacher, Mr. Ernest Seitz. Mr. West, who has already won an enviable reputation throughout Canada as a solo artist, will continue his studies under Mr. Seitz during the coming season, and is also arranging periodical visits to New York in order to play before the world-'renowned' virtuoso, Lhevinne.

Lucia Fydell, the English contralto, has returned to Toronto after her vacation and is resuming her classes at the Canadian Academy of Music.

MUSIC ELSEWHERE.

St. Louis' ten weeks of the Municipal Opera in Forest Park came to an end on the last Sunday in August with a Summer's record of 323,031 paid admissions and 102,000 free seats filled during the season of sixty-eight performances. Total receipts of the ten light operas in open air were officially stated at $295,738.25, which exceeded by $98,188.75 the box office returns of last year. The Municipal Opera is organized under a non-profit charter and the surplus each year must go back into better productions and plant. From a previous Summer's surplus a sound amplifier was installed, a free chorus school continued and six $500 scholarships established.

Princess Yourievsky, daughter of Czar Alexander II., appeared at the Coliseum in London for a week, where she sang French, English and Russian songs. In conversation before her appearance with a representative of the Morning Post she said that she was hoping also to give some Russian folk songs. She has been much handicapped because all her music had been lost in the revolution and her subsequent departure from Russia, and she had been compelled to set down the melodies herself, as far as she could remember them. She has a number of provincial engagements to fulfill, including one with the Liverpool Philharmonic in December. With regard to the memoirs of her father, Princess Yourievsky said that she and her sister were utterly opposed to the publication by M. Markoff of the intimate details and political secrets contained therein. Unknown to them he had obtained permission to publish from the Princess' mother just before her death in February last year.



LEONARDO DEL CREDE
The tenor, who will sing the roles of Manrico and Don Jose with De Feo Grand Opera Company at the Exhibition this week.

A letter from Richard Strauss is quoted in the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna, in which he describes a performance of "Mefistofele" that he heard in Milan under Toscanini as "magnificent" and Toscanini as "a wonderful conductor." He adds: "I invited him to conduct at our opera house in Vienna whenever he would. At present he cannot. Orchestra and chorus splendid. The mise en scene of the 'Walpurgisnacht' something to see, especially in the movement of the chorus and the lighting. Good ensemble singers, but no noteworthy voices. Toscanini complained to me that the few Italians of the first class are in America. In the Autumn the director of La Scala will come to Vienna."

Strauss sailed from Genoa for South America, where he is to conduct. Franz Schalk, also of Vienna, has been in Buenos Aires and conducting German opera with great success.

Ernest Newman heard a new string quartet in London by W. T. Walton. It has been selected for performance at Salzburg in the International Music Festival. He says: "Perhaps there is something in the Salzburg air that enables one to bear with equanimity what is painful in London; but if the whole week of the festival is to be devoted to chamber music like Mr. Walton's, I for one shall not spend many sleepless nights tossing on my couch and reproaching myself for having gone elsewhere for my holiday. Whether Mr. Walton has anything at all in him it is impossible for me to say on the basis of this one work, which is the only thing of his I know. Here, at any rate, he seems to me to be trying to run before he has learned to walk. He is not very clear as to what it is he wants to say, nor as to how to say it."

Before Walter Damrosch left Paris for America, according to the Figaro, he announced his decision to give six symphonic concerts in Paris next Spring, devoted to the works of Beethoven. He will have an orchestra of 100 players and eminent virtuosos and singers and an "imposing choral mass." Mr. Damrosch will offer the receipts of these six concerts to the Association of Pupils of the Conservatoire of Paris to aid in founding a home for musicians. There will be a committee composed of Parisian and foreign notables to assist in this scheme. The concerts will be given in the Theatre des Champs Elysees.

Mr. Sokoloff, the conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, will be back again in London next February. He is taking three weeks' leave then specially to go to London and conduct the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall on Feb. 13. His program will include the Beethoven seventh symphony, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and a modern work. During Mr. Sokoloff's absence from Cleveland his place will be taken by Dohnanyi and Enesco.

Mr. Sokoloff while in London this Summer was busy studying the works of modern English composers, and the result is that he is taking several works back for the Cleveland Orchestra to play. These include the Vaughan-Williams Fantasia for strings on a theme of Tallis, Goossens' "By the Tarn." Bax's Symphony and works by Bridge and Bantock. Frank Bridge is to conduct the Cleveland Orchestra in October. Mr. Sokoloff has a high opinion of English string players and has engaged Arthur Beckwith to lead the Cleveland Orchestra.

When the Carl Rosa Opera Company comes to life again in London under its new proprietor, H. B. Phillips, there will be a new infusion of ballet in its veins. Mme. Lydia Kyasht has been brought in to develop the ballet dancing. Miss Aline Phillips, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the proprietor, is to be principal dancer, and her partner will be George Wolkowsky, formerly of the Russian Ballet. The season opens at Richmond (Surrey) in August.

"The Carl Rosa Opera Company has been bought by Mr. Phillips. What it will be in new hands is, of course, a matter of surmise at present," says a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. "Mr. Phillip's record as regards concerts is enough to satisfy us in respect of singers. But opera does not establish itself firmly when it has to its credit only a few good soloists. Stage, chorus and orchestra—orchestra above all—are departments the value of which has often been underrated, especially by the Carl Rosa in past years. What the new proprietors intend to do in this line is not known at present, although this may be the deciding factor in the new Carl Rosa's fortune. But they have a golden opportunity if they can secure the services of the one who knows more than any other Englishman about opera and all that belongs to it—Sir Thomas Beecham. The loss British opera suffered when this company was demobilized has never been made good. All the valuable experience he had gained, all his splendid energy and talent, have been for years lost to the public. There are, no doubt, others who have done well in opera—most of them young men who had the benefit of his training. But he would be invaluable as adviser and conductor to a new company needing, as new companies do, firm guidance and stimulus."

Numerous correspondents are given "warm weather space" in the London Daily Telegraph to deplore the neglect by orchestral conductors of Elgar's greater orchestral works. It is freely stated that the failure to perform the two symphonies, "Falstaff", and some of the overtures is nothing short of scandalous. There is complaint that instead of these a surfeit of Tschaikovsky, represented by the fifth and sixth symphonies, and the "contortions" of Stravinsky is provided. It is hinted by some that the deterrent is the heavy performing fees demanded by Elgar's publishers. Others believe that it would be impossible to get an audience to listen to Elgar's symphonies. One correspondent gives this suggestion: "Let all the Elgar enthusiasts in London run two concerts at Queen's Hall, one conducted by Dr. Adrian Boult, the other by Sir Landon Ronald (these two conductors have championed Elgar before). The program should be modeled on lines similar to the following: First concert: Froissart Overture, Incidental Music to 'King Arthur' 'Cello Concerto, First Symphony. Second concert: Overture Cockaigne, Falstaff, Violin Concerto, Second Symphony.

"Both concerts to have a manly interval for beer. The two concerts would cost somewhere about £1,000. Are there 1,000 Elgar enthusiasts who will each be willing to subscribe £1 for four tickets, all seats to be allotted in order of application, any profit received beyond expenses to be returned to subscribers?"

Mme. Charles Cahier aroused great interest in Berlin by her performance as Azucena in "Il Trovatore," at the Grosse Volksoper. She left the others in the cast far behind her in dramatic intensity and vocal quality.

Die Musik, before the war one of the most substantial of German musical journals, appearing as a magazine twice a month, has reappeared after a long suspension due to war conditions.

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THE EDITORIAL PAGE

The Toronto Sunday World

Toronto Sunday World

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The Convict on the Hearth.

Not long ago an American traveller returned from China with a couple of Chinese bandits as servants. And quite a fuss was created when a high American official from a neighboring state came into Ontario on a fishing trip attended by two convicts on parole.

Solution of the servant problem has been sought in many different ways but the average housewife, however hard pressed, might think twice before drawing upon the bandits and convicts to relieve the situation. It is quite possible that men of good character might sometimes find themselves forced by environment into prison or even a life of outlawry, but ordinary people must confess to a prejudice against those whose past career shows them susceptible to impulses calculated on occasion to prove embarrassing.

Most citizens cling blindly to the idea that the regeneration of those on whom the heavy hand of the law has been laid may be accomplished without receiving them into the immediate family circle. Experiments by Americans who think otherwise will be followed with sympathetic interest—from across the border.

Safety First.

A party of thirteen poker players in a northern mining town were held up by a guest returning from a fancy dress ball and robbed of several hundred dollars. The unexpected guest arrived with a loaded gun.

The incident only goes to show how careful one should be in inviting guests to fancy dress balls. An ex-burglar who finds himself elaborately disguised and behind a mask is liable to fall into his abandoned ways again, greatly to the embarrassment of the community.

Hitherto the mischances associated with fancy dress social affairs have been confined solely to the sphere of the romantic or the sentimental. The memorable Kirkland Lake hold-up illuminates a remarkable extension of the danger area and warns all writers of books on social etiquette to revise their list of instructions for ambitious hostesses, to the end that this nefarious conduct may spread no further.

Conscripts and Volunteers.

A Western Premier was tendered a vote of thanks for his presence at a certain conference. He replied: "Don't thank me. It's part of my job and I'm getting bigger pay for it than I ever got before. Besides, I like the job and I'm going to hang on to it as long as I can."

This gentleman merely put into words what the average high-placed official puts into thoughts. The burden and abuse inseparable from a political career would make the life intolerable for any man who did not have a liking for it.

Those imposing figures which remain on the pedestal with the spotlight turned on while yearning in public for the ease and comfort of inconspicuous life usually find that the kind-hearted voters take them at their word and retire them to the obscurity from which they sprouted. Democracy is self-respecting always and adopts conscription only at times of extraordinary peril.

THE MILL RUN

"OUR HERO."

In accordance with an annual custom established some time 'way back about mid-Summer, 1922, we visited North Bay recently, and found the air still faintly echoing rumors of Leo Rogers, the man who, as one hitherto despondent realtor told us(put North Bay on the map, and put her good. We made a pilgrimage, something less than pious, to the grave of this double murderer, and noted that, with one exception, it gave evidence of more recent and lavish care than any other in St. John's Cemetery. The handsome headstone is supposed to have been the inspiration of Miss Rogers, and announces that "Our Hero" was the son of John and Ellen Rogers and died at a certain age on a certain date. Otherwise it is bare of particulars.

* * *

There is "ample room and verge enough the characters of hell to trace," on the unoccupied part of the slab. The passerby might have been interested to know that Leo Rogers murdered two men in cold-blood and tried to murder others; that both the men he killed were slain in performance of their duty, and had always been held in esteem by the people of the North Country; that Rogers was a Pole to whom this Canada offered her generous opportunities, and that he was a cold-blooded degenerate, whose only sport was cruelty. An illuminating footnote would have recalled that the North Bay Council urged his release from Kingston Penitentiary, and that this Council is now reluctant to pay its offered reward to the man who brought him to justice, or maintain a sufficient police force.

* * *

It is true that these details might somewhat have weakened the chiseled tribute to "Our Hero." The fact that Rogers is buried in unconsecrated ground will have its own significance to those who believe that where a body decomposes is of importance. But we did not notice that the earthly whereabouts of any of the other corpses in the cemetery, consecrated or not, had inspired their friends to give them post-mortem rank as heroes. Our own view is that nothing is of less importance to a man after he is dead than the disposition made of his bones and what is said of him. But what is said on Rogers' tomb is addressed not to his bloodstained wraith, but to those who read it. We wonder if the bishop of the diocese would have been roused to effective protest had the epitaph contained the text:

"Go thou, and do likewise"?

It is commensurably easier to know how one might have made a fortune than to know how to make one. The difference is like that indicated by the man who was fascinated by a slight-of-hand performer and sought a private audience.

"Well," said a friend, "did he show you how the tricks were done?"

"Yes, he did," said the other, "but he didn't show me how to do them."

So we report with some wistfulness, that a good way to have won a fortune would have been to make a wicked bet on a sinful pacing horse named Single G. This abandoned creature has been in 117 races of which he has immorally won 76, and in all his guilty career has been outside the money only four times.

* * *

It is, I think, difficult to examine the subject with impartiality without coming to the conclusion that the historical evidence establishing the reality of witchcraft is so vast and so varied that nothing but our overwhelming sense of its antecedent improbability, and our modern experience of the manner in which it has faded away under the influence of civilization, can justify us in despising it. The defenders of the belief, who were often men of great and distinguished talent, maintained that there was no fact in all history more fully attested, and that to reject it would be to strike at the root of all historical evidence of the miraculous . . . The subject was examined in tens of thousands of cases, in almost every country in Europe, by tribunals which included the acutest lawyers and ecclesiastics of the age, on the scene and at the time the alleged acts had taken place, and with the assistance of innumerable sword witnesses. The judges had no motive whatever to desire the condemnation of the accused; and, as condemnation would be followed by a fearful death, they had the strongest motives to exercise their power with caution and deliberation.—Lecky.

LABOR DAY



Labor Scores Triumph In 1923 A Big Job, Well Done.

VISITORS to Toronto at Exhibition time will notice that this city has been provided with a modern system of street transportation. They will not know just how it was done or who did the work. The drawing of the two men would suggest to a citizen the great causes behind a great achievement.

If visitors look closely they will go away convinced that many factors have entered into the work. Faddists might give all the credit to commissions, or labor, or engineering, or public ownership. But many things must work together for good before so great a good results. Toronto's trolley system was achieved by co-operation.

On Labor Day one element in this great constructive success may well be honored. Labor Day, in the broadest sense, is not the day of unionism, or of the open shop, or of any other ism. It is the day when muscle and its dogged application to life's problems comes into honor. Labor Day is more than a parade and speeches. It is an occasion that becomes significant only as the citizens and visitors pause to consider some great example of that spirit which found expression in these words:

"My father worketh hitherto, and I work."

* * *

BETWEEN September 21, 1921, and Labor Day, 1923, the aching backs of thousands of Toronto workers—and their civic faith—have evolved something very fine out of chaos and tumult.

Toronto people, living in the midst of change, do not realize how much has been wrought in less than two years. Yet those who pause may ask themselves one question:

How many strikes do I remember in connection with this work?

In the making of steel and mining of coal in Cape Breton and Pennsylvania the strike is periodic, if not chronic. But on the Toronto job there were none worth remembering.

Surely it would be worth while to consider the differences and the causes therefor.

It is obvious that the poorest man who heaved old paving bricks into a truck on the Toronto job hoped soon to ride on a better roadbed in a new car. More imagination would be required if the miner or steel worker were to visualize himself riding on the railways or automobiles that he was making possible.

Then there is the pride of possession. Many of the Toronto workers, being ratepayers, were part owners of the enterprise in which they were engaged. Even the poorest of them would share in the use and practical possession of the reconstructed and extended system.

The job caught the imagination of the worker and made him thrill as a soldier of the common good. Public ownership is a passion with most men in Toronto. Of course, there was some slacking on the big job, but, amid the glare of electric welders, the sputter and fierce throb of pneumatic picks, the clatter of cement mixers, the roar of trucks, the men fought on, stooping, pulling, holding, lifting, carrying, enduring as if they already saw a greater city of their own fashioning, the child of their faith and brain and brawn.

* * *

SOME say that Labor did it or Management. The truth is that white collars and overalls worked together. And it is just as important to recognize that they worked in a common faith and purpose, for a finer Toronto and in confidence that with pencil and pick they were making that city.

There is a very old opinion that labor by the sweat of the brow is a curse. The Creator did not think it beneath His majesty to fashion the world and its creatures. Is not man more godlike in this creative toil that makes cities better places than in that grasping after wealth which breeds industrial troubles?

The cynic may say that the men were too "hard up" to quit the job. Well, men often strike against a hard fate and willingly accept a harder fate.

It was public ownership that did it, says the enthusiast, but there have been great tasks in public ownership, where strikes have been repeated, stubborn and on a large scale. There the men were not citizens of a proud metropolis, but denizens of barracks, just chunks of labor, wops, or hunkies, or dagoes, used, cast aside. And on their part they failed to obtain any vision of their task.

A city is a unit which can command the practical and active loyalty of its inhabitants more quickly and intensely than can a sprawly country like Canada. That is one consideration in favor of Toronto. Another is that in the decisive stages a great man, the late Fred R. Miller, directed the men.

So long as Toronto can produce the leaders and the men of faith and energy she can maintain full confidence in her destiny.

Edgar Lee Masters' New Verses SPOON RIVER EPITAPHS



Samuel Deloafield.

She adored me at first;
She blushed and stammered in my presence at first;
She praised my strength and knelt to my power at first,
And then gradually she was more at ease,
Less worshipful, and a little critical,
Until she treated me as an equal,
And then as her possession, her servant.
And do you know what it means?
Every woman is a Delilah, who cannot rest,
And never stops until she knows the secret
Of the strong man's strength.
And she will tell his secret to all the world,
And belittle him to the populace,
If he tries to escape her.

Hofflund the Cobbler.

Henry Bennett's were white and veined;
And Daisy Fraser's rough and ruddy;
And Elliott Hawkins' breathed with lungs;
And Abner Peet's were small as a lady's;
And Flossie Gabanis' thick and stubby,
And each one had a taste of his own
To hide a fault or stress a beauty.
Petit the Poet loved thick soles;
And Mrs. Williams loved bronze leather;
And Margaret Slack a shoe that was loose;
And Lucius Atherton high-heeled boots;
And Jefferson Horward heavy brogans;
And Pennewit the razor toe.
But who do you think (I'm telling secrets)
Had a foot like the god Apollo?
It was no other than Garrison Standard—
And he had a face like Marat!

Lautra Santini.

He was at least thirty-five,
And I was fifteen—
And he kept looking at me,
Looking at me whenever we met.
One day while he was looking at me,
I saw the vision of celestial beauty in his eyes.
Beholding him thus so bewitched
By mortality as plain as mine,
And remembering the hole in my stocking
I smiled at him.
In that moment I comprehended
Why Beatrice smiled at Dante!

Thomas Nelson.

There were two surpreme moments in my life:
First, when amid applause
I ascended the platform of power
As president of the county board.
Second, when I sat alone, ill, half speechless,
In an anteroom before the beginning
Of my successor's inaugural.
And there in that moment of passing out
To have Henry Cabanis,
Who had fought me all my term
And defeated my plan for good roads
Connecting the townships—
To have him appear at the door,
Brisk as a dwarf, glittering with victorious malice,
Notched and elfin as a frosted oak leaf.
Bitter with nut gall—
To have him appear and ask with bland contempt:
"Any final directions?"

John Misja.

So many ways, and tell me what is the best:
To gain the whole world and lose your own soul;
To gain part of the world and to keep part of your soul?—
Always in such case the part which moralizes and dictates
And is paid for it;
But to lose the whole world and to gain your own soul,
Free, pure, just, loving high truths and liberties,
But enduring loneliness and poverty therefor—
That is to live the doctrine of Jesus,
And to die in the poorhouse as I did,
And as everyone will, who gains his own soul!

Gerald Loveman.

My daughter disobeyed me,
And eloped with the man I hated.
And that began the hateful sequence
That brought me here.
But when the mists cleared up from my mind,
As the heat of earth and life grew cool,
I saw that it wasn't merely this man,
But that I should have hated any man
Whom she desired in the marriage embrace,
And who desired her!

Victor Brothers.

Many along the way will smite to see you;
You will be dined.
Hundreds may rise to defend your name;
Some will lend you money.
But you will be blessed above the lot of millions
If in a tragic hour of falling down,
In daze and torture of soul, unable to think,
Or even to utter the word of your need, some hand
Unlocks the door of escape, when you have hurried
From door to door, finding them fastened or false.
You will be blessed if the wise, great friend appears
In that hour of your sorrow, and thinks for you,
Until you rise to strength of mind again
To think for yourself!

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Wisdom of the Editors

UNAVOIDABLE.

Butler, N.J., Argus: Due to the large number of ads. in the paper this week, there are a couple of births that will have to be postponed until next week.

FAITH.

Hamilton Herald: The merits of the Canadian banking system is conspicuous when disaster overtakes a bank. Holders of its notes lose nothing, and rarely do the depositors suffer any loss.

NOTHING NEW.

St. Catharines Standard: In Berlin eggs are taken for payment of theatre seats. This isn't the first time on record when eggs have been taken to a theatre.

MOTORING ITEM.

Detroit News: After taking 21,000 photographs, two British scientists have succeeded in getting the picture of a collision between two atoms, each accusing the other, probably, of not having held out its hand.

THE REAL HOME BANK.

Hamilton Spectator: Suspension of another Canadian Bank will doubtless create renewed faith with some in the old stocking as a family treasury.

THE HORRORS.

Ottawa Journal: Gasoline price war convinces John D. that Sherman was right.

GUARD BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SUMMER

The summer months are the most dangerous to children. The complaints of that season, which are cholera infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentery come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly to banish them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during hot weather as Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

Letters to the Editor

THE CAFETERIA GAME.

The Editor,
Toronto Sunday World:

Cafeterias with dishes of food from which patrons choose as they pass along should be careful to see that the prices of these dishes are clearly marked and in sight. Many times, a person selects a number of of dishes and finds himself called upon to pay much more than he wants to expend. Owing to the manner in which diners are served the public takes all the chances, and very often loses out in the game.

THREE A DAY.

CATNIP AND DOGGEREL

CONDUCTED BY RUB.

SIC 'EM, BIRDIE! !

The cat-birds chant their squeaky lay
And scrap with vicious glee,
Commencing with the break of day,
Their rumpus waking me,
As in my summer bungaloo
I cuss, and wish and pray
That there were little dog-birds, too,
To chase cat-birds away.



QUITE SEW, EH?

Even after a hole in a sock has been mended it is very often what might be called a darned nuisance.

GOT A MATCH?

Matches are still being sold at war time prices but there are some chaps continually using a lot of them who only know it by hearsay.

LIFE AND DEATH.

An esteemed colleague, who came here recently from the pocket-edition city called Ottawa and the squeezed-in Montreal, remarked that Toronto is so spread about that a fellow is as good as buried in it if he does not possess an automobile. He was admonished to exercise great caution until he got accustomed to the busy crossings, or he might be truly buried in it because some other fellow has got an automobile.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Oh, it is grand to get away
From urban streets and strife,
To take the well-earned holiday
'Mid joys of rural life,
Ten days of which suffice to cure
The annual attack
And resurrect the city's lure
Which loudly calls you back.

STRANGE.

What funny things we sometimes find
When going on a trip.
A man had something on his mind
And it was on his hip.

Theatrical and Automotive Section

The Toronto Sunday World

Theatrical and Automotive Section

33RD YEAR—ISSUE NO. 14,885. TORONTO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1923. 10 CENTS PER COPY—EIGHTEEN PAGES.

The High Cost of Keeping Toronto Cool



Grandma, Enmeshed in Her Yards and Yards of Cloth, Survived Her Summers by Placidly Refraining From Exercises to Make Her Hot---More Fun in Perpetual Motion, Says Miss 1923, Even If It Does Cost More.

By CLARENCE L. BROWNELL, M.A., F.R.G.S.

IT WOULD seem that life was much cooler in the summertime, half a century ago, than it is now—at least living was a cooler occupation. People kept cool by refraining from whatever would make them hot. The rush and the unrest of to-day were seldom seen. There were fewer things to do, and more deliberation in doing them. Home was the young lady's place. Just where the home that used to be now is, is not easy to say, but it was plentiful, even ubiquitous a couple of generations ago. There was no place like it then and surely there is no such place now. In the earlier days, the real meaning of the words was "there is no place like home," now the implication is "there is no place anywhere at all like home."

To-day, home is a place to sleep in, with a quick lunch counter attachment. There is no discipline connected with it. Instead of forming character for the young generation, its own character, insofar as it has any, is quite at the mercy of the young folk. They determine its conditions. Families are made up of individual units that seldom are together, and no one of whch knows what the others are about. It never assembles at family worship. It does not gather round the steam radiator as it once did round the hearth. The hearthstone is among those things that are not. Each unit is little home, but much abroad.

Clubs of a hundred sorts have usurped the attention that the home once held. One might almost say that these associations have absorbed the homes. Creches take care of children. Probably if the present tendencies continue, the children will take care of the creches.

SUNNYSIDE to-day would be wilder a girl from the days of crinoline and bustle. Some of the "attractions" would be terrifying. She never saw a switchback railway. She would have heart failure if she rode on one, and the switch back is modest compared to some of the other "shocking" contrivances, to enjoy which, holiday folk surrender their dimes.

She would hardly know how to comport herself if left quite to the guidance of her inclinations. Her inclinations were under severe restraint ever since she had any. She learned early that inclinations were things to repress, rather than encourage. In fact, according to the teaching current in her day, the fact that she had inclinations was a demonstration of the doctrine of original sin—convincing testimony of her iniquity. She had heard that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth, but at Sunnyside there is no mourning; everything is mirth.

It would mean collapse for the girls of our grandmother's day to try to keep up with the procession of events of which the common or garden flappers are part of to-day. The change from quietude to chaos would be fatal. With home gone and nothing, but "our crowd" and personal inclination to determine the days doings, the liberty and the freedom all now enjoy looks like license to the more sedate.

It is not license; it is readjustment. Contentment, along with the home, has disappeared, and everywhere the world is hunting for substitutes. Perhaps there is no substitute either for home or for contentment, but the quest goes on. The character of this quest, as well as its futility is apparent, when we make comparisons.



1873

THE difference between to-day and fifty years ago shows clearly in the homes that are blessed with the dear old ladies—the grandmothers who were girls a half dozen decades ago.

These dames of bygone days cling to the ways that were in favor in Auld Lang Syne. They do not understand the habits that obtain with their granddaughters. Often, they do not know what these habits are. They have none of the restlessness that possesses young people nowadays. It is not at all impossible for them to stay at home. In fact, they prefer to, whereas this generation frets itself ill if it does not get out.

Consider the contrasts between now and a half century ago, in this summer effort of trying to keep cool. The children of to-day and many of the grown-ups too, keep hot keeping cool. They are as near to perpetual motion as possible, in their quest, and so defeat its purpose. Hot on the trail, but never reaching the goal.

Father, with wife and the "kiddies" who belong to this generation, must get out. "Suffocating here," declares father, the morning of a holiday. "Yes, we'll simply expire if we don't get out" agrees mother. The kiddies of course are keen for it.

With grandma, however, there is no enthusiasm for the outing. Outside looks hot to her. That is where the sun is shining and where most of the heat is. The house inside is fairly cool, and will be quiet too, with the little ones away for a few hours. So grandma elects to remain at home. She knits and crochets in placid comfort, almost motionless, and not at all heated by overeagerness about anything.

Pater familias, on the contrary, and the mater, too, bustle and hurry getting lunches and the children ready. They have to skurry to get the car and travel like goods in a packing case, though far warmer, until they have reached Terminus, wherever that is.

There is more scurrying at Terminus to reach and "locate" in the best place first—though most of the really best places are already in the possession of earlier arrivals at Terminus. Having determined where to eat, and arranged what there was to eat so that it would be accessible right through the day, the cry for pop and for cones is loud in the land. Ma, pa, and the kiddies are keen for cones. So are all the people at Terminus, which might in reality be Sunnyside, and this suggests figures — figures that demonstrate conclusively that the quest for coolness is costly.

TORONTO dealers report that the sales of cold commodities are stupendous. In trying to achieve coolness, there is an annual consumption of forty million cones in this immediate territory, while upwards of two million bricks of icecream assist the cones. Besides this, there are six hundred thousand gallons of icecream sold in bulk, cones are 5 cents apiece, which brings the Toronto district cone bill to $2,000,000, with a similar amount to represent the cost of bricks and the ice cream sold in bulk.

This is part of the story. Besides ice cream, there is pop in unbelievable quantities. The accompanying figures which appear by themselves in a "box" indicate that there is a very large thirst indeed among "us Canadians." But not only Canadians drink pop at Sunnyside, and Sunnyside is not the only beach. There are the Island, and Balmy Beach, and Scarboro, all of which have plentiful supplies of pop.

Sunnyside draws hosts from over the line, who always advertise its attractions on their return to the States, so that each year sees more of a host for this famous beach to play host to. And Sunnyside is surely some host. It bathes over 5,000 persons on hot days, and is prepared to accommodate 7,700 bathers at a time in its beautiful pavilion, each bather enjoying the privileges of a locker, a spotless towel, a bathing suit (skirt attached) and all the water in Lake Ontario that he can use.

SO THE Sunnyside visitor from the States may tell of the beauties of this beach, its natural attractiveness, which gives it permanent beauty year in and year out, and of those even more interesting beauties which unadorned as to extremities are seen only in the summer season. Grandma would hold up her fan to shield from her dear old eyes the spectacle of this adornment, though it is entirely modest to truly modest minds.

The visitor can tell of the cooling bath outside, and of the cooling cone inside. Of the cooling swing on the airships, and the cooling "swish" of the switchback. He may descant on those hunger appeasers known as "hot dogs" which disappear at the rate of thousands daily.

Grandma knew nothing of "hot dogs" in her day, nor of switchbacks, aerial ships, "dodg'ems", of ice cream cones, of electric fans that have sent the palm leaf into oblivion, nor of typewriters, nor telephones. She had no opportunity to go to the most wonderful annual exhibition in the world, where every year for a fortnight throngs gather to the total of more than a million. There was no crowd in her time, spending thousands of dollars for continuous hours to acquire coolness. Her placid life seems tame to-day, but perhaps it was cooler—who shall say?

"Yes we have no bananas," was right for Sunnyside fifty years ago, nor were there peanuts either, which Britishers persisted in calling "monkey nuts" in those days, (Monkeys in the Zoo were keen for peanuts, in the old homeland). There was nothing to eat unless the visitors took it with them, but there was a beach—and bathing. But it was for men only!

Women hardly ventured even to paddle. If they did go in, they were wrapped up as if for burial at sea, and then hidden away beneath a straw contraption with a brim wide enough to carpet a floor. A bathing suit, sufficiently modest for the venturesome lady bather of half a century since, was superimposed upon her usual lingerie, and was considerably heavier than she would have dreamed of wearing except in winter weather. Besides stockings, high shoes, leggings or trousers, she had on a couple of underskirts, and an overskirt that reached to her feet, and round the hem of which was sewed several leaden weights, to prevent exposure of even the instep. Not so much as a naked toe was allowed to protrude. Even the fishes could not see one, while from the shore all that was visible was the hat.

SWIMMING was out of the question even for the most athletic of womankind enmeshed in yards of sopping flannels and therefore, women did not swim at Sunnyside in the Sixties, Seventies or Eighties. It was alright for male persons, but for the ladies, Society said "Nix." To sit in the shade and not even think, was summer day occupation for the lady of leisure then.

But if there were no "amusement" or "cool" resorts fifty years ago, there were a few reckless spirits among Toronto's womanfolks. The respectables shuddered when talking of them. Gossips spoke of those hussies down by the Don, who actually plunged into the water with little more on than the men wore—just a single skirt, extra perhaps, but not weighted at all. The scandal of it—the actual horror could not be expressed in words. Only the weird, agonizing cry of a lost soul could.

Yet, despite this devilment, these daughters of the Don were healthy, and compared to their more placid sisters who never ventured forth alone, were fair to look upon. Each is a grandma now, and physically, the stock is fine. The criticism of those bygone days has practically turned to applause. The hoydens of five decades ago are now dignified grand dames, who see a society so changed, that the maddest antics of their girlhood would be much too tame for the lightly apparelled maidens on the midnight beaches now.

The young women of to-day will be the grandmothers of the young women of 1975. The stock will be fine. And the young folks of that more enlightened age will laugh amusedly at the description of the crude amusement devices their grandmothers talk of as "in the good old days."



1923



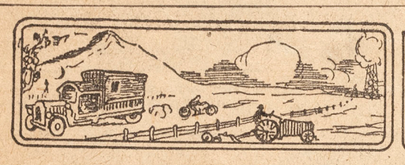
The Cost in Part

Cones, 40,000,000, at 5 cents	$2,000,000
Ice cream bricks, 2,000,000, at 30c	600,000
Soft drinks, 19,400,000, at 5 cents	970,000
Total	3,570,000

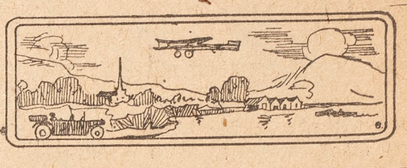
Imagine, almost fifty drinks for every man, woman and child in this city, to be consumed between April and September.

The chocolate manufacturers have no figures for publication. Fifty years ago these confections were a luxury, indulged in on more or less important occasions by the few; to-day, they are in almost universal use daily. Canadian chocolate makers offer a product probably not excelled in any other country.

No figures for the chief amusement resorts are available. But anyone watching the crowds any nice day or night at Sunnyside, the best appointed centre in Canada, will not doubt that the money spent this way will be large. Last year 101,000 paid admission to the palatial bath-house at Sunnyside. Average these alone at 30 cents, and the income would be in excess of $30,000, for the three month period the lake water is warm enough to use for swimming purposes.



AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

National Show Inaugurates a New Automotive Era

Models of Some Makes Reveal More Changes in Design Than Were Made From 1914 to Current Year—Static Period in Design Gives Way to One of Transition—The "Why" of the Now Obtaining Unprecedented Values—Industry Gets Out of Straight Production Rut—Record Output is to be Eclipsed Next Year.

The perspective gained by "doing" the National Motor Show for a week but more firmly establishes the verity of the statement that this is the most important and interesting National motor show held on this continent since pre-war days. Not since 1914 has there been a motor show that revealed as many minor and major refinements to chassis and superstructure of new season models. Certainly none has revealed so important innovations and radical departures. The extent of changes seen in some 1924 models as compared with their immediate predecessors exceeds the combined changes made by succeeding yearly models of the some makes in the period from 1914 to 1923—and the end is not yet.

The models scheduled for announcement at an early post-show date contain no less important changes—and more than one surprise—than the 1924 models on display at the show.

Changes, especially basic changes, in models are costly. Why then this epidemic—an epidemic that, mark you, is salutary insofar as the motoring public is concerned for it is providing better, safer, more economical, longer lived, more comfortable and better appearing motor transportation per dollar than ever before—why, this epidemic?

The automotive industry on July thirty-first, finished a twelvemonth in which on this continent alone three million and a half motor vehicles were manufactured. It has entered another automobile year with production schedules, that, in the aggregate, considerably exceed those of the just past year and it exceeded in output any previous year by over a million vehicles! Never has competition been so keen. That, basically, is the answer to the questions; why so profound changes; why such unprecedented values? The same fight for their place in the sun of the motor market presages an era of unexampled yearly revisions to models. It is no verbal hyperbole to declare that the National Motor Show in the Transportation Building and the West Wing of the Coliseum at the Exhibition is an auspicious inaugural of this era of transition.

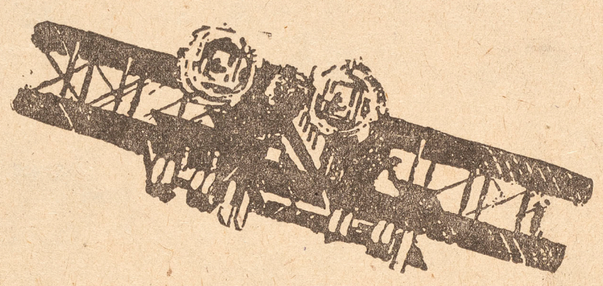
Fine as are some of our present car, those who declare that they approximate the ultimate or the perfect are fatuous—even ludicrous. Short of perfection there can be no ultimate models and to-day the leading automotive engineers are accepting no principle of design as necessarily good let alone best because of long protracted, practice or general acceptance, or the authority of anyone's dogmatizing.

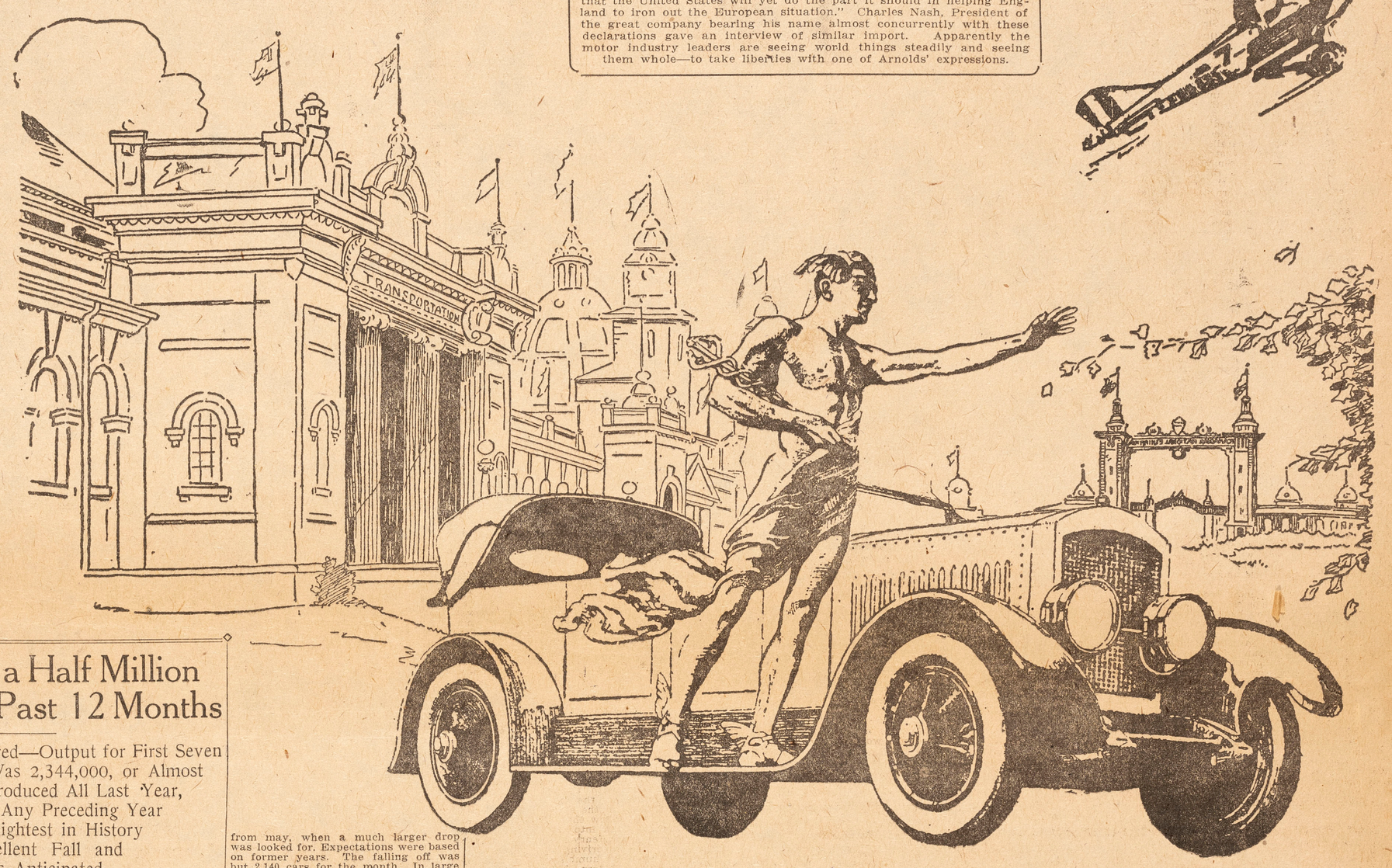
The industry got into a design rut in 1914 and has just succeeded in getting out. Production was the problem that had to be licked—and the industry licked it. In doing so it standardized design making, relatively only trivial changes. Now resales have become a potent market factor so—but why waste space elucidating, what is manifestly obvious.

If you haven't been to Canada's National Motor Show—Go! You will find it the most abundantly worth while motor show ever held in Canada and that declaration is made after having done, we believe all the important motor shows of the Dominion since the initial events in the old Granite Rink and St. Lawrence Market in the wee sma' years of the century. In interest it readily eclipses the National Shows of the United States held in New York City and Chicago in recent years.

It takes more than one or two visits to "do" the show as it merits being done. Those who stroll by, casually giving the new models a mere "once-over" miss the best that the show provides. It would be enervating to the point of utter exhaustion to inspect all the new models in detail in one or two visits.

Motorists and leading members of the automotive trade and industry heard with gratification the announcement that the Exhibition authorities have completed plans for the erection of an Automobile Palace commensurate in appearance and accommodation with the importance of the automotive industry and the public's interest in its products. In this magnificent building will be gathered the now decentralized exhibits of the industry. The Automotive Palace will be the finest automotive show building in the world with display space approximately triple that in the transportation Building. In appearance, finish, equipment, appointments and layout the Automotive Palace will be superior to any of the present buildings in Exhibition City.





Automotive Industry Leaders Favor Closer Anglo-Saxon Co-operation.

"We, who speak the English language—we Anglo-Saxons should stand shoulder to shoulder in composing world affairs for the good of mankind," said Sir William Letts, of the Crossley Company, at the Exhibition. "When the time is ripe we in the United States will not fail, I feel sure to do our part in co-operation with the Motherland to solve the problems so sorely trying a distressed world," declared Capt. Ed. V. Rickenbacker, American Ace of Aces, and vice-president of the motor car company that bears his name. "Where there's a will there's a way and where Britain is there has always been a way," said John North Willys, president of the Willys-Overland Corp. in the course of his speech in Toronto Tuesday. "I sometimes think that our regard for principal is too great and our regard for interest too little," he declared playing with the phonetic senses of the words. "I am confident that the United States will yet do the part it should in helping England to iron out the European situation." Charles Nash, President of the great company bearing his name almost concurrently with these declarations gave an interview of similar import. Apparently the motor industry leaders are seeing world things steadily and seeing them whole—to take liberties with one of Arnolds' expressions.

Over Three and a Half Million Cars Made in Past 12 Months

All Production Records Shattered—Output for First Seven Months of Current Year Was 2,344,000, or Almost as Many Cars as Were Produced All Last Year, and Many More Than Any Preceding Year —Summer Slump Slightest in History of Industry—Excellent Fall and Winter Business Anticipated —General Automotive Industry and Trade News From States.

By F. ED. SPOONER.
Special to The Sunday World.

Detroit, Sept. 1.—There are pessimists nowadays who talk of the dropping off in the automobile business as a warning that the time of saturation has been reached. But such people cannot answer the question:, "Then where are the cars going?" The fact that the July automobile slump was much smaller than usual (August returns are not available as yet); that production for the month was 318,000 cars, or 29 per cent. abave that of July, 1922, and that trade prospects are pronounced good, brings a mumbled reply from the pessimistically inclined. As a matter of fact, a decline was expected in July, but it was moderate compared with other years. July was a month in which all planned for a big drop, due to the record-breaking production of the first six months of 1923. And during July the weekly trend in production was upward, according to figures shown confidentially to the writer. When the pessimist talks saturation to-day, as he talked it a year ago, and the year before that, and a decade ago—yes and nearly a score of years ago—it is but necessary to point to the fact that the year ending July 1 saw 3,525,000 cars manufactured and sold. That is a year's output that is staggering. The output for the first seven months of 1923 was 2,344,000, and the mark of 3,000,000 set for the entire year will be reached and passed. It is interesting also to call to the attention of the pessimist, who will have it that many who are buying cars should not do so on their income, the statement of the head of a big financial house. His business of financing the purchase of cars runs into the hundreds of thousands yearly, and this year doubled all previous figures. He conducts a sales department for the sale of what are called repossessed cars. Yet, in spite of the increase in his business he has never had on hand for sale more than 16 cars, with a good reason in each instance for repossessing each and every one. In several instances it was due to the fact that buyers whom he had financed used their cars for boot-legging and he gave them short shift in such instances. Financial writers state that California, along with two or three other sections, are the bright spots in the State to-day. California's sales for June dropped off only 8½ per cent., from may, when a much larger drop was looked for. Expectations were based on former years. The falling off was but 2,140 cars for the month. In large eastern centres sales fell off, due to the coming in of new models. In one instance where a maker made a special day for the coming out of the new models, a featurer, the number of the visitors in one day ran to 13,500 and sales were record-breaking in proportion. One branch of the company had but 600 visitors and sold 35 cars. In each and every instance where companies have announced and shown their new models in eastern centres where buying had dropped off, the interest aroused brought business far beyond expectations. Indications are that the business in all distributing centres will show record-breaking proportions from this time on as the dealers and distributors place on view the most recent models. Such facts placed before the pessimistically inclined individual whose wish was probably tantamount the statement he made usually results in a mumbled reply and an instant change of the subject of conversation. There is not a thing the matter with the industry as a fact and things never looked brighter than now. The automobile business is to-day supreme in American industry without a doubt.

When Alex. Y. Malcomson passed out recently one of the most picturesque men of the automotive industry was lost. Malcomson O.K.'d the bills of Henry Ford at the start and took a financial interest in the company. This interest was placed at a quarter share. Malcomson had an employe by the name of Couzens. He took this man—now Senator Couzens—off the job of car checking and placed him in the Ford plant to watch the Malcomson interests. Later Mr. Malcomson became dissatisfied with the way things were going, and demanded of Ford that one or the other sell. Each had a quarter interest. Ford suggested that they write a proposition to sell, and Malcomson did so, and Ford read it. Then Henry said, "Sign it." And Malcomson did so. Ford had it witnessed and then turned and wrote a cheque for $150,000, and thereby was passed up a fortune variously estimated, but which might have reached a half-billion dollars. Malcomson wanted Ford to build an air-cooled car. After breaking with Ford, Malcomson bought out the Aerocar in Detroit, and lost all he had taken out of the Ford company. So he returned to the business he knew—coal, wood and building materials, and prospered.

Lon. R. Smith has been appointed general manager in charge of sales and advertising of the Lubac Corporation, of Chicago, manufacturers of Lubac, a combustion compound for addition to gasoline. Mr. Smith has served in the past as Western representative of the Eiseman Magneto Company, as sales manager of the Buda Company; as vice-president of the Mid-west Engine Company, and consulting engineer of the Bishop and Babcock Company.

"Jack" Prince, "Billy" Metzger, F. Ed Spooner, W. D. Edenburn and W. S. Gilbreath met with other old-timers some time ago in the Detroit Athletic Club. Prince had come on from Altoona, where he is completing a speedway. Detroit, to him, is a magnet, and it is his plan to build a speedway in the hub city of motordom. But Detroit does not warm up, for it has been trimmed on one speedway project. Prince had several consultations, and talked old times with Metzger, Spooner and Gilbreath. The splendid physical condition of Prince, after his more than thirty years of track building, and a life-time of six-day bicycle racing on the high wheel, prior to '90, brought many exclamations of wonder from the old-timers. And that brought to mind that the stars of six-day racing on high wheels, when they rode six days and nights continuously, are very much alive to-day.

F. W. Fenn, for five years secretary of the motor truck committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, has resigned to go into the truck business himself. He has become associated with Service Motors, Inc., and will handle the dealership of that company at Rochester, N.Y.

H. R. Hyman has been appointed sales manager of the Stutz Motor Car Company of America, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Fred Wilson. Mr. Hyman will continue in charge of advertising and production.

The Safe-T-Stat Company, of Philadelphia, is planning a national advertising campaign to popularize its thermo-electric temperature indicators for gasoline engines. The product will be marketed under the term "Safe-T-Stat."

Overwhelming approval of the R. H. Collins management and the contract under which he is working was registered at a special meeting of stockholders of the Peerless Truck and Motor Corporation, of Cleveland, at its principal offices in Richmond, Va., August 16. Only 50 out of 207,835 shares represented at the meeting were voted in opposition to the Collins management. A total of 134,925 shares representing the

Continued on Page Nine.

NOT MONKEY GLANDS.

"To what, sir," asked the reporter, interviewing Methusaleh, "do you ascribe your longevity?"

"Well," said Methus, "for one thing I've never been a jaywalker."

Unprecedented Progress Forecasted in Car Desigr.

Charles F. Kettering, Automotive Engineer in Charge of General Motors' Experimental Laboratories, Declares That Fundamental Progress in Design in Next Five Years Will Equal All Improvements Made Since Advent of the Motor Car—

Many months ago the Automotive Editor contributed an article to Canadian Motorist in which the declaration was made that the cars of a score of years hence will resemble the current models less than they resemble their predecessors of two decades ago. The article was reproduced in full in the two most widely circulated motor magazines published in the United States as well as in the automotive sections of a number of leading newspapers of the continent. Not unexpectedly it provoked some adverse criticism that in some instances reeked with sarcasm and ridicule. The critics averred that the modern motor car was all but perfect and that such changes as would be made in the future would be merely refinements of present practice and design. Perhaps they did not deem it significant that not a single engineer supported them in their contention or that they had not the foggiest notion of what is going on in the great automotive laboratories of the world. Probably they had never heard of the Lancia frameless flexible axled car, the Austro-

Continued on Page Nine.

Rickenbacker, Irving and Letts at Exhibition.



From Left: Captain E. V. Rickenbacker, American Ace of Aces, former racing champion of the world, and now vice-president of the motor company that bears his name; George T. Irving, vice-president of the C.N.E., and Sir William Letts, president of the Crossley Motor Car Co. and Willys-Overland-Crossley Ltd. of Great Britain, largest distributors of motor cars in the British Isles and Europe.

At the Willys-Overland Convention.



The proceedings of the convention are briefly discussed elsewhere in this issue. Standing at head table from left: T. A. Russell, A. E. Ames, John North Willys, E. R. Page, Sir William Letts, Lloyd Harris, and John Marlow.

Following the Civic Reception.



Snapped on the City Hall steps following the civic reception given to Captain "Eddie" V. Rickenbacker, American Ace of Aces, former racing champion of the world, and now vice-president of the company that bears his name. From left: W. S. "Bill" Smith, Rickenbacker distributor; Captain E. V. Rickenbacker; Mayor "Alf" Maguire, and A. A. Leys, sales manager of the Rickenbacker Co. for Canada.

Motor Industry Leaders of England and U.S. at Show

Sir William Letts, Charles Nash, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and John North Willys, Internationally Famed Automotive Industry Leaders Among Many Distinguished Visitors From Other Lands Who Attended Canada's National Motor Show During Past Week — A Verbal "Close Up" of America's Ace of Aces.

Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, American ace of aces, with 27 German planes to his credit, some time champion racing driver of the world, and vice-president in charge of sales of the motor car company bearing his name, is perhaps the most picturesque of the several chiefs of English and American automobile companies who visited Canada's National Motor Show during the past week. "Charlie" Nash, Sir William Letts and John North Willys are among the world's automotive leaders who did the "Ex" during its first week. It is no disparagement of these great potentates of the world's greatest manufacturing industry to say that great as is their appeal to the public imagination it is second to that of the man who in automotive sports, in automotive war, insofar as the United States is concerned, won the premier place before gaining an almost parallel eminence in the automotive industry.

As Rick with a patience reminiscent of that of Job, answered a thousand questions, mostly fatuous, at the Rickenbacker exhibit Monday afternoon one recalled having met W. C. Durant similarly engaged two years ago, and Henry Ford with the same considerate unhurried patience doing likewise back in 1905 and 1906.

If there is one thing more than another that is of virile charm in the automotive industry leaders generally it is their ingenuousness, their simplicity, their utter lack of swank or side.

The following verbal "close-up" of "Rick" is by our good friend W. A. P. John in Motor.—Ed. note.

"I tell you," said the vociferous gentleman from somewhere out West, "it was the softest graft I ever heard of. He comes back from France, the big hero of the war, plastered with more decorations than a Polish wrestler, and he goes the Chamber of Commerce throws him a banquet where the big business men fight to shake his hand and call him 'Eddie.'

"Give him the keys to the city, and declare school holidays so the kids won't play hookey to see him. Great stuff.

"Then when it all begins to die down, a couple of automobile men get to him and make him a proposition. 'Look here, captain,' they say, 'you've given away a lot of publicity that's worth money. Now, we're building a car—a good snappy-looking job. And maybe we can call it the Rickenbacker if you listen to reasonable terms. You give us the name, we will raise the jack and form the company, and give you a job with a good title and a swell salary.'

"You can travel around, meet the trade, glad-hand the reporters, and get pieces in the paper. You have all the fun, see? We do all the worrying, see? Pretty soft, what?'

"And he wasn't crazy, so he took it."

That startling statement (of which I have preserved the phraseology as accurately as my memory serves) took place in a smoking compartment of the Cleveland Limited, Boston-bound. The vociferous gentleman from somewhere out West had one of those personalities that seem to induce argument, so I glanced up from my magazine.

"Is that inside stuff?" I inquired ingenuously.

"Absolutely, brother! I know!"

Well, I knew that he didn't know. Partly because I am quite close to the sound sources of information as concerns the personnel of the automobile industry. Partly because my Uncle Jake Pister had told me all about Captain Rickenbacker—and Uncle Jake had christened him, confirmed him and married him; and partly because a man privileged to have information of such characters knows enough not to release it in a Pullman car.

"So you are a friend of Captain Rickenbacker and he told you?" I asked, registering innocence to the extent of my ability—

"Er—not exactly, but—"

"Then it must have been Mr. Everitt?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Everitt, the President of the company."

"No. Say what's the big idea?" he blurted, sensing that he had talked himself into a hole.

"It's just this, brother," I returned, falling easily into the camaraderie of the road (and proceeding to lie with utter abandon) "I happen to represent the Rickenbacker Motor Car Company. I know Captain Rickenbacker personally. We fought together in France. (Perfectly true, although the one time I saw him, he was some 3,000 feet above me). And I want to know who gave you the preposterous information you have just spilled. Because if he is in our organization, he is going to lose his job!"

How perfectly it worked! An uncomfortable silence settled upon the four occupants of the polished leather seats. The vociferous gentleman from somewhere out West squirmed uneasily. I, myself, felt none too pleasant, having succeeded in creating a most uncomfortable situation.

"Er-er—well, you see, I got it from a fellow who—" he fumbled pittifully, and was so abjectly miserable that I rose, and tossed away my cigarette.

"I understand, sir," I said, pompously, marching for the curtained door, "it wasn't inside stuff, at all. It was just damnable gossip!"

In the diner, the following morning, he refused to recognize me. If he is a reader, I hope I never see him again.

But I was glad that the incident had occurred. I had been wanting to interview the unbelievable busy vice-president of the Rickenbacker Motor Car Company, and now I was doubly anxious. I resolved to run up to Detroit the very first time that Captain Rickenbacker would be there for a few hours.

The following day was Sunday, and Sunday in Boston offers little scope for entertainment to the casual stranger within its gates. Since the automobile show was responsible for my presence in the city, I was giving over the morning to reading the automobile sections of the papers. A headline popped out at me—a line which stated that Captain Rickenbacker had arrived in Boston the previous night. Instantly I leaped from bed (a confession!) called the Copley-Plaza, was told that he was registered and asked to be connected with his room. What luck! Instead of enduring a dreary morning, I could spend it with a man who had a reputation for talking interestingly. At the same time I could save a trip to Detroit.

He answered the telephone. I identified myself, explained my desires, and rang in Uncle Jake's name for good measure. The latter must have turned the trick. For Captain Rickenbacker chuckled, and began to think aloud:

"Let me see—it's half past ten now. I've got a meeting with the salesmen at 11.30, lunch at 1.00. At 2.30 I'm going to——. Make it 4.00 in the lobby, Mr. John. How's that?"

That was fine.

And at four-thirty he hurried in from the storm outdoors, and made for the desk, glancing around enquiringly. I introduced myself, and we went to a room where we smoked his Camels and talked.

There is something wonderfully boyish about the internationally famous ace-president of the Rickenbacker Motor Car Company. I suppose it is his eager enthusiasm—his impulsive gestures, his shy deprecating smile when he talks about himself. His resemblance to Ring Lardner is amazing. Both have the same high forehead, aquiline nose, dark eyes and swarthy complexion.

On the way down the corridor he began to talk. I hadn't told him much about the purpose of my visit. And he logically supposed that what I wanted was one of those canned interviews for which he is asked everywhere he goes. So he began to feed me solemn platitudes—the age-old "work and win" recipe, garnished with a few remarks about youth and ambition. When we reached the room, he tossed his great coat on the bed, tilted back in his chair, and asked, "Is that the kind of stuff you want?" After I had explained that the readers were interested in him, "Eddie" Rickenbacker, the racing devier, Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, the ace of American aces, and Edward V. Rickenbacker, vice-president of a most vigorously healthy automobile company, a look of actual relief swept across his face.

"Well, why didn't you say so?" he exclaimed. "Now go ahead and ask me what you want."

And I got everything I wanted—except covering the period of the war. And on that he would not talk. I tried several leading questions and managed to get him to tell how he had bulldogged his way from driving General Pershing's car to a pursuit plane. But as to his exploits in the air—nothing. Naturally, he was not so cross as to refuse any question pointblank. He simply nodded his head, started to answer and then adroitly changed the subject.

I confess his refusals did not dishearten me. I knew that I could obtain a world of information on Captain Rickenbacker, the Ace of American Aces. It meant a little more work and the consulting of a few more authorities, but the pleasure of meeting a modest hero was adequate compensation.

No comprehensive sketch of Edward V. Rickenbacker, sales executive and engineer, can gloss over the years he spent as a racing driver, and over the battle lines of Europe. And this is true simply because those two periods are largely responsible for the success which attends his work to-day.

On certain phases of these two periods I am going to lay what may appear to be unusual emphasis. I do so with a reason. And that reason is simply this:

The high romance of his racing career, and his deathless exploits as an aviator have overshadowed the more conservative and substantial—if that is the right word—side of his character. So naturally many people hacve allowed themselves to fall into the erroneous belief that Edward V. Rickenbacker is not an automobile man in the orthodox manufacturing and merchandising sense. Yet every man who knows him, knows that he is; that he has been intimately connected with automobile selling and automotive engineering for twenty years; and that when the Rickenbacker Motor Company was formed, he brought to it an inordinate amount of bed-rock experience, which enables him to meet the most mature of his associates on common ground, and win their respect by the soundness of his opinions.

So let us go back twenty-odd years, and start with the career of Eddie Rickenbacker, the little self-confessed roughneck on the streets of Columbus, Ohio, and follow the course that eventually led him into the automotive industry when Henry Ford and Alexander Winton were driving racing cars.

The son of humble parents and one of seven children, he spent his early boyhood days getting into trouble with amazing ease and getting out of it with even greater facility—thanks to the same lucky star that seems to have guarded his life when he was at the wheel of a racing car and at the stick of a fighting plane.

When he was three, he was struck squarely by a street car, and went flying into the gutter, whence he picked himself up and ran home uuhurt to hide behind the bed.

When he was seven he managed to catch his foot in a railroad frog, and escaped death beneath the wheels of an approaching train, only because his father rushed up and jerked his foot out of the shoe in the nick of time.

At ten, he and his gang constructed a crude coaster down the side of a one-hundred and fifty-foot sandbank, laid tracks and built a car on which the crowd all could ride. When Rickenbacker's mother heard about it, she forbade Edward to endanger his life. Naturally, the next day, he fell beneath the car, which ran over his leg and bruised the bone so deeply that he still bears the mark. For several hours he lay in the sand, suffering excruciating agony; and then went home and concealed his hurt until the proverbial sister let the cat out of the bag and brought down upon him the full measure of parental wrath, in the shape of a broad slipper. On another occasion, he and his gang broke a dozen newly erected street lamps and ran afoul the law.

Of biographical value, these boyhood escapades have little, except to show the pure deviltry in the boy that later became pure cool-eyed daring in the man.

Then came that shadow of death which so frequently turns the imp of the household into a solemn-eyed little fellow, ready to help his mother carry the burden of keeping the family intact. His father died.

He left school in the seventh grade, and his first job was in a glass factory, where he put in twelve hours a night, six nights a week, for the princely sum of $3.50. For six months he endured the work. Then one morning, at three o'clock, he quit abruptly, walked several miles to a foundry, and got a job making cores for a dollar a day, and began work at 6.00 a.m. He had decided that the job which he could not find interesting he would not keep. And in several weeks core making began to pall. So he tried making soles and heels for a shoe factory. That lost its charm, too, and then he tried his hand at bottling beer in one of Columbus' numerous breweries.

His next job was a peculiar one—one that revealed an unknown trait and an unrequited dream in the man who led the American Aces. He found work in a monument factory, engraving names and designs and flowers on tombstones. That was Art! And he dreamed of becoming an artist, a painter, or a famous sculptor. That his dream was not entirely a fragment of a juvenile imagination is indicated by the fact that he started out at a dollar a day and was offered $3.50 a day when he left, a few months later, inasmuch as he had been filling, at the age of 15, what was considered an expert stonecarver's job. But his mother, fearful of the dust, and worried about his somewhat consumptive appearance, urged him to change to more healthful work. So he gyrated first to a planing mill, then to a woodworking shop, then to the shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and finally to a garage.

In those days (it was twenty years ago) getting into a garage was anything but a sinecure. Simply because garages were few and far between. But there was a little repair shop in Columbus where expert care was given to one Locomobile steam car, one curved dash Oldsmobile, one Waverly electric, and a score of bicycles. And in that garage, young Rickenbacker was determined to get! So at night he studied the newly-published garage man's course of the International Correspondence Schools—he being, by the way, the only graduate of that famous institution I have met to date in my peregrinations among the higher executives in the automobile industry.

Finally, he convinced the proprietor that the time was ripe to increase the force, and that he was a logical addition. The first thing he did was to learn how to operate the various cars, which were, I gather, sort of permanent patients of the garage. This he did by waiting until the proprietor went out, and then running the cars back and forth on the repair floor.

From this stage he progressed to driving them around the block, and from then on it was only a short step to driving them about the streets of Columbus. With his aptitude for machinery, he rapidly grew to be an expert mechanic—one of the best in Columbus; and until the latter part of 1914 he remained a garage mechanic. Then he made an important step. He went to work for the Frayer-Miller Air Cooled Car Company, where he spent two years in the engineering department, and almost as long a time in the various manufacturing departments.

To a majority of readers the above is probably the first inkling they had that there ever was a Frayer-Miller Air Cooled car. Nevertheless it was a good one—so good that it was far in advance of its time, and failed. Its principles were precisely those of the best known air-cooled car to-day; it had been designed by Lee Frayer, one of the soundest engineers among the pioneers in the industry. And to Rickenbacker, as Frayer's assistant, fell the task of building, with his own hands, the first fan of the type still used on air-cooled automobile motors.

After the two-year stretch at Frayer's elbow, where sound fundamentals were easy to absorb, Rickenbacker was sent out into the factory, and worked on carburetors, fans, steering gears, axles and motors. More valuable experience!

In 1907 he followed his chief to the Columbus Buggy Company, then building electric and large-wheeled buggies that were propelled by a two-cylinder air-cooled motor. There by an unusual mechanical ability, especially that of diagnosing engine trouble and being able to replace bearings with unbelievable speed, he attracted the attention and kindly interest of A. H. Firestone, the president of the company.

The following year, the company began to build the now famous Firestone-Columbus car. The first car went out on its road test with Rickenbacker at the wheel. After production had commenced, a number of cars that had been shipped into the Dallas territory developed heating trouble, and Rickenbacker was sent out to locate the trouble, ameliorate it, and pour oil on the troubled waters.

After installing new pumps in every car in the district, he received orders to remain and take over the sales work there. And for two years he traveled the length and breadth of Texas and Louisiana, meeting dealers and distributors, and learning to know the peculiarities of those individuals on whom the success of any automobile manufacturer ultimately rests. Part of his job was helping salesmen not only sell cars, but sell the idea of self-propelled transportation. In his spare time he kept the sold cars running.

So marked was his success that he was sent out to the company's important branch at Omaha in 1910, from which point he directed sales activities in Iowa and Nebraska.

At this point, we must retrace our steps to bring to light one phase of Captain Rickenbacker's activities, which from this time assumed important proportions, namely racing. Back in 1906 he had ridden as mechanician with Lee Frayer in the Vanderbilt. That the car—a monster with four cylinders, measuring 8¾" x 7", burned up, is only incidental. Thereafter, with increasing frequency, he had participated as an amateur, in small races with more or less success—all of which, of course, was only local.

But after being transferred to Omaha, he sensed the advertising value of racing. So he began to drive the company's cars on the dangerous half-mile dirt roads that are to be found at almost every fair ground in the Middle West. In a single Omaha meet, in 1910, he won the first eight out of nine events, and retired from the last at the request of two dealers who wanted to settle for once and for all, the question as to which was selling the better car.

During the years between 1910 and 1913, he was not only actively concerned with matters of distribution, but in his racing, was being confronted with a multitude of engineering and mechanical problems. Those were the days, you will recall, when racing had a more important purpose than that of furnishing thrills. Motors and other chassis parts were being developed and tested under those gruelling conditions which are obtained only by driving at high speed.

So it logically came about that Rickenbacker, admirably constituted for the exhausting grind of handling a racing car, and possessing a fund of ideas that he felt could only be worked out by concentration on designing, building and driving of racing cars, resigned from the Columbus Buggy Company, and made racing his profession.

Naturally, his work of designing and building racing cars threw him into intimate contact with numerous staffs of engineers, all of them brimming with new ideas and eager to subject them to the acid test of racing. And it is not illogical to assume that many of these ideas were filed away for further thought in Rickenbacker's brain—which, after all, constitutes experience.

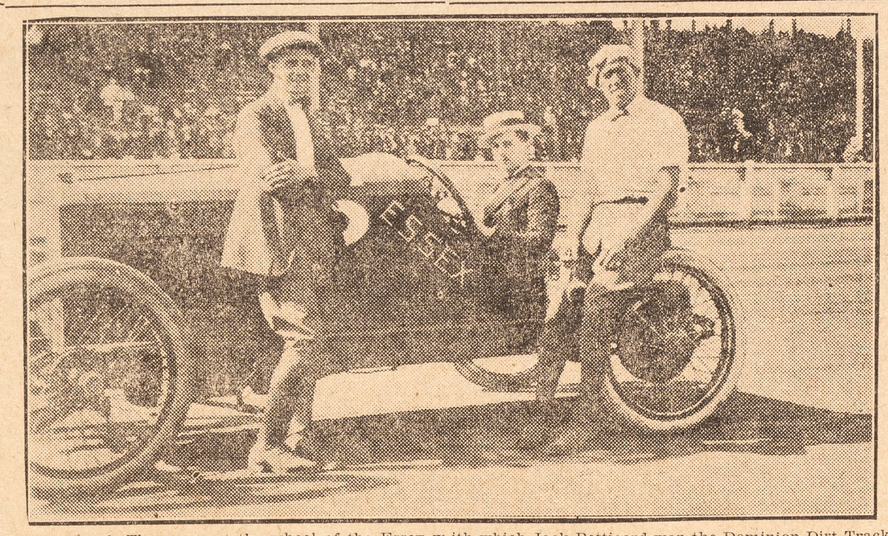
As to the more romantic side of his racing career, the side that had to do with the racing cars, the excited crowds, the acrid smells of gasoline and oil, and the starter's checkered flag—that reads like a catalogue of the famous racing events of America.

His most notable victories include the Sioux City, Iowa, 300-mile event, on three occasions, the Fourth of July 550-mile sweepstakes at Tacoma; the first and second 300-mile events at Omaha; the 300-mile Metropolitan trophy at Sheepshead Bay; the 100-mile sweepstakes at Indianapolis; the 300-mile race at Des Moines; the Ascot Park sweepstakes at Los Angeles. And there are scores of shorter and less important events in which he crossed the line a winner.

When the American Government severed diplomatic relations, Captain Rickenbacker was in England, working with the engineers at the Sunbeam plant. His stay there had not been entirely pleasant, thanks to his fine Teutonic name, and the suspicions of the British secret service, which not only endeavored to keep him from landing, but searched his possessions and

Continued on Page Eleven.

Wins Dominion Championship



Harry Afcraft Thompson at the wheel of the Essex with which Jack Petticord won the Dominion Dirt Track Championship on the "Ex" oval Monday afternoon. This is the fourth consecutive year in which the championship has been won with an Essex. Sig. Hagdahl drove to victory four years ago. The following year and last year Lou Dishrow captured the championship laurels.

VAUXHALL WORLD'S GREATEST SPORT CAR.

Recently on Brookland's speedway, Major Ropner by driving his stock Vauxhall 30-98 at a rate of speed of over 105 miles per hour shattered the world's speed record for stock cars. Vauxhall stock cars during the past year have taken more "firsts" than cars of any other make. All Vauxhalls are now equipped with the Lanchester harmonic balancer and so are the only four cylinder cars in the world perfectly balanced mechanically. Thus it is not surprising that the Vauxhall models in the Transportation Building at the "Ex." are a centre of attraction.

WHY TAKE FOOL CHANCES?

At Railroad Crossing, trying "TO BEAT THE TRAIN" has cost 9,101 lives during the past five years alone. A little thought will convince you that you cannot give a good reason for taking such a "fool chance", and that a few minutes earlier or later at your destination makes no real difference.—Safety League.

NASH

Nash has not raised prices a dollar —yet Nash has greatly increased value (1914)

New Models on Display at the Exhibition

See the Good Maxwell "PACEMAKERS"

During the Exhibition

Several of the good Maxwell "Pacemakers" now demonstrating Maxwell performance in Canada, are in Toronto for your inspection.

They are called "Pacemakers" because the Maxwell is *setting the pace* in performance, in appearance, in value for your money.

Whether you are thinking of buying a car now or not, we want you to see these "Pacemakers" while you are in Toronto. We want you to learn the reasons for the Good Maxwell's power on hills or in sand, its wonderfully swift acceleration, its remarkable ease of control, its equally remarkable ease of riding.

See the Good Maxwell Exhibit

See the entire Maxwell line of Standard models. *Hear one of the "Chalk Talks" on what constitutes motor car value, given by E. Lester Johnston.* Be *sure* to see the good Maxwell exhibit. View the Turnauto, which will show you "what the road sees of the Good Maxwell". It is on display at both Maxwell showrooms.

Culley, Breay & Dover, Limited

DISTRIBUTORS

Showrooms: 617 Yonge Street.

Service and Parts: 545 Yonge Street

The Good MAXWELL

WHY A SECOND CHOICE?

When you can better afford a Packard

The Superior Motoring Service

of the Packard Single-Six over a long period of years is universally accepted as a certainty.

The Low Operating Cost

of the Single-Six has been fully proved by experience. Owners tell us of averaging 18 to 23 miles per gallon of gasoline and of getting 12,000 to 20,000 miles from their tires.

The Low Maintenance Cost

is assured by Packard fineness of manufacture, and by the low service charges which result from the extreme simplicity of the Single-Six.

Superior Service *plus*
Low Operating Cost *plus*
Low Maintenance Cost *plus*
High Re-sale Value

equal Economical Motoring

Why Buy a Compromise Car

when you can get better service at lower cost with a Packard? We will give you honest value for your present car and you can

Pay for Your Packard Out of Your Income

without disturbing your capital. Let us tell you how.

Packard-Ontario Motor Company, Ltd.

TORONTO: 18 Bloor St. E HAMILTON: 43 Main St. E.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Canada's Automobile Exports Up--Those of States Are Down

Returns For June Just Released Reveal Decrease in Number of Automotive Vehicles Exported From the United States and an Increase of Thirty-five Per Cent. in the Number of Passenger Cars and 44 Per Cent. in the Number of Trucks Exported From Canada—India Needs Kerosene Marine Engines—Franco-South American Airway Planned.

Although the total value of automotive products exported from the United States during June decreased slightly, the proportion of motor cars and trucks exported remained at slightly over eight per cent. of the production, according to figures compiled by the Department of Commerce. The total value of automotive exports for June amounted to $15,977,441, as compared to $17,092,041 for May, a decrease of about six per cent.

One of the conspicuous features of the month's figures is the increase of about five per cent. in the value of passenger cars exported, in spite of a slight falling off in the number. While the value of trucks exported declined slightly, this decrease is much less noticeable than that of the number exported. The number of cars exported from Canada, however, increased approximately 35 per cent. and the value increased only 14 per cent. The increase in number and value of truck exports from Canada was approximately 42 and 44 per cent., respectively. The large increase in the Canadian exports can be explained by the fact that exports to Australia, Great Britain and New Zealand markets, which take principally Canadian make cars, have shown the greatest growth.

An important decrease occurred in the value and number of engines for cars and trucks which were exported during June, as compared with May. The June exports amounted to only about 50 per cent. of the previous month. There was also a decrease in the value of parts and accessories, exclusive of tires, amounting to nearly 17 per cent. The decreases in these two items account in a large measure for the falling off in the total value of automotive exports which occurred during June.

India Needs Marine Engines.

Manufacturers of gasoline marine engines of the smaller types, who can either convert such power units to the use of kerosene, or build engines expressly for this fuel, will most certainly profit through these changes in both India and Burma, where wide markets offer themselves. With high prices of gasoline, caused by high import and excise duties, the use of this motor fuel has been discouraged for commercial purposes. A 50-foot boat, recently installed with an 8-cylinder, 85-115 horsepower gasoline motor, was sold three or four months later because of its heavy and costly fuel consumption. Some manufacturers have sold a so-called kerosene engine, which, in reality, is simply a gasoline engine fitted with a kerosene vaporizer manifold. The results have not been as satisfactory as in the case of engines made expressly for the use of kerosene. Another important feature of the market of India is that the ignition system most favored and usually insisted upon is the high tension magneto. The most favored makes of marine engine are British, the most popular being the Colvin, Brooks and Aster. These all use kerosene exclusively and are slightly higher in price than Canadian and American power units.

Sale in Quebec Large.

Dealers in automobiles in the City of Quebec are enjoying one of the best seasons ever experienced. Not only have more cars been sold than before, but there has also been more of the higher priced type called for. According to official figures recently given out, the number of cars per head of population is greater here than in any other town in the province. This Quebec, with a population of only one-eighth of that of Montreal, has more than one-quarter of the total number of automobiles in Montreal. The figures for Montreal and Quebec are as follows: Montreal, 22,000 cars; Quebec, 4,250 cars. As regards motor trucks, Quebec has 350 and Montreal 5,900. Sherbrooke is listed third with 1,815 motor vehicles registered. The Quebec figures indicate that there are some 600 more automobiles in Quebec City this year than there were at this time last year. In greater Toronto there are approximately double the number of motor vehicles in the two Province of Quebec cities combined.

Hydro-Airplanes in France.

Airplane makers in France at present are turning their attention to the manufacture of hydro-airplanes for passenger - carrying purposes. The "Chantiers Aero-Maritime de la Seine" has recently exhibited their type 33-t, capable of carrying a load of one ton, flying at the rate of 80 miles per hour, at an altitude of over 2,000 feet with one idle motor.

Marcel Besson has made a successful flight in his new hydro-airplane, said to be the largest in the world, having a total wing spread of 225 square meters. The machine is a quadruplane and is driven by four motors of 260-horse-power each.

Shipping Free.

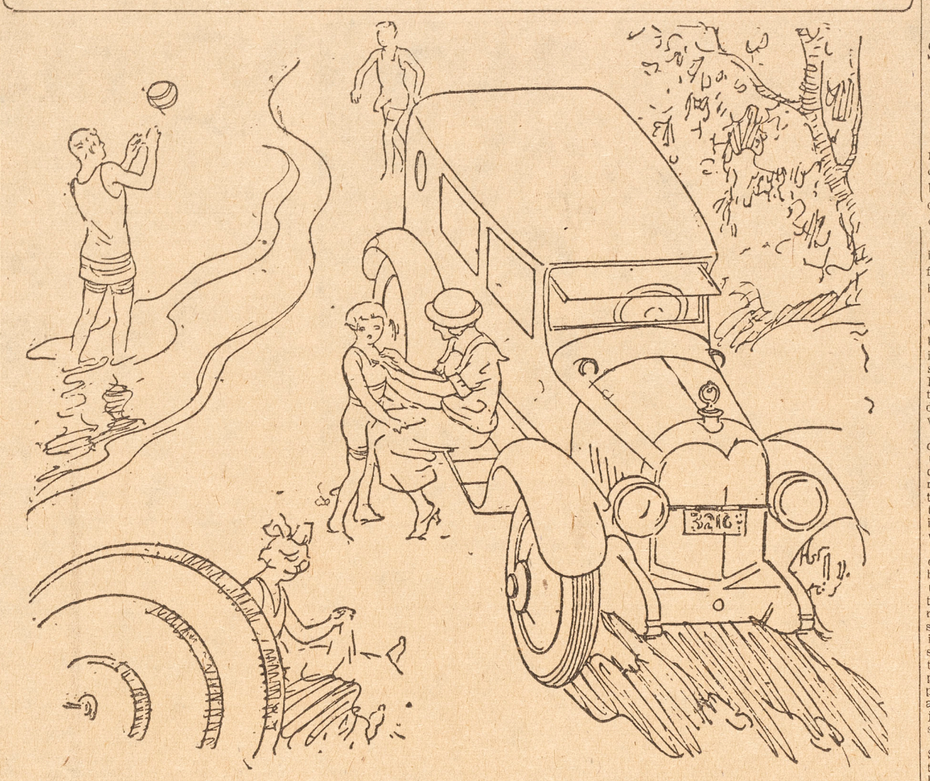
The Central Motors, Limited, representing the Arrol-Johnston cars of English manufacture, have announced for the benefit of residents of British Malaya going to England on leave, that if they buy a car of this make while at home, the manufacturers will pack it and ship to Singapore free of cost at the end of the buyer's leave of absence.

Franco-South American Airway.

A new line has been opened between Bordeaux and Lisbon, which is intended to be the first stage of the airway to South America.

A convention was entered into by the director of the French Service of Aerial Navigation, on behalf of the Government, with the French Roumanian Company to determine the conditions under which the Government will subsidize a regular service between Paris, Prague and Constantinople, and between Paris and Warsaw. The French and Dutch Governments have approved the text of a provisional arrangement for air-lines between France and Holland.

Yeah, Let's



How Chandler Keeps Driver Comfortable

Couples Ease of Control With Full Ventilation of Driving Compartment.

Almost every evening in the Summer nowadays, Mrs. Average Motorist calls on the so-called head of the family for relief from the heat. "You've just got to take me and the children out for a ride—we're just stifling on this hot porch!" says she, and Mr. A. M., though feeling pretty cool himself, puts on his coat and drives the car around, and off they go.

Returned home, Mrs. A. M. and the children sigh with contentment. Not so, maybe, Mr. A. M.

"Whew!" says he, "I'm hotter'n when I started."

It's a fact that but little attention has been paid to the comfort of the driver in hot weather. Hot driving compartments, super-heated floor boards that burn his feet, and the exertion of steering and gear shifting, are just a few of the things that make it anything but pleasant for the driver.

The designers of the new Chandler, with its Pike Peak Motor, gave unusual attention to driving comfort with the hot weather in mind.

In the first place, they planned the Pikes Peak motor itself so that it cannot be made to boil under the stiffest climbs or hardest going. It makes the entire ascent of Pikes' Peak, for instance, without boiling. One of the greatest sources of warm weather discomfort, a furnace-like engine, thus is eliminated.

Next, the Chandler engineers relieved the driver of that painful discomfort, hot floor boards and pedals. The exhaust of most engines is discharged at the rear of the motor block, and the exhaust pipe must be carried close to the floor, which soon becomes unbearably hot. The Chandler overcomes this by leading the exhaust from all six cylinders forward, close to the radiator, then down and to the rear far below the floor boards.

Of course, the engine is efficiently warm when operating and the driving compartment would warm up were no provision made for its cooling, but every model of the Chandler has a cowl ventilator, opened or closed by operating a knob on the instrument board. With the ventilator raised, it deflects a sweep of fresh air down through the cowl, effectively ventilating the front compartment.

It is often remarked that the passengers in the rear seat get more air than those in front. To give the driver opportunity to enjoy all the breeze he can stand, the Chandler windshields are made so that they can be readily opened. The lower half may be tilted back, toward the driver, and the upper half raised outward, a combination that distributes the air equally.

Ease of steering, provided by the use of roller bearings on the steering spindles, and ease of control without exertion, made possible by a motor so powerful even at low speed that gear shifting is all but eliminated, help to keep down the temperature, and certainly the temper, of the driver.

In the closed car, easily operated windows offer nearly as much space for the circulation of fresh air as is had in the open cars.

In short, Chandler engineers say that they have not only produced the cool-running motor, but have made the entire car so adaptable to hot weather conditions that every car can have a cool-running driver as well.

BROOKS STEAMER ATTRACTIVELY SHOWN.

An exhibit in the west wing of the Coliseum that is attracting much attention is the first Toronto built Brooks steamer. Its pedestal mounting is a striking means of displaying a truly symmetrical car.

New Dodge A Very Much Improved Car

Appearance and Riding Qualities Have Been Greatly Enhanced.

Many important and interesting changes have been made in the 1924 Dodge models.

Riding comfort has been notably improved by the new underslung rear springs, which are ten inches longer than formerly, and by extending the wheelbase. The front springs are much more resilient, and the front axle has been changed to promote ease in steering.

The body is lower, with straight lines; doors are wider, seats deeper, with wider cushions, and the gear and brake levers have been moved forward to provide more foot room. Headlamps and fenders have been improved in appearance, and the windshield has better provision for wet weather.

A combination stop signal and tail lamp and a transmission gear lock are now standard equipment. The new steering wheel is more attractive, with a corrugated rim, which provides a better grip.

To lessen carbon accumulation and to increase acceleration and power, a new design of piston is now employed. It has been in use for sufficient time to enable Dodge Brothers' officials to say from experience that it does produce the desired results.

While numerous desirable improvements have been made, they all follow thoroughly tried design, and the dependable power units upon which Dodge Brothers' reputation has been built are still to be found in this car, so that it is reasonable to expect the same economy and reliability combined with greater comfort and convenience, and smarter appearance.

Some automotive engineers have declared that the 1924 Dodge has more improvements than have been made collectively in all previous Dodge models since the initial ones.

When making preliminary examination of the inside of a casing make chalk marks on the bead opposite injured place found, this will facilitate relocation of the injury and enable the proper placing of an emergency boot, if one is used.

Pits or sunken places appearing in tube repairs are generally caused by air pockets forming during cure; a piece of holland placed between tube and tube plate during curing operations will eliminate this trouble.

Pastel colors and delicate shades of automobile bodies will not stand the sun and bad weather so well as the deeper tones.

Tells Why Packard Has 4 Wheel Brakes

Strive To Match Single-Eights' Acceleration With Deceleration Efficiency.

Since the Packard Motor Car Company announced its new Single-Eight car, the question of four-wheel brakes has been one which has aroused much discussion in automobile circles on this continent.

Officers of the Packard, as pioneers in the field in this country, believe that for a car of the Single-Eight type extra braking facilities are indispensable.

"The great power of the Single-Eight, with its rushing acceleration and the possibilities for harder and faster driving than that of other cars, made necessary greater braking power," said Dr. H. H. Hills, vice-president of distribution of the Packard Company, while discussing the general question of four-wheel brakes.

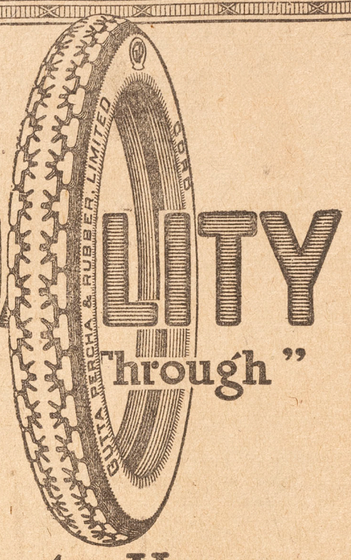
"Owners of Single-Eights," Dr. Hills continued, "are persons who demand the utmost in luxurious riding, power and control under any and all weather and road conditions. The fastest acceleration possible which was demanded had to be accompanied by something equal in the matter of deceleration, and four-wheel brakes were the result.

"We tried out brakes actuated by hydraulic pressure and systems operated by rods, and after all our tests decided upon brakes operated by steel cables, thus giving the best in equalization—the minimum in adjustments, and in necessity for making them, and the maximum in positiveness of operation. Use of steel cables, for instance, gave us a safety factor of 20 to 1 under the maximum pressure that can be applied to the brake pedal. It also incidentally did away with a large number of extra connections and joints necessary, with rods and the resultant rattles.

"There are three equalizers in the Single-Eight braking system. One maintains a constant ratio of 42 to 58 in braking pressure as between the front and rear sets of wheels, and the other two equalize the pressure of the two front and the two rear wheels, respectively.

"Systems for braking on all four wheels, if they are to be a success, must have this positive and constant equalization which will maintain the same pressure on each set of wheels, and which will give a greater pressure to the rear wheels than to the front wheels, without possibility of any failure. Four-wheel brakes, if they are to operate successfully, must also be perfect in their basic design and be manufactured with the best in workmanship and of the highest quality of materials."

"QUALITY All Through"



That's How "GUTTA PERCHA" CORD TIRES Are Made

GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICES & FACTORIES—TORONTO

REO

REO engineering has always been the admiration of motordom, not for spectacular flashes or radical theories, but for minute research and painstaking thoroughness. Soundness of design and sincerity of manufacture have meant far more than body lines and bright colors.

No motor vehicle can be manufactured by machinery alone. There are necessarily thousands of hand operations, and the more skilled the operator is the better the operation will be performed.

Expert knowledge—individual craftsmanship—is vital in such phases of car building, and Reo prefers to instill the knowledge rather than take it for granted, realizing that a thoroughly trained force of workers is an asset, and an inexperienced organization a liability.

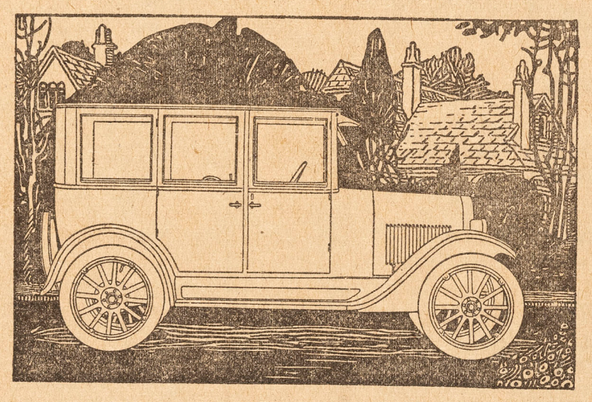
Reo Motor Sales Co. of Toronto, Limited
593-595 Yonge St. Randolph 7891-2

Reo Motor Car Co. of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

People Now Demand Fully Equipped Cars

All over the Dominion there is a steadily growing demand for fully-equipped quality cars, low in first cost and economical in upkeep.

Motorists are realizing more and more that unless all the conveniences and extras, so essential to



motoring comfort, are included, first cost is no real indication of the real cost of a car.

Naturally they turn to Chevrolet. It is a complete car in every detail. Everything they could want is on it when they buy. Nothing further is needed but the license.

Mechanically Chevrolet is equally desirable. It is sturdily built for all driving conditions. The engine is powerful, easily controlled, and unfailingly dependable. Quality is built into every part of its mechanism.

With all this, Chevrolet is the world's lowest-priced fully equipped, quality car. Not only lowest in first cost, but the most economical in operation of any car built.

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO. of CANADA
LIMITED
Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited
OSHAWA and WINNIPEG
Dealers wanted in territories not adequately covered.

CHEVROLET
for Economical Transportation

C-3223

GARRETT MOTOR COMPANY, 2574 Yonge St., Hudson 0777.
GILES, RICE & PETERS, LTD., 2494 Danforth Ave. Grover 2124.
A. D. GORRIE & COMPANY, LTD., 354-360 Victoria St., Main 5000.
DUNCAN, MISKELLY MOTORS, LTD., 2215 Queen St. E., Gladstone 0433.
H. C. TOMLIN MOTOR CO., 791 St. Clair Ave., Hillcrest 5296.
FRANK ANDERSON, LTD., 844 Bathurst St., Trinity 7425.
DUNDAS MOTOR SALES, LTD., 2295 Dundas St. W., Junction 2451.
MOTOR SALES & MACHINERY CO., LTD., Lake Shore Road, Port Credit, Phone 130.
BEARE BROS. & CLAYTON, Markham.
S. J. COLLACUT, Pickering.
J. T. FARR, Weston, Ont.
P. C. HILL, Richmond Hill, Ont.

See the New 1924 Chevrolet at the Canadian National Exhibition

Automobile Prices in Toronto To-day

The Toronto Sunday World, in co-operation with the automobile dealers, herewith presents to its readers, the *actual selling prices*, delivered in Toronto, of a number of leading cars.

THIS BRIEF CHART WILL PROVE VALUABLE FOR FUTURE REFERENCE, BOTH TO PROSPECTIVE AUTOMOBILE PURCHASERS AND THOSE ASSOCIATED WITH THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

The Sunday World commends to its readers a careful study of the announcements made below by a representative number of automobile dealers of the city, confident that these will be of great value to all who are contemplating the purchase of new cars.

Prices Quoted Are Delivered in Toronto

ALL TAXES PAID

CHANDLER

Five-Pass. Touring - $2,395
Seven-Pass. Touring - 2,650
Royal Dispatch - 2,945
Chummy Sedan - 2,895
Metropolitan Sedan - 3,695
Seven-Pass. Sedan - 3,850

All prices in Toronto, tax paid, including spare tire & bumper.

METROPOLITAN MOTORS LIMITED
22-26 TEMPERANCE ST.
Main 6800

CHEVROLET

Touring - $ 789
Roadster - 773
Coupe - - 1,005
Tour. Sed. - 1,182
Sedan - - 1,204
Superior Chassis - 611
Superior Ton Chassis - 797

All prices include Sales Tax and Freight

GILES, RICE & PETERS, Ltd.
2494 Danforth Avenue
Tel. Grover 2124.

COLUMBIA

Standard Touring - $1,460
Five-Pass. Phaeton - 1,595
Special Phaeton - 1,670
Standard Coupe - 2,060
Special Coupe - 2,135
Standard Sedan - 2,395
Special Sedan - 2,470
Hollywood Sedan - 2,695

All prices in Toronto, tax paid, including spare tire. Special models include steel wheels and other extras.

METROPOLITAN MOTORS LIMITED
22-26 TEMPERANCE ST.
Main 6800

DAVIS

Built of the Best

Davis Prices

Touring $1895
Legionaire 2295
Roadster 1895
Brougham 2495
Coupe 2695
Sedan 2695

F. O. B. Toronto, Tax Paid.

R. C. TODD & CO.
205-207 Victoria St.
Phone Main 0630

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Touring - $1415.00
Roadster - 1385.00
Business Coupe - 1667.42
Business Sedan - 1987.81
Type A Sedan - 2216.65

DELIVERED IN TORONTO. TAXES PAID.

Including Spare Tire and Bumper.

MOORE AND HUGHES
LIMITED
577 YONGE STREET.

DURANT

MODEL "A"

Touring (Standard)	$1,395
Touring (Sport)	$1,490
Phaeton	$1,435
Coupe (Standard), 4-pass.	$1,935
Coupe (Special), 4-pass.	$1,975
Coupe (Business), 3-pass.	$1,790
Sedan (Standard) 5-pass.	$2,035
Sedan (Sport), 5-pass.	$2,150
Sedan (Special), 5-pass.	$2,075
Roadster (Standard)	$1,395
Roadster (Special)	$1,435
Chassis (Commercial)	$1,215

MODEL "B"

Touring (Standard)	$2,290
Touring (Special)	$2,390
Coupe (Standard)	$3,330
Coupe (Special)	$3,430
Sedan (Standard)	$3,530
Sedan (Special)	$3,630

Toronto Durant Company

97-105 Richmond St. W.	Ad.
106 Richmond St. W.	8061-3
St. Clair & Bathurst.	Hill. 8106
745 Danforth.	Ger. 1087

ESSEX

Touring . . . $1635
Coach 1780
Cabriolet . . 1780

F. O. B. Toronto, TAX PAID.

THE
Dominion Automobile Company, Limited
625-629 Yonge St., Toronto,
and
131 King St. West, Hamilton.

FORD

Lt. Chassis.	$380.95
Runabout.	$458.62
Runabout, Lt. Del.	$468.90
Touring.	$501.55
Truck Chassis.	$536.15

Choice of standard or high speed gears. Pneumatic or solid tires on ton trucks. Starting and lighting system fitted to any of above models extra.

Sedan.	$874.42
Coupelet.	$777.84

Closed models are equipped with starting and lighting systems, which are included in above prices.

Watch for Opening of Our New Sales and Service Station

Doyle Motors, Limited
1391 Yonge St., Toronto.

FRANKLIN

Touring - -	$3,200
Sedan - -	4,630
Brougham - -	4,630
Coupe - -	4,475
Touring Limousine -	4,785
Demi Sedan -	3,685

Tax Paid, Toronto.

Franklin air cooling is ideal for Canadian climate. Unequaled riding qualities.

FRANKLIN-WILSON MOTORS, LTD.
522 Yonge Street

GRAY-DORT

Canada's Lowest-priced Six and Lowest-priced Medium Four

GRAY-DORT SIX

Standard Touring	$1,455
Sport Touring	1,635
Special Coupe	2,200
Special Sedan	2,300
Special Roadster	1,560

GRAY-DORT FOUR

Standard Touring	$1,210
Standard Roadster	1,210
Standard Coupe	1,975
Cambridge Sedan	1,730
Standard Sedan	2,075

GRAY-DORT MOTORS, LIMITED
TORONTO BRANCH:
146 King Street West

HUDSON

Speedster . . $2150
7 Pass. Touring . . 2225
Coach 2270
5 Pass. Sedan 3125

F. O. B. Toronto, TAX PAID.

THE
Dominion Automobile Company, Limited
625-629 Yonge St., Toronto,
and
131 King St. West, Hamilton.

JEWETT

STANDARD MODELS.

Touring, 5 passenger.	$1685
Roadster, 3 passenger.	1685
Brougham, 5 passenger.	2125
Sedan, 5 passenger.	2385

SPECIAL MODELS.

Touring, 5 passenger.	$1935
Roadster, 3 passenger.	1895
Sedan, 5 passenger.	2695

These prices include the following equipment on all SPECIAL models:—

One extra cord tire, tube and tire cover mounted on side; trunk rack and trunk (except on Roadster), combination tail and stop light; spring bar bumpers, front and rear; motometer; drum sidelights on cowl; all nickel headlamps; automatic windshield wiper; rear view mirror; sun visor—Marshall type springs and heaters in closed models.

Prices F.O.B. Toronto. All Taxes Paid.

Prices effective Aug. 25, 1923 (Subject to change without notice)

AUTOMOBILE AND SUPPLY LIMITED
100 University Ave., Toronto.
Telephone Adelaide 0746.

McLAUGHLIN

MODELS

24-33 Master Four Coupe (4 passenger)	$2,160.00
24-34 Master Four Roadster (Special)	$1,440.00
24-35 Master Four Touring (Reg. 5 Pass).	$1,395.00
24-35 Master Four Touring (Special 5 Pass.)	$1,475.00
24-37 Master Four Sedan (5 Pass.)	$2,385.00
24-41 Master Six Touring Sedan (5 Pass)	$2,520.00
24-44 Master Six Roadster (Special 3 Pass.)	$1,985.00
24-45 Master Six Touring (Regular 5 Pass.)	$1,850.00
24-45 Master Six Touring (Special 5 Pass.)	$2,020.09
24-47 Master Six Sedan (5 Pass.)	$3,190.00
24-48 Master Six Coupe (4 Passenger)	$3,055.00
24-49 Master Six Touring (7 Passenger)	$2,365.00
24-50 Master Six Sedan (7 Passenger)	$3,525.00
24-51 Master Six Sedan (5 Passenger)	$3,470.00
24-54 Master Six Sport Roadster (3 Passenger)	$2,520.00
24-55 Master Six Sport Touring	$2,610.00

(All prices include sales tax and freight.)

Giles, Rice and Peters, Limited
Authorized Dealers.
2494 Danforth Avenue
Tel. Grover 2124.

NASH

FOURS

Tour (5 pass.)	$1495
Roadster (2 pass.)	1475
Carriole (5 pass. enc.)	1995
Sedan (5 pass.)	2275
Sport Touring.	1895

SIXES

Touring (5 pass.).	1945
Touring (7 pass.).	2295
Roadster (2 pass.).	1925
Sedan (5 pass.)	3340
Sedan (7 pass.)	3555
Victoria (4 pass.)	3125
Four-door Coupe.	3420
Sport Touring.	2625

CULLEY, BREAY & DOVER, Limited
TORONTO
543-5 Yonge St.,
and
HAMILTON
74-78 John St. N.
Distributors.

OAKLAND

MODEL 6-44

Touring.	$1,575
Sport Touring.	1,800
Roadster.	1,530
Sport Roadster.	1,790
Business Men's Coupe.	1,835
Coupe.	2,325
Sedan.	2,425

Including all taxes and license Delivered in Toronto.

WM. PINKERTON
610 College Street.
Trinity 7803.

Oldsmobile

Model 43 A
4 Cyl.

Touring.	$1,504
Roadster.	$1,504
Coupelet.	$2,270
Sedan.	$2,470
Semi-Sport Touring	$1,580

Model 47
8 Cyl.

Touring.	$2,080
Roadster.	$2,080
Coupelet.	$2,860
Sedan.	$3,084
Super-Sport Touring.	$2,638
Sport Roadster.	$2,525

Model 30
6 Cyl.

Prices to be announced later.

A. D. GORRIE & CO., Limited
DISTRIBUTORS
354-360 Victoria St.
Phone Main 5000.

PAIGE

6-70 MODELS

Phaeton, 7 passenger. . . $3875
Brewster Green or Coach Blue
Phaeton, 4 passenger. . . 3875
Maroon or Coach Blue
Daytona Roadster, 3 passenger . . . 4275
Blue Devil Blue.
Brougham, 5 passenger. 4575
Coach Blue
Touring Sedan, 5 passenger . . . 5175
Brewster Green
Sedan, 7 passenger. . . . 5175
Coach Blue
Suburban Limousine, 7 passenger . . . 5475
Coach Blue

These prices include the following equipment on all 6-70 models:

Six cord tires, the two spares with tubes and tire covers carried on sides; double spring bumpers, front and rear; combination tail and stop light; motometer; gasoline gauge on dash; eight-day Waltham clock; automatic windshield wiper; electric cigar lighter; green glass sunshade; rear view mirror; luggage rack; snubbers, front and rear; power tire pump; kick plates.

Prices F.O.B. Toronto. All Taxes Paid.

Prices effective Aug. 25, 1923 (Subject to change without notice)

AUTOMOBILE AND SUPPLY LIMITED
100 University Ave., Toronto.
Telephone Adelaide 0746

PEERLESS

Touring $4745
2 Pass. Coupe 5220
4 Pass. Suburban Coupe. 5550
5 Pass. Town Sedan. . . . 6180
7 Pass. Suburban Sedan. 6485
5 Pass. Berline Limousine 6965
4 Pass. Opera Brougham 7780

F. O. B. Toronto, Taxes Paid.

The Dominion Automobile Co., Limited
625-629 Yonge St., Toronto,
and
131 King St. West, Hamilton.

REO

All Steel Paneled 4-Passenger Coupe. $2,960
All Steel Paneled 5-Passenger Sedan. $3,045
New Phaeton Reo. $2,490
7-Passenger Touring Reo $2,400
"Four Door Brougham" Reo $3,500

All prices F. o. b. Toronto. All taxes paid. Spare tire and bumper included.

Reo Motor Sales Co. of Toronto, Limited
593-595 Yonge Street.
Randolph 7981-2

THE STAR CAR

Red Seal Continental Motor and Timken Axles.
Models:

Touring (Standard)	$ 690
Touring (Special)	$ 790
Coupe (Standard)	$ 930
Coupe (Special)	$1,030
Sedan (Standard)	$1,025
Sedan (Special)	$1,125
Roadster (Standard)	$ 646
Roadster (Special).	$ 746
Special Phaeton	$ 935
Commercial (Light Delivery)	$ 690
Panel Body, Style 504.	$ 825
Panel Body, Style 506.	$ 815
Canopy Top, Style 510.	$ 800
Canopy Top, Style 508.	$ 785
Stake Body, Style 505.	$ 770
Stake Body, Style 507.	$ 760
Chassis	$ 570

MASON ROAD KING

Chassis, No. 30	$1,883
Stake Body, No. 206	$2,140
Express, No. 213	$2,115

All prices inclusive of Sales and Excise Taxes.

TORONTO
DURANT COMPANY
97-105 Richmond St. W.
'Phone Ad. 8061-3.
106 Richmond St. Ad. 8061-3.
St. Clair & Bathurst. Hill 8106
745 Danforth. Ger. 1087.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Model 64.	Delivered.
5-passenger Touring	$1,870.00
Roadster	1,870.00
4-passenger Coupe	2,550.00
5-passenger Sedan	2,891.15
5-passenger Country Club	2,770.00
Model 67.	
7-passenger Touring	$2,269.00
7-passenger Sedan	3,287.05

OVERLAND

Model 91.	
5-passenger Touring (Black)	$ 775.30
5-passenger Touring (Grey)	810.30
Roadster	775.30
Coupe	1,190.35
5-passenger Sedan	1,260.35
Commercial Chassis.	632.15
Model 92.	
Bluebird	$1,071.80
Redbird	1,071.80
Redbird De Luxe	1,235.00

Above prices include all taxes. Delivered Toronto.

WILLYS-OVERLAND
LIMITED
TORONTO BRANCH:
100 Richmond St. West

Motorists Waste 25 Per Cent. of "Gas" That They Buy

N.M.A. Issues Report on Comprehensive Survey of Wide Disparity Subsisting Between Prices of Gasoline in Various Parts of the United States—Canadian Crude Petroleum Yield Only, Approximately, 3 Per Cent. of Gasoline Consumed in the Dominion—Is Price Cutting Due to Forced Liquidation of Superfluous Stock or to War to Gain Monopoly?

As Canada imports 32 of every 33 gallons of gasoline (consumed mostly in the crude) in the Dominion, the following despatch is of unusual interest to Canadian motorists:

Washington, D.C.—Because the long-continued variance in gasoline prices and the apparent discrimination between States affects more than twelve millions of automobile owners the National Motorists Association, with headquarters in Washington, D.C., representing 312 affiliated automobile clubs located in all parts of the country with nearly half a million members, has been conducting a nationwide survey of the problem which has brought about a number of conclusions, which are now presented to the public in view of the recent disturbance in the gasoline situation. Incidentally the N.M.A. is affiliated with the Ontario Motor League.

1. That gasoline presents a problem that is purely economic.

2. That the law of supply and demand should be allowed to operate with governmental protection so that prices may assume at all times their proper level.

3. That the utilitarian value of gasoline demands that the motoring public be protected by the Government both as to conservation of supply and prevention of exorbitant prices.

4. The present agitation, resulting resulting in price reductions, or price cutting, is not indicative of stability of equitable costs of gasoline except in so far as it may bring to public focus and public demand the necessity for an investigation by all States and by all Federal Governmental Departments for a complete survey of the entire situation, both past, present, and what might reasonably be contemplated as future problems.

5. The present price-cutting may be due entirely to the fact that some companies have been forced to unload gasoline stocks with resultant competition in prices by ither companies.

6. The National Motorists' Association does not believe that it is the proper function of a state, national, or local government, or that of an automobile club to enter the gasoline business, or any other proprietary business, in competition with established concerns and to sell gasoline. Especially is this true in a situation like the present, whena price-war is being waged by oil competitors. It is not the solution of the problem. It does believe, however, that if prices in any of the States at present are being arbitrarily held up contrary to the anti-trust laws, or any other laws, that it is the proper function of State and Federal officials to institute proceedings immediately to end the violations. The principles of good business demand that no one should be allowed to under-sell a product of such neutral public value for the purpose of ruining competition.

7. The National Motorists' Association believes that this entire problem should be contemplated not solely with regard to conditions that exist this week or next week, but with regard to prices that should exist next year and the years following. This cannot be accomplished by thoughtless and uneconomic disturbances. It calls particular attention to the possibility that existing price cutting in some sections may have been brought about by interests seeking to eliminate all competition, in which event the State should use all means within its power to prevent the ruination of any sources of supply or the control of such supply by any one organization.

8. The motorists of the country do not expect gasoline at a price that is too low to allow business to make a legitimate profit. It believes, however, that many sections of the country are charged prices that are unfair and entirely unjustified when prices from the same source in other States are considered.

9. Inasmuch as gasoline is produced largely from lands which are now, or have been owned by the Government, the Federal Government is largely to blame for allowing private interests to exploit the public oil fields except at a cost that is reasonable and fair to the public.

10. If apparent price discrimination continues it is presumptive evidence that more than fair profits are being made, and the National Motorists' Association will insist that laws be passed to prevent such unfair business practices and that they be strictly enforced.

11. The National Motorists' Association urgently recommends that the States in which gasoline price discrimination is apparently being practiced should begin an immediate investigation to determine whether the law is being violated and to take such steps as may be possible by such State to reduce such prices to a rate that is fair to the public. That all attempts at price manipulation should be prevented both by Federal and State laws and wherever existence of such manipulation is apparent prosecution should be instituted and conviction secured.

12. Gasoline exportation should be regulated and curtailed, if necessary, so that the American public can first obtain this natural product at a fair and reasonable figure.

13. All possible co-operation should be given by the Federal Government for reaching oil fields that are not now tapped and a control of these reserves should be maintained by the Federal Government so that reasonable prices may be assured the public at all times.

14. Co-operation should be received at all times by all oil interests to make possible the expeditious and economic transportation of petroleum and its refined products. Consideration should be given particularly to freight rates, which will allow all oil organizations to find a ready market for their productions throughout all sections of the United States.

15. The United States Government, through its Bureau of Mines, should control all basic patents for the production of gasoline, so as to prevent a monopoly by any one group or groups of oil interests.

16. The Department of Justice, the Leagal Bureau of the Department of Commerce, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Department of the Interior should make a combined effort to solve the existing problems with regard to gasoline supplies and prices.

The Research Board of the National Motorists' Association reports that great assistance can be rendered the present effort to reduce prices of gasoline, by conservation by all motorists in the use of gasoline; that this does not mean conserving the use of the motor vehicle, but that over 95 per cent. of the automobiles of the country are operating with faulty carburetors and accumulated carbon deposits in the cylinders of motors, which, if corrected, will save over 25 per cent. of the gasoline now used and will have a great tendency to reduce prices. It is conservatively estimated that over 750,000,000 gallons of gasoline can be saved per year in this way.

This fact has been brought strictly to the attention of all automobile clubs throughout the country in the campaign now being waged by the N.M.A. As pointed out by the Research Board of the National body, conservation of this character would mean a larger saving than the average saving which has now been brought about by the present price disturbance.

NOW IS ALL THE TIME WE HAVE.

Three days make up your life—Yesterday, To-morrow and To-day. The trouble is that Yesterday and To-morrow take up far too much of our thought, and To-day is despised and almost elbowed out. Yet To-day is our only real day.

Insurance Cost Cut On 4 Wheel Brake Car

Action Taken By Several U. S. Insurance Companies To Be Emulated Here?

Following the announcement of four-wheel brakes on all of the new 1924 McLaughlin-Buick cars, J. H. Beaton, general sales manager of the McLaughlin Motor Car Company, Limited, announced that steps would be taken immediately to obtain a reduction of liability and collision insurance rates on the new cars with this equipment.

This is in line with announcements of reductions made by several insurance companies in the United States of as much as 10 per cent. cuts in the premiums because of the increased safety which the four-wheel brakes provide.

"There is no reason why the insurance companies should not recognize the added factor of safety in four-wheel brake equipment," said Mr. Beaton in discussing the proposed action. "Braking a motor car is not a question of the size of brake drum and of brake band once you have sufficient surface to lock the wheels. It is a matter of the friction of tire surface with the road under the deceleration caused by wrapping the brake band on the drum.

"Consequently, when you apply brakes to all four wheels you immediately double the braking efficiency. Moreover you apply it evenly and with less wear to any brake band, making for longer life and less need of adjustment.

"Four-wheel brakes provide a new measure of safety for emergencies. They permit a quick, skidless stop in almost half of the distance possible with two-wheel brake equipment. They are valuable as a preventative for smash-ups and personal injuries in the unavoidable 'tight places' that present day heavy traffic causes on almost every road many times each day.

"Four-wheel brakes do not, however, permit any driver taking more chances. They are not 'stunt' equipment. Their function is one of lengthening the life of the brake, making a better, quicker and surer stop and adding to the safety of the car and its occupants."

Maxwell Completes Best Six Months

Demand For Maxwell and Chalmers Cars Eclipses Records.

Net earnings of the Maxwell Motor Corporation for the first six months of 1923 reflect the substantial success which has attended its striking progress, as shown by its balance sheet as of June 30, just completed, declares William Robert Wilson, president of the corporation.

During the six months ending June 30, the corporation earned a net profit, after provision for taxes, insurance, depreciation and interest charges of $3,072,531.71, an amount in excess of that for the full years of 1919, 1920 or 1922, generally regarded as exceptionally profitable ones for the automotive industry. On June 30, cash on hand was $2,968,559, and the ratio of current assets, which were $16,788,228, to current liabilities was better than five to one.

Despite the withdrawal of, approximately $2,500,000 in cash from the corporation's working capital June 1, to liquidate the last of its series "B" notes, cash and cash securities on hand June 30, were $271,232 more than on December 31, 1922. Current liabilities of $3,049,627 showed a decrease of $929,403 against those of December 31.

The strong financial position of the corporation is shown in the fact that despite total payments of more than $11,000,000 against the Maxwell funded debt during the past 18 months, there remained on hand June 30, nearly sufficient cash to retire the entire Series "C" notes, the last funded indebtedness against it. These notes, of a face amount of $3,889,619, are not due until June 1, 1924, although they may be called for redemption earlier.

The balance sheet also shows that Maxwell and its subsidiaries are entirely free from bank loans, an unusual condition when it is considered that the corporation manufactures practically every part used in its cars.

Sales of Maxwell and Chalmers cars for the first half of 1923 were materially higher, Mr. Wilson said, than those for the remarkable similar period of a year ago, when the present series "good" Maxwell was first announced.

Announces First Of Haynes' 24 Models

New "60" Has Much Heavier Crankshaft, New Body, Rebound Check Springs, Disc Wheels.

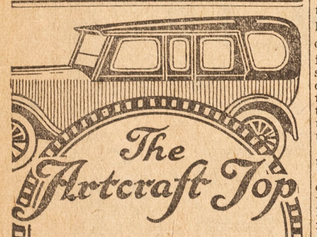
As the first of its 1924 offerings, the Haynes Automobile Company of Kokomo, Indiana, announces the new 1924 Haynes 60 touring car, featured by a new body, by a new system for checking rebound, a new oiling system and an improved, practically vibrationless six cylinder motor.

Other features of this new model include a permanent top, Spanish leather upholstery, 32 x 4½ cord tires, disc wheels and a nickel-plated radiator. The new 1924 Haynes touring car is built on the 121 inch chassis.

"The greatest achievement has been attained in the improved motor, with its newly designed crank shaft," says a factory official. "The crank shaft is much larger, in fact one of the largest of any used in any light six cylinder motor—it eliminates practically all vibration. It is a three bearing shaft and oil is fed to it by pressure.

"The new body of the 1924 Haynes 60 touring car is especially beautiful with its symmetrical lines, accentuated by the Burgundy wine color. Riding comfort has been developed to an unusual degree in the adoption of a new plan for checking the rebound. On the top of each spring a rebound leaf has been placed. The length of the springs has also been increased.

"The new 1924 Haynes 60 touring car," says Gilbert U. Radoye, director of sales and advertising for the Haynes Company, "is without a doubt, the greatest dollar-for-dollar value in Haynes history. We have even improved the quality in this car, the lowest priced model we have ever manufactured, and have added many new features."



AUTO TOPS RE-COVERED and REPAIRED

Back and Side Curtains Repaired and Made to Order.

Celluloid Sewed in Back and Side Curtains While You Wait.

Patent Door Curtain Openers—Gypsy Back Curtains.

Plate Glass Set in Windshields and in Windows of Closed Cars.

Art-Craft Top and Trimming Co.
REAR 9 BLOOR EAST
Toronto
Randolph 9308

Ford

Do you desire a Ford Car or Truck?

If you have not the full cash price, would you like to have the use of the car while you are paying for it?

To those who desire to purchase a Ford Car or Truck and cannot completely pay for it at once, we are able to quote the following terms:

Down Payment consists of:

For a Runabout (Non-Starter)	$143.62	Balance of	$361	in	12	equal	payments
For a Runabout (Starter Equipped)	$169.85	"	$429	"	"	"	
For a Touring Car (Non-Starter)	$156.55	"	$392	"	"	"	
For a Touring Car (Starter Equipped)	$197.77	"	$445	"	"	"	
For a Truck (Non-Starter)	$191.15	"	$400	"	"	"	
For a Truck (Starter Equipped)	$219.10	"	$465	"	"	"	
For a Coupe	$247.84	"	$590	"	"	"	
For a Sedan	$289.42	"	$650	"	"	"	

This deferred payment price, the amount of the down payment and all the terms of the transaction have the approval of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, so that those who buy Ford products on deferred payments may have the protection of a standard deferred payment price throughout all of Canada in the same manner as those who buy Ford Products for full cash.

The low price is possible because the Traders Finance Corporation, Limited, who finance the transactions extend this financing opportunity only to Ford Dealers and only on Ford Cars.

TORONTO DEALERS

BRADLEY & LOVE, LIMITED,
1900 Queen St. East.
(Between Woodbine & Herbert).

DOYLE MOTORS, LIMITED,
Temporary Address
1440 Yonge St.

TORONTO MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED
52 Jarvis St.

W. C. WARBURTON & CO., LIMITED,
670 Bloor St. West.

ARMSTRONG MOTORS, LIMITED,
181 King St. West.
(2 doors west Princess Theatre).

PERCY A. BREAKEY,
402 Yonge St.

LAWRENCE PARK GARAGE, LIMITED
2637 Yonge St.

HALE MOTORS, LIMITED,
523-525 St. Clair Ave.

R. HOWIE, LIMITED,
2807 Dundas St. West.

OAKWOOD GARAGE,
1121 Davenport Road.

PARKDALE MOTORS, LIMITED,
1453 Queen St. West.

RIVERDALE GARAGE, LIMITED,
755 Danforth Ave.

PUDDICOMBE-IRVINE, LIMITED,
1543 Bloor St. West.

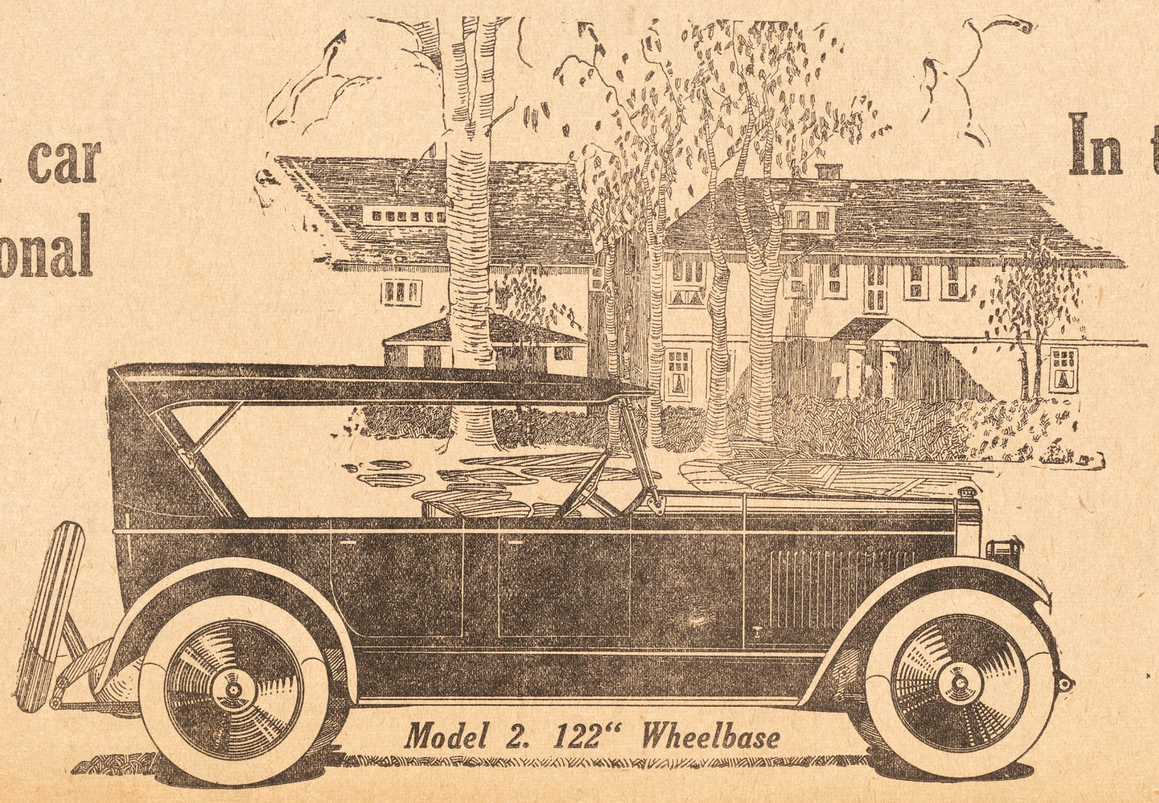
SEE & DUGGAN MOTORS, LIMITED,
621 Yonge Street.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

BROOKS STEAMER

The First Modern Steam Car Produced in Canada

Inspect this beautiful car at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto



Model 2. 122" Wheelbase

In the WEST ANNEX of the COLISEUM

No Spark Plugs
No Carburetor
No Magneto
No Flywheel
No Clutch
No Gears to Shift
No Universal Joints
No Drive Shaft
No Starter
No Distributor
Without Hundreds of Other Moving Parts

BROOKS STEAMER

THE first simply-constructed, highly efficient steam car of its type in the Two Thousand Dollar Class. Less than 40 moving parts—Maximum Flexibility—Easy to operate—Moderate cost of upkeep. The Car you've been waiting for is here. Literature sent on request.

Maximum Flexibility
Stored Power
Throttle Control
Longer Life
Easy on Tires
Smoother and Quicker Getaway
Non-Stallable
Safe and Silent Strength
Moderate Upkeep

BROOKS STEAM MOTORS, LIMITED
C.P.R. BUILDING, TORONTO, CANADA

IT CUTS DOWN THE HILLS AND THE BILLS

Letts, Russell and Willys Address "Pepful" Convention

Heads of Three Great Branches of Willys-Overland Organization Speak at Show Convention—Optimism and Enthusiasm Keynotes of Most Successful Meeting of Its Kind Company Has Ever Convened — Willys-Overland's Spectacular Come-Back—Much Bigger Production Program for 1924.

Sir William Letts and John North Willys both described it in the course of the introductory remarks of their respective speeches as the most enthusiastic dealers convention they had ever attended—the annual convention of Canadian Willys-Overland dealers held in the Prince George Hotel last Monday. The convention was not exclusively unique, because of its enthusiasm and optimism, however, because it takes precedence over all others held anywhere in the world by reason of the fact that at it alone the three leaders of the three great branches of Willys-Overland dined, joked, smoked, sang and spoke. It is superfluous to explain to Canadian readers that T. A. Russell is president of the Willys-Overland, Ltd., of Canada; that John North Willys is president of the Willys-Overland Corporation of the United States, or that Sir William Letts is president of Willys-Overland Crossley, Ltd., and the Crossley Motor Car Co., Ltd., of England, and thus heads the biggest motor car distributing organization in Great Britain and Europe.

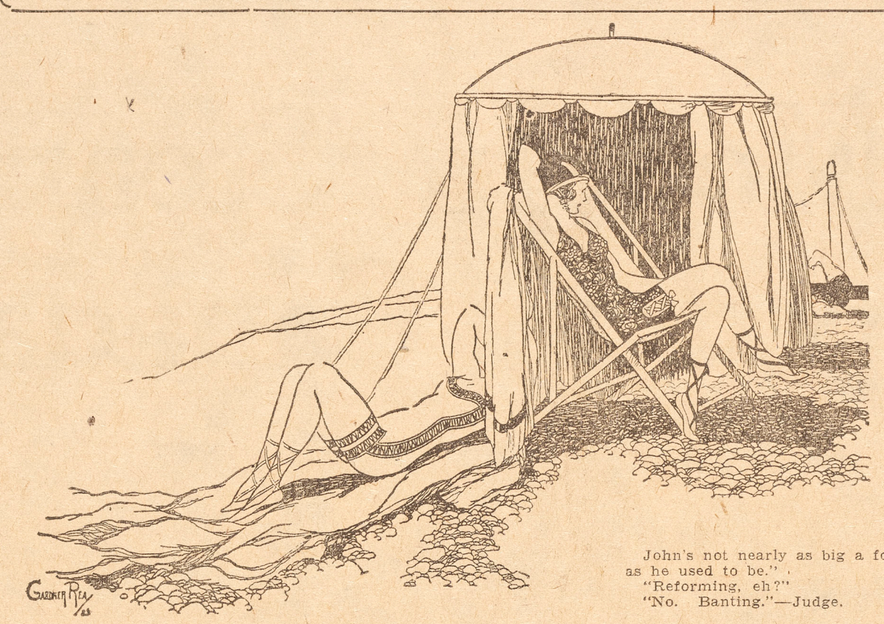
E. R. Page, sales manager of the Canadian organization, in introducing the speakers, declared that in sales Willys-Overland, Ltd., had risen from eleventh to fourth position in the Canadian field. John North Willys announced that the Willys-Overland Corporation had liquidated its indebtedness, having paid off $17,000,000 since the first of the year, and in that time its sales had advanced from fourteenth to third place in the United States. He stated that the company would not be satisfied till it again occupied second place and added that the Ford and Willys-Overland Companies alone had succeeded in maintaining production and sales at peak throughout the Summer. During the first six months of this year production had reached a total of 107,000 cars. The program for the first half of next year includes a production schedule of 185,000 cars, 58,000 of which will be Willys-Knights.

Sir William Letts dealt with conditions in Europe in general and Great Britain, especially, optimistically. Times had been and might be worse than they are, and they are getting better, he declared. "Great Britain will find a way to win through." As evidence of improvement, he instanced his findings during his recent tour of the Scandinavian countries. The sales of his leather organizations in these countries were quadruple those of last year, he declared.

Mr. T. A. Russell dealt with the merits of the Willys-Knight models, giving an enthusing address on their merchandizing. "Are we, relatively, going to take second place to the States?" he asked his auditors, and a hundred dealers' voices blended in a thunderlike "No!"

Jules Brazil excelled himself as an entertainer—and that is far from faint praise. Imagine Lloyd Harris and Sir Wm. Letts singing a parody duet, and Page a solo. No joshing! Sfact! And you will vizualize something of the pep of the gathering.

Judge, Oh Judge, How Insul(t)in'\



John's not nearly as big a fool as he used to be."
"Reforming, eh?"
"No. Banting."—Judge.

U. S. FORD CO. TO SPEND $7,000,000 IN ADVERTISING.

Detroit, Mich.—The Ford Motor Company has decided to spend $7,000,000 in advertising in the various newspapers and magazines of the United States during the next year. Following five years in which no advertising has been done in the name of the company, the decision to launch a broad advertising program has been announced by Norton T. Brotherton, newly appointed advertising manager for the Ford Company. The contract has been let to the Brotherton Advertising Company, of Detroit and New York.

Columbia Demand Keeps on Increasing

Period of Intense Competition To Continue For Some Time Says Bayerline.

"One of the most interesting facts revealed by sales records of the Columbia Motors Company," comments President J. A. Bayerline, "is the fact that by far the greatest increases in Columbia Six demand have come during periods of very intense competition.

"Columbia dealers apparently thrive on conditions that many would consider a handicap.

"The big upturn in our production has come in the past couple of years, beginning in 1921. As everybody knows, these years have been marked by keen competition—by unceasing struggles to improve quality and value.

"The Columbia Six has proved itself a 'buyers' market' car, capable of satisfying the requirements of motorists who know exactly what they want, and who appreciate real value when they see it.

"There is sound basis for real optimism as to Columbia's future in this fact, particularly since I can see nothing else but a hotly competitive market for some time to come.

"Ever since 1921 Columbia sales have been steadily climbing and they have gone higher every month, with no signs of a serious let-up. Just give us enough people who know automobiles and who can appreciate the fine points of quality and performance, and we will keep on increasing."

NASH

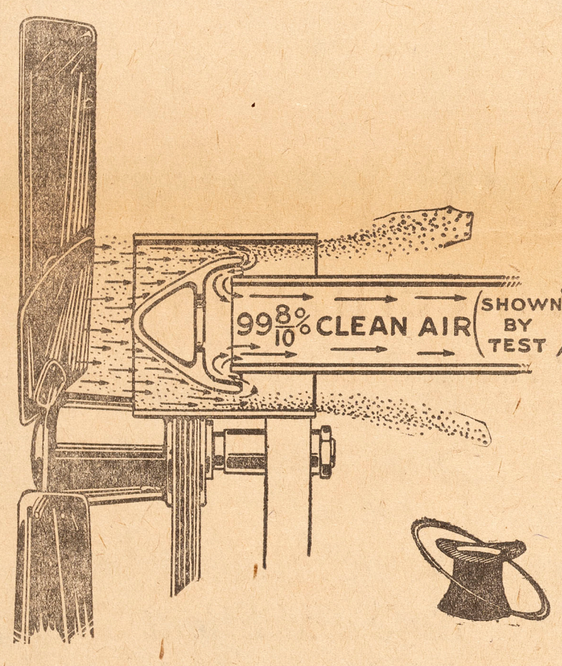
13 new Nash models, both open and enclosed, Fours and Sixes

(1918)

New Models on Display at the Exhibition

Rickenbacker

A · CAR · WORTHY · OF · ITS · NAME



One of the Many Differences in Motors!

Are you one of those unfortunate persons holding to the fallacy that all automobiles of a given price are more or less mechanically alike?

You might just as well say that all women's hats are identical.

For the difference in each car is exactly equivalent to the difference in engineering brains back of each car.

If you will let us have your ear for a second, we will proceed to show you, on at least one fundamental point, how motors differ. A very important one, too.

On the Rickenbacker motor is what is known as an air cleaner. The above illustration shows you what this ingenious invention does.

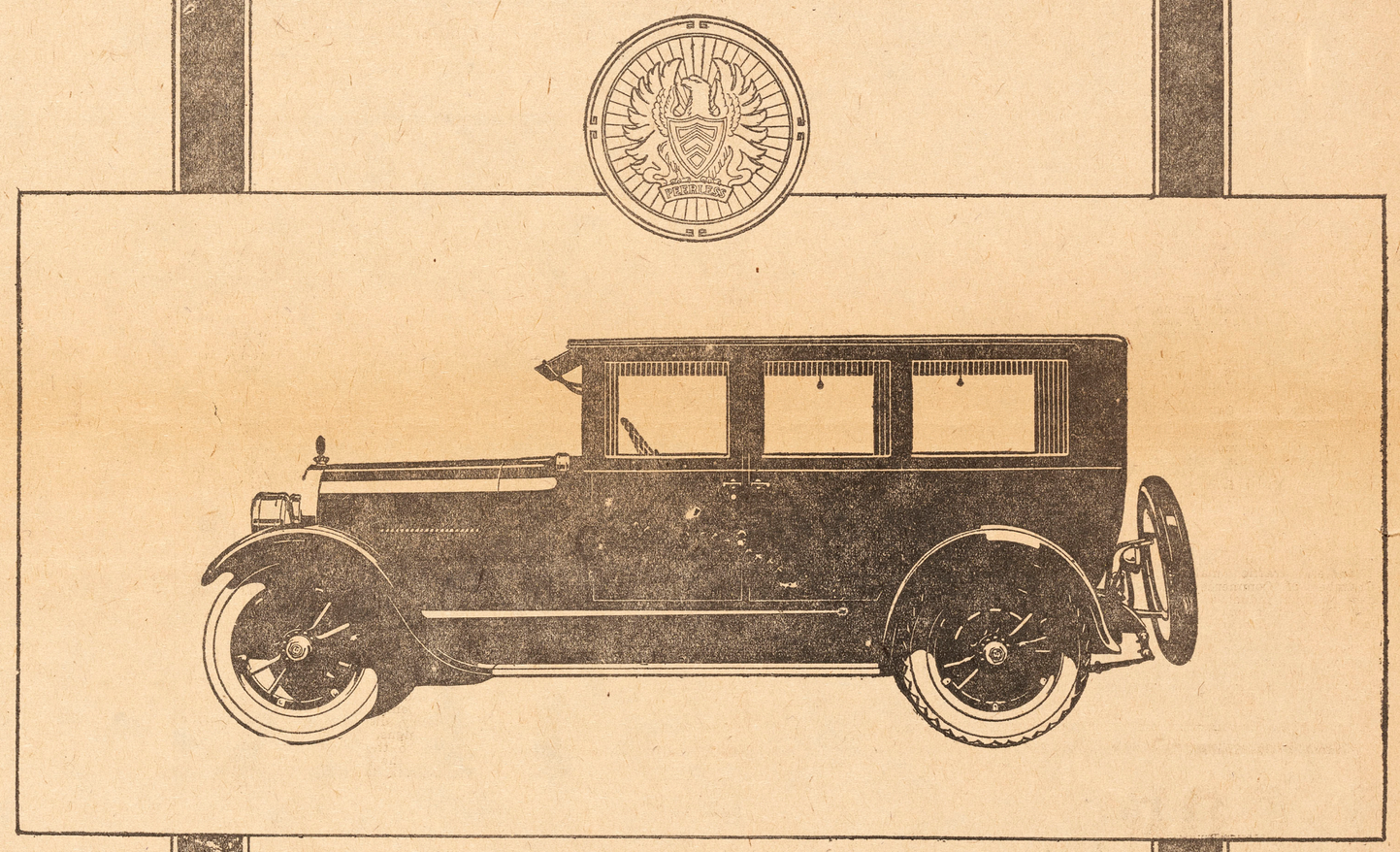
It cleans the air before it enters the cylinder walls, and as the air is full of impurities, bacteria, etc., all of this foreign matter is kept out of the cylinders and thus, excessive carbon deposits are impossible.

Inasmuch as carbon deposits lessen the life of any motor, you can readily see that its elimination means a livelier motor for a longer time to come. This air cleaner is found on no other motor but the Rickenbacker. True, one other car has a similar device, but that car costs twice as much as the Rickenbacker.

We would like to show you the Rickenbacker air cleaner, as well as some of the other numerous Rickenbacker engineering refinements. And there are many!

Stop in and we will give you a demonstration. Ten minutes at the wheel of a Rickenbacker will be a revelation.

W. S. SMITH
DISTRIBUTOR
684 Yonge Street, Toronto.
RANDOLPH 9259.



We have frequently said that the numerous superiorities of the New Peerless assure a quality of riding and performance that cannot be matched.

This is, of course, a strong statement easily made.

It is a statement, however, that can be backed by many reasons, mechanical and otherwise—reasons, also, that we have learned through visits to the factory where the New Peerless is made.

But after all the reasons and arguments are in, there remains but one way to prove to you their genuineness.

The statements are authenticated, the arguments proved beyond the shadow of a doubt when you ride in the car and experience for yourself just what sort of motoring it is that our owners say is beyond anything they had hitherto known.

Words cannot convey exactly what we—or our owners—mean when we say the New Peerless rides with greater ease, that its mighty power flows more smoothly and with greater responsiveness.

You can draw on your imagination, but when you ride you know, as we and our owners know.

That is why we are always eager to demonstrate any New Peerless model, whether you are in the field for a car or not.

We are perfectly content merely to make you acquainted with the facts.

The Dominion Automobile Co. Limited

625-629 Yonge Street, TORONTO. 131 King Street West, HAMILTON

Peerless

Interesting Program Drafted For the M.A.M.A. Boston Meet

Congress of Automotive Industry, September 19-22, Expected to be Largest in Attendance Ever Held — "Widening Market for Automotive Products" to be Dominant Theme—"By Building More and Better Roads", "By Providing Ample Space for Driving and Parking", "By Reducing Maintenance and Service Costs" and "By Removing Unfair Taxes."

New York City.—The program for the Fall convention of the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association, to be held at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, Boston, Mass., September 19-22, was announced to-day by General Manager M. L. Heminway.

The dominant theme to be stressed in all sessions will be, "Widening the Market for Automotive Products."

Several hundred of the leading executives representink manurfacturers of parts, accessories and units for the automotive industry are expected to attend this meeting, which is generally regarded as a congress of the automotive industry.

The schedule of session topics follows: Wednesday, September 19th—afternoon session—"Widening the Market for Automotive Products," by:—1, "Building More and Better Roads." Roy Chapin, chairman, Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich. 2. "Providing Ample Space to Drive and Park Cars in our Cities." Dr. John A. Harriss, Deputy Police Commissioner, New York City, N.Y. 3. "Reducing Maintenance and Increasing Service Efficiency." speaker to be announced. 4. "Removing Unfair Automotive Taxes." Harry Meixell, secretary, Motor Vehicle Conference Committee, New York City, N.Y. Discussion after each paper.

President W. O. Rutherford, who is vice-president of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio, will preside at this opening session.

Wednesday, September 19th—evening session—B. M. Asch, president of Asch and Company, New York City, chairman; topic: "Widening the Market for Automotive Products by Developing Jobber Distribution."

Thursday, September 20th—morning session—A. H. D. Altree, vice-president American Bosch Magneto Corp., Springfield, Mass., chairman, topic: "How to Sell More and Lose Less."

Thursday, September 20th—afternoon session—E. F. Chalfant, chairman Gill Mfg., Company, Chicago, Ill., chairman: topic: "Selling the World Motor Transportation."

Friday, September 21st—morning session—J. P. Hach, traffic manager L. C. Chase & Company, Boston, Mass., chairman; topic: "Delivering the Goods."

Friday, September 21st—afternoon session—E. W. Clark, advertising manager Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Mich., chairman; topic: "How Advertising Can Help Sell More Automotive Products."

The relation between rail transportation and the automobile industry will receive considerable attention at this convention. Gerrit Fort, vice-president Boston and Maine R.R., who has made an intensive study of motor truck transportation, will tell "How the Railroads Are Preparing to Move the Product of the Automotive Industry."

"The Shipper's idea of Adequate Railroad Service," will be set forth by W. H. Chandler, traffic manager, Boston Chamber of Commerce and ex-president National Industrial Traffic League. W. M. Twohig, traffic manager Willard Storage Battery Company, will discuss "Shippers' Distribution Problems."

Two representative leaders of the industry, who have recently returned from Europe, will address the Thursday afternoon session, devoted to foreign trade subjects. J. F. Kelly, Jr., export manager Electric Storage Battery Company, will give "A First-Hand View of the European Situation and Overseas Markets." F. E. Titus, vice-president International B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, will take as his subject: "Putting Over the Message of American Quality and American Service." S. W. Dorman, vice-president and general manager Overseas Motor Service Corp., New York; and chairman M. & A.M.A. Foreign Trade Committee, will tell "How the Smaller Manufacturer Can Get Foreign Business."

Because of the acuteness of the automobile traffic problem in most American cities, the convention will lay special stress on this situation. In addition to the talk by Dr. John A. Harriss, Special Deputy Police Commissioner, New York City, on the opening day, on "Providing Ample Space to Drive and Park Cars in our Cities," H. W. Slauson, Engineering Service Manager, Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, will speak at the advertising session on Friday afternoon, September 21st, taking as his topic "Are We Properly Meeting the Need for Improved Traffic Conditions?"

Other subjects to be considered at the session, which will feature advertising matters are: "How Better Brake Equipment Can Sell More Cars," which is expected to stimulate a lively discussion on four-wheel brakes; and "How the Advertising of M. & A.M.A. Members Can Help the National Automobile Shows." Speakers for these last two topics have not yet been announced.

Sidney S. Meyers, general counsel of the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association, will deliver an address on legal phases of the credit and business situation. The convention will be run as one general meeting, embracing all departments. All meetings will be held in the foyer, main floor of the Copley-Plaza Hotel.

On Thursday night there will be a boat trip, shore dinner and dance at Pemberton Inn, Nantasket Beach. A golf tournament will be held on Saturday, September 22nd.

Hon. Mayor Curley, Mayor of Boston, will welcome the delegates and will also give a talk on the city's methods of meeting the problems of motor traffic congestion.

A DRIVER'S DECALOGUE.

I. Drive on the right side of the road; it's just as good as the left.

II. Slow down when approaching a crossroad; it is nearly as dangerous as a railroad crossing.

III. Look out for children. You can never tell what they will do, and you are always in the wrong if you hit one.

IV. Try to help instead of hinder the traffic officer; he is there for your good, and he's got a tough job.

V. Be sure that your "dimmers" really dim; it's no joke driving into a blinding glare, as you probably know.

VI. Read and obey the warning signs; they are not put up as ornaments.

VII. If you feel you've got to speed—do it where it won't kill anybody but yourself.

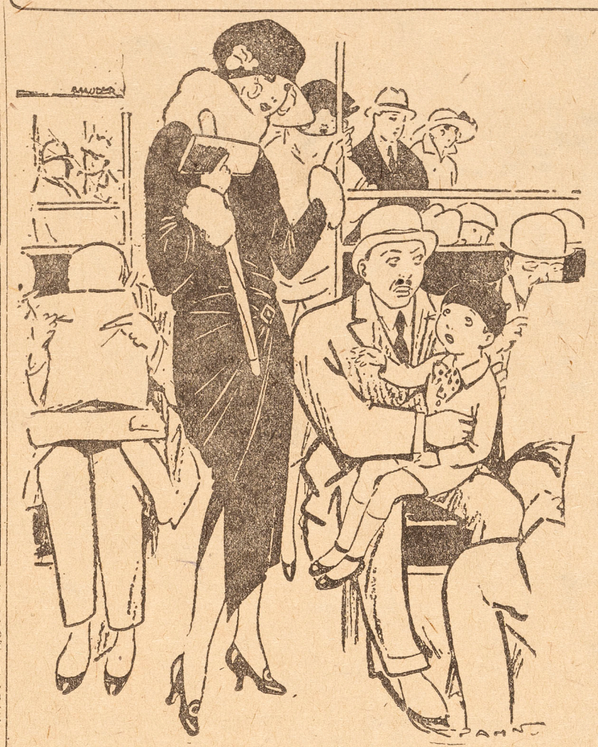
VIII. When making minor repairs, stop where you car may be seen from both directions; otherwise you may stop longer than you anticipate.

IX. Speeding around corners is a straight route to the hospital. Don't race past a stopped street car. Some day the jury may call it manslaughter.

X. Use discretion. The fact that you had the right of way won't bring anybody back to life, least of all yourself.

(Courtesy of "Protection.")

Parisian Motor-Bus Manners



The Well-brought-up Little Boy—Madam, will you take my seat?
—Le Ruy Blas (Paris).

Unexempled Progress In Design Forecasted

Continued from Page Two.

Daimler turbine internal combustion engined car or the Perigot semi-Diesel.

The automotive industry is about to enter the most spectacular period in the history of its development. "The next five years will see as much fundamental progress in engineering design and in mechanical improvement as has transpired in the entire previous history of motor cars," according to statements made by Charles F. Kettering, automotive engineer, president of the General Motors Research Laboratories at Dayton, Ohio, made in a recent address before the annual conference of distributors, district managers and factory officials, held at the factory of the Cadillac Motor Car Company in Detroit.

What Kettering said, Ricardo, Pomeroy, Lanchester and other leading automotive engineers have said or implied.

"We hear a great deal of talk to the effect that the present motor car standard is about as good as it can be; that future changes will be of minor details; and that automobile manufacture is about to settle down into a rut of standardization," said Mr. Kettering.

"As a matter of fact," he continued emphatically, "motor car development is just at the beginning. The members of the industry most prominent during the next five years will be those making the most fundamental advances."

Mr. Kettering then drew a parallel between progress in motor car manufacture and mechanical development of automobile tires, trans-Atlantic cables and new designs in stationary engines.

He stated that manufacturers had doubled the mileage on automobile tires during the past five years, and that a new trans-Atlantic cable is now being prepared which will carry many times as many words per minute as was thought possible a few years ago, and continued:

"With such developments in other fields, it is no time for the motor car industry to sit down.

"To-day's designs have been made under the pressure of great commercial demand; but decisions of automotive engineers which have stood as accepted facts for eight or nine years have been proved erroneous by laboratory research, and during the next five years owners will profit by the latest scientific discoveries to a degree that would be unbelievable to the average layman."

The Summer conference is an annual institution with the Cadillac organization and calls together distributors and company representatives from every part of Canada and the United States, and often includes representatives from Europe, Australia and other parts of the world.

In conclusion, it might be pointed out that the engineers regard no part of the conventional motor vehicle as "ultimate"—not even the present sequence of major units—radiator, engine, gear set, propeller shaft, differential, rear axles assembly—let alone the design of these units.

The conservatism of statement in the article alluded to introductorily is made manifest by Kettering's declaration: "The next five years will see as much fundamental progress in engineering design and mechanical improvement as has transpired in the entire previous history of motor cars."

Over Three And Half Million Cars Made

Continued from Page Two.

holdings of considerably more than three-fourths of the corporation stockholders, were voted in favor of the Collins regime, indorsing his management and indicating displeasure over the litigation which has been instituted by minority stockholders. The votes in favor of the Collins management did not include 22,840 shares owned by Mr. Collins and the Peerless Motor Car Company, none of which were voted. Although informed of this almost unanimous indorsement of his management and policies, Mr. Collins declared that his resignation submitted two weeks ago and effective August 20 would stand unless later information assured him that there would not again be interference with his management. Mr. Collins is president of the corporation and president and general manager of the Peerless Motor Car Company.

That a deal is under way, but not yet completed, to purchase claims of creditors of Earl Motors by a syndicate, of which he is the head, is admitted by A. B. MacCaughey. Briggs and Turivas, mentioned in the report as having brought about the consummation of the deal, are members of the MacCaughey syndicate. It is reported that if the negotiations are successful the manufacture of the Earl car will be continued.

Due to the holiday in connection with the funeral of the late President Harding, the Ford Motor Company did not break its weekly production record during the week ended August 14th. Output was 41,145 cars and trucks as compared with 41,491 for the previous record-breaking week. However, during the week the daily production record was broken three times—7,225 cars and trucks being made August 9; 7,236 on August 11, and 7,270 on August 13th. At the Lincoln division 205 cars were made, and at the River Rouge tractor works, 1,989 Fordson tractors.

W. F. Rockwell, president of the Wisconsin Parts Company, announces that the company has bought the front and rear axle business of the Savage Arms Corporation, which is located in Sharon, Pa., and Utica, N.Y. The Wisconsin Parts Company takes over the entire inventory, dies, tools, patterns, patents and designs, all of which will be removed to the Wisconsin plant. Additions to the plant are now being made to provide facilities for handling the new business and new machinery is being installed.

E. J. Filiatrault, recently appointed purchasing agent of the Chandler Motor Car Company, succeeds Roy McCormack Frazier, who recently died, after a long illness. Mr. Filiatrault has been with Chandler for the last five years.

W-J-D Motors, Cleveland, Rickenbacker distributors, is the name of the organization started by W. J. Drumplemann, general sales manager of the Rickenbacker Motor Car Company, who resigned August 1. Mr. Drumplemann joined Rickenbacker at the time of the organization of the company. He is a veteran in the industry, which he joined in 1903, since which time he has held high connections with Lozier, Oldsmobile, Chalmers and Hudson.

L. F. Johnson has resigned as assistant sales manager of the Rickenbacker Motor Car Company to become secretary and treasurer of a new distributing organization for the Rickenbacker car. He has been with Dodge Brothers, Chalmers, and Elgin in the past.

Herbert Githens, vice-president of the Federal Rubber company, Milwaukee, made his first long trip in an automobile as his own driver when he toured during the third week of August from Milwaukee to New York, and then through the east. Mr. Githens is a veteran of the industry but had been too busy in past years to take a vacation trip, all journeys having been of a business nature, and hurried. In the east he met Walter Githens, his brother, and Mrs. Githens, in New York on an extended tour, all returned over the road.

James Dunlap, well known for many years in automotive and advertising lines, is dead as a result of a nervous breakdown from which he had suffered for about a year. He died at a Rockford, Ill., sanatorium. Mr. Dunlap was well known in advertising club work, and more recently was advertising manager of the Chandler Motor Car Company of Cleveland. He was one of the founders of the Dunlap-Ward Advertising Company, formed at Chicago, and which later moved to Cleveland.

O. P. Kilbourn has been appointed assistant sales manager of the Willys-Overland Company, of Toledo. Mr. Kilbourn enlisted in the regular army in 1916, and upon his return joined the John N. Willys Export Corporation, first as advertising manager, and then as assistant to the vice-president, in charge of sales. He has more recently been in charge of the sales promotion division of the company.

The Liberty National Insurance Company has issued an announcement to automobile manufacturers of reductions in the premiums for property damage and collision insurance in the cases of cars equipped with four-wheel brakes. Ten per cent. reduction has been made on collision insurance, and a five per cent. reduction is made on property damage.

Reports of an impending consolidation involving Durant Motors, the Rickenbacker Motor Car Company, and the Stewart Warner-Speedometer Corporation, have been declared by W. J. Zucker, secretary of the Stewart Warner Company, to be without foundation. Mr. Zucker says there is absolutely nothing in the way of a consolidation being considered at this time.

The report of the Peerless Truck and Motor Company for the first half of the current year shows net income of $955,995 after charges and taxes, equivalent to $4.05 a share on the 231,471 shares of $50 par capital stock. A readjusted balance sheet show $49 a share, book value, for the stock after September and December dividends, declared in advance, had been charged off.

Suit for receivership filed some time ago against the National Motor Car and Vehicle Corporation, of Indianapolis, has been postponed indefinitely. This report follows the announcement of C. A. Earl, that his plans for the National Motors Corporation with headquarters in Chicago are going ahead on a sound basis. Finances of the nine concerns in the National Motors group are to be taken care of by a revolving credit fund.

Charles E. Stokes, president of the New Jersey Rubber Manufacturers Association and Gaston Tisne, have been appointed equity-receivers for the Bergougnan Rubber Corporation of Trenton, N. J. The receiver is established, it is said, to enable the company to reorganize. The Societe Generale des Establissements Bergougnan, a French concern, controls the American company, and the liabilities, which are placed at $1,400,000, are said to be mostly owed to the French company.

STYLE NOTE.

Mr. George F. Babbit, as some of the more observing persons may have noticed has exchanged his pennant, "Excuse, My Dust," for one copy of an oblong tin sign, designed to be attached to the car and bearing the name of George's home town.

McLaughlin Sets Some New Records

Jumps Over 73 Feet From Ramp —Special Does 108.24 m.p.h.

McLaughlin-Buick motor cars have been getting into the limelight lately in great style. They have been very busy making and breaking records of various kinds in different parts of the continent.

On May 24th at Edmonton, Alta., a world's record was made for long jump. A McLaughlin-Buick model 35, stock four cylinder model made a jump of 73 feet 2 inches from a ramp with a 33 in. elevation. The previous record was 72 feet.

Shortly after this another car of the same model shattered the dirt road record for speed. The run was from Edmonton to Calgary and return, a distance of 415½ miles. The distance was covered in nine hours, twenty-six minutes and fifty-five seconds or at an average speed of 43¾ miles per hour. For one stretch of 44 miles the car averaged exactly a mile a minute. This run was officially checked at the start and finish.

Still another recent record was made by an American Buick. Joe Nikrent, the famous racing driver, with a touring car that had but few changes from a regular stock car made a speed of 108.24 miles per hour across the bed of Rogers dry lake in the Mojave Desert. Official A.A.A. timers and Fred Wagner, the veteran starter, were on hand to see that every detail was O.K. The run was made over a one mile course which had been surveyed and laid out by an engineer. This phenomenally fast time establishes a new record for cars under 250 inch piston displacement.

Also, though many attempts have been made to lower it, the San Francisco-Portland record established by a four cylinder Buick Coupe, still stands. This is the mark of 22 hours and 43 minutes made by Mrs. J. Kathleen Ayres.

TO THE JAY WALKER.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let thy ways be established.—Prov. iv, 26.

BE CAREFUL ON THE CORNERS.

Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set.—Prov. xxii 25.

HUDSON COACH $2030

F. O. B. Windsor, Taxes Extra

On the Finest Super-Six Chassis Ever Built

ESSEX COACH $1595

F. O. B. Windsor, Taxes Extra

European Experts Call Its Chassis Greatest of Its Size

50,000 Coaches in Service

These are the lowest prices at which these cars have ever been sold. They make both Hudson and Essex the most outstanding values in the world.

Hudson Prices		Essex Prices	
Speedster	$1925	Touring	$1450
7-Pass. Phaeton	1995	Cabriolet	1595
Coach	2030	Coach	1595
Sedan	2795		

F. O. B. Windsor, Taxes Extra

At the Exhibition

Sold by

THE DOMINION AUTOMOBILE CO., LTD.

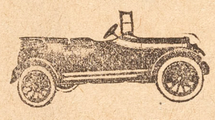
629 Yonge St., Toronto 131 King St. E., Hamilton

5289-633 Distributors Are in All Parts of Canada

GORRIE'S SALE OF USED CARS

Look Over These Exceptional Values

among the varied stock of used cars now on our floor.



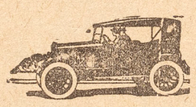
Chevrolet 490 Touring — In good mechanical condition. Economical in upkeep. A bargain at $100

STUDEBAKER SPECIAL SIX TOURING, $700

This car is in exceptional condition, and would be a bargain at double the price. Come in and see it.

FORD LIGHT DELIVERY FOR $94

A sturdy light delivery truck, with closed body. Good condition. An unusual offer.



Overland 83-B Touring —Is a fine car for the family or for business use, Why pay car fare when you can own it for $125

Exhibition visitors are especially invited to attend this sale, where the values are the best we have ever offered. All styles of cars are included, and various makes—Fords, Chevrolet, Maxwell, Star, McLaughlin, Studebaker, Briscoe, Overland, also light delivery and one-ton trucks. Every car is in good mechanical condition, and every one a real bargain.

Call around at our showrooms, or ask for our representatives at the Chevrolet Exhibit in Motor Building at the Exhibition.

A. D. GORRIE & CO., LIMITED

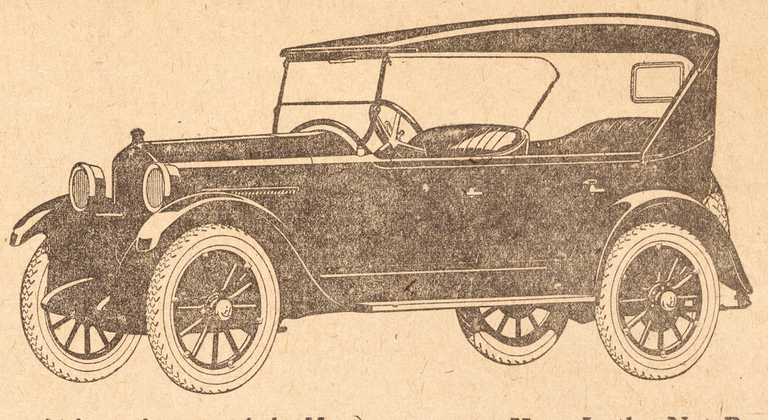
OPEN EVENINGS 354-360 Victoria St. (One block from Yonge). OPEN EVENINGS

Phone Main 5000 (6 lines to Central).

The New Hupmobile

An Engineering Triumph

Fifteen Years of Fine Motor Car Manufacture Culminate in the Seven Beautiful New Hupmobile Models



The improvements which are features of the Hupmobile are the substantial kind which for 15 years have been characteristic of Hupmobile.

In other words, the new Hupmobile is built for still better performance, still greater comfort, still longer life, than any preceding Hupmobile.

Hupmobile has always been especially famed for these three attributes. The fact that it has now been bettered in these three essentials to motor car satisfaction therefore holds strong and special significance.

Here Is the Net Result of Hupmobile's Improvements

Noted as the Hupmobile has always been for settling down instantly to smooth, steady straight-ahead going, this new Hupmobile has a coasting, skimming quality that surpasses any previous Hupmobile. It is even more free from noticeable vibration, even quicker in acceleration than any Hupmobile before it.

Easy-riding as the Hupmobile has always been, this new Hupmobile—in front and rear alike—outdoes all of its predecessors in bump-absorbent spring action and restful riding. It is more roomy and affords greater convenience to driver and passengers alike.

Details of Improvements in the New Hupmobile

The new Series R-12 Hupmobile embodies improvements in motor, clutch, and transmission, in addition to a longer chassis; and new body models throughout.

The net results of the engineering improvements are longer life, still smoother operation, better engine operating balance, an increase of power, and pronounced increase in acceleration and economy.

Heavier crankshaft, counter-balanced, with bearing areas 20 per cent greater. Light-weight alloy pistons and connecting rods.

Maximum increase in power about 10 per cent.

New two-plate clutch affords silent gear changes at all speeds.

Transmission gears high carbon alloy steel, oil-treated and tempered—larger, heavier, longer-lived.

Wheelbase lengthened to 115 inches. Length of front springs increased to 37½ inches; the rear springs are increased 5 inches, to 56½ inches.

Frame now 6 inches deep. Five heavy cross members.

Spring shackle bolts increased 50 per cent in bearing surface.

Radiator 2½ inches higher, improving both appearance and cooling efficiency.

Newest style full crown fenders.

Drum headlights on all models—nickel-plated on the special types.

The extra body room afforded by the longer wheelbase has enabled our designers and engineers to make a number of conservative changes which greatly enhance the beauty of all models. Curves where formerly there were corners and bevel edges give a new symmetry and grace of outline.

New Models on Exhibit at the Exhibition

G. E. GOODERHAM & CO.

22-24 Sheppard Street Phone Adelaide 6781.

348 Danforth Avenue Phone Gerrard 9500.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL 10 P.M.

Attractive Appearance of New Car Easily Maintained

Use Only Clean Water in Washing Car—If Some Soap is Needed Pure Castile Should Be Used Exclusively—Never Let Mud Dry on Car When it is Possible to Remove it—Car Should Not be Subjected to Sudden Changes in Temperature—Do Not Let Car Stand Parked in Blazing Sun—Flow Water Gently Over Finish.

By CLIFFORD BROKAW.

People who own automobiles are often impressed by the way cars look a a few months after they have been newly purchased. It is almost inconceivable how great can be the contrast in appearance between two cars at the end of a year. One car although driven as many miles as the other will look about as new as the day it was bought. The other machine will appear thoroughly second handed. The difference is due to care given by the respective owners. One saw that his machine was dusted, washed, polished, painted and varnished. The other failed to do just these things.

A car needs a bath frequently, especially if it is a new car. Lack of washing and carelessness in performing the ablutions will do much by way of ruining the looks of a machine. The varnish on a car is beautified by frequent washings in pure water. This process hardens the varnish and lengthens the life of the lustre.

When an automobile is driven over a dirty or muddy road so that it is more or less covered with dirt of one kind or another, it should be washed without delay. If mud has spattered over the car it should be washed before this mud has a chance to harden. It is preferable however, not to wash the hood until the engine has had time to cool off a little. When a car has been out in the rain, it should not be left in the garage until at least the water has been dried off it.

The equipment needed to properly wash a car should include two clean, soft sponges, two good sized pails, one or two soft chamois skins, some flannel cloths, a cake of pure Castile soap, clear running water, a hose without a nozzle on it and a soft duster.

With such an equipment at hand the owner is prepared to wash his car effectively. The first thing to do is to remove all the dirt that is possible by applying a slow stream of cold water. He will then take a pail of water and sponge and wash the car carefully and thoroughly. If he finds grease spots which are especially apt to lodge on the chassis, he should use a little kerosene to remove them.

He will then be ready to wash the car with another sponge, soap and water. This process should be followed quickly by a good rinsing and in turn by drying with the aid of a substantial flannel cloth. Polishing with chamois completes the operation unless the owner wishes to brighten up the paint and varnish with a body polish.

In polishing up a car it is important to get some material that is reported to be efficient. Certain oily polishes tend to soften the varnish and affect the surface so that it is impossible to repaint them without scraping off all the original coat of paint. The right sort of polish will make a car look like new and considerably increase the pride of ownership.

New sponges sometimes contain sand or small shells and should be thoroughly washed in soap and water and rinsed before using on a car. When employing a sponge or chamois, the rubbing should be done by going straight forward and backwards instead of moving in a circular direction. In applying a sponge or chamois, no great pressure should be exerted. After a surface has been rubbed dry that is sufficient. Further rubbing does no good.

When a car is covered with dust it is preferable to play the hose on the surface rather than to brush off the dirt with a dry cloth. In using dusters avoid those made of feathers as they scratch the surface.

It is not beneficial to the surface of an automobile to let it stand for a long time in the scorching heat of the sun. The varnish tends to check and also to bleach under this sort of strain. It is often just as easy to have a machine somewhat protected by the shade of a tree or a building as to let it remain under the direct rays of the sun. Sudden changes in temperature are apt to have a detrimental effect on automobile surfaces. It is also disastrous to the brilliant surface of an automobile to allow it to stand outdoors during rain storms or throughout the night.

The nickle parts of a car need frequent consideration to keep them from tarnishing. Once in a while, they should be given a regular polishing.

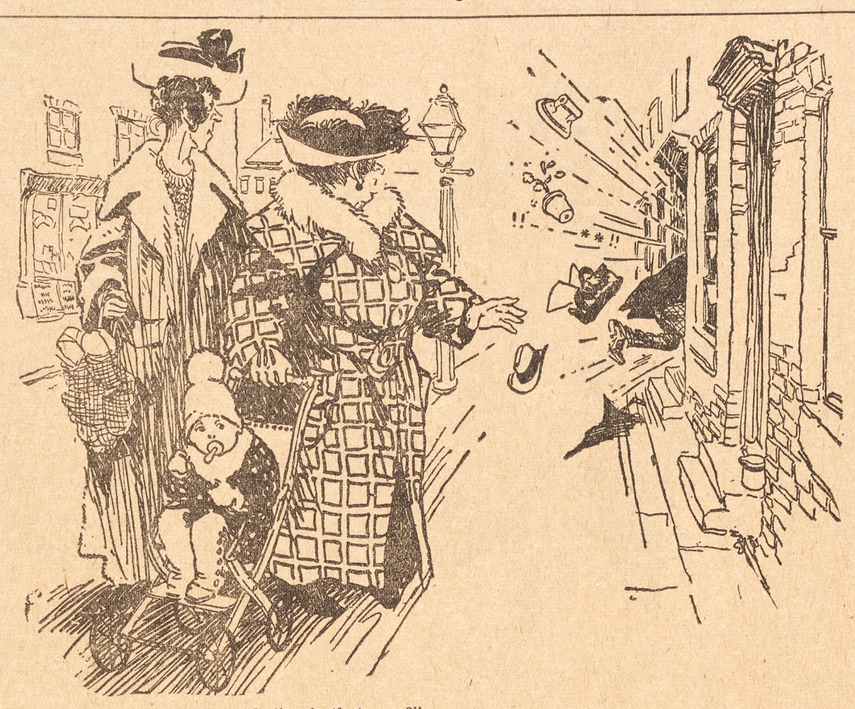
When it comes to seats and cushions, if they are leather or an imitation of leather, occasional application of soap and water will prove to be beneficial in its effects. But avoid the use of gasoline on this part of the machine. Gasoline has its proper function when placed in the fuel tank of an automobile but not on leather cushions. Its use here causes the upholstery to crack and deadens the lustre.

There comes a time in the life of every car when a new coat of paint and varnish is required to keep the surface properly protected and to keep the machine at its maximum attractiveness in appearance. It is a wise owner who recognizes the importance of thus avoiding unecessary depreciation by a liberal use of paint and varnish.

The wheels of a car are likely to need such attention more often than the body. Wheels need more washing and painting because of their constant contact with dirt. The amateur can usually get away with the job of washing and varnishing wheels. It is especially easy to clean and paint the disc wheels that are becoming so popular. The wire-spoked wheels are more difficult. However, when it comes to a complete job of painting an automobile, the owner who is not an expert painter will do well to send his car to a reliable paint shop rather than to undertake the job himself.

There is nothing more persistent than deterioration of material objects of which the automobile is one. But the depreciating in value will be less and the satisfaction of ownership will be greater when a car is kept looking like new by the liberal use of water, polish, paint and varnish. (Clifford Brokaw is Technical director of the West Side Y.M.C.A. Automobile School, New York City).

Oh, So Easy, Wot?



"Good 'eavens, Martha, what's all that row?"
"Oh, that's only the feller from Used and Ab used Cars, Limited, collectin' 'is easy payments—Passing Show (London).

QUIZZES FOR GARAGE-MEN.

If your salesman fails to close a prospect, do you count the sale lost—or do you try your own ability as a "closer?"

Do your road advertising signs tell motorists how to reach your garage, or do they just mention the fact that you are in the garage business—somewhere?

How about the man who stops for gas and oil. Do you treat him as a customer—or a nuisance?

When your "prospect" is saying something he thinks is important, do you listen—or do you insist on him listening to you throughout the period of the interview?—Goodyear News.

Chinese Keen On Stepping On "Gas"

Motor Transport To Be Savior of China, Declares William I. Irvine.

Speed in travel appeals to the Chinese fancy, and the rage for "stepping on the gas" has now extended to the Orient, according to William I. Irvine, who has just completed a survey of Far Eastern automotive markets for the United States Department of Commerce.

This Oriental bent for speedy travel is an asset to Chinese railroads and bus lines, thousands of Chinese taking joy rides simply for pleasure, and it is no uncommon thing, Mr. Irvine reports, for a poor coolie to spend his last "cash" on a ride that leaves him stranded many miles from home. He trudges back complacent, and satisfied in his own mind that his money has been well spent.

The economies, as well as convenience and speed, of motor transportation, is bringing a slow but certain transformation to old China; highways are being extended and the good roads movement is spreading.

Serious students of Chinese affairs contend that the extension of motor transportation would contribute more to national cohesiveness, to political stability and industrial progress, than any other factor.

Mr. Irvine is extremely optimistic as to the future market prospects in China, stating that "automotive exporters, who have shown faith in this market by spending more than the immediate returns warranted, would certainly be repaid for their foresight."

Mr. Irvine's itinerary included China, British Malaya and Chosen, and the result of his studies and observations are contained in "Automotive Markets in China, British Malaya and Chosen," which has just been released by the Department of Commerce, and can be purchased from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.

NASH SALES RECORDS ECLIPSED IN CANADA.

"All previous records for Nash sales in Canada have been far surpassed by the tremendous and persistent demand recorded during the past six months," says E. H. McCarty, general sales manager of the Nash Motors Company, who is in Toronto for the National Motor Show. "From January 1, 1923, to June 30, we had shipped as many cars as were sold in eleven months of 1922. The increase of the past six months over the corresponding period of a year ago was 42.6 per cent. Altogether 32,243 Nash cars were distributed to points in the United States and Canada from the first of this year up to July 30th—a total which exceeds the corresponding period of 1922 by 11,971.

Delay In Widening Streets Is Costly

Why Toronto's Procrastination On Bay St., Queen To College?

"Widen and open up necessary arterial streets and avenues to handle present and future motor vehicle traffic now," is the recommendation of Thomas P. Henry, president of the American Automobile Association. Mr. Henry feels that one of the most important fields of activities of the A.A.A. and the three hundred affiliated clubs and associations is to co-operate in every way possible with the traffic authorities of the various cities in the solution of problems relative to handling the constantly increasing traffic. The question he points out not only involves expediting traffic, but also the saving of lives.

"Practically all of our cities and larger towns were planned before the days of the motor vehicle," says President Henry in a communication to the Ontario Motor League with which the A.A.A. is affiliated. "Many cities and towns were developed to their present proportions without any plan. With narrow streets or without an adequate number of connected thoroughfares from the suburbs to the heart of the city, traffic authorities in the majority of our cities are staying awake nights wondering how they are going to handle the present day motor traffic. Temporary expediencies such as more traffic officers, one way streets, etc., are adopted with the realization that these measures are not going to meet the situation a year or two from now with the corresponding increase of traffic which has been noted during the past few years.

"The question of solving local traffic problems can be answered by a scientific study of the needs of a city and how they may be met, continued Mr. Henry. The difficulty rests in the fact that the soluiton which such a study will point out, involves an immediate outlay of money so great that the average city administration does not dare to put the matter up to the taxpayer. The City of St. Louis began a study of traffic in 1916, which resulted in a recommendation for the adoption of the Major street plan in 1921. The estimated cost of widening and connecting up certain streets in accordance with the Major street plan was $8,650,000. Bonds were issued for this amount and the work is now under way.

"While the cost of an adequate street plan may be staggering, it must be borne in mind that the cost to-day will be less than it will be a year or two from now as abutting property continues to increase in value.

"The lesson which the larger cities are learning from experience, should prompt smaller cities and towns to begin their city planning to take care of future motor vehicle traffic now and not wait until it becomes imperative and the cost of widening and connecting streets becomes almost prohibitive."

A Distinguished Show Visitor.

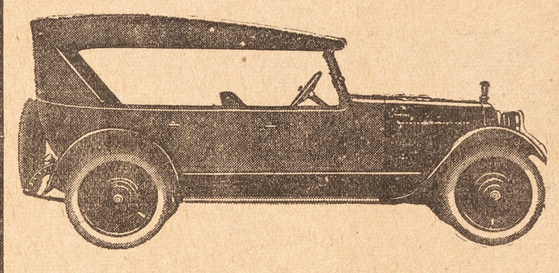


John North Willys, who heads the great Willys-Overland Corporation, the spectacular comeback of which (from fourteenth to third place in the automotive industry, in point of production and sales, during the current year) is a much discussed accomplishment. Willys is a protagonist of Anglo-Saxon unity and co-operation.

ANNOUNCING

Substantial Price Reduction on

Columbia Six



Standard Touring Car

$1,460

TAX PAID, SPARE TIRE INCLUDED.

Metropolitan Motors Limited

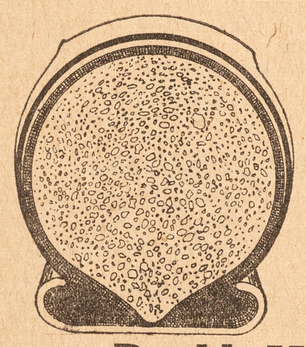
22-26 Temperance Street

MAIN 6800.

See the Columbia at the Exhibition

AERO-CUSHION INNER TIRES

NO PUMPING



NO BLOWOUTS

No Spares--Double Mileage

The AERO-CUSHION TIRE is an inner tire, circular in form, moulded in size and shape to fit any outer casing, composed of the best grade of PURE PARA RUBBER, containing millions of tiny air cells, each one forming a pneumatic shock-absorbing cushion, actually affording greater resiliency than the customary fully inflated tube.

We Have Service Stations From Coast to Coast.

Aero-Cushion Inner Tire and Rubber CO. OF ONTARIO, LTD.

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DO NOT FAIL TO SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT BOOTH 23, S.-W. CORNER OF THE COLISEUM BUILDING.

FACTORY: WINGHAM, ONT.

"A Smile With Every Mile"

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Have Never Been Out-performed

Prove to Yourself

The Superiority of the Rayfield Carburetor

We are so confident that the Rayfield will give you more miles per gallon of gasoline, quicker acceleration, a smoother running motor and easier starting, that we will give you ten days to prove Rayfield performance on your car.

At the end of that time, if you are not fully convinced, we will take back the carburetor and refund purchase price.

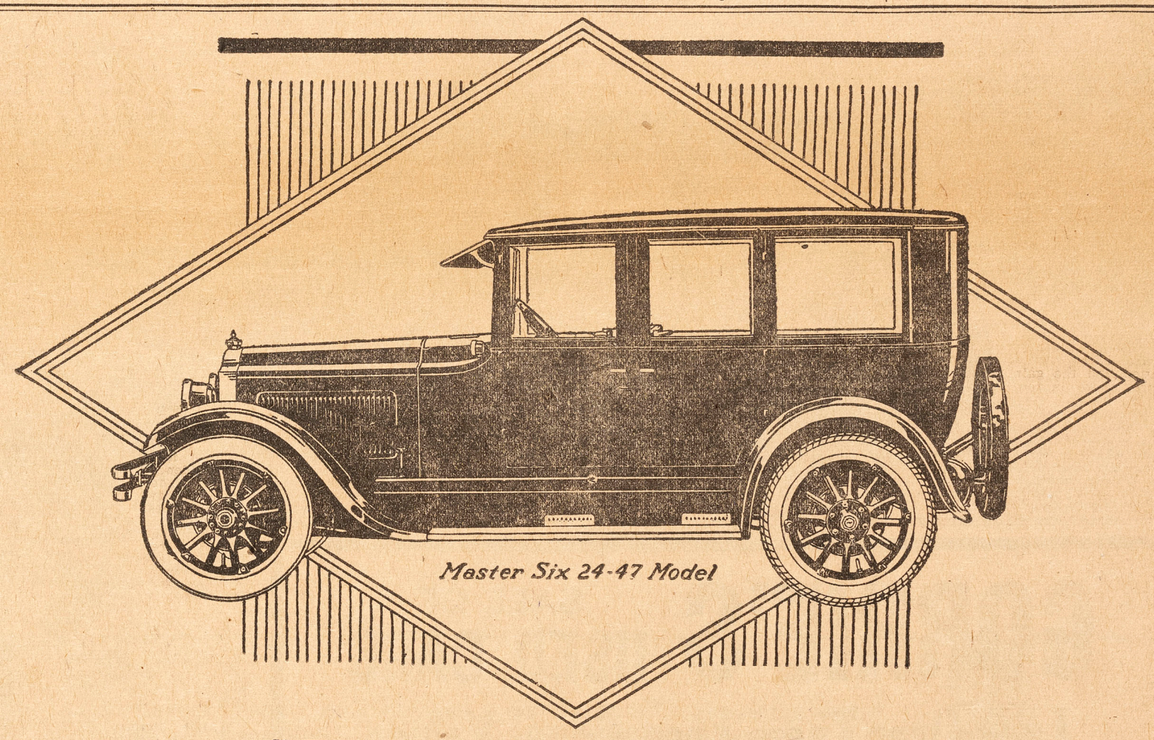
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Master Six 24-47 Model

Handsome and Better The New McLaughlin-Buick

IT'S a new and strikingly beautiful McLaughlin-Buick. Every line of its handsome body is designed for beauty in itself and to blend and harmonize with every other line so as to form a graceful, artistic whole. In color it is particularly attractive and pleasing and in refinements and appointments it meets the most exacting requirements of discriminating motorists. "Canada's Standard Car" has set a new high standard of artistic beauty in its 1924 models.

But back of this superb exterior are new and exclusive features of compelling interest. A new and more powerful engine—a longer chassis—four-wheel brakes—these are only a few of the most outstanding improvements. Yet the 1924 models are still McLaughlin-Buicks in principle—in construction—in reliability.

Don't be satisfied with this description alone. Come and see these wonderful new cars at the Toronto Exhibition. Visit our special display. You will surely feel that the time was well spent

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited

Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Ask about our plan of deferred payments.

BRANCH HOUSE—COR. CHURCH AND RICHMOND STREETS.

British and American Motors, Limited, 77 Avenue Rd.

Gibson Electrics, Limited, 19 Bloor East.

Giles, Rice & Peters, Limited, Cor. Danforth and Chisholm Avenues.

Runnymede Motors, 2187 Bloor West.

12 FACTORY BRANCHES FROM COAST TO COAST—DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Have You Seen the New 1924 Cars?

M-5023A

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

What to Do in Case You Are Involved in An Accident

The Law Requires That You Give Your Name and Address in Writing to Injured, Irrespective of Responsibiity for Accident—Onus of Proof is on Motorist—Important Facts Shoud be Ascertained at Time of Accident, After, of Course, Rendering All Possible Assistance to Those Injured—Points to Report on—Advise Police.

No matter how trivial or how serious it may be, get the facts about every accident in which your car is involved. These facts should be written on paper at once, for they may be of great value to you, your employer, or to your insurance company.

The important points in such a report include:

(a) Name, sex and address of injured persons, other drivers and witnesses.

(b) License numbers of other cars involved.

(c) Exact location of accident (street, house number, etc).

(d) Date and time of day or night.

(e) Weather conditions (rain, snow clear, dark, etc).

(f) Street conditions (dry, wet, asphalt, brick, etc).

(g) Nature and extent of accident (persons injured, damage to property, another or your own car, etc).

(h) Circumstances of accident (speed and direction of other vehicles involved, were horns used or proper signals given etc.)

(i) Whose fault.

(j) A pencil sketch showing as much detail as possible including distances, etc.

In case of accident, irrespective of responsibility, give your name, address, name of the car owner, and license number in writing to injured party or to party whose property has been injured. The law requires it.

If an accident happens, keep your head and do not leave the scene until you are justified in doing so. The driver who runs away after a person has been killed or injured, is almost invariably pronounced guilty. Drive the injured person to the nearest doctor's office or hospital, and report at once to a policeman or at the police station.

If you are held over for an inquest, you may be released on bond. While out on bond, it is best not to make any statement to any one except your attorney. Be sure to appear for the inquest at the exact time specified. If held for grand jury, you may again be released on bond. Do not fail to report for your trial at the exact time specified. An attempt to evade the law is always construed as an admission of guilt.

Safe Driving.

A man may have a mechanically perfect car, but because of careless driving he may cause an accident that results in serious injury or death to himself or others.

Reckless driving is not a demonstration of skill.

A moment or two saved to-day by reckless speeding is not efficiency, for speeding to-morrow may result in a smash that will lay up the car for several days and you for several months. Hurrying to get ahead of a train, a street car, or another vehicle saves only a moment or two at the ultimate destination and the gain is not worth the price; there is too much danger of accident.

The best drivers are especially careful at dusk or twilight. There is then neither enough daylight nor sufficient artificial light to make objects distinguishable at ordinary distances.

Slow up for all turns in the road. Blind corners are dangerous. When it is impossible to see what is coming from around the corner, be prepared to stop. Sound the horn a short distance before the corner.

Don't zig-zag from one side of the street to the other.

When installing chains on the rear wheels, install them on both wheels or none at all. Only one chain may result in a serious accident. Chains on all four wheels help the steering of the car.

There are ruts at the bottom of almost every hill. Hitting these ruts at too high a speed may cause the driver to lose control of his car.

HOW HE DID IT.

"This fellow Skinner tried to tell me that he has had the same automobile for five years, and has never paid a cent for repairs on it," said the fat man. "Do you believe that?"

"I do," replied the thin man, sadly. "I'm the man who did his repair work for him."

—The Continent (Chicago.)

Drive slowly at bridges and at culverts. A bad rut or a stone in the road may throw your car against the structure.

When attempting to pass another vehicle going in the same direction, start turning out (to the left) at least 75 feet to the rear. If you get up too close your view of the road ahead is obstructed and you may turn directly in front of another car coming toward you. When you have passed a car do not cut back into the road or slow down too soon.

Always be careful when backing. Sound horn three times; signal other cars, and look back (not ahead) to see where you are going. Mirrors are valuable at all times.

Clean windshields give you a clear view ahead. Every car should have a secondary windshield (rain visor) or windshield wiper which will prevent snow or rain from obstructing the driver's view.

When driving, do not attempt to carry on a long conversation with others in the car. Small children should preferably sit in the rear of the car, they should never be held in or between the arms of the driver. Safe driving demands your full and undivided attention.

Be sure and signal when driving toward or away from the curb.

You should shut off the engine, remove the ignition key, and set the emergency brake, when leaving the car. Cramp the wheels to curb to prevent the car from moving accidentally.

Co-operation with the Traffic Officer.

The traffic officer has a difficult job at the best and drivers should make every effort to assist him.

At times the officer's directions may seem to be contradictory or unnecessary but we should remember that he may have excellent reasons for his action; reasons which we perhaps cannot understand at the time.

He is responsible for all accidents which happen at his station. Let us treat him as we expect him to treat us. His good will is more desirable than his ill will.

If you expect the traffic officer to give you a good clear decision take pains to show him just what you want to do. The officer usually means to give clear distinct signals so watch him closely; he can't repeat for you without loss of attention to his other duties.

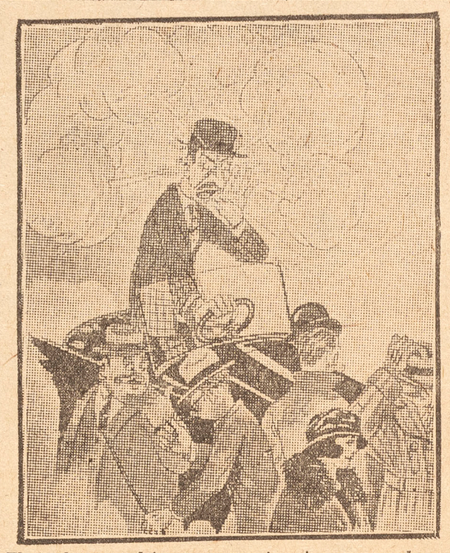
Don't be headstrong or overbearing. The traffic officer has all he can attend to without stopping to argue over a minor point. He has authority but seldom cares to use it to clinch an argument which could have been avoided by the driver with appreciation of modern traffic problems.

If you are a "distinguished" citizen and feel that traffic regulations are for others, by all means remember your position and set a good example. Make things easier for the officer who is there for your safety by obeying the signals without question or argument.

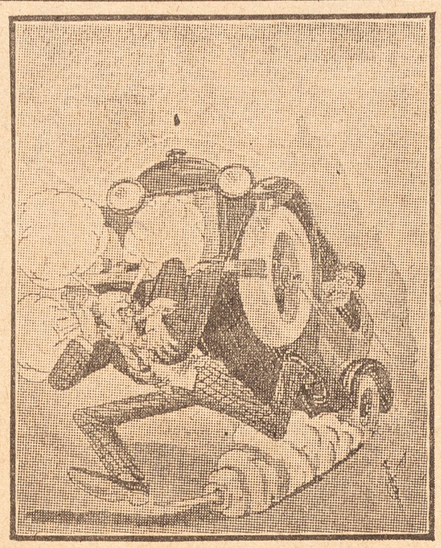
Automobiles rush down on the traffic cop from all directions. The strain of keeping them moving smoothly is a job the ordinary motorist would not accept as a gift. Remember this and do your part as a law abiding progressive citizen.

This is the third of a series of Safety Lessons for drivers, prepared by the National Safety Council and issued by the Ontario Safety League.—Ed. Note.

Did You Ever Observe the Phenomena?



That when you drive a car you imagine every pedestrian to be a dodo, taunting you and tempting you to hit him—



—But when you're hoofing it around, every motorist seems to be on murder bent, with you apparently his particular victim?

Motor Industry Leaders of England and U.S. at Show

Continued from Page Three.

dogged his footsteps wherever he went. And when America broke with Germany, he crossed the Atlantic and prepared to drive an American car—prepared half-heartedly because he felt that severed relations would eventually lead to a declaration of war. In May, 1917, he was in Cincinnati, preparing for the Memorial Day races, without his usual zest, however, because he had arranged to enlist and was awaiting word from Washington. On the 21st of May, a friend in Washington called him by long distance and informed him that a secret sailing for France was being arranged and that if he wanted to wear khaki in France his chance had come.

"Fine," replied Rickenbacker. "Give me a chance to win at Indianapolis, and I'll be there. Say ten days so I have an opportunity to clean up my affairs."

"Ten days!" came the response. "If you aren't in New York, by to-morrow morning, you needn't come!"

"I'll be there!" was the answer.

Affairs that seemed to require days to wind up were handled in a few hours. En route for Cleveland he stopped at Columbus to see his mother and say good-bye. The next morning, May 23rd, he was in New York. That day he enlisted, the next he sailed, a sergeant in the Signal Corps.

On his arrival in France, he was assigned to that most cushy of all army jobs, that of driving the Commander-in-Chief's personal car. But he had no desire to drive anyone's personal car. He had his eyes on aviation. For two weeks he endured the formality of fine soldiering, with its snappy salutes and other concomitants. Then he made bold to suggest to General Pershing that he had ambitions to fly, and that he was a rotten soldier. On the last point, General Pershing agreed, with the result that General Pershing acquired a new chauffeur whose predecessor proceeded to Tours, where he was commissioned and given his first lesson in flying. And teaching the future Ace of Aces to fly was not a tedious job. Eleven lessons sufficed, and his final tests were completed in the amazingly short period of seventeen days—the shortest course ever given by the French.

From Tours he was transferred to Issoudon, the American flying centre, and the largest school of aviation in the world. There he was assigned to the office of the chief engineer, and utilized his spare hours perfecting himself in the art of flying. His staff duties were of immense portent—for they gave him entree into every plant and experimental station in France, and required of him the purchase of millions of dollars' worth of equipment for the school. That was important work—and absorbing, too—to one so fascinated by motors, motor design and machinery.

But he wanted to fly—wanted to go to the front with the 1st Squadron. But the commanding officer (like all of them!) had a capable assistant and refused to let him go. Whereupon the junior trained a subordniate (a mark of the true executive, wasn't it?) and proceeded to the hospital to nurse a suddenly acquired and painful ailment. On returning to duty, he pointed out to the commanding officer that there was no sound reason for his remaining at Issoudon when flyers were needed at the front, and when he, a flyer, had a capable subordinate.

Whereupon the commanding officer, in despair, shouted: "All right! All right! For God's sake, get out, you're a nuisance."

So Rickenbacker got to the front. Of his deeds of valor I shall not write more than a line or two. More facile pens than mine have related them. They are history—absorbing history, too, which redounds to his own credit and the glory of the land which bore him. But Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, D.S.C., brought back from France more than his war reputation, and a collection of medals for valor. He brought back a score of engineering ideas and the conviction that the time was ripe for him to enter the auptomobile industry again, this time on the manufacturing side.

There were waiting for him, a number of men willing to finance his engineering ideas. And this permitted him to determine the group who should constitute the Rikenbacker organization. Having known and worked with the veteran B. F. Everitt, for many years, and realizing that the titular head of the company must be a man in whom the financial and commercial interests had more confidence than they could naturally have in one of his own years, he succeeded in persuading Everitt to head the company. For himself he took the job of directing sales, work for which he was admirably fitted in many respects.

First, however, came the design of the Rickenbacker car. To its motor, he contributing many of the principles and ideas—the double fly-wheel, the valve design, and others. Some are of English origin some of French; one or two are Italian. The very important tandem fly-wheel came from a German aeroplane motor.

When the car itself was under way, Captain Rickenbacker set out to establish the company's sales outlets. In a flying trip of ninety days, he visited forty-four distributors, which formed the nucleus of the present Rickenbacker organization. That his judgment of men and their capabilities as regards the sale of motor cars is of a high order, is evidenced by the fact that only three of the forty-four have since changed. And two of that number sold out their business at a handsome profit.

What lies behind this extraordinary fact? A war record, as the ignorant and carping are wont to say? Or something more—something that goes back further and strikes deeper? The answer is the latter—if you will recall that for twenty years, Captain Rickenbacker has been a part of the industry of which he is now such a luminous figure. As a salesman and service representative, as a race driver, and manager of racing teams, he has visited practically every city in America. His is an attractive personality. He likes men. Men like him, and remember him As a result, his personal acquaintance among distributors and dealers is as large as that of any other man in the industry. And that is a priceless business asset, one which is built up by years of work and traveling. He has made wonderful use of it.

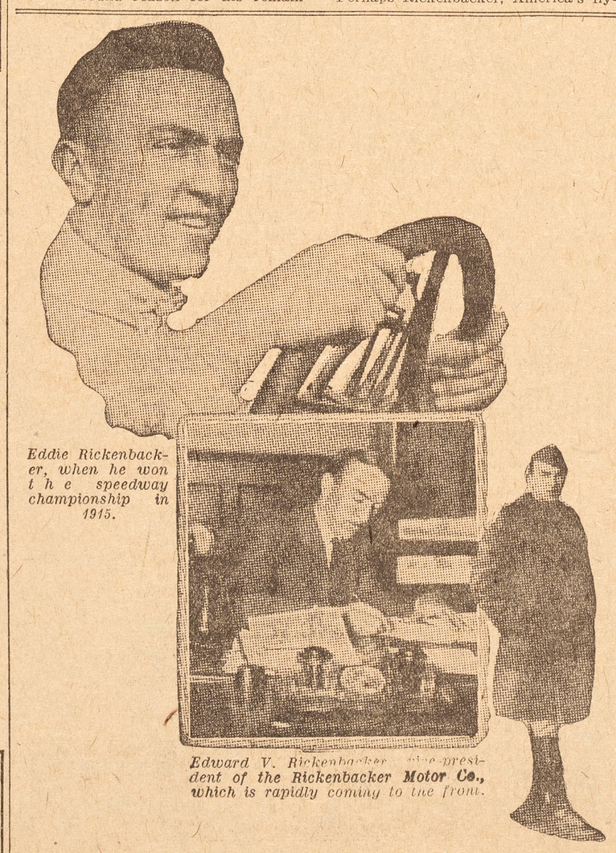
Perhaps Rickenbacker, America's flying hero, "sold" his name. But if he did he struck a poor bargain, for since the "sale" was consummated, Captain Rickenbacker has worked perhaps harder, and more consistently, than any other man I have met in the industry. Full half of his time is devoted to traveling—the hardest and most distasteful sort of work, especially for one recently married. Since December first, he has made three trips clear across the continent; he has visited 75 per cent. of the 400-odd Rickenbacker sales outlets. He has met face to face, at luncheons, dinners, and other affairs, at least two-thirds of the 10,000 Rickenbacker owners.

Aiding him to no mean extent in his work of forming the Rickenbacker merchanding organization, and establishing the Rickenbacker car in the mind of the public, he has one trait in which he is exceeded by but one man in the entire industry—Henry Ford. That trait is an amazing news sense. He attracts publicity as readily as a flame attracts moths. And pupblicity is something that cannot be forced from blase newspaper men. Either you "are publicity" or you aren't. Rickenbacker is.

As to his hobbies, frankly, I don't know. Before that stage of the interview was reached he was compelled to rush away and dress for dinner. But I am reasonably safe in saying that right now Edward V. Rickenbacker has a single consuming hobby—that of "filling each unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run."

to the end that the Rickenbacker Motor Car Company will continue to enjoy the success that has attended its growth from the day of organization.

Some day, perhaps, he may take to riding to hounds or developing airplane motors. But not now. He's too happily busy.



Eddie Rickenbacker, when he won the speedway championship in 1915.

Edward V. Rickenbacker, vice-president of the Rickenbacker Motor Co., which is rapidly coming to the front.

Captain Rickenbacker, who shot down 27 German planes

HE WOULDN'T ADVERTISE

He started in to run a store like lots of folks have done, he reckoned he could go ahead and make the business hum. He got a corner site, he did, he daubed it up with paint to make the place he picked upon look somewhat like it aint.

And then he went and bought his stock, 'twas new and likewise crisp, he reckoned that this outfit would keep them coming brisk.

He stuck a sign upon his door, another on the wall, they were artistic things, by heck, like yeller leaves in Fall.

He got a rig to peddle with, he had that painted too, all fussed and frilled about his name in colors red and blue.

He figured folks would see that name at either aft or fore, and trade would come a-crowdin' then unto his access'ry store

The paper man dropped in one day, he ran a goodly sheet, he told the 'cess'ry man that he could put him on his feet—but this here gent he chucked him out, in business he was wise, he wasn't tossin' up his coin, he wouldn't advertise.

If other folks was usin' space that was their own affair, he'd build his trade upon his goods, and prices that were square.

But somehow folks they didn't fall for all his painted signs, nor yet for all his painted rigs, and stuff up with the times. They 'llowed as how his store was nice, his goods were all right, too, but they didn't know just when he had some 'quipment that was new. He didn't use the paper that they took into their homes, and so some other dealer was pullin' in the bones.

He reckoned that the trade would come by waitin' round a spell, but while he waited half his goods got old enough to smell. But still he didn't use no space to tell the folks in town how he could 'tend unto their wants and trim the prices down.

Well, things they went along like this they went from bad to worse, and 'bout the only thing to do was holler for the hearse. Until one day he quit the store, the trade was far too tame, and the chap that has the business now—the bailiff is his name—Ark.

ITS WORTH WELDING WELL



AUTO PARTS WELDED

Chassis and fenders welded and straightened.

Carbon removed while you wait.

Radiators repaired.

Carter Welding Co., Ltd.
165 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO
TELEPHONE ADELAIDE 4175

"An old pot of drained engine oil with a paint brush in it—the whole thing set near the tire changer or outdoor tools—forms the basis of another idea we find serviceable at our store. When a customer comes up for tire work we render him the additional service of brushing the bolts on the car wheels with the oil—thus preventing rust and squeaking. And, if the springs need it, they are brushed too. Customers note and some comment on the service. It costs but little and the returns are great."

"In hardware stores a small wire brush is sold for use in scrubbing cooking pans. There is no handle on the brush, but it has a sort of thimble head into which the wires are pressed. This little brush is ideal for cleaning tubes where a hole has to be repaired. Just dip the wires in gasoline and scrub the injury. You'll find it does the job well."—Goodyear News.

A small mirror is exceedingly useful to reflect a ray of light on a dark spot in a motor.

GRAY-DORT

New Models

Substantial Improvements

Lowest Prices Yet

The new series "A" Gray-Dort Fours and Sixes are prominent features of the automotive exhibit.

A NEW TYPE DISC CLUTCH
A NEW HAYES REAR AXLE
THE NEW SIX CYLINDER MOTOR

are only a few of the improvements which place Gray-Dort ahead of the times, thus setting a standard for others to follow.

Yet Gray-Dort enjoys the distinction of manufacturing

CANADA'S LOWEST PRICED SIX AND MEDIUM FOUR

Gray-Dort Four $1095 — Gray-Dort Six $1325

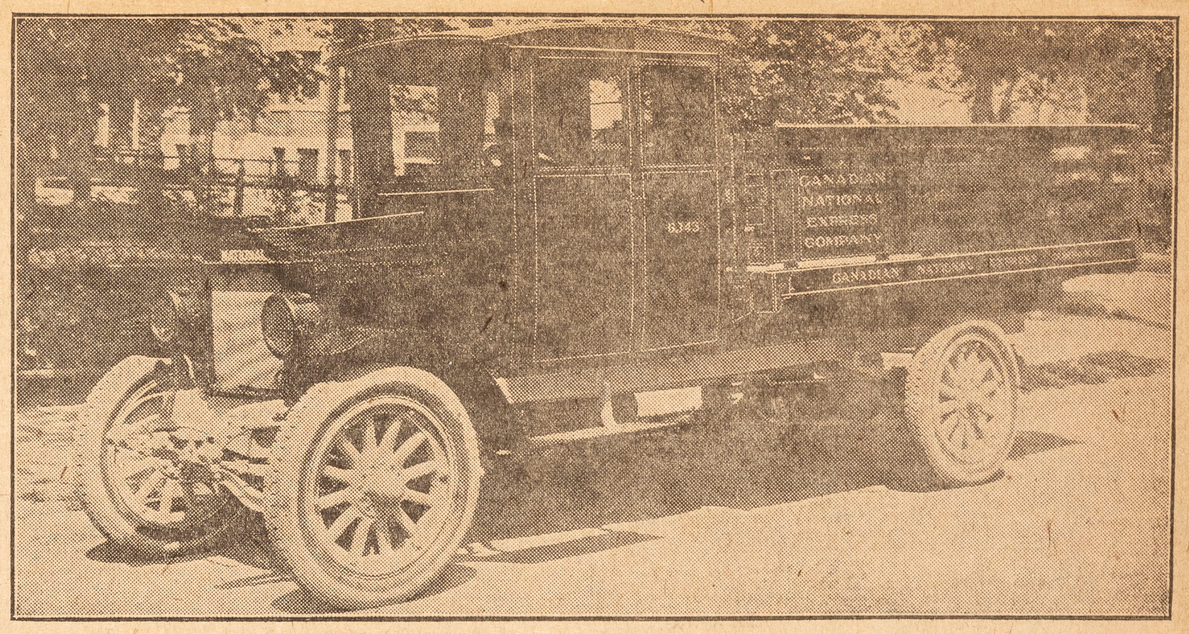
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GRAY-DORT MOTORS, LIMITED
Chatham, Ont.
Makers of Lowest Priced Six in Canada.

GRAY-DORT FACTORY BRANCH
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SEE THE NATIONAL TRUCKS AT THE EXHIBITION

NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION 504 King St. West Telephone Adelaide 2644

NATIONAL RE-BUILT TRUCKS

1--1½--2--3½--5-Ton

SOME WITH DUMP BODY AND HOIST

WILL BE SOLD AT REMARKABLY LOW PRICES

BUY A USED TRUCK AT THIS SALE

All Have Been Overhauled and Are Represented To Be in the Best of Condition

WHITE - - - - ¾, 1½, 2-TON
PEERLESS - - - 3 AND 5-TON
STERLING - 3½-TON CAPACITY
FULTON - - 1½-TON CAPACITY
INTERNATIONAL - 1-TON CAPACITY
OLDSMOBILE - 1-TON CAPACITY
MAXWELL - 1½-TON CAPACITY

AND A NUMBER OF FORD AND OTHER MAKES OF TRUCKS

Our own mechanics have gone over these trucks carefully, and there is real value in every truck at the low prices we are quoting.

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REPRESENTATIVE CARS—SALES AND SERVICE STATIONS

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SALES AND SERVICE Open Day and Night.
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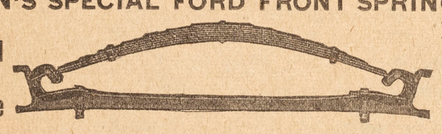
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Road Show In "Chi." Week of January 14

To Be Held Concurrently With Annual Convention of Road Builders Association.

Plans for the 1924 convention and road show of the American Road Builders' Association have practically all been completed. These two events are to be held simultaneously the week beginning January 14th. The convention headquarters are to be in the Congress Hotel. The road show will be held in the Coliseum and the adjoining Greer Building.

Mr. Frank Page, president of the American Road Builders' Association, has appointed Mr. Chas. M. Upham manager of the convention and road show. Mr. Upham will report directly to the executive committee of the American Road Builders' Association. With the approval of that committee, Mr. Upham will appoint several committees to handle various features of the two big events of the year in the highway industry.

Mr. Page and Mr. Upham spent some time recently in Chicago making detailed arrangements for both the convention and the show. As a result, all the important preliminaries are already completed. Work also is being pushed on the whole program in such manner as to give ample time for all concerned to make their plans.

Mr. Upham will open an office in Chicago well in advance of the date of the convention and road show. Meanwhile, arranagements are being made so the date of drawings for space in the road show may be announced shortly. General features of the convention also have been mapped out to an extent that will permit the details to be determined before the end of September.

Mr. S. F. Beatty, president of the Highway Industries Exhibitors' Association, has advised Mr. Page and Mr. Upham that that organization will co-operate in every possible way to make the 1924 road show and convention successful. With the two organizations working together in close harmony, maximum results for both these events are assured.

All inquiries regarding the convention and road show should be addressed to the home office of the American Road Builders' Association at 57 West 39th Street, New York City, until the announcement of the location of the temporary Chicago office has been made.

New Nash Carriole Proves Popular

Demand For Attractive Closely Priced Model Eclipses Expectations.

Demand for the new Nash Carriole, toned in deep maroon and black is even greater than had been anticipated. Dealers who have received shipments of this five-passenger enclosed family car, report to the factory that great as was the previous demand for the Carriole, the new model has created interest that eclipses expectations. Notwithstanding improvements and in spite of price raises by some other makes at this time Nash Motors has made no increase in price.

"The Carriole, from the day of its introduction, has been a ready seller," said E. H. McCarty, general sales manager of the Nash Motors Company, "and it is not surprising, therefore, that the new Carriole, with its added refinements, should have met with so ready a response on the part of the public."

Attractive in design, the new Nash Carriole provides passenger capacity for five adults, and yet it is priced near to open car standards. In front are two deeply upholstered parlor car chairs and in the rear a comfortable seat for three. A specially designed beading on the radiator shell aids the trimness of its appearance.

The new gas and spark control are so placed as to be most readily convenient and a windshield wiper is part of the equipment adding to the comfort of the driver. Just below the door step are kick plates to prevent the paint surface from being disfigured in entering or leaving the car.

At the rear a large trunk is mounted firmly upon a heavy rack. Stalwart nickeled guard bars preserve the rear rear of the body from defacement. A dome light overhead gives a soft, pleasing light. The chastely designed hardware bears a platinum finish. Silk curtains decorate the windows, which are adjustable except in the case of the rear plate.

Five-Year-Old Wins Chittenango Climb

Hupmobile of 1918 Vintage First In Syracuse Event.

Spectators who witnessed the annual Chittenango Hill Climb, near Syracuse, N.Y., recently, were furnished an unusual thrill when a 1918 model Hupmobile, driven by its owner, P. C. Schwartz, an amateur driver, ran away with the opening event against a large field of new cars, several of them piloted by professional drivers.

Fred O'Neil, Hupmobile distributor at Syracuse, who saw the venerable car conquer the field, was enthusiastic concerning its showing. "If the 1918 model can perform like that," he said, "I'm just wondering how badly the more powerful and better performing new Hupmobile would have broken the record."

Jewett Six Wins Brinkerhuff Climb

Equals Record Made By Specially Built High Powered Racing Car.

"The Brinkerhoff Hill Climb, an annual event won in Syracuse, N.Y., recently by a Jewett Six, attracted many of the most famous automobile drivers in the United Statts with specially built motor cars," says an official of Automobile and Supply Ltd., distributors.

"The 'Try to Pass it On a Hill' slogan of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company for its Jewett Six was given added impetus among dealers by the performance of their car. The hill climb was under the auspices of the Syracuse Automobile Club. The fastest time on the hill was made by Edward Bachle in a Jewett Six.

"Bachle not only defeated all drivers but set a new mark for the mile and four-tenths hill of one minute, thirty-one and three-fifth seconds. The former time was one minute thirty-two and two-fifths seconds made in 1922 by an eight cylinder car selling at about three times the Jewett price. This was equalled by George Reynolds in a Jewett Six in a professional event earlier in the day.

"The motor cars beaten by the Jewett Six included many of the most expensive makes with shortened wheelbase, special geared axles and high compression cylinder heads. One of the cars was driven by Ot Loeche. It was the same used by him when he won the Pikes Peak Mountain Climb a few years back.

"The eight cylinder special was built for the hill. It has a 97 inch wheelbase and won the 1922 climb. Bachle drove a standard Jewett Six with a standard wheelbase, standard axle, standard transmission and few variations from the standard production engine.

"There were fiteen different makes of automobiles competing in the various events. Of these only a few sell for less than the Jewett. The hill climb was devided into two divisions—professional and amateur. To enter an amateur event the driver was compelled to be the owner of the motor car he drove.

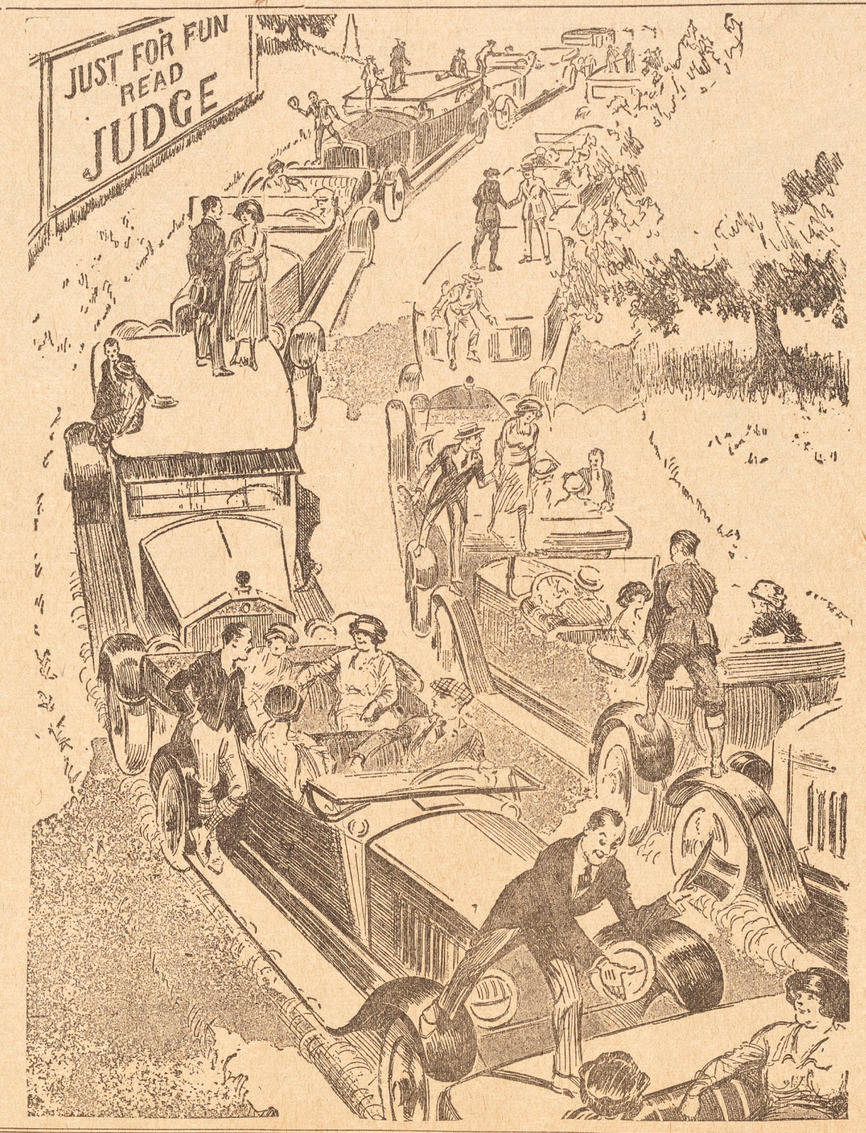
"In the professional class competing against the Jewett were many nationally known drivers, including Dave Lewis, Fred Thomas, H. E. Sheldon, and Pat Shields.

"This class and the amateurs were allowed two events each, being classified in the contests by the piston displacements of the cars driven. The last event of the day was a free-for-all, open to all makes and sizes and both amateurs and professionals.

"In the classifications of the motor cars, the Jewett with piston displacement of 249 cubic inches was forced into an event with cars, not one of which sold for less than 100 per cent. more than the Jewett. It was in this event that the Jewett driven by Reynolds carried off the honors and equalled the hill record.

"In the free-for-all Bachle shattered this mark and beat his nearest competitor, Dave Lewis by one-fifth of a second. Lewis was driving a popular make of automobile selling for nearly double the Jewett price and especially designed for the hill. Bachle was oficially credited with crossing the finish line at 70 miles per hour."

What's Sunday Calling Coming To?



Celebration Ride Of Famed Pony Express

Ponies In Race Preceeded and Followed By Motor Cars.

Based, as it is, on an historical factor in the development of the United States to which the entire nation looks with pride, the Pony Express Revival celebration, extending from St. Joseph, Mo., to the Pacific Coast, has attracted the interest of the country at large to the route travelled by the riders of nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

Before the telegraph could be completd to a point beyond the town on the Missouri border, the Pony Express riders performed the herculean task of completing the rapid transmission of communications to the coast by forming a relay which carried mail from St. Joseph to the Pacific.

Now, when the continent is covered with a network of means for communication and transportation inconceivable in that former day, the states through which the Pony Express rode are taking time to plan and execute expositions which will serve to recall the deeds of the famous riders.

Linking the series of celebrations which will be held along the route is the revival itself, in which two teams—one composed of army officers and army mounts, the other of civilians with their horses, will race from St. Joseph to San Francisco.

Prizes amounting to $7,500 will spur the two teams to their best efforts in the race which opened at ten o'clock in the morning of August 31 and closes with the arrival in San Francisco on September 10.

According to the conditions of the run, checking stations will be established at the border of each state. At each station the difference in time between the arrival of the leading team and the arrival of the trailing team will be credited to the leaders, and the two teams will be started into the next state together.

The route, laid out by Capt. W. T. Bauskett, of the Army; Earl Snell, of Reno, Nev., executive secretary of the Revival; and C. H. Bigelow, well-known race driver and record holder, in his famous Reo Phaeton selected to act as the pathfinding car, varies slightly from the route actually taken by the Pony Express riders. This variation occurs, however, only where detours have been necessary at one or two points, and where the run is carried through Sacramento to San Francisco rather than stopped at Sacramento.

There are 243 horses, required by each team. Each horse runs only about ten miles, while each rider changes mounts five or six times before completing his section of the run.

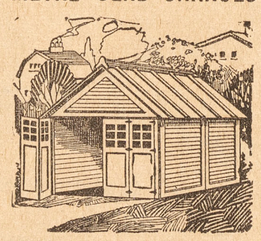
The Reo pathfinding car goes ahead piloted by Bigelow. It carries an army veterinarian and a horseshoer, both of whom have been instructed to serve either army or civilian mounts as their services become necessary. A Reo touring car follows with officials.

Behind the racing teams come a number of speed wagons, two of which are furnished to the committee in charge by the Reo Motor Car Company, the others being sent out by Reo distributors and dealers along the route.

One of these speed wagons is fitted as an equine hospital to carry sick or disabled horses while the other carries general equipment. Additional loads are carried by the speed wagons sent out from local distributing points.

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The first Cadillac owned by Mr. Hilles and driven by Pat Gunning was a 1912 four-cylinder car, which covered not less than 87,000 miles. The next was of the first V-type, eight-cylinder series, produced by Cadillac, a type 51, which, before being traded in, showed a mileage of 125,000. On his third car, a type 57 limousine, he photographed his speedster this Spring, showing 99,999 miles.

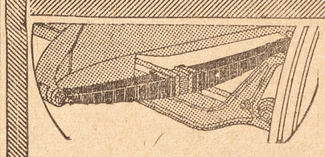
These three cars give the driver a total of 312,000 miles—more than twelve times around the earth, in addition to what he had driven in a type 57 roadster and a new "61" limousine, for which no records are given

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The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob.

WEEK-END THOUGHTS OF A MONDAY NIGHTER

IT IS not easy to explain the processes by which theatrical people arrive at their decisions. They are always doing suicidal things that ordinary outsiders find it difficult to understand. Now, they are going to stage a stock company war in Toronto, and the local playgoers will be given an opportunity to demonstrate how many repertoire organizations they can and will support.

Last year we had an English stock company, and the people liked it so well that for the coming season we are to have two English stock companies, acting, one supposes, on the assumption that people will like two of them twice as well. That sort of thing has happened in Toronto before. Shortly before the war, the Bensonians came to us with Shakespearean productions and were so successful that our city became famous on the continent for its love of the Bard. Everybody who could recite blank verse made a rush for the border, and inside of one month we saw more Shakespearean dramas that we usually see inside of a year. Stars like William Faversham and Margaret Anglin did comedy and tragedy from 8 o'clock to midnight, day after day, and before the orgy of classic drama came to an end, poor old Shakespeare was ready for a long rest in this city.

Between now and Christmas, we are going to discover how many stock companies can make money in Toronto at one time.

The Return of Stock.

For more than a decade until Vaughan Glaser started his company at the Uptown Theatre, stock organizations had only visited Toronto in the summer time. Mr. Glaser believed that there was a field here for cheap entertainment, and he brought us a company built along old lines, with experienced repertoire troopers. He did not endeavor to appeal to the discriminating, except for one brief season when he had Catharine Proctor with him, but she was a little over the heads of his clientele. The Vaughan Glaser Players have never pretended to do anything of artistic importance, but they have given the people good, popular-priced entertainment, and their prosperity was earned by hard work and an earnest effort to find what the public liked. They have established a place for themselves in Toronto, and if Mr. Glaser shows as much enterprise during the coming season as he did last year, he will be still more firmly established in the public esteem by next spring.

When Cameron Matthews came to Toronto, he did not do so as opposition to Vaughan Glaser. He had looked over the field and believed that this city contained a large number of fastidious playgoers, for whom no stock company had ever catered. For a year before he finally opened at the Princess Theatre, he had been considering the possibilities of such an enterprise. Because it was something entirely new for Toronto, some persons were a little afraid of the undertaking. They waited until it was successful before they would concede it any chance of success. That Torontonians were hungry for just such an organization, the experience of the Cameron Matthew Players indicated. As a rule a stock company has to be prepared to lose money for a while until it can establish itself. But that was not the case with the English players. They began to make profits the first week.

Signs of War.

There were a few furtive signs of warfare when the Cameron Matthews English Players opened. When the critics and the editors expressed appreciation of the fine work being done at the Princess Theatre, the editor of the Vaughan Glaser Bulletin began putting in such paragraphs as the following, "He is really an English actor and was discharged for incompetency. This week and perhaps next. After that theatregoers will know more than the dramatic editors." and "We have been informed that the paper you refer to is not particularly partial to North End development. There's always a 'higher up.' So don't be too hard on the individual. We'll enjoy our moment when the time comes. You can't kid the public."

There were more items of this nature, and they were all sent to the editor of this page carefully marked, so that we missed none of them. We gather that the last reply to an imaginary correspondent was intended to intimate that the dramatic editors of down town papers failed to grow enthusiastic over the Vaughan Glaser Players because some one higher up did not favor "North End development," whatever that may be. Now as a matter of fact, the dramatic editors all went out of their way to commend Vaughan Glaser for the sort of work he was endeavoring to do in supplying cheap entertainment. We are quite certain that Mr. Glaser did not sanction the publication of the insinuating paragraphs in the bulletin. He is not the sort of man to be guilty of such a piece of bad taste, especially as the class of people who patronized the English Players would not have been going to the Uptown Theatre anyway.

However, that was the first regrettable sign that we could not hope to have a couple of stock companies without warfare.

The Battle Joined.

Of course it is common gossip that the coming of two English stock companies this season is the direct result of a split between Mr. Matthews and Mr. Maurice, who came here together in the first undertaking. The present writer is a theatrical observer and not a lawyer, and does not pretend to be in a position to pronounce any opinion regarding the rights and wrongs of the disagreement. The matter did get aired in court, which was a decided pity. The public likes to regard a permanent stock company as a happy family, working together to please the public. Anything that puts a blight on that pleasant picture is not good for the atmosphere that should surround such a company. Our feeling in the matter last spring was that both sides should have made concessions so as to keep away from judges and trials. Nothing upsets public esteem more quickly than lawyers hovering like blackbirds in the offing.

However, judging from the homes that legal gentlemen maintain, few people listen to the advice that we offer so freely at all times, "Keep away from the lawyers." The English people have been through the courts, and they are not better friends for having done so. The net result is that they have made two English stock companies grow where one grew before.

There can be no doubt that these two organizations are out to fight one another. Neither one of them will injure the following of the Vaughan Glaser Players, but both of them are making a direct bid for the same public.

What the Effect Will Be.

For the time being at least, the presence of two English stock companies in Toronto ought to supply a feast of good things for those persons who like good plays. Let us hope that it will not end up in the loss of both of them.

Among discriminating people, you will find few people to contradict the statement that the Cameron Matthews Players gave us the finest season of plays ever presented here by any stock company. They did only the best of dramas, and did them remarkably well. One or two of their performances, like "The Doctor's Dilemma" were dramatic events to be remembered. No matter which company wins the battle that has now been joined, Mr. Matthews will always have the credit of having originated the idea. English plays done in the English way proved a delight. If both companies do as well as the players who appeared at the Princess Theatre last spring, then we can hope that both of them will prosper sufficiently to remain all winter.

There will probably be some taking of sides regarding the two companies. It will be the duty of the dramatic critics, however, to keep clear of the controversies and to tell the public, as nearly as possible, exactly what both are accomplishing. Of course, it is an axiom that personal feelings should never be brought into criticism. Half the New York critics make their work unreliable by being friends with this actress or pals with that dramatist. Now Toronto reviewers are going to face a testing time. They will have to endeavor to speak honestly and without prejudice about the work that both companies are doing, for the reviewers are supposed to be the servants of the public, and not the advocates of either party in an unfortunate dispute. In the long run, the public will be the jury to decide which company is to be preferred. So for a while at least, the players will be putting every bit of ability that they possess into the performances. That is good news for the play-lovers.

A Hard Task.

But we must not forget that both organizations are facing a hard task. On account of the prosperity of stock companies last season, there was an impression abroad in the spring that any repertoire company could expect to prosper locally. Mr. Campbell Duncan made an unfortunate experiment in presenting melodramatic stock which jolted that belief. It is true that things broke badly for the local producer, in the way of heated nights and other handicaps, and the presence in his company of Florence Stone, who reminded people of the days when stock did not stand as high in the public esteem as now—to put it mildly—did not help much. But even Norval Keedwell, with the prestige of Edward H. Robins behind him, did not find the work of establishing his company easy. Both those cases proved that the public will not accept any sort of stock company. Playgoers know and will patronize what they want.

There is a place in Toronto for a high class stock company. Perhaps there will be sufficient support for two of them. But let us hope that the present rivalry will not end in each one crushing the other out of existence. That would be indeed lamentable.

A NEW COMEDIAN

Readers of "Life" are familiar with the name of Robert C. Benchley, who has written their dramatic criticisms for some time past. They will be surprised to hear that Benchley expects to appear on the New York stage this season, when he will be a comedian in the new Music Box Revue.

This young writer is of a type almost new to the playhouses. He can't do anything with ropes, but Rogers is his nearest equivalent. Like the late comedian of the Follies, Benchley is primarily a satirist, but his wit is of a much more fantastic nature. There is much of the clown in Benchley, but the word is not broad enough. It will not suffice unless we add that he is a satiric clown.

Benchley may well be one of the men who will serve to mark a reaction against the school of comics which prevails overwhelmingly in the theatre to-day. Almost all the funny men depend upon pace for their effects. Jolson and Cantor have both set the style of moving audiences to laughter by a certain savage, tumultuous beat. As a matter of fact, it isn't so much laughter which they command as excitement. They rasp the nerves in order to tilt the audience into expectancy. The Benchley method is more insinuating. The leaps are verbal. It is a play of fancy rather than of feet.

JOE COOK GRABBED FOR A REVUE.



SOME doleful soul once wrote a ditty in which he cried aloud that he never loved a dear gazelle but what it was sure to die. His blighting affection left him desolate.

Something like that appears to be true of vaudeville entertainers. As soon as we get to look forward to the visits of one of them, along comes a revue producer and grabs him up. Do you remember when Frank Tinney came our way in the varieties. He used to play a selection from "Il Trovatore" on the bagpipes in those days, and he is not nearly so funny now as he was then. But the Winter Garden got him, and Tinney is not what he used to be.

Some of us can remember Will Rogers at Shea's. He might still have been an annual visitor at the Victoria St. theatre, but alas he was caught by the Follies.

It seems only yesterday that we first saw Savoy and Brennan at the Hippodrome. Savoy was so amusing that one felt certain that he would be back at Shea's very soon, but he found his way to Broadway via the revues.

A few months before Gallagher and Shean made their hit in the Follies, they sang their song here, and stirred up the enthusiasm of the local variety patrons. They had only one song to offer, but apparently that was enough. We are not mourning greatly over Gallagher and Shean. They were simply one-talented men.

But now we have to mourn for Joe Cook. He had all the versatility that Gallagher and Shean lacked. He came here season after season with his one-man vaudeville show, and he was always adding something new. It came to a point where his own act could not contain all that he had to offer, and he slopped over into the surrounding numbers on the bill. He helped two common-place ball-bouncers to become a feature. Now a new Broadway revue entitled "The Vanieties" has lifted Mr. Cook out of vaudeville, and Shea's will be poorer for his loss this season. He is the hit of his show. That is a fact one need hardly mention. Probably a move into a revue is regarded as a promotion by the artists of the two-a-day. Still, we are going to miss this clever young man.

LONG DISTANCE GLIMPSES OF THE BROADWAY STAGES

By PERCY HAMMOND

IN THE search for dilemmas in which to involve their "heroines" the dramatists have ransacked the catalogue of human predicaments. No difficulties are deemed too onerous for the distressed ladies of the theatre and they suffer some strange pangs and quandaries. The dramatists, as you know, are not troubled to find ways by which to extricate their victims from embarrassment. For when the ingenuity of the playwright falters there is usually the credulity of the audience to depend on. It really requires more effort to make trouble on the stage than it does to end it, so easy does it seem for the authors to render assistance when it is most needed. If other devices fail they can bring the curtain down. There were times last season when I suspected the producers had exhausted the vein of perplexities and the varying offshoots thereof, and, as in "The God of Vengeance," were operating in localities too precarious.

The complications arranged for last week's woman of the drama appeared, however, to be rather new, without being too bizarre. Pondering a fresh obstruction for the "heroine" of his play, Mr. Bernard K. Burns decided to make her a jurywoman and to call the drama "The Woman of the Jury." Jurywomen have been absent from the stage for a long time, save in the case of Portia, and the records show that distressed New York jurywomen are practically unknown to the Broadway theatre. To this unusual situation, Mr. Burns added appropriate decorations. He caused the lady to be summoned to the same jury whereon her husband was serving. He fixed it so that the case on trial was that of a girl for murdering her betrayer, and futher, that the murdered man had been none other than the man who had years previously wronged the woman on the jury. In fact, she herself had once taken a shot at him, missing him.

Here, indeed, was a miserable contretemps. The jurywoman had to fight eleven stubborn men (one of whom was her husband) for the freedom of the shes. During a long act in the jury room she was heckled, abused and derided while she endeavored to explain that it was a woman's right to assassinate her betrayer. "I vote," she would cry on every ballot, "Not Guilty! Not Guilty!! Not Guilty!!!" Eventually, with her back against the wall, she told the story of her own pitiable experience with the evil man who had been murdered. Whereupon all the obdurate male jurors changed their minds. After growing tender with her, they liberated the prisoner as being justified in her assassination. The poor husband (Mr. Charles Daniel) was puzzled for a time as to what course he should take, forgiveness or anger, but he, too, finally was convinced that his wife's nobility was enough to overcome her lapse from chastity and he continued to love her as the scene in the jury room ended.

Not Satisfied.

I suggested above that it was easy for playwrights to extricate their victims from circumstances however terrible. It is a complex process to wed them to calamity, but a simple one to divorce them therefrom. A tricky phrase or two, a theatrical gesture or a final curtain is usually sufficient for the purposes of the theatre, to abolish the clustered woes. For instance, in "The Woman of the Jury," the secret of the noble jurywoman's sexly error is revealed to eleven men. She tells this rather nondescript gathering about her error and they swear an eternal silence concerning it.

She and her husband are persons to whom the comforts of good reputation are essential, and you know that if her sin ever becomes public they both will be wretched. Yet the oaths of men, it has been said by distinguished authorities, are fragile, and perjuries as common as bad pence. I suspected the other night that three or four of these sworn jurors were of the chatty type, and that at least two of them addicted occasionally to strong drink, Suppose, said I, that one of them is of the infrequent kind who tells his wife everything, and that this wife is gifted with a loose tongue? What then would become of the good name of "The Woman on the Jury?" But the author gracefully dismissed all my harrowing speculations by ending the drama in the midst of them. "Don't worry," he seemed to say, "the play is over. We authors inter our characters and their troubles with the final curtain, so why worry about them?" Well, as a rule, I don't; but the people in "The Woman in the Jury" seemed to me to have been buried perhaps too hastily! Miss Mary Newcomb, as the earnest Juress I thought was wonderfully and pleasingly in trouble. She sat so gracefully upon the thorny emotions and was so truthful in her earnest melancholias that I was impelled to inquire between the acts how she had learned the art of acting. The reply if not the answer was that she is the wife of Robert Edeson.

Other Plays.

Mrs Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Breaking Point" is an old-fashioned melodrama, based on the twin themes of murder and amnesia. It is bluntly done with few indications of its author's customary keeness and humor; and it is scarcely better than a third rater. McKay Morris plays the chap who kills a man and forgets all about it; Regina Wallace is the faithful ingenue, and Miss Gail Kane represents with much fidelity a bad actress of the early Leslie Carter period . . . . "We've Got to Have Money" is one of those things about a disinherited young spendthrift who suddenly turns serious, goes into business and astounds the New York World of trade and barter by his spectacular success. It is reminiscent of "It Pays to Advertise" and "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," and its principal actors are Robert Ames, Leo Donnelly and Miss Vivian Tobin.

KING DAVID AND HIS WIVES

David Pinski is summering at Long Branch, New Jersey, as usual, and is devoting part of his holiday to revising the manuscript of his drama, "King David and His Wives."

Most people assume that Jewish authors are absorbed solely in Ghetto problems. The simple explanation for this misconception is that most Yiddish works that are translated into English deal with Ghetto life. Mr. Pinski's dramatic instinct is not bounded by place or periods. He finds his material in the sweat shop and in sacred literature.

In "King David and His Wives" Mr. Pinski discloses the entire gamut of King David's love-life. These episodes begin in his youth and conclude in his old age. Each episode is an entity, yet a part of the whole. Each is based on a Biblical episode, but the working out is wholly the product of the playwright's vivid imagination.

OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN GOES TO THE MOVIES

PERSONS who write reviews of the movies find it difficult to keep from being prophets rather than critics. It is rather fun to conduct a guessing contest all for one's self. This picture will please the crowds, says the reviewer, and that one will not. Mark you that he is not saying, this picture is a good one and that one not so good. Sometimes the pictures that are a credit to the screen are good box office attractions, but often the pictures that are good box-office attractions are no credit to the screen. Reviewers are frequently tempted to devote themselves to picking winners, but that should never be the function of a critic. It is quite legitimate to say that a certain movie will have a healthy run, after making it plain that you do not think very much of it. Also a movie critic may occasionally express himself in this manner, "I believe that this picture is an excellent one, but I am sorry to say that its chances of making plenty of money are not so good."

Now perhaps you will realize that I am not contradicting myself when I say that "Penrod and Sam" is immeasurably a better picture than "Circus Days," but that "Circus Days" will be the bigger box office attraction of the two.

"Circus Days."

It has come to the point where the leading character in a Jackie Coogan picture should always be called Jackie Coogan. This small boy depends as much upon his own personality as does Charles Chaplin. No matter what the surroundings may be and no matter who the other characters are, in walks Jackie Coogan. Some time ago we had Jackie Coogan wandering about among the characters that may be found in Dickens' "Oliver Twist"; in "Circus Days" the youthful hero is called Toby Tyler, but you never feel that you are seeing anybody but the little lad who first delighted us in "The Kid." Then why call him "Toby Tyler"? Why not just Jackie Coogan?

Perhaps I only imagine it, but Jackie Coogan seems to me to be more camera-conscious than he used to be. He still has inimitable moments, when he proves himself a wonderful spontaneous comedian, but there are other times when you feel that the little lad is acting for all he is worth. Then he seems merely precocious. But the average admirer of Jackie Coogan does not make these invidious comparisons. They continue to admire everything that he does.

"Circus Days," like most of the recent Jackie Coogan pictures, is not true to life. The plot is as unnatural as the plot of a comic. You never feel that the characters are real men and women. They are merely puppets who surround Jackie Coogan. "Circus Days" tells the story of a little boy who ran away with a circus because he was so badly treated by the cruel uncle with whom he lived. In course of time he became one of the star acts of the circus, and earned so much money that he was able to make his mother happy for life. It is all highly satisfactory, and Jackie Coogan is just Jackie Coogan through all of it.

The climax comes when Jackie does a comic bare-back riding stunt. The stunt that Fred Stone did in a musical comedy during his last tour with his friend Montgomery has been adapted to the uses of Jackie Coogan. It is not as funny on the screen as it was on the legitimate stage, but the majority of fans who like Jackie will not know that and they are going to love it. Children will go into convulsions of laughter over it. The stunt will suit the juvenile sense of humor.

One may add that "Circus Days" is the best Coogan film since "Trouble," and it is going to be one of the most popular that he has made. Please read my first paragraph, and do not misunderstand me to say that there is anything beyond the personal appeal of Jackie Coogan to recommend it.

"The Spoilers."

Years ago most of us saw "The Spoilers" and talked enthusiastically of the fight in which William Farnum battled Thomas Santschi and "broke him with his bare hands." It was the most thrilling thing in the way of a fight that most of us had seen up to that time. Perhaps if we saw it now after scores of screen rough-and-tumbles we should think it a trifle tame. These man-to-man struggles have become one of the most familiar tricks of the movies. Some one pushes over a table or upsets a lamp and they go to it. William Farnum and Santschi had the advantage of doing the stunt before the thrill of it had been exhausted. I wondered how Milton Sills and Noah Beery would succeed in that episode. I had my doubts, but they have been swept away. In spite of the fact that I have seen a fight almost every week for the past year or two, I found Beery and Sills positively exciting. It is the best set-to of the sort that has been photographed in many a day. Sills and Beery surpass one's recollections of Farnum and Santschi in the same roles, and that is saying a good deal.

"The Spoilers" is a good melodrama of the Rex Beach variety. The story contains plenty of action, and it has been handled so as to maintain the interest. The cast is an excellent one with the exception of the young woman who plays the heroine, and she is a wash-out, Barbara Bedford, I think is her name. She makes one think of the character in one of Locke's novels of whom he said that if she ever woke up in the morning with an idea she would think it a disease. I have never seen an actress on the screen who registered a more absolute nonentity. Everybody else is excellent, and Anna Q. Nilsson added another to the list of her good performances.

Now, please note that the story is not at all wonderful. The plot is commonplace enough, but it is exciting. The motives of the characters are not always clear, but things happen quickly. Some of the complications reek of Hollywood, like the luring of the heroine to the roadhouse, and the arrival of her rescuer just in time. There is not much thrill left in an incident of that kind. It is too old. Still, you will make no mistake in going to see "The Spoilers." It will keep you on your toes.

"Slander the Woman."

When crimes are committed in Montreal, they brand the innocent people and fail to catch the guilty ones. At least so one would conclude from "Slander the Woman." The hero of the picture had been convicted of a murder that he did not commit and had to take refuge in the Hudson Bay District. As for the heroine, she was being kissed, under protest, by a flirtatious husband when his wife happened along and shot him. The jury would not convict the wife, but our heroine found herself a social outcast because the judge had branded her as the woman in the case. When the heroine denounced the judge in no uncertain terms, you knew at once that she would end up by marrying him. And she did.

According to the American movie producers, the Hudson Bay District is crowded with fugitives from one thing or another. Our heroine went there, too, and when the judge found out that he was mistaken about her character—she really was the sort of a girl who resisted when a man tried to kiss her—he left Montreal and journeyed north to make amends. He had an unpleasant experience which taught him that an innocent person might easily be convicted on circumstantial evidence—from the movies one gathers that only innocent persons are convicted upon circumstantial evidence. However, he now loved the woman whom he had once slandered, so circumstantial evidence made no difference one way or another. Love is a wonderful thing.

"Slander the Woman" has its good points. It is fairly well done, and does maintain the interest, even though the story is never convincing. The producer has seen fit to complicate matters by introducing things that have nothing to do with the main story. There is a mysterious stranger who haunts the Hudson Bay cottage. He is explained in the final reel, but the explanation is merely farcical.

"Slander the Woman" may be listed as a so so picture.

PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS

The Provincetown Players will resume their activities in October. This organization is the most famous group of non-professional players on the continent, and last season they took a year's rest. Their announcements of new plays and activities will be awaited with interest.

This Parisian Theatre Has Specialized in Horrors

IN presenting the Grand Guignol Players for the first time in America next October, the Selwyns will endeavor to transfer the Grand Guignol atmosphere to the Dresden Theatre, New York. This is no easy feat, because the little playhouse in the Rue Chaptal, Paris, is one of the most atmospheric in the world. It was originally the studio of Rochegrosse, the painter. When Rochegrosse's friend Oscar Metenier told the artist come thirty-five years ago that he was ambitious to establish a theatre for short plays which would present the verities of life without dissimulation—a theatre where laughter would alternate with terror—the painter told him he might have his studio at the further end of the Cite Chaptal for the experiment. Metenier was delighted and immediately proceeded to launch one of the most curious dramatic experiments in the world.

On the first Grand Guignol bill was a play by Metenier himself, entitled "Lui"; Andre de Lorde's "Le Systeme du Docteur Gourdron et Professeur Plume," and a couple of distinctly Gallic comedies. So terrific was the brutal realism of the de Lorde piece that for a time the public turned its thumbs down, but having tasted such virile dramatic food, the imagination of Paris was stirred to its depths and craved further feeding, with the result that the tiny playhouse in the Rue Chaptal soon became crowded and le Lorde became known as "the Prince of Terror."

Metenier's belief that the drama should include unusual and especial phases and spheres of life and emotion gained speedy appreciation, and it was not many years before the curious aim of the Theatre du Grand Guignol had fired the imagination of some of the greatest players in France to such an extent that they became a part of the Grand Guignol organization. Their histories have since run parallel with the Grand Guignol purpose. Among them are Leon Brizard, Defresne and Paul Bernier, all of whom will be seen in New York. Brizard and Defresne have been members of the company for more than fifteen years. the former having played more terrifying characters than any other actor in the world, while Defresne is held by many in France to be their greatest character actor. Bernier is a younger actor. He has been about eight years with the Grand Guignol organization.

Sixteen of the leading players from the Grand Guignol organization will come to America this Fall. This is possible without seriously interfering with the continuation of the bills in the Rue Chaptal, because of the size and policy of the Grand Guignol organization. M. Camille Choisy directs the destinies of the Paris playhouse. M. Buarini and M. Rabini have charge of the tours, which have been many, but which have heretofore been confined to Europe.. The touring players alternate with those in Paris so that it will be possible for the Grand Guignol directors to send sixteen of their best players to the United States, filling their places with the players now on tour, and their places in turn with new actors and actresses, or those who have understudied the Paris company.

While plays too harrowing and too gruesome will be omitted from the bills presented in America, the Grand Guignol players will present those of the greatest originality and power, alternating them with the most brilliant comedies in their repertoire of more than 200 plays.

PEAK OF GREATNESS

Memorials to Shakespeare in London obviously make different appeals to different persons. . . . Some get the feeling of the unquestioned tribute of the ages only in one memorial. It is a small plain tablet in the wall of a passage in a gloomy postoffice building in Doctors' Commons. The inscription is:

"Upon this site formerly stood The Bell, Carter Lane, from whence Richard Quiney wrote a letter to William Shakespeare, dated 25th October, 1598. This is the only letter extant addressed to Shakespeare, and the original is preserved in the museum of his birthplace, Stratford - upon - Avon."

To mark the house of a great man is common enough, but to mark the place from which someone wrote a letter to a great man—what a very great man he must be for that! [The Manchester Guardian.]

At the Theatres -:- What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

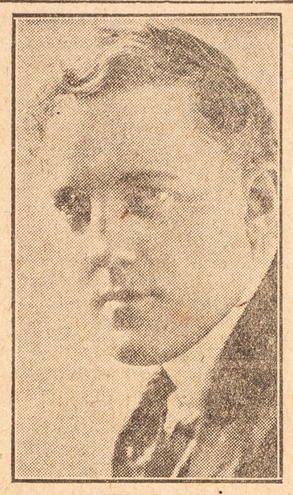
"The Bat" Returns To The Alexandra

Popular Mystery Play Will Be Back For Second Fair Week.

"The Bat," written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, and presented by Wagenhals and Kemper, has been the one big event of the season for two years now, and promises to be for several more seasons, from present indications. This mystery play is the offering this week at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, and for one week only, beginning to-morrow, Monday evening. Wagenhals and Kemper are planning on presenting this very company, which plays here in New York later this season, for a return engagement, and possibly in Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. Consequently, the present tour has been curtailed to only the larger cities, and but one week in each of them. When this mystery masterpiece played its first return engagements all doubts as to its continued popularity were dispelled. It equalled its record-smashing business in every city, without exception, and in several places exceeded its previous high records.

That "The Bat" has a universal appeal is evidenced best in its widespread popularity. It has broken records in more than 3,000 spots in United States and Canada. It had a run in London. It has been accorded equally great returns in eleven other countries on four different continents, and has piled up a gross of more than $6,000,000 in the brief time it has been before the public. Other great hits have not come anywhere near such figures.

The cast includes Julia Stuart, Rodney Ranous, Zita Rieth, Ursula Ellsworth, Charles Gotthold, Robert Stevens, Arthur J. O'Keefe, Albert Lawrence, Harold Heaton and Ben H. Roberts. Five members of this cast were with the special "Big Cities" company that played previous engagements here, and their retention for this important cast bespeaks their worth.



RODNEY RANOUS
Who appears in "The Bat" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre this week.

Maurice Players At New Princess

"Lady Huntsworth's Experiment" Used as Their Opening Bill.

The Maurice British Players who opened their season at the Princess Theatre last night in R. C. Carton's comedy, "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment," will present this play all the coming week. It is a most entertaining comedy, and is sure to delight its audiences. The Maurice Players are made up of some very clever artists, and there is every reason to believe that they will win the hearts of the patrons of the Princess during the season, which opened under most favorable auspices for this brilliant organization. Miss Alison Bradshaw and Mr. Harry Green are two of last season's favorites, and while all the other members of the company are newcomers, they left an impression last night that is sure to gain for them many admirers as the season progresses.

Dumbells Remain For Second Week

"Cheerio" Is Being Presented At the Grand Opera House.

The second and last week of "The Dumbells" Fall engagement at the Grand will be ushered in to-morrow afternoon, with a special Labor Day matinee.

"The Dumbells" are appearing in Captain Plunkett's newest overseas revue, "Cheerio," and the vast crowds that have filled the Grand nightly give ample evidence of the popularity of the organization in Toronto, and the enthusiastic applause which greets every song, skit and number as they pass by in review, proves that "Cheerio" is no exception to the Dumbells' rule of something a bit bigger, brighter and better every year.

Among the outstanding features of the new revue are three of the funniest sketches that were ever combined in one evening's entertainment. John Hagan, th new comedian of the company, is given credit for the authorship and production of the first two, while the final act was first used in England by Leslie Hansen, and later was turned over to Mr. Hagan for "The Dumbells." This vastly amusing burletta is called "The Disorderly Room." The whole action is set to music, and the four comedy roles are sung by John Hagan, Stan Bennett, Pat. Rafferty and Morley Plunkett.

Comedy is undoubtedly the keynote of "Cheerio." Of laughs there must be a thousand, while the smiles and chuckles are numberless.

However, all this wealth of comedy is forgotten when Al. Plunkett sings "Li'l Old Granny o' Mine," and the greatest hits of the entire program are really scored by Al. with his budget of new songs and Ross Hamilton with his bungalow number and his wonderful production number, "The Life of a Rose." Not satisfied with resting on his established reputation as the world's greatest impersonator of beautiful women, Ross has added a splendid bit of real acting to his repertoire, and his interpretation of "The Broken Blossom" in the little tragic episode of old Chinatown makes a hit.

From first to last, "Cherio" is rich in entertainment value.

LEO DITRICHSTEIN.

According to all the evidence that is now in, Leo Ditrichstein will go on tour again this reason in repertoire carrying his usual baggage, consisting of "The Purple Mask," "The Egotist" and "Face Value."

"Abie's Irish Rose" Coming To Toronto

Well Known Comedy To Be At the Grand Opera House.

Toronto theatregoers are soon to have an opportunity of seeing what has been generally described as the outstanding comedy success of a generation. Beginning Monday night, September 10th, at the Grand Opera House, Miss Anne Nichols, the author and producer of "Abie's Irish Rose," will present her own company in this sensational laughing success, for an indefinite engagement, having leased the Grand Opera House for this purpose. This play, which is now in its second year in New York, has broken all box office records for attendance in every city where it has been presented. It is now playing its twenty-fourth week at Pittsburg, is now in its tenth week at Montreal, has played Washington, D. C., for twelve weeks. Baltimore for twelve weeks, and is at present playing its eighth week at Atlantic City. Such records have never before been even approached in America. The play is said to be one continuous laugh, replete with brilliant lines and ludicrous situations. It deals with the marriage of a Jewish boy and an Irish girl, first married secretly by a Methodist minister, then again in rapid succession by a Rabbi and a Catholic priest, in an effort to appease their storming fathers. This theme is handled in a deft and human manner and does not give offence to the most sensitive. It was written, not to cause discussion but to cause laughter—and it does, to the hysterical point. The company presenting "Abie's Irish Rose" here comes direct from a ten weeks engagement at Montreal.

ARCHER'S NEW PLAY.

William Archer, author of "The Green Goddess," translator of Ibsen and dean of the London critics, has written his second play. It is a historical piece based on the life of Martha Washington. What with "Abraham Lincoln" and "Robert E. Lee" of John Drinkwater, the English are writing the dramatic history of the American people. It would seem a genial gesture of reciprocity for Avery Hopwood to turn his attention to the vagaries of Henry VIII. A. H. Woods, no doubt, would be glad to add to his reputation as an international producer by supplying the necessary furniture.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA--- Beg. To-morrow Night (Monday)
Season's Most Memorable Event
WAGENHALS & KEMPER PRESENT
The World's Biggest Dramatic Sensation
THE BAT
BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART & AVERY HOPWOOD
SAME COMPANY THAT BROKE RECORDS HERE LAST SEASON, AND SAME COMPANY THAT PLAYS NEW YORK CITY LATER THIS SEASON
Nights 50c to $2.50. Wed. & Sat. Mat. 50c to $1.50.

COMING WEEK SEPT. 10 DIRECT FROM APOLLO THEATRE, NEW YORK
"HOW COME" With Eddie Hunter
AND NEW YORK CAST
100 SINGERS, DANCERS AND COMEDIANS 100
THE GREATEST ALL-STAR COLORED ORGANIZATION ON TOUR
36 CREOLE DANCING BEAUTIES 36
SEAT SALE OPENS THURSDAY. MAIL ORDERS NOW.

PRINCESS OPENING OF THE SEASON Next Week
THE MAURICE BRITISH PLAYERS
Presenting the Most Popular London Successes
Commencing with R. C. Carton's Brilliant Comedy
"Lady Huntsworth's Experiment"
WITH AN ALL ENGLISH COMPANY
Evg. $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c
Sat. Mat. $1.75, 50c
Pop. Mat. Thurs. All Seats 50c

GRAND TWICE TOMORROW LABOR DAY AND ALL THIS WEEK OTHER MATS: WED. & SAT.
POSITIVELY FINAL WEEK IN TORONTO
THE DUMBELLS
COMPANY LIMITED Presents
CAPT. PLUNKETT'S 5TH ANNUAL CANADIAN REVUE
"CHEERIO"
WITH
ROSS HAMILTON & AL PLUNKETT

SHEA'S
MATINEE 25¢ & 50¢ The Home of Vaudeville EVENING 25¢ 50¢ 75¢ & $1.00
Beginning Monday Matinee Sept, 3rd.
MERCEDES
THE PSYCHIC EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD
ACCOMPANIED BY THE MARVELOUS MYSTIC
MLLE. STANTONE
BAZIL LYNN & WILLIAM HOWLAND "A RACY CONVERSATION"
OLIVE BRISCOE & AL RAUH "The BRAVE COWARD"
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THE AMERICAN DEBUT OF ENGLAND'S FAVORITE COMEDIAN
Billy & Eddie GORMAN TOPICS IN SONG
BORDNER & BOYER A LAUGH & A THRILL
COLLINS & HART NOVELTY COMEDIANS
SHEA'S NEWS REVIEW
Special Extra Attraction
RENEE ROBERT & GIERS-DORF SYMPHONISTS
A NEW ERA IN MUSIC AND DANCE
SEPT. 10TH RAE SAMUELS

Announcing
The Autumn Opening of
Cameron Matthews English Players
Labor Day Matinee SEPTEMBER 3rd.
Regent
in W. Somerset Maugham's SPARKLING COMEDY
"TOO MANY HUSBANDS"
MATS. THURSDAY (Popular Prices) SATURDAY
McFAIG 23.
BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN
EVENINGS—$1.50-$1.00-75c-50c.
SATURDAY MATS.—$1.00-75c-50c.
THURSDAY MATS.—All seats 50c.

Notable Comedies At Regent Theatre

Cameron Matthews Makes Extensive Plans For the Coming Season.

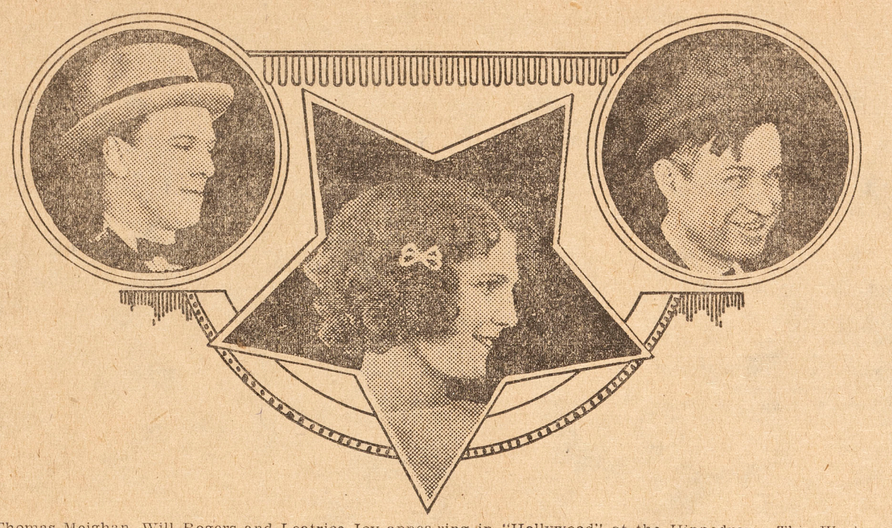
The Cameron Matthews English Players, who will open their Autumn season at the Regent Theatr, on Monday, September 3rd, have made arrangements t produce a remarkably fine list of plays during the coming months. They have already on their program many of the plays of the Theatre Guild, of New York, and will obtain others as they become available for stock purposes. Two of these are already familiar to the Toronto public: "Mr. Pim Passes By," was done here two seasons ago by a company which included Augusta Haviland, Leonard Mudie and Laura Crewes, and was the first play seen here of A. A. Milne, whose works are so popular in Toronto. Mr. Matthews has also obtained the rights to "Liliom," which was played to crowded houses here last Fall, by Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut. Others of the Theatre Guild plays are "Morn to Midnight," by Kaiser; "The Faithful," by John Masefield, and Bernard Shaw's five part drama, "Back to Methuselah," which attracted much attention when done in New York. Mr. Cameron Matthews intends producing the first part of this play. As his productions of Bernard Shaw's plays proved so popular last season, Mr. Matthews has made arrangements to do all the best works of the great dramatist, including "Getting Married," which derives special interest from its unusual form, "Major Barbara," the Salvation Army play, "Candida" and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," the last play acted here by Ellen Terry. Some of Oscar Wilde's works will also be performed, the productions of his "Lady Windermere's Fan" and his farce comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest" were enthusiastically attended last season. Arrangements have been made to do some of the works of Edward Knoblock, the author of "Kismet," and several of Arthur Wing Pinero's dramas two of which were produced with great success last spring by Mr. Matthews' company. Another dramatist, whose plays will be presented is William Somerset Maugham, the most popular English playwright, now become the American public. Among his numerous triumphs of the last few years was "The Circle," done here by John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter, and in New York with Estelle Winwood. It is his sparkling farce comedy, "Too Many Husbands," that Mr. Cameron Matthews has selected for his first Autumn production. The play, done with great success here by Kenneth Douglas, Laurence Grossmith and Estelle Winwood deals in the wittiest and most delightful manner, with a lady who can say with pride that she has done her bit by marrying two D.S.O.'s, supposing, of course, that the first one is dead. But the trouble begins when he turns up very much alive. The brightness and fun of this play are in keeping with Mr. Matthews' plans for doing only the lighter works during the month of September, reserving the more serious productions for a little later.

There will be added interest in several of the plays from the fact that Mr. Matthews has in his company members who will play their original roles. Miss Augusta Haviland, mentioned above as being in the production of "Mr. Pim Passes By," will return to the company, as will Leonard Mudie, at the close of his present New York engagement. Ernita Lascelles was "the unforgettable Eve" in the first part of "Back to Methuselah," and has played in "Morn to Midnight," and in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." She has been in several other productions of Bernard Shaw's plays, as is natural, since he discovered her and recommended her to the notice of Granville Barker, who immediately gave her the leading role in Maurice Baring's "Double Game." From that time on there was no stopping her progress. Among other things, she has played Ibsen's "Doll's House," John Masefield's "Nan," Granville Barker's "Madras House," and two of Bjornson's dramas, "The Gauntlet," and "When the Young Vine Blooms."

Mr. George Graham is a new member to the company, but has for long been well known and loved by Toronto audiences. He has played here frequently in stock and in travelling companies, and is remembered as one of the most delightful light comedians who have ever been seen here. Pauline Armitage is a very beautiful young actress who has the unusual advantage of a training, both in London and in Paris, in the Comedie Francaise. She has been in many distinguished New York productions, and has played with John Drew and with Leo Ditrichstein. She was featured in the production of "Lawful Larceny," and in "A Question of Virtue," and her picture has often appeared in popular magazines. Another new member of the company is Edward Douglas, who plays cleancut leading types and has followed Kenneth Douglas in several roles in London and New York. Louie Emery is returning to the company. Her handling of character parts last season roused the delight and admiration of all who saw her. Nella Jefferis will also be with them.

Walter Kingsford needs no recommendation to Toronto after his wonderful performances in every variety of part last year. His charming personality and his skillful handling of lines and scenes have won the love of all his audiences. These, with Mr. Cameron Matthews, make a superb company which will do full justice to the fine plays they will be performing.

The Cameron Matthews English Players will have the great advantage in their productions of a real comedy theatre, the first of its kind in Canada. The fine points in English high comedy are quite lost in a theatre too large and with imperfect acoustics. The Regent Theatre once the Toronto Opera House, has always been noted for its acoustic properties, and the building of a large oval foyer at the back of the auditorium gives it the proportions of the best London and New York comedy houses.



Thomas Meighan, Will Rogers and Leatrice Joy appearing in "Hollywood" at the Hippodrome This Week.

LEFFINGWELL STAYS TO PLAY AT LOEW'S

The many admirers and friends of George Leffingwell, whose appearance in a Toronto theatre is always greeted with a salvo of applause, will be pleased to learn that all this coming week their favorite will feature an exceptionally fine six-act vandeville bill at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre. Mr. Leffingwell, who has been one of the outstanding figures in the Royal Players here all Summer, will head a company of four, putting on for the benefit of Loew's patrons a comedy mystery playlet of rare merit entitled "Shoot." This is a delightful skit by Miss Angie Breakspeare.

Mr. Leffingwell, before coming here with the Royal Players, made himself solid with Torontonians last Winter in "The Cat and the Canary." He also played the lead with Cyril Maude in "Grumpy," and also in "A Pair of Sixes." As a comedian this popular actor enjoys a reputation that is continent wide, and there is no doubt but that his appearance on Loew's bill will be hailed as an event of importance in local theatrical circles.

A SHIP COMES IN FOR MR. LAWRENCE

SO MANY legends tell how long and hard is the road to Broadway that it must be with something akin to gloom that each untried dramatist writes "They embrace. CURTAIN" at the end of his manuscript. He knows that according to all the best traditions, a considerable interval of sleeping on park benches must precede the vindication of his first New York performance. Just as the youth of America have been impressed through a thousand cartoons that all college graduates are treated with especial contumely by the guardian office boys until, instead of stalking graciously out into the world they now fairly skulk off the campus, so the would be playwrights of America, must now post off their masterpieces to the managers with something less than absolute confidence.

Such a legend of hope deferred has a happy ending in the experience of Vincent Lawrence, sometime scribe on the Boston Traveller, who after many desperate and discouraging years, is now pinching himself to verify the astounding fact that he has two plays fairly zooning along on Broadway. As to the merit of "Two Fellows and a Girl," its best pal, George M. Cohan (who produced it), and its severest critic, Heywood Broun (who thought it was terrible) differ somewhat. However, it is said, in a strictly business way, to be bearing up nobly under the blight of Mr. Broun's distaste.

The other Lawrence piece, "In Love With Love," is a genuinely fresh and engaging comedy, made of familiar and extremely simple ingredients but quickened into authentic life by the artful producing hand of Robert Milton and by the superb playing of such actors as Lynn Fontanne and Ralph Morgan. Yet it took "In Love With Love" just seven years to make the journey from Providence to New York. It was in Providence, before ever "Over There" was written or such a phrase as "Compree cognac?" became part of the American language, that this comedy was first produced. It was produced by a passing troupe for a single performance as a benefit for the necessitous cats and dogs of Providence. Since then there has not been a year in which Mr. Lawrence has not had reason to suppose it was on the verge of Broadway. Under one title or another, in New Haven, Cleveland, San Francisco or Atlantic City, with now the Selwyns, now George Cohan or now some stock company acting as producer, it has been tried out only to be discarded as no good. Presumably Mr. Lawrence is now writing "I told you so" in every direction, unless, perhaps, he suspects in his innermost heart that it really was no good and that something better than he had imagined come out of it under the puttering hands of Mr. Milton. Mr. Lawrence is young. (He is thirty-five, a mere sapling.) He is the father of three children, who, appropriately enough, are two fellows and a girl.—Alexander Woollcott, in New York Herald.

THEATRICAL NOTES HERE AND THERE

NEW PLAYWRIGHTS.

Frank Craven, who has been rumbling like distant thunder of his intention to turn playwright and producer and let acting take care of itself, actually appears to have nerved himself to the point of making good, at least with regard to turning manager in the twinkling of an eye. He has accepted his first play for production, but has not yet opened his offices. He has bought a comedy called "Johnny Jones, Jr.," which was written by Anne Morrison, who used to shiver through "The Bat," and Patterson McNutt, now acquiring sunburn covering golf and tennis for the World. The piece is to come to life next year.

Miss Morrison has written several other plays which have seen the light, one of her works being accepted by Belasco and another being converted to their use by Ed. H. Robins during his last season here. This is the first of the McNutt series.

Edward Ellis, another member of the cast of "The Bat," who turned playwright after seeing all the royalties Avery Hopwood and Mrs. Rinehart drew, has had several vaudeville offers for his sketch, "The Finished Story," which was one of the hits of the last Lambs' Gambol, but the actor is reserving it for his own use in case anything else gives way with him this season.

"MAGNOLIA."

According to the advance reports the story of Leo Carrillo's play "Magnolia," which is regarded as being set for a "whizz" when it reaches New York, sounds very much like that of "Cameo Kirby," which Booth Tarkington, who happens to be the author of the Carrillo vehicle, assembled for Dustin Farnum. "Cameo Kirby" went to an untimely end.

PALACE — DANFORTH AT PAPE
MATINEE DAILY
Space for 300 Cars.
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
VAUDEVILLE STARTS TUESDAY, SEPT. 11.
WARREN KERRIGAN SYLVIA BREAMER
In "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."
LARRY SEMON,
In "The Midnight Cabaret."
Thursday-Friday-Saturday.
THOMAS MEIGHAN
In a Romance of the Sea
"HOMEWARD BOUND"
Lloyd Hamilton in "Extra-Extra."

OAKWOOD — ST CLAIR AT OAKWOOD
Space for 400 Cars.
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
THOMAS MEIGHAN
LILA LEE
In a Romance of the Sea
"HOMEWARD BOUND"
"A Hula Honeymoon."
PATHE REVIEW.
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
BOOTH TARKINGTON'S
Epic of Boyhood
"PENROD AND SAM"
"BOWLED OVER."

ALHAMBRA — BLOOR AT BATHURST
DAILY MATINEE
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday.
THOMAS MEIGHAN, LILA LEE
In a Romance of the Sea
"HOMEWARD BOUND"
LLOYD HAMILTON
In "F. O. B."
PATHE REVIEW
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
BOOTH TARKINGTON'S
Epic of Boyhood
"PENROD AND SAM"
LARRY SEMON
In "The Midnight Cabaret."

BLOOR
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday.
A Romance of the Modern Flapper—
"Children of Jazz"
"THE KITCHEN LADY."
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
Mary Miles Minter
Antonio Moreno
in "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE."

PARKDALE
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
Dorothy Dalton
Theodore Kosloff
In a Gypsy Romance
"The Law of the Lawless"
"THE TWO TWINS"
Thursday-Friday-Saturday.
A Romance of the Modern "Flapper"
"Children of Jazz"
"EXTRA—EXTRA"

BEACH
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
Mary Miles Minter
In a Romance of the Jungle
"Drums of Fate"
"THE TWO TWINS."
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
A Flapper Romance
"Children of Jazz"
"CASEY JONES, JR."

ST. CLAIR
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
The Beautiful Stage and Screen Star—
Alice Brady
In Her Latest Picture.
"The Leopardess"
"THE FOUR FLUSHER"
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
The Romance of a Modern Flapper—
"Children of Jazz"
"SO IS THIS HAMLET."

COLLEGE
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
"Lost and Found"
A Powerful Screen Drama with An All-Star Cast
"Glad Rags"
Thursday-Friday-Saturday.
"Mighty Lak A Rose."
With All-Star Cast
"F. O. B."

BEAVER
Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday
Theodore Roberts
The Dean of Screen Stars, In
"Grumpy"
"EXTRA—EXTRA."
Thursday-Friday-Saturday
"The Girl Who Came Back"
With All-Star Cast
"BACK-FIRE."

DANFORTH THEATRE
LABOR DAY — TUES. & WED.
Dorothy MacKaill in
"MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE"
ALSO
Buster Keaton in
"The Balloonatic"
THURS.-FRI.-SAT.
Dorothy Phillips in
"SLANDER THE WOMAN"
MATINEES—MON.-WED.-SAT.

STOLL'S Gigantic English Film Masterpiece
Directly adapted from Sir Hall Caine's Powerful Story
The PRODIGAL SON
"....hath broken all the laws of God and man."





WHO
Broke all the laws of God and Man ?
THE PRODIGAL SON !
Who sinned before God and before heaven and "devoured his father's living with harlots" and yet remained a man ?
THE PRODIGAL SON !
Whom did the mother cherish, the elder brother who lived in the path of smug righteousness, or the younger brother who wallowed through the mire of incontinence, disgrace and misery? She cherished
THE PRODIGAL SON !
What was the most powerful story ever written by that English genius, Sir Hall Caine ?
THE PRODIGAL SON !
What film in England earned the reputation of the most poignant and dramatic motion picture ever produced, surpassing "'WAY DOWN EAST", "HEARTS OF THE WORLD", and "OVER THE HILL" ?
THE PRODIGAL SON !

7 PLAYING DAYS, STARTING SATURDAY, SEPT. 8—MASSEY HALL
Mats., 25c and 50c; Evgs., 25c, 50c and 75c. Two Shows Daily, 2.30 and 8.15. Seats Now on Sale.

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

"Enemies of Women" Comes To Allen

Successful Movie Drama To Play Next Week At Downtown House.

One of the most artistic and lavish productions yet presented on the silver sheet is the screen translation of Vincente Blasco Ibanez's latest novel, "Enemies of Women," with the distinguished artists, Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens in the leading roles. This picture broke all records in New York, Chicago and other cities, including Toronto, when it was last here. Sir Auckland Geddes, when he saw it in New York, expressed himself as highly delighted with such a fine artistic effort. "Enemies of Women" was the picture selected by Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, to be shown to one of England's finest audiences at a charity affair.

The story is one of unusual scenic beauty from all corners of the globe, the scenes being taken in Monte Carlo, Nice, Paris and other places. Prince Michael Fedor Lubimoff, the son of a mad Russian princess and an old Spanish warrior, is a man who, at middle-age, has lived too fully and one for whom there is little left in the way of thrills. His extravagance and escapades in his sumptuous palace in Moscow furnish Europe with gossip.

To one of his spectacular receptions, in 1913, comes Alicia, Duchess De Delille, a noted beauty, whose reputation for amorous adventures rivals his own. Alicia dares Michael to furnish her with a thrill. It comes sooner than Alicia had looked for. A Cossack officer manages to reach the Prince, who he insults. A duel results in which the Cossack is killed and Michael badly wounded. As the Czar has placed a ban on dueling, Alicia, drawn to the blase Michael, places him in her car and gets him safely out of Russia and into France.

Shortly afterwards, war is declared, and the mobilization of the French army reveals the fact that Alicia has a sixteen-year-old son, Gaston, whose identity she has concealed as a means of keeping secret her age. Gaston comes to her home just at the time Michael is paying her a call. The Prince, in the belief that the boy is a youthful lover of Alicia's, derides and leaves her. When Alicia hears her son tell of his desire to serve France, all her mother love is re-awakened.

Michael hurries to Russia and saves a remnant of his immense fortune from the revolutionists. He escapes to Monte Carlo, where he offers hospitality to four friends who, like himself, have been affected financially by the war. They are Don Marcos, a Spaniard, Atilla Castro and Spadoni, a youthful musician. In offering his hospitality, however, Michael makes the stipulation that no woman shall ever be entertained there. In fact, the once internationally famous Don Juan, forms a cult that



DOROTHY DALTON,
Appearing in "Fog Bound," the feature picture at Pantages Theatre this week.

he styles, "The Enemies of Women."

Alicia loses the last of her fortune on the gaming tables at Monte Carlo, seeking to beat the game that she may send funds to her son in a German prison camp. She appeals to Prince Michael for financial assistance. Michael, still believing that Alicia has a youthful lover to whom she wishes to send mony, scorns her. He later visits Alicia and declares his love, but the thought of her son makes Alicia still Michael's ardent embraces. Misconstruing her action and blinded by jealousy of her imagined lover, the Prince strikes her.

Alicia receives a telegram, telling of her son's death and she again flees from the advances of the Prince, who once more declares his hate for women and announces he will spend his last coin in the most extravagant party Europe ever witnessed. To this party, staged in the Prince's villa, comes Gaston, erroneously reported dead, now in the Intelligence Service. He masks his identity under the name of Martinez. Michael and Gaston become involved in a dispute which they determine to settle on the field of honor. Gaston shoots into the ground and the Prince, overcome with horror at the thought that he is about to fire upon a man who has fought for him and other slackers, throws his pistol away.

The thought of what he came near doing gives Michael a new perspective on life and he undergoes such a metamorphorsis that he joins the French Legion and turns his villa over as a war hospital. He returns from the war to find Alicia giving her services to wounded soldiers and the two seek consolation in each other's love.

The supporting cast includes actors selected the world over to fill the many and various roles.

The Hall Room Boys will furnish the laughs in their latest comedy, "Oh Ma the Rent Taker."

"Hollywood" Will Be At the Hippodrome

Sensational Moving Picure Will Open There on Labor Day.

"Hollywood," the screen sensation of the year, that has been called "a marvelous non-star picture, fairly packed with stars"—and directed by the well-known James Cruze, is the unusually outstanding attraction coming to the Hippodrome Theatre Monday for one week.

To mention but a few of the cast is to show its very brilliance. Every one who is anyone in "Hollywood" is in the picture. Thirty real stars and fifty screen notables appear, among whom will be seen: Cecil B. DeMille, Pola Negri, Thomas Meighan, William S. Hart, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Walter Hiers, Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan, Nita Naldi, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Anna Q. Nillsson, Viola Dana, Sennett Girls, Wm. DeMille, Will Rogers, Theodore Kosloff, Ricardo Corte, Noah Beery, Anita Stewart, J. Warren Kerrigan, Kosloff Dancers.

The story is one in which each of these well-known screen artists is given an opportunity to play his or her part according to type, and the results may well be imagined. To Hollywood come Angela Whitaker and her grandfather, Joel, who has been ordered West for his health, but Angela's object is a movie career. Behind them are left Aunt Margaret, Lem Lefferts, Angela's "steady," and old Grandmother Whitaker.

After days searching for work, Angela returns home discouraged, to hear her grandfather announce that all day he has beeen "in pictures." Angela is delighted, for this means a prolonged stay in Hollywood, and they move to a bungalow in a court uptown. It is here that Angela meets Horace Pringle, a young scenarist and author of a picture story, "Beware, the Avenging Hand!" Almost at once he recognizes that Angela was born to be the star in his play. So he haunts the path of a movie magnate with cards bearing the inscription, "Beware, the Avending Hand!" which sinister inscription reduces that individual to a state of nervous apprehension.

By this time Joel has become a rather swagger and gay old sport, and is regarded as a regular feller by the boys, and, likewise, by some of the girls.

Back in Centerville, Lem, while pressing pants, is taking care of Grandmother and Aunt Margaret. They hear of the change in Joel, and there is but one thing for the trio to do—go to Hollywood and rescue the brands from the burning. So the trio arrives in Hollywood prepared for the worst. Immediately Margaret flounces over to the studio to yank Joel out of that movie hell if she has to drag him out by the scruff of his neck.

At that moment, when the great, remote Cecil B. DeMille is quietly explaining the urgent need of a cyclonic woman, Margaret bursts in as if conjured by this thought. She continues to battle with her umbrella, indiscriminately. Mr. DeMille is delighted, and before Margaret realizes what has happened she is engaged to play a part. Further, Grandmother is ordered to be on hand to-morrow to play a part, too.

At a dinner at the director's home that evening, Angela and Horace resolve to clinch their scheme of "breaking in" as team workers. The girl's first move is to plant at the magnate's plate the warning, "Beware, the Avenging Hand!" On seeing this, the great man drops like a rag into his chair. This is Horace's cue, and he comes in brandishing a gun and yelling like a maniac, "Beware, the Avening Hand!" A wild scene ensues, until Lem, who has followed Horace all the way from home, bursts through the windows, extricates Angela, wrests the gun from Horace and puts up a grand fight, which ends with Horace being thrown through the window. Lew is proclaimed a hero though he doesn't feel especially heroic. But glory claims him in sjite of himself.

Centerville is delirious with joy on the great occasion when its own famous ones come, on the screen, to do the town honor. The star of the picture is Lemuel Lefferts, idol of a million fans; while featured in the "support" are Joel, Margaret and Grandmother Whitaker. Also, a news reel chimes in magnificently with the wedding scene of Lemuel Lefferts and Angela Whitaker in Hollywood.

In the story, Angela meets scores of famous screen stars, artists and directors, and all have a definite part to play in her ultimate fortune. A marvelous sequence is Lem's dream of what Hollywood will be, and it is one of the most uproariously funny scenes ever shown on the screen. You will laugh till you cry from the beginning to the end of Hollywood.

John Arthur's program de luxe includes "Evolution of Yankee Doodle," as the overture by the Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra, John Arthur and Lloyd Collins conducting; a musical novelty, "The Dancing Lesson," with last season's favorites, Mollye Gill, Florence Rogge and Leon Leonidoff; Ernest Hunt at the Wurlitzer, a Hippodrome comedy creation and a Hippodrome News Review.

PICTURES SHOWING AT DANFORTH THEATRE

The Labor Day attraction at the Danforth Theatre will be Dorothy Mackaill in "Mighty Lak' a Rose," and Buster Keaton in "The Balloonatic," and the attraction for Thursday, Friday and Saturday will be Dorothy Phillips in the drama of the northlands, "Slander the Woman," together with a good comedy.

"THREE WEEKS."

Alan Crosland will direct "Three Weeks," adapted from Elinor Glyn's novel, for Goldwyn. Production is to start within a fortnight. The cast has not yet been announced. Crosland, who directed "Enemies of Women," has just completed "Under the Red Robe" for Cosmopolitan.

HART IMPERSONATES HISTORIC FIGURE

"Wild Bill Hickok" has been selected as the title for William S. Hart's new picture. The story was written by Hart, and deals with the fighting period from 1866 to 1872. Wild Bill, who was a great pal of Colonel W. F. Cody, was said to be a remarkable shot with a pistol, so good that it is declared that in St. Joseph, Mo., he once made a bet that he would kill a cat from a window across the square from his mark. The cat was killed, and, according to all reports, the bullet struck the feline between the eyes. Wild Bill was no temperance lecturer, nor did he ever think of living under prohibition. One day, because of his frequent deviations from a play in which he was acting with Buffalo Bill, the stage manager insisted on putting cold tea instead of whisky in Wild Bill's glass. The time came for the appearance of Wild Bill before the audience, and he spoke his lines, then went to the drink, according to rehearsals and custom, and discovered that it was cold tea. His disgust was apparent to all in the theatre. Then the unexpected happened. Wild Bill walked down in front of the stage, sprang off it, and walked up the aisle shouting that he was not going to act while they played such tricks on actors as giving them stale tea instead of liquor.

Wild Bill had a great affection for Cody, and Cody himself was not so tame at the time. The only thing was that Wild Bill was actually wild, especially when aroused. And his temper always seemed to be itching for some sort of a scrap. Cody was in a Chicago hotel awaiting the arrival of his friend. He was informed that the train was late, so went to the dining room, leaving word that if a gentleman called for him he was to be conducted at once to where Cody was sitting. Cody told the man in the lobby to be sure and not keep Wild Bill waiting, as he was sometimes apt to get a little peevish. Colonel Cody consumed most of his dinner, and on looking at the time was astonished that Bill had not arrived. He was on the point of going up to the front door of the hostelry when a panting attendant came downstairs and informed Cody: "I guess your friend has arrived." Bill Cody went up to see what was the matter, and on looking out of the door he saw Wild Bill and the cab driver under the horse struggling in the street.

It appears that Wild Bill, who had expected that the ride from the station would be about 15 cents at most, had been told that it cost $1. The fire flew to the face of the easily aroused Wild Bill, and for two pins he would have shot the driver. But he considered this too dignified, and thereupon he caught the driver by the collar and hauled him off his box. The driver was a big man, and he gave Wild Bill a good fight. In the end Buffalo Bill smilingly handed the driver a dollar, and was relieved that Wild Bill had not resorted to gun-play. No audience in the theatre when Wild Bill was playing ever dared to do anything else but cheer. Out West they knew that he would have thought nothing of coming down into the seats from the stage and kicking out any individual who manifested any disapproval with the acting or with the part he was playing.

ANNOUNCING THIRD SEASON of Capitol Entertainment

THE chill winds, the falling leaves, and the shortening daylight, all tell us that once more our leisure hours must be mainly occupied with indoor, instead of outdoor, amusement. And on the street, in the cafe, and in the home, young and old are discussing the question: "What are we going to have in the theatres this season?" In answer to this question just let us quote one phrase, "Capitol Entertainment." You know what this means.

INTRODUCED two years ago, the people of Canada soon realized that it was not a mere empty slogan, but that it described a delightful and developing reality.

NOT only in our large cities, but in many of the smaller centres of population, the public has learned that in a theatre where "Capitol Entertainment" is provided, they can rely upon getting the best. The service, from the front door to the seat and out again after the show; the music, rendered by musicians who understand the difficult work of playing for pictures; and the pictures themselves, products of the world's finest cinema studios—all furnish evidence of efficiency inspired by enthusiasm and a determination to entertain.

AS the picture, like the play, is the thing, let us make a special reference to the films. Our patrons may rest assured that the photoplays to be presented during the season of 1923-24 will be chosen with the keenest discrimination. Not merely the finest films available, but those best suited to local needs and tastes, will be chosen. The foremost authors, the most talented directors, and stars of recognized charm and genius, have all combined forces to produce film dramas of the highest class. And these great productions will be presented in a manner worthy alike of the pictures themselves and of the improving standards of the industry.

OUR aim still is to provide wholesome and refined entertainment for the community. You have generously encouraged our efforts in past seasons. For this we heartily thank you, and we trust that during the third season of "Capitol Entertainment," which begins in this theatre Monday, September 3rd, we may rely with growing confidence on your support.

WE believe you will especially enjoy our opening program, which is featured by the unusual motion picture, "Hollywood," presenting nearly every well-known face in the California cinema colony.

Very Cordially,

JACK ARTHUR, Manager,
HIPPODROME
Home of "Capitol Entertainment" in Toronto.

It Lifts the Veil From Studio-Land!

SHOWING for the first time what a girl must do to get in Motion Pictures.

YOUR favorite star, male or female, is in the big cast of this production.



She was determined to be a Movie Star!



20 REAL STARS 30 SCREEN CELEBRITIES

A MOVIE OF THE MOVIES

"HOLLYWOOD"

The story of one of 15,000,000 Girls who long to be screen stars





STARTS MONDAY

HIPPODROME
CITY HALL SQUARE
Direction Famous Players Canadian Corporation, Limited.

PROGRAM DE LUXE

Overture—"Evolution of Yankee Doodle"
Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra
John Arthur and Lloyd Collins conducting

Musical Novelty—"The Dancing Lesson"
with the favorites of last season,
Nellye Gill, Florence Rogge, and Leon Leonidoff.

Ernest Hunt—At the Wurlitzer.

Hippodrome Comedy Creation *Hippodrome News Review*

Program and Presentation by JOHN ARTHUR

NEXT WEEK--CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "DULCY"

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

"Salomy Jane" Is Picture At Loew's

Popular Drama Has Been Changed Into Entertaining Movie.

Pictures of the early West are nothing new to the screen. But, "Salomy Jane" was made with such rigid attention to detail that it amounts to a revelation in pictures of that type.

This interesting drama, made from Bert Harte's story of California in the brave, wild fifties, comes to Loew's Theatre on Monday, Sept. 3rd. It was actually filmed in its original setting—among the great redwoods of the Santa Cruz Mountains. The ruggest town of Red Dog, the quaint Harte characters, the sweeping action, the typical Harte humanness—all have been transferred to the screen with absolute fidelity. The result is a screen classic. The tale opens with a stage-coach robbery, the arrest of "the stranger," his escape and—but to tell any more of the story would make it less interesting for you. Come and see the picture and you will agree that it is a masterpiece of drama and scenic effects.

Jacqueline Logan plays the role of "Salomy Jane," while George Fawcett takes the part of "Yuba Bill," a stage-coach driver, and Maurice Flynn portrays "the stranger." The supporting cast is far above the average in excellence. To miss this entertaining picture is to miss an hour of the most delightful entertainment.

"Fog Bound" Shows Stirring Scenes

This Picture May Now Be Seen At Pantages Theatre.

Society folk are not the only people that spend several weeks of the Winter season at Palm Beach. For the entire production unit making the Irvin Willat Paramount production of "Fog Bound," in which Dorothy Dalton is the star, and which is now playing at the Pantages Theatre, was transported there on location to shoot scenes for the picture.

Among those who made the trip were Miss Dalton, the star; her leading man, David Powell; Martha Mansfield, Maurice Costello, Jack Richardson, Mrs. Ella Miller, Willard Cooley, William David, Warren Cook, the director, Mr. Willat; Henry Cronjager, the photographer; carpenters, electricians and many minor players. Here, not far from Palm Beach, practically all of the exterior scenes were shot. Scenes that will not be duplicated for many a day to come. Ranch scenes, in swamps and on a fog covered lake, all true photographic achievements.

"Fog Bound," as adapted for use on the screen from Jack Beechdolt's story by Paul Dickey, is the story of a girl, living on an orange ranch in Florida, who finds the man she loves accused of the murder of her father, a revenue officer. Torn between loyalty to her parent and love for the accused, Gale Brenon, portrayed by Miss Dalton, is given the finest opportunity of her career to display her talents as an emotional actress. "Fog Bound" is an interesting and thrilling melodrama from start to finish, and it is said to be one of the foremost successes of the current season.

THIS WEEK'S BILLS AT SUBURBAN HOUSES

At the Palace.

"The Girl of the Golden West," with an all-star cast, will be the feature attraction at the Palace Theatre for the first three days of the week beginning Monday. The comedy will be supplied by the screen's funny man, Larry Semon, in his latest, "The Midnight Cabaret." There will also be a Pathe News. For the last three days of the week, beginning Thursday, will be seen the popular star, Thomas Meighan, in a picture of the broad seas, "Homeward Bound." "Extra-Extra" with the laughable Lloyd Hamilton will be the comedy, and also a Pathe Review.

At the Oakwood.

Thomas Meighan, one of the screen's most popular actors, will appear in his latest motion picture, a thrilling drama of the open seas, "Homeward Bound." On the same program will be seen "Hula Honeymoon," a comedy, and a Pathe Review. This comprises the program for the first three days of the week. Commencing Thursday and for the rest of the week, the offering will be, "Penrod and Sam," with an all-star cast. The accompanying comedy will be "Bowled Over," with a Pathe to complete the bill.

At the Alhambra.

"Homeward Bound," a gripping drama of the wide waters, with the ever popular Thomas Meighan, heads the bill for three days, starting Monday. "F. O. B." will be the fun picture, with Funmaker Lloyd Hamilton. There will also be seen a Pathe Review. For the final three days of the week, commencing Thursday, "Penrod and Sam" heads the bill, and "The Midnight Cabaret" with Larry Semon will furnish the laughs.

At the Bloor.

"Children of Jazz," featuring Theodore Kosloff, Ricardo Cortez and others, will be the main offering the first half of the week, starting Monday. "The Kitchen Lady" will be the comedy. For the last half of the week, beginning Thursday, will be seen "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" with Mary Miles Minter and Antonio Moreno.

At the St. Clair.

Beginning Monday and for three days Alice Brady will appear in "The Leopardess," her latest play of the silver sheet. "The Fourflusher" will appear on the same bill as the comedy. For Thursday and for the rest of the week the "Jazz Picture" of the season, Children of Jazz" with Theodore Kosloff, will be the feature attraction, and "So This is Hamlet" with the droll Charlie Murray will be the comedy.

At the Parakdale.

Dorothy Dalton in her latest melodramatic and thrilling drama, "The Law of the Lawless," tops the bill Monday and for three days. "The Two Twins" will furnish the comedy. For the rest of the week "Children of Jazz" will be the main offering and "Extra-Extra" will provide the laughs.

At the College.

"Lost and Found," a tense drama, with an all-star cast, heads the bill for the first half of the week beginning Monday. "Glad Rags" will be the comedy. For the final three days of the week will be seen the great picture with a heart appeal, "Mighty Lak a Rose," with Dorothy MacKaill in the leading role. "F. O. B." with Lloyd Hamilton will provoke the laughs.

At the Beach.

Mary Miles Minter will head the program in a majestic drama of the screen. "Drums of Fate," for the first three days of the week, beginning Monday. "The Two Twins" will be the mirth provoker. For the last three days of the week, beginning Thursday, will appear "Children of Jazz," with an all-star cast, as the feature, with "Casey Jones, Jr.", to start the laughs.

At the Beaver.

"Grumpy," one of the finest heart appeal pictures ever placed on the silver sheet, with the kindly old man of the screen, Theodore Roberts, in the leading role, is the fine offering the Beaver management has to give to its patrons the first three days of the week, beginning Monday. "Extra-Extra" is the comedy accompanying it. For the final three days of the week "The Girl Who Came Back" with an all-star cast, tops the program, and "Backfire" provides the comedy.



FLORENCE ROGGE

The dancer, who will be seen at the Hippodrome during the coming week.

COMEDIAN BECAME NOTED "BAD MAN"

Fate sometimes plays strange pranks with men's ambitions.

Witness Ernest Torrence, who started forth blithely to become one of the leading operatic stars of the world and ended up by becoming "famous" as one of the most infamous characters in history, a man that ruthlessly wielded a knife to clinch arguments, a man that tried to kill his own brother and ransack the treasure vaults of a church.

Torrence hates himself for what he has become, but Fate—in the shape of a motion picture director—drives him ever on and on to new villainies. So great is his "infamous fame" that he was the first and logical choice of Casting Director Datig for the role of "Clopin" in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the stupendous Universal production which will shortly be seen in the leading theatres of the country.

Torrence was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, forty-five years ago, and early evinced a talent for music. He specialized in a piano course at the University of Stuttgardt. Returning home, he spent some time as an instructor and then went to London, where he took a course in voice culture at the Royal Academy. Soon after he won the Westmoreland scholarship for singing, and also the gold medal for operatic rendition.

During the season of 1903-1904, he played romantic lover parts at the Savoy Theatre, London. This was followed by a wide range of character comedy roles, until 1911, when he came to America and appeared in musical comedy. He is best remembered for his excellent characterization in "The Only Girl" and "The Night Boat."

Besides singing, he has an admirable speaking voice, and has established himself as a lecturer, and readily can be recalled as the man who discoursed so entertainingly on Captain Scott's Arctic pictures. He also performed the same office for the second series of the Paul Rainey African hunting pictures. But, with all of his other activities, he has never forsaken music. He is a composer also of no mean ability.

HERE IS A RECORD.

Katheryn Kemp, who holds the record of having appeared in fourteen photoplays in twelve months, is to be seen both in "The Green Goddess" and "Little Old New York." She will also be seen in "If Winter Comes" and "The Silent Command."

"DAYTIME WIVES."

"Daytime Wives," with Miss Dereas Perdue, was directed by Emile Chautard, and the story deals with a shallow wife who neglects her husband, seeking romance elsewhere.

A KIPLING MOVIE.

Rudyard Kipling's novel, "The Light That Failed," is to be picturized again by George Melford at Paramount's West Coast studio. Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist, David Torrance and Luke Cosgrave will be in the cast.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE BEGINNING Mon. Sept. 10

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Season's Most Important Attraction

ANNE NICHOLS' Laughing Success

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

DIRECT FROM 10 WEEKS IN MONTREAL

NOW IN ITS 2ND YEAR IN NEW YORK.

"A Niagara of Laughter."—S. Morgan-Powell, "Montreal Star."
"They laughed until it hurt."—"Montreal Gazette."

PRESENTED BY ANNE NICHOLS' OWN COMPANY.

PRICES: Eves., 50c to $1.50. Wed. Mat., 25c to 75c. Sat. Mat., 25c to $1.00.

SEATS ON SALE THURSDAY.

EMPIRE THEATRE

COLUMBIA BURLESQUE

TEMPERANCE STREET NEAR YONGE

PRICES: Mats., 15c, 25c, 50c. Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1, except Labor Day and Sat.

HURTIG and SEAMON Present

A Carnival of Comedy, Singing & Dancing

"STEP ON IT"

WITH

NIBLO AND SPENCER

4 MACK SISTERS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HIGH DIVING ACT
FOUR BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN A GLASS TANK OF THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF WATER

CALIFORNIA TRIO
MARTY SEAMON

ADELE FERGUSON
JUANITA MITCHELL

A CHORUS OF BUDS FROM THE GARDEN — OF ROSES — SWEET AND DAINTY —

Request Return Engagement



A mid-summer sensation at the Hippodrome two months ago.

SUCCESSOR TO

"The Four Horsemen"

Staged in unsurpassed luxury in Paris, Monte Carlo and Nice with a cast of celebrities including the most famous beauties of stage and screen.

"ENEMIES of WOMEN"

By--
Vicente Blasco Ibanez

With More Than Twenty Principals Headed By—

LIONEL BARRYMORE --- ALMA RUBENS

STARTS MONDAY

Allen RICHMOND & VICTORIA STS

COMEDY CREATION

Charlie Murray IN "The Fiddling Fool"

6th Annual Paramount WEEK

Stars, Directors and Featured Players in Paramount Pictures

Alphabetically listed

Robert Agnew
Mary Astor
Agnes Ayres
Alice Brady
Herbert Brenon
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
James Cruze
Dorothy Dalton
Bebe Daniels
Cecil B. DeMille
Wm. C. DeMille
Elliott Dexter
Charles de Roche
Richard Dix
Alan Dwan
George Fawcett
Elsie Ferguson
George Fitzmaurice
Victor Fleming
Alfred E. Green
Sigrid Holmquist

Toronto Joins In The National Demonstration

With Paramount Week the greatest motion picture season the world has ever seen gets under way.

Paramount Week offers the opportunity for a grand review of 1923's achievements and a foretaste of the great Paramount Pictures coming.

Celebrate Paramount Week at your own theatre as millions have celebrated it during five previous annual Paramount Weeks.

"It's Paramount Week at your theatre now!"

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President, NEW YORK CITY

[*continued*]

Joseph Henabery
Walter Hiers
Jack Holt
Glenn Hunter
Leatrice Joy
Theodore Kosloff
Lila Lee
Jacqueline Logan
Charles Maigne
Thomas Meighan
George Melford
Antonio Moreno
Nita Naldi
Pola Negri
David Powell
Theodore Roberts
Wesley Ruggles
Lewis Stone
Jerome Storm
Gloria Swanson
Rob Wagner
Irvin Willat
Lois Wilson
Sam Wood

All this week—Paramount Pictures will be shown

HIPPODROME

"HOLLYWOOD"—The All-Star sensation of the year.

PANTAGES

"FOG BOUND"—A Story of the California Everglades.

LOEW'S

"SALOMY JANE"—Jacqueline Logan in a story of old California.

ALLEN THEATRES

Allen-St. Clair
Allen-Bloor

National	373 Yonge St.
Dundas Playhouse	1585 Dundas St. W.
York	812 Yonge Street.
Aster	233 Ossington Ave.
Doric	1098 Bloor St.
La Reta	336 Pape Ave.
Melba	1574 Queen St. E.
Paulton	408 Queen Street E.
Carlton	509 Parliament Street,
Imperial	364 Queen Street E.
Queen's Royal	1488 Yonge Street.
Broadview	348 Broadview Ave.
Reo	214 Queen Street W.

Allen-Beach
Allen-Parkdale.

Greenwood	1275 Gerrard St. E.
Rosedale	805 Yonge Street.
Ideal (E. Toronto)	194 Main St.
Revue	400 Roncesvalles Ave.
College Playhouse	344 College St.
King	565 College St.
Vermont	1069 Bathurst St.
St. Julien	Bloor and Lansdowne Ave.
Kitchener	1008 Bloor Street W.
Wonderland	2920 Dundas St. W
Mavety	215 Mavety St.
Christie	633 St. Clair Ave.
Pickford	Queen St. and Spadina Ave.

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

With the Vaudevillians

Attractions on Programmes of the Variety Theatres

Psychic Wonder Is Feature At Shea's

Wee Georgie Wood, An English Favorite To Make Local Debut.

Mercedes, the psyche wonder, accompanied by the mystic, Mlle. Stantone, who are known in vaudeville as the Human Radios, will headline this week's bill at Shea's Theatre, giving what is said to be a most remarkable demonstration of thought transference. While Mlle. Stantone sits at the piano on the stage, Mercedes goes through the audience, asking what selections different persons wish to hear. Without a word from Mercedes, Mlle. Stantone will play their requested numbers, whether the choice is classical music or the latest jazz.

Renee Robert and Giers-Dorf Symphonists are the special extra attraction next week. They have combined their acts. Miss Robert is a dancer and the symphonists are five musicians who play the piano, violin, trombone and French horn.

One of England's pet comedians, Wee Georgie Wood, will make his Canadian debut next week at Shea's. The diminutive star is a special patron of the Boy Scouts of England and his act will particularly interest the Canadian boys.

Basil Lynn and William Howland will present a new version of their Racy Conversation. Billy and Eddie Gorman in their topics of the day will present a number of new stories and Olive Briscoe and Al Rauh will offer a new sketch by Harry Langdon. It is called "The Brave Coward" and is said to be full of comedy. Collins and Hart, burlesque comedians and Bordner and Boner in a thrilling specialty complete the vaudeville show.

Rae Samuels in new topical songs will headline the week of September 10th bill at Shea's Theatre. Victor Moore and Emma Littlefield will present a modernized version of their backstage act.



IRENE GIERS-DORF
Who appears with the Giers-Dorf Symphonists at Shea's Theatre this week.

Edward Clark Will Do Character Bits

Eminent Actor and Playwright Is Appearing At Loew's Theatre.

In keeping with the policy of the Loew circuit of theatres to play a higher grade of vaudeville Lowe's Yonge St. Theatre will inaugurate their Autumn program with two big headline attractions lured from the "big" time and the musical comedy field.

The eminent actor, author and playwright, Edward Clark, writer of many Broadway productions, assisted by Clarissa Rose Clark in character song impressions, studies from life and musical selections. Mr. Clark has written the following successful hits, "De Luxe Annie," a dramatic triumph which later was adapted for a screen drama starring Norma Talmadge, "Honey Girl," a miniature musical comedy, "You're In Love," "The Bashful Bride," with Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield, "Cinders," last season's musical hit at the Dresden Theatre. He has now in preparation two new playlets which will soon see their light on Broadway. Mr. Edward Clark holds a five-year contract with C. B. Dillingham to write exclusively under his management.

Another author who is responsible for many successes on Broadway is Harlan Thompson who has written a delightful musical farce entitled "Cave Man Love," the other headline attraction on this program. It is a melodious musical satire in five scenes with Richard Bartlett and Company capably assisted by dainty Elsa Garrette, a charming soubrette and a quartette of beautiful debutantes offering a smart revue of smiles, tunes and dance originalities. It is a half hour of splendid entertainment.

Other acts on this highly entertaining program will include Wilson and Kelly, two funny comedians styled as "The Happy Saps," in hilarious nonsensicalities, Ardelle Cleaves, late star of "Somebody's Sweetheart," in a sparkling repertoire of new tunes, novel dances and violin selections, and Mann and Lee in Oriental eccentricities.

"The Speeders" Is Tuneful Offering

Revue Heads the Vaudeville Bill Now At Pantages Theatre.

The vaudeville bill at the Pantages this week is principally made up of musical comedy with the distinctive tuneful revue, "The Speeders," holding forth for a full half hour. Jack Mundy, supported by a clever cast and a bevy of singing and dancing show girls, together with many changes of handsome costumes, elaborate scenery equipment and surprising electrical effects and novelties, make "The Speeders" an offering that is ideal to entertain the big holiday crowds that will be in attendance on Monday. A well known and popular entertainer in Toronto is Joe Roberts, who is conceded to be the world's greatest banjoist, and Joe is the extra added feature on the current bill. "The Poster Girl," who gives impressions of noted stage stars and at the finish springs a real surprise in another act that cannot help but please the most critical. John Burke, in a clever singing, dancing and talking offering, and Al and Emma Frabelle, wire artists, comprise a bill that includes novelty, singing, dancing, music, girls and everything that should go into a big time vaudeville bill. The feature picture, "Fog Bound," gives stunning Dorothy Dalton the best opportunity to display her beauty and versatility that she has had in many months. Miss Dalton is supported by David Powell, Martha Mansfield and Maurice Costello. There will be special performances on Labor Day.



HELEN SPENCER
Comedienne in Hurtig and Seamon's "Step On It" show at the Empire Theatre this week.

BIG BEAUTY CONTEST FOR TORONTO GIRLS

The Pantages Theatre is to stage a big beauty contest to decide who is Toronto's prettiest bathing girl, on Sept. 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14th. Valuable prizes will be given away nightly and the winners of the first, second and third prizes on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings will compete on Friday evening for the grand prize. Motion pictures of the three prize winners in the final contest will be taken and forwarded to the various film producers with the idea that an offer from one of the companies may result, provided the winners screen well. Only ten young ladies will be allowed to enter each evening and those wishing to enter the contest or gain any information are requested to call on Mr. Knevels at the Pantages, who will gladly explain all details.

"Step On It" Comes To Empire Theatre

Hurtig and Seamon Are Bringing Their Big Musical Piece.

Rare novelty, much comedy and a lot of fine singing and dancing are scheduled for the Empire Theatre this week when Hurtig and Seamon's big musical piece "Step On It" comes to that theatre for a week's engagement with the customary daily matinee and night performances each day during the engagement. Again George Niblo and Helen Spencer, who headed this same show last season, will be the featured members of the truly delightful cast. And there will be a marvelous display of magnificent stage settings and effects to say nothing of some really gorgeous costumes, exquisite in design, fabric and construction. "Step On It" is composed of many delightful comedy satires, much wholesome comedy and a whole lot of tuneful melodies and snappy dancing. There is also a generous lot of vaudeville specialties which are offered in a pleasing manner by experts in their particular line.

George Niblo and Helen Spencer came to the cast of this show last season direct from the vaudeville headline class where they appeared on the big time. They brought with them into burlesque a lot of new methods and snappy ideas which endeared them to its followers from the start. Niblo is a tramp comedian of the type of the late Nat. Wills. His methods are clean and inoffensive, and his comedy of the most wholesome nature.

Helen Spencer is a fast working, good looking, agile and high spirited comedienne, who made an excellent musical comedy reputation before she entered vaudeville and burlesque. She works in special scenes with Mr. Niblo, leads the musical numbers and also does her own specialty, which is said to be one of the most entertaining of the season.

Another feature of "Step On It" which has proven most popular this season is the act of the Four Mack Sisters, high divers, who are said to be the most daring, graceful and skillful of all women divers who have ever appeared on the stage. Others in the cast who are entitled through their ability as entertainers to special mention are Marty Seamon Wanita, the California Trio and Adele Ferguson, the latter, prima donna of the show.

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

Paris is to have an international motion picture convention in October. It is expected that screen experts from allied and friendly countries will send representatives to the meeting, at which they will exchange opinions on all ends of the business—producing, selling and exhibiting. An idea of the conference may be gathered from the fact that a dinner is to be presided over by a member of M. Poincare's Cabinet, and that the day following this affair the delegates will be officially received by the President du Conseil Municipal at the Hotel de Ville.

LOEW'S YONGE ST.

CONTINUOUS NOON TO ELEVEN.

GEORGE MELFORD'S

"SALOMY JANE"



WITH
JACQUELINE LOGAN
GEORGE FAWCETT
MAURICE FLYNN

Bret Harte's great story of wild adventure and rousing romance. Actually filmed in its original setting among the great redwoods of the Santa Cruz mountains.

THE EMINENT ACTOR-WRITER
EDWARD CLARK & CO.
Headline an Exceptionally
BIG VAUDEVILLE BILL OF
SIX ACTS

WINTER GARDEN
OPENS
MONDAY EVE., SEPT. 3
All seats reserved. Performances and prices same as lower theatre.

WEEK OF SEPT. 3rd



EXTRA ATTRACTION
GEORGE LEFFINGWELL & CO.
Who Just Finished the Summer Season with Stock at the Royal Alexandra Theatre
IN A MYSTERY COMEDY PLAYLET "SHOOT" By ANGIE BREAKSPEARE

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

NOW PLAYING — CONTINUOUS NOON TO 11 P.M.

If You're Looking for Real Thrills—



DOROTHY DALTON
IN
"FOG BOUND"

Out of the fog—

Comes mystery, romance, adventure—dripping with colorful incidents, gripping with intense power, zipping along at a swift pace.

A virile role for the star. David Powell, Martha Mansfield and Maurice Costello also in the strong cast.

PRESENTED IN CONJUNCTION WITH

A Big Vaudeville Bill

HEADED BY
THE DISTINCTIVE MUSICAL REVUE
"THE SPEEDERS"
WITH
JACK MUNDY
And a Dozen Clever Entertainers.

ELABORATE COSTUMES — BEAUTIFUL SCENERY — DAZZLING ELECTRICAL EFFECTS

—Special Added Feature—
JOE ROBERTS
The World's Greatest Banjoist

WHO IS TORONTO'S PRETTIEST BATHING GIRL?
BIG BEAUTY CONTEST
WILL BE HELD EACH EVENING ON
Sept. 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14th
Valuable Prizes
FINAL COMPETITION FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 14th, FOR THE GRAND PRIZE
—WATCH THE NEWSPAPERS—

Second Tremendous Week

Last week 35,000 people saw this big English film production, and judging from the enormous advance sale an even larger number will attend the second week of

"ROB ROY"

the Greatest Melodrama of all times



SPECIAL Added Attraction for This Week Only

Creed's New York and Paris
Fashion Show

$100,000 worth of the latest imported creations displayed by 10 living models. Latest decrees of fashion in evening gowns, afternoon robes and lingerie.

6 Mannequins Specially Imported from Ziegfeld Follies

MASSEY HALL ALL THIS WEEK

Mats. 25c and 50c; Evgs. 25c, 50c, 75c
Evening Prices Monday Holiday Matinee