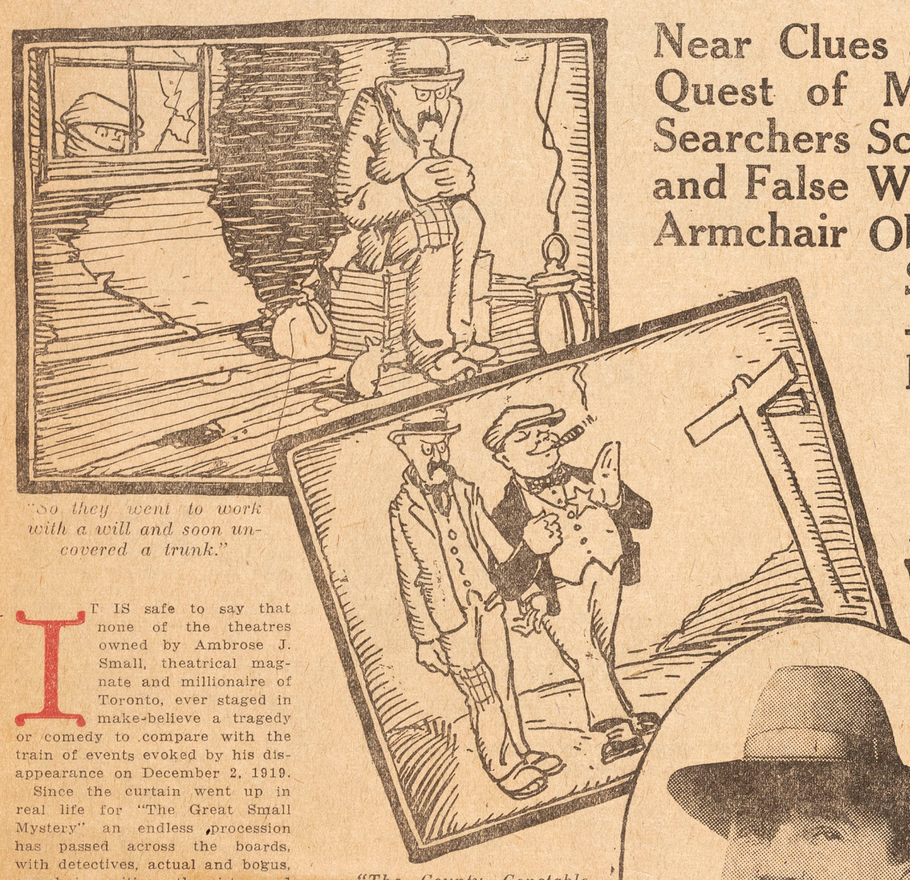
MAGAZINE SECTION

The Toronto Sunday World

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# Small Case Theorists Spin Webs of Fancy

## Near Clues and Queer Clues "Born Every Minute" in Quest of Missing Millionaire---Self-styled Seers Send Searchers Scurrying Into Cellars and Attics---Gum Shoes and False Whiskers Fail to Bring Home the Reward---Armchair Observers and Rural Constables Contribute Sage Advice in Large Batches ---Spades, Steam Shovels and Dredges Haled Into Service in Land and Water Search.



*"So they went to work with a will and soon uncovered a trunk."*



*"The County Constable, garbed in his Sunday suit and smoking a healthy looking cigar, arrived with his 'find.'"*



*"The police examined the sewer in question; but nothing but a noxious smell resulted."*



*"The bones were those of a long dead bossy."*



*John Doughty, former secretary of A. J. Small, now in Kingston Penitentiary.*



$50,000 REWARD

Missing from his home in this city since December 2nd, 1919

Ambrose J. Small

I am authorized by Mrs. Ambrose J. Small and Capital Trust Corporation to offer a reward of $50,000 for information leading to the discovery of the present whereabouts of the above named man, if alive.

Description: Age 53, 5ft. 6 or 7 ins.; 135 to 140 lbs. Blue eyes, sallow complexion. Brown hair and moustache, streaked with grey. Hair receding on temples. Is very quick in his movements.

Mr. Small, who is well known in theatrical circles in the United States and Canada, was owner of Grand Opera House, Toronto, and was last seen in his office at this theatre on afternoon of December 2nd, 1919.

When last seen he was wearing a dark tweed suit and dark over coat with velvet collar and a soft felt hat.

The above photo, although taken some time ago is a good likeness, except that for a considerable time previous to his disappearance he had been wearing his moustache clipped short.

I am also authorized to offer in the alternative, a reward of $15,000 for information leading to the discovery of the present whereabouts of the body of the above named man, if dead.

The information must be received before September 1st, 1920, on which date the above offers of rewards will expire.

All previous offers of rewards are withdrawn.

Wire all information to the undersigned.

H. J. GRASETT,
Chief Constable.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
TORONTO.
June 1st, 1920.



*Sergeant of Detectives Mitchell, who, in the search for Small, has investigated thousands of clues.*

IT IS safe to say that none of the theatres owned by Ambrose J. Small, theatrical magnate and millionaire of Toronto, ever staged in make-believe a tragedy or comedy to compare with the train of events evoked by his disappearance on December 2, 1919.

Since the curtain went up in real life for "The Great Small Mystery" an endless procession has passed across the boards, with detectives, actual and bogus, armchair critics, theorists and amateur investigators in the van; then followed the sordid scramble for rewards, the wild goose chases on false clues, the corner store enquiries, some searchers pulling down and others digging up—and never a trace of Mr. Small, never an interesting possibility that the $50,000 prize offered for his recovery alive would be won.

The Ambrose J. Small mystery remains a mystery. Although Sergeant of Detectives Mitchell has travelled thousands of miles by rail, boat and motor car—not to mention the slower but ever reliable "Shanks' mare"—Mr. Small has not been found. Much money has been spent in this search; two continents have been ransacked for news of the missing magnate; circulars have been circulated throughout the civilized world, but to no purpose. Earth has been turned over in various localities with pick and shovel and the omnivorous steam shovel; the lake has been dredged; rivers have been sounded, still no success.

It is almost four years since Mr. Small, owner of a two-million-dollar estate and a rosy future quit the haunts of his youth and vanished, or so it seems, into thin air.

FROM time to time the public prints have chronicled the doings of the police in their search for the missing man. But not all, by any means, has been printed in this wise. For the police department—or, at least, that section of it which sports plain clothes and a badge and bears the title of "detective"—is rather canny about what it allows to leak out about its movements in criminal affairs. Consequently, that there is a considerable amount of real human material in police archives that has never been printed, and, if the police have their way, it probably never will be. It is with his mass of unpublished material in connection with the Small case, that this article will deal.

When Mrs. A. J. Small, wife of the missing millionaire, moved to have her husband legally declared dead, Sergt. Mitchell, in supporting her claim, gave a brief summary of what had been accomplished in the matter since Mr. Small vanished. Listed as follows, it is fairly interesting reading:

That I (Mitchell) was assigned to investigate the disappearance of Ambrose J. Small on December 16, 1919.

That Mr. Small still being absent, January 5th, 1920, 5,000 circulars were mailed to the police, authorities throughout Canada and the United States.

That on January 8th, 1924, I went to Montreal to seek John Doughty, former secretary of Ambrose J. Small, but found Doughty had disappeared.

That, shortly after Doughty's disappearance, a warrant was issued for his arrest on a charge of conspiring to kidnap Ambrose J. Small. A reward of $5,000 was offered for Doughty's arrest. Later, another warrant charging Doughty with the theft of bonds to the value of $100,000, the property of Ambrose J. Small was issued.

That, on or about June 20th, 1920, approximately 20,000 circulars were mailed to the principal towns and cities in Canada and the United States, Mexico, South America, the British Isles, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Australia and New Zealand, offering rewards of $50,000 for information which would lead to the recovery of Ambrose J. Small alive, and $15,000 for informaion that would lead to the recovery of Mr. Small's dead body.

That, on November 22nd, 1920, John Doughty was arrested near Portland, Oregon, brought back to Toronto to stand trial on charges of theft and conspiring to kidnap.

That John Doughty was found guilty of theft and sentenced to penal servitude.

That from the day I started to investigate the disappearance of Ambrose J. Small, I have interviewed thousands of persons, and received and followed up thousands of clues, verbal and written. I have visited and investigated in Montreal, Hamilton, London, Galt, Kingston, Ottawa, Gaspe, Halifax, St. John, N.B., Quebec, Moncton, Peterboro, Guelph, Kitchener, Windsor, Port Credit, Brockville, Brampton, Bowmanville, Whitby, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Madison, Waupahu, Wauzeka, Cariboo, Sault Ste. Marie, Vancouver, Seattle, Winnipeg, Medicine Hat, Calgary, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Butte, Pokatella, New York, Salt Lake City, Albany, Portland, Rochester and Niagara Falls.

That upwards of $35,000 has been spent by the police and the Small Estate to prosecute the search.

That I verily believe that Ambrose J. Small is dead, and that he died on or about December 2nd, 1919.

"That I have interviewed thousands of persons, received and followed thousands of supposed clues, verbal and written"—this is the paragraph out of the mass set forth which is of peculiar interest, since it embraces largely that which has not been made public. And it is true that detective headquarters, since that memorable 2nd of December, 1919, has been literally deluged with persons claiming to hold clues to the whereabouts of Ambrose J. Small.

The brown cabinet at headquarters dedicated to the Small case only holds secret evidence of that. For every verbal claim, whether it has been investigated or no, has been transferred to paper; every letter received has been filed away with its brethren in this innocent-looking cabinet.

OF THE claims in this wise put forward, some touch the heights of the fantastic. To wit:

Shortly after Mr. Small vanished, when the rewards offered had been made public, a middle-aged lady, in her faded grey eyes the vacant stare of the mentally unbalanced, stepped into the office inhabited by Inspector of Detectives Guthrie, and bluntly stated that she knew the whereabouts of Mr. Small. Courteously the inspector bade her be seated. Then he listened to what the caller had to say. Her speech was voluminous, and in her hands she carried a roll of paper tied with a ribbon. As she laid bare her theory, speaking low and fast, with anon a stealthy glance toward the outer office lest others might overhear her secret, she unrolled the documents, as she did so, disclosing sets of plans. These plans were drawn to scale and nicely colored, and it was evident that the woman had spent considerable time in their preparation.

"That is where Mr. Small is buried," the woman stated firmly, as she showed the inspector the first plan, which was supposed to describe Bayside Park. The second and third plans also showed the supposed burial places of Mr. Small, on an island in Muskoka, and in a sewer in the east end of the city. These places of interment, she stated, were made known to her in dreams. She seemed rather peeved when the inspector smiled pityingly at her, and showed her out.

Letters received by Sergt. Mitchell stated severally that Mr. Small was taking a rest cure at the far-famed shrine of St. Anne's de Beaupre, Quebec suffering from dementia in a New Jersey sanatarium, "playing the ponies" on Southern race tracks, studying art in the galleries of Britain and the Continent, or, in some way or other, kicking his heels as a colt after his long career of semi-slavery in the business world. There were persons galore, in all parts of Canada and the United States, who were positive that they had seen Mr. Small at this or that place; letters were received from unknown persons who claimed to have knowledge to the effect that the missing man was held for ransom by the sordid and criminally inclined. Again, others were equally positive that the magnate had succumbed to The machinations of his enemies, the men he had despoiled in his relentless hunt for the Almighty Dollar.

CERTAIN New York solicitors —history does not chronicle whether they were honest or of the shyster brand—got in touch with Sergt. Mitchell. Their claim was that Mr. Small had been kidnapped and was being held prisoner until a certain amount of money was advanced for his release. A mysterious "Mr. B." was cited as an intermediary between ransomer and kidnappers. Followed a somewhat lengthy correspondence, but, as far as the outside world has learned, nothing happened.

Then, from across the Atlantic came the surprising news that Mr. Small's dead body was lying unclaimed on a marble slab in a Paris morgue. A French theatrical impresario was the correspondent, who stated that he was acquainted with Mr. Small, through meeting the latter in Montreal and New York on several occasions. He was positive that the body was that of Mr. Small; the description tallied with that of a circular held by the Paris police. However, exhaustive enquiries quickly set to flight the impresario's belief and so this theory vanished.

About the same time the body of a man was found floating in the water below the American Falls at Niagara. Police believed the body to be that of Mr. Small. Off to Niagara went Mitchell, post-haste, to return, a few days later, with the disappointing news that the body was certainly not that of the missing man, whoever else it might be.

Baraboo, Wisconsin, was the next place that seemingly held the key to this engrossing mystery. A letter from Mrs. Maud Hayes, of Wauzeaka, Wis., to Chief of Police Dickson, stated that A. M. Churchill, of Baraboo had documents in his possession which would prove the whereabouts of Mr. Small.

So to Baraboo went Mitchell, to find on arrival there that Churchill had been arrested and convicted of fraud and was serving a term in Wisconsin State Penitentiary. Mitchell talked with Churchill, Churchill claimed to be a distant relative of Mr. Small and entitled to some of the Small estate. But it was not long before the Churchill bubble was pricked; it was composed of nothing more solid than a desire on Churchill's part to secure some easy money. Of course, he was disappointed. The only information he had to offer was that he had heard that a man named Doughty had been staying in Baraboo, and that Small had visited him there.

A PHILADELPHIA travelling man was the next to try his hand at landing one of the rewards. His "clue" consisted of a conversation he claimed he had overheard between two men in a Denver, Colo., hotel. They had talked about the Small mystery, and speculated audibly—rather intimately, he thought—as to what might have happened to Mr. Small.

Of similar frail fibre was the "clue" offered by a Montreal steamship agent, who claimed to have met two foreigners in Russia, Montreal, Detroit and Winnipeg at various times. They, too, had talked about Mr. Small, and, the agent said, had expressed themselves quite freely in declaring that the man who got rid of Mr. Small would never be caught. It was said that Sergt. Mitchell investigated this story; as a matter of fact, he did go to Montreal about that time, but for what purpose he never disclosed. However, a Montreal despatch stated that he intended to go West, thence to Russia, in pursuit of the foreigners in question, but Mitchell contradicted this story by suddenly returning to Toronto.

One day, some one while rummaging through the premises of the Whyte Theatrical Storage Company, 33 Church Street, and seeing old scenery and trunks there, thought it possible that Mr. Small might be immured in one of the dusty, dingy receptacles. As a consequence, the trunks were forced open. The result was negative.

No doubt there are many who will recall the mysterious stranger who agitated the Verona, Ont., inhabitants with his nocturnal prowlings among the hills adjacent to that place. He carried a lantern, and lived in an isolated cabin among the hills. Now the natives of Verona had read of the Small case, and it was but natural that they should adopt the idea that the mysterious stranger must be the missing man.

So led by the county constable, one day they sallied forth to the home of the hermit. They were fortunate in finding the man at home. But, being of a strange, retiring disposition, he did not care about their company. His manner was evasive, and when he spoke he rambled along aimlessly or talked in halting fashion as one without adequate wit. He was a medium-sized individual, wiry and nervous, and with a face which in its unkept state somewhat resembled the photograph of the missing millionaire.

SURE in his mind that the man was the man sought, the county constable secured photographs of the stranger, and despatched them to the city. Comparison with the small photograph, allowing for the passage of time and the absence of sartorial attention, indicated that the stranger might be the absent magnate.

Accordingly, on the invitation of the local authorities, the county constable, garbed in his best Sunday suit and smoking a healthy looking cigar arrived with his find. He was a very important individual as he escorted the stranger to detective headquarters, followed by the eyes of a curious crowd.

But minute examination of the stranger soon proved that he was not the man he was supposed to be. There were certain distinguishing marks on Mr. Small's person which the stranger did not have, so the county constable, very much crestfallen over this evaporation of his hopes, but stoutly maintaining that the stranger was Mr. Small, retired whence he came.

By this time, the news having been thoroughly broadcast, letters were pouring in from all over the world, each and every correspondent being sure that they had positive information concerning the missing man. So that, on August 15, 1921, after multitudinous investigations had been made, when word was received from a man signing himself John Brophy, president of the Brophy Detective Agency, Des Moines, Iowa, the local detective department had grown a trifle skeptical in his communication. Brophy stated that he had had Mr. Small under surveillance in Des Moines for over two months. Mr. Small was recovering from a bullet wound in the head, concussion of the brain, and other injuries. Both feet had been cut off in some way. When questioned by Brophy, the injured man had stated that his name was John Doughty, and that he hailed from Omaha. When shown Mr. Small's picture, he had said that it was a picture of himself. Brophy concluded by stating that the man had been an inmate of the Polk County Poor Farm since January 11th, 1919, for some months before Mr. Small disappeared.

The police investigated the claim, with the result that they discovered that the man was not Mr. Small at all, but a man named John Dougherty, who had lost his limbs in a railway accident in December, 1917.

Brophy was furious when the police refused to accept Dougherty as Mr. Small. He claimed that he was being swindled, and demanded the $50,000 reward. Of course, he did not get it.

The arrival of "Dr. and Mrs. Grey of New York" at the Carre Vigor Hotel in an automobile in October, 1921, and their subsequent hasty departure one night later without paying their hotel bill, opened up another supposed clue to the disappearance of Mr. Small. George Henry Chenier, president of the Carre Vigor Hotel Company, was the communicant in this case. He carried such information as he had to Detective LePage, of the Montreal Police Department, and LePage, after a preliminary investigation of Chenier's claims got in touch with Sergt. Mitchell. Other correspondence followed. The result, was that Miss Cecelia Haley, a domestic, was taken into custody by the St. John, N.B., police, and held for the Toronto authorities. She was supposed to be the mysterious "Mrs. Grey" who had registered at the Carre Vigor Hotel.

She was brought to Toronto and questioned, the result being that Sergt. Mitchell one day left post haste for Perce, Quebec, and there apprehended Max Phillips, alias Herbert King.

TORONTO was agog with curiosity when it was noised about that Mitchell had returned with the mysterious "Dr. Grey," who was said to be one of the chief participants in the disappearance of Mr. Small. But alas for public expectation of something worthwhile in the mystery —Phillips turned out to be a recreant husband who was wanted on charges of non-support and stealing a motor car belonging to J. M. Denike, of Toronto, and Miss Haley proved to be a domestic servant from Montreal, who had fallen victim to Phillips' manly beauty. They were both able to prove to the entire satisfaction of the police that they knew nothing whatever concerning Mr. Small.

Interspersed with these methods of search for Mr. Small were periods of digging in various places in the city and elsewhere. One day, an east end resident told how, one night about the time of Mr. Small's disappearance, he had seen an automobile stop alongside a manhole on an east-end street. Two men had alighted, stooped, straightened themselves as though relieved of a burden, then boarded the car again and moved away. And, the citizen hastened to assert, he was quite sober at the time.

In keeping with its policy of investigating everything that seemed like a clue, the police department examined the sewer in question; but nothing but a noxious smell resulted.

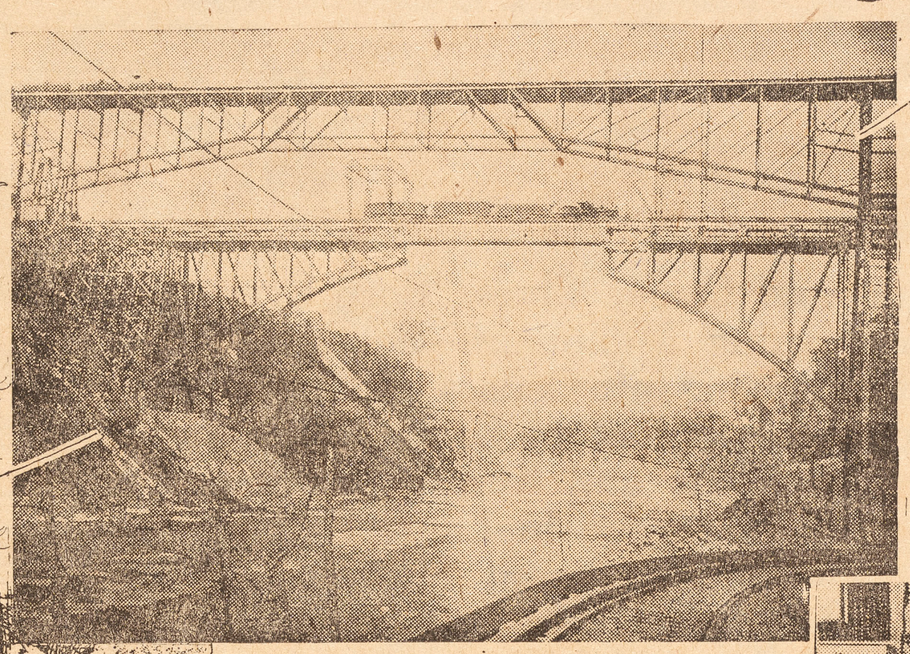
Digging operations followed in the neighborhood of the Humber, in certain backyards in the east and north sections of the city, culminating in a grand climax at the Rosedale dump. The dump operation followed as the result

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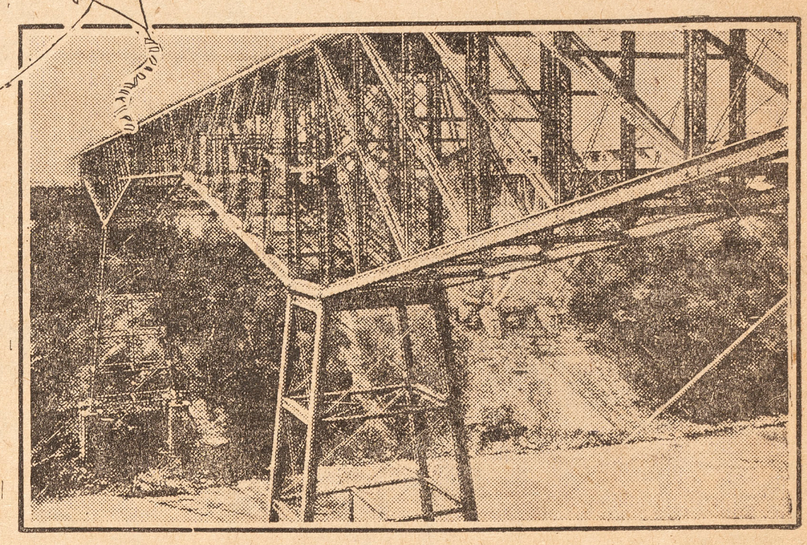
# Boy's Kite Herald of Niagara's Mighty Arches

## Colorful Romance of Falls' Bridges Recalled by Plans for Wonderful New Span --Curse on Earlier Structure Feared by Reason of "Awful" Sabbath Traffic.

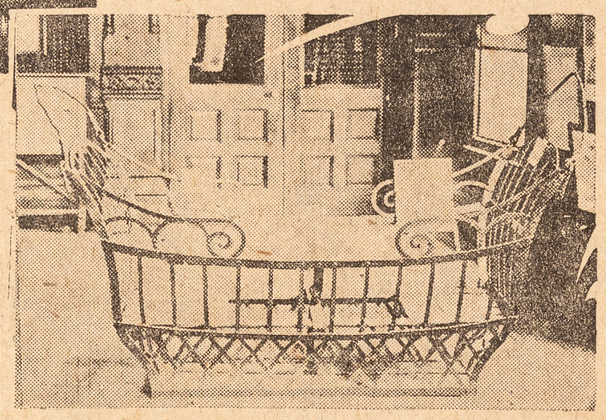




*Site of the proposed new arch is between these two bridges. The picture shows how the first steel arch was built beneath the old railway Suspension Bridge.*



*Niagara's Cantilever Bridge, owned by the Michigan Central Railroad. This bridge is to be replaced by a new arch.*



*Old iron basket which was used at Niagara Falls in crossing back and forth.*



*Homan Walsh, who, as a boy, made the first connection between the Niagara cliffs with his kite string in 1848.*

CANADA is to have another great new steel arch bridge connecting it with the United States. It is to be built across the Niagara Gorge close to the spot where the Whirlpool Rapids begin and where the gorge is narrowest.

Already a large force of men is at work on both sides of the river stripping the cliffs and debris slope preparatory to building the abutments or skewbacks, of which there will be four, two on each side of the river.

The bridge is to be the mightiest arch yet erected at Niagara, where two great structures now span the gorge, and it will be a marvel among the bridges of the world.

The site on which the new bridge is to be erected is famous in the history of Niagara, for it was right there that the first connection was made between the giant cliffs way back in the spring of 1848, when little Homan Walsh standing on the high bank of the river, flew his kite way, way up in the air on a favorable wind and then permitted it to settle on the New York side, this slender string forming the first connection between the Dominion of Canada and the United States for bridge purposes.

By aid of the kite string a stronger line was pulled across the gorge, and this was followed by heavier ropes and later cables, on which an iron basket was operated to aid in the construction of the first bridge between Canada and the States. This first bridge provided for light traffic, and almost immediately gave way to the railway suspension bridge which was completed in 1855.

SOME there are to-day alive who can remember the beauty of this old wooden structure with its massive towers of stone. Over this bridge the trains of the old Great Western Railroad ran, the wood-fueled engines puffing away as they drew the relatively few cars allowed to each train in those times as they crossed the wonderful bridge, which creaked and groaned as only such a structure can under load, especially in winter time.

Railroad traffic grew heavier and in time the wooden bridge was replaced by a steel suspension bridge without any interruption to traffic, and then as the demand grew the suspension bridge gave way to the first great arch railway bridge built between the two countries. This is the railway arch now used by the trains of the Canadian Naational Railway.

Three hundred feet up stream stands the famous Niagara cantilever bridge, owned by the Michigan Central Railroad Company and built and completed in 1883. Now the increased traffic over the Michigan Central, the increased weight of the rolling stock and the freight loads carried cry out for a greater bridge, and the completion of the new arch bridge will sound the death knell of the cantilever bridge, which will be torn down, so that this type of bridge will no longer span the gorge. It is between the cantilever bridge and the lower steel arch that the grand new arch is to be built. It will be about 200 feet up stream from the present lower arch, and the bottom chord of the beautiful new arch will rise 207 feet above the normal water line. The length of the main span or principal arch will be 640 feet, and at each end of this arch there will be a truss span of 100 feet reaching to the high bank. At the Canadian end there will be an approach of about 51 feet, and at the New York end there will be an approach span of about 101 feet. The steel of the New York approach span will rest on huge columns of cement, making possible an increased width in Whirlpool Avenue.

LIKE the old cantilever, the new arch will be for railroad purposes only, no provision being made for vehicular or other traffic. There will be but one deck, and on this double tracks will be laid. As compared with steel arches now existing at Niagara the new bridge will be much more massive, as approximately 10,000 tons of steel will be used in building it. Its capacity will be such that it will carry from 7,000 to 8,000 pounds per running foot on each track. The skewbacks will be great masses of concrete, rock faced, and into them will be sunk the great rods and other anchor features. It is planned to do all of the foundation work this year so that the erection of the steel of the bridge proper may be commenced early next spring. When once started, the erection of the steel will make the bridge grow rapidly, as it is astonishing how the iron-workers develop a bridge of this character.

There will be real novelty in watching the erection of the new arch, as it will be the first bridge of the kind built at Niagara when there was no other bridge over it. When the lower arch was built, the steel suspension bridge hung overhead, and the great arch grew beneath it day by day until the final pieces of steel were placed at the centre. It was so with the upper steel arch, as it was built to replace a suspension bridge of steel, and out from either bank it grew until the approaching ends met over mid-stream.

This new bridge will be the fourteenth to be erected between the two countries at Niagara. Across it will roll wheat, flour and other Canadian products needed in the States or bound for export to Europe, while back into Canada will go the wealth of goods purchased in the States by Canadians.

THERE is real romance in the bridge history of Niagara. When the trend of civilization was westward in the later '40s the Niagara gorge and river offered a serious obstacle to travel. The only means of crossing was by small boats, and the many home-seekers moving westward were interrupted in their progress.

It was evident a bridge was needed and the desire to meet the need inspired engineers and men with capital to get Homan Walsh, the champion kite flier of the Niagara locality, to make a connection between the giant cliffs. Over the cableway that followed passengers were transported at $1.25 per head. Towers and cables for a foot bridge followed and passengers were allowed to cross the foot bridge after paying 25 cents, the foot bridge having been only three feet wide. When this frail structure was completed another similar platform or bridge was thrown over on other cables and towers, the small platforms or bridges having been about 40 feet apart, the basket cableway having been in the centre.

While this second bridge was being erected a thrilling incident occurred. The bridge had been built out about 250 feet from the New York bank, and about 150 feet from the Canadian bank when a hurricane swept down on the structure from the southwest. The cables were displaced and the structure was parted. Six men were at work on the bridge when struck by the awful wind. Two of the men made their way ashore, just how onlookers could not tell, so frightful were the conditions. The other four men were left at the exremity of the bridge 200 feet out from the New York side with only two strands of No. 10 wire supporting them from a headlong plunge of 230 feet into the river and the rapids below.

There they swung until the wind went down, when William Ellis, amid pelting torrents of rain, took a ladder and went out in the iron basket over the cableway to a point opposite where the men were stranded. Ellis placed one end of the ladder on the wrecked bridge and the other end rested on the iron basket. Over the frail bridge thus formed the four men made their way into the basket, which was drawn ashore, the incident having gone down in Niagara history as one of the most daring and thrilling rescues ever effected at Niagara. When the two frail platforms or bridges were completed they were drawn together and another bridge built under them, the old bridges being torn away as fast ac the new one was completed.

At the sides of this third bridge a railing was built, and Charles Ellet, Jr., the contractor, drove across in a buggy drawn by a horse immediately after crossing in a carriage drawn by a span of horses, and thus was vehicular travel at Niagara between Canada and the United States opened back in the last century. trouble between the contractors and the directors of the bridge company followed, but the great railway suspension bridge was completed in 1855, and was in reality the fourth bridge erected over the Niagara gorge.

The first crossing of the bridge was made on March 8, 1855, by the locomotive "London." This locomotive advanced on the bridge from the Canadian side, the tender being loaded with men, while the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes fluttered side by side. Four times the engine passed back and forth, but did not cross way over to the New York side as the track was not completed.

Naturally the bridge commanded much attention and there was great excitement. One man who witnessed the crossings on Sunday, March 18, 1855, wrote:

"Awful violation of the Sabbath by the long trains of freight cars with multitudes of men on top of them crossing and recrossing the bridge and shifting the freight will not soon be forgotten by those who revere the Holy Day. The curse of God will rest on this bridge, is my firm belief."

On March 19, 1855, the first passenger train drawn by the engine "David Upton" with David Upton himself a passenger crossed the bridge. Those who remember the old wooden suspension bridge cannot fail to marvel at its wonders. It was a double-deck structure, the upper deck having been devoted to steam railway purposes and the lower deck to foot and carriage traffic. At each end of the lower deck there was a sign which read:

"A fine of fifty to one-hundred dollars will be imposed for marching over this bridge in rank and file, or to music, or by keeping regular step. Bodys of men or troops must be ordered and kept out of step when passing over this bridge. No musical band will be allowed to play while crossing except when seated in carriages or wagons.

"$5.00 fine for every horse driven over this bridge at a faster rate than a walk.

"$5.00 fine for allowing teams or horses to stop on the bridge longer than absolutely necessary.

"The above fines will be rigorously exacted in all cases when the rules have been infringed."

In 1880 the old wooden truss was replaced by a steel truss, and in 1886 the artistic stone towers gave way to towers of steel. Travel became so heavy that on April 9, 1896, work was commenced on the foundations for a new arch, and the new bridge was completed in August 27, 1897, the official and formal test having taken place on July 29, 1897. This bridge stands to-day, and next year several improvements are to be made in it.

TWO miles up the river from the lower steel arch is another point where the Canadian and New York banks of the river have been tied by wood and steel. There the first connection between the cliffs was made by a rope carried across in a ferry boat, and the first bridge on that site was opened to the public January 2, 1869. It was a wooden structure only wide enough for one carriage to pass at a time, and the long lines of carriages waiting to cross in those balmy days when the Niagara hackman was in his glory, formed an interesting sight. If he had taken his party by the hour, the delay in crossing did not bother him and the cabby smiled, but if the party had been coaxed to ride at a definite price the hackman swore over the loss of time.

For nearly 20 years the bridge was in service and then it was replaced by a wider structure of steel, which was completed June 13, 1888. Destiny ruled that its life should be brief, for on the night of January 9, 1889, a terrific wind swept down over the Falls from the southwest. It ripped the superstructure from the suspenders and the cables and dropped it bottom up in the river and gorge below, a total wreck and loss. The work of rebuilding commenced at once, and by May 7, 1889, a duplicate of the wrecked bridge was opened to travel. Electricity now entered into the life of Niagara and began to revolutionize the locality. A trolley belt line about the gorge was conceived and this called for a still heavier bridge near the Falls, so that the great upper arch was built to replace the upper suspension bridge in 1897-98.

It was planned that the lower crossing of the belt line should be near Queenston, Ont., and Lewiston, N. Y., and there a suspension bridge of steel was erected and opened July 21, 1899. This bridge stands on the site of a bridge built in 1850-51, and formally opened March 20, 1851. All the other Niagara suspension bridges were built at the cliff top, but this Queenston-Lewiston bridge swings midway between the top of the high bank and the water of the river. The original bridge on this site was wrecked by a windstorm February 1, 1864, the guys having been loosened so they might not be ruined by the ice in the river, and bridge employes failed to re anchor them after the ice danger had passed.

IN PREPARATION for the building of the new bridge, the face of the cliff has been broken away on the Canadian side and the debris cleared away down to the Clinton limestone, midway between the water's edge and top of the high bank. Deep holes are being sunk in the cliff toward the top to provide anchorages for the structure, as the anchorage will be somewhat different to that employed on the present Niagara arches.

On the New York side the face of the cliff has been smoothed up, and midway down the bank a steam shovel is at work excavating the site of the skewbacks. This great shovel picks up the broken rock and dumps it into a chute which carries it to the river where already a great mass has been dumped, a protecting shed having been erected over the tracks of the Niagara Gorge railroad, which runs at the water's edge.

In time, as the work progresses, the tracks of the Gorge road will be relaid at this point, straightening out a curve and placing the tracks further back from the water's edge. On the Canadian side the excavated material is also dumped into the river, so that the effect of the dumping will be to slightly narrow the river channel at that point where the depth of water is only 85 feet, the current rushing by at 23 miles an hour, carrying into the rapids and whirlpool all the water that comes over the Falls of Niagara and also the great volume that is restored to the lower river after having been diverted for power purposes in the great power stations near the Falls.

COLORFUL, indeed, is the history of the Niagara bridges. Under them the great river sweeps at some places quiet and peaceful and at other points wild, angry and chaotic. Bridge after bridge has come and gone, but the great river rolls on from lake to lake. Its flood washes the borders of two great English speaking countries. The river has witnessed war in days gone by as feeling among the peoples of the border ran high, but each bridge has strengthened the ties between the two countries and it is to be expected that this new bond of steel will be another agency of peace.

Only a little over a hundred years ago the steel of both countries went into bayonets. To-day it is going into bridges—bridges that promote the social and economic wellbeing of the great neighboring peoples.

# To Survive Without Remembrance is Not to Survive

## French Scientist Expresses Some Opinions—"Bewildering Powers Are Vibrating Around Us"—Disbelieves That the Departed Talk to Living—No Memory When Brain Ceases Function.

DISBELIEF that the dead "live" and communicate with us is expressed by Prof. Richet, a French scientist of international reputation, in a book entitled: "Thirty Years of Psychical Research," which has just been published; but in compensation he predicts a wonderful future for man.

For his long study of the phenomena usually labelled "psychic" has convinced him that "bewildering powers are vibrating around us." "Anything is possible," he says. "We are evolving in another dimension. Man . . . no longer belongs to the animal kingdom. He even transcends the mechanical world in which we move where chemistry, physics, and mathematics reign supreme.

"We have a glimpse of a whole unexplored world full of mysteries before which we stand as dumb and dense as a Hottentot might before Poincare's vortices, Hertz's waves, Pasteur's microbes, or Einstein's relativity."

Why this glowing promise? Because, he asserts, it is demonstrated that fluidic emanations can proceed from the body and develop into human forms. "To create ephemeral living matter is to open a new world." Four things, he declares, are certain:

That we have a special faculty which reveals certain facts, past, present or future, that our ordinary five senses are unable to supply.

That objects such as tables can be moved without men, animals or machinery touching them.

That hands, bodies, etc., can be shaped from the emanation from human beings which is called "ectoplasm."

That there are premonitions, verified in detail, that can be explained neither by chance nor perspicacity.

"The facts are there, the brutal facts," the professor assures us, and we shall have to accept them. "I have endeavored to write on science, not on dreams."

To British readers the professor will seem a singular man in that he accepts many of the claims on which spiritualists base their case, and then proceeds to reject the theory that these show there is an after-life. For example, he examines the evidence of Sir Oliver Lodge that his son has survived, and disagrees with that conclusion.

"Only if the brain exists," he says in another place, "can the mind possess the human psychological characteristics of consciousness, memory, sensibility, reason and will. It is impossible to admit the persistence of the function (mind) without the organ (brain)."

Again: "The atoms that make up our bodies are immortal, but what is that to us . . . if the memory of one's Self has vanished? Memory is a function that very soon disappears. To survive without remembrance of the old Self is not to survive at all.

"And what is it that is to survive? Will the old man who has fallen into second childhood have the Self of his intellectual prime or the Self of his decreptitude? Will the Self of a person who stammered continue to stammer in the Beyond? What puerility!"

Still, Prof. Richet admits that some facts tend to make us believe strongly in the survival of vanished personalities, and he discusses some of the theories put forward.

"If it be admitted," he says, "that in our universe, under conditions of which our rudimentary psychology is unaware, there are intelligent beings interfering at certain moments in our lives, we have then a convenient hypothesis!"

Mysterious beings, angels or demons, existences devoid of form, or spirits, which now and then seek to intervene in our lives, who can by means unknown mould matter at will, who direct some of our thoughts and participate in some of our destinies, and who, to make themselves known (which they could not otherwise do), assume the bodily and psychological aspect of human personalities—all this is a simple manner of expressing and understanding the greater part of the metapsychic phenomena.

That such spirits should be the consciousness of defunct human beings, he says, is, strictly speaking, possible; but it is not all probable.

His own conclusion on the whole matter is that "the human mind is much more powerful and more sensitive than we know or think."

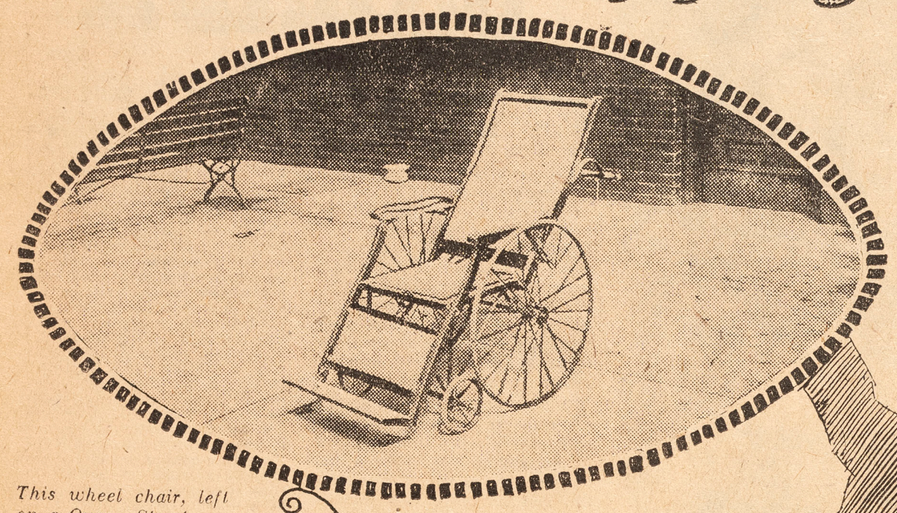
Professor Richet examines instances of alleged productions by Aristotle, Pythagoras, Moliere, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, and others to show the high improbability that they proceed from spirits and questions the story of Charles Dickens dictating the conclusion of his unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," after his death.

"In 1872 a young working shoemaker, named James, found himself able to write automatically. In this way Dickens, not long dead, expressed the desire to complete the work left unfinished at his decease. James set to work to write under the dictation of Dickens. The result is this volume, that some critics consider quite worthy of Dickens. On this I am not competent to speak, but it is well known that parodies are easy enough. Even if the parody were more perfect I should not infer the intervention of Dickens. . . . Any supposition seems to me preferable to the naive and simple, but terribly improbable hypothesis that Charles Dickens returned from the other world to move the brachial muscles of James."

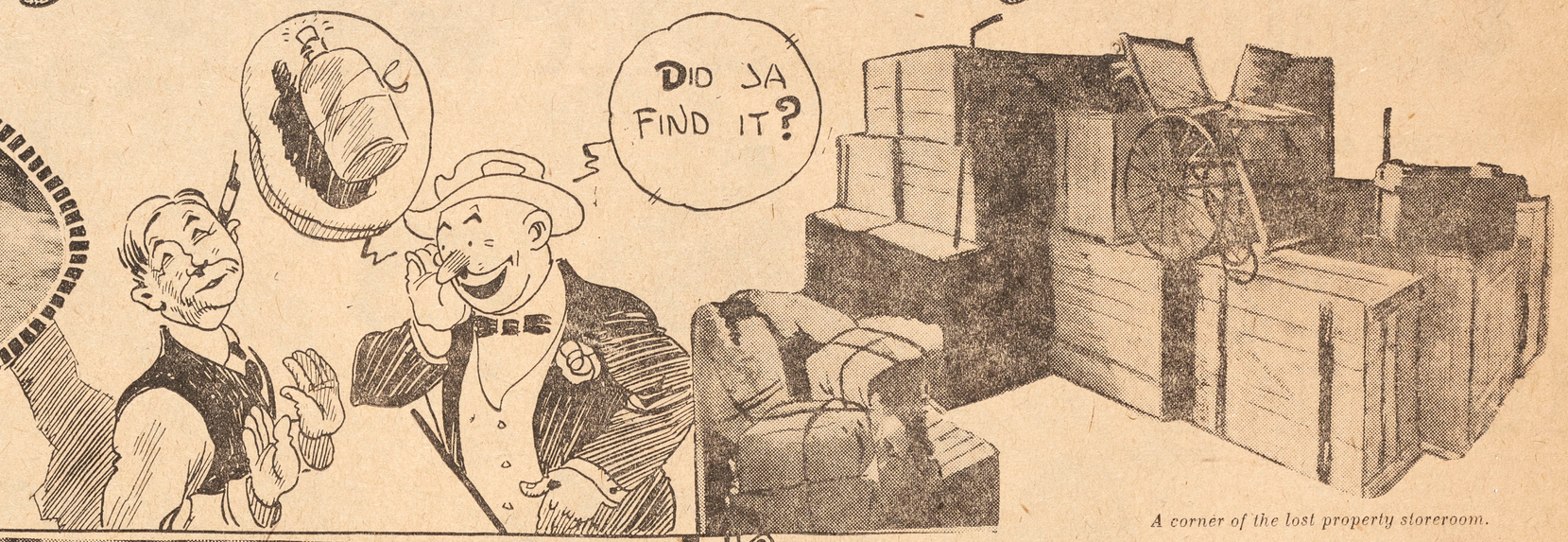
Here is one of the many extraordinary cases of premonitions and visions Professor Richet relates:

"A Mrs. Leeds, whose husband is on night duty on the railway, wakes up suddenly in the night; she raises a glass of water from the night-table to her lips and sees in the water the moving image of a railway train with a guard's look-out van at one end. She then sees the trucks hurled on one another and the guard's van damaged. Two hours later Mr. Leeds comes in and tells his wife that there has been an accident, the brakeman being badly hurt."

# LOST: Apply T.T.C. Grief Department



*This wheel chair, left on a Queen Street car, is one of most curious "found" articles.*




*A corner of the lost property storeroom.*




*View of Toronto Transportation Commission's Lost Property Department, showing its head, Mr. R. A. Sawers at his desk.*




## Seventy Thousand Articles Left on Toronto Street Cars Within Five Years' Range, BetweenBibles and Wheelchairs--Public Growing More Negligent, Figures Show---Some Interesting "Repeaters."

NEARLY all adults recall hearing an exasperated parent or guardian exclaim: "You'd lose your head if it was not screwed on tightly." Children often drive their parents, guardians, teachers or supervisors almost to distraction by their uncanny ability to lose or mislay their possessions and to be at a total loss to explain when, where or how the missing articles went.

Before indulging in emphatic condemnation of children for forgetfulness, adults will do well to find out how good they themselves are at losing things. It is not only children who need their heads screwed on tightly. The experience of the lost property department of the Toronto Transportation Commission shows that adults have a well developed faculty for losing all kinds of personal belongings, large and small, valuable and otherwise while riding on the street cars. From the great number and infinite variety of articles found on the street cars in a year one is forced to conclude that if the human body was less well designed, the conductors would find adult heads, and perhaps arms and legs too, on the cars at the end of the day's runs.

When getting of the street cars Toronto people leave everything and anything behind them. For some unexplained reason they are getting more forgetful. In the last two years there has been a great increase in the number of articles left on the street cars. This increase is out of all proportion to the greater number of passengers carried.

In less than five years close to 70,000 miscellaneous articles have been left on Toronto street cars. In 1919, 1920 and 1921 the number of articles was about the same, there being turned into the Lost Property Office 11,911, 12,100 and 12,104 articles, respectively, in those three years. In 1922 the number suddenly jumped to 16,467 and already this year there have been 17,000 lost articles turned in by the conductors, an increase of about 3,000 over the number of articles found on the cars up to the same time last year.

It is surprising how many of these articles are never claimed. Of the 52,582 articles found on the cars in 1919, 1920, 1921 and 1922 only 21,000, or roughly 40 per cent. were claimed. A few, such as perishable articles and those of absolutely no value, are destroyed. The balance are packed in big packing cases and auctioned off once a year, about the middle of December at the Lansdowne car-house. Those who bid on the cases have no means of knowing what is inside them and there is often much humor for the onlookers and chagrin for the purchasers when the surprise packets are opened. other purchasers are agreeably surprised.

ARTICLES are left on the street cars on all lines in the city. At the end of the day's run they are turned in to the office at the divisional car-houses by the conductors and are sent in early the following morning to the Lost Property Department on the seventh floor of the Public Utilities Building, Yonge and Front Streets. Here a continual stream of inquirers after lost property is dealt with from morning until evening. The telephones ring continuously and in addition there are very few minutes of the day when there is not someone anxiously inquiring at the wicket for something which has "turned up missing."

The man who handles all this grief and trouble is R. A. Sawers, who has been in charge of the Street Railway's lost and found department since October, 1917. Despite the fact that he has had to handle thousands of lost articles and deal with thousands of anxious, insistent and upset people in the last six years he can still take an absorbed interest in his duty to the public of trying to locate an ordinary-looking umbrella from hundreds of other orphaned "rain - sticks." He has seen and studied a lot of human nature. He has an almost inexhaustible fund of ancedotes dealing with humorous and out of the ordinary incidents in his experience.

"Most of the people we have to deal with are reasonable," said Mr. Sawers to The Sunday World. "Of course we get a few excited people, but we never lose sight of the fact that it is our duty and privilege to serve the public. We also make allowance for the fact that people are upset at having lost something. I daresay many who come here think we are very fussy and ask too many questions, but we have to be careful. We always insist that a person enquiring for a lost article shall describe it accurately, instead of showing them what we have and letting them pick out their own property. We can be of greater service to those seeking lost articles if they can tell us on just what day, on what car and at what time of day they lost their property because these particulars are noted on the tag attached to each piece of property found."

MR. SAWERS has found that many people who mislay an article immediately presume they lost it on a street car and are disappointed if he cannot produce it upon demand. In many cases they later recover the missing article from someone who found it on the street or in a store or else they find it too carefully tucked away in their own homes.

"Then again," he continued, "just because an article is left on a street car it does not follow that it will always reach this office. Very often things are picked up by other passengers, not because they are dishonest, but because they undertake to find the owner themselves. They put an advertisement in the newspapers, the loser does not see it and the property is never restored to its owner. As a matter of fact it is against the law for passengers to take articles left on the cars as they are the property of the Commission until claimed by the rightful owners. If the passengers would turn over to the conductors all articles they find on the street cars the owners would have more chance of getting them back. Our conductors are honest and turn in everything found on the cars. I have seen conductors turn in purses and wallets containing large sums of money and nothing to show who was the owner or anything by which they could be traced.

Asked which were the worst, men or women, at losing their belongings, Mr. Sawers expressed the opinion that one sex was as adept at it as the other.

The things most frequently lost are gloves, both odd ones and pairs, purses and umbrellas. During a mild winter the number of gloves found on the cars is much greater than in a cold winter. Similarly during a wet spell a regular forest of umbrellas springs up in Mr. Sawer's office. At present he has hundreds of them, of all designs and money value, filling rack after rack.

ADJOINING the umbrella racks are other large racks, reaching from floor to ceiling, filled with a heterogenous collection of articles which has over-flowed onto the floor and into all unoccupied spaces. No pawn-broker or secondhand dealer ever accumulated a more diversified stock than Mr. Sawers is now surrounded by. A casual glance around him reveals the following ill-matched assortment: a kiddie's sandpail, garden tools of all kinds, a pair of baby's shoes, boys' "deckers," baseball bats, fishing rods, pipe benders, a Holy Bible, a large tin half filled with putty, lunch pails and kits, a lacrosse stick, several hockey sticks, ladies' and girls' hats in various stages of fashion, a water sprinkling can, a bird cage and a child's little woolly toy dog, minus one of its shoe button eyes.

"Yes," said Mr. Sawers, reaching back into his memories of the past six years, "it is wonderful what people can forget. We never had a woman leave her baby on the car and nobody ever enquired here for a lost reputation but people often forget their dogs and other pets. We once had a huge mastiff left it on the car. Another passenger left a dead owl behind I realized that he had wanted to have it stuffed and kept it for him for a few days—as long as I could—but he never called and finally I wrote in the book 'Dead owl—cremated.' It would not keep. It was a very dead owl.

"Five years ago, when the office was at Lansdowne car-house, when I came down one morning the tracks and had been brought in by a night car crew.

"Another time a large electric boys greeted me with: 'Here's a corpse for you.' I was startled and thought of calling up the Morgue until I found it was a whole carcass of mutton. It had fallen off a butcher's rig on to the car vacuum cleaner, worth well over a hundred dollars, was left on a car. It is hard to understand how anyone could forget where they had lost an article as large as that, but it was never claimed and was finally sold at auction."

ASKED if he had found that some people were consistently losing their belongings, Mr. Sawers said: "Yes, we have a few repeaters. We have some regular customers who make a habit of losing their belongings. An old doctor used to be continually losing his bag on the street cars or leaving it in other places. As soon as he missed it he always came to us right away. He would walk in saying: 'Well. Here I am again' and we generally had his bag waiting for him.

"I have not seen him for some months now, I don't know whether he is dead or has bought an automobile."

The most unusual thing ever found on a street car, was, of all things, an invalid's wheel chair. This was found on a Queen car on December 29th, last year and turned in by Conductor 71. This caused much speculation. Those who saw it asked: "Well how did the owner get home without it? Did he decide to start the New Year right by walking?" How it came to be left on the car Mr. Sawers never found out but it has been ascertained that the chair belonged to the Fred Victor Mission on Jarvis Street and had been loaned to a cripple living outside the city. It is still in storage at Lansdowne car-house waiting for the Mission people to take it away.

The tragedy of a fine enthusiasm for golf that died is revealed by the fate of a good set of golf clubs found on a car last fall. A lady phoned and enquired about them. She said she would send for them but they were never claimed. Perhaps she was a golf-widow and glad to have her husband's clubs stay lost.

One of the most out of the way experiences Mr. Sawers had centres around a suit-case found on a street car during the C.N.E. Exhibition of 1920. It contained silverware worth about $300 and a quantity of ladies' wear of expensive quality, as well as the name and address of the owner, a lady living in Pittsburg, Mr. Sawers wrote to the owner and shortly afterwards her chauffeur drove in from her Ontario summer home and claimed it. Some time later the lady wrote and enclosed a cheque for $5 for the conductor who found the suitcase. She said that it had been stolen from her automobile while in Pittsburg and she had given up hope of finding it again. The thief or thieves who stole it in Pittsburg evidently brought it to Toronto and left it on the street car, either through forgetfulness or fear of police pursuit. About $1,000 worth of silverware had been taken out before it was lost or abandoned in Toronto.

MR. SAWERS instanced a case where a black bag, like a doctor's grip, was found on a car and turned in by the conductor. It contained $1,500 and a bank deposit slip. The owner was traced through the bank and as he was taking his valuable property away remarked: "You have a fine service."

In direct contrast was the case of a young woman, apparently a poor working girl, who recovered her shabby little purse containing but $1.50. Despite the meagreness of her store she insisted on leaving 50 cents for "the honest conductor."

"They are all honest," said Mr. Sawers. "I remember a case where a conductor named Lock found a beautiful gold brooch, set with 10 or 12 diamonds. It was worth several hundred dollars. He turned it in, a lady came and claimed it. She said she had had it for many years and valued it highly. She left $25 for the conductor.

Another instance of a real expression of gratitude concerns the finding of a valuable gold watch which had been lost on a street car by the son of one of Toronto's police magistrates. When it was returned to him the owner asked: "Who found it?" and, on getting the name and address of the conductor, invited him to his house and gave him a reward of $5. Not content with this he invited the conductor and his wife to dinner the following night. They went, but Mr. Sawer does not know whether the strain of dining with a police magistrate's family proved a reward or a punishment.

One of Mr. Sawer's most cherished anecdotes concerns a man, who while he was signing the book for an umbrella he had lost noticed a lady's name and address in the margin opposite a suit-case entered on the same page.

"That's my wife," he exclaimed. "She never told me a word about losing her suit-case and she had the nerve to give me an awful bully-ragging for losing this umbrella."

He walked away chuckling that he was "going home to give her socks."

## NATURE

By CALTHA

THE great clock-work of Nature, works true to time. Now, as our great C.N.E. again opens its wide gates, to visitors, other visitors than those who carry tickets, enter. The King Billy butterfly adds his numbers to the guests.

These are migrating butterflies, and all along the lake front their legions cover the trees and ground. Some years I have seen the roads of Exhibition Park looking like roadways of Mosaic, so great were the numbers of butterflies massed upon them. The most charming instance of their migration I ever saw, was one September afternoon, when they began clustering on a maple tree at my door. One swarm after another arrived and alighted till the tree began to look as if all the leaves had taken on their autumn coloring. All the afternoon this continued, and as dusk fell, and the tree became more crowded, belated arrivals would start up such a commotion among those already there, that it was most wonderful to watch. Those coming in would hover about, and those on the limbs would open and close their wings moving around to make room, till the whole tree was in most unusual motion, for it was not at all like the effect of a breeze.

There was an electric arc light just near the tree, and all that September night, its light fell over the insect-clothed tree, which every now and then woke into a life of waving wings. It was a most exquisite sight.

For some two or three years King Billies have not been so markedly numerous, but now they are flitting about plentifully, and I am ever on the lookout hoping to see once more a butterfly tree or mosaic pave made by Anosia Plexippus—the monarch—King Billy.

# Will the Toronto "Triple" Capture the Dance World?

## Forecast of Coming Season Indicates Jazz and Wiggle Are Soon to Disappear---Waltz and New Tango in Favor.

MRS PANSY MOSHER, of Toronto, creator of the new dance, "The Triple," is back from the New York Dancing Convention with the news that the season of 1923-24 now approaching will see a revival of the memorable "Dance Craze" which swept the continent seven years ago. But the new tendency, according to Mrs. Mosher, is a far cry from the wave of jazz and syncopation which has inundated the North American continent and Europe, too, since that time.

"The entire spirit of the convention," she says, "sounded the death knell of the eccentric dancing that has crowded real rhythm and grace from the ball room these last few years, and a strong revival of the waltz and the New American Tango, are in for a long rnu of popularity."

FROM time immemorial, music has had the power to inspire the human race with impulses gay or sad, martial or tender, gentle, gracious or uncontrolled. The chief factor in the rescue of the dance from the degradation into which it has fallen, is to be music of the type which will of itself invite grace of movement, gentle deportment, and, in short, bring back the golden age of ball room dancing.

Risque steps, over-familiar postures, wiggling, twisting and jerky tendencies are to go for good, say the avatars of the dance. An extensive campaign among dancing instructors the continent over to correct these undesirable qualities which may persist, is on foot, for it is believed that seventy-five per cent. of the mistakes of this kind which occur in modern dancing, are due more to lack of instruction than to deliberate bad taste.

"The chief holdbacks which teachers of modern ball-room dancing have to face to-day," says Mrs. Mosher, "are bravado and ignorance. All people need or want is to be shown."

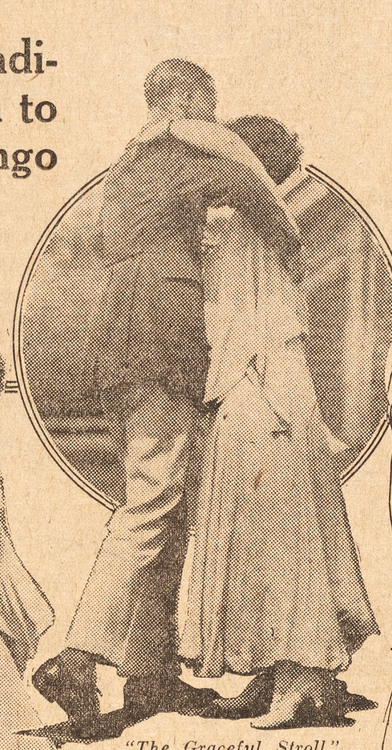
THE spirit of dissatisfaction with the order of things as they have been for some time now, has been steadily growing for a year. A kind of stagnation seemed to have come over everything. The public taste had grown listless and unresponsive. There was only one worth while new step, the modified Tango, and but for the temporary encouragement things received in the introduction of "Bambalina" and "Yes, We Have No Bananas" it is no exaggeration to say that the "Jazz Age" was at a standstill.

Suddenly a reaction of what almost might be called "romanticism" seized a few inventive spirits in widely separated sections of the two countries, the United States and Canada.

Somewhere down deep and unsatisfied, was the latent desire to see something quaint and pretty again, in the place of the exaggerated and bizarre, for novelty and interest was wearing off. As a result, when the convention was called at New York, everyone was simply waiting for the move that was to settle the crisis. Directly in line with the spirit of the convention, was Mrs. Mosher's new dance, "The Triple."



*Mrs. Pansy Mosher and her son, J. Mosher, Jr., demonstrating the new American Tango.*



*"The Graceful Stroll," a fascinating, new movement in the Triple.*







*Waltz: Feet must be together, as shown, on third count.*

WAY up in Toronto," where the polar bears and insulin grow, Mrs. Pansy Mosher, well known throughout this city as the Canadian exponent of modern dancing, was working out a dance which, when discussed at the convention, was to prove precisely in harmony with the sweeping reform which is to revolutionize ball-rooms this fall.

Like the other discovery which has given Toronto a place in the sun, "The Triple" was the result of an idea plus a good deal of painstaking research. Hunting through her music for some new-old rhythm which might prove an inspiration, she came on the quaint lilt of an old caprice. There is nothing quite so charming, and so likely to make you think of quaint steps as a caprice played with little trills. These little flourishes, Mrs. Mosher found to be the result of the three conjoined notes which produce what composers know as "triplets." Hence "The Triple."

The steps, too, were worked out according to "the rule of three," as the song says. The first step is called a "triangle," and consists of a working out of that figure in three steps with the feet equal distances apart.

The second step is known as the "demi-triangle," and is taken in a half open position, both partners facing in the line of direction.

The third and quaintest step of all, and one which it is predicted will be the delight and despair of many a gay young dance demon this winter, is known as "the graceful stroll." It is quite a slow step in regular dancing position, the girl walking backwards and her partner forward. The catch is in the very slight "brush" of the foot on the first step—the next two are just "strolls."

THE words of the dance-song are as follows:

(Triple one, two, three)
They've got a step with a modern pep,
But an old-time mystery.
Where did the Triple come from;
Where did they find the key?
In a music box
With triple locks
That they picked by the rule of three.

II.

Once they all wore pantalettes,
Hoop-skirts, frills and curls.
In winter-time the flannelettes
Made healthy buxom girls.
But flannels now are most erratic,
And girls all dress in thinnest batik.
Yet there's one thing links the now and then,
And makes you think of the old days when
Chorus:
They're trippling the light fantastic, etc.

Words and music are both by Toronto women.

THERE have always been a great many pessimists who have said for years that it would be impossible to develop the art of the theatre or any of its allied activities in Canada, because the moment it became of any importance, it would migrate to New York. "The Dumbells" ought to have taught us better than that, and it is thought that "The Triple" is going to be another proof that a Canadian innovation developed at home, will spread abroad as well as though it had been broadcasted from the Big Metropolis.

Mrs. Mosher and her son, Iroldo, will demonstrate the dance in Toronto. Indeed, one of the novelties of the entire presentation is this unique couple, mother and son, who might easily be taken for brother and sister.

What with Dr. Banting, the Bank Robbery and "The Triple," Toronto is certainly getting to be a big spot on the map. More light to our fame!


## The Distinctive Flavor of "SALADA" TEA

H401

has won it millions of users. Try it today and know why.


# Gold Tips? Not on Miss Toronto's Fags!

## Women Smokers Here Display Preference for Plain Old Virginia Leaf --- Dainty Pipes Shown in Shops, But No One to Puff Them.

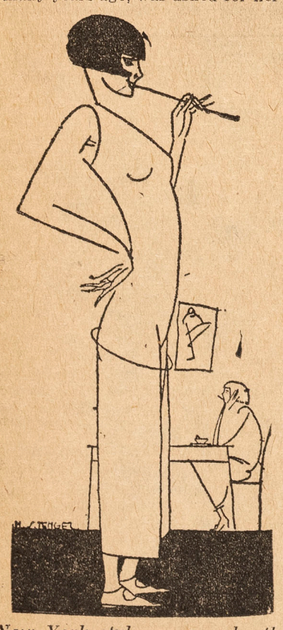
By LEO SULLIVAN.

ARE woman smokers increasing in Toronto?

A socially prominent woman, whose husband was knighted many years ago, was asked for her opinion. She has a large family of daughters, two of whom were conspicuous in the daring, "dashing younger set." "Smoking among the ladies has been going on for so long a time that everybody has grown quite accustomed to it," said this sweet and venerable lady. "Personally I have no dislike for it, if it is used in moderation." Possibly she was considering how her answer would look in print because she added: "really I'm not the one to express an opinion and I'm not anxious to be quoted."

Another social leader was consulted. Her home is in the heart of the city—one of the few remaining mansions that still dispense hospitality to the aristocracy of a decade ago

"I don't smoke myself," said she, "but I don't believe in depriving others of their liberties. Many of the women in our set smoke but they are trying so hard to break themselves off the habit. It's ruining their health and they are constantly seeking medical assistance." Then she turned the subject. "Why don't you expose the bootleggers?" she enquired.



*New York style, as seen by the clever curicaturist, Stengel.*

SEVERAL King Street stores cater almost exclusively to the wants of women smokers and have on display a varied assortment of cigarette holders including gold tip, mahogany stem, closed up style as well as the long, slender kind with inlaid pearl and mother of pearl. The prices range from $2.50 to $25, the latter being composed of tortoise shell mounted in solid gold.



*How Miss Toronto puffs hers. An impression hastily sketched in a downtown hotel by a talented Russian artist recently in Toronto on a short visit to friends.*

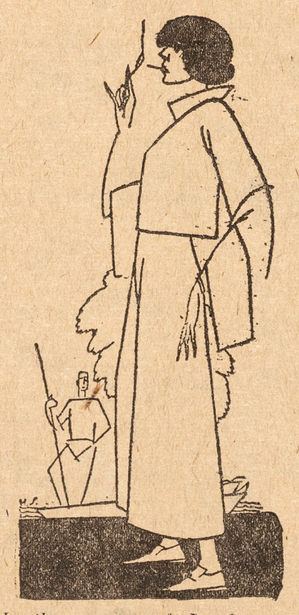
Ladies' cigarette cases are plentifully scattered through the department stores, tobacco shops and cutlery emporiums.

The manager of a King Street store stated that his firm sells about $8,000 worth of cigarettes a year to the ladies. Most of the orders come over the telephone and are sent out with fruit and groceries. One Yonge Street store had a special sale of ladies' cigarette cases not long ago. Ladies' pipes have not yet made their appearance at afternoon teas or on reception days although a Front Street wholesale establishment reports that they have three different designs at $12.50 each, similar to those used by the smart set in England. The dealer states that there is no demand for the pipe and that none of the retail stores handle them. It remains only for some social climber to introduce the fad and gain a little transient notice. The surest way for success in society is to shock it, if that is possible.

FROM the social leaders I wandered to the artist colony to get thier views on the subject. I quizzed Mrs. De Bruno Austin. Before her marriage she was Miss Dorothy Stevens, the well known local artist. Mrs. Austin tersely expressed her opinion. "Smoking is mainly a matter of taste—or form. We don't even give it a thought. It is not repulsive because it never bothers us. Most of us always have smoked and always will. It should not cause comment here except in the outposts of civilization."

At Hart House one of the artists stated that some of their number smoked, although the proportion was not large."

"There is a reason for it," she declared. "We are often working at high pitch and require periods of rest and puffing at a cigarette takes our mind temporarily from our worries. It is different with society they do it because they think it's smart—the clever thing to do. We do it for the pure enjoyment we get out of it."



*In the manner of London—an impression by Stengel.*

AT ONE of the large hotels the manager confessed that the lady smoker was a problem. "We permit smoking," he admitted, "we don't pretend to stop it. The English and American lady tourists frequently smoke in the restaurants after dinner but never in the lobbies." His observation was, of course, among the travelling public but he though that the Toronto girls were rapidly developing.

At the golf clubs, it is said, that the attendants are kept busy with the ashes that are hourly carried away, but, "for goodness' sake don't tell anybody" and "for the love o' Mike don't put it in print," was the plea of my informant. In fact the majority of the smokers' sisterhood would prefer that the matter receive as little publicity as possible. It was amusing, also, to note how some wilted under the stress of point blank questions after they smilingly admitted that they took a drag once in a while.

Apropos of the visit to Toronto of a member of a Royal House several years ago, it is asserted he offered a cigarette to several of the local girls who were presented to him. Horrors! Some of them did not smoke and all had rehearsed for weeks and weeks and became letter-perfect in the knack of saying and doing the correct thing. Just think of the embarassment.

AMONG the working girls, or middle class, these conditions are entirely different. With them smoking is slowly but surely dying out of fashion. At Sunnyside, the Humber and all the tea rooms along the Highway, the answer is the same—very little, only odd cases of smoking among the girls. The open air dance pavilions notice the change also and vendors of outdoor cigarette stands report no sales to the fox-trotting flappers. The reason advanced is that the shop girl or stenographer is too busy to allow the habit to take deep root. Only the leisure classes are prone to be inveterate smokers. One or two outstanding exceptions, however, are recorded. In a certain girl's club connected with a down-town church there are a few who congregate around the cosy corners and enjoy the "Heavenly weed." The practice has been going on for over a year and all know about it except the clergyman. Then there are the "dames" who drift to the public parks with their "boy friends" at dusk and sit on secluded benches under trees. Others take their first puff from their escort's cigarette as they sit out the dance under the hall stairs when mother has gone to retire after midnight. Many more, however, take the proferred fag in a spirit of bravado, when the box is passed around while speeding away on a joy ride.

ENGLAND takes the lead in feminine smoking. Never is the Englishwoman troubled about the time or the place to enjoy a cigarette. Housemaids, taking the air in Hyde Park with the grocers' and butchers' boys, have their smoke under the tree. The long-legged girl not many years out of school, on her bike along a country road, on top of a bus or in the twilight atmosphere of the cinema, puffs away at a Gold Flake. The stately old ladies who entertain at lunch and tea at their Mayfair or Kensington houses usually have a Russian, a Brazilian or a Turkish cigarette in the drawingroom afterwards. They have been smoking there for twenty or thirty years. Hotel restaurants or theatre managers would no more think of making a rule against women smoking than they would of telling them that they must not drink coffee after dinner. In New York women smoke freely enough in the dining rooms of the big hotels, in the night clubs, in the tea rooms, on Madison Avenue also in taxis and private motor cars, but never in the more popular restaurants. Restaurant patrons in Brooklyn or Boston would be shocked if they saw a woman smoking. But not so in England. There they smoke naturally. The Englishwoman goes in for none of the affectations that the American displays. She doesn't wave her hands or flourish her cigarette as she carries it to her lips or make a fuss over flicking the ashes off. Moreover, she doesn't give a hoot whether anyone notices her or not. There may be just one other woman smoking or perhaps a dozen..

THE Canadian girl is described as quite so fastidious in her tastes as the American or Englishwoman. Miss Toronto prefers plain Virginian cigarettes. She wants the real thing—no lavender perfumed or gold tips for her—so she says. And the dealers say the same.

It makes no difference—she feels no self-consciousness. American women who go over to London to live are said to fall quickly into line with the ranks of English women smokers. But the fashion is changing over there, just the same. It is claimed that the English women are not smoking as much as they used to. According to the maitre d'hotel of the Cecil the custom had decreased 60 per cent. last year. "Women are getting back to the idea that their femininity is the most important thing," is his summary of the situation. And the same is true of Toronto. Here the fad is disappearing into oblivion. Socieł service workers are rejoicing and so are—the men. Because men really dislike the woman smoker. They may go so far as to offer her tobacco but secretly it is repulsive to them. And they do not hestiate to say so.

### ORIGIN OF WORD SKIPPER.

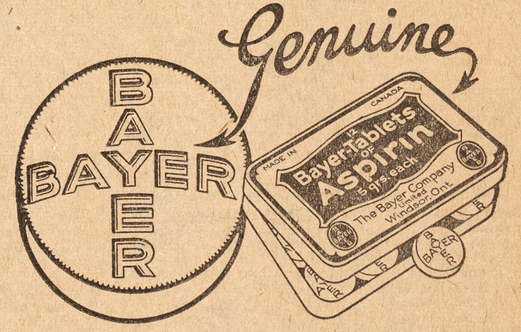
Our English word "ship" is only a variety of the Dutch word "schip." In the old days English people called the sailor the "shipman" whilst in Holland the mariner was called the "schipper," or, as we pronounce it, the skipper.

Since there could be only one sailor in command, The Shipman or The Schipper gradually came to mean the Master Mariner.

At one period the Dutch mercantile marine was the foremost in the world, and other nations, including our own, copied their sea-phrases. We adopted "skipper," but nowadays that word is only really used of the master of a fishing boat or coasting barge. If the term is applied to the captain of a "real" ship, its use is purely unofficial and a survival of another age.


# ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all




Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

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| Colds | Headache | Rheumatism |
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| Earache | Lumbago | Pain, Pain |

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

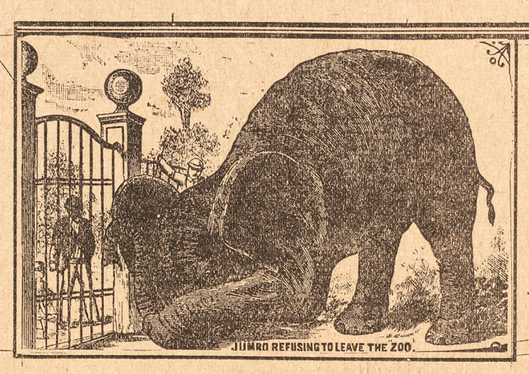
# The International Row Over Jumbo

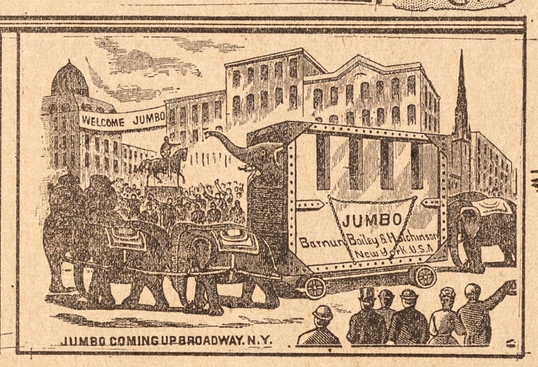
## All England Rises in Protest When Barnum Takes "Jumbo", the Pride of the Royal Zoological Society, for Exhibition in America---Barnum Profits by the Publicity---His Second Adventure in Elephants.

The Ninth of a Series About P. T. Barnum.

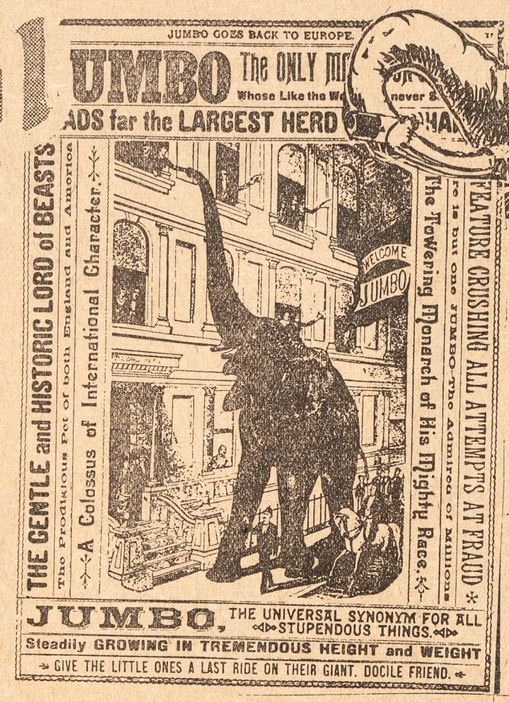
By M. R. WERNER

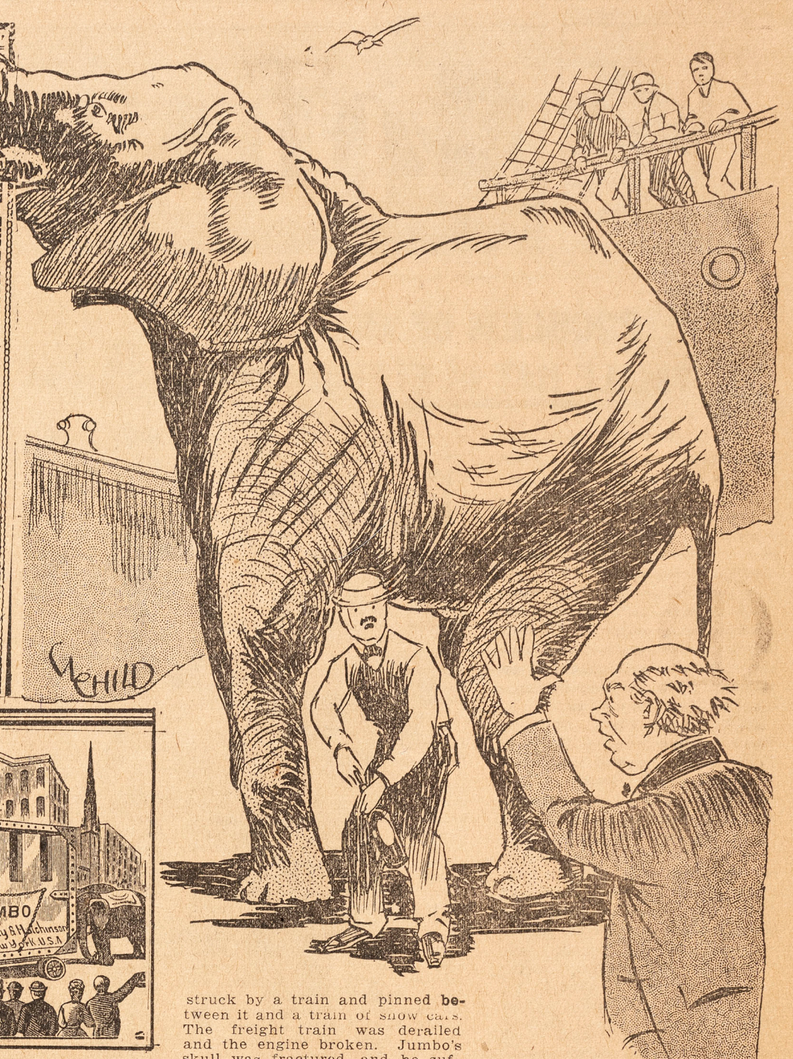




JUMBO REFUSING TO LEAVE THE ZOO.



JUMBO COMING UP BROADWAY, N.Y.



Some of the old posters by which Barnum advertised and exploited "Jumbo" in America.

THE greatest single acquisition of the Barnum and Bailey show during its entire history, from the point of view of the international excitement which it caused, and the probable financial returns as a result of that excitement, was Jumbo, the largest elephant in captivity.

For many years Jumbo had been the favorite animal in the collection of the Royal Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, London. In his youth Jumbo was captured by the Hamran Arabs, who sold him to a Bavarian collector, Johann Schmidt, and in 1861 Schmidt sold him to the Jardin des Plantes of Paris.

The Royal Zoological Society traded a rhinoceros for him at a time when Jumbo showed no signs of becoming a giant; he was an African elephant, and African elephants take longer to mature than their Indian brothers.

BARNUM had seen Jumbo many times in London after Jumbo had become a famous giant elephant. Barnum coveted him, but it seemed hopeless to think of obtaining him. However, an agent was instructed to ask the Royal Zoological Society secretary how much he would take for Jumbo, and the secretary, much to the surprise and delight of Barnum and Bailey, replied that he would sell Jumbo for $10,000.

The money was sent immediately, and Jumbo was purchased in the name of P. T. Barnum. After the sale was completed, it was announced in the London newspapers.

Immediately there was a furor of public indigation, and Jumbo became the most important question of the day in England.

Hundreds of letters were written to the newspapers by fathers and mothers whose children had been carried for many years on Jumbo's back, and the children themselves wrote sentimental notes, appropriately misspelled, begging Mr. Barnum not to take from them their dear Jumbo.

The Queen and the Prince of Wales, who had often ridden on Jumbo's back, joined in protesting against this outrageous sale of a public character; John Ruskin wrote indignantly that England had not been in the habit of selling her pets.

Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and John Ruskin begged the Zoological Society to refuse to deliver the elephant to Barnum, and they promised that the British nation would be responsible for any damages due to breach of contract.

It was almost as if Barnum had purchased an English institution, like Mr. Gladstone or the Albert Memorial, and the volume of protest was greater than it would probably have been had Barnum been successful many years before in his attempt to carry off Shakespeare's home.

LORD WINCHILSEA undoubtedly expressed the view of thousands of Englishmen in his verse entitled "Jumbo":

"But since in England's fallen state
She owns two things supremely great,
Jumbo and Gladstone—(each we find
The most prodigious of their kind)—
And one won't budge. Then, Barnum, make
A fair exchange, for quiet's sake!
Take the Right Honorable, and go!
He'll make the better raree show!
Leave Jumbo."

The public was so eager to look at this animal they were about to lose forever that the Royal Zoological Gardens were crowded daily, and $50,000 were added to its receipts by the farewell receptions of Jumbo. Jumbo had a passion for buns, and so many were fed to him by his new ardent admirers that it was feared he would be killed with kindness before he could be transported.

After Jumbo became a national question, the popular enthusiasm took a form it seems to take often with its greatest favorites. There were Jumbo cigars, Jumbo letterheads, Jumbo earrings, fans, hats and cravats, Jumbo underclothing and Jumbo overcoats, Jumbo boots and Jumbo perfumes. On the menus of London hotels were Jumbo soups and hash. Jumbo fritters and stews, Jumbo salads and pie, Jumbo ice cream and Jumbo kisses.

THE editor of the London Daily Telegraph sent the following cable despatch to Barnum:

"London, February 22, 1882.
"P. T. Barnum, New York:
"Editor's compliments. All British children distressed at elephant's departure. Hundreds of correspondents beg us to inquire on what terms you will kindly return Jumbo. Answer prepaid, unlimited.
"LESARGE, Daily Telegraph."

Barnum was firm he answered prepaid, and took advantage of the word unlimited to advertise the Greatest Show on Earth:

"New York, February 23.
"My compliments to Editor Daily Telegraph and British nation. Fifty millions of American citizens anxiously awaiting Jumbo's arrival. My forty years' invariable practice of of exhibiting best that money could procure makes Jumbo's presence here imperative. Hundred thousand pounds would be no inducement to cancel purchase. My largest tent seats thirty thousand persons and is filled twice each day. It contains four rings, in three of which three full circus companies give different performances simultaneously. In the large outer ring, or racing track, the Roman Hippodrome is exhibited. In two other immense connecting tents my colossal zoological collection and museum are shown.

"In December next I visit Australia in person, with Jumbo and my entire mammoth combination of seven shows, via California, thence through Suez Canal. Following summer to London. I shall then exhibit in every prominent city in Great Britain. May afterwards return Jumbo to his old position in Royal Zoological Gardens. Wishing long life and prosperity to the British nation, the Daily Telegraph, and Jumbo, I am the public's obedient servant.

"P. T. BARNUM."

THIS reply was publishd in full in the Daily Telegraph, and it looked to Jumbo's many new admirers as if there was no longer any possibility of saving Jumbo for England. And the enthusiasm for Jumbo increased every day. Four thousand six hundred and twenty-six curious and sorrowing persons on a certain Wednesday in March, 1882, visited Jumbo, as against 214 for the corresponding Wednesday of the previous year.

London Fun suggested that the British coat of arms should be altered by the removal of the lion and the substitution of Jumbo, the motto reading, "Dieu et Mon Jumbo." James Russell Lowell, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, remarked in a public speech that the only burning question between the two nations is Jumbo."

But the English did not give up hope of retaining their favorite. Some of the fellows of the Royal Zoological Society brought an action in chancery for an injunction against the removal of Jumbo, and the case was argued with all seriousness in court. It was finally decided the sale was valid.

JUMBO himself took an active part in the controversy by lying down in the Royal Zoological Gardens and refusing to go near the large case constructed for his removal. His admirers were delighted and praised his intelligence as much as they had previously marveled at his size.

Barnum's agent cabled to him: "Jumbo is lying in the Garden and will not stir. What shall we do?" Barnum replied: "Let him lie there as long as he wants to. The publicity is worth it."

It was said that Barnum's agents stimulated the sentiment for Jumbo in England; they may have started the sentimental ball rolling, but once it started it required no further attention. The ordinary elephant is afraid of a horse, and Jumbo, who had not been outside the Gardens for seventeen years, sat down as soon as he saw a horse. The superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was in attendance to see that Jumbo was not injured or maltreated, refused to allow the use of a goad. The superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was also present to see justice done to the favorite of his charges.

Another difficulty Barnum agents experienced was with Jumbo's size; there were few steamers with hatchways large enough to drop a huge elephant down into the hold. Finally, the Assyrian Monarch, a British freight steamer, was chosen.

Then the huge box was built, and Jumbo was led into it several times in order to accustom him to his new quarters. Finally, when he suspected nothing, he was shut up in the crate and chained. For an hour he struggled against confinement, and it was feared he would smash his cage, but the box was placed on wheels, and ten horses were hitched to the shafts.

During the early hours of the morning Jumbo was led triumphantly to the docks. In spite of the time a large crowd followed Jumbo on his nine-mile trip to the pier. At seven o'clock he breakfasted and was treated to a large draught of beer by a lady admirer who had followed him all the way from the Zoological Gardens. Jumbo's keeper, Matthew Scott, who had been his keeper since the animal's childhood, had shared with him everything, including whiskey, beer and cuds of tobacco.

AT the dock thousands of people gathered in windows, on roofs, and in boats to bid Jumbo farewell. He was placed on a lighter ballasted with sixteen tons of iron, and floated down the Thames to the Assyrian Monarch.

As the boat dropped down to Gravesend. Jumbo received royal honors, the crews of the training ships mounting the yards as he went by.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, friend and correspondent of Dickens, admirer of Louis Napoleon, and collector of Shakespeare folios, took as much interest in Jumbo as she did in her other hobbies. She traveled by train to Gravesend on the day of Jumbo's departure, and she took with her a party of lords and their ladies. The baroness had sent ahead a large box of buns for the use of Jumbo during his passage. Before the Assyrian Monarch left she gave Jumbo his last bun and bid him goodbye, expressing the opinion that he would find as many warm friends in America as he had found in England.

A code of signals was arranged by which news of Jumbo was signaled for more than twenty-four hours after the Assyrian Monarch passed Dover, and accounts of his health were sent from The Lizard, the last point on British soil. The ship also carried elastic bags, into which communicatinos concerning Jumbo were plaed and dropped overboard for the information of the British public.

JUMBO arrived in New York harbor on Sunday morning, April 9, 1882. Barnum, Bailey and Hutchinson went down to the ship.

When he found himself in front of Jumbo, Barnum was almost moved to tears. "Dear Old Jumbo," said the showman, who was then seventy-one years old, "that beast has cost me $50,000," he added thoughtfully. Mr. Hutchinson was seized with a fit or coughing, according to the Tribune reporter, and said that Barnum's figures were a trifle high, that the actual cost of Jumbo and his transportation was nearer $30,000.

Barnum then asked that Jumbo's dimensions be given to the press. "How high does he reach up with his trunk?" Barnum asked. "It's forty-nine feet, isn't it?" and he stared suggestively at one of the keepers. But the keeper did not take the hint. "Twenty-six feet," he answered. Barnum remarked: "If I were a showman, I would have exaggerated it, but there's nothing like the truth!"

A bottle of whiskey was brought forth for Jumbo. Barnum shouted, "I object to my elephant drinking whiskey," but in spite of his protests the entire quart of whiskey was poured down Jumbo's throat, and the animal did not even blink an eyelash. The whiskey was followed immediately by a quart of ale, Barnum protesting vigorously, but nobody paid any attention to his wishes. "Look at the evils of intemperance," he said. "Why, Jumbo would have been twice as large if Scott hadn't stunted him by giving him a bucket of beer every day."

Barnum had an order from the Secretary of the Treasury, admitting Jumbo free of duty, on the declaration that he was an animal imported for breeding purposes. When he first bid for Jumbo, Barnum intended to use him mainly for breeding purposes, but after England sentimentalized about the elephant, he was worth more as a curiosity. Later he told a reporter that in six weeks Jumbo had attracted $836,000 to the circus.

Before Barnum had purchased Jumbo, the elephant was known only to the population of London; after the controversy he was known throughout the British Isles.

It was Bailey's intention, therefore, to take the Greatest Show on Earth to England with Jumbo and give the entire population of the British Isles an opportunity to see the animal.

For several years Jumbo was with the Barnum & Bailey show in North America, while preparations were being made for the extensive foreign tour. Exhibited with him was a baby elephant, called "Tom Thumb."

ON September 15, 1885, in Ontario, Canada, Jumbo was struck by a train and pinned between it and a train of snow cars. The freight train was derailed and the engine broken. Jumbo's skull was fractured, and he suffered internal injuries. He died a few moments later.

It was said by the circus publicity men that Jumbo died in a heroic attempt to rescue his favorite, the baby elephant, "Tom Thumb."

Jumbo's death was cabled all over the world, and English newspapers and public mourned his loss.

Soon after Jumbo's death Barnum & Bailey succeeded in buying Alice from the Royal Zoological Gardens. She was brought over and advertised extensively as "Jumbo's Widow."

Jumbo's skeleton was articulated and his skin stuffed. He was thus exhibited at the show by the side of his widow, and the specimens were finally given by Barnum to Tufts College, of which he was one of the founders. That college still uses the head of Jumbo as its emblem.

WHILE Jumbo was still a popular favorite, Barnum & Bailey indulged in another adventure in elephants that created national interest. Two agents of the Greatest Show on Earth were travelling in the East in search of human types for the great "Ethnological Congress of Strange Savage Tribes," which was the leading feature of the show one year. The agents, Thomas H. Davis and J. B. Gaylord, visited Burmah.

Here they learned of the extravagance of King Theebaw, who found it difficult to keep his expenditures within the limits of his enormous revenues. Davis made a substantial present to the chief priest of the King's chapel, in order to obtain confidence at court, and this gift was appreciated by the King's favorite wife, who worshiped regularly at the chapel, which, without the aid of American money, would have fallen into a state of irreverent decay.

Davis spent much time in the company of the chief priest, who

Continued on Page Thirteen.

# How Jumbo Was Killed at St Thomas

THE story of the killing of Jumbo, the big Barnum elephant, at St. Thomas, Ont., has become almost an epic among animal tales. Ever since the fatality the story has been related to children by their parents. News of the death of the giant pachyderm was first published in the Canadian papers and added to the facts there was no little fiction which Barnum, ever running true to form, capitalized for the benefit of his circus.

Newspapermen who "covered the story" relate it as one of their outstanding experiences. The Toronto World was the only paper in Canada which published the story of the death of Jumbo the morning following the accident. Next afternoon the evening papers all over the continent featured it, and Barnum reaped a rich publicity harvest.

On one of the St. Thomas newspapers at the time was a newspaperman who now fills one of Toronto's most important journalistic posts.

IN recalling his experiences, he informed the Sunday World that he was attending the evening performance of the big Barnum show when he first heard from circus employes that Jumbo had been killed. He thought for a time they were trying to hoodwink the crowd. However, the circus press agent rushed up to the reporters with the remark "Come on outside. There is something here that will interest you more than the show."

Out side, along the railway track, a few feet from the big tent. Jumbo was found in a huge crumpled heap—dead. A Grand Trunk train had struck him. The train was derailed, but as it had been travelling slowly within the city limits, was not seriously wrecked.

The circus itself was forgotten, Jumbo, the king of circus ntimals, was dead. He was being taken across the tracks for loading when struck. Jumbo had done his turn and as in all circuses the animals that had performed were being hustled off to the cars so that the circus might get away with that amazing speed which was one of the features of the Barnum shows.

Jumbo was simply struck by a train. Even an elephant can't stop a train without doing it as his last act. The next day the story appeared that Jumbo had died a hero. It was published that he had given his life to save a baby elephant. The latter was on the track in front of the train, it was stated, and the big fellow pushed him off but was struck while performing the brave act. That story of the elephant devotion to its young was published by Barnum on his big circus posters afterwards and was one of the best of his brilliant advertising ideas. Barnum didn't dig up any more facts than the newspaper had published. Too many facts might have spoiled it.

Incidentally the heroism of Jumbo was a beautiful story, and in the many versions of the death of Jumbo afterwards it was by all odds the one that stuck. It is told to youngsters yet among the fairy stories, but always with this preface: "This is a true story."

THE former St. Thomas reporter recalls with a twinkle in his eye the ruse by which he outwitted the newsgatherer of the opposition paper on the night of the fatality. The other scribe was obviously watchful, and to make certain that nothing was "put over on him," walked home with his adversary. The latter, bidding him good-night, entered his house, going to his bedroom and turning on the light. Quickly he went to another room, and peering out saw the "deadly enemy" still loitering in the street with eyes fixed on the window. Returning again to the bedroom, he took up a position between the light and the window, and after going through the motions of undressing, put out the light.

The reporter on the outside, now convinced that all was safe, went home and slumbered soundly.

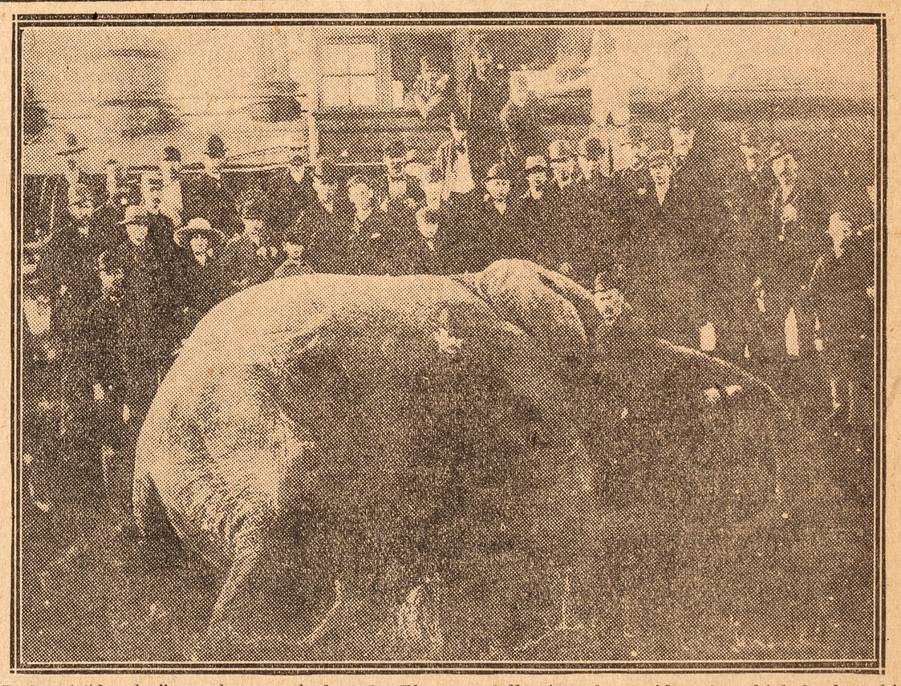
With a laugh, the present Toronto man recounts the rest of the story. Quickly making his way down a back stairway he was outside and over the back fence in a moment. A few minutes later and he was panting into the telegraph office. His pencil flew over sheet after sheet. The instruments were ticking—and the story of Jumbo, ten columns in length, was being flashed to metropolitan papers on the newspaperman's "string" all over the world.

KEEPER SCOTT, who had charge of Jumbo, was interviewed to the extent of many columns but he never explained away the lovely story of Jumbo's self-sacrifice. He had such an affection for the big fellow that he was quite ready to believe that he had given his life for another member of the family.

Of course, there are always those practical, unimaginative diggers after facts, those who always insist that two and two make four, and four only, who believe that Jumbo simply got in the way of that big train and was killed. They would insist further that the caretakers were careless in taking Jumbo across the tracks, but the world generally is satisfied to give Jumbo credit for being a hero. Many who doubt that the whale ever swallowed Jonah will never doubt that Jumbo saved the baby elephant by being killed himself. The story of his heroism is easier to believe than many of those told about other animals and freaks that helped build the Barnum reputation.

As a publicity feature, Jumbo was worth more to Barnum dead than alive. While the great hulking body lay crumpled up along the tracks the story was being flamed in printed letters all over a continent. Barnum saw to it that everyone able to read found out about Jumbo.

St. Thomas to-day among a great many other things is noted for being the scene of the death of Jumbo, the big elephant.



*Body of "Jumbo," as photographed at St. Thomas, following the accident in which he lost his life. The photograph is in the possession of a Toronto newspaperman who "covered" the story.*

# All Around The Town

City Life in Pen and Pencil

## THE PROBLEM OF THE MALE HAT IN ELEVATORS

By D. R. PATTERSON.

PERHAPS the books which are advertised in the magazines on etiquette—what is wrong with this picture?—can solve the problem, but everywhere in Toronto a great deal of doubt is apparent as to the correct procedure of the well-dressed man in an elevator. Briefly, the problem is "to doff or not to doff" the hat, cap, topper, lid, kelly, or headgear, on entering what our English cousins playfully term a "lift."

In the Royal Bank Building, where members of the Board of Trade hasten up into the clouds for luncheon—not lunch, as in a restaurant—a fairly close unanimity is observed. They leave the straw, derby or felt hat on.

Across the way in the C.P.R. Building, where full-fledged railroad magnates are developed from the chrysallis stage of stenographers and clerks, hardly less decision was noted; they allowed the hat to remain where nature intended it should be. Similarly, in Toronto's earliest skyscraper, the original Traders' Bank Building, hats were being worn this season, though some doubt was apparent.

But up in the big stores, where the elevator passengers are more cosmopolitan than metropolitan, the real vacillation was encountered. Notice this big chap in Eaton's, a typical big business man, whom you would never suspect of hesitation in the choice of, say, the right spoon for grapefruit. Yet in the presence of myriad female shoppers he is reduced to the depths of uncertainty. He doffs his straw, but immediately replaces it in a shamefaced way when he observes a brother hustler defiantly wearing his.

In the Simpson elevators, too, there seems to be a sheep-like desire to let somebody else start it, and after having gone up a story or two a wave of hat-removing spreads over the passengers like a forest fire, after one bold pioneer ostentatiously doffs his reputed Panama ($1.98 on the ground floor).

And so it goes throughout the town; in the hotels, stores and office buildings; strong, silent men who not many years ago displayed no hesitation about walking into a recruiting station, who even bought marriage licenses without trepidation, stand humbly abashed before the problem of whether or not to remove their hats in an elevator. And we can't tell you, either!

## Toronto's Submarine Harvest

By D. R. PATTERSON.

VISITORS to the Island have often noted a curious craft slowly navigating the lagoons, painted a bright red and looking at a distance like a miniature Mississippi River boat as so often described by Mark Twain. This Strange vessel is low in the water, with heavy boilers and machinery looking very much like the familiar donkey engine on building construction with a taste for water trips. At the stern are twin propellers or paddle wheels which not only push it along, but by means of sharp contortions to right or left (starboard or port, to be nautical) they steer her around the convolutions of the channels.

But her humble mission is not to roam afar over the lakes—she has never ventured through the Gaps, and seldom far into the deep waters of the Bay. She sows not, neither does she spin, but each summer she cuts a big harvest of seaweed along the bottom of the lagoons, which would otherwise grow to be a menace to navigation by becoming entangled in the propellers of the ferries, tugs or pleasure craft.

The weed are cut, as far as possible, in every place they grow, and are raked up after they float on the surface into flat scows and disposed of. The ocean kelp or seaweed is harvested for its iodine, but this does not appear to be present in fresh water.

This least spectacular of all boats has its home in a boathouse at the north edge of the park at Hanlan's Point, on Blockhouse Bay, to which it retires at the close of a hard day, without salutes from other vessels—perhaps she has no whistle.

## ALL IN FAVOR SAY "YES"—LOST

### Male Motorists Do Not Want Big Mirrors Placed at Crossroads.

A LARGE mirror erected at dangerous cross-roads near Carlisle, England, to prevent accidents, is also proving popular as a toilet glass among women motorists.

Think of the furore it would create in Toronto feminine circles if an immense mirror were erected at all the blind turns in the city. To be specific, suppose the eastern end of Asquith Avenue, around which motorists slip in their effort to foil the traffic cop at Bloor and Yonge, were so equipped—or on Kendal Avenue immediately west of Walmer Road.

Picture the scene at either of these points as the motorist homeward sped his weary way. Suddenly a long line of stationary but loudly-honking cars would appear ahead of him. All along the line heads would be craning furiously to ascertain the cause of the hold-up. Finally, half-a-dozen motorists would dismount and, as a self-appointed committee of investigation, move forward. At the mirror the cause of the delay would be amply evident. A whole squad of women motorists in various stages of deshabille would be fighting for the most advantageous position before the glass. It is probable that powder would be flying, switches strewn about, and puffs ricocheting from the surrounding scenery. Subdued and wordless, the committee would retire to their respective cars and, climbing aboard, back slowly out of the cul-de-sac and proceed homeward by a different route. Thereafter they would shun the mirrow route as they would the speed cop's lair.

It is safe to say that mirrors at dangerous turns in Toronto would not be at all popular—not, at least, among male motorists.

### CHEERS FOR THE LADIES.

One Sunday during High Mass at a chapel in the Highlands, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from a heavy shower of rain.

The officiating priest, knowing who they were, stooped down to his attendant and whispered to him, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies."

The clerk mistaking the words, stood up and shouted to the congregation, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies." These were heartily given, while the clergyman stood dumbfounded.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

## I Like My Barber

By F. C.

I LIKE my barber.

I like him to swing me around in his chair until I grow dizzy.

I like him to swish his whisk across my tender eyes.

I like him to run his razor the wrong way of the grain.

I like him to pull the chair lever suddenly and nearly break my spine lowering me.

I like him to scald me with burning towels.

I like him to cut me and then say "Sorry."

I like him to say "Pardon me" while he goes over to the next chair to tell a funny story.

I like him to trim my moustache so small that I have to cut it off when I get home.

I like hime to let the loose hairs run down my back.

I like him to ask me a questfon when his razor is at my Adam's Apple.

I like him to ask me, "Anything on the hair, sir?"

I like him to dig the teeth of his comb half an inch into my scalp.

I like him to brush my hair like Ben Turpin wears his.

I like my barber.

## Summer's Most Depressing Sight

### It is a Fall Overcoat Over a Palm Beach Suit.

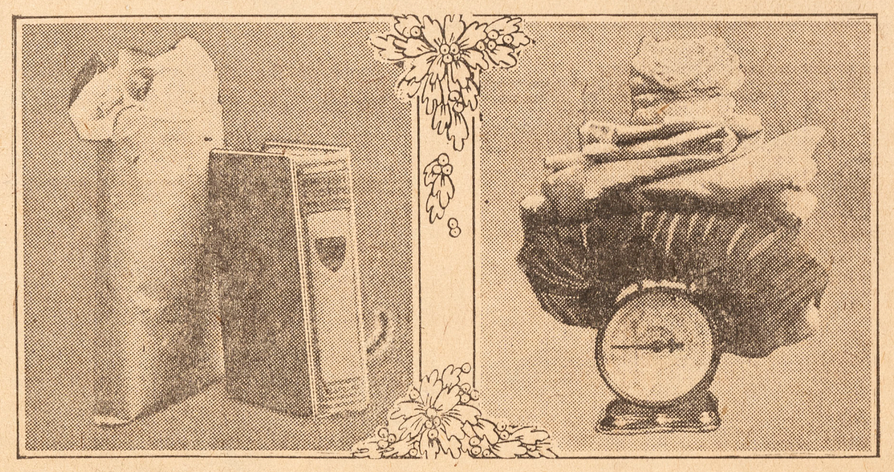
THE first Fall overcoat has appeared. The exact date of its appearance cannot be announced definitely because certain Danforth residents declare it was August 20, while three Runnymede householders insist that they spotted an elderly gentleman in a new check topcoat on the evening of August 16. However, the fact undoubtedly remains that the first Fall overcoat HAS appeared.

There are few things more depressing than the initial coming out of the popular Autumn wrap affected by the male sex. And without fear of contradiction, we assert that there is NOTHING more depressing when it is surmounted by a straw hat and a light palm beach suit peeps ashamedly from beneath it. This year an element of pathos is added by the fact that a coal strike is in prospect, a hard winter is prophesied, and a scientist asserts that the sun is losing its heat.

Let us fervently hope that the manufacturers will not cap it all by announcing a shortage of Fall overcoats. The latter and woollen combinations are apparently all that stand between us and the weather just now.

But then September is liable to be hot.

## Seventeen Ounces of Silk & Georgette ~and still within the Law!!



WIFE'S DRESS, 1923. Weight 17 ounces.

WHAT GRANDMA WORE. Weight 6 pounds 2 ounces.

By JACK HUNT.

FASHIONS change in jokes just as they do in popular songs, skirt lengths and straw hats. Always, there's a reason.

In my younger days, there was a merry quip about clothes which was featured in many a girly-girly musical comedy. It always went something like this—one of the prettiest of the chorus girls would come trippingly across the stage, carrying a large white envelope.

"What's in the envelope, cutie?" one of her group of men admirers would ask.

"Aren't you the curious old thing," the girl would snicker. "Why, I've got my complete costume for the dance to-night, in this envelope."

"Oh, boy," was the unfailing reply. "We will have to stay for that.'

And the men in the front row would be hoping against hope that the girl was speaking "the truth, and nothing but the truth."

There's no point to this old joke nowadays. It's never used in these modern times. No one thinks that it is a bit daring for a girl to be able to carry her costume in an envelope.

WOMEN'S street and dance clothes have been shrinking rapidly in bulk and weight during the last few years. Chorus girls have lost their prerogative of being comparitively scantily clad. The complete costume of an average Toronto girl at one of this year's summer dances could certainly fit into a fair sized envelope.

To put this contention to the test, I persuaded my wife to lend me for a few minutes all the clothes which she had worn at one of those bright little dances we had attended.

I took them all—dress, chemise, princess slip, step-ins, socks and elastic girdle—and after neatly folding them, slipped them all into a 10 inch by 8 inch manuscript envelope.

In other words, I could have posted for a few cents' worth of stamps an envelope containing every stitch of clothing my wife wore the other evening, except, of course, her dancing slippers.

Being by nature, and training both a historian and a statistician, I decided to make an authoritative comparison between the weight of clothes worn by my wife this summer and by my mother when she was a young matron thirty years ago.

Fortunately, I found that my mother had stored away still in an old trunk almost a complete summer outfit which she had worn about the year 1893. Enlisting her aid and that of several of her friends, I was able to piece together an entire summer costume as worn by the demure miss of the early 'nineties.

THEN came the important task of weighing each individual item of clothing. The results in the case of mother's clothes of three decades ago were:

| | Lbs. | Oz. |
|---|---|---|
| Muslin dress, puffed sleeves all lined | 1 | 10 |
| Cotton petticoat, with bustle | | 14 |
| Embroidered cotton petticoat | | 11 |
| Cotton corset cover | | 4 |
| Cotton drawers with lace | | 6 |
| Corsets | 1 | 11 |
| Knitted cotton combination | | 7 |
| Lisle Stockings | | 3 |
| Total | 6 | 2 |

To put this result in words, clothes weighing six pounds, two ounces were practically the minimum which any self-respecting girl of 1893 could wear to a summer dance.

And to-day?

My wife, I take it, is the average young woman of to-day. Certainly no one takes more pride in her appearance and no one dreads more to be conspicuous.

I PERFORMED the same test with a complete costume of my wife's—one which she wore to a dance one evening last week. These are the figures:

| | Lbs. | Oz. |
|---|---|---|
| Georgette crepe dress | | 5 |
| Silk princess slip | | 2 |
| Elastic girdle | | 6½ |
| Chemise | | 1½ |
| Step-in drawers | 1 | 1 |
| Silk Socks | | 1 |
| Total | 1 | 1 |

If it hadn't been for that elastic girdle of hers, which she insists on wearing, my wife would have been carrying on her back the very insignificant weight of ten and a half ounces of clothes. And I am informed, on good authority, that the custom of leaving corsets or girdles at home is just as prevalent as it is popularly imagined.

To-day, therefore, a young woman may appear at a summer dance wearing clothes weighing scarcely more than a pound and cause no comment. Six girls of 1923 wear clothes whose combined weight is only a few ounces more than the clothes worn by one debutante or young married woman thirty years ago.

After some little difficulty, I have persuaded my wife to lay away in a trunk this one complete summer costume, typical of the clothes of this summer.

I HAVE a feeling that a daughter of mine is going to open that trunk thirty years from now and gasp in astonishment at the bulky clothes which her mother used to wear.

"Look at this heavy sort of petticoat you used to wear, mother;" she will say to my wife. "And knickers, of all things—and a girdle around your waist! Why, Mother!"

For you see; if clothes keep diminishing at the rate they have been doing during the last thirty years, my daughter in 1953 will wear a complete costume weighing a fraction less than three ounces.

According to our present standards of heavy clothes, this will allow only for a silk princess slip and a pair of silk socks but by 1953 there is no doubt that new fabrics will have been invented of gossamer weight but of the, I hope, still necessary opaqueness.

### HOLD-UPS.

In these thrilling bandit times, when an automobile tire explodes on the street some nervous old ladies scent another robbery, and they are really not far wrong, only the hold-up does not occur until the motorist gets to the repair shop.

## BLAME THE SUN FOR HIGH JINKS

### Possible Results From Theory That Sun Spots Affect Nervous System.

By R. K. HALL.

FRENCH savants announce after months of experiment, that sun spots have a definite influence upon the nervous system of man. In other words, human actions are dictated largely by the sun's caprices.

If true, this discovery is exceedingly interesting. It explains happenings that hitherto have been inexplicable. Its opens a long vista of possibilities, as well as a wide avenue of speculation. To wit:

Mr. Richard Dilling, who has always been known as a fairly careful driver, steers his car at thirty miles an hour through the plate glass window of Mr. Joseph Schilling's grocery store on Bloor Street west, and comes to rest with his front wheels up among the canned salmon and his tail light nestling in a barrel of sugar. Crawling dazedly forth, Mr. Dilling stands uncertainly leaning against the counter and mutters, "Sorry, old man, but it wasn't my fault. Two large spots appeared on the sun yesterday, and when it's that way I'm likely to do anything."

Or consider the case of Miss Duncan, a pretty stenographer who is engaged to Mr. John Phelps, employed by a brokerage firm. As they bowl along the Highway in Mr. Phelps' second-hand flivver on a delightful August evening, a quarrel brews—the first in four months of engaged life. They part in anger, Mr. Phelps has a bad night of it, decides that she no longer cares for him, and runs over the various quick and painless methods of severing connections with the earth. Just as he has narrowed his choice down to the Rosedale bridge and prussic acid, he is summoned to the 'phone. And then to his intense joy, a voice speaks thus:

"John dear, I'm so sorry I was catty last night, But whenever the sun's in perihelion, I just can't control myself. Will you forgive me, and come over to-night—early?"

And when Mrs. Bentley, whose pride it has always been to provide her family with food fit for the gods, makes a slip and serves hot tea biscuits from which the salt has been omitted—who, in this contingency, is to blame if she tearfully declares:

"I can't think what's come over me unless it's all this cloudy weather we've been having. As soon as I get the sun, I feel like a new woman."

Before we put the stamp of approval on this unique French theory, it is just as well to observe where it is going to lead us, and exactly what its consequences are likely to be.

### STRANGER AT HOME.

A visitor who had spent 35 years of his life at Ealing, visited Westminster Abbey for the first time on Wednesday. He moved about aimlessly, too shy to seek information from the official guides, until at last he found himself in the wonderful Chapel of Henry VII. A friendly stranger spoke to him in admiring tones of the marvelous "Fan" vault overhead, pointing out with expert appreciation the achievement of the masons of long ago.

After the stranger had guided him with complete knowledge and understanding through the sights of the Abbey, the man from Ealing remarked: "You must have spent the best part of your life here!"

"I come from Aberdeen," was the reply. "This is my first visit."

## WHEN KING STREET STARTED AT BERKELEY AND STOPPED AT PETER

By A. G. H. W.



Above in centre: Berkeley House, formerly home of the Small family at No. 1 King Street. On left: Snake rence on grounds of Dr. Gwynne. On right: Old Gwynne home. Below in centre: Old elm at lovers' "trysting place."

AFAR back, down the years of the last century, the town of York straggled along the Bay front, with its acres of marsh land. "Muddy Little York" it was called, affectionately, or otherwise. It was a garrison town, and gay young officers with their various horses and traps, paid their devoirs to equally gay ladies, belonging to families of good extraction in the Old Land.

Many the romances of the little town, and many the pranks played by those who carried that "key of every gentleman's door and every lady's heart"—the sword.

One funny sketch, I remember seeing in my home, was of an officer driving tandem—who ever sees a tandem now? The leader becoming restive, turned in his harness, and faced his companion, the verse beneath read, "two horses, strangers to each other's name and race; the leader turns and stares the wheeler in the face." Funny, wasn't it?

Our handsome King Street of to-day, began at Berkeley and ran one mile and one-half, ending at Peter Street. The names of the streets have greatly changed. No one living now is likely to remember Queen Street as "Lot Street," Simcoe as "Graves," Wellington as "Market," Adelaide as "Newgate," or Richmond as "Hospital." Little Jordan Street, the scene of such wild shooting a short time ago, carried the same name, and, oddly enough, William Gurd had a gun factory thereon.

On the Bay front was a wharf and from this ran to the Island, then peninsula, a horse boat—a horse boat, mind you! "A boat propelled by four horses, called the Sir John of the Peninsula, runs every day from the steamboat wharf to the Starch factory on the Peninsula or Island, across the Bay; her trips regulated to suit public convenience. Fare to and from the Island, 1s. 3d." Think of that!

Also all the nice little boys of York, when their mothers and fathers took them to the Island, were allowed to bring little whips, and sitting around the well of the boat in which the horses trod their way, could whip them, to the boys' delight, if not to the horses. My own brothers did it.

And we had steamboats, too. "The Steamboat Canada leaves York daily for Niagara at 7 o'clock in the morning, and Niagara for York at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Cabin passage and after deck, each way, ten shilling. Fore cabin and deck, each way, five shillings.

On the corner of King and Berkeley Streets, still stands an old plaster-walled house whose quaint gables front on King. Its Norman windows are no longer fitted with glass, and its laths show in patches where the plaster was fallen away. This was No. 1 King Street. Its name, Berkeley House, the home of the Small family, many of whose members were prominent in the affairs of York. The gallant gentlemen entertained within its entrance door, and the fair faces that looked from those arched windows long since have returned to the dust of the land that knew them. The old house is left surrounded by the signboards of the various queer products of modern days. Does it feel the change? I wonder?

The west terminus of King Street was Peter Street. Near its corner an old doctor had his residence. Shortly after this York became Toronto, and King Street crept about two miles farther west. The doctor spoken of (Dr. Gwynne), then bought a tract of land in which he established a nursery from which the trees that grow so luxuriantly throughout beautiful Parkdale were obtained.

Down by the lake he built a quaint, old-fashioned cottage, and separated the home grounds from the farm by a snake fence. When the land was divided into city lots several years ago this snake fence was removed, and was, I believe, the last of its kind in Toronto.

The material of which the house was built was clay, with straw matted in. Each block was about two feet thick by three or four long. These blocks were made and laid out in the fields to be dryed by the sun. My informant, the late Col. Gray, told me that as a child he had played among and climbed on them. When dry and hard they were builded into the walls, and with their great solidity must have made a very warm house.

It was a quaint home, and it is said held its romance. At least there is a tall elm tree still standing on the brink of the railway cut, that is supposed to have been a loyer's trysting place, and some stories say had a ring buried at its foot. A soldier lad marched away from there, in the old, old days, and never returned. This story varies so that it cannot be called authentic, but the old tree is there.

The old house is gone to make way for a street and rows of houses, but some of the flowers from its once beautiful garden now bloom in mine.

## IT'S FUN FOR YOU, BUT TRAGEDY FOR ME

MR. HARRY PIPER had just bought new garden hose, three-quarter inch pipe, and a nozzle that would throw a stream from here to next year. He was delighted with it. So were all the family. Mrs. Piper and all the little Pipers stood on the porch to enjoy the spectacle.

Unseen by Mr. Piper, who was behind a shrub, young Mr. Wilson came down the street, a vision of sartorial splendor. New silk shirt, new silk tie, new suit, new shoes, and to top it all a new straw hat, white as the driven snow, an end of the season bargain that he could not resist—flesh is weak. It had been five dollars. He got it for four ninety-eight. He was engaged in picking a minute particle of dust off the lapel of his coat when it struck him right in the chest, through new shirt, new suit, the torrent went right into his inmost soul. He was so surprised that for a moment he hardly knew what struck him. When he did he opened his mouth to yell and the water went down his throat. When he yelled the sound was so awe-inspiring that Mr. Piper was startled and he immediately lowered the hose, thereby soaking young Mr. Wilson's legs.

Had it not been that Mr. Piper had the hose in his hand, there is no doubt Mr. Wilson would have fallen upon him and smitten him severely. As it was, he used language. Mr. Piper was amused, he had a strong sense of humor, so had all the little Pipers, and certainly Mr. Wilson did look funny.

"Come, come man," said Mr. Piper, as he wiped the tears of mirth from his eyes, "a little cold water won't hurt anybody. Send your suit to be pressed at my expense and it will be all the better for it. Oh Lord! boy, learn to take a joke."

Later in the evening, Mr. Piper, in his old coat, old hat and old "sneekers," went up the street to the Joneses to tell Jones the joke. Mr. Jones was using his hose and din't hear him coming nor see him in the dusk.

"Here you blamed chump, what are you doing," roared Mr. Piper. "Are you blind?"

Mr. Jones saw the funny side. Mr. Piper says Jones is a fool and he can't bear the sight of him.

# HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

## Sidelights on Persons and Personalities

## Only Woman Cabinet Minister in the Empire Is in B.C. Legislature

### Mrs. Mary Ellen Smith Succeeded Her Husband as Member of Parliament — Touring in Great Britain and Getting Splendid Reception From Old Country People.

THE London newspapers during August warmly welcomed to England Mary Ellen Smith, M.P.P., Canada's most famous woman politician, and throughout the British Isles papers are devoting many columns to her unique career, an outstanding one even in the history of the world.

Seven years ago she came into world prominence by being elected to the seat last held by her husband, upon whose death his constituents at once voted her to his seat by an overwhelming majority, making her the first woman in the history of the Dominion of Canada ever to hold a seat in Parliament, and the only one in any country to be elected to her husband's seat.

Following this she was twice re-elected, and after her last election was nominated for the position of Speaker of the British Columbia Legislative Assembly, a position never before offered a woman in the history of the British Empire. She declined, as the position hampers political action, and Mrs. Smith had many reforms to sponsor. A few months after declining this unique honor, she was appointed a Cabinet Minister without portfolio, the first woman in the British Empire to be so appointed, if not in the entire world.

Since beginning her career she has sponsored some very advanced legislation in aid of women, chief of which the obtaining of minimum wage for women workers in British Columbia, and a Mothers' Pension Bill to aid indigent mothers. Mrs. Smith is now in England in connection with her work for a uniform basis of social legislation throughout the British Empire.



MRS. MARY ELLEN SMITH.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Smith, the first woman Cabinet Minister in a British Parliament, has come from Canada to tell the people of England that the Dominion needs men and women, says the Yorkshire Post.

She has been sent to this country by the Canadian Government, she says, "to remind men and women that while there is at present a population of only nine millions in Canada there is room for one hundred and fifty millions." She will speak in several English cities and towns.

Mrs. Smith, who was born in Devonshire, and went to British Columbia from Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1891, is of middle stature, with small features and expressive blue eyes, and a quiet manner that becomes enthusiastic when she speaks of the forests and mountains, the lakes and the rivers round which she wishes to see British families.

## Cautious Measures To Maintain Thrift

### Farmer Stipulates in Will That Son Must Not Buy Lawn Mower.

THE excessive thrift of the Mennonites received fresh publicity recently up in Waterloo County. A wealthy Mennonite farmer was told by his doctor that his case was hopeless and that he had better make his will. Accordingly, the farmer summoned his lawyer and instructed him that he wanted his son to receive the farm, but that it was to be forfeited if ever he brought an automobile, a telephone, or a lawn mower on to the property.

The lawyer could understand the stipulation in regard to the car and the telephone, but he could not restrain his curiosity concerning the lawn mower.

"But why do you object to the lawn mower?" he inquired.

"Because," explained the old Mennonite, "If he lets the grass grow a few feet high, he'll never want for pasture for his cows."

## SULLIVAN THIRD TO SWIM CHANNEL

SULLIVAN is the third swimmer to swim from England to France. Captain Webb was the first to accomplish the task on August 24 and 25, 1875. It took him 21¾ hours to get across, which is a shorter time than was taken by the other two men who did the swim. For many years this record remained unbeaten, though Captain Webb did not lack imitators both from this and other countries. It was not until 1911 that Thomas William Burgess, a Yorkshireman living in Paris, after 15 unsuccessful attempts, finally got across on September 5 and 6. He was in the water 22 hours, 35 minutes. Others who made frequent but always unsuccessful efforts to swim across the Channel are Montague Holbein, who in 1902 got within two miles of Dover, swimming from Cape Grisnez, after remaining in the sea 22½ hours; and Jabez Wolff, who made over 20 attempts and was several times very close to success. On September 19, 1908, he swam from Shakespeare Cliff to within a quarter of a mile of the French coast in 14 hours 55 minutes, and was then baffled. Miss Kellerman, an Australian lady, also made a few attempts some years ago.

## A Canadian Who Has Risen To High Rank in Regulars

By WILLIAM BUTLER.

IN THE year 1895 there was amongst the graduating class of the Royal Military College, Kingston, a student, George Norton Cory by name, then commencing his military career, and who was destined to become a great soldier. To-day the prefix of Major-General appears before his name, and in addition he is a Companion of "The Most Honorable Order of the Bath" and "The Distinguished Service Order."

It was only while at the college that young Cory definitely decided to adopt soldiering as a career, and since some of his ancestors had followed the colors this was but natural. Upon being graduated from that now famous institution at Kingston he accepted one of the limited number of commissions in the British and Indian Armies that are offered annually to honor graduates, and was assigned to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which he joined at Quetta, India, in November of 1895, his commission being dated August 25th, of that year.

Lieutenant Cory had not yet had his first taste of real warfare, but his opportunity came, and with characteristic Cory-like enthusiasm he took it when after two years in India the regiment was ordered to South Africa, where it remained for five years. During the progress of the struggle with the Boers, Lieut. Cory was twice mentioned in despatches, received his captaincy and was awarded the D.S.O. He holds seven bars to his Queen's medal.

At the conclusion of the South African war he left that country with his regiment, serving in England and Ireland from 1903 until 1914. Upon the outbreak of hostilities on August 4 the Fusiliers were immediately ordered to France, where they performed sterling service with the "old contemptibles," Cory remaining with them until 1916, when he was promoted to full Colonel, given a staff appointment, and his name removed from the regimental list.

General Cory served in France until long after the armistice, having held important staff appointments with several divisions, G.H.Q., and the Saloniki force, In 1919 he commanded the troops in Caucasia, and afterward held commands in Iraq and Persia. As a recognition of his distinguished service he was made a Commander of the Legion d' Honneur and a C.B., besides receiving decorations of Russia, Serbia, Greece, Czecho-Slovakia and others. He has to his credit over 28 years' service in the regular army.

At the present time Major-General Cory is the deputy chief of general staff in India but is not in any way connected with the Indian Army being merely "loaned" by the War Office. At the termination of his present appointment he will have no further claim on India for employment. A short time ago he visited Toronto, his native city, on a brief furlough.

According to General Cory the problem confronting the British in India with Gandhi, passive resistance, and self government is no small task calling, as it does, for careful handling of the situation by the officials in charge. He says: "I understand our problem in India to be the task of bringing that country along so as to fit it to be one of the group of Dominions which form the British Empire. It calls for great patience, goodwill, and courage, and a determination not to hand over our responsibilities until we feel that we can do so without detriment to the people as a whole."

In discussing matters of more moment to Canadians, General Cory said: "I should like to say a word or two about the regular army (Imperial) with regards to its duties and responsibilities since the Great War. I find that there is a very general idea that these are evaded since the war, and that, as somebody said to me the other day, 'the pep has gone out of it.' This is very far from the case. The regular army was never wanted to fight Germany, but to undertake the defence of the widely scattered British Empire, particularly the parts of it which never were able to defend themselves. I speak of this as it seems a pity that people should think there is no longer work in the world for the British Army, particularly people in Canada who support that very wonderfully efficient Royal Military College at Kingston.



GENERAL G. W. CORY.

## Sir John's Idea Of An Independent

### Major Moore, of St. John's News, Tells a Good Story.

By WILLIAM BUTLER.

MAJOR THE REV. ARTHUR H. MOORE, M.A., editor of the St. Johns (P.Q.) News, chairman of the editorial committee and a director of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, in addressing some university students in journalism recently told an anecdote of Sir John A. Macdonald which is typical of "the Father of the Dominions," as Sir John was often known.

It is related that in one of Sir Johns favorite constituencies one of his former followers set himself up as an independent. Being in the district, Sir John, in remonstrating with the voters, said: "What is an independent? Why, the name itself tells you—the man cannot be depended upon." Sir John was victorious at the polls.

Mr. Moore, who is a forceful speaker and writer, is the editor of "The Montreal Churchman," which is the official organ of the Anglican diocese of Montreal, and the president of the company publishing the "St. Johns News," a paper which has a record of 75 years of continuous and unbroken publication, which he edits with unusual success, for it is a unique paper inasmuch that it publishes six different editions for the six surrounding towns.

Prominent in educational, Masonic, and military circles, Mr. Moore is distinguished as a lecturer, journalist, publicist and as a divine.

## AN "EPIDEMIC" TEN MINUTES

By W. B.

THERE is in all universities what is known as an "academic ten minutes," which means that all lectures and classes commence at ten minutes after the appointed hour, thus enabling professors and students to be on time in attending lectures in the various buildings.

In this connection W. James, Dunlop, B.A., director of university extension at the University of Toronto, relates that last winter an extension course of two weeks duration was given on subjects of interest to farmers. Several of the agrarian aspirants of knowledge being tardy in entering the class room Mr. Dunlop was compelled to admonish them in a gentle but firm, and also very fatherly manner.

One of the students, however, did not take the admonitary exhortation in the spirit it was offered and said: "This, sir, is evidently the epidemic ten minutes of which you spoke."

## PAPERING ROOMS WITH GERMAN MARKS

IT has been carefully calculated (says the London Morning Post) that for a matter of four shillings one can have a fair-sized room very artistically papered with German mark notes.

The best scheme would be to paper the walls in vertical strips of 10, 20, 50, 100 and 1,000 mark notes, and it was with this particular scheme in view that the above expenditure was calculated. Of course, if one would rather have a cheaper design by using one and two mark notes, the total capital expended would be less than three farthings!

## Political Reinforcements Rushed By Special Train For Minister of Forests

### Hon. Jas. Lyons Found Himself Alone Against Three Liberals at Searchmont — Train Brought Up Platform Assistance From the Sault—Opponent Signed Minister's Nomination Papers.



HON. JAS. LYONS.

THERE is nothing like the spirit of the North, election or any other time, when it comes to action.

In the Provincial election contest at Sault Ste. Marie, which doesn't mean Sault City at all, but a wide stretch of territory over the Algoma wilds up the Algoma Central Railway, Hon. James Lyons, the present Minister of Forests and Lands and his Liberal opponent, J. A. MacPhail, left the Sault on the same A.C.R. train one bright Saturday morning. Every nook and corner of Algoma, even if there are only 20 voters at hand, must have a political meeting and hear the candidates. They enjoyed it too.

Both Mr. Lyons and Mr. MacPhail were Northbound, and when the train stopped at Searchmont, it was greatly to the surprise of the two, that both alighted. There is only one train a day on the A.C.R., and after greetings on the platform, it was discovered that a meeting had been billed in the same hall the same night by the two candidate or their respective agents. On the post at the depot stood the notices side by side. "Hear James Lyons Saturday night in his exposure of the Drury Government." "Don't miss the Liberal meeting in the interests of J. A. MacPhail Saturday night, etc."

"Guess we had better have a joint meeting, Jack," said Mr. Lyons, "if you fellows don't put it over me too hard. I'll take a chance anyway."

"Alright, Jim," came the reply from Mr. MacPhail, who was accompanied by Major Harry Hamilton and another spell-binder from the Sault. There were three altogether in support of the Liberal candidate. The meeting was thereupon arranged.

Candidate Lyons, however, knew what he was up against. He was alone. He strode off to the North of the settlement, and got in touch with headquarters of the railway at the Sault, also his own party headquarters. "I want you to run a special train up here, to arrive not later than 8 p.m.," was the request. "We can't do it," was the reply. "Youve got to," was the retort.

Thereupon, Candidate Lyons asked that Uriah McFadden, a real Tory spellbinder and prominent member of the bar of the Sault be sent along on the train, with whomsoever could be secured to support him and the candidate. This went to Bob Templeton, veteran Tory organizer for Algoma.

At 7.45 that evening McFadden and his companion arived at the hall and it is said that the other fellows registered for a fleeting moment consternation on their faces. However, they took it as sportsmen, re-arranged the program which had previously been arranged, whereby Lyons and all his argument—the Minister of Mines and Forests is no mean talker himself—was to be verbally knocked on the flor. For three hours that night, the people of Searchmont had the political entertainment of their lives. They never had anything quite like it before.

Proof of which lies in the fact that J. A. MacPhail and Major Harry Hamilton signed the nomination papers of the Hon. James Lyons when he had to go back to his constituents having been chosen to occupy a position in the Cabinet. That incident is pretty clear evidence that the North is pulling together for what it can get. It also shows that party battles may be fought cleanly, honorably and well, without bitterness and disruption of the community spirit.

## Mountain Dweller Fond of Reptiles

### Hamilton Cripple Handles Toads, Lizards and Snakes.

"There was an old person of Rhodes,
Who strongly objected to to toads;
He paid several cousins
To catch them by dozen;
That insipient old person of Rhodes."

PERHAPS if Edward Lear had known Owen Merriman, he would have changed the first and second lines in his favor. But that being impossible now, we will do our best to explain the connection between Mr. Merriman and the toady gentlement.

Now Mr. Merriman lives, not in Rhodes, but on what Hamiltonians proudly call "Th eMountain." Although he has never been able to walk, he has made the most of his life; has attended Queen's University, is a B.A., and is President of the Bird Society. He frequently gives most interesting illustrated lectures on his favorite topic.

Mr. Merriman does not object to toads—in fact, he is very fond of them, although warned about warts. And he has special favorites, lizards, turtles, and snakes, which he handles with evident enjoyment—much to the terror of all beholders. All his friends are on the look-out for these reptiles—are indeed requested to catch them by dozens. And packed in red tobacco boxes, peeping and chirping, down to Ottawa they go, to be used as specimens.

**MUSICAL TRICK.**

The villagers were listening to a band, and they seemed to understand every instrument with the exception of the trombone. They decided to bring the oldest villager, and ask him his opinion about it. The old man stood watching the player for a while, and then exclaimed: "Take no notice of him. There's a trick in it; he's not swallowing it every time!"

## Dunce Seat Has Vanished From Modern Schools

### Children Cannot Be Held Responsible For Their Stupidity — Bad Health Often the Cause of Dullness—Receive Special Treatment and Become Good Scholars.

*This is the fifth of a series of articles by R. K. Hall, on the types of children in Toronto Public Schools. This one deals with the Dunce. Other articles by Mr. Hall will follow.*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago one of the prime essentials in many public school classrooms was a dunce-seat. Situated near the wall, well forward of the front row of desks and half-facing both the teacher's desk and the class, it was the strategic post held by the outstanding dullard. If happily nobody in the classroom was sufficiently nit-witted to qualify for the isolated seat, the teacher often prevented it from falling into disuse by installing there the worst desperado on the roll. Occasionally, the dirtiest boy in the class succeeded to the throne by reason of his objectionable presence.

Present-day schoolrooms have no dunce-seats. This, of course, does not imply an absence of dunces. The supply of youngsters whose brains are in a state of suspended animation is always abundant. It simply means that the teacher's attitude toward the dunce has changed. In the past, the boy who lagged perceptibly behind his fellows academically was regarded as a deliberate malefactor. The teacher apparently deemed him guilty of boldly resisting the introduction into his cranium of anything that bore the trademark of knowledge. As a public punishment for his brazen opposition, he was condemned to inhabit the dunce-seat in the hope that his patent disgrace might shame him into surrendering.

Nowadays every teacher knows that the dunce is often not to blame for his seeming stupidity. It is really a mental condition for which he cannot be held responsible. Instead of ignominy and punishment, he requires sympathy and understanding—and gets both. The worst that happens to a dunce now is detention from 3.30 to 4.00 p.m. in order that he may get another opportunity to grasp what was taught earlier in the day.

It is a rare and lucky classroom in any Toronto school—Public or High—that cannot show one or more dunces. Everyone who has ever attended a Public School anywhere can remember the outstanding—perhaps famous—dunce of his class. It is the dunces who with their ridiculous or wild answers provide a leaven of humor for the classroom. It is the dunces who keep the class average in any given subject low enough to prevent any teacher from imagining that the educational millenium has arrived.

The dunce is often a very likable felow. In spite of his inability to give five reasons for, say, England's commercial importance, he is just as likely to be popular with his classmates as is the intellectual youngster who can work eight knotty problems in forty minutes and score a bull's eye every time. In fact, he is more likely to be. School children employ an entirely different standard of personal measurement from their elders. Their likes and dislikes are often inexplicable.

The question naturally arises: What is responsible for the mental sluggishness of the dunce? To begin with, it may simply be a case of slow mental development. Again, it may be traced to the presence of adenoids or to ill-health. Indulgence in tobacco, particularly cigarettes, will transform a very bright youngster into a pendulous-lipped, lack-lustre, heavy-faced dunce in a few months. Sometimes when a boy's physical development is rapid, his mental growth does not keep pace with it and is temporarily retarded. A boy upon whom sport has gained too great a hold, who has become "sport-mad" general exhibits all the earmarks of the dunce. Malnutrition will invariably stunt a child's faculties. And sometimes the backwardness may be traced to mental defects.

If your child does not progress at school as rapidly as you would like, and you suspect that his mental equipment is responsible, there is no need to despair. Nor is it necessary to push the youngster unduly in the mistaken belief that by hard work he will soon develop greater brain power. A dull child constantly bedevilled by parents or teacher is a pathetic spectacle. Provided the youngster's slowness is due to such causes as slow mental development, too rapid bodily growth, adenoids, malnutrition, or ill-health, the condition is not necessarily lasting. Few indeed are the teachers who have not been agreed surprised, on meeting former pupils whose denseness in the schoolroom had been a by-word, to discover that the passage of time has transformed them into alert, keen men who were forging to the front with the best of them.

That, in fact, is one of the oddities of life, from the teacher's viewpoint. The boys who perform most brilliantly in school do not necessarily continue the same performance beyond the school. They are just as likely to end up as underpaid clerks, promoters of doubtful enterprises, or house-to-house pedlars, as they are to become college professors, general manakers, or highly-paid specialists. The dunce at school has often an uncanny habit, later on, of astounding everyone by emerging as a prominent business man, a statesman, an eloquent and magnetic preacher, or a great writer. An inventory of the mental status of all great living Canadians at, let us say, the age of fourteen would undoubtedly revail a paucity of bright intellects and a multitude of mediocre or worse.



THE EARL OF CLARENDON
Captain of Gentlemen-at-Arms, Buckingham Palace.

## Who Spent Money? Asks Magistrate

### Mr. Cohen Finds Place for Humor in Midst of Duties.

By W. B.

MAGISTRATE COHEN of this city makse no pretense of being a humorist but at times his sense of humor does assert itself.

Not very long ago a Scotchman and a son of Israel appeared befor him on a charge of drunkenness.

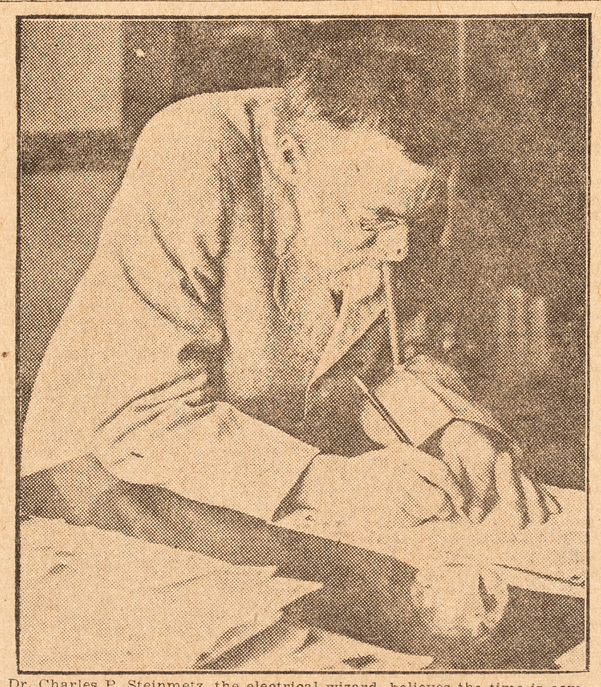
"Where is the other man," asked Magistrate Cohen?

"There is no other man, your Worship," responded the police officer.

"Where is the other man," persisted the Magistrate.

"What other man," queried the almost dumfounded police official.

"Why the man that bought the booze!



Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, believes the time is coming, when there will be no long back-breaking drudgery, when people will toil not more than four hours a day.

## Lloyd George Mistaken For Lunatic at Asylum

### Sir Henry Lucy Tells Stories of Great and Near Great in His Book "The Diary of a Journalist."

ONE of the funniest stories told by Sir Henry Lucy ("Toby, M.P.") in "The Diary of a Journalist" is that concerning Mr. Lloyd George and his chauffeur. It was night, and Mr. Lloyd George was returning home through the country. The chauffeur was ordered to light the lamps.

As the process took some time, Mr. Lloyd George got out of the car and went round to the back to see if all was right with the rear lamp. At the same moment the chauffeur concluding that his passenger was inside, started off at full speed and the car disappeared in the distance.

Mr. Lloyd George set off to walk home, and presently, reaching the county lunatic asylum, he sought the aid of the authorities for a lift.

The porter shook his head, and prepared to close the door. "But," said the wayfarer. "I am the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Yes, yes," said the porter, gruffly, "we've got six of 'em inside. "You'll go out the gate, turn to the left, and you'll get home before morning."

A doctor in Bristol was engaged by the War Office during the war to examine the condition of a wounded man sent home from the front, and report upon the possibilities of his being again fit for military service. He replied that having had an arm amputated the man was permanently incapacitated. Back came the searching official inquiry: "How do you know Private——— has only one arm?"

"Sir," replied the medical man, "I counted it!"

In a certain club an old Admiral was pointed out to Sir Henry Lucy as a man who had an extraordinary habit of contradicting anyone with whom he conversed. He once, Sir Henry was told, flatly contradicted Queen Victoria.

He attended one of the Queen's receptions and was presented to Her Majesty, who had heard something of his propensity.

"I hear, Admiral, you contradict everyone who speaks to you," said the Queen.

"Your majesty is misinformed," replied the Admiral, gruffly. "I do nothing of the sort."

An American lady, whose husband was a millionaire, saw a vase for sale priced £1,500. She wrote to her husband in Chicago, giving a glowing account of the treasure and asking him to telegraph if he were prepared to pay so much.

Back came the reply, "No price too high."

Jubilantly repairing to the auction room, she became the proud possessor of the vase. It was afterwards she learned that what her husband had telegraphed was, "No; price too high."

At a garden party Sir Henry once met Mr. William Lowther, father of the ex-Speaker of the House of Commons (Lord Ullswater), just after the son had became Speaker. Sir Henry asked if the new Speaker was at the party.

"No," was the reply; "he has gone to play cricket."

"Well," was the rejoinder, "I do hope the ball won't catch the Speaker's eye."



GEN. SIR E. TRAVERS-CLARKE
Hetad of British Empire Exhibition.

# Optical Delusions

## Through the Eyes of Spring—Both Had Lost Their Glasses—He Was Her Wonder Boss and She Was His Fairy Child, So Little Miss Newell Was a Vamp for a Day.

THE key stuck in the door. He struggled with it. The black lettered inscription on the ground glass of his own name, Gaylord Hall, and under it Attorney at Law seemed to mock him. He pushed, pulled, jerked. This tiny, extra irritation developed in him an almost unendurable feeling of exasperation. All the unlovely experiences which the last twenty-four hours had brought forth added themselves up in his mind like a column of figures. First their quarrel the previous night because Nancy would not agree to meet him in town tonight for dinner and the theatre. Then in the morning the inexplicable absence of the inept Bertha, who slept out; the freezing house; his own amateur struggles with the furnace; Robin's cold; Nancy's leaden face, discolored with the swelling of three days' toothache; her listless efforts in the kitchen; the thin, pale, tepid coffee; the hard, black, cold toast; the ossified bacon, glued down to the plate by its own jellied fat; his exasperated remonstrances; the swift, renewed blaze of their quarrel; the trip citywards bunched savagely behind his paper, so that no one of the other shivering commuters would address him.

A something, which was the result of all these—plus his final exasperation with the unyielding key—exploded in him. He shook the door in a berserker rage. And then, a wild swoop to avoid ruin. Too late! On the marble floor sounded a tiny, tinkling crash. Confusion, catastrophe, cataclysm—he had broken his glasses!

It needed only that, he reflected, to complete the record of mishaps. And he did not possess, he realized in another instant of sheer despair, an extra pair. It would take a day to have them duplicated. And now, as though the day repented of its antagonisms, the key moved suavely inward, the door swung blandly outward. He walked into his office.

"Morning, Miss Newell!" he growled to his stenographer.

He divested himself of his coat with the savage jerks of the outraged male. In another moment he was at his desk, a huge pile of mail before him.

"Miss Newell," he ordered, crisply, "call up Zeisner, my optician, and tell him to send me three extra pairs of glasses as soon as possible. Ask him when they'll get here."

"Yes, Mr. Hall," Miss Newell said, obediently.

He entertained himself by murderously slitting envelopes while she telephoned.

"Zeisner says—not before to-morrow morning, Mr. Hall," Miss Newell reported presently.

Hall suppressed a "Damn!" "You'll have to be eyes for me this morning, Miss Newell," he growled. "I've just broken my glasses."

Miss Newell laughed—and her laughter was the first gay note in the catastrophic morning. "Yes, I heard them fall. But I'm afraid I won't be of such great help to you, because I broke my own glasses early this morning. They can't have a new pair ready for me before to-morrow."

Hall did not suppress his sceond damn, but he apologized instantly it burst from his lips. "We'll have to collaborate," he suggested.

"Like these three trrible sisters in Hawthorne's 'The Gorgon's Head'," Miss Newell said.

"I don't remember them," Hall answered, "but it sounds unpleasant."

"They had only one eye between them," Miss Newell explained, "and one eye socket in the middle of their forehead!" She laughed reminiscently. "They useter pass the community eye round. I read that story when I was a little girl—I'll say it useter give me the most awful dreams!"

Hall did not remember ever to have heard Miss Newell laugh like that; laugh at all, for that matter. He had always thought of her as a mouse of a creature; slim, dark, shy; rather negative; her big tortoise shell glasses looking always too heavy for her tiny face. But to-day there was something expansive in her mirth. The room seemed full of it as though chimes of fairy bells were ringing. Something, equally inexplicable, assailed his senses at another avenue. Was there an odor of violets in the room?

He turned sideways and stared at her. What had happened? Was it the absence of her glasses? Something had made a different creature of her! It must be the glasses. Her eyes looked enormous, and their brownness was as soft—pansy soft. He had not noticed before, because, of course, his eyes had always caught—and always disapprovingly—on those tortoise shell moons. What warm lips she had! And the dewy pinkness of her oval cheeks!

WELL, men were queer cattle! Or was it that matrimony blindfolded them? He was rather inclined to think it was that. Here, all unaware, he had been entertaining a peach. He had looked at her, of course, a great many times before; but this was the first time he had ever seen her. A quick picture came before his mind of Nancy at the breakfast table that morning! Nancy in the heavy, ugly, negligee into which the searching cold of the house had forced her! Nancy with her hair so



"Princess Marvel, we're going to celebrate."

hastily screwed up that careless loops hung in uncomely tangles on her forehead. Nancy, bulge-cheeked from toothache, blue-lipped from cold, hollow-eyed and pallid from sleeplessness!

He arose and went over to the window, stared out. The annual miracle had happened. The early April sun had broken through that frigid morning, hot and golden; and for the first time the city smiled as though it were spring. Downtown New York lay all below him; high shooting pinnacles and broad spreading prisms of grey granite or red brick. Bathed in warmth, the waters of the bay reflected the sudden, swift blue of the sky. The wakes of the ferry-boats draped them with a crisscross of foamy white lace. Mademoiselle Liberty lifted her torch with an air of triumph. The office was as warm as his house should have been. He turned and surveyed it.

What a magic touch Spring had! He had never noticed before what an exquisite color the walls were! The wash was the exact shade of opening rosebuds, and the quiet rugs carried the color one degree further in tints of a purple pink. The great, comfortable chairs, with their wine-colored leather, managed to harmonize. And then his hospitable desk, with the beautiful set, malachite and gold, which Nancy had bought in France! What a delightful office it was!

The conviction came across him that he could not go home that night to another suburban carnival of cold and illness and temper and amateur-cooked meals. He was a rotter; but he could not do it. This was the sixth—it must be the sixth—time that this nauseous series of events had happened. Of course, he was damnably fastidious, damnably sensitive. It was unmanly, but it was true. Ugliness and disorder and bad temper had always taken all the pep out of him! It unfitted him for his work, and if a man was going to do the best that was in him he must come to his work fresh, in good spirits, itching to tackle its problems.

Of course, he had always instinctively hated the thought of marriage. Even when he first fell in love with Nancy, he had had his misgivings in regard to double bliss. Some men achieved marriage; but he had been afraid that he would achieve only matrimony. He had pictured it, even then, as a medley of wailing babies and white, damp baby things hanging over chair-backs everywhere; sleepless nights, in which he walked with the baby; the furnace perpetually out. At least, his marriage was not that; but Nansy was so absorbed in her Robin responsibility that he could never depend on her to go anywhere with him. And in some ways it had turned out just as badly as he had expected. Perhaps the worst thing was what it was doing to Nancy. She was losing her looks! And she was so sharp! Well, he had had enough of it for a while! A man needed an occasional escape from the domestic scene. In the future, once or twice a week, at least, he intended to stay in town all night. He wanted to go to the theatre; he wanted to go to the club; he wanted to see what the restaurant life was like since the Volstead Act.

That odor of violets!

"Are there violets in this room, Miss Newell?" he asked.

"Yes—here, on my desk." Miss Newell pointed with her pen. A huge mass of purple suddenly disengaged itself from the confusion of white paper there; bore in on his vision.

"Well, he certainly extended himself!" Hall commented. "I'll say he's no tightwad!"

"No; he's no tightwad," Miss Newell agreed. She laughed. Again the room seemed to be full of the chiming of fairy bells. There was a triumphant note in her laughter. Perhaps it was that which made the chiming.

MISS Newell might, indeed, feel triumphant. She was resting that morning at what might be described as the peak of girlhood's pride. The night before she had received her first proposal. She had told Jimmie Harker that she would require a day or two to think it over before she could give him an answer. But that was, in reality, only an effort on her part to prolong this bliss. She knew that her mind was already made up; that she had every intention of accepting him. Only—only—now she wished she had asked for a week in which to come to a decision. She wanted to enjoy to its full that new world into which a first proposal had transformed her old world. It had not only done strange things to her universe, but it had worked a magic in her very self. She felt it poising her head at such a saucy angle, straightening her shoulders with such a coquettish lift. She seemed to walk three inches taller. It had given her a dash, a spirit, a coquetry. Men stared at her with a strange intentness on her way to the office that morning. Stared—and turned. Lips smiled at her. Eyes questioned hers. Strange eyebrows became voluble. The quickening thrill of it all still ran through her veins. She reached into her desk for her bag and surveyed herself in its mirror. Well, she did look different; she had never before managed so soft, so melting a make-up. Her eyes stared huge out of a delicate shadow. These might be real roses in her cheeks. And her lips had a naked voluptuousness. Trembling—it was all so thrilling—she passed the powder pad over her face. It was as though she had veiled all this rose and ruby and pearl in an impalpable lace.

At his desk Hall's attention was caught by these demonstrations. Hall belonged to those who enjoy the artificialities of a woman's toilet. Nancy had once sported just such tiny frivolities. How long it had been, he thought, since he had seen her playing this pretty game with powder-puff and lip-stick—glittering finger tips, tracing eyebrow arches, twisting small curls over the ear?

"A little more on the left cheek!" he directed.

Niss Newell started. "I thought you couldn't see from there!" she exclaimed. She laughed charmingly again, and revolved with deliberation in her chair until she faced him. Then, "Say when!" she demanded, audaciously.

She looked like the cosmetic advertisements in the magazines, Hall reflected. Her knees high; her shoulders higher; her whole slim girl-torse punched; a shining golden box in one hand; the pinkened rouge-pad in the other; the big eyes sparkling with mischief and—what else?

"A little on the chin," he directed, "and the ear-lobes. Yes, that's right. Now look at me!"

She lifted her velvety, belashed gaze, pressed it against his....while astonishment grew in her, perplexity—while a thrill suddenly coursing up her spine peered in stars out of her velvety eyes.

Gay Hall did not know it, but he was exceedingly attractive to women. He was not handsome. His broad shoulders were too high; and in consequence, his head sat too close to their stalwart breadth. And the strength of the square, high browed face was sufficiently marked to destroy symmetry. But his coloring—of deep blue eyes with clipped masses of dark hair and a fair skin—was fresh; his expression showed a complete facial translation of all his inner fineness and sensitiveness. Yes, women found him attractive. The feminine dovecote always fluttered when Hall approached.

"It's his eyes," one girl put it; "they're so soft, yet so compelling. It's bad enough when he has his glasses on, but when he takes them off and looks at you with that misty, masterful gaze—"

MABEL Newell was realizing several things at once. They broke like slow burning bubbles, one after another on the surface of swiftly rushing thoughts. Why, why, somebody she knew well—very, very well—vaguely resembled Mr. Hall. How Mr. Hall's figure had come out as he stood there in the white light that poured through the window! Why, why was it—it was Jimmie Harker that he looked like! Jimmie had those same broad, magazine cover shoulders and that same sorta look of a head pressed too closely to them—that same kinda refined straightness of feature; that same high class looking, football hair; eyes, to, that made a girl feel all melty and soft. Only, only Jimmie hadn't—what was it Jimmie hadn't Yes, that was it.....grooming or—well, of course, he couldn't afford them—those swell looking, fuzzy cloth English clothes. Why, of course, she had always known Mr. Hall was an awfully attractive man—but—but—was it that—could it be—that an attraction which Hall had unconsciously exerted on her had made her turn to Jimmie?

Hall was drawing conclusions himself; swifter ones, too, but more critical. "She certainly is a pippin! And she's certainly got to can those glasses when she's not working!"

His spirits leaped blithely.

"Well, Miss Newell," he called, "as long as it's a case of the blind leading the blind, I'll bring your chair over here beside mine, and we'll see if we can make one good eye out of two pairs of bad ones. The typewriting in these letters all runs together for me."

In another instant they were seated side by side, chatting easily together in an inexplicable new intimacy. Her eyes proved to be a bit better than his; on the other hand, of course, his brain was more astute than hers. Often, after she had puzzled out the first half of a sentence, his knowledge would piece out the rest of it. Inevitably, however, there were some quaint translations.

"To bind the hairs, elegantly and admirably, of the asses," she read blankly from a letter she held in her hand.

Hall looked over her shoulder. "To bind the hairs, elegantly and admirably, of the asses," he repeated, seriously—and reflected. Presently he spoke. "'To bind the heirs, executors administrators, and assigns' will sound better in court, I'm sure," he suggested.

She giggled; but "Wonder-Boss!" was all she said.

Another time. "Well, it looks to me like, 'Proper duck-actions falls in recitation'," Hall announced.

"'Proper deductions for depreciations,'" she proclaimed triumphantly, after a long pause.

"Fairy Child!" he applauded her.

Thereafter he was Wonder-Boss to her and she was Fairy Child—when she was not one of a number of fantastic appellations—to him.

He had never seen into Miss Newell's mind before. But now an unexpected proximity, physical—her hair actually tingled against his cheek—and mental—he found himself sometimes translating at the same moment with her—opened many of its doors. He discovered that she had, hanging there, imagined pictures of all his clients, and filed away in secret archives disrespectful nicknames for them. Old Grumpy, the Brothers French, Chief Know-It-All, Lady Grouch, the Spice Sisters, Duchess Dirt were a few of these sobriquets. Hall was amused by their aptness. As fast as they worked a letter out he dictated an answer. All along, however, their efforts were interrupted by the amusing results of their own helplessness. She had a little exaggerated to herself the degree of his blindness, Hall discovered—but he did not undeceive her. It was so amusing to have her guiding his fingers to the spot on the paper where he must sign his name; ransacking his pockets for the cigarette which—plus a respite to ease his eyes—he suddenly demanded. And when her search proved fruitless she admitted she had some Horse Shoes in her bag. In the end they smoked together, she lighting his cigarette for him because she knew, she said, that he would set her hair on fire if she left it to him.

Then they went back to the letters. When clients came she returned to the outer office; but as soon as they left he called her back.

OUTSIDE Spring, higher and higher, invaded the day. The world became a vast spherical blue pool, one hemisphere the lucent blue of the sky, the other the lucid blue of the sea. Once a single huge cloud trailed like a dipping yacht across their vision. Once a robin stopped on their window sill to drop a spray of song. Inside the scent of violets persisted—augmented. The noon hour struck.

"There's no sense in either of us going out to eat, O April Pippin," Hall declared, "when we're both so crippled. I'm going to order a lunch sent in from Maskey!"

She did not protest. Indeed, "Wonder-Boss!" in a tone of an astounded delight was her single remark.

After a telephone talk with the restuarant, Hall left the office for a half-hour of conference with another firm. When he returned the small side table had been moved into the middle of the office and set for two. Grape-fruit, resting on ice and sprinkled with crimson cherries, made moons of yellow color between the knives and forks; beside them, glossy-ended rolls peered from folded napkins. A chicken superbly browned, vegetables still steaming, a salad that, in color matched the spring, filled the air with appetizing odors. Miss Newell's violets occupied the centre of all this. And Miss Newell herself was depositing glasses of ice-water on the table.

"You've worked quickly, O Pearl of Spring!" Hall commended jocosely as he took up the carving knife and fork, "I'll tell the world I'm hungry!" But he dropped them hastily. "By Jove, that's an idea, too!" He went to the closet and returned with a small bottle—the last of a cherished half-dozen.

"Princess Marvel, we're going to celebrate the arrival of spring," he announced, with a solemnity proper to the occasion, "in a style worthy of your birth and station—with a glass of Burgundy."

"You are a wonder-boss," Miss Newell approved.

He doubted if Miss Newell knew how precious Burgundy was. However, she sipped it with the air of a connoisseur, long lashes down, warm lips up, and her head tilted a little to

Continued on Page Fifteen.

BY
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN
Complete in This Issue

# HIS ◆ ROYAL ◆ HIGHNESS

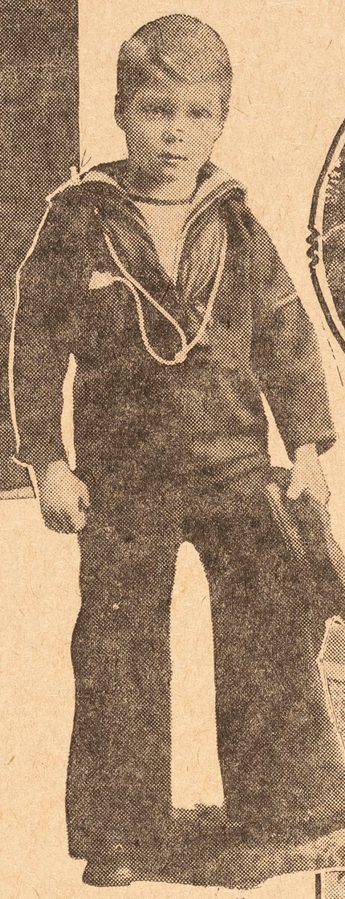
## By "A Court Historian"

## Discipline Without Victorian Repression Guided Prince's Early Training --- King Edward's Touching Advice --- Prince's Shortest Speech to Schoolfellows.

### No. 1.—FROM THE NURSERY TO THE UNIVERSITY.



*In his first service uniform, the Prince is smart and alert as a naval cadet. Ten years later he was appointed midshipman.*



*The Prince in a sailor suit in 1901, at the age of seven.*



*The late Queen Victoria holding the baby Prince Henry. The Prince of Wales standing, Princess Mary seated, and the Duke of York below.*



*The Prince of Wales, aged eight, as the centre of a Royal Family party at Sandringham, standing between his grandfather and grandmother, the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra. King George and Queen Mary can be seen at the left.*



*Learning to smile—the Prince as an infant giving early evidence of his cheerful disposition.*

THE new Prince was, therefore, symbolical of the eternal truth that however great and wonderful a generation may be, the time comes when it must allow another to take its place.

In due course the infant would, in all human probability, be called upon to sit upon the throne of his ancestors. The hopes of the nation, as well as the Royal family, were therefore fixed upon this little child, and a high responsibility rested upon those whose duty was the spiritual, moral and intellectual education of an heir to the throne.

How well this duty was performed will be seen in what I briefly set out in this important chapter of his life.

When the Prince was born, an Age was dying. Giants of Statesmanship, Science, Religion, Literature and Art had accomplished great works, and the world was wondering who could take their places. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury—to name but a few of the great Parliamentary figures, were living, while such names as Lord Lister, Lord Tennyson, Bourne Jones, Spurgeon, Dr. Chalmers were still familiar as household words.

It was a dying age of great men, the closing of an epoch of golden deeds, and the opening of another of unknown quality. Some day, perhaps the cradle's occupant would take his place as the Monarch of a great people. Never before in history had an infant Prince been born at such an important, yet critical period of our history.

Yet no Prince has had such advantages of parental training. He was born in the house of his maternal grandmother—the kindly Duchess of Teck, who had converted White Lodge from an uncomfortable Royal residence to a real home. The Duchess had brought up her daughter, the beloved Princess May, to realize not only the duties and responsibilities of her position, but also to appreciate domestic life. When, therefore, the Princess became the Duchess of York and mother of an infant Prince in direct succession to the Throne, she was well equipped to begin the arduous task of training the child for the great position he would be expected one day to fill.

It was decided that the child should not be known by his first name, Edward, as might have been expected. The name Edward recalled sad memories of the late Duke of Clarence, so gradually the name "David" became the favorite, and, by this, the Prince has always been known in intimate circles.

QUEEN VICTORIA took an immense interest and pride in her great-grandson. Occasionally in the earlier days she would drive from Buckingham Palace or from Windsor to visit the nursery, and with pathetic delight would recreate afresh her far distant days of maternal cares by nursing "little David." Or, more often the child was taken up to London, and petted and fondled by his indulgent great-grandmother, one of the rooms of Buckingham Palace being converted into a sort of temporary nursery for these happy occasions.

Nursery days quickly passed—days of kind parental discipline mingled with sympathetic understanding of the developing personality of the little Prince. Red-letter days, undoubtedly, were when the Prince and his sister and brothers went up to Marlborough House and enjoyed many a hearty game with "Grandpa Marlborough House", as the Prince used to call King Edward.

The illness of this Monarch prior to his Coronation made a deep impression upon the children. When the King was convalescent, "David—as a special favor—was allowed to enter the sick room. He gazed with silent awe at his illustrious grandfather in bed, and then with confused memories of a recent arrival at White Lodge, said wonderingly: "But Grandpa, where is the baby?"

The death of King Edward, and the elevation of the father of the Prince to the solemn position of Monarch, brought the Prince to the position of Heir-Apparent.

In 1902, at the age of eight, the governess who had had charge of the early studies of the Royal children, gave way to a tutor, and there was introduced into the life of the Prince a gentleman who had a profound influence upon the young heir to the throne. This was Mr. H. P. Hansell, at one time master at Rossall and at Ludgrove School, New Barnet, and formerly tutor to Prince Arthur of Connaught. To him was entrusted the delicate and perhaps difficult educational task of moulding the mind of the Prince in those early days. Mr. Hansell retired from tutorial service in the Royal Family a short time ago, and is now a Gentleman-Usher to His Majesty.

HISTORY abounds with instances of evil wrought by tutors of Royal youths, who have been either sycophants or unduly harsh. There can be no question that in Mr. Hansell the Prince found more than a tutor, and he himself has confessed that he owes much to the patience and thought of his talented servant of the Royal House.

In the education of the Prince, Victorian repression was avoided, and every effort made to allow the development of the Heir-Apparent to proceed upon proper lines. Discipline and freedom were happily mingled.

In March, 1907, after much anxious consultation, it was decided that the Prince should enter Osborne College—a Royal residence, where Queen Victoria had breathed her last and which had been handed over to the Navy by King Edward.

His entry into Osborne allowed the young Prince to rub shoulders with other boys, and to think and act for himself. He was at this time a rather shy and diffident boy of thirteen, but capable of exercising his dignity when the occasion required it. On one occasion a boy rather resented a reference to "my father, the King," and a wrangle ensued. It ended in a fight, and the Prince gave a good account of himself. He was very proud of the discolored eye which he had to exhibit for some days.

At fifteen the young Prince entered Dartmouth College—being treated exactly as the other lads. He was very popular, and developed rapidly both mentally and physically through the excellent training he received.

It was at this period that another important mile-stone in his life was reached; His Majesty bestowed upon him the title of Prince of Wales. He was now verging on seventeen, and was beginning seriously to take up the arduous duties of the Heir-Apparent. He possessed a good "speaking" voice, and when called upon to say a few words in public could be clearly heard. But his shyness was very painful to witness.

ONE of the most important events of the life of the Prince was his public investiture as Prince of Wales, the ceremony taking place in the historic Carnarvon Castle. In the presence of a great multitude of people the Prince swore to do his Royal father service and kneeling before him took the ancient oath. This was a trying ceremony and he acquitted himself well. The nation now felt that they had a Prince of Wales who was fast advancing into manhood and his doings were more and more chronicled in the press.

After five months spent incognito in France, with the object of perfecting his French and studying European history, it was decided that the time had come for the Prince to take up University life. Oxford was selected for the Prince; Cambridge was favored as the University for the Duke of York, the King's second son.

The selection made, a very important matter was whether the Prince should enter as a "freshman," or as a special graduate, as did his Royal grandfather—that is, as a nobleman with privileges. This was a very delicate and difficult question, but it was finally decided to allow the young Prince to be entered as an ordinary graduate—a decision never regretted, and certainly one which did much to develop his outlook upon life. He arrived at the historic city in October, 1912, and like all other students, he soon began to be imbued with the spirit of Oxford and its traditions.

It is worth noting how real was the progress he made, remembering the many temptations that beset the path of Princes even at a university. The president, Sir Herbert Warren, paid a real tribute to the Prince's industry and progress.

Sport was not neglected. At Oxford, the Prince took up polo, also hunting, taking lessons for riding and becoming a very fair rider. Boating proved a favored recreation, and he also went into camp as a cadet with the Officers' Training Corps.

In June, 1914, the Prince returned to Buckingham Palace to confer with his father, fully intending to return again to Oxford to continue his studies. But alas! The dark threat of war was darkening the European horizon, and by August the storm had burst and the might of Great Britain was definitely committed to the task of stemming the ambitions of Germany. On August 7th, the Prince was gazetted 2nd lieutenant of the Grenadier Guards. Immediately he joined his regiment at Warley Barracks, and took up the duties of a soldier. Henceforth the things of youth were to be put aside, and the Prince was to find his manhood.

He was not new to the duties of a soldier for, as previously mentioned, he had served for a time as a "Tommy" in the Officers' Training Corps. Moreover, as small boys, both he and his younger brother were frequently in charge of an old soldier who taught them exercises and gave them a soldier's idea of discipline. While serving as a "Tommy" his treatment did not differ in the slightest degree from that of any other member of the Officers' Training Corps, and he thus gained practical knowledge which was found useful when he took up his duties in the Grenedier Guards.

WE HAVE traced the life of the Prince from the nursery to the university. It was a time of growth, a developing of personality, a deepening of the realization of responsibilities. He had learned to express himself in public, although such occasions were still a painful trial. His shortest speech was when at the age of eleven he replied to an address of welcome at Newquay with a "Thank you!" and that charming smile that afterwards became so popular. He had mixed with boys of his own age, with youths at Dartmouth, and with young men at the university.

I like a certain story told of his Oxford days as demonstrating his desire to meet men on their own level and to be spared the limelight. He had been invited to dine with a number of fellow students—just a merry party with nothing formal about it. Anxious to know his fellows more intimately, the Prince accepted on condition that there would be no speeches. When the dinner reached the cigarette stage, some graceless diner called "speech," a cry which was taken up all round the room. For some time the Prince ignored it, but the call became more insistent, and he rose. This was the signal for tumultuous cheering and roaring of college crys. After a while the din subsided, and those who had called for the speech felt they had won—the Prince certainly was about to speak. Waiting until silence was perfect, the Prince, with a charming smile, said, "I wish you fellows would not make such fools of yourselves"—and resumed his seat.

At Oxford, as elsewhere, the Prince captivated all by his absence of "side" and by his thoughtfulness; the sternest critics admitted that he was a "regular fellow." Now a new era was opening. War was to bring him definitely from a shy and diffident youth to the man. As he said in a later day, referring to himself: "In the war I found my manhood."

Next article: The Prince becomes a Man.

# SMALL CASE THEORISTS SPIN WEBS OF FANCY

Continued from Page One.

of a citizen's declaration that, on or about the time of Mr. Small's disappearance, he had seen a motor car halt opposite the dump. Two or three men had alighted, and walked to a part of the dump with a burden between them. There they had dug, returning some time later without their burden and scudding away in their car into the darkness.

Laborers with shovels performed the preliminary task of trying to locate Mr. Small's body in Rosedale dump. But the ordinary shovel is small and the human machine capable of only a certain amount of effort pe diem. Consequently, progress was slow. All of which caused the adoption of the steam shovel and the speedy removal of the earth to the bottom of the original pit. As history shows, nothing was found. The digging operation with steam shovel alone cost approximately $1,000.

A peculiar smell in a house in which he had stayed for a time at Church and Isabella Streets convinced a Seattle man that the body of the missing millionaire was buried there. The police responded with pick and shovel, and all they got for their efforts was a little hard work, some perspiration and the smell, which lingered in the air even after they had exhumed the cellar sub-soil.

ANOTHER cellar episode centred about the lower regions of the house on Guy Street, Montreal. Subsequent events gave it the light of a hoax perpetrated by some one with a very perverted sense of humor. Certain persons in Montreal told of seeing a large box being carried into the house in question; consequently, detectives, full of enthusiasm, repaired to the premises, and after a vain hunt in the house for the mysterious box, descended to the basement.

There, to their intense delight, they found that the earth had been disturbed. So they went to work with a will, and soon uncovered a trunk. It was locked. But the sharp edge of a shovel soon remedied this; the box lid was flung open, and the searchers crowded about the receptacle expecting to find something gruesome. But, to their pained surprise, the box was empty.

Came then a voice from the country, telling of dusk in a country lane and the figure of a man burying something in the earth near a blasted tree. The following morning the watcher had returned to the spot to satisfy his curiosity. He dug up the soft earth and found some bones.

Instantly he had visions of human bones and the $15,000 reward offered for information which would lead to the recovery of Mr. Small's dead body. No doubt he had glorious dreams of the farm debt lifted, or, if young, a hectic future, as he penned the letter which, when it was received, hurried a certain police official north with the fever of expectancy in his veins.

The bones were recovered from the ground, and, very secretly, brought back to the city. Police officials, high and low, examined the bones minutely in an effort to determine their origin. But, being ignorant of the science of anatomy, they were unable to decide, and after much arguing and head-shaking, they called in a certain city coroner.

This learned gentleman gazed through his glasses at the mass of bones. In a moment or two, his lips broke into a smile. Then he laughed. When his merriment had subsided, the bewildered police officers besought his confidence. He gave it; on receipt of which they almost collapsed.

The bones were those of a long-dead "Bossy."

However, as the matter was kept secret in the police archives of the City Hall, the general public were not given the opportunity to laugh at the joke with the doctor.

But "Bossy's" were not the only bones which figured in this mystery of mysteries. One day a severed hand was found in a lane off Claremont Place. Of course it was taken to the police. But the police made little of the find; they claimed the limb was of the "pickled" variety with which the medical student loves to tinker. However, a certain energetic and not overtruthful scribe, who was determined to have a story, hinted that the hand might be one of Mr. Small's. He used a column for his story, but was unable to convince those who knew.

SHORTLY after the hand had subsided into obscurity, a human skull was discovered in a barrel in a basement on Wolseley Street. This gave rise to further speculation in the Small case, but, as medical testimony advanced, the opinion that the skull was that of a person who had departed this planet probably a hundred years ago, both police and press were deprived of another Small sensation.

Clairvoyants and spiritualists of various kinds wrote from far and near, offering their services. So insistent did this fraternity become in their requests to be given a trial, that, at last, the police gave way. A Fairbank woman, a spiritualistic medium, was selected to search through ethereal realms for the departed millionaire. She sank into a trance, and, on emerging, declared that Mr. Small's body was buried under the floor of the basement of the Grand Opera House. She described the burial place in detail and so vividly that even the police, for the nonce, were impressed.

So police and clairvoyant repaired to the theatre. But the medium was soon seen at fault, as she was unable to even find her way into the place without the guidance of those intimate with the building section of the cellar where she had seen the body was dug up, but nothing was found.

Human cupidity is seen in two incidents which arose out of the Small case. This came to light on the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. David Verville, Toronto, for conspiracy to defraud Mrs. A. J. Small. Through a classified advertisement in the newspapers the Vervilles got in touch with Mrs. Small, and, in letters which followed, threatened to make known something in connection with the case derogatory to Mrs. Small if they were not paid for their silence. Of course it was blackmail. They demanded $1,000.

Mrs. Small carried the letters to the police, who laid a trap for the Vervilles and caught them. Evidence given by the prisoners at their trial showed that they had only arrived from Milwaukee a few months before, and their sole domestic possessions were two suitcases and unlimited nerve.

These attempts on the part of unscrupulous persons to secure easy money led the police to elaborate precautions in regard to the Rosedale dump. Day and night, for weeks, plainclothesmen were on duty at the dump, to guard against the planting of bones in the earth and the consequent application of the "planters" for the $15,000 reward.

Within the past three months certain persons have declared that they have seen Ambrose J. Small in various places, but whether the police have investigated these claims they alone are able to tell. But the police are silent.

However, the fact remains, Ambrose J. Small is still missing. Four years almost have elapsed since he vanished, apparently in possession of full health and spirits; now the trail is growing cold. Whether he is still in the land of the living, or has departed this vale of tears is not known.

But, though time flies onward and the trail is chill, Chief Dickson says: "We are still working quietly on the case."

So the mystery may be solved some time.

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# THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE

## CUTTING the CORNERS



BY J. V. McAREE.

AND the next feast day on the sporting calendar, ladies and gentlemen, is September 14, when Luis Angel Firpo of the Argentine and William Harrison Dempsey of the United States will meet in New York for the heavyweight boxing championship of the world. We have a recollection of saying some time ago that, no doubt, there would come a time when we would desire to see Dempsey win a fight. The time has come—sooner than we had expected. We trust that he will trim the Argentine, and believe that he will. Our idea is that the betting will be two or three to one on Dempsey, despite the disappointing showing that he made against Tom Gibbons in Shelby. Should Firpo win, then the time will have arrived when the word "boxing" should be removed from heavyweight contests, and the more descriptive name, "fighting," substituted. For Firpo knows less about boxing than perhaps a thousand young men in Toronto. He believes that he does not need to know. He is in much the same position as a man who enters the ring with Dempsey and is permitted to carry a hammer. If he lands it properly, or if he lands it at all, no boxing skill of Dempsey's will avail. Firpo is credited with having the most lethal right hand that ever bulged a boxing glove.

In the Carpentier-Dempsey fight, our sympathies were all with the Frenchman; our judgment was with Dempsey. We picked the winner, and, according to the law of averages, we now pick the loser; for, to be right half the time is as much as we can ever expect to be. Now our sympathies are with Dempsey, because, if he was a draft-dodger, it was because he was advised by his friend, Mr. Jack Kearns, as cold-blooded a gent as ever crossed our path, and, because both of them were ignorant of the issues that were being decided in the Great War. Both of them, we should judge, believe that the Dutch are Germans, and that the favorite diet of Frenchmen is frogs. The war was a blot on Dempsey, but we do not find that Firpo distinguished himself in the war, either. We leave the war out of the present consideration. Dempsey seems to us to be rather more civilized than the "Wild Bull of the Pampas," as he has been described. Firpo is the champion money-grabber. If he ever holds the title, the demands of Kearns and Dempsey at Shelby will appear moderate by comparison. For weeks after Dempsey had settled down to training, Firpo was touring about the country flattening fourth-raters for the money that was in it, and one of the fourth-raters, yclept Homer Smith, he knocked down sixteen times in ten rounds, but could not put him out. Firpo, perhaps, collected $20,000 by his endeavors, but did not in the slightest degree improve his chances of beating Dempsey.

BUT the chief reason why we are rather hoping for a Dempsey victory is the shabby way Firpo has treated Jimmy De Forest, his trainer. When the Argentine first loomed as an ominous figure in the American ring, the experts agreed that what he needed above all things was somebody who would teach him something about boxing. All he had was a growth of hair, a terrific scowl, and an earthquake in his right hand. He knew nothing about protecting himself. The equipment was ample for men of the type he was meeting, but not enough to carry him to the heights. He was fortunate in making an arrangement with De Forest, who is recognized as one of the best trainers in the United States. Many champions have passed through his hands, the most distinguished of them being Dempsey, whom he trained before the fight with Willard. Shortly afterwards, De Forest and Dempsey parted for reasons unknown. It was De Forest who had Firpo in hand when the Argentine beat the only good men he ever met, namely, Brennan, McAuliffe and Willard. He taught the Senor something about boxing, and is supposed to have pointed out to him that no railroad wreck or other accident having removed his left arm, it might be possible to make some use of it in a fight. It must be admitted that to date Firpo seems to have been convinced on this point, but no doubt a continuance of the careful instruction would have borne fruit.

Between the McAuliffe fight and the meeting with Willard, Firpo was not fighting for any money. Everything was going out, and nothing coming in. So he suggested to De Forest that he should accept half-pay for the unprofitable months. What De Forest said is not recorded, but probably Firpo, who knows not much more about the English language and its nuances than Jack Kearns got his drift. At any rate, the fighter continued with De Forest and won his fight with Willard, to the surprise of the writer, who supposed that Willard's superior height, reach and experience would have won him a decision. Willard, however, was too old. His legs gave way; his spirit followed, and Firpo worked himself in line for a fight with Dempsey. It was not long before he left De Forest, intimating to the trainer that it was not his wish, but the wish of some of his Argentine backers, that he should sever the life-line. He seems to be about as irresponsible as Siki, for we saw a day or two ago an interview with De Forest, in which the trainer said that he had received no formal notification from Firpo that all was off between them. In the course of the same interview, we learned that Firpo became greatly attached to a little girl who lived next door to the De Forest training quarters. He used to spend hours in her company. When he said good-bye to her he wept large Argentine tears and gave her a sickle.

HE IS now in charge of a couple of fellow senors named Horatio Lavelle and Felix Bunge. They assert that they know the game from top to bottom, but where they graduated is not disclosed. The great point in the eyes of Firpo is that they are enthusiastic amateurs who will work for nothing but glory. They are, in short, the ideal trainers. De Forest never worked for nothing. He did not put this low estimate on the value of what he had to give. However much the Argentine gentlemen know about the ring it is certain that they could not give to Firpo the valuable information it is in De Forest's power to impart. De Forest knows all about the ring, too. More important, he knows all about Jack Dempsey, for he was his trainer and ring adviser. Though he parted with the champion he has nothing but good to say about him. The notion that he sought the position of Firpo's trainer in order that he might have a share in dethroning the champion is erroneous. De Forest is a business man. He would help Firpo to the extent of his abilities. But he bears Dempsey no grudge. He says that he never met a man of whom he grew so fond. His case is not analogous to that of Billy Delaney who trained Jeffries, and then went into the trained Jeffries camp and taught the negro how to snatch the crown.

From the sporting consensus we gather that Firpo is reckoned the most dangerous challenger that Dempsey has met. The Argentine is bigger and stronger than the American. He is admitted to carry devastation and the wailing of widows in his right hand. He is approved game, for both Brennan and Willard landed some hard smashes in his face from which he did not flinch though they must have hurt. But Dempsey is just as game. That was the first test Kearns gave him when Dempsey, a crude fighter, came under his care. Kearns thought little of him and matched him with some tough fellows to find out if he could take it, and therefore might be worth carrying along. Maybe Dempsey has not such a shock in his right hand as Firpo. But he can lay them away with either hand. He is a quick thinker, and his fists move as fast as his brain signals through his nervous system. He is hard to hit. Even the lightning Carpentier only landed a couple of fair blows on him. Finally, he knows much more about the ring game than Firpo. He has been training faithfully for the approaching festivities while Firpo has been making money. The only blot in his 'scutcheon is his failure to stow Gibbons away, and that blot, we believe, will be for all time removed when Firpo bumps the canvas.

## Tales of a Wayside Tee

By GRANTLAND RICE.

"IF I could only putt"—

Of all golf phrases thrown upon the winds of time this probably leads the list.

All golf form or touch varies from day to day, but putting, for the star and duffer alike, varies most of all.

An energetic reader has asked us to outline the "one most important foundation for good or consistent putting."

This isn't such an extensive order, after all. There is an answer.

"The one most important foundation for good or consistent putting" is to keep the body still and keep rhythm in the stroke.

A few days ago we ran across one of the star professionals, who was moaning bitterly because the short putts wouldn't drop. We watched his putting for a few holes. The reason for his failures were plain enough. Having lost all confidence in the putting stroke, he was gripping tightly and coming back at about twice his normal speed. The more putts he missed the tighter he seemed to grip the club. There was no longer any rhythm in his putting stroke. And in his overanxiety there were tendencies to start the body forward before the ball was hit.

Some one suggested that he was gripping too hard and swinging too quickly. "Maybe I am," he said. "I hadn't considered that fault." A fault of that type frequently slips by unnoticed, since it is purely a subconscious effort. The pro. loosened his grip, started the putter blade back much more evenly and with far less speed and found quick relief. Even the finest golfers in the game can pick up this putting fault at odd intervals.

The basis of putting is body stanchness and club head rhythm. The golfer who has a steady, even, unhurried back swing and an unhurried tap at the ball as he keeps his body still is almost sure to be a good putter. Yet it is the most common mistake in the world to grip too tightly and hurry the procedure, especially after one has blown a brace of two or three footers in succession. His rhythm then gives way before the mental touch that is bound to affect the muscular system. There must be a feeling of rhythm in the mind before there can be any such feeling in the stroke.

In a recent match one of the members of the four-ball contest was apparently having the roughest type of luck. He was hitting the cup, but the ball was jumping out. He blamed the ball and then the type of cups, and then the rawness of his luck. Something was wrong. On four occasions from six to eight feet the ball hit the back of the cup and hopped out. But it wasn't the fault of the ball or the greens or the cups. He was getting the right line to the hole and then jabbing at the ball. There was no show of correct stroking. The ball was leaving the blade of the putter with a slight jump, or forward jerk, and only luck could have kept it in the cup. There was no follow through to the putting blade, such as Travers, Travis and the finest putters have. The ball never had a chance to stay in the cup, spinning as it was from a jerky tap. Hitting the back of the cup with that type of putting stroke isn't good putting.

Hagen is a good man to watch for fine putting example. His body is as firm as a rock, his even, steady back swing is quite deliberate and there is a distinct follow through to the putting blade, which travels several inches on beyond the spot the ball started from. This accounts for so many of Hagen's putts dropping. We have heard him called a lucky putter. He isn't. He is a good putter who never hurries the process of putting, who keeps both head and body still and gives the ball a chance.

One or two missed shot putts can upset a golfer quicker than anything else. He feels himself jumping sideways at his third attempt. His first instinctive thought is to take the putter with a grip of iron. A tight grip nearly always means a fast back swing and then a forward jab. Poets may get tight and retain their rhythm, but golf grips can't. The golfer who is missing short putts may effect a quick cure by loosening his grip to a normal touch, especially on short putts—or putts ranging from two to five feet. There are times when the feel of the putter will last through a championship. Lucky is the star who can carry it this long. Sweetser fought "Chick" Evans all day on even terms and then faded out through a two-foot putt.

When one is tired and mentally upset the putting is affected above all things else. The green calls for concentration even above the tee and the fairway. Without mental balance for the day there can be no balance to the putting stroke. Few can hit the ball with a steady hand that is backed up by a tired or upset mind.

## How I Made My Start in the Boxing Game

By ALEX McLEAN,
Boston Promoter.

BEFORE entering into the boxing game I was a bicycle rider, and it was while getting into shape for the six-day race in 1900, at the Madison Square Garden, New York City, that I sort of tripped, stumbled, or something like that, into the field of fisticuffs.



ALEX McLEAN

My brother, Hugh, and I were teamed for the six-day race that year, and, while training, whenever we were hampered from riding our wheels in the open because of weather conditions we would work indoors. We had a gymnasium rigged up in the cellar of the building where we owned a bicycle store in Boston at the time.

Boxing is one of the best pastimes as part of training for any line of competition. So Hugh and I always went through a dozen rounds or so on a rainy day, and in that way we felt we were getting into good fettle for the coming long grind.

**One day Sandy Ferguson came in and watched us work. Later he stopped around and asked if he couldn't train with us. We didn't know Sandy very well, so we consented.**

It so happened that the big fellow became a daily patron at our gym, and one day Sandy asked me if I would manage him. I knew little, if anything, about handling a boxer. It wasn't my game. But I felt that managing a boxer was a lot easier than pedaling and perspiring on a bike.

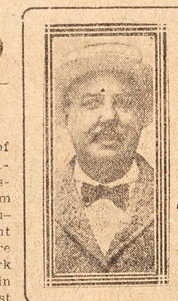
So I took the job. Fergy didn't care who I matched him with, but he preferred a bout with Tom Shaw. I succeeded in making that match without any trouble, and that gave me my start in glovedom. Incidentally, Ferguson knocked out Shaw in the first round at Lyn, Mass.

After that I handled Sandy in most of his bouts, and also took care of Joe Walcott, Jim Barry, Sam Langford, Joe Jeanette, Jack Johnson, Matty Baldwin, Honey Mellody and Gilbert Gallant at different times.

I was the first one to take Johnson to Australia, where I handled him in his knockout bouts with Peter Felix and Bill Lang, and it was that trip that put Jack in line for the heavyweight championship, which he later won from Tommy Burns. But I never like to brag about having anything to do with making Johnson a champion.

Since starting in the game as Ferguson's manager, twenty-three years ago I have been actively engaged in boxing in Boston, with the exception of two years, 1918 and 1919, when I was overseas as athletic director with the Knights of Columbus in France and Germany.

**Besides being in charge of the boxing championships of the Third Army Corps in Germany in 1919, I also arranged sixty-three fistic programs while in service. Since returning from Europe, I have been back at the old stand as Matchmaker of the Armory A.A., of Boston.**



## Tennis Inquiries Answered

Replies to Correspondents By Captain R. Innis-Taylor.

R. B.—No, an umpire should not call "good." Every return is good except those called out.

H. A.—If there are no linesmen, the umpire can only call a foot fault on the front foot if it is resting or over the line; he cannot call a foot fault on the foot swinging over, as he is not in a position to see this.

A. W. B.—In doubles, if your partner does not appear in time you may not play single-handed against your opponents.

J. S.—No, the formation of a doubles team cannot be changed during a set, but it may be changed at the end of each set.

R. W.—LeRoy Rennie won the Canadian championship title this year. Last year Frank Anderson, of New York, won it from Robert Baird.

H. A.—Yes, the return is good if you return the ball, holding your racquet with both hands.

## AUCTION BRIDGE

By R. F. FOSTER.

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

IN the last article we saw how the adversaries of the declarer could help each other along by getting out of the way of their long suits so that what are usually called the "dregs" of the suit, or the smallest cards, should become just as good for tricks as aces and kings.

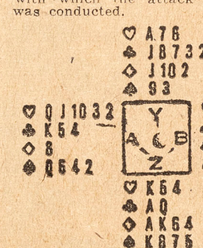
In doing this they had two rules to guide them which were in a way closely related; the eleven rule and the plain-suit echo. There are many cases in which they can successfully apply blocking tactics to the declarer's suits, but always with this difference.

In their own suits they cannot possibly do any harm and they can make the same play whether it accomplishes anything or not. In the declarer's suits, on the other hand, there may be nothing for them to do. There are no definite rules to guide them, and they must depend entirely upon their observation and judgment to tell them when it is possible to do anything in the way of obstructing the dealer's suits and what it is that should be done.

There are no such simple rules as always playing your second best, regardless of number or value, when ner's rick. The eleven rule is of no you do not attempt to win your partvalue, because the declarer does not lead fourth best, as he has no partner that needs any of the information that lead conveys.

It is in the display of this quick decision as to what might or should be done and how to do it that makes the defensive play of the expert so superior to that of the beginner. The occasions for the exercise of this peculiar skill may not be frequent, but when they arise they must not be missed or the game may go with them. The way in which one side will try to outwit the other, and each will shift attack and defence, leads to some of the most interesting plays that the game affords.

Here is a deal that went the rounds of fifteen tables in a duplicate game with various results due to the skill with which the attack and defence was conducted.




Z dealt and invariably bid no trump. At one or two tables A was bold enough to double, hoping for a major-suit take-out, only to get a diamond and have the dealer go on with no-trumps. This promptness in returning to no-trumps prevented a diamond lead.

At almost every table A led the queen of hearts, Z winning the trick with the king, to keep dummy's ace for re-entry after the clubs should clear.

It is manifestly useless to try the club finesse, because, whether it succeeds or not, the ace blocks the suit. Z, therefore, leads the ace and then the queen, but at this table he failed to coax out the king. A sees that he cannot lose his king by holding it up. If Z has a third club the suit is set in spite of anything A can do, but if B has three clubs the suit is blocked unless Z has ace, king, queen of diamonds.

The declarer sees that A or B is holding up the king and that it will be necessary to establish a second reentry in dummy if he is going to make anything of that club suit. One reentry will be needed to get into the lead and clear the clubs, another to make them after they are cleared.

Accordingly Z leads a small heart and plays the ten from dummy. This B must win or the clubs clear, and the ace of hearts brings them in. B returns the nine of hearts. The plain-suit echo here comes into play. As B played the eight to the first trick the nine is the best he holds, whether he holds the smaller card, the five, or not, A cannot tell, nor does it matter. He must make sure of going on by overtaking the nine with the ten so as to force out dummy's ace of hearts before the club king is forced out.

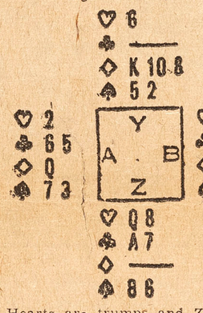
Now the game looks easy for Z, as he places the club king with B and reads him for no more hearts and no chance to get A in except with a spade. If A has the ace of spades it does not matter what Z does. Leading the club and getting the king out of the way with the ten of diamonds, a sure re-entry, looks easy, but, unfortunately for Z, it was A that had the king of clubs and A made all his hearts, B's ace of spades holding Z down to the odd trick.

At another table dummy took the first trick and finessed the club. A won the queen and got out the king of hearts. B won the ten of diamonds after Z had made his club ace. The spade ten was covered by the king, following the old rule "never to let a player with an established suit get into the lead with anything smaller than an ace if you can help it." Another small diamond gave dummy three club tricks and then two diamonds gave Z four odd, as B had to discard the ace of spades to guard the diamonds.

This is the solution to Problem No. 174, in which hearts were trumps, Z to lead and Y-Z to win all the tricks.

Z leads the trump, Y discarding the spade ten, B the small club, Z follows with the eight of spades and holds the lead. If A lets go a club Y gives up the seven and both Z's are good. But if A discards the nine of diamonds Y sheds the eight and keeps the club. Z then leads another winning spade. If A now parts with the club Y unblocks. If A gives up the ace of diamonds Y sheds the jack and makes the king and the seven of clubs.

**Bridge Problem, No. 175.**




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

## "The Race of the Century"




Above, Papyrus, English Derby winner, and, below, Zev, winner of the Kentucky classic.

North America's turf followers soon will have an opportunity of witnessing the "race of the country."

If present plans do not miscarry, Papyrus, winner of the famous English Derby, will meet America's best three-year-old at Belmont Park, Oct. 20, for a $100,000 purse.

At the present writing, Zev, the brown son of The Finn and Miss Kearney, carrying the colors of the Rancocas stable, seems to be the outstanding three-year-old of the 1923 season, but a special trial race will be held to pick the American entry in the international derby.

It is stated that the owners of America's best three-year-olds have consented to have them participate in the trial race. The entries for this are expected to include besides Zev, R. T. Wilson, Jr's., Wilderness, Harry Payne Whitney's Flagstaff, J. S. Cosden's Dunbn and Martingale and Admiral Cary T. Grayson's My Own.

It is a bit early to predict the winner of the national race, but most every race follower and fan would like to see the Rancocas colt match speed with the British winner.

With the Kentucky Derby, the Withers, Paumonok, the Belmont and the Rainbow stakes won and its only setback the defeat in the Preakness, at Pimlico, Zev bid fair to win a place in the hearts of the racing fans equal to that held by those famous campaigners, Man o' War and Exterminator, only to have the dope upset when the colt stepped on a stone during training at Belmont Park, causing the horse to be withdrawn from the tracks.

At present the brown colt is in training at Saratoga, and according to Sam Hildreth, his trainer, 'he's doing fine."

Papyrus, coming to the United States as the leading three-year-old of the English turf, is the son of the American-bred sire, Tracery, bred by Major August Belmont, one of the moving spirits in arranging the present international race, at his nursery stud in Kentucky. Papyrus's dam, Miss Matty, is a daughter of Marcovil, a son of Marco.

The pedigree reads:

Papyrus, by Tracery-Miss Matty, by Marcovil, son of Marco, from Simonath, by St. Simon, from Philomath, by Philamon, by Solon, from Chrysalis, by Lecturer, from Winged, by Artillery, from Queen Bee, by Artillery.

Tracery, which was the son of the great Rock Sand, was sold by Major Belmont, to Senor Unzue, of Argentina, a few years ago for the record price of $265,000,000.

## GOLF For Women

BY REDVERS MACKENZIE

I QUITE realize that I am walking on very dangerous ground. I've also heard that "Fools walk in where angels fear to tread." Still, I am going to give some of my impressions of the lady golfer. Ninety per cent. of the women who play golf will tell you that they just play golf for the exercise, fresh air, etc. That is all very well, but any human who is worth anything at all, has the desire to do everything well, and golf more than anything else gives you that desire, probably because of its fascination. There are, of course, a few exceptions. Some people cannot get out to play more than once a week, or not that often. It is a change for them; they never hope to be players. We will call that class exempt.

Rather would I appeal to the woman golfer who, deep down in her heart, is hoping that she'll be a good player some day. Not that she'll show it; she just loves the great outdoors, the beautiful smooth greens and the turbulent sand traps; but play golf—it is to laugh. "I'll just play at it all my life," she says, and the others all come in on the chorus, "That's how I feel about the silly game; I could never get worked up about it like my husband does."

Immediately after they go out and strain every nerve to beat their best previous scores. And when one of them does register a good score, what joy there is inside. But the lucky player always says, "Just luck, you know; I'll never do it again."

I do not claim to understand the feminine mind, but in my travels round various golf courses I have found out some things about the feminine golfer which are indisputable.

Why are there so few star women players compared to those of the opposite sex? There are more men players; even so, the standard of women's golf is not nearly as high as it should be, although it appears to be mounting higher just at present. I think the answer can be found in these two words—temperament and concentration, especially the latter.

Few women can play golf, putting all thoughts from their minds, till the eighteenth green is reached. Yet nobody, however great, can hope to succeed at golf without proper concentration on each and every shot.

How can you hope to play that difficult pitch shot if Mrs. Brown has just passed on the opposite fairway with a new skirt and your mind is all taken up with the skirt while your club describes some terrible circles in the air? Yet when your ball rolls into the trap you'll say, "My, I always do that on this hole."

Or take this case. Right in front of you there is a water hazard. Nine women out of ten will start to play the shot with this remark, "I never get over that ditch; I'll go in it sure." Of course the ball always lands in the water. Like any other game, golf requires an abundance of confidence. That water is a mental hazard. Remove the ditch and you could easily reach the green. It is up to you to remove it from your mind; concentrate on your shot and you'll never see the hazard. Most people try too hard. It requires only an ordinary pitch shot to clear a ditch or bunker. Do not hurry; that is a great mistake.

There is another thing that plays havoc with the lady golfer. She will not use all her clubs all the time. I have often been asked this, "What do you think of my clubs?" Reply (after looking them all over), "They are all nice and suit you perfectly. Do you use every one of the six?" "Oh, no, I never use my driver or mid-iron, and the mashie-niblick has never been out of the bag."

I would like very much to impress this on every lady golfer, and lots of men players may also take note. A good golfer uses his driver from the tee (or maybe a straight-faced brassie); he never drives with an iron when he should use a wood. This is the greatest sign of weakness that a golfer can show. A good golfer uses his mid-iron, mashie, mashie-niblick, etc., every time that such a shot presents itself.

As long as your clubs suit you, play them unceasingly. I cannot impress this too strongly on the lady golfer.

I've found that the mid-iron is the least popular club. Strange as it may seem, the mid-iron is the easiest club to use.

Do not fall in love with one club and use it for driving, approaching and putting. Use every club in the right place and watch your score come down, but remember you must have confidence in the club you're using.

There is one other thing, and that is—practice. One hour's practice is worth four eighteen-hole rounds. However, nobody ever practises half enough.

Ladies: Next season you make up your minds that you will play all your clubs, that you will never say, "I can't play this shot," that you will concentrate on your shot, and forget everything else, especially ditches, and that every once in a while you will go out and practice.

This article has been written with a desire to help, and not to condemn the lady golfer. I know of several who would be very good players if they had the power of concentration and the right temperament.

They will be stars in a few years if they can avoid these pitfalls into which so many of their sex seem to slide.

## The SPORTLIGHT by Grantland Rice

**Club and Leopard.**

IN one corner we might have a strong, husky citizen, armed with a club. In the other corner we might put a leopard, panther or possibly a tiger.

The question before the house is about this: Could the athlete armed with a club beat down panther or leopard, or would he be ripped into a number of crimson shreds?

If you can answer this correctly you may have something approaching a line on the Dempsey-Firpo engagement, which at present is slightly out of the ordinary turn.

**Once—But Not Now.**

Back in the early Roman period the test could have been easily made.

There ancient Firpos, such as Spartacus, were called on at stated intervals to fight anything from a Numidian lion to a flock of mongooses. For this purpose they used at different times club, net and trident, spear and sword.

Anyway, Spartacus admitted in a public speech that "for twelve long years in this arena I have met every form of man and beast the broad empire of Rome can furnish and I have never yet lowered my arm."

Spartacus in a way has proved part of Firpo's case.

For Firpo also fights with a club, the same being his right fist.

**How it Might Work.**

If the club swung by a giant ever landed first the leopard or panther would be in a bad way.

For the moment at least his interest in the entertainment would be almost entirely academic, not to say anaemic.

But suppose the club missed? Or suppose in the quick charge of panther or leopard the club only landed a glancing blow, missing the head or neck?

It would be at precisely this moment that the club swinger also would have two or three important matters to think about—matters affecting him in a vital and personal way.

**Unusual Angles.**

If one sat down and figured out the advance probabilities the logic of the case would operate in about this fashion:

Firpo, a powerful hitter with his right hand, using it with a club-like effect, lets the right fly and misses the agile target.

Whereupon Dempsey's left hook comes through the open space. One or two repetitions of this will at least keep Firpo cautious.

And a certain given number will close out the show.

On this basis it is not beyond reason to figure Dempsey with a chance to win in two or three rounds.

But against this is the possibility of that club-like right fist landing somewhere on the head, neck, body or even arm. For Firpo can club hard enough to start the old numb feeling up the forearm and so remove prt of its punishing force.

The number of unusual angles in this contest have been referred to before. They are numerous. Firpo is too different from any one else who has come along. There has been no other challenger who can hit as hard or who has the same terrific concentration. To say that Willard can hit as hard as Firpo can is foolish. Willard hardly more than annoyed Frank Moran, and Willard against both Dempsey and Firpo made no attempt to start an attack worthy of the name. He pawed vaguely and wanly at Dempsey once before the grenade landed—and that was about all. Yet Willard was a better boxer than Firpo is and Willard could use both hands. Not that he ever did much with both hands after winning the championship except make threatening gestures. The one exception was with game young Floyd Johnson, who came tearing in to get the full force of an uppercut—who fought in the one style that suited Willard to a dot.

**Explaining an Angle.**

Indignant letters continue to drift in because the writer—and other writers—continue to give so much space to the Dempsey-Firpo entanglement.

"It is you fellows," pipes one wrathful reader, "who are taking a million dollars from the fight fans to turn over to Rickard, Dempsey, Kearns and Firpo. If you ignored the fight there would be no contest."

Since when has it been made legally compulsory for a fight fan to spend a dollar for a ticket against his will?

One of the first duties of any sporting writer is to get a line on what interests the public.

And when about every other person one runs across—banker, lawyer, cop, chauffeur, iceman, doctor, dentist, caddie, gunman, bootlegger, hallboy, elevator starter, editor, naturalist and others—loses little time in asking "What about this Dempsey-Firpo fight?" it seems to us there is enough general interest to speak about it publicly once in a while—if not oftener.

If we are all wrong in our deductions here will be a meagre attendance on September 14. If the place is packed the original deduction will have been correct. In either case our own personal fortune will not have been changed by the margin of a German mark. Firpo may turn out to be a set-up, but, for all that, he is the most dangerous opponent that Dempsey has ever met—the most dangerous because he is the only one to date who is aggressive and can hit hard enough to drop any man. There are also a lot of people who want to see Dempsey whip Firpo—and a lot of others who want to see Firpo unhorse Dempsey. And this doesn't hurt the gate receipts nor the general interest. Not a whit. And, above all this, there is one of the greatest of all lures—the promise of direct action and definite results.

**"Might Happen."**

HARRY LEON WILSON once built a great story around a California Chinaman whose philosophy was arranged around this quaint idea, "Can happen."

No matter what barbed misfortune struck the canny Oriental, he merely blinked and muttered "Can happen."

And of course it can, now and then, however impossible it may seem at the moment.

The basis of widespread interest in the Dempsey-Firpo carnival is about this, viz., "Might happen."

Few believe that it will happen, referring to any victorious assault by the Conquistadore, but they know that it might. Hence the boding hush, the heavy breathing and the yearning for ringside seats.

**Firpo and Carpentier.**

Firpo to-day is about where one Georges Carpentier was twenty-six months ago.

Not one in two hundred figured the Frenchman to win.

But they all knew he had that "million-dollar shot" embedded in his right fist, and if by any outside chance the explosion should happen to take place they all felt a feverish interest in being somewhere around when the detonation occurred.

There was little chance that the "million-dollar shot" would upset the champion—but it might.

Now Firpo comes along, with the same "million-dollar shot" imbedded in the same fist.

Firpo isn't as fast as Carpentier and he isn't as experienced.

But he is forty-three pounds heavier, four inches taller, about twice as strong, twice as rugged and a much harder hitter.

It so happens that Carpentier did land the "million-dollar shot," but the fuse blew away his right hand, leaving Dempsey's jaw intact.

Dempsey's jaw was tougher than Carpentier's paw. Yet the Frenchman proved that part of it could happen. He proved that the landing could be effected, even if the position couldn't be held. That same punch delivered by Firpo would have an entirely different sequel. Most of the damage would take place in Dempsey's jaw, not in Firpo's majestic fin—the hand that looks like a ham. This hand probably won't land as squarely as Carpentier's did. But it might. Wherefore most of the general hubbub.

**Probably Won't—but Still—**

It probably won't happen. The odds should be fairly thick that it won't. Meaning the arrival of Firpo's right on a vital spot.

But suppose it does?

There you have the core of the excitement.

Any one who has ever seen that tremendous fin of Firpo's knows that if it ever lands there will be no right thumb directed to the wrist.

This happened to Carpentier. It won't happen to Firpo.

First of all, Firpo has yet to land as Carpentier did. He is not nearly so accurate or swift a sniper. Carpentier was a sharpshooter with the right, while Firpo, with the same blunt instrument, is a club swinger or a mace wielder.

There is also this vast difference. Carpentier couldn't hurt Dempsey much by hitting him on the ridge of the jaw. Firpo can hurt Dempsey, or any one else, by hitting him on the forearm, elbow, neck, top of the head or body. If Dempsey doesn't get him in four or five rounds Dempsey may find a lot of his punching power fading out from numbing or benumbed wrists and forearms. Carpentier and Gibbons lacked the mule power to bother him in this way. That is a difference that must be considered.

**A Leading Problem.**

The main problem that Carpentier and Gibbons faced were hurting Dempsey after they hit him.

Firpo's problem is something else.

His problem will be to sock Dempsey upon chin, jaw or stomach before Dempsey has hooked an overhand left to the jaw or fired a full right into the abdomen.

Dempsey has always been a great and swift demolisher of big targets.

He may miss the moving objects, but he rarely misses the towering fortress.

How is Firpo to keep away from Dempsey's greater speed, greater skill and more accurate two-handed hitting?

If there is no answer to this Firpo must then prove the durability of a giant "Bat" Nelson to weather the simoon until his own heavy artillery has blown away the wire entanglements.

There is something in the great size, great strength and concentrated determination of Argentine's man of destiny and mystery to yield added color to the "might happen" belief.

He looks the part, up to 107 per cent. Concentrated determination is a great little pal in any emergency. When one has this to a marked degree "might happen" is never to be chucked out of the window with a yawn.

Firpo may look to be a set-up by the middle of the second round. But each time that a big right fist starts upon its march the "might happen" tingle will run up and down 80,000 vibrating spines. Those who have heard the far-off singing of a shell know the odds against its landing on any individual are as many to one.

Yet always it might happen. When Firpo clubs throught with his right Dempsey is not likely to be waiting in the middle of the road.

But the line of march held by a fist that can break a cove in two is always attended with some interest. If it lands there will be trouble—if it doesn't land, there will also be trouble of an entirely different nature.

"Might happen" is the foundation of this show. It probably won't. Even those who expect to see Dempsey win in two rounds admit the finish may be in doubt if Firpo is still erect and swinging at the end of the third. They extend the "might happen" period to any spot after the third chapter. Not before. But Harry Leon Wilson's canny Chinaman wouldn't be shocked if Firpo won in the first.

"THERE is at least one," remarks an exchange, "who isn't taking any gamble in this Dempsey-Firpo enterprise. This man is 'Tex' Rickard, the promoter."

We are not so sure about that.

Rickard will make his share on this one show, but any number of hostile critics have prophesied that he was hoisting a terrible thing on the public for a million-dollar haul.

Suppose it should work out that way? The Firpo-Willard war was extremely moth-eaten, not to say replete with pulp. It called for few rousing cheers.

Suppose on top of that entertainment Dempsey should walk out and knock Firpo south of the Equator in about two rounds, with Luis completely baffled and bewildered by Dempsey's greater speed?

Yes, the public might forget again without any great delay. But when a lot of expense is involvel the public now and then has a way of remembering.

When the tax begins to run into millions remembrance sometimes remains vivid for many months.

Rickard is taking his gamble not for the day, but for other enterprises later on. He isn't in business for one performance. If the charge of his keenest critics proves to be true—that Firpo is no sort of a match for Dempsey—those who have contributed the million or more will be as quiet as a thunderstorm.

The Home Woman

# Sedan Mission Returns From Campaigning Against Social Diseases in the North

*Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst Gives Energies to Work of Social Hygiene Council.*

The Business Girl

CONDUCTED BY MARGARET FEA

## Punch Home Public Health; Three Lone Women Invade Northern Ontario in Sedan

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, Miss Estelle Hewson and Mrs. R. A. Kennedy, Deal Knockout Blow To Vice and Ignorance in Ontario's Northland—Novel Action Taken By Women Devoted To Social Hygiene.

CARRIE NATIONS, hatchets hammers and vice campaigns have gone out of fashion. Enter now the period of refined motor missions conducted by gently spoken ladies armed with only courage, determinataion and damaging facts.

Just last week there came down out of the fastnesses of Northern Ontario a group of three modern female crusaders in the persons of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, once militant suffrage leader in Great Britain, now a Canadian citizen and resident of Toronto, Mrs. R. A. Kennedy, wife of a prominent physician of Ottawa, notable war worker and clubwoman, and Miss Estelle Hewson, Ontario Secretary of the Canadian Social Hygiene Council, the body under which the tour to the north was undertaken. Armed only with gatling gun enthusiasm, plenty of petrol, oratory and literature these three missioners left Toronto some five weeks ago to carry into the outlying districts of the province a message of racial improvement through the practice of social hygiene. It didn't look dangerous work, but it was. They meant to tell the folks along the three thousand mile journey there and back just the plain truth about vice, venereal disease, race destruction and the ways of prevention rather than cure.

THE gospel they meant to preach was that community health and social hygiene are dependent on private morality and private health, so the individual must know how to live before he or she may do their duty by the race, themselves and those who come after them. They took the message personally because it has been found that that is the only way to get things across effectively. So they travelled almost continuously for over a month, stopping at thirty towns and addressing twenty-two meetings, which were attended by 5,000 interested people who have now become centres of activity in their various localities. Places used for meetings included, town halls, schools, churches, (numbers of them Union Churches) hotels or any other halls big enough to hold a crowd. Audiences varied from town crowds in the more southerly centres, and fashionable, cultured gatherings in the summer colonies or hotels to lumbermen in the French Canadian mill towns near Parry Sound, or scattered groups of pioneering folk on the north shores of Superior or Island farmers on Big Manitoulin. Everywhere they found people interested and ready to lend a hand. One celebrated doctor from Johns Hopkins with whom they came in contact in Muskoka gave them his congratulations and his blessing, while his wife handed them fifty good Canadian dollars for the cause. A noted college president did equally well with kind words and practical assistance, while among humbler audiences and among ordinary folk there was an equally gratifying response.

THE women gospellers startled the folks with the intensity of their passion for reform and jolted many of them into clearer thinking than they had ever done before about the problems of living, of disease, and social health. Lots of folks, of course, went out of curiosity to see the notable Mrs. Pankhurst who had battled so strongly for votes for women. They expected to see an Amazon, but were not less amazed or interested when they found a motherly, gentle spoken, little woman who seemed to be more concerned about the welfare of babies than anything else, and who talked plain, strong words about the ravages of venereal disease in all communities, big or little, and advised knowledge as the only means of combatting an age-long enemy who has fattened on ignorance, sowing widespread vice as the result of false shame and secrecy about matters needing only the light of day, courage, and uncompromising action to rout and destroy them.

"Were you satisfied wih the results of your tour," Mrs. Pankhurst was asked by the World on the return of the party. "Well, yes, if you mean by that content with a good beginning made. It was hard to digest impressions and count up gains in so continuously busy a trip, but we broke ground, sowed seed and believe that it fell on excellent soil."

"WHAT about social conditions in the North?" "I should say not very different from here. You know people think that because they live in the great, open spaces, that life is bound to be cleaner and finer. Sometimes it is. But not always or of necessity. One very arresting instance of how ill-founded is the complacency in smaller places, with regard to conditions, and the prevalence of venereal disease comes to my mind. We were speaking in a little town one evening and one of the local clergymen took the chair. He congratulated the audience on living in "the great open, where life was cleaner that in the cities, the haunts of vice," and I ventured when I spoke to warn him and others against being too certain that things were as they looked. Perhaps confidence was founded, not on facts, but ignorance. Well, when the local doctor, who was in the audience, got up to move a vote of thanks to us, later, he did a very courageous thing. He expressed deep gratitude to us for our fine presentation of a difficult subject, said that no one knew better than himself the need of such campaigns or the awful nature of conditions, and wound up by stating that hardly a day passed that he did not reckon, in his practice with venereal disease or its results. The audience was almost stunned, but I do not think hurt in any way. If more doctors would be equally frank it would be the best thing that ever happened. Those people would go home and think deeply of social hygiene, not as a mission for others but for their very selves, their children and their children's children."

"DANCE halls, recreational provision and supervision, pernicious literature, what of them in the north?"

"Well, I think that there was just the usual unsatisfactory condition with regard to dance halls, in many of the places we touched, but we made no close investigation. Pernicious magazines such as have been complained of recently in the Public Health Journal we found everywhere there were newstands. A crusade will soon be in order if we are going to get rid of this highly dangerous imported filth. I am glad to hear that a constructive effort along this line has started in Winnipeg. It is bound to grow when people realize the things that the young folks are reading."

"AS TO the provision and supervision of recreation it was just the same old tale. Not enough co-operation between parents who are alive to conditions with school nurses, teachers and medical men. Once, in a prairie town a young teacher new to her work, found immorality rampant among the children. She ascertained the individuals concerned, then wrote the parents. In a few days she was dismissed. Nothing was done. The parents did not believe her and took no trouble to inform themselves. This sort of thing is not good enough for either parent or child."

CHILD welfare is really the backbone of our work, so we were horrified to find in one town we visited that in a childrens' home where the government blood test had been administered to all the inmates it had been found that 11 children out of the 30 gave proof of syphilitic infection. This sort of thing not only shows us our real job but also shows why it was necessary to pass such drastic legislation as we have in Ontario, against the diseases of vice.

Indeed, I should say, that if our little sedan mission had had no other far reaching result than giving people a specific idea of what the law now is and just why it was necessary to make it, we should have justified all our effort and expenditure. And then the fine, hospitable, kindly people we met! I cannot speak too highly of the way they received us, encouraged us and sent us on our way rejoicing. It was real inspiration."

"OUR trip was strenuous," said Mrs. R. A. Kennedy, who as Honorary Matron of a hostel for soldiers in Connaught Place, London, during the war, knows what hard work is, "but we blazed a very satisfactory trail in new territory. The response to our talks was quite wonderful. We were really surprised that our reception was so cordial. Do you know that from collections made at the meetings which were often impromptu, we were able to finance the whole trip? Once we had nothing but a cigar box to collect the shekels, but we got a goodly number. Of course, people do not like being told unpleasant truths, but they seemed to regard us as wholesome medicine and didn't hold any grudge against us for telling tales out of school, as has not been done much in the past. In Sault Ste. Marie we had 800 people come to hear us on the Canadian side, and 500 on the American side. And even when the audiences were small they were responsive. Altogether we must have reached over 5,000 people with a personal touch and that was well worth while."

TO MISS ESTELLE HEWSON, Ontario Secretary of the Canadian Social Hygiene Council and the third member of the party fell the heavy tasks of running both the car and the party. She was chauffeur, secretary, manager and treasurer. As she said in describing her duties, "I was general factotum and whenever there was shortage of either gas or gasoline, it was up to me to supply the need." But those who heard Miss Hewson give one of her straight-from-the-shoulder talks did not seem to think that she was a mere substitute, and her companions were made so comfortable on the tour that they had no fault to find with their driver. That she was able to return the party to Toronto without one accident and only one delay—due to a rusty tack—speaks well for her managerial ability.

"Northern Ontario is a fine country," said Miss Hewson. Among the interesting things we met with was a community farm run by some former Toronto people and some imported Irish landed gentry. These people have nearly a thousand acres of lovely farm land on the north shore and are conducting a full sized experiment in community agriculture. There are three or four families now on the place and we were amazed to find in the main buildings three bathrooms and all the conveniences of a lovely city home, Community governesses and "help," pooled finance and marketing with other unique features of farm life made this spot quite delightful, and the people themselves represented the highest types of cultured, well-bred aristocrats.

"IN THE summer hotels in Muskoka we were made tremendously welcome. One proprietor, of a fine hostelry gave us some of his best rooms and presented us with a receipted bill. In all of them we met cosmopolitan audiences and held most successful meetings. Even bridge parties and ball rooms did not serve to counteract social hygiene, I suppose curiosity to see Mrs. Pankhurst accounted for some of this good fortune, but those who came from curiosity stayed from interest.

"It was, however, in the little meetings where a handful had gathered from sparsely settled regions that some of our best work was done. We could talk man to man and we certainly found fine folks all along the way to help us on. We spent several days in the Manitoulin Island and had a great time getting our car over in the ferry as it was too tall for the hole. But eight men squeezed it in finally and over we went.

"We formed three new Councils, on the trip and every place we touched got little groups interested. Not only that, but all kinds of people offered individual services, Mayors of towns, doctors, ministers, medical health officers, magistrates, judges, club women, and mothers of families, they all lined up on our side, and we feel that the parts we touched are now really alive to the issues and that these people will be fans for social hygiene.

"A COURAGEOUS thing for women to do? O, I don't know. We just made up our minds it would be a good thing to do and we did it. Of course, it was strenuous, but the main thing was that it was effective and we have discovered all over again that the whole subject of public health can be made attractive to all sorts and conditions of people, once they understand what you are driving at. We drove a lot, but of all our driving we hope that the truths we sought to drive home will have the best results."








In circle insert—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst. Below—Five men trying to force the sedan through the opening of SS. Winona, at Gore Bay. Provincial Department of Health at North Bay where new disease clinic is held. Miss Estelle Hewson.

## Heard Czarina Sing in Russia

MISS BERTA CRAWFORD, the Toronto prima donna who is now singing in the Warsaw Opera, Poland, is shown in the photograph wearing the Russian earrings of heavy beaten gold which she managed to bring with her when she escaped from the terrors of Bolshevik Russia.

Miss Crawford, whose home is in Toronto, was born in Elmvale, Ontario, and from her earliest childhood cherished the dream of becoming a great singer. In 1911, Miss Crawford went to England to continue her vocal study, and went later to France, Italy and Poland, in which latter place she found herself when war broke out, and where she was virtually a prisoner. Later, when she had to escape from the Germans who were approaching Warsaw, and fled to Russia, it was to be held there for three long years.

Miss Crawford refused, when interviewed before she left Toronto to return for the Warsaw season, to relate the terrible experiences which she had known during her years in Russia, and the final escape from there in 1918.

During her stay in Petrograd she was for a time with the Baron and Baroness Stackelburg, and while there she frequently met at informal evening affairs, the Czar and Czarina, "The Czarina had a lovely voice and used to sing to us," said Miss Crawford, "and it is dreadful to recall those pleasant evenings, and then to think of the brutal killing of the Royal Family of Russia."

COMMUNICATIONS

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



MISS BERTA CRAWFORD

## Plum Recipes for Winter; Damsons Best for Conserve; Preserved Various Ways

Gone Are the Days When the Succulent Plum Was Merely Pricked, and Canned in Syrup—Serve It Spiced with Cold Meat, Or As Conserve with Hot Muffins and You Have a Feast for a King.

### USED AS BASIS FOR CHUTNEY SAUCE

**Canning:** Prick the plums to prevent their bursting. Use 30, 40 or 50 per cent syrup, according to the acidity (3½, 4½ or 5½ pounds of sugar to 4 quarts of water). Process in hot water bath 20 to 30 minutes or under 5-pound pressure for 12 minutes.

2. Pack the prepared fruit in jars. Add no water or syrup. Steam until juice flows, drain it off and reserve for jelly. Fill up jars with plums, employing same jars. Fill with syrup and process as above. These plums are less tart than those of the first method.

**Jelly:** Prepare juice with very little water; use barely ripe fruit. Add to the juice three-quarters its measure in sugar.

**Butter:** Cook plums in very little water until soft. Put through a colander, add one-half to two-thirds the measure of sugar; cinnamon and mace if desired. Simmer until very thick. Plums may be cooked in water to cover, which is then strained off for jelly, leaving pulp for butter.

**Jam:** (Green Gage) Remove pits, add half as much sugar as fruit dissolved in a very little water and brought to boiling. Cook fruit slowly until thick.

**Baked Preserve:** (Damson). Remove pits. Alternate layers of sugar and fruit (equal quantities in a deep baking dish) and add juice of 2 lemons. Cover and bake slowly for 3 hours. Do not stir. Can and seal.

**Conserve:** (Damson) Remove pits. Alternate layers of sugar and fruit (5 pints to 1 peck) in kettle. Add rind and juice of 2 lemons and 3 oranges and 3 pounds of seeded raisins, chopped. Stand 5 or 6 hours and simmer until thick and jelly-like. Nuts may be substituted for part of the raisins.

**Chutney:** Chop 4 ounces of seeded raisins, 3 of onions and one of garlic and pound with 2 ounces of crushed mustard seed to smoothness. Cook until very soft 16 ounces stoned plums, 2 cups of vinegar, 5 ounces of sugar, ½ teaspoon of salt and ¼ teaspoon of paprika. Mash fruit in the syrup, beat in the raisin mixture with 1 teaspoon of mixed spices. Can and seal.

**Spiced:** Boil 1 pint of vinegar, 3 pounds of brown sugar, 1 tablespoon each of cloves and cinnamon and 1 teaspoon of allspice for 10 minutes, and pour, while hot, over 4 quarts of plums (do not remove pits). Let stand overnight. Drain and heat liquid. Boil the plums until clear but not broken. Pack plums in jars and cover with syrup.

## Cushions Combine Beauty, Both of Material and Shape, With Destiny of Comfort

Shapes Are Half Moon, Circular, Square, Fan Shaped, and Others Adopt Form of Gorgeous Tropical Flowers.

### BROCADES VIE WITH SILKS AND SATINS

GONE are the days when a cushion was merely a form covered with striped material, and the sole use of which was a headrest. Gone, too, are the days of cotton-backed satin atrocities with the frill of two shades of ribbon sewn together—ribbons without a thought of harmony, but purchased rather with an eye to creating a bright spot in the room. Almost as obsolete are the company cushions with a mat of Battenburg lace "tacked" upon a glassy surface of the same skin-irritating satin.

The cushion has come into its own. It is not merely a utilitarian article. It does serve in a purely decorative capacity, but combines the charm of soft comfort with the blended beauties of rich material, harmonizing shades, pleasing texture of fabric, and an invitable heightening of the charm of the room in which it lies.

Various new shapes are shown from time to time, shapes which conform to the curve of a chair, or which lend support to the back in the Chesterfields which are many of them too wide of seat to make for comfort without cushions.

Four of the newer shapes and materials are shown in the illustration, and to these might be added the half-moon shape which lies flat against the back of a chair, without the uncomfortable bulge where the circular surface of the cushion seeks to conform to the straight line of the chair, and fits so neatly into the small of the back that it seems to be a veritable part of the person to whose comfort it is adding.

SEVERAL of the most striking of the new cushions seen at the Exhibition in various exhibits are illustrated. The fan shaped cushion in the corner is of jade green stain with rosy-pink flowers appliqued on it. A pleated band of cloth of gold is held in place with two cordings, and insertion of gold which forms the spokes of the fan, finishes it at the top, while a golden tassel adds a final touch of splendor.

The second from the right is of taupe stain its centre gay with a cluster of purple violets. Three cordings running from the centre out, are responsible for shaping the cushion like a huge, three petalled flower of exotic beauty.

One of the newest shapes seen was the lozenge shape, developed in black panne velvet and gay brocade. The centre is a rich metallic brocade of blue, silver and black, and the rich velvet forms a soft pouch-like puff, around the edge, a puff which would be fully twelve inches wide.

The lowest cushion in the picture is a dainty boudoir affair of satin in a delicate Nile green tint. It has a deep, soft puff from the edge into the centre, where five rows of cording form a medallion from which springs a nosegay of pastel tinted, and metallic flowers. A tassel of spun gold thread escapes from its bondage in the midst of the nosegay, and drapes its golden length across the surface of the cushion.




Oriental in their beauty and luxur iousness are the newest cushions



# The Mother of Gold

## By the Author of THE COVERED WAGON

EMERSON HOUGH'S Last Story



*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 penitents 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 lick-lock 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.*

*John Palmer recognizes the intruder. It is Luisa Martinez, sister of the girl Palmer stole from her proud Spanish family years before—a baby then, but a beauty now. Luisa has been stolen and is the prisoner of Pancho Villa. It was she who shot Pancho when press reports had him wounded in battle. Hallock falls in love with her at first sight. The Americans decide to take her and her old woman servant away with them, as Villa is expected. As they leave, Palmer explodes a terrific flashlight powder to frighten the natives and stave off immediate pursuit.*

*Dr. Blakely and the Westlake family, Mary, her mother and father, arrive in the land of the old Martinez home, where men forget to die. It was here that John Palmer stole his sweetheart, Luisa's sister. Father Ernesto, mysterious good Samaritan of the district, which borders the land of the Mother of Gold sought by Palmer and his party, dreads the appearance of the Americans.*



"Here was the treasure house of the world."

### FATHER ERNESTO.

WHEN these new travelers advanced along the descending trail into Father Ernesto's valley presently they reached a low wall of stone, flung out to make a sort of inclosure a few acres in extent. Its rear was fenced by the shoulder of a hill that jutted out into the lower levels. Within this inclosure stood the ranch buildings of stone or adobe, small affairs, with beams projecting from beneath their dirt roofs, the front very clean, the walls white with gypsum wash. Native hands cared for the padre, as though this were Mexico centuries ago.

At the head of the inclosure, where a rock ledge thrust out from the foot of the mountain, there sprang a spring of clear, sweet water, unceasing, very beautiful indeed in so dry a land as this. The waters of this fountain were led all about the enclosure, serving to give life to much verdure, to tall date palms, many strange plants.

Hard by, built about a palm lined patio, stood the house of Father Ernesto, its roof, extended out on heavy beams, forming a shady cover on all edges of the patio save that where the entrance gate led in. Under this roof was a continuous floor of wide and heavy flagstones. The adobe walls were heavy, the embrasures of the windows three feet or more in depth. The native whitewash had made all neat, and where a glance passed through a door towards the rear of any of these rooms, all of which opened upon the inner court, the floor might have been seen to be scrupulously clean, though it was no more than clay, packed hard, sometimes sprinkled with water, and regularly swept.

Some signs of comfort, though not of luxury, were visible near the window and door of a suite or apartment at the farther corner of the patio—a canary in a cage, a parrot in yet another cage, a cat lying on the floor. Mary Westlake, advance agent of the party now, caught this, and reflected how like it was to the home she had known far away, with its touch of repose; she smiled in a sudden feeling of comfort.

It was from this door that there had emerged, when he heard the tinkling of the mule bells, the patron of this place—Father Ernesto, a stranger to these newcomers.

As though a figure of some old world picture, he advanced to them, his hands outstretched, a tall and singular figure. He was clad in a long, brown robe caught about the waist with a plaited leather thong. On his feet were sandals. His head had no cover, his hair was long and white, his beard, strong and full, also white. His eye, the sort once wont to shine with the light of battle or the flame of love, now was calm, hid beneath bushy brows of gray. He had taken no orders, had known only the great vow of renunciation, but you must have thought him indeed a member of some holy order, such was the fashion of his dress, his kindliness, his fatherliness, as now he greeted his visitors.

"You have come, my friends?" said he. "I have expected you since the doctor wrote. This is the end of your road."

He reached out and took the hand of Mary Westlake.

"My daughter," said he, looking at her keenly, "the doctor wrote of you. You have wept. Why? You are young, not ill of body. You are only weary, you are only worn in mind. come, it soon will be well with you. You are welcome here."

He turned now gravely toward the interior of the patio, beckoning them all to follow him, as they did, abashed into silence. Presently all were shown places where they were to sleep; and ere long they were led to a low ceiled room which might have been a refectory of some old European monastery, with its cloth'ess tables, its floors of earth packed hard, its walls of stone or earth, whitewashed with the all prevalent native lime.

One or two silent native women passed here and there, bearing food to the newcomers. Father Ernesto also passed among them, speaking kindly to them. "Eat, my friends," said he, in his quaint way of speech; "the trail brings good appetite. These fowls are ours, and the eggs are from our own yard here. Our mutton is of the best, and perhaps you may like the peppers which we fancy here. You see, we have fruits. Our bread is ground from the corn we raise. Tea we do not often have, but coffee we sometimes get from the ports, and this sugar you see we make here in the country. O, we make out to live in this country, rude as it must look to you."

"You, my sister"—he turned to Mrs. Westlake—"you must eat or you cannot thrive."

A certain light came in the depths of the sombre eyes of this middle-aged woman, into whose life so little of romance had ever come. Swift unbidden tears welled quietly to her eyes. "You are a good man, you are kind, Father," said she. He smiled at this. "You are not Spaniard, Father," she added.

"O, no. I speak the language and love it very much—speak in its idiom, I fear, for I think in that speech now. But I was once American. I came from your country. That was very many years ago. I would not know it now. They call me now the Father of the Ranch of Good Hope. I am not good enough to be really of any church, though it is supposed I am. For my people here I have built a church, and sometimes holy fathers worthy the name come here and preach for us, hold Mass, accept the confessions of these poor people—who have sinned little enough, it seems to me. Sometimes also I have had Protestant ministers of the Gospel from the towns far above, and have asked them to speak here also in my church. Sometimes I have argued with them all the night through as to what was religion. I do not as yet know. I have found a strange world down here. But sometimes there have been good men here. He is a good man, the doctor who brought you here, what I call a brother. To bring hope to others—that is religion."

"You are a strange man," said Mrs. Westlake her mind of a struggle to understand what all seemed to her only some odd dream.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because of your charities ——"

"It is not charity, it is hospitality."

"That is religion, yes!" said Mrs. Westlake.

He smiled. "It is religion enough for me, and success enough. Sixty years ago I came to this country. Forty years I lived in the halls, and taught myself to learn calm. Then I saw that it might be given me to do something wider than that, something for others as well as for myself. For twenty years I have tried as best I might to do what I could to make my peace. I prayed for ten years, madam. I am very happy. I am but paying a debt—a heavy one—one which perhaps in the eye of God never will be paid.

"But I cannot talk of myself." He turned aside, his face showing some strange emotion which she could not fathom.

"Believe me, madam," he added, turning back, "the desert does wondrous things. Face to face, wandering in the hills, there, perhaps, one may meet—one's self!"

His voice, slow, gentle, giving almost biblical words of comfort and hope, ceased. Mary Westlake had heard much of what was said to her mother. She found herself standing alone in the dusk, on the hard swept earth before the door. A servant came and showed her with lighted candle to the room where she was to pass the night. There was no bed save a thin mattress on the floor.

There came through the door of the little room, through the entry gate of the courtyard, the sound of a tiny bell, tinkling some summons. A sort of rustle, a hush as of the evening settling down, went on all about her, as she felt insensibly. A calm came upon her mind, some sort of relaxation to her body.

"At least, Barry," she said to herself, "I'm closer to you here! Ah, where are you? Have you indeed gone? Could I ever forget?"

Mrs. Westlake, never demonstrative, did not much change her habits even in scenes so new and striking as those of the Ranch of Good Hope. Much to her physician's pleasure, she took readily to the doctrine of dolce far niente, which for the most part ruled thereabouts, and quietly settled down to the enjoyment of the soft air, the blue sky and gentle mountain breezes. To her daughter alone did she express any opinions as to her personal status. "I declare, Mary, it don't seem right to me not to do any work at all. I wonder how your pa is getting on back home?"

DR. BLAKELY advised her that she need give herself no concern over her absent husband, but should settle herself down to the full enjoyment of the greatest place in the world for a rest cure, as he expressed it. "You have not a thing in the world to worry over," said he. "This is a simply wonderful place. Look at the sky!"

Mary Westlake needed not this injunction. She did look at the sky, at the environing rim of the valley. Her gaze instinctively turned toward the east. She was wondering where, in the far-off land of Mexico, might at that time be wandering the feet of the man she loved.

No word had come out from Barry Allison, nor could any come. He did not know that she could guess where at the time he himself might be. The more she stopped to reason, the more convinced she became that her lover had departed upon an errand wholly chimerical.

One day, yielding with a certain shame, as a drug addict does to his chosen potion, Mary Westlake found herself alone in her little room, in her hand the crystal sphere which, for some reason that she could not explain, she had brought with her to this far-off country. Almost blushing in depreciation of her folly, once more she placed the little ball upon the bare table top, sat looking at it intently, ashamed of her fatuousness, yet hoping that once more her senses might be deceived.

And as she sat, once more there came to her eyes the same picture she had seen back yonder in her home—the picture of the deep, shut-in valley, with a stream of water flowing through, and across it a great bar shining in some unreal yellow light. The valley of the Madre D'Oro!

How long the girl sat looking at this strange revelation of her subconscious mind or that of another, she could not tell. But once more there came to her the comforting feeling that there was, or might be, or perhaps might be, something of reality in yonder figment product of unknown and imponderable forces. Yonder somewhere lay the valley of gold. And yonder, somewhere, was her lover seeking for it.

Always methodical in her habits, and realizing that here in Lower California she was closer to Barry Allison than at her home in the Far North, she began to look about the ranch for some sort of map of this lower country. Telling Father Ernesto of her wishes, he smiled.

"My dear," said he, "we have no maps here; that is to say, no modern maps, for we retain small interest in what the outside world may do or may be. But a map of old Spain—old, very old—that I can show you, if you like."

He fetched for her an ancient parchment, placed it upon the table of the central room. "See," said he. "It shows no railroads, for the railroad was not then known. But few of the old sailing routes are given here, and almost no points of this old peninsula. Here, below, you see the pearl fisheries marked—rich, always rich, they have been."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, bending over the parchment with him. "Our friend, Mr. Trent, Randall Trent, of our town, has told me of that place, La Paz, isn't it?"

"Yes. You know our country? Does he?"

"I know nothing at all of it, myself," she replied. "But Mr. Trent has been in different parts of Mexico. He is interested in oil wells over on the east side. He travels a great deal. Some men, you see, are always looking for a place to make money."

"Yes!" The face of the old man clouded somewhat. "They come more and more, that sort. We cannot forever keep them out. Yes, progress is hard at our heels now, after all. The richness of this country cannot be denied, cannot be concealed.

"The old Spaniards no more than scratched it!" he went on. "But still they had the instinct for riches of any country. See now, here is the old trade route from Cathay to Spain. Yonder, east of the Gulf of California, is where the galleons from Manila landed. Here at San Blas or at Acapulco they disembarked their cargoes for freighting mule-back across to Vera Cruz, over the old Spanish road. Bold days they must have been, my dear, when the mule trains went across. Silks and spices and gold, pearls and gems and precious stuffs of every sort—that was when Spain gained her wealth, when Europe did. Here was the treasure house of the world, my dear—here, under our fingers on the old map."

"Treasure house?" Her eyes turned upon him. In response he looked at her keenly.

"Yes, the treasure house of the world!" said he. "Of course, you know of a great many of the old legends. Did you never hear of the great mother vein of gold in Mexico yonder? Some said that was where Spain got more gold than anywhere of all her possessions.

"You have heard of that, perhaps—a sort of superstition?"

"Perhaps more than a superstition. At least some men have thought it more. Did I never tell you of one, John Palmer, who lived with us here in this valley, and was one of us for years back? We thought him settled here—he was living at the great Martinez Rancho, deep toward the interior of the peninsula."

"John Palmer!" A faint recollection came to the girl's mind. She had heard Barry Allison mention that very name!

"Yes, we called him that—or Juan Palmero. We thought that he would be happy here. For a time he said he had put the world behind him. Some woman, perhaps? We do not ask of those things. But what I know is that there was one woman here. For sake of that which we call superstition John Palmer perhaps ruined the happiness of as sweet and beautiful a girl as ever lived—Dolores Martinez was the most beautiful young woman these eyes of mine have ever seen. Well, Dolores and her little sister, Luisa—but a child she was then—went away with John Palmer when he himself left our country. Why did he go, eh? I can tell you that. He went to see if he could find the Madre D'Oro!"

He saw the girl before him start, flush.

"You have never heard of the Madre D'Oro? You do not know the superstition of the great valley full of gold—the origin of all the gold in this country? Well, John Palmer and I talked over that.

"You see, he lived close to the home of old Pedro, that very old man whom Dr. Blakely has come down here to see. He is so old that he is of interest to science, Pedro. Well, John Palmer lived with Pedro, talked with him. And I say to you, John Palmer left with Dolores Martinez to find the Madre D'Oro!

"True, he took the maid with him to save her life and his. They were married here at the Ranch of Good Hope. Well, who should say them nay? Palmer was not a man ever to be balked of what he wished. But that thing he did because of what Pedro, the very old man, had said to him. Pedro came here long ago with the great Martinez family, from the rich country of Mexico beyond. What Pedro knew—well, why should I inquire? I am done with gold—and life!"

Again Mary Westlake looked at him keenly, endeavoring to remain on her guard. She must not talk, must not divulge anything of the secret which her lover had given her. She did not tell him that John Palmer's name was one that she had heard before, only she felt her heart thumping at the thought that now the trails of human lives of which she knew began to converge as though toward some magnet point of interest.

"But look here!" she said, suddenly startled out of her own attempt at poise, her finger at one point on the old map. "Look at that!"

"Yes," said the old man, quietly. "I know all about that. This point is close to a portion of the old Spanish road which once ran from Vera Cruz and Guadalajara, San Blas, and Acapulco—the old treasure road of Spin. They knew something of the Madre D'Oro, although they were not sure. See—here is what they wrote—I will translate for you: The supposition is that here lies the great lost mine known as the Madre D'Oro."

"Not even the Spaniards were sure. They never had been sure. But they knew that somewhere in those mountains over yonder there was a valley tremendously rich in gold. They never found it. Not even Alvarado with all his cruelties could ever wring from the ancient peoples knowledge of the actual site of the Madre D'Oro. So they guessed at it and marked it down—so that yet others may disturb their minds regarding it, I presume.

"Well, it may be that John Palmer went somewhere in that direction. I know that he landed at San Blas when he sailed from here. Then he disappeared down the ancient road of Spain. He and his wife—that beautiful girl whom I loved and whom all loved who ever knew her—never have been heard of from that time till now. My dear, that is tragedy. They found the ancient curse of the Madre D'Oro."

Something about his senses, keen from their long continued disuse, caught some sort of agitation in the girl's mind. His keen eyes narrowed. "What have you heard, by dear?" said he, quietly.

She turned to him frankly. "As much as the next, perhaps, Father Ernesto. History, you see, has always been the favorite study with me. I have read an old book or so—naturally they were interesting."

"But this Pedro of whom you speak, Father, what do you suppose he knew to tell your friend John Palmer?"

FATHER ERNESTO shrugged. "How should I know? It might be natural for one so old to bring up the stories of his childhood. No doubt he and Palmer discussed the old superstitions of the land where he first saw the light of day. O yes, Pedro has talked to me from time to time. For twenty years, thirty, he has told me some things which no doubt he told John Palmer."

"What was that, Father Ernesto?" Her eye was innocent, though her heart was thumping in her bosom.

"My dear, his talk to me was of a hidden valley filled with gold, which lay somewhere in the mountains."

"Was that all, Father?"

Again he looked at her keenly and then smiled. "No, that was not all," said he. "He told me that the Aztecs actually knew the location of that valley; that they guarded the secret with the most extraordinary precautions. Of course, you have never heard that tale."

"Tell it to me!" Her eyes, wide with surprise, were turned full upon him.

Father Ernesto spread out his hands, and then, to her amazement, her half terror, he went on to tell her what old Pedro again and again had given to him as truth—the full story of the Sacred Three, guardians of the Madre D'Oro; the method of selection of a survivor in case of the death of one of the guardians—in short, the whole detail of the Madre D'Oro legend precisely as Barry Allison had given it to her, and precisely as a document of the United States government had given it to him!

"He is very old, this man Pedro," mused Father Ernesto. "Yet never have I known him to vary an iota in his story. It is written on his mind ineradicably, that's sure. A strange man, Pedro. He had few friends, seemed to be suspected by every one on account of his great age and his great vitality. With John Palmer he talked—with me also.

"But what use have I for all the gold in the world? It could bring me nothing. What has it brought to Pedro? Some day he must die, and will talk no more of the valley within sight of the top of Orizaba. What will it bring to John Palmer? Gold—that great secret? What could it bring to me except new unhappiness?"

"Come with me," he said. He took her hand in his and led her to the far end of the shaded patio where stood two great rose bushes full of countless blooms. Between them lay a heavy slab of stone, upon it no inscription.

"You see this spot, my dear," said the old man gently. "I have shown it to no other person these many years. Under that stone for many, many years has lain the only thing in life that ever seemed to me worth having. That was the woman who brought me here. In every man's life there is a woman, my dear. You know that? You have heard that? Well, this is a sacred secret to be kept also.

"For reason of what went on between this woman and myself, for reason that all toil and danger and trouble of this world, long since ended for her—for reason that once I loved and never could love again, I say I have given up all thought of the world and of those things which interest most of the persons who live in that world which I long since abandoned. Ask me no more, my dear; but now you know why I am indifferent to all this secret of great wealth. The Spaniards at length became indifferent. Long since, I became indifferent. The Madre D'Oro? It may be—why should I care? What could it buy for me if I owned it all to-day? Ah, Mea culpa! Mea culpa! Mea culpa maxima!"

"Then you, too, have a story, Father?" Her voice was gentle.

"None may ask me," he replied, half fiercely. "I once saw the procession of the days, as other men. Now I have seen the world go by here, day by day and year by year. We have seen it bring us a great change. When the day comes I must die. Well, so must old Pedro yonder—our work will have been done. Yet once I loved life. Once I drank to the last drop the draught of all that life had to give. But to-day—gold? Not at all! I would not sail across yonder gulf to find the Madre D'Oro."

"You speak like some old player of the morality plays!"

"I don't know what you mean. I am Ernesto. Father Ernesto they call me now, although I am no priest and never have claimed to be. Simply I have tried to do what good I could among people simple and innocent. I have set the world aside—fled from it as far as I could go. What has gone on in the world since I forgot it—that I cannot say."

"But John Palmer had not lived through all the drama when last I saw him. The woman who loved him went with him as his wife. Well, his story is his own story. Those who go out of our life need not come back to it again—they go into the world; and here the world has not yet come."

"May I see old Pedro?" demanded Mary Westlake, turning to him suddenly.

"That could be done. He is up two days' journey inland from here. But why should you undertake it? What do you wish of Pedro?"

The girl looked at him with straight eyes, her features firm. "You are a man with whom one speaks the truth. I want to ask old Pedro what he knows of the Madre D'Oro!"

"Why should you ask him?"

"I wish to know more about John Palmer."

"Why should you wish that? Have you ever heard of John Palmer before I told you this?"

"Yes, I have heard of him. I knew who he was."

The face of the old man clouded. "My dear," said he, "you do not know what you are asking. You are treading on dangerous ground."

Mary Westlake said nothing further about her desire to interview old Pedro, although the desire, the intention to do so, remained none the less keen. For three weeks, while her mother slowly recuperated, improved, under the kindly influences of this far off valley, she and Dr. Blakely passed their time idling, reading, dreaming, making short excursions into the country that lay about them—it took but a step to carry them into the wilderness.

And then, at the end of three weeks, came an occurrence which Mary almost expected, not with happiness, but with something of dread. Randall Trent, none less, appeared at the Ranch of Good Hope, unannounced and yet apparently confident of his reception!

HE did not come overland down the long trail from the southern border, but had found mule transport at a seaport on the western coast of the pennisula. Immaculate, florid, well turned out in his sport clothes, apparently free even of the dust of the trail, he dismounted at the entrance of the Ranch of Good Hope as keenly confident as though he had been a bridegroom.

Blakely met him, explained his coming to Father Ernesto, saying he hoped to have the privilege of joining this newcomer to their party, since he had come from their town and was a friend of the Westlakes.

Trent lost no time in finding his way to the side of Mary Westlake. He explained his presence easily.

"Of course, I know where you had gone," said he. "I might just as well admit that I came out to California because I knew you were coming. I've been down the coast—of course, I've known about the pearl fisheries of La Paz, and lately I have heard that pearls were getting low. Two or three of us formed a little company to go down there and buy up a few bays and start a little fishery of our own. See now I have brought something for you."

He held out his hand, in whose palm lay a half dozen magnificent pearls—black, pink, cream; the best of the marvelous product of La Paz fisheries, never surpassed in any part of the world.

"For you, my dear!" said he. And looked at her as though he felt the same sense of ownership in her that he had in the pearls themselves. She declined to receive them from his hand.

"But you're glad to see me?" he went on, not wholly abashed. "You might know I would come! Mary, I'll follow you to the last end of the world. Some time I hope you will let me have these pearls made up for you."

"I didn't expect you, no," said she. "I didn't ask you."

"Not in so many words. I told Blakely I was coming down."

He was poking at the pearls with a finger of a hand as he held them. "See this big black one!" he broke out. "Isn't it a beauty? We'll get it made into a ring for you! And I say! how perfectly stunning you look—you don't know how beautiful you are. I declare, the tan improves you. Isn't it a wonderful climate here?"

"It's good for those who want rest and quiet."

"It's good for anybody," he rejoined. "I may come down here often. I can see plenty of easy money all over Mexico—oil, gold, silver, even these pearls; and some men, you know, pick up money wherever they go. They tell me I'm one of those. I hope so. I would like to bring all the world and lay it at your feet. Maybe you would listen, then!"

"Is that all?" she asked, smiling almost indifferently.

It was evening now and the vast purple shadows were coming from the hills. They two had walked a little apart from the entrance to the ancient ranch house. The rim of the pale moon began to show above the distant hills. Near by came the tinkle of water among the stones, the soft shining of silver on the fronds of palm trees. They both were young; he surely was not an unmanly nor an unsuccessful man. Yes, he had succeeded, after all. And this was a world apparently made for love alone. She did not altogether check him as he spoke of love.

"You still want time, don't you, my dear?" said he, after a silence. There was a certain diffidence, delicacy, in his tone, the best weapon he could have used in his assault upon her heart.

"Yes, I still want time. My year isn't up."

"A year! How absolutely absurd! Time passes for all of us. Each year is a year gone out of our lives—so much taken out of our happiness. A year? I can't wait a year."

"Hush! You must not say such things," rejoined the girl. "If you keep on in this way I must leave you."

"Ah! You're free of all this!" He waved a hand around him, at such setting for a scene of love alone. "I swear, I don't see how you can be cold as you are!" He cast back his shoulders, not ashamed of himself at all.

"I did not ask you here and do not ask you to continue here. I've told you not to talk of any of these things."

"You ask water not to flow downhill!"

"You go too far. No man is ever going to compel me to do anything."

"Then you never will be happy, my dear."

"I'll take my chances. Besides, I'm going away to-morrow morning."

(To be continued.)

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# The Woman Who

## *Out of Her Dreams Came Norma's Cries of "Bob," to Torture But at Last to Cure Her Guilty Husband, Harvey.*



"With a savage gleam in his eyes, Harvey leaned closer—."

NORMA SCOTT made a lovely figure as she sat before the dressing table in her bedroom. It was a charming bedroom, all rose and ivory, and Norma was rose and ivory, too, and equally charming. The filmy negligee she wore, drifting back from her shoulders, revealed the exquisite perfection of her neck and throat. It seemed difficult to believe that Harvey had found some other woman more attractive, during the past few months, yet apparently he had. She took a letter from the dressing table and read for the fifth time the paragraph which had turned suspicion almost to certainty.

"You know, dear," it said, "I wouldn't for the world make trouble between Harvey and yourself, but I have learned on the best of authority that he is running after that Bolton girl again."

The sound of a closing door caused Norma to slip the letter into the dressing table drawer. Harvey was home early—far earlier than she had expected. Poker nights, as he called them, usually ran into the wee small hours of the morning. He came in, heavily virtuous, as though the fact of his arrival before midnight deserved especial commendation. Norma offered none. Her gaze was not friendly. About her husband she thought she detected a faint aura of perfume.

"Well," he said, nervously fingering a cigarette, "how was the bridge party?"

"Tiresome. You're back early. Was it ladies' night at the poker game?" There was keen irony in her voice; she was certain about the perfume now.

Her husband flushed. He was palpably ill at ease.

"No," he said. "Not exactly. By the way, who brought you home? Bob?"

Norma Scott became suddenly rigid. The ivory comb in her hand remained suspended in midair. "Bob?" she asked slowly. "Bob who?"

"I don't know. Wish I did. But somebody by that name has come into your life, and——"

"What makes you think that?"

"I'm not going to tell you, my dear. At least not now. But I know what I'm talking about." He left the room abruptly and went into his study, across the hall. He was still sitting there at his desk half an hour later, when Norma went to bed.

She lay awake for a long time, thinking. What an astonishing situation! Just as she had nerved herself to accuse him he had almost taken her breath away by accusing her. What was he doing at his desk so late? He often brought home important contracts to go over, but he did not usually work on them at night. And why did he keep the desk so carefully locked? Norma was still wondering about these things when her husband came back into the room and began to get ready for bed. She pretended to be asleep but it was hours before she finally drifted off. Harvy was awake, too, she thought, from the restless way in which he tossed about, but she could not be sure.

In the morning, however, she forgot the matter of the desk in a press of household duties, and it did not occur to her again until young Mr. Phillips, her husband's secretary, arrived with Harvey's keys and orders to unlock the desk and obtain some forgotten papers. It was peculiar, she thought, that the task had not been intrusted to her. She stood at Mr. Phillips' elbow as he raised the mahogany cover and took some blue-backed documents from a pigeonhole. During the brief moment that the desk was open she saw something that gripped her interest. It was a small, leather covered book, lying face upward on the green baize slide, its pages covered with Harvey's characteristic hand-writing. Her attention was attracted the more because, in her momentary glance, she saw, near the top of one of the pages, her own name.

When Mr. Phillips had gone she stood for a long time staring at the desk with somber eyes. The book she had recognized at once. It was a diary she had given her husband the winter before, on the occasion of a trip they had made to the West Indies. Harvey had expressed a desire to keep a record of their journey together, but, manlike, had abandoned the attempt after the first few days. What new emotion had caused him to write in it now? Why did her name appear in it? In spite of the care with which Mr. Phillips had closed and locked the desk, she knew it would be an easy matter for her to find out.

Norma Scott had never been in the habit of prying into her husband's private papers. It had been tacitly agreed between them at the time of their marriage that they would hold each other's personal affairs inviolate. Not that either of them contemplated carrying on any affairs that would not bear the light of day; the thing had been a gesture, a graceful way of admitting their perfect trust in each other. And now it seemed, to Norma at least, that the trust so frankly given had not been justified. Rumors had come to her—straws blown her way on the light breath of gossip—which could not be ignored. And then the letter of the day before, with its damning paragraph. It seemed to her that certainty, at any cost, had now become imperative.

To open the desk would be an easy matter, in spite of Harvey's care in locking it. A mahogany antique, it had been bought during the first year of their married life, when thoughts of locking things up had not occurred to either of them. Harvey had taken one key as a mater of form; the other, duly tagged, had been placed by Norma in a box, along with all the other useless keys we most of us collect—and forget. Harvey, of course, had forgotten this other key Should she make use of it? As she stood debating the matter the yellow Autumn sunlight gave to her features an elusive, almost fairylike charm. It was this elusive quality in her that had often caused Harvey to sweep her suddenly into his arms, as though determined to show, by physical force, his right to possess her. The elusiveness of her had appealed to other men besides Harvey; it should have held him more firmly than it had during the past few months.

Suddenly Norma made her decision. To find the key, unlock the desk, was a matter of moments. With a queer feeling of guilt she took up the book.

To her surprise, it contained but two entries. One had been made several das before—the other bore the date of the preceding night. So this was what Harvey had been writing. She read the entries with widening eyes.

TUESDAY.

"A QUEER thing happened last night—so queer that I am going to keep a record of it. It may prove useful, later on. Norma talked in her sleep—about a man. She never did such a thing before. I had been awake for over an hour, thinking about that Morrison case, when she suddenly cried out as though some one had hurt her, and then said, quite distinctly, "Bob—Bob—you've got to held me!" After that, a queer jumble of words, of which I could make nothing.

"Who could she have been thinking of? Some one she met years ago? The subconscious mind plays us strange tricks, at times. Or is it some one who has just come into her life? The thing upset me terribly, for some reason. I couldn't go to sleep for hours. Is it possible she has heard something about M. B. and myself, and decided to retaliate? I guess she'd have the right to, but it wouldn't be like Norma to do such a thing as that. At least I don't think it would be. But you never can tell, about a woman.

"There's Bob Colgate, of course, but he's married. However, so am I, for that matter. I wonder if she will do it again."

SATURDAY.

and Main St., East Toronto League

"For the past four nights I've been lying awake waiting for her to say something more, but she hasn't. To-night I came home early—about that thing, and I foolishly let her see that I did, too. Shedidn't deny it, either. But she looked startled. I suppose Ill lie awake again. This thing is getting on my nerves.

"I'm not trying to spy on her. It's absurd, I suppose, to be jealous of just a name. But somehow I can't seem to close my eyes. M. B. says I've been working too hard, and suggests a trip to Atlantic City. I don't think that would do me any good. What I need is the truth. And I'm going to have it, if I have to wait a month."

Here the entries ended. Norma stared at the pages before her with glowing eyes. A singular, almost, humorous smile hovered about her lips as she replaced the book where she had found it and closed and locked the desk.

nor Harvey made any reference to

At dinner that evening neither she their conversation of the night before. He seemed nervous, out of sorts, but Norma was her usual charming self. She spent the evening reading a book, and turned in early. Harvey was sitting gloomily in his study.

During the week that followed Harvey Scott and his wife followed a peculiar and astonishing routine. Each night he wrote, feverishly, excitedly, in his diary. And each morning Norma read, with an unfathomable smile, the things he had written. Yet, except for the trivial affairs of life, neither of them spoke.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

"Norma went to bed early. As usual, I couldn't sleep. I went into the bedroom about twelve. She was lying there as peaceful as a child. I was just wondering how a woman could sleep so quietly, with another man on her mind, when she began to mutter that name, Bob, over and over, followed by 'No—no—no—dear, I can't.' Then more words—a meaningless jumble. God—what shall I do?

"That fellow Phillips, my secretary, is named Robert. He's been to the house several times, too, for papers and things. And he—but the thing's absurd. She's never seen him more than half a dozen times in her life."

"My nerves are going to the dogs. Some queer fascination keeps me awake, waiting hour after hour for I don't know what. Could she have heard anything about M.? I refused to go to Atlantic City. At least for the present. I've got to find out who this man is. I always believed Norma was the sort of woman to be trusted, but—I don't know. And I've got to know. People say a husband is always the last one to hear about his wife's indiscretions, but I had thought that if Norma ever came to care for any one else she would tell me about it. Now I find myself doubting her. If I only could be sure."

On Tuesday Norma read the following with a queer frown.

MONDAY NIGHT.

"It's after one o'clock, and Norma is sleeping like a lamb. I've been a jealous fool, I guess. She was just dreaming. I think I shall go away for a rest. M. B. keeps telephoning, insisting on a trip. I wish she'd let me alone. I can't get away this week, that's one thing sure."

A postcript had been added in the morning, a single line.

"Norma slept quietly all night. I'm going to stop worrying."

The entry which greeted Norma's eyes on Wednesday was of a somewhat different character.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

"A woman does not dream the same thing over and over without good reason. To-night I was sleeping soundly for the first time in a week, when I was awakened by a cry. It was Norma. 'No!' she screamed, 'Bob—you mustn't—you mustn't!' She was trembling all over. I woke her up, asked her what was the matter. She said she must have been having a nightmare, and went off to sleep again at once. I came in here to write. There is no doubt about it—Norma is in love with some one else—some man named Bob. I've got to find out who he is. But how can I? By having her watched? A contemptible thing to do—degrading, almost—to set hired detectives to watch any one you love. I don't believe she'd do it to me—I hope not, anyhow—the way things have been these past few months. This uncertainty is driving me mad. And M. B. isn't helping matters any, with her silly demands."

When Norma looked into the diary on Thursday she was smiling, although there were tired lines about her eyes.

"There are just three men in the club," she read, "named Bob. Two of them are married, with families. The third is engaged. It can't be any of them. Some one in town, most likely.

"After all, it's easy enough for a woman to make a fool of her husband, if she wants to. How am I to know what Norma does when she goes in to shop or to a matinee? She might meet this fellow two or three times a week, and I wouldn't be any the wiser. A man who trusts his wife is helpless. I know that. And if he doesn't trust her, life becomes a hell on earth, as I'm just beginning to find out. Norma asked me at breakfast this morning what was the matter with me. She said I looked haggard—ill. I told her some things had gone wrong at the office—that that was why I had to work in my study every night. I think she believed me, but I'm not sure. Ever since I met M. B. at Long Beach last year I've had an idea she's been suspicious of me. I wish my own skirts were a little more clear. I've got to make them so I guess. Norma is worried and out of sorts too. She slept better last night, but this morning she seemed strangely pale. Worrying about this man, I suppose—damn him. Does she love him? I've got to find out."

On Friday morning the diary contained but a few lines.

"I'm so tired to-night I could sleep in a boiler factory. I think I shall turn in. I don't believe Norma knows anything about M. I haven't been near her for a week. But she's telephoned every day. It isn't so easy to break things off as I had hoped."

On Saturday night Norma Scott sat once more in her rose and ivory bedroom waiting for Harvey to come home. But this time she was not combing her hair. In her hands she held the leather covered book. She tilted the shade of her reading lamp and, stretching herself out in the chaise longue read once more the entry her husband had made in the diary that morning before leaving for the office.

"Last night was terrible. Norma went to sleep early. I'd been trying to read, and didn't turn in until twelve. A few moments after I had put out the light she suddenly sat bolt upright in bed. 'Bob!' she cried out, 'don't make me love you—don't make me love you!' Then she fell back again, sound asleep.

"There's no use in trying to blind myself to the truth any longer. She spent yesterday in town and was silent, preoccupied at dinner. When I asked her what was the matter she laughed in a queer, nervous way and said she had a headache.

"When I switched off the lights I looked at her. She was actually smiling—in her sleep. How little we know, after all, of the inmost thoughts of those we believe to be nearest and dearest to us. I was tempted to wake her up, to bring matters to a head, but—what would have been the use? A guilty woman can always think up some plausible excuse.

"I couldn't sleep. Not for hours. This thing can't go on. I feel myself breaking under it. Every time I think of this man's name a cold fury comes over me—I feel I could kill him. Matters have got to be settled, one way or the other, before another night, or I shall go mad.

'But I must be fair. Before I accuse her, my own skirts must be clear. If she should say anything about M., I've got to be in a position to tell her, truthfully, that it's all over. It's going to be hard to manage, too, but I'll do it. To-morrow night. She knows it's the regular meeting of the poker club, so I won't be expected back until late. I'll see M. B. first, and then, when I get home I'll go to Norma and have things settled, one way or the other. It's queer for a man to find out that he loves his wife better than any one else in the world by hearing her talk in her sleep—but thank God, I've found it out at last.

WITH a tender smile Norma closed the book. Then she leaned her head on her arm, her whole body quivering. When at last she raised it there were no tears in her eyes, but a singular, starry brightness, very lovely and clear. The tiny clock on the mantel chimed twelve single notes, like pearls. Norma went swiftly to the study and replaced the book in Harvey's desk. Then she came back to the bedroom.

A glance at the mirror as she passed brought a satisfied smile to her lips. She was still attractive—more attractive, even, she thought, than when she and Harvey were married, five years before. As the distant whistle of a train came to her ears she put out the reading lamp beside the chaise longue and, leaving only a tiny rosebud of light burning on her writing desk, got into bed. When, ten minutes later, Harvey Scott entered the room her soft regular breathing indicated that she was sound asleep.

He stood for a long time staring down at his wife's face, his own drawn in a hard frown. She seemed so lovely, so exquisite, so altogether desirable, he thought, as he watched the rhythmic rise and fall of her tender breasts, the creamy pallor of her shoulders, the warm scarlet line of her lips. And yet, she had ceased to love him—had given her heart to some one else! It was a bitter thought, filling him with keen torture, almost unbearable. He had made up his mind to speak to her to-night!—to settle matters between them, once and for all, and now the fear that such a settlement might tell him things he dreaded made him hesitate. Should he dare the Fates and wake her up or endure another night of uncertainty? Unable to reach a decision, he slowly prepared himself for bed. A great weariness of soul possessed him. If explanations were put off until to-morrow, they should not be deferred beyond then. His nerves were stretched to the breaking point; he felt that it would require but one more turn of the screw to snap them completely.

Between the twin beds a scant foot intervened. Norma, contrary to her usual habit lay upon her left side, facing him. He allowed the rose light on the desk to burn, and knowing that sleep would not soon come to him, lay feasting his eyes upon the shadowed beauty of his wife's face. How quiet she seemed, how peaceful. A sphinx, indeed, a singular riddle, to be able to sleep the sleep of a child, with this monstrous thing on her soul. But—was it so monstrous? Doubts began to assail him. Had he, after all, misjudged her? His own conscience was none too clear. He felt a sudden desire to take her up in his arms, crush her tempting lips to his. Then, with blasting suddenness, his desires were swept away. Norma gave a sigh. Her half-parted lips trembled, formed scarcely audible words. With a savage gleam in his eyes Harvey Scott leaned closer, in order to catch every syllable.

"Bob," he heard—"dear Bob—it cannot be. Don't you understand, dear? I don't love you. I love my husband. I shall always love him. No—never—never—never. You must understand. We can never see each other again. Never—never."

THE last syllables were but the breathing of a low sigh. The babble of words ceased. Norma turned uneasily, opened her eyes, then started violentyl back against the pillows.

"Harvey," she gasped, her forehead drawn in a puzzled frown. "I—I didn't hear you come in. What time is it?"

"Almost one," he replied slowly. The thoughts in his brain whirled in endless, kaleidoscopic patterns. There was no doubt now that his wife had been carrying on an affair with another man—an affair that had gone far, to judge by what he had just heard. And yet, one that, from her words, had been broken off. But had it?

Norma held out her arms to him, enticingly lovely.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked. "You look so worried—so unhappy. Kiss me, won't you? I've had such a dreadful dream. I thought somebody was trying to come between us—between you and me—and it frightened me." She leaned toward him, pressed her lips to his.

"Hasn't some one?" he asked, drawing back. "I don't mean in a dream. Some one real. This man Bob, I asked you about last week?" His eager eyes burnt into hers.

"Harvey—I—I don't understand I—"

"I think you do. In a certain way I have known for some time that you have been carrying on an affair with another man. How far has it gone? I've been half crazed with anxiety. That's why I've been so nervous—unable to sleep. I might have had you watched, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I've suffered in silence. But I can't any longer. I've got to speak—to find out the truth. Who is this man? What is he to you?"

Norma Scott gave her husband a long, searching look. In her expression there was something curiously enigmatic.

"Suppose there is some one who cares for me?" she said at length. "Has your own conduct during the past two months been such as to give you the right—"

He gripped her hands fiercely, ignoring her last words.

"Do you care for him?" he asked. "Do you?"

"I will tell you," Norma said quietly. "When you humiliated me by your attentions—your public attentions—to that Bolton girl last Spring, I was hurt—bitterly hurt. Any woman with a spark of pride would have been. But I forgave you, because I thought you had got over it—had given this woman up. When I found out, a few weeks ago, that you hadn't, it left me in a dangerous frame of mind—a frame of mind into which no man should ever allow his wife to get. I was not certain whether I cared for you or not—then. And one day, shortly after that, I met—Bob."

Harvey Scott gave a groan of anguish.

"I know," he whispered. "I've been a fool—a wretched fool, but it's all over now."

"Not being sure about you," Norma went on relentlessly, "I was naturally open to the attentions of other men. And this man said he loved me, and proved it by everything he did. Any woman might be proud to call him her husband. How did you manage to find out about him?"

"It makes no difference, now. Go on. What happened?"

"I met him, frequently, at his studio in town. He is an artist."

"Norma! Yet—you met him—alone?"

"Certainly. You did the same thing with May Bolton, didn't you? He made love to me—tried to kiss me, but I put him off. You see, I wasn't certain whether I cared for him. If I had been certain, I should not have hesitated. But I waited, for I wanted to be sure. At last one day—just a short time ago—I did let him kiss me. I felt that if his kisses could make me forget you, that I—well—that I should leave you and go away with him."

"My God!" Harvey exclaimed, his voice shaking, "What then?"

"I haven't seen him since—since he kissed me. I refused to see him. I wanted to think things over—to make up my mind. Understand me, Harvey, this man has not been trying to carry on a cheap and vulgar flirtation. He loves me. His love is real. And I have got to give him an answer."

"Good God, Norma—you can't be in earnest. You know I love you better than anything in the world."

"How can I know that, after— after this Bolton affair?"

Harvey Scott went up to his wife and put his arms about her shoulders.

"There isn't any Bolton affair," he said earnestly. "I've given her up, definitely, finally. On my word of honor. There never will be any such affair again. Never. You believe me, sweetheart, don't you? Nobody could regret what has happened more than I do. But I've come to my senses at last. And I can't stand this suspense any longer. I've got to know now what your decision is. I've got to know whether it's me or —him." His voice trembled, he extended his hand toward the desk. "Write to him—now——"

Norma Scott's eyes were like star sapphires, flecked with bits of gold.

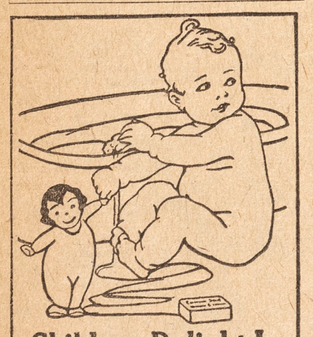
"I have already written," she said simply. "You will find the letter on the desk."

Her husband took up the closely written sheet.

"Oh, Harvey," she whispered. "I'm so happy—so very happy." Her last words were smothered by his kisses.

When Harvey left the house the next morning to post the letter, Norma kissed him as she had not kissed him since their honeymoon days. A whimsical swile played about her lips as she watched him turn the corner of the hedge and set off down the street. Then she went to the telephone and quickly called a number.

"Is this you, Bob?" she laughed. "Listen, dear. You're going to get a letter to-morrow telling you that everything is over between us. Just destroy it, will you? You say my voice sounds tired? Why shouldn't it? It's no joke, I can tell you, lying awake half the night for over a week, pretending to be talking in your sleep. But it's a good thing I got the idea from that diary of his. I really did talk about you, I guess—that first night. We'd been discussing my affairs that afternoon. Don't you feel flattered? Yes—everything is all right, now. He's quite convinced that my terrible affair with you is over. Yes—I addressed the letter to you at Jimmy's studio. Bob Ransome. No—he promised not to look at the address. I don't think he will, either. Harvey is a man of his word. But it really doesn't make any difference, since you're leaving town to-morrow. Jimmy won't give him any information. And, Bobby dear—for heaven's sake get yourself a new nickname before you come back. It would never do to let him find out that Bob is just my old college pal, Roberta Ransome."

**Children Delight In Cuticura Soap Baths**

Because they are soothing and refreshing for tender skins, especially if assisted by Cuticura Ointment on first signs of redness or roughness. The Cuticura Talcum also, delicately medicated and exquisitely perfumed, is excellent for little ones.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



ADVERTISEMENT.

**GAS IN THE STOMACH IS DANGEROUS**

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia to Overcome Trouble Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion.

Gas and wind in the stomach, accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating, are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous, because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis, accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

Itt is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinaray digestive aids, which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead, get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloat right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation, and there is no sourness or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk)—is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take, and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.


# Talked in Her Sleep

## By Frederick Arnold Kummer

### Complete in This Issue

# The International Row Over Jumbo

Continued from Page Five.

was anxious to return the favor of the American gift. Davis' only request was a sight of the Sacred White Elephants, which were famous throughout the world for their rarity.

The chief priest admitted Davis to the royal stables; he decided that Barnum & Bailey must have a Sacred White Elephant. Since it was considered an act of the worst religious profanation for one of the Sacred White Elephants to leave Burmah or Siam, it was necessary for Davis to act with care and patience.

He made a friend of the Prime Minister of Burmah, whose double task was to keep the King always supplied with money and to restrain the nation from rebellion. The tasks were daily growing more incompatible, and Davis hinted that he knew a way by which the King's treasury would be richer by $50,000.

The Prime Minister was anxious for the details, but Davis allowed several weeks of economic worry to pass, in order that the Prime Minister might become frantically interested.

Meanwhile, he met King Theehaw several times in audiences, and the King was delighted with Davis' American vivacity. Davis learned about the court that the Prime Minister was beginning to abandon the interests of the King, who was headed for ruin, and was thinking of his own pocket, and one day Davis bluntly offered the Prime Minister $75,000 for one of the Sacred White Elephants.

The Prime Minister answered that he valued his life at more than $75,000, and Davis changed the subject for several weeks. Finally the Prime Minister was persuaded that a Sacred White Elephant could be smuggled out of Burmah without any hint of his part in the transaction.

Davis and Gaylord chartered a wheel steamer at Rangoon and hired fifteen Mohammedans as their crew, for Mohammedans laugh at the sanctity of the White Elephant. The distance from the royal stables to the wharf was three-quarters of a mile. A docile White Elephant was chosen, and he was painted red and blue to disguise him. The real Sacred White Elephant is not white, but a pinkish gray, differing only slightly in color from the ordinary elephant, but often distinguishable only by a few pink spots. The Sacred White Elephant was covered with trappings and embroidered cloths. When night came, the animal, whose name was Toung Taloung, was led through the streets to the wheel steamer. It was then a comparatively simple and safe matter to get him to Liverpool and thence to New York.

WHEN Toung Taloung arrived in New York in March, 1884, Barnum and the patrons of his show were astonished that he was not a milk white in color. He looked very much like any elephant, and the only distinguishing marks of his sacred value were several leprous-like spots in various places about the ears. Barnum and his partners made the best of the situation, and insisted in their advertising that the Sacred White Elephant was not supposed to be white.

Some have said that this Sacred White Elephant of Barnum's was a sand-papered and scrubbed elephant of ordinary profane habits, who was painted. But it is more probable that Barnum was fooled by his conception of a Sacred White Elephant as really white, and that his agents thought that a genuine Sacred White Elephant would have enough publicity value, even if the color was not up to expectations.

The elephant did have great publicity value, but as a curiosity he did not last long. Most people who visited the Barnum & Bailey circus were disappointed when they did not see a cream-white elephant, and Toung Taloung was subsequently returned to the circus winter quarters at Bridgeport, where he perished in the fire that destroyed those buildings in 1887.

THE Adam Forepaugh circus, one of the strongest rivals of Barnum & Bailey, determined to have a Sacred White Elephant that would really be white, but Adam Forepaugh did not trouble to send to Burmah or Siam for his specimen.

The elephant trainers prepared a white elephant by the sacred use of sufficient paint, and with careful applications every other day of a preparation that would not too easily wear off, a White Elephant of Siam, but truly white, was with Adam Forepaugh's show.

Just at this time the Prince of Siam was travelling in the United States, and after much trouble he and his suite were persuaded to visit Forepaugh's circus and pass upon the elephant. There were no interpreters present.

When the Prince entered, Adam Forepaugh is said to have rushed up to him, slapped him on the back cordially and vigorously, and said in American: "There now, Prince, ain't that the kind of elephants you have in your country?"

The Prince was too astonished, and his suite too shocked, to deny anything, and they left the circus hurriedly. Adam Forepaugh took this as a sign of unqualified approval, and he advertised accordingly.




Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

# The Children's Page

## HELPERS' MAIL BOX
**CONDUCTED BY AUNT ROSE**

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—Watch for the big new contest next week! There is going to be twenty-five dollars in cash prizes, and I'm sure every one of you will be interested. I will be away, but I have left a special editor in charge of all the entries and another special department is going to look after sending out the pantographs and of course I will be back in time to see that everything is going smoothly and the judges are all ready to give the big decision.

You don't know what a pantograph is? Well that's part of the secret! Just wait till next week and you'll find out all about it.

However, don't forget to send your entries and coupons to the special departments arranged if you wish to have them dealt with promptly. Letters addressed to Aunt Rose will have to wait for an answer until after I get back.

### NEW HELPERS.

**Marguerite Simons**, age 11, 1 Beck Ave., city, is one of Rose Gibson's new members. I think you could develope into a very nice little letter writer indeed if you tried, Marguerite.

**Harry McKinnon**, age 12, 408 Jones Ave., city, is a new member of Lucy Litherland's.

**Bessie** (14), **Millyy** (11) **Montgomery**, 36 Mercer St., city, and **Gwen Reid**, (13), 24 Wolseley St., city, are three new members of Captain Lillian Scraggs, making seven new members for her.

**Alice Benger** (11), Burlington, Ont., and **Mary Sheppard** (11), Box 196, Burlington, Ont., are both new members of Dorothy French's. The way you sent the names in will do very nicely, Dorothy. Thank you for the little story.

**Lenore Devitt**, age 13, Delhi Ont., is another new member of Lt.-Col. Reta Swartz.

**Dorothy Hadwin**, age 14, Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont., We will be very glad to have a Helper in Alma, Dorothy. There is no fee to join, but if you wish a badge they cost ten cents. If you get five new members you become a Captain and can have a Captain's badge for ten cents.

**Mary, May and Betty Bastedo, Josephine Allard and Mildred and Alice Reade**, are all new members of Grace Becker's. You addressed you letter to The Star Weekly, Grace, and by the time it reached me the envelope was all slit open and the ten cents had disappeared. I am ever so sorry. You only need ten members altogether to become a Major.

### HELPERS' LETTERS.

Arthur, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose—Received the handsome hunting knife as second prize for "My Favorite Summer Sport Contest. In my story I only told a few of the fine points of camping. I've experienced the rough points, too. Last year about this time a lot of us went out and it rained the whole time we were there. We had a cotton sheet for one shelter and an old tent for the other. You can imagine our discomfort.

I hope you have a fine trip out West. It will be great if, when you are there, you interview the Prince of Wales at his ranch.

I was 13 on the ninth of this month and passed first with honors into second form in High school. Once again wishing you an enjoyable trip.

Yours Very Sincerely,
Harold Fair.

I am glad you received the knife safely, Harold. Thanks so much for your good wishes for my trip.

Box 405, Brampton, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose,—I am sending you a short biography on the life of one of my favorite authoresses, Nellie L. McClung. I hope the Helpers have read some of her books.

It will not be long until school starts and the Exhibition will be attracting its usual visitors. I expect to go this year with my chum, Jean Fallis. I would like to go on "Music Day," as I did last year. You know I am very fond of music. I have taken lessons for a great many years and of all the pieces I have heard or taken I like Paderewski's "Minuet" best.

I was reading about another club in the Detroit Free Press and every year this Sunbeam Club elects its own president, vice-president and treasurer from among its girls and boys. How do you like that idea, Aunt Rose? I think it is lovely.

I did not try the contest as I was away on my vacation. I had a lovely holiday this year to Bronte, Alliston and Toronto and I enjoed a trip to Niagara Falls. I do hope that you enjoy your holidays in September. Will we be able to have our Page?

If Jean Strathearne would care to write, I would be pleased to have her as a correspondent.

Affectionately,
Colonel Kathleen Wilder.

Yes, you will have your Page while I am away, Kathleen, for I have left everything ready and a friend in charge of it. I think that is a fine idea about electing our president, etc. Maybe we will try it after I get back. Your biography was very interesting, but we had one on Nellie McClung a short time ago. Could you tell us something about another of your best liked writers?

91 Medland Cres., Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose: Will write this letter to thank you for the lovely bathing cap you sent me for a prize. Those are expensive ones, aren't they, Auntie? Oh, I can't thank you enough for it. This is Sunday, and I am going out for a car ride this afternoon, so in the meantime I will write you a letter, am I not kind, Auntie? I have not written you for a long time, but there's so much to do, isn't there, Auntie? Especially in the holidays. I will promise you that I won't write you from the 25th of August to October 1st. Mary McHenry wants all the "Helpers" to write to her, so I better hurry up and finish this letter. Well, Auntie, this is Monday, and I went our for a car ride yesterday, and we went out to Brampton, it's one of the prettiest towns I ever saw, maybe you've been there, have you, Aautie?

I am as ever your loving niece,
Rita Dwyer.

I am glad you liked your bathing cap so well, Rita. I tried to get one that would wear for a while. Yes, I've seen Brampton, and it certainly is a lovely town.

1017 Wellington, St., Ottawa.

Dearest Aunt: It is a long time since I wrote, but I read the Page regularly.

Auntie, do you know what? I won the First Harmon Scholarship.

I suppose I'm boasting, but I think I have reason to feel at least a wee bit proud—don't you Aunt?

I think the Page is growing more interesting every week.

There are a lot of branch clubs starting up, but I don't know of any in Ottawa. Could you tell me if there is, Aunt Rose?

If any of the Helpers would like to write to me, I should be pleased to hear from them.

Hoping you are enjoying your vacation.

Muriel Meredith.

I should say you had the right to be a wee bit proud, Muriel. No; I'm afraid there isn't a branch club in Ottawa as yet—that is waiting for some enterprising Helper to start.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose:—Another new member! Am I not lucky? The day before yesterday my cousin Lenore Devitt came here and yesterday I captured her and added her name to our gallant band of Helpers and also welcomed her as a member of the Beaver Club. I received a letter yesterday from Milly Kenyon, my other new member, and also was delighted by receiving my Lt.-Col. Badge. Lenore Devitt joined the Sunshine Club and wears their pin, so I asked her if she would like a badge like mine. She does, and is sending 10c in stamps with this for one. Please sent it as quick as you can because she is staying for a very short visit. With best wishes to the Club,

Lt.-Col. Reta L. Swartz.

You certainly are doing well, Reta I am sure we will be glad to have Lenore as a Helper.

45 Dawes Road, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose: I haven't written to you for a long time. I am sending ten cents for the fund, and my story. I would like some correspondents between ten and twelve years of age. I went to Muskoka for my holidays, and had a lovely time. When I go back to school I will be in Sen. IV. I hope you have a nice time on your trip to Vancouver. Your loving niece,

Dorothy Darling (11).

Thanks so much for the ten cents for the fund, and for your good wishes, Dorothy. I do hope to have a lovely trip. Your story is very nice indeed.

405 Jones Ave., Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose: I am just writing a few lines to say I have got the Helper that I said I would try to get for you, and, dear Aunt Rose, I am going to get another picture taken today to send to you. It is going to be one of me in my new ballet dress. I wish I could have it colored so you could easily see how pretty it looks, but I will write on the back what it is made of. With love,

Lucy Litherland.

Ever so glad to get your new Helper, Lucy, and will be looking for the picture.

30 Brant Street, Toronto.

Dearest Aunty: I have just come back from my holidays, and I enjoyed them very much. I see you are going to Vancouver for your holidays, and I hope you enjoy them very much, as I have done. These are three more members that are joining under me. I have seven members now. I wil. send for the "Little World" and my captain badge after you come back. Tell Muriel Marshall and Margaret Percy that they both owe me letters. Please tell some girls to write to me, about my own age. Wishing you have a lovely time, with love from

Lillian Scraggs (14).

Thank you very much, Captain Lillian. I am glad to see you are doing so well.

### HELPERS' FUND.

This is the last week for giving any money to the Fund for Incurable Children, until Aunt Rose gets back. We added forty-five cents.

AUNT ROSE.
TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD



## RUTH GOES THROUGH THE TUNNEL

By BETTY BROWNE.

RUTH sat in the shade of the oak tree which grew beside her home. She closed her eyes for a moment.

When she opened them the Crockeyjoy was with her and they were already starting away on an adventure. Soon she had grown smaller than a needle. Ruth now saw that the Crockeyjoy had on his arm two lanterns. She wondered for what they might be used as it was mid-afternoon and bright daylight.

At last they came to the mouth of a great dark tunnel. The Crockeyjoy stopped and lighted the two lanterns. Then he gave one to Ruth.

"Follow me," he said, "but watch out that you don't trip, because the path is rather rough in places."

On they went. At times the cavern opened out. In other spots it was narrow and the roof was so low that their heads almost bumped against it. Great rocks jutted out in places and some of these were very beautiful and sparkled like jewels in the light of their lanterns.

Then they came to a spot where the tunnel branched off in three directions. The Crockeyjoy read the markings on a signpost which was placed in the centre of them.

"Wait here for me," he said to Ruth. "I'll be back in just a few minutes, and, by the way, if you hear anyone coming, hide behind that big tree root over there and don't let them see you if you can help it." Then he hurried off and Ruth saw the light from his lantern grow fainter and at last vanish.

Ruth hung her lantern on the signpost, then sat down. At first she was not uncomfortable. The longer she waited, though, the jumpier she felt. At last she got so frightened that she hid herself behind the big tree root which the Crockeyjoy had pointed out to her. A moment later she was thankful, indeed, that she had done this, for a great brown animal came trotting down one of the tunnels. He stopped at the signpost and rubbed his nose against it, but he paid no heed to the lantern and was quickly on his way again. Ruth thought that this was very odd. Then she heard other footfalls and crouched down once more. This time it was the Crockeyjoy, only he was riding now, instead of walking, and he was also leading a steed for Ruth. Out she stepped, got the lantern from the signpost and then climbed into the saddle. Away they went. It was a glorious ride through scenes more beautiful than Ruth had ever imagined. At last they stopped at a great underground spring, and while their animals were drinking, the Crockeyjoy explained that these steeds of theirs were a species of blind moles and were very tame and gentle and never hurt anyone.

"And now we had best be getting home," he added. At that they turned their mole-horses about and headed back. It seemed no time at all until they were at the mouth of the tunnel. The next thing Ruth knew she was rubbing her eyes and her big Maltese cat was purring and rubbing himself back and forth against her shoulder.




## The Story Hour

ONCE . . . once upon a time . . .
Over and over again,
Martha would tell us her stories
In the Hazel glen.

Once . . . once upon a time . . . ;
Like a dream you dream in the night,
Fairies and gnomes stole out
In the leaf-green light.

## NO "MAIL BOX" TILL OCTOBER

**NO "Mail Box" for Helpers until October, but instead you will have long, newsy letters from Aunt Rose, telling you of all she sees on her trip from Toronto to Vancouver with the Canadian Women's Press Club. Aunt Rose expects to have a wonderful time, and she wishes you all to share it with her. Of course she hopes to find plenty of letters waiting for her when she gets back, so after the first day of October you can all begin to write to the "Mail Box" again.**

## OUR HELPER'S WINDOW BOX.



THIS is the very last week I will be able to tell you about my window box until after I come back from Vancouver. Still, I don't want you to forget about yours or stop taking care of them. Remember we are going to have the "My Window Box" story contest before the frost comes and spoils everything so you must keep your boxes in good shape and remember everything that happened to them during the summer so you can write a good story. I would like to see snap shots of some of the nice boxes together with their owners, too. Do you think you could manage that? Better take them now while the boxes are at their best and have them ready to send when I return.

## Grunty Growl---a Very Canadian Bear

By PIONEER.

### GRUNTY DOES SOME SCOUTING.

AS GRUNTY GROWL had guessed, there was certain to be hard fighting on both sides of the Detroit River that year. He had many adventures while going through Western Ontario, or Upper Canada, as it was called then, but he hurried on and so must the story. When he crossed the Detroit River and shook the water out of his fur on the American shore the armies were already marching. Far to the south the Canadian skirmishers were finding out how strong the Americans were going to be. Grunty joined them as soon as he could and began to help with the scouting.

It was a good thing that Grunty came when he did. The Americans had a very good general, Harrison, and the British a very poor one, Proctor. Harrison had built a strong fort on the Maumee River near Lake Erie and was beginning to build warships to use on the lake. He planned to seize the ships which were carrying ammunition and food from Niagara to Detroit for the Canadians. Then he would capture Detroit and invade Canada.

Grunty helped Tecumseh's Indians who were bothering Harrison's men. Proctor, however, did not pay much attention to the Indians. Instead of sending soldiers to join with the braves in cutting off reinforcements to Fort Meigs, Proctor tried to assault the fort. He failed, and Tecumseh was just as disgusted as Grunty was. Tecumseh had to stay with Proctor, but Grunty decided that he would go to Niagara. He did not know that Proctor should have been building warships instead of attacking forts, but he felt that something was wrong.

Before Grunty set out for Niagara, the Americans who had taken York had sailed across Lake Ontario to their side of the Niagara frontier and had made ready to invade Canada.

When Grunty reached Niagara, 7,000 Americans had gotten across the river at its mouth and had taken Fort George from 2,300 British and Canadians. This made Grunty sadder than ever, for he had to retreat to Burlington Heights with General Vincent.

It was now the first of June. Grunty had marched by himself from York to the south side of Lake Erie and back almost to the Niagara River since the first of May. He was thin and cross. Not once had he taken part in a victory. The year before he had seen nothing but victory until that last day at Queenston Heights. Since then he had seen nothing but defeat.

Every day he expected the Americans to march up in great numbers and surround the Canadians in the woods, but the enemy were very slow about it. Between the first and the fifth of June they marched only thirty-four miles in pursuit of Vincent. The Six Nations Indians were bothering the invaders and Grunty kept at his old game of rushing at their scouting parties. If he did not kill any of them with blows from his great forepaws, he would surprise and terrify them into running the wrong direction. They would be lost from their main body for hours and the troops would have to halt till their guides came back to them.

So it was the night of June 5 before the Americans under General Dearborn reached Stoney Creek, six miles from where the Canadians were preparing to make their last stand on the Burlington Heights. Colonel Harvey proposed to General Vincent that a surprise attack be made in the night on the big invading army. Something very wonderful had to be done, for if the Americans attacked strongly,



Grunty kept at his old game of rushing at the scouting parties.

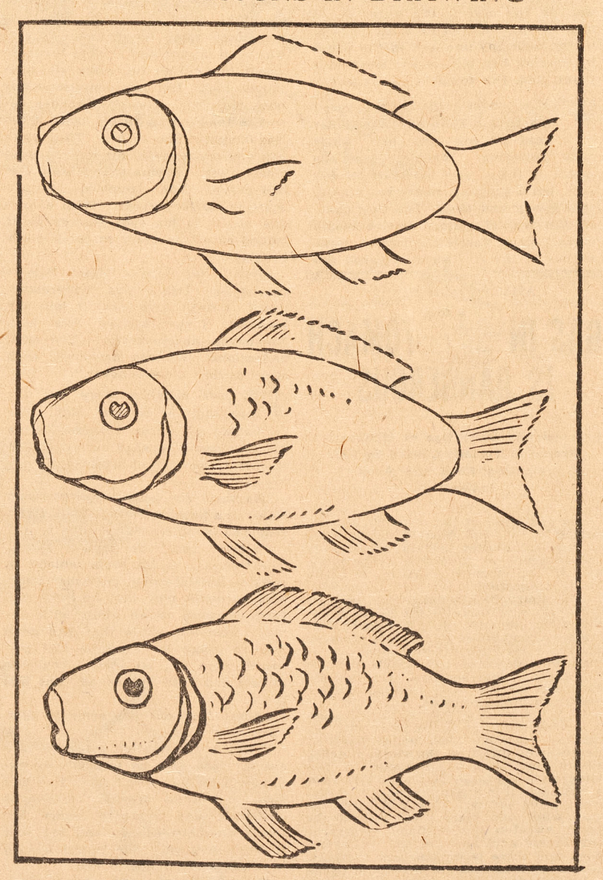
the defenders would have to retreat into the woods and there was no food in the woods for from Hamilton westward to Lake Huron the forest was unbroken by any settlement. If they had tried to retreat eastward toward York the only road was near the shore and the American fleet could have landed troops to cut them off.

Harvey's scouts reported that Dearborn's men were very uneasy in this strange, wild country, with howling Indians tomahawking their scouts and a huge wild animal knocking their guides dead. The invaders might take fright in the dark and run away.

Vincent ordered Harvey to attack and that night Grunty sleeping uneasily near the Canadian camp, heard men marching quietly toward the American camp. He went alongside till he saw where they were heading for. Then he slipped on ahead.

(To be Continued.)

## EASY LESSONS IN DRAWING



Take a soft pencil and try drawing this goldfish. 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.



## OLD SALT TALES

By CAPTAIN IRA PERKINS.

### A DUEL OF PARTS.

"YOU must know," began Captain Ira, "that before we had daily papers, news was sent along by word of mouth alone. For that reason a poor tale was soon forgotten, and by the same sign a good one would pass from father to son time after time till it grew to be hundreds of years old.

"Here is a yarn I had from my father which had come down by word of mouth all the way from the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the French buccaneers.

It seems that this long ago re'ative of mine also was a sea captain. Before he was thirty years of age he had laid by a comfortable fortune through several hazardous but successful journeys to the East Indies. From then on, what sailing he did was for the pure pleasure of it and for the excitement to be won from it. Whenever there came a rumor of a strange affair in any part of the world, he would upanchor and sail away in search of it.

"The voyage of which I am about to tell you was his last of that sort. He had word from a gentleman of fortune who was come come back from the south that there was a bizarre castle on the French coast as hard to come at as any in a fairy tale. And with a maiden as beautiful as any eastern princess waiting to be rescued.

"I'll not bother you with a recital of the months of disappointments and failures which passed before he found the castle and entered it. Let me only tell that it was alone with one comrade that he at last came upon the inner secrets.

"As he strode through the courtyard door, he and his follower were met by two of the most expert swordsmen in all France. Opponents were chosen by the flip of a coin. Then the two duels were on. The rapiers flashed in the sunlight! Breath came quick. Hearts beat fast. My relative was hard pressed. In the midst of a lightening quick parry, his foot slipped. He thought all was ended. As he fell to one knee he lunged. His opponent was off guard. The thin blade of the rapier passed clean through him. He fell without a sound. After a time my relative drew his wits together, then got to his feet and walked over to the side of his friend. This part of the fight also had a good ending. The other enemy was killed. After that the two of them rested.

"In the little time left to me before you boys must run to supper, I'll tell you that my relative found the beautiful maiden and married her. He afterward settled down and never again did he make a rash voyage, except once. Of that voyage I may tell you another time. It's an odd tale, though a true one.

But run along now or your mother will be forbidding you to visit me and that would be sorrow for all of us. I'll see you soon again."

### A HANDKERCHIEF TRICK.

1. Knotted Handkerchiefs.

George showed a handkerchief in each hand. After a simple wave of the hand they appeared to be tied together. He rolled them in a ball and threw them on the floor, when to our surprise, they separated.

Explanation: A small rubber band does the trick. The band is held in the left hand, encircling the thumb and first two fingers. The handkerchief in the right hand is then placed over that in the left, so that they are held together.

Teacher (trying to impress the idea of doing right and bring forth the answer, 'Bad Habits')—"What is it that is so easy to get into and hard to get out of?"

Small Pupil—"Bed."

## FANCY AND FACT

"OH Grandma," screamed
Willy, rushing indoors,
Slipping and stumbling on mats,
"Guess what I've seen on our garden wall?
Thousands and thousands of cats."

"Dear me!" said his Grandma, knitting away,
"That is a remarkable sight;
Just wait till I put down my needles and wool,
I'll come out and see if that's right."

"Well, Grandma," said Willy, fidgeting round,
"P'raps 'thousands' is rather absurd,
'Hundreds' perhaps I ought to have said,
Or 'dozens' might be the right word."

"But even twelve cats in a garden like ours
A sight to remember would be."
"Well, Grandma," said Willy, his cheeks turning pink,
"I'm positive sure there are three."
—Sent in by Louise Scardifield, Richmond Hill.

### A NICE ANIMAL.

"The most forgiving animal in the Zoological Gardens, I believe, is the giraffe."

"What makes you believe that?"

"Why, my dear, he overlooks everything."

Rest is not idleness, and to lie on the grass under the trees on a Summer's day, listening to the murmur of water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means waste of time.

—Sir John Lubbock.

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it to anyone else.—Dickens.

## Stories From "MY FAVORITE SUMMER SPORT" CONTEST.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Kathleen Hunter, Age 14.

People are often very different from each other in their ways. They generally like a different type of sport than their friend or neighbor. Some like thrilling, exciting sports, others just quiet ones. I've tried about every summer sport there is and the one I like best is horseback riding. Though I just learned this summer I feel as if I had been riding all my life. It gives you a great confidence in yourself. I think it's the best sport for a nervous person to go in for. If you have a good riding master and put your trust in him, you can soon learn the art.

Besides giving you confidence, you get a lot of exercise out of it. Swimming and riding are about the best summer exercises one can take.

Also, it's wonderful to be able to ride through the beautiful cool woods. You can get so much farther on horseback than you can walking or paddling, in my opinion all round it's the best summer sport for anybody.

### HONORABLE MENTION

Lillian Foxworthy, age 11.

My favorite summer sport is to go for a walk with my father. I like it because my father knows the names of all the flowers and birds, and tells me all about them. There are the flowers to pick and take home to my mother. And sometimes we can get raspberries and different things. We are always hungry when we come home to dinner, and then there is a big story to tell the others after dinner.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Betty Boylen, age 11.

My favorite summer sport is rowing. I delight in seeing how fast I can go, so that I will be able to go in the races next year up at Honey Harbor, Georgian Bay. I row through the channels, discover little bays and inlets among the vast number of the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay.

One day daddy and I went out exploring. We took two sets of oars so as to be able to get along quicker. At first it seemed but an easy task, but after awhile it grew tiresome. My arms ached in every muscle, but I was determined to hold out till the end, and I did. Now I am glad, because I am able to say I rowed from the Cottage Resort to the Little Dog Channel, which was over a mile away.

At first, afraid to trust myself to the current, I rowed first in the little bay where they bathe. Then, becoming more used to it, I ventured farther till I was able to row up the big steamer channels.

Every night at sunset I went for a row on the rosy waters colored by the fast-setting sun, turning it from rose to a brilliant yellow, then back again to a dull hue.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Alice Ball, Age 14.

I love all sports immensely but "hiking" ranks first among them all. The night before we plan which trail to take and then the next morning is all hustle-bustle preparing the lunch. After much scurrying around we are ready. How inviting the cool woods are after the heat of the open! As we saunter along the path the little chipmunk attracts our attention. Immediately we feel in our pockets for peanuts and after much coaxing the cunning little fellow comes and eats from our hands. As we go on we see the partridge wandering aimlessly about. And what is that yellow streak on the evergreen bough? Why a canary to be sure. How his bright plumage contrasts to the green of the forest. And thus on we go becoming acquainted with Nature's wood-folk. Soon a speck of blue appears among the trees. This speck grows and grows till we find ourselves at the dearest little lake you ever saw. And now where shall we eat? Why that big rock is the very place. So we set to work to build a fire and put the kettle on. While the water is heating we whittle sticks and toast our bread and bacon. How good things do taste out-of-doors and oh! how hungry we are. We eat to our fill, play some games and then we begin our homeward walk but by another trail. This trail leads us through a birch grove. Here we stop and get some birchbark with which to make napkin rings bookmarks etc. Again we feed the chipmunks and soon we are home once more having spent a very pleasant day.

And now don't you think hiking trips are wonderful too?

### HONORABLE MENTION

Dorothy Florence Webb, age 13

The sport I like best has no name as it is made up. We first find a nice cool, quiet place to play in. Any number can play but we mostly have two sometimes three. After we have found a place we sit and think of a story, then we will play it.

One time we played that we were on a wrecked boat which threatened to go down any minute. The captain put us in a small boat and as I was the eldest gave me the oars. After having fierce struggles, and terrible adventures, we at last reached shore. There were two boys, (Rosie and I) and one girl, (Jessie). We found we were on an island. We had many adventures but at last reached home.

We always play these games but make up a new one every time.

I like them best because,—(1) They do not make you warm. (2) They develop the imagination. (3) They make story-writing become easier. (4) You are in no danger when playing them and can do no harm to any furniture as you play outside. (5) There is no chance to quarrel and no disagreeing.



## Animals of Neverwhere

By DON REI.

### THE RING-EARED TIGERETT.

THE Ring-Eared Tigerett, is the
Hottentot's chief pet;
He's a beast with many virtues
to his credit.
He is nice, and tame and clever,
be it rain or shiny weather.
Though his pedigree would
shock you if you read it.

When he climbs up in a tree, it
would make you grin to see
The way this tough old codger
goes to bed;
With his ring-like ears, somehow,
he just circles a stout bough,
And he sleeps there hanging
straight down from his head

When he wakens in the morn, his
ears are sometimes torn,
Which makes the Tigerett so
angry that
He buys himself a Sundae, and he
waits 'till week from Monday,
Then he steals himself the Zoo
Policeman's hat.

## Are Stamps to Go?

Everyone will be interested in the invention of a machine which threatens to abolish stamps on letters.

The British Postmaster-General last year authorized the use of the machines, which were devised to save the time of business men. The machine quickly stamps letters for a halfpenny, a penny, or three halfpence, and so on up to a shilling, and a business house, by its use, saves not only time, but is protected from dishonesty.

Each machine has a meter, and the user pre-pays to the post-office a certain sum. This sum is registered on the meter, and the machine will go on stamping till the sum is exhausted, when fresh payment must be made.

Presumably, if this machine comes into universal use—it is already in use in America—collectors will have to content themselves with cut-out impressions of the machine stamping, which is hardly as attractive as our old friend the perforated gummed label.




DEAR Book Lovers:—

Next week we are going to start something new in this corner—a series of questions about well known children's books. The questions will appear one week and the answers the next. I do hope you will all have lots of fun trying to answer them. Here are a couple of suggestions for this week,

"Grettir the Outlaw," by Sabine Baring Gould.

Is a book of thrilling tales of old Norseland, retold from the saga of "Grettir the Strong."

"The Story of a Bad Boy", by Thomas Aldrich.

Tells of the adventures and pranks of a boy in a New England village.

# THE POTTERS




## By J. P. McEVOY

PROLOGUE.

When the Potters arrived in Rome they were told on all hands that it would take them at least two weeks to see the sights of the Eternal City . . . but little did they know the Potters, who, like most American tourists, are on a schedule into which everything, ancient or modern, must fit, or else be lopped off . . . let us, then, record a few of the Potter impressions gathered on the fly as they jazzed trough Rome, conveyed by the inevitable guide speaking an English more ruined than the Coliseum . . .

### SCENE I.—THE FORUM.

A vast melange of excavations . . . the ruins of the temples and shops of the empire, under which can be seen the ruins of the republic . . . a favorite stunt with the Romans, this building over the remains of their predecessors, the most picturesque example being the Church of St. Clement, where, under the present church, they have found a basilica of the ninth century, and below that, still, a shrine of the cult of Mithra, first century—all in perfect preservation . . . here, too, one may see, one above the other, the wonderful brick wall of the Roman empire and the stone wall of the she-wolf cubs Romulus and Remus.

GUIDE *(indicating ruins)*:
Da Temple Castor and Pollux. Here-a da keepa da fire burn. Da Vestals . . . you know-a da Vestals? Nice-a ladies, but no can maka da love.

PA *(interested)*:
Why not?

GUIDE:
Da law. No maka da love say da law.

PA: Gosh! did they have laws like that in those days?

MA *(nodding approval)*:
A mighty good thing, I say. *(With feminine curiosity.)* But what happened to these Vestals if they . . . well, if they—a . . . well, you know, if they forgot themselves, or something?

MAMIE:
They buried the poor things alive, so I've heard. I'd say they had a bum job.

MA *(scandalized)*:
Mamie!

(Guide takes them around and shows them the kitchen and courtyard of the House of Vestals . . . enterprising Italian with whiskbroom sweeps pile of dirt off small square of mosaic and then holds out hand for tip . . . tip received, he hastily covers up mosaic and waits for next tourist . . . the pools in the courtyard for the rain water—the Vestals were not permitted to use any other kind—interest Bill and Mamie.)

PA *(nervously)*:
Come on, will you? You're delaying the game.

MAMIE:
We're looking at the pollywogs.

PA *(indignantly)*:
D'ye think we came four thousand miles to look at pollywogs? *(To guide, indicating statues surrounding pools.)* Who are those?

GUIDE:
Da Head Vestals. But alla da heads you see are knocked offa excepta dis, an' you see her inscription is alla scratched out. Da Romans do-a dat when da Vista' Virg' falla in love or turna Christian.

BILL *(critically)*:
I guess she turned Christian, if that's the face she had.

### SCENE II.—THE COLISEUM.

(The Potters go through the Forum, climb the Palatine, and, after wandering through the ruins of Caligula's town house, slightly smaller than a suburban subdivision, descend and visit the Coliseum, near by.)

THE POTTERS *(overcome by the immensity of it)*:
Oooh!

BILL *(thrilled)*:
So this is where the gladiators used to kill each other. Bebby!

PA: It loks like a copy of the Yale Bowl; only, of course, it was built much earlier.

MAMIE *(eagerly)*:
Where did Nero used to sit?

GUIDE *(pointing)*:
Right-a down there.

THE POTTERS *(ecstatically)*:
Ooooh!



**Pa: D'ye think we came four thousand miles to look at pollywogs?**

MA: My feet ache already. We won't stay here long, will we?

PA: Gosh, we came to Rome to see things, didn't we? You can't go home and say you didn't see the Vatican galleries.

MA: But my feet give out. I can only stand about so much, and then my feet give right out on me.

(At this moment Ma runs smack into the same lady she met in the Pitti gallery in Florence . . . this lady comes from Ohio, and her feet are nothing to write home about, either.)

MA *(gayly)*:
Well, well, I'd never expect to see you here!

(Where else would she expect to see her?)

GUIDE *(leading party out to beginning of sculpture gallery, which is longer than a Fourth of July parade)*:
This bust on the left is from the Greek school, two or three hundred years before Christ.

MRS. X *(from Ohio)*:
Right under the ball of the foot is where it hurts me most.

MA: I think maybe my arches are weak or something.

GUIDE:
This Bacchus, some say, is by Praxiteles, but others say it is by Phidias.

PA *(listlessly)*:
Give it to Phidias, if you want to—I should worry.

MRS. X *(helpfully)*:
I always soak them good in warm water before going to bed. That helps to take the soreness out.

MA: Did you ever try putting a little baking soda into the water? That's very good. . . .

GUIDE *(later)*:
And now we will see the famous Sistine Chapel with Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." . . . *(Leads Potters into chapel and indicates huge fresco covering entire end wall.)* There!

PA *(truthfully)*:
It's too darn dark. It don't make any sense to me.

MA *(to Mrs. X)*:
What did he say about Michael Angelo? It seems to me that's all I heard in Florence—Michael Angelo and somebody named Donatello, and then a Jotto or something like that . . . so that's the "Last Judgment" . . . well, well, I can't make anything out of it. It looks all mixed up. . . .

MRS. X *(continuing where she left off)*:
I found that if you have your shoes made to measure, so that they fit the arch just right, you won't have nearly so much trouble with your feet.

MA *(enthusiastically)*:
But mine burn so. I'll be so glad when I'm through with this sightseeing; although, it is instructive, isn't it?

MRS. X:
It broadens one so. . . . It gives one such a broad vision, doesn't it?

MA *(eagerly)*:
Yes, that's it . . . it gives you a vision.

### SCENE IV.—RED MILLER RECEIVES A LETTER.

Dearest Red: Well, here we are in Rome, all tired out, looking at churches and museums and galleries and ruins. I don't think I could ever look another ruin in the face, not even the Union station back home (joke—ha, ha), although I would like to see that dear old station just now, if a certain some one was standing there waiting to meet me. See if you can guess who I mean. That's right; you guessed it.

Well, anyway, I sure was glad to get your letter. It followed us from Paris to Nice, to Genoa, to Florence, down here. Only, they don't call it Florence over here; they call it Firenze. Poor Pa was asking along the road for Florence, and nobody knew what he was talking about. We like to never got there. To-morrow we leave for Naples, where Mount Vesuvius is, and Pompeii. I wish some one was with us, some one who looks just exactly like you. But then, I don't think you'd care for Italy any more than we do. Every time you turn around you run into a beggar or somebody with his hand out for tips, and everybody cheats you something terrible, especially if you are an American and don't know the language. Pa never pays a bill without a scrap about it, and you have to make all your prices in advance for everything and then add the bill two or three times to see that they haven't added everything to it, including your room number and the street address.

And dirty! You never saw such dirty streets and clothes and people. All the houses look like they are going to fall down in the small towns you go through, while the big cities aren't much better. Florence was nice, but you get so tired being cheated all around by everybody you can't enjoy the nice things when you do see them.

But I can hardly wait to see Naples—I have always heard it is so beautiful—and Mount Vesuvius, although Ma worried about it now since Mount Aetna got gay. She is sure it will blow up just when we get there. Well, I hope it does. I'd like to se a real volcano in action, wouldn't you?

How is everybody? I suppose you have almost forgotten me, even if you did write such a nice letter. Who was with you when you wrote it? I suppose you men are all alike—out of sight, out of mind. Well, anyway, I haven't forgotten a certain some one who is big and tall and has red hair, even if I have met a lot of nice Frenchmen and Italians with big dark eyes and the most fascinating manners, because, when you travel through the country, especially here in Italy, the roads are full of Italian girls and women carrying tremendous loads on their heads, while the men ride by them, fast asleep on nice soft wagon loads of hay. As Mister Coue would say, every day, in every way, America looks better and better.

Love and XXXXXXXXXX

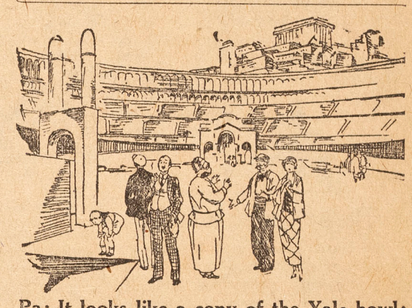
MAMIE.

P.S.—Ma wants me to ask you to tell Grandma to be sure and not forget to water the window boxes. More XXXXXX M.

(Copyright, 1923, by the Chicago Tribune.)



**"I always soak them good in warm water before going to bed."**



**Pa: It looks like a copy of the Yale bowl; only, of course, it was built much earlier.**

# A PARSON IN BOHEMIA

## London's Night Life Viewed from New Angle

*Continuing this fascinating series of articles on Bohemian life, the Rev. A. J. Waldron deals with the artistic figures he has met. Bohemia is full of queer, artistic people of both sexes, and the author knows them intimately. Their unusual habits and the spurning of many conventional ideas of life render them erratic, though picturesque. He sums up as a general conclusion: "There are saints among the artistic of Bohemia—and there are others."*

By
REV. A. J. WALDRON.

IT IS a fascinating subject—the artistic in Bohemia. But if I tell the naked truth I must confess that some of the "artistic" I encountered proved to be very sordid, indeed, and almost devoid of any attraction that could be remotely described as "artistic."

I recall that my very first experience in London was in connection with three young men of very Bohemian tastes, who modelled themselves on the trio of artists in "Trilby." They had solemnly decided that art was their predestined career.

At that time I was a bachelor with more rooms than I required, and these charming young men persuaded me to let them have a room with a northern light for their studio.

They had talent, undoubtedly. But I soon discovered it was for something else besides art.

Among their gifts was a remarkable capacity for the consumption of alcoholic liquor. At times they did some really good work when they had the inspiration; but it struck me they wasted a good deal of time waiting for that elusive inspiration.

When they brought "models" into the studio then I realized that the atmosphere of theological study and art did not exactly harmonize.

One of them did fairly well and has contributed many black and white drawings to the leading papers.

Another would have done splendidly if he had not required so much liquid "inspiration." But I must deal tenderly with him for he paid the price in the Great War, having joined up in the Artists' Corps.

The third got married to a charming girl, but he quickly discovered that having a wife meant life in real earnest, and the claims of domesticity compelled him to earn a living. He is very good at house decorating but the only things in art he has hung on the line have been the family washing.

**My Meeting With Phil May.**

Since those days I have had the pleasure of meeting in his studio that inimitable artist, Phil May. Before I met Phil I thought that his drawings in black and white were done in the few lines which we have all seen and loved so well. It was not so. He filled in all the details at first, and then erased all except those which gave his drawings that wonderful touch of genius. He was one of the most generous of men, and as is often the case in Bohemia was often sadly taken advantage of when "in his cups."

Another studio I visited was that of a real celebrity—the present brilliant cartoonist of "Punch," Here I also met the editor of this famous paper, now Sir Owen Seaman, who was then sharing the studio and modelling clay.

I remember remarking about the peculiar pose of a figure he had just completed. He told me that he had secured the model for another subject, but discovered she was not fitted for it. As the girl was greatly in need of money he had employed her for the subject I was examining.

It was a characteristic action of this man who possesses one of the kindest of hearts.

**Some Models.**

Artists' models are a curious class in Bohemia.

I remember one, a charming French girl, who loved to talk to strangers — particularly to show off her knowledge of English. She was very candid in her criticisms. She told me she much preferred our artists to those of her own country.

I thought she was referring to their characters on their artistic merits. Not a bit. The English appealed because they paid more money per hour for her services.

It is a wise artist who does not get too intimate with his model, for it often spells disaster—financial and otherwise.

Frederick Shields, who founded fame with the paintings which decorate the Chapel of Ease, in Bayswater Road, I knew well and have spent many happy hours in his studio. Here I met Holman Hunt on two occasions. I remember daring to criticise his paintings one day, when he asked me for my opinion. I told him candidly that I thought he had painted too many pictures for the Chapel, and that the crowd of canvasses made it impossible to concentrate on any particular painting; also that I thought they were too realistic, lacking the mystical element. He simply raved at me and said I knew nothing of art. It taught me this lesson if you want to retain your friendships in the artistic world do not criticize even if asked to do so.

Mr. Shields told me a good story about Burne Jones. He said: "I was walking with him through Chelsea on one occasion, when he suddenly rushed across the road and lifted his hat to a lady said: I am an artist; my name is Burne Jones. I would esteeem it a great favor if you would let me paint you for my next picture," The girl laughingly replied: "Thank you, Mr. Burne Jones but I am already your model." He had been suddenly attracted by a passing face, and had entirely forgotten the individual although she had been to his studio many times. It was very characteristic of the great Pre-Raphaelite artists.

On another occasion the maid came to the studio and told him that he was wanted. He excused himself and left me alone in the studio. He was absent about half an hour. When he returned he took me by the arm and led me behind the great canvas to an easel where there was placed a small picture covered over with some drapery. Pulling this away, he gripped me by the arm, and then wept in sorrow. It was the face of a beautiful woman. He told me the story. It was his wife. She was in the abyss through drink. Undoubtedly the tragedy hastened his end.

**A Famous Cartoonist.**

Perhaps the best known artist to the newspaper reading public is Tom Webster whose drawings bring joy to thousands every day I suppose no man ever had such a wonderful public as his. He is the supreme humorist of the sporting world and may justly be called a National Institution. He is a familiar figure in Bohemian circles and very much in request on account of his bubbling wit.

I have met him on many occasions. Like most men of genius he is very unassuming and modest. I happen to know that he has done many a kind act for his professional brethren, also for theatricals who are "down on their luck"—and many a person has had reason to bless Tom Webster.

He is a laugh-maker, clean and virile. I regard him as a national asset and we could do with many more like him.

I have spent a good many pleasant hours in that famous spot—the Cafe Royal, the enchanted spot in Bohemia to many people; to others it now looms as a place of fading memories—half bitter and half sweet. Here I found many artists of varying degree; the steadily industrious who quietly reach front rank before you notice them particularly. The queer and erratic, who are always waiting for some tremendous inspiration that shall result in some wonderful picture. But alas; that picture is never painted and too often the artist drops into complete obscurity and often poverty. I know at this moment a man who twenty years ago was an artist of wonderful promise; who did in fact paint one great picture that was raved about. Often he used to sit in the Cafe Royal and speak of the time when his paintings would be snapped up by famous people and sought for diligently by collectors. To-day he is a corporation road sweeper in a provincial town. The man of dreams who had not the gift of steady work.

There are other men I encountered such as Augustus John—men who give the impression of such genius that it must push its way to the front. It is a real delight to meet artists such as these; they inspire.

Then there are the eccentrics of the studios—queer men and women who dress oddly, lived all higg-a-piggly, and borrow money cheerfully from all their friends. They have a supreme contempt for all the established artists of conventional style and speak of them with biting scorn and criticize their works with amazing vigor. They love to create new "schools" and "cults". Some of these curious people have wonderful talent but often it is misplaced. They congregate in many of the little restaurants in Soho — generally French or Italian—particularly in Denman Street, Wardour Street, Old Compton Street, and Greek Street, and will sit for hours over a cup of coffee and innumerable cigarettes. When they are in funds they will order wonderful dinners and consume a good deal of wine. They look upon life from a peculiar angle and are always hopelessly out of touch with material things.

**The "Pot Boiling Brigade."**

Then there is the "pot boiling brigade"—men and women as well who paint cheap pictures to get the money to live with and often because it is a very facile way of existing from day to day. Some of them really clever artists—will undertake commissions for designs for advertising firms and will knock off something at a very low rate. I know one man who used to do pastel drawings on boards and for a long time I was puzzled as to what became of them for he assured me they were never by any chance sold. One day, however, I was walking down a London street when my eye was caught by the sight of a man exhibiting a row of drawings on the pavement with the notice, "All my own work." It wasn't, for it happened that all had been done by my friend who rented them out at so much a day and he calculated that they brought in a very tidy income every year.

I remember once going to the studio of a very "advanced" artist who was a cross between a Cubist and Futurist. He showed me an extraordinary painting and asked for my opinion.

I said at length: "You are really wonderful, for you have outdone the work of Nature. God made the trees and the sunlight upon them but as for that" and I pointed to the weirdly colored landscape before me "I have never seen such a combination of colors in my life and certainly there is nothing in Nature like it." It was brutal, but he deserved it. His mother who was present quietly thanked me afterwards. He was a nice boy, but in need of tuition.

Many of these artists are very fascinating men and with all their kinks are most jolly good fellows. They are certainly the "salt" of Bohemia.

Of writers I have known many in the shifting world of Carless Freedom, for Bohemia is naturally the sort of place the literary person gravitates to.

The Savage Club is the supreme place for the foregathering of writers. Its walls bear witness of this fact in caricature and penmanship to the variety and fame of those who have dined there. An evening there with my friend Bart Kennedy, and other jovial knights of the pen, is highly entertaining. Bart is typical of many—no vice, just a real Bohemian with the characteristic traits of the class deep rooted in his nature. He has had his full flood times of success: he has known times when he has been hard put to get a meal, but through it all he is always cheerful and philosophical.

Stuart Cumberland I knew well and was with him a lot during the year of his death. He loved to talk about himself but that is forgiveable in a man who talks well.

Then I can assure you that G. K. Chesterton is well worth listening to. It is also true that some of his brilliant pieces have been written on scrap paper in Fleet Street hostels—and perhaps some of the best, Paul, Trent, too, can give a good evening in Bohemia, and is well acquainted with the elusive haunts of all sorts of queer folk.

Some of these men have appeared to me like a bright shooting star. They appear suddenly and make a brilliant flash. Then they are gone and soon forgotten. Some become respectable and emigrate to the cottage in the country. Others, well it is the old story of the foaming cup, the sparkling eyes, and then Kismet.

There are saints in Bohemia and girls who keep their virtue unsullied under the most difficult circumstances, girls who have been real "pals" to the erratic boys and sent them home to their mothers—and, perhaps some of the mothers have denounced the girls as powdered hussies. Such is life in artistic Bohemia—a wonderful place of hope and despair.

# OPTICAL DELUSIONS

Continued from Page Eight.

one side. He discovered that her chin drew to a little peak and that, behind its point, her neck seemed to run slenderly up into her head—the way a violet-stem runs up behind the blossom. The Burgundy increased—velvety accession on velvety accession—that beguiling bloom in her cheek.

"She is certainly one peach!" Gaylord Hall thought. "What a bonehead I've been!"

The afternoon was gayer than the morning. Later mail arrived, and they continued their work. It entertained them more even than in the morning. It seemed as though the mis-readings, into which their common blindness stumbled, had a really exquisite comic value. Their translations of a pair of letters in longhand left them weak from mirth. Hall even dictated in a felicitous vein an answer to one of these hybrids. Miss Newell laughed so hard that she dropped her pencil, and Hall laughed so hard that he dropped the thread of his thought. They stopped occasionally in the midst of dictation to talk about other matters. What things could be bottled up in people who live along beside us, Hall reflected. Here he had thought of Miss Newell as a dull mouse of a creature. She was far from dull, and she was certainly no mouse. She was entertainingly saucy, for one thing, and in an exceedingly provocative way. She had a dozen coquettish tricks that he had never observed before. Head tiltings! Eye flashings! Lip bridles and tremors of her whole figure.

Every time Hall thought of home a procession of noxious images passed through his mind. Thin, aromaless coffee; black, hardened toast; Bertha's sly insolence; Nancy's disheveled appearance; Robin's snuffles; the dead furnace. But he thought of it rarely, and always as a prison from which he had temporarily escaped. For the spring day increased in power. It was like some monster, magic broom which was sweeping out of the world all its cold and shadow; sweeping into it invisible, intangible warmth—visible, intangible gold.

Toward the late afternoon Hall said, with the eagerness of sudden inspiration: "I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Miss Newell. I'm not going home to Roselyn to-night on account of my glasses. If you'd like to come to dinner with me and the theatre afterwards—they say the show at the Drumhead is great; it's all dancing the scenery—O, boy! I'll get seats in the front row—and I'm sure we can see enough, poor bats that we are, to enjoy it. And there's a new place on Park Avenue, the Ypres, which has the best food in town."

Miss Newell did not reply for a moment; but Hall, watching her, had a feeling he was in the presence of a child who was listening to a catalogue of fairyland wonders. She sat with her heels hooked into the top round of her chair, her knees almost on a level with her lips. The hands, which cupped her chin, did their best to hold in the delight which shook her. At last it seemed to him they succeeded in inhibiting speech. But it was, he discovered in another instant, not that sense of rapture which constrained her, but a different emotion.

"O, I'd love—but I don't know whether I ought. I hadda sort of engagement. But I think I could get outta it. I'm mad to go. I don't so often go to the theatre—mostly to the movies? I will go!

"You might want to telephone," Hall said, and tactfully left the office.

When he came back, "I got outta my engagement," she announced, gayly.

If it's that guy who sent the violets," Hall declared, jocosely, "I'm glad of it!"

For answer she presented him only with a swift coquettish look; a tiny toss of her head.

"Listen, Elf-Girl!" Hall said to her after a while. "If we're going to the theatre we'll want to dine comparatively early. Now, you beat it home at four. I'll change into my evening clothes here in the office. You get a taxi and come back at seven. I'll be waiting outside."

The brief remainder of the afternoon was the silence of concentration but separated work, he at his desk working at figures, she at hers transcribing his dictation. Occasionally Hall would look up, grin, and call, "Still there, Fairy Child?" And always she would answer, blithely, "Still here, Wonder-Boss."

WHEN Miss Newell returned Hall was carrying a small tissue paper bundle. He handed it to her as he got into the taxi. She unrolled it.

"Orchids!" she exclaimed. "Orchids! I never had any orchids before in all my life."

"I was determined to put it all over the guy who sent the violets," Hall declared, cheerfully.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she went on. "They're almost too lovely to wear!" Nevertheless she threw off her little dark fringed cape, revealing underneath a gown of black velvet. The straight slit of neck bared the whole of her throat, and the long slits of sleeve, all of her arms.

She fastened the orchids at the waist: and then, as though that addition had rendered her whole color scheme tepid, she took from her little velvet bag the requisite tools, made larger her large eyes, pinker her soft cheeks, redder her winey lips.

"My hevings, you're certainly one peach!" Hall exclaimed.

Other people thought so. At the Ypres their table, he dimly perceived, was the centre of all eyes. Miss Newell carried herself with the combination of coquetry and composure with which many women receive their first social success. Frankly Hall was one of those men who do not object to the admiration which a beautiful woman companion may excite. However, he took it all calmly. Moreover, he was accustomed to it with Nancy. This always happened: always would happen with Nancy, he reflected—that is, if Nancy would ever care enough again to wear pretty clothes. But what nonsense—clothes! Nancy had a something which survives youth and beauty and which is independent even of clothes—class!

At the theatre, too—he became gradually aware—Miss Newell was the centre of straying glances.

Hall had been fortunate enough to get the first row seats that he coveted, but between the acts they drifted about the foyer. Although apparently taking no notice, Hall was acutely conscious of the blurred swell of turned heads which their progress sheared. It seemed to throw him closer to Miss Newell. It seemed to bend her nearer to him. After the show—he said it was a fitting end to a day which was all Spring, youth and beauty—he took her to the little exclusive club which was his one extravagance. There, their heads almost touching, they had a delicious supper and another long talk.

"I'm ready to say I'll call this a day, Wonder-Boss," Miss Newell declared as he took his seat beside her in the taxi.

"I'm glad you've liked it, O Pearl of Peaches!" Hall returned.

"I've never ate such a dinner in my life," Miss Newell declared, with almost a solemn conviction, "or such a supper, or sat so near the stage. It's a page outta the fairly land of science to me, Wonder-Boss."

"Well, you've been the queen of that fairyland, majesty," he assured her.

The coquetry that had been bubbling in her all the evening now reached the boiling point. Lips parted, lashes fluttering, she suddenly turned directly to him, poured the entire flood of her provocative gaze into his "Do you really think so—really, really, really?" she asked, dulcetly—and she tilted her face up. "Really, Wonder-Boss?"

Her lips were too near. Delibrately she was drawing them closer and closer.

It was a little late when Hall arrived at the office next morning. But he anticipated Miss Newell by five minutes. That five minutes he spent fretting and fuming. Every nerve tingled with—well, a yearning, he decided. For—for what? For another day exactly like yesterday. That was all—another day like yesterday! All blue sky and gay talk; laughter; a pretty woman.

The entrance bell tinkled. Ah, there she was! No, no! When the door opened it was only a messenger boy.

"Three pairs of glasses from Zeisner's," he announced in the professional sing-song.

Hall paid; signed; tore the package open rapidly; slipped on a pair of the new glasses; looked about him with a great sigh of relief.

The entrance bell rang. Miss Newell entered.

"Good morning, Wonder-Boss!" she called coquettishly.

Was this the Fairy Child, the April Pippin, the Spring Lyric? Why, she was a caricature! A cartoon! A comic valentine. Her too red rouge lay in raddled welters. Her too black eyes glared from sepulchral smootches. Her too wet lips! He was inordinately glad he had not kissed that moist, crimson gash! Glad for many reasons.

"O, I see you have your glasses?" she commented airily. "I've just got mine. She drew a package from her bag, tore it open, slipped her nose under the loop which connected the tortoise shell moons. Still smiling coquettishly, she lifted her tiny mirror. Hall turned away.

There was sound of a swift whirl of clothes as she rushed from the room. Hall was alone.

Suddenly—he never wanted to see Miss Newell again! Suddenly—there was nothing in all the universe he wanted to see so much as Nancy! Yes, Nancy—even at the cost of black toast and tepid coffee—yes, if it need be, of Bertha and Bertha's dead furnace. Nancy always and forever. Nancy at once and at any cost! Nancy! He grabbed the telephone.

"Roselyn 95-A. That you, Nancy? Say, Nance, I'm coming home at once—do you understand? On the next train! For the day! And listen, Nancy dear, I'm coming home to celebrate the arrival of spring. And I'm going to celebrate it by taking you for a ride. It's Saturday. I'm going to shut the office up. What's that?"

Nancy's voice thrilled with triumph. "Well, after you'd gone yesterday, I just took my courage in my teeth and fired Bertha. Something seemed to get into me—the spring, I guess. And in an hour I'd got a new maid. She's so wonderful I don't dare breathe. She started the furnace at once and then cleaned the house, and, O, such coffee as she made for me this morning! And her toast as delicate as fried rose leaves! Robin just follows her round all day long. That's not all. It was my lucky day, Gay! The annual spring box of clothes has just arrived from Cousin Ethel—a suit from Paris in which I look as though I'd jumped out of one of the female magazines. And, after seeing those clothes, I felt so much better that I went to see Dr. Whiting, and he relieved that tooth in a jiff. The swelling's all gone down, and when you come home you'll find me all dressed up, ready to play, and so beautiful I'll put your eye out!"

When, mouselike and tortoise-mooned as ever, but incredibly subdued, Miss Newell reappeared, Hall dismissed her—in his most casual manner—for the day.

"I feel that I oughtta tell you now, Mr. Hall," she informed him, a faint note of triumph swelling through the mortified flatness in her voice, "that I'm gonna get married at the end of the month and that you'd better be on the lookout for a new stenographer.

She was leaving. O, boy, if yesterday were spring, what was this day?"

"I knew that guy with the violets had the inside track," Hall asserted, jocosely. "I'm sorry to lose you, Miss Newell; I'll never get your equal. Be on the lookout for a package. Mrs. Hall will send you a wedding present the next time she comes to town."

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# THE EDITORIAL PAGE

The Toronto Sunday World

**Toronto Sunday World**

is published by The Mail Printing Company, the publishers and proprietors, at King and Bay Streets, Toronto, Ont.

THE MAIL PRINTING COMPANY,
J. S. Douglas, General Manager

All manuscript, drawings and photographs submitted to the editor must be accompanied by return postage. The name and address of the sender should be written plainly in the upper right-hand corner of the first page of the manuscript, and on the back of each photograph and drawing. Manuscript will be considered when written on one side of the paper only. Sufficient room should be left between lines to permit editing.

## Toronto's Sympathy.

Hamilton raises a complaint that the city has no union railway station. Furthermore, the building of a new C.N.R. station on the site of the old one indicates that no union station for Hamilton is in prospect.

Hamilton's case is pathetic, no doubt, but it might be worse. Hamilton might have a new Union Station on its hands, not working.

## Fads and Fashions.

Observers not directly concerned will watch with interest the attempt of Paris fashion designers to bring back the crinolines and bustles. But doubt may be expressed that the designers will accomplish their object.

Fashions of a freakish nature may have a fleeting popularity, but dress habits which are permanent must be founded on common sense. Useful and advantageous fashions remain, while succeeding novelties pass into oblivion.

A distinction can usually be drawn between fads and fashions. To dignify a fad into a fashion is no light task.

## The Sentiment in Fuel.

The coal situation in Ontario is a life and death matter, yet there is sentiment associated with it also. There is something cheerful about a fire and, consequently, there is something depressing about the lack of it quite apart from the anxiety and danger associated with a possible fuel shortage.

People have always chosen to gather around a fire for happiness and good company as well as warmth. Fuel in bounteous quantity holds out the prospect of grateful home life, a smiling, contented group in peaceful evening sessions whiling the time away with song and story. The harder the wind blows outside, the swifter the snow flies, the greater is the sense of security and comfort within.

Against the background of such scenes as this, familiar to all, the empty coalbin and the blank cheerless fireplace loom as portents of most forbidding aspect.

## *THE MILL RUN*

It occurs to us that The Smart Set is at once the most comical and the most pathetic magazine we have ever read. It is also the most humorous, though strongly against its will. We always enjoy the contributions of the twin editors, Mencken and Nathan, and the epigrams and other brief doodads that are intended to bridge the abysses between their unread short stories.

* * *

The advertisements of the magazine are the most illuminating of any magazine since they pronounce the verdict of American commercialism upon what is easily the smartest and most distinctive of American monthlies. The advertisements are of the sort made famous by the Police Gazette. They assume that readers of Nathan and Mencken desire to develop their busts, buy diamonds on a basis of $5 down and become electrical experts and earn $200 a week. The Smart Set carries a photograph of a man whose muscles bulge out to the extent that his pectoral development is that of an Amazon, while his triceps are such as never were seen on land or sea by any man who did any hard work except on a patent exerciser. "How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?" is the personal heading for this advertisement, which the gifted editors themselves would privately call a noble dose of whangdoodle. "Mysterious Gland Governs Your Weight," says another ad. Dull hair, freckles and the tobacco habit are also dealt with in these pages. Simplified methods of learning how to draw are purveyed by a Washington correspondence school, and there are full page rumors of "A Long Sought Secret, Vital to Happiness," which will be disclosed to those answering to-day. There is also a wealth of information that can be obtained in a plain wrapper if you "Send No Money."

* * *

Advertisements of this sort can appeal to only those of the lowest intelligence, to the very morons and robots of the population; that is to say to the very element which is industriously ridiculed by Nathan and Mencken. It is impossible for us to imagine anyone enjoying Nathan's strictures on the theatres and heeding the advertising injunction to "Get Rid of That Truss." And it is equally incredible that the advertiser who urges you to "Write the Words for a Song," is addressing people who know the editorial Smart Set opinion of the booboisie.

* * *

So we find, when contrasting the Smart Set advertising with the Smart Set point of view, the most comical of American magazines. There remains only one step before the zenith of the grotesque is reached, and we are expecting it. H. L. Mencken will write a testimonial to Mineralava and put his picture in competition with that of Rodolph Valentino, and Jean Nathan will ge before a notary public and explain how he got rid of superfluous fat in the places "Where It Shows."

—J. V. M.

## WHEN WINTER LEANS ON THE BUNGALOW




## Inquiry and Conference Needed ---Not Political "Gestures"

ONE-HALF of Toronto's coal supply has been received, according to semi-official estimate. That is to say that all of the citizens have bought half of their Winter's fuel, or, as is more likely, half of the citizens have all of their coal in and the other half have none.

Two men walk down the street together. One has a full bin. The other has an empty bin. Which of the two are you?

Probably the situation is no better throughout the province of Ontario. The question that follows is very pertinent:

Are you twirling your cane or does your hat fly off at the apparition of Winter?

Perhaps you would like to know how to get Old Man Winter to quit leaning so heavily and prematurely on your home.

Is there anyone helping you to get rid of the dread of the coming cold weather?

* * *

IT IS a peculiar civilization that fails to assure its members of being able to keep from freezing to death each Winter.

"I do not pretend to know just how to reorganize a gigantic industry, but I can and will bring it home to people that they must demand a solution of the coal problem," said the artist, putting a finishing touch to this clean-cut presentation of the issue.

What is going to be done about it? One-half of the usual quota of hard coal has been received, but what about the missing half? No wonder that Winter leans ominously on the bungalow. Of what use are snug roofs and sturdy chimneys if there is no fuel below stairs? The lawns will not be needed next Summer unless the other half arrives.

Men and women demand security as well as coal. Folk are not going to go on forever at their task of building houses, planting roses and ivy, trying to create refined surroundings for a life that is utterly at the mercy of an arrogant and unrepentant industry. Civilization depends on security. Men will take their families south rather than have their wives standing on verandahs in October looking for the coal wagon that may not come.

The man who has the coal this year may not be so fortunate next year. His "pull" with a friend in the trade may not be "working." Then he will have to "take his chance" with the general public. Perhaps he will not have the cash to spare in the Spring. For some reason he may be in the coalless column. Then he will not greet Winter so jauntily. Governmental reassurances will not mean so much to him then.

Semi-official announcements may be hot air, but they do not warm any nurseries. And if his coal comes it will be as unsufferably expensive as for ten years past.

* * *

BY the way, what are our Governments doing about it? Have they ever made coal cheaper or more plentiful? Fuel control in the past has seldom amounted to more than panicky counsel that would scare most people into buying slate at $16.50 per ton, if anyone were so wicked as to offer slate. It is coal and not control that the people of this province need right now.

With good fortune the unprovided half may get along without actual suffering of body until the middle of November. The paper of Summer magazines is said to be an excellent substitute.

But when the people begin to cry out for some help, the politicians will begin to make what the French political writers call "gestures." They will seek to mitigate conditions "in some way."

Why can they not do something at once? To be sure, they would require to be told what to do. Well, then, perhaps it is not control so much as pressure that should be applied to the coal problem. New sources and new materials must be developed.

ANY hidebound slaves of official routine who still imagine that Ontario's salvation is to be found in a pretence at controlling or cajoling the Pennsylvania industry had better waken up and catch up with the thinking of the people. The people are sick of hearing about Pennsylvania. Their eyes have turned toward Alberta, toward Cape Breton, toward Wales —in any direction that may promise relief.

They could do worse, too, than to insist on an investigation of the possibilities of their own province as a producer of coal.

All these things demand investigation, research and conference. Such activities take time. Why wait till Christmas? Winter is here so far as the constructive activities of our Governments are concerned. Now is the time for federal, provincial and civic authorities to get together. The need is so imperative that all questions of precedence and etiquette, of prerogative and constitutional powers should be waived. Let our Governments seek to know the precise nature and amount of Ontario's needs, the potential sources of untapped supply within the province, the possible reductions in freight rates from the Alberta mines.

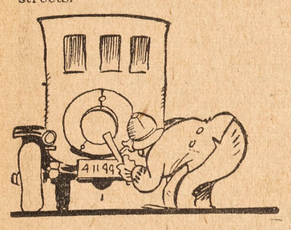
The high price of coal would demand such immediate action, even if the scarcity of coal has not already permitted Winter to lay a chilling hand on Ontario's homes.

## *CATNIP AND DOGGEREL*

CONDUCTED BY RUB.

**FIGURES DON'T LIE.**

There may be safety in numbers, but not if you leave your automobile parked too long in the same place on the down-town streets.



**NEWS AND NEWS.**

"Another prize-fighter becomes an evangelist," remarked Mrs. Twiddleberry, with a satisfied sigh while she was perusing her Sunday paper, and the good lady was proceeding to read the story aloud when Mr. T. rather impatiently remonstrated. "Cut that stuff, m'dear," he pleaded, "Why, I've seen some so-called prize-fighters who performed as if they should have been evangelists instead of ever entering a ring. Turn your paper over to some other page and see if you cannot dig up a story about an evangelist turning prize-fighter. If you can find one, by all means read it out loud to me—and don't cut it, I'll take the piece."

**MONTHLY HOLD-UP.**

The honest man
Pays his way
If he can
Without delay,
But balks and frets
With bitter soul,
Each time he gets
The Gas Co.'s toll
Of fifty cents,
Described as meant
To recompense
For "meter rent."

**PISCATORIAL PERFECTION.**

Fame and fortune is our wish
For some ingenious lad or lass,
Who, for lovers of fine fish
Will figure out a boneless bass.

**NOT ALL THERE.**

When Jazzy was a little lad
His paleness worried Ma and Dad.
They hustled him to Dr. Boyd's
'Twas adenoids!

The doctor got his little saw,
His chisel, and his hatchet, for
The growths had to be amputated
While Jazzy waited.

The adenoids were thrown away
And Jazzy, so his parents say,
Was all right, for a year or so,
Then—Oh, dear Oh!

Once more he ceased to sing and dance
And wore a pallid countenance.
The doctor hadn't any doubt—
Tonsils—Have 'em out!

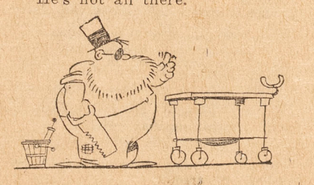
So Jazzy went to hospital
And stood the operation well.
Until he learned with much distress
Weight—four pounds less.

Four pounds of tonsils seems a lot
To lose at once, and, like as not,
To leave a void, hard to replace
In one boy's face.

And then, within a few weeks more,
A pain beneath his pinafore
Gave poor Jazzy quite a shock—
Back to the Doc.

The sawbones greeted him with glee.
"Appendicitis, son!" said he.
Forsooth, without a tear or sigh,
Appendix—goodbye.

Now Jazzy's mind is sorely vexed.
What, from his works, is going next?
No wonder 'tis that folks declare
He's not all there.



## Edgar Lee Masters' New Verses SPOON RIVER EPITAPHS



***Cowley Rider.***

I WORKED and bought a house for her,
I showered my benefactions upon the children,
Who were like her, and worked against me—
They weren't my children at all.
When I awoke at sixty years
To find that they had my property,
And the children were hers, and their spouses hers,
And I was left to a little room
In the house I earned, and the rest of the world
Was dead or strange to me:
The wages of goodness is Death!

***Frank Treadway.***

HERE lies Frank Treadway,
The lost hope of his father, William Treadway.
He gave his soul to the Prince of Peace,
Who sent the sword of discord into our home,
Before that a place of tranquil happiness,
And set him at variance with his mother,
His brothers, his sisters,
And his father, who carves these sorrowing words!

***Benjamin Lander.***

FLAME! the color of it, shape and power.
Who knows while it flickers to the wind?
Flames on the hearth mount high
Because of pitch and resin.
They soar, entwine, flame wrestles with flame.
But the bed of coals is a steady glow;
And thus I never knew myself till desire,
Ambition, lust of the world were burned away,
And the will of me urging itself to mount,
Leaving my essential self
Like carbon, the basis of life,
Seeing calmly, all coals at last!

***Abram Stein.***

DAVID, sweet singer of Israel,
Did you not also smite Goliath to death
With a rock from your terrible sling?
And if I sang no songs, Spoon River,
Worthy your remembrance,
I was your satirist,
Your voice of outraged beauty,
Smiting Ignorance and Greed,
And Hatred and Hypocrisy,
To the day of my death!

***Mark Paas.***

TRANCED as a youth with the plangent music of Milton,
The singing flame of Shelley, and O, you songs
Starring the tragic clouds of Shakespeare's vision—
I said to myself, the hand of death could not still you.
Death could not blot and vulgarize your souls
With darkness forever, and nothingness and silence!
But oh, those last days in April,
days of my life the last,
To hear the robin spired against the sunset,
Or the thrush, with the sweet of the meadows wafted to me
There by my window, sick and torn with thought:
So many springs! So many thrushes and robins.
Gone like the poets I loved—and into silence?
The song of the thrush sharpened my darkest doubt!

***Selma Lanstrum.***

I WAS a waitress at The Fulton,
He a conductor on the Electric.
When they joined the city with Spoon River,
And going back and forth I saw him.
He was so kind and understanding.
He treated me like a woman of worth,
And looked at me with eyes so clear,
And strode the car so straight and strong;
He was a gentleman through and through,
Who seemed to be out of place.
I lost my heart, and lost it for good.
And when he vanished I couldn't sleep.
Why, long years after, seeing his picture
In a magazine, I cried so loud
My husband shook me and accused me.
And asked "Who's that?" "Who's that?" I said—
"Knut Hamsun, a famous writer."

***Unknown Soldiers.***

STRANGER! Tell the people of Spoon River two things:
First, that we lie there, obeying their words;
And next, that had we known what was back of their words
We should not be lying here!

***Julius Brink.***

MOST of you in Spoon River
Were critics of each other, while I was a critic of life.
And you were optimists and believers,
And I a skeptic and pessimist—yes!
And here is my faith in life and death—
The world was many millions of years
Building itself from mist to soil.
And it took half a million years
To turn the ape man into a Greek.
So what does it prove to show no progress
Within the time of written records?
If it takes as long to civilize man
And make his soul stand up with his body
As it took to build the earth, what wonder?
There's time ahead to do it in—
And that was my faith to the last.

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## Wisdom of the Editors

**'TWAS EVER THUS.**

Woodstock Sentinel-Review: We live, however, in troublous political times, when the most astute political prophet can be by no means sure as to what the morrow will bring forth.

**QUEER.**

Philadelphia Record: The farmer-labor combination is queer: The farmer doesn't want wages raised, and the laborer doesn't want food prices raised.

**MISUNDERSTANDING TORONTO.**

Guelph Mercury: It's surprising there has been no rush of Torontonians to join the Cuban navy since it was discovered the O.T.A. had no jurisdiction over the vessel now anchored in Toronto waters.

**BELATED.**

Quebec Telegraph: Among the harvesters who are going to the Canadian wheat fields is an old man of eighty-five years. It is understood that he is very apologetic for his unwarranted delay in answering the call: "Go west, young man, go west."

**USED TO IT.**

Quebec Chronicle: The tendency of human nature to accustom itself to anything, whether good or bad, from which the element of novelty has been removed, is strikingly demonstrated in the present attitude of military experts towards the use of poison gases in warfare

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(2 Doors West Princess Theatre).

PERCY A. BREAKEY
402 YONGE ST.

LAWRENCE PARK GARAGE, LTD.
2637 YONGE ST.

HALE MOTORS, LIMITED
523-525 ST. CLAIR AVE.

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## M.A.M.A. Seeks Wider Markets For Products

### This Will Be Dominant Theme For Early Autumn Convention In Boston.

New York City.—"Widening the market for automotive products" will be the dominating theme of the Fall convention of the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association to be held at Boston, September 19th-22nd.

This meeting, one of the most important gatherings of the year in automotive circles, will bring together several hundred executives of important concerns in the part and accessories field.

In line with the policy of the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association, the various sessions and discussions will, in the main, be co-ordinated about one central idea, so as to give coherence and timely significance to the convention.

At the first meeting of the general program committee at the headquarters of the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association, it was determined to feature on the program the basis problems of strategy facing the automotive industry, all of these problems bearing on various phases of widening the market for motor products.

Among the factors which are to be considered in connection with this general theme are: the need of more and better roads; the problem of reducing maintenance costs, and increasing service efficiency; the acute need for more space to drive and park automobiles in crowded cities; the need of removing unfair automobile taxation; and the world view of motor transportation.

For the first time in the history of the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association, emphasis will be given to problems relating to jobber distribution. It was felt by the General Program Committee that in considering ways and means of widening the markets for automotive, industry, consideration of jobber distribution was of great importance.

Two members of the general program committee are regarded as experts on his question of distribution through jobbers: E. P. Chalfant, chairman of the board of directors of Bill Mfg. Company, and B. M. Asch, president of Asch and Company, Inc. Mr. Chalfant is also a member of the association's board of directors. Another member of the program committee, J. M. McComb, vice-president of the Crucible Steel Co. of America, is also one of the association's directors.

Of the four hundred and thirty companies affiliated with the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association, close to two hundred sell their products to the automotive jobbers as well as to the vehicle makers.

## How Packard Co. Set Service Costs

### Standardized 400 of Most Common Repair Costs at Continental Conference.

After nearly two years of the closest study by factory executives and its distributors in every part of the country, the Packard Motor Car Co. has adopted a system of standardized service, one of the first manufacturers of quality cars to take such a step.

The new system which came into effect recently will be watched with keen interest, because of its wide departure from nearly all service methods in the quality car field.

Through the co-operation of the largest distributors and the factory has been able to standardize the specifications for performing approximately 400 of the most common repair operations. This permits Packard service being performed throughout the country on a definite price basis with standard Packard specifications developed by the largest distributing points and checked through time studies at the factory.

"This," said H. N. Davock, head of the service department at the Packard factory, "gives the owner, in advance, the exact cost of his repair work. It gives him also the protection afforded by having the cost of repair work checked and the prices approved by the Packard factory. The cost of the repair work involves both labor and materials.

"We have listed 400 repair and other service operations and not only determined on the specifications to be used but the time allowance to be given each operation. Based on cost surveys, we have set a standard price for each one of these operations.

"The plan means just this to the Packard owner: "He will know when he takes his car into a service station and orders some work done exactly what his bill is going to be when the car is delivered to him. He will know also just what has been done on his car.

"This new system should bring the car owner and the service station closer together and give the car owner greater confidence. It should eliminate entirely work on the car by anyone other than experts, thus prolonging the life of the car.

"While the new plan was under consideration and study Packard distributors from all of the large centres of Canada and the United States gathered in Detroit. The service manager of one city checked his costs with the current costs presented by managers of other cities and as a result there has come a closer supervision and a reduction in costs to the car owners in many operations below a point that previously was deemed possible. In other words, it is putting each operation in each service station strictly on a competitive basis with the continent as a whole."

In determining the price at which the owner should be billed for service, the lowest cost at which any Packard service operation could be done and have the Packard standard of workmanship maintained was fixed as the standard price for each of the 400 operations.

"We did not simply take an average of the costs for the whole country," said Mr. Davock, "and fix that as the cost for the standardized service plan."

## Govt. Makes Film Of Truck Manufacture

### "The Making of a Motor Truck" Filmed in Pontiac Plant of G. M. C.

The only Government motor truck film ever made by the United States Department of Commerce in collaboration with a truck manufacturer is now being shown in the principal cities of the United States.

This film, "The Making of a Motor Truck," was made recently at the plant of the General Motors Truck Company in Pontiac, Mich., and is now ready for distribution through the Department of Commerce.

Copies of the "Movie" have been sent to the truck company's representatives and factory branches at New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Minneapolis, where it will be shown during the next few months.

Other copies of the film are being distributed by the Government, both in Canada, the United States and abroad. Copies of the film will also become part of the permanent record of the United States Government, and every United States consulate in the world will have a film to show foreign business men who are interested in a motor truck or its work.

## He's the World's "Champ" Autograph Collector

### Has Two Volumes Weighing 57 Pounds, Each Filled With Signatures of Famous Men.



Joseph Mikulec, whose life-long pursuit of autograph collection has taken him twice round the Globe and brought him into contact with political and business leaders the world over, displays his famous signatures in the office of President H. H. Rice of the Cadillac Company.

Gabriel's life-long and faithful seeking after Evangeline; Jason's fabled, heroic quest of the gloden fleece: Sir Galahad's ideal pursuit of the Holy Grail, and Ponce de Leon's romantic search for the fountain of youth all are reflected in the never-ending pilgrimage, a crusade, ever successful, but never reaching full fruition, which has been the life work of Joseph Mikulec, globe trotter, autograph collector, and persistent traveler, who has covered several hundred thousand miles and twice girdled the earth in his mission of obtaining the signatures of prominent persons the world over.

Upon his arrival in the offices of the Cadillac Motor Car Company, Mikulec carried upon his shoulder an enormous leather-bound volume, weighing 57 pounds, into which he has been gathering signatures for many years.

Leaving his home town of Stubica, in Croatia, 22 years ago, when he was 23 years of age, Mikulec began his long journey as a pilgrim on foot, traveling from city to city. As the size of his book increased he used a push cart. His mission eventually brought him to America, where he has traveled over the 48 states of the United States gathering signatures of business, political and professional leaders, becoming some years ago a citizen of that country.

Afterward he took passage for Australia, visited China, Japan, India, Egypt and the Holy Land, South Africa and New Zealand, and returned by way of Europe to Canada and so to his home in Philadelphia.

In opening his immense volume and requesting the signature of President H. H. Rice of the Cadillac Company, Mikulec exhibited the signatures of five United States Presidents—Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge. He showed the autographs of Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, the Prince of Wales, Count Lubomirski, Polish Ambassador W. Wroblewski, the President of China, Admiral Togo of Japan, J. Pierpont Morgan and other financial leaders, presidents of many insurance companies, a long list of United States Senators, American Ambassadors to foreign countries, foreign Ambassadors to the United States, and many noted editors and writers.

Throughout the years Joseph Mikulec lectures wherever he happens to be, sometimes working for a few weeks and using his earnings for another journey. He dresses in a simple but spotless uniform of blue denim, wears a round blue and white soft hat and cultivates a soft, brown beard.

His answers to questions are direct and comprehensive, and he appears very self-possessed. Obtaining signatures seem to him, apparently, more a matter of "making the rounds" than one of diplomacy and effort. J. Pierpont Morgan's signature, he said, was easily obtained, because he had previously met Mr. Morgan's representatives in Paris, and had letters vouching for his own reliability.

At the age of forty-five the autograph collector believes his wanderings are nearing their end. He informed officials of the Cadillac Motor Car Company that the present volume is the second one into which he has collected signatures, and that he is hoping the work of his lifetime will soon rest in an honored position in some museum.

The fertile fields of Iowa beckon and the rich experience of his life of travel clamor for the telling. He has brothers and other relatives back in Croatia who mhe hopes to bring to this continent, and between tilling the soil, cultivating orchards and writing of his wanderings among the leaders of all lands he looks forward to many years of activity growing directly from his faithful pursuit of autograph collection.

## Canada Leads World Trade Per Capita

### Business Conditions Good and Promise to be Better, Says "Cad" Official.

Canadian automobile plants are operating at capacity and a survey of general business conditions throughout the Dominion warrants motor car manufacturers in expecting an increasing market, according to a statement made by Edward J. Weil, of the Cadillac Motor Car Company of Canada, Oshawa, Ontario, while in Detroit attending the annual convention of the Cadillac organization.

"The agricultural outlook, despite local reports to the contrary, is the best in Canadian history, with the exception of the rye crop, which is disappointing," states Mr. Weil

"In pulp production, Canada leads the world," Mr. Weil continued, "and this industry is operating at capacity. Further revenues for our railroads have recently been assured by the bill passed by Parliament placing an embargo upon the exportation of pulp. One carload of pulp turned into paper in Canada means four carloads of freight going into and coming out from the mills, besides increased volume of manufacturing.

"While two thousand freight cars were recently ordered by two railroads, there is still a shortage of rolling stock to handle the expected crops. Iron and steel business, although still below normal, is gaining each month, recent increased business being due to railroad orders.

"Export business has been making great gains. During 1922, exports were valued at $884,362,583, an increase of more than $80,000,000 over 1921. The balance of trade in 1922 was $122,023,274, as compared with $3,221,337 in 1921. In 1922 Canada led the world in per capita trade.

"The saving to Canadian purchasers of Cadillac cars by the establishment of our plant at Oshawa has proved a powerful impetus to larger sales in Canada. Coupled with the sound and encouraging business conditions, it has determined us in a course of continuous further development there."

## Chandler Conquers Priest Pass On High

### Is Only Stock Car That Ever Succeeded in Ascent Without Gear Change.

Another spectacular feat of hill climbing has been marked up to the credit of Chandler Pikes' Peak Motor. Its latest victory is over no less a grade than the Continental Divide. Priest's Pass, near Helena, Mont., was the scene of its exploit.

"The climb starts at a point 4,500 feet above sea level and ends on the top of the Continental Divide, where the altitude is 5,984 feet," said an official of Metropolitan Motors Limited, distributors. "Heretofore only one other automobile ever climbed this road in high gear, and that was done by a specially prepared car, stripped of its top, its windshield, and its running boards, and with its exhaust pipe shot out from the side of the hood. The Chandler was a regular stock five-passenger car, carrying all its factory equipment, with windshield and top both up, and with its tank filled with low test gasoline. Two passengers were carried.

"The attempt of the climb was made at 5 a.m. in order to avoid traffic difficulties, but even at that early hour, because of the spectacular nature of the effort, there were spectators along the road to watch the performance. The Helena newspapers were invited to provide official observers, and Bert Campbell, of the Helena Independent, was a passenger during the ascent.

"The roads were not in good condition, as they had been gullied by recent rains, making it necessary to jump from one side of the road to the other at intervals. The climb was completed in 13 minutes and 30 seconds. The slowest rate travelled during the entire ascent was 17 miles an hour, through a stretch of road on which fresh earth had been dumped.

"The Helena newspapers declare that the Priest's Pass road is probably the most difficult of the heights attained by the Pikes Peak Motor. Affidavits were submitted after the climb by Mr. Campbell and by Fred Pfeiffer, automobile mechanic, to the effect that the car used in the test was of the standard Chandler gear ratio of 4.45 to 1.

## Overland Output Now 1,000 Cars Per Diem

### Comeback is One of Most Salient Features of Industry's Recent History.

Recently through a decision handed down by Judge Knox in the Federal District Court, at Buffalo, permanent control of the Willys-Overland Company in the United States definitely passed into the hands of Mr. Willys and his friends.

This control was represented by a block of 739,000 shares of common stock which originally belonged to John N. Willys but which was turned over to the Willys Corporation organized by him in 1918 as one of the assets of that corporation.

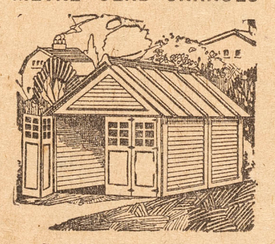
In September last year, Mr. Willys gave up all personal activities in all other of his business interests and returned to Toledo to devote his entire time to the development of Willys-Overland. The come-back of the Willys-Overland during the past few months is a salient feature of the industry. Willys-Overland production has climbed back to second place among all the automobile members of the Chamber of Commerce from fourteenth place—last highest point in the history of the Company. Production and earnings for the past six months of 1923 are in excess of any previous six months' period. Dealers have been almost doubled in number. Overhead cost has been cut to a lower figure than ever before in the history of the company. The product has reached a higher standing with the public than ever before, and even at this period when a seasonable lull is generally expected, the demand for Willys-Overland cars is greater than ever at any time this year.


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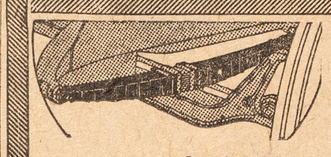
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# General Automotive News From Around the World

## British Motorcycle Industry Enjoying Better Times at Expense of Car Industry Owing to Weight Tax—Spain Buying More Cars—Australian Motor Body Industry Growing—French Colonial Air Services—London's New Buses—German Air Transport.

The motorcycle industry of Great Britain is enjoying better times. Heavier models are becoming more popular and are competing with light passenger cars. Manufacturers of light model motorcycles are also fairly busy. The cycle manufacturers have been able to reduce prices and certain types of machines are being offered at prewar quotations even though additional equipment has been added. The industry is better off than are many of the small car builders.

The passenger car industry, on the other hand, is suffering greatly from the effect of the current tax. The industry had expected that with the change in taxation to a basis of fuel consumption, which had been promised, a trend toward heavier cars would take place, and great disappointment was felt when this measure was not included in this year's budget. The organization and capitalization of British companies is not such as to permit manufacturers to produce one type of car for the home market and a distinctly different type for foreign fields.

The demand for heavier cars in the British market is more evident than ever in the import figures of the first quarter of 1923 which totaled 16,608 cars and chasses as against 4,830 for the same period of 1922. Imports of 2,092 vehicles during March established a new high record for imports during any one month, the last record having been 2,025 in January, 1923.

In view of these increasing imports, many British manufacturers are giving serious attention to the mass production methods employed by their Canadian and American competitors and the feeling seems to be growing stronger that some sort of an amalgamation of plants and capital must be effected before the motor industry can be placed on a firmer basis.

**Danes Don't Want Outboard Motors.**

Outboard marine motors were used quite extensively in Denmark until a few years ago but have now practically disappeared from the market. A former agent for an American motor, which once was sold in fairly large numbers and other former dealers state that the reason for the disappearance of the outboard motor from the Danish market is the general lack of knowledge of mechanics among users. The innumerable complaints and excessive repairs caused by this ignorance made the business unprofitable. A Swedish outboard motor was sold quite extensively but this machine has also disappeared from the market, and it seems to be concensus of opinion that no future market exists.

**Accessories in Denmark.**

The fact that there are some 25,000 cars and trucks in Denmark and that approximately 40 per cent. of them are Canadian and American built, should auger well, for a good sized market for accessories in general. Denmark's motorization is progressing rapidly and Canadian and American automotive products are gaining popularity. The Danish motor public has not yet come to understand fully that there are good and bad carburetors. As a result the carburetor supplied with the car is usually retained throughout the life of the car. For replacement the German "Zenith" is being sold quite extensively for use on heavy cars. Prices of German carburetors in general range from Kr. 85 to Kr. 150. A Danish-made carburetor is sold for Kr. 85, but is not widely used. American carburetors dominate the market, especially one make which although originally intended for use on a well-known low-priced American car, gives general satisfaction on other makes of light cars. This carburetor owes its popularity largely to its low selling price of approximately Kr. 36.

**Spanish Automotive Merchandising and Servicing Problems to be Investigated.**

L. H. Schultz for the past 14 months with the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce as assistant to the Chief of the Automotive Division, has resigned his position to take up work in the export department of the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, in September. In the meantime he will make a trip to Spain, where he will report on merchandising and servicing conditions for the automotive industry.

"Spain is rapidly following Switzerland as the competitive centre for European manufacturers of automotive products, and although Canadian and American makers at the present time have a good hold on the market, they feel it necessary to study the merchandising and servicing problems of the ciuntry and secure a better understanding of local conditions," said Mr. Schultz.

"Although European production costs are higher, manufacturers in France, England, Italy and Germany have many advantages accruing from proximity and depreciated currencies in dealing with Spain, a country where little automotive production is carried on. Proximity to the market allows for lower freight costs, less packing due to lack of necessity of shipping by water, and ability to send factory representatives to the country regularly at a small cost. Canadian and American manufacturers must, therefore, study the merchandising and servicing problems closely in order to meet this increasing competition in Spain, which can hardly be said to be a foreign market to European producers owing to its proximity."

Mr. Schultz will do this work under the auspices of the Class Journal Publishing Company, of New York, publishers of automotive trade papers. "He is well equipped to do the work after his experience in the Automotive Division combined with the studies he has been carrying on for the past two years," officials of the Department of Commerce stated to-day in expressing regret over Mr. Schultz's departure.

**Rural Free Delivery in Australia.**

Few are the regions of the world into which the Canadian motor car does not penetrate, but it would be hard to find a more remote spot where one operates regularly than the extreme west of Queensland, Australia, where the farmer's wife hangs out her weekly wash on the horizon instead of on a clothesline. The Boulia Mail deserves a prominent place in the automotive pantheon.

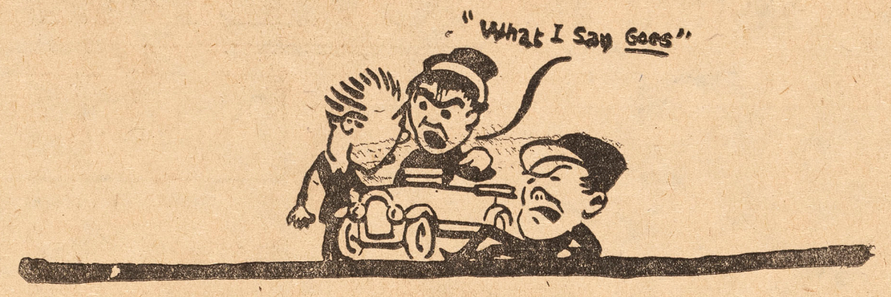
Boulia is 130 miles west of the last station on the Charleville Railway, and the route is roadless save for tracks that nothing but a kangaroo, a pack mule, or an automobile can negotiate. Over occasionally swollen rivers and rain-soaked prairie, more often in stinging heat which turns the sod to cinders and the earth to dust, this motor mail goes weekly pulling a trailer filled with parcel-post packages and carrying to the approximately 100 inhabitants of this vast cattle country letters, newspapers, and groceries, even human visitors. Sydney Teece is the mailman's name. He and his little staff have solved the problem of running to time over their aboriginal route, and seldom is the lonesome rancher disappointed by the non-arrival of the Boulia mail as scheduled. Horses cannot travel this way at all in the dry season, but the car gets through.

**Aviation in French Colonies.**

The French Government is encouraging the development of aerial navigation in the colonies, where limited railroad and postal services and indifferent roads make such transportation of great value.

In East Africa is a well established network of aero lines connecting most of the principal cities and towns and others are in preparation. In North Africa some progress has been made in establishing commercial aerial lines. The French Government has agreed to contribute two-thirds the cost of extensions, the colonies to make up the other third. In Madagascar a private company is preparing a line which promises good results. In French Guiana two lines are projected by private companies, one from Cayenne to Saint Laurent, and the other from Saint Laurent to the rich gold country of Inini. Great advantages are expected from these colonial lines in transporting merchandise of large value and small bulk, and also of civil and military officials.

## What Was Needed.



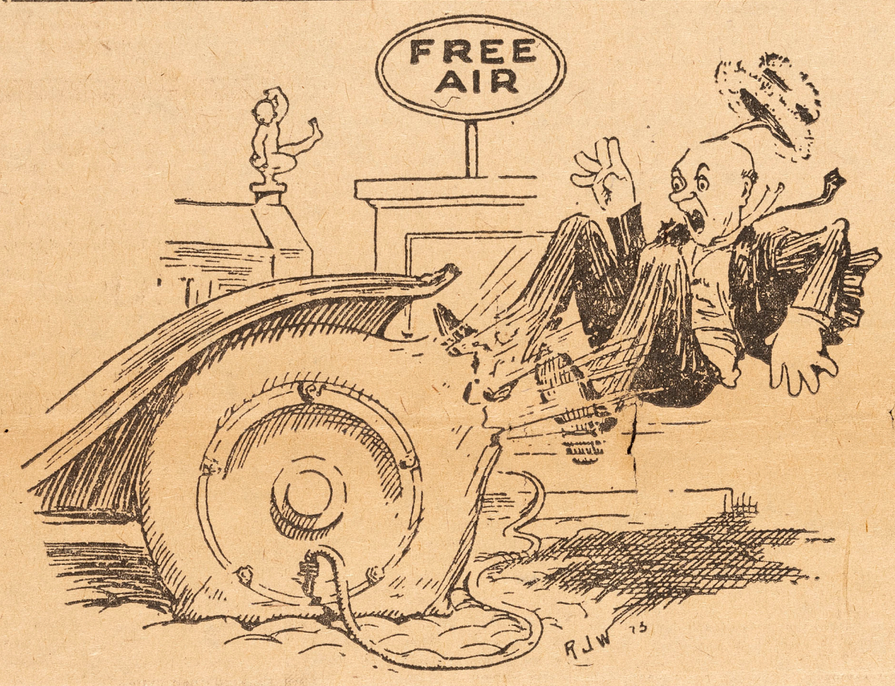

A man walked into a garage where his car was being repaired and was heard to reprimand the garage owner for telling him how to run his own car, saying: "This is my car, and what I say goes."

A moment later a tired, greasy mechanic looked up from under the car and said: "For goodness' sake, say 'engine!'"—Western Christian Advocate.

## HE DRIVES ONE NOW.

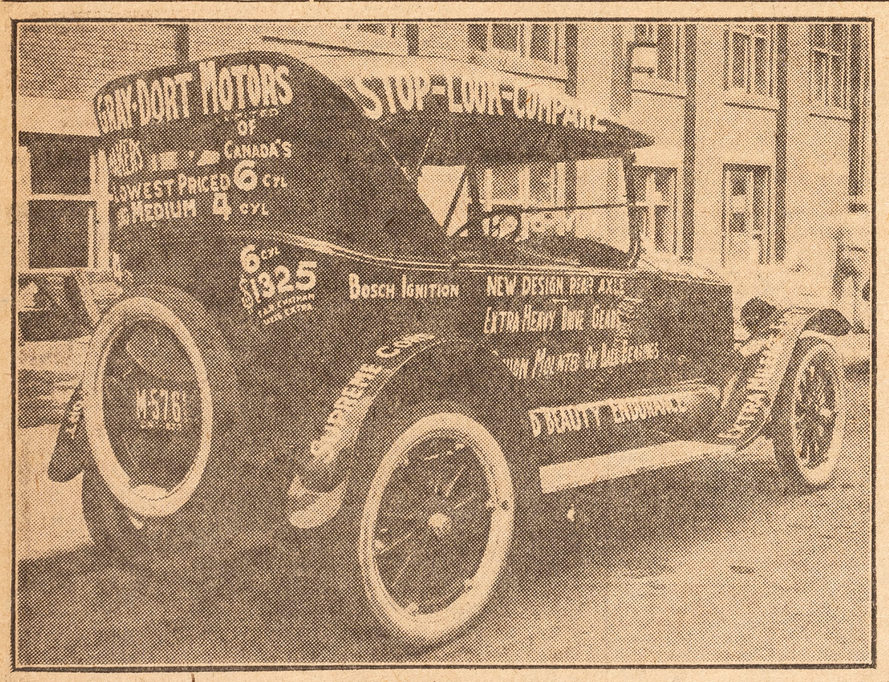
What has become of the old-fashioned pedestrian who wished to forbid the manufacturing of motor cars capable of going faster than ten miles an hour?
—From the Chicago Daily News.

## Li'l' Studies From Life




Whenever anything was given away free, Jones wanted all he could carry.

## A Gray-Dort Publicity Stunt.




A Gray-Dort "six" on which had been painted conspicuously, outstanding features of the car, was used at the Canadian National Exhibition.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Safest and best family medicine

## Predicted Slumps Did Not Materialize

### Many Things Proved on Paper Prove Fallacious, Says Rice.

The systematic study of business as a part of the curricula of colleges and universities, is one of the latest developments in our educational system. Yet so far has it already progressed that students from various univerities are making tours of the continent, using the great industrial plants as their laboratories for further research.

A group of fifteen students and post-graduates of the Harvard School of Business Administration were recently guests of the Cadillac Motor Car Company, where they were taken on a trip of inspection to study production methods in the factory.

H. H. Rice, Cadillac president, gave them a short talk upon the value of charts and records showing the state of fundamental business conditions and giving data upon which to forecast future tendencies.

Mr. Rice warned the students that theoretical knowledge must be tempered by years of business experience before it becomes of the greatest practical value, citing various forecasts of a slowing down in the automobile business, all of which have failed to materialize.

"You can 'prove' what is going to happen in business, and then find out that you are wrong," said Mr. Rice. "So after the general theory has been worked out it must be put to the test of conditions which may exist in a particular industry and even in a particular unit of that industry.

"The motor car industry, for instance, has been the last to fall away in the several setbacks of general business since the motor industry was born and it has also been the first to recover; which condition demonstrates that it is a growing and expanding business."

The Harvard students of business are making their tour in a special railroad car, and were met at the station by members of the Cadillac organization who brought them to the factory. After leaving Detroit, their next objective was the Eastman Kodak Company's leading plant. The party was in charge of Dr. J. O. Downey, who had recently completed the course now being taken by the embryo executives.

## Jones-Boyd Motors Haynes Distributors

### Active Personnel of Company Includes L. W. Jones, H. J. Boyd and E. J. Hollinger.

The appointment of Jones-Boyd Motors, Limited, 531 Yonge Street, Toronto, as Haynes dealers is officially announced by Gilbert U. Radoye, director of sales and advertising for the Haynes Automobile Company.

The members of this firm are L. W. Jones, Harry J. Boyd and E. J. Hollinger three well-known young automobile men. The new company has incorporated at $50,000. A first-class service station for servicing Haynes cars exclusively will be maintained.

The contract with the Jones-Boyd Motors, Limited, was closed by J. H. DeJong, Haynes distributor for Canada.

**Sky Travel in Columbia.**

A new aviation company has been organized in Colombia. It is called the Compania Santandereana de Aviacion, and will be operated in the Province of Santander, which has no outlet by rail or water through Colombian territory. It is reported that one German aeroplane of metal construction has already been ordered. While the company is distinct from the Germany company which has been operating between Bogota and the coast, it is understood that the promoters of the old company are the organizers of the Compania Santandereana.

**Body Building in Australia.**

Out of 13,926 chasses imported into Australia in the last six months of 1922, according to the Australian Motorist, 2,411 were fitted with overseas bodies, and 11,515 with bodies made in Australia. Taking £70 as the average price for an Australian body the cutput of local bodybuilders in the six months would reach the amount of £806,050, or at a rate of over £1,612,000 per annum.

Australian motor bodies are built largely of local lumber and leather, and products of local metal working establishments. Considerable importation of materials is required, however, and the market for aluminum sheets, imitation leather and high-polish enamels is good.

Drive on the right side of the road; it's just as good as the left.

Slow down when approaching a cross-road; it is nearly as dangerous as a railway crossing.

Look out for children. You can never tell what they'll do, and you are always in the wrong if you hit one.

## Contestants Divide New Zealand Honors

### Prize Winners in Race: Fiat, Hudson, Hupmobile, Renault and Willys-Knight.

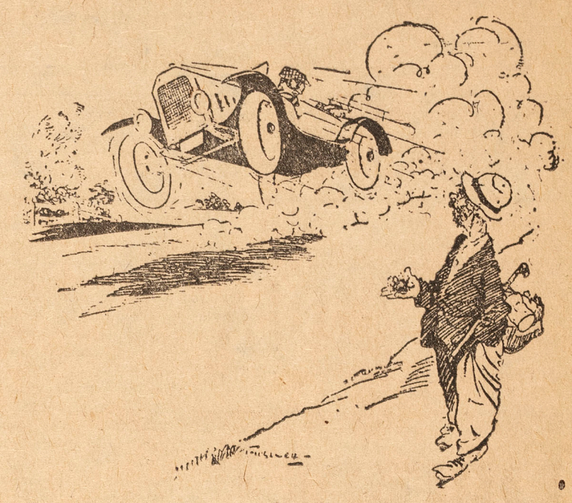
One of the most strenuous annual motor events is the "One-day Race" across New Zealand, starting from near Christchurch and returning to the same point after covering a distance of 145 miles over wild mountainous country, with roads which are frequently mere trails, and which, consequently, test drivers and cars to the utmost.

A maximum and a minimum time was imposed for each class, and in order to render the event more searching, petrol consumption was controlled and taken into consideration in making the awards. This year 25 competitors started in the race, and of this number 19 got home again, while six fell by the roadside.

In the owner-driver's class the winner was Mr. T. Y. Wardrop, who, despite his 65 years, did not hesitate to face the hardships of the mountain road at the wheel of his 10-15 h.p. Fiat. The events of the day proved, indeed, that as a driver he was quite capable of holding his own with the best of the professionals. The second place in this division fell to Mr. F. L. Schmidt, at the wheel of a Renault, followed by Mr. Carey on a Hudson Super Six.

The winner in the professional driver's class was Mr. Steere, who, with a 501 Fiat, captured first place, irrespective of class distinctions. Mr. Butcher, on a Hupmobile, and Mr. Park, on a Willys-Knight, were, respectively, second and third in this division.

## Well! Isn't He Taking the Primrose Path



"Hi, mate! Want to buy a few primroses?"—London Opinion.

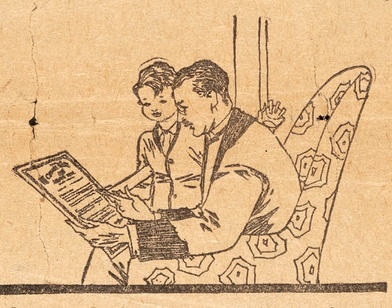
Did'ja ever hear a Swede say "seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven." Well then you've missed a treat. But if you have a Swedish friend ask him to tell you that Ford has just turned out his 7,777,777th motor and then get under a good big umbrella and keep it tipped toward your Swedish friend. In days of old John Lawson, the Terrible Swede of bicycle days, always brought down the house when doing his act on the stage by putting 7,777 into Swedish. What he would have done if reporting Ford's splendid record can only be surmised, but presumably he'd have killed some people from laughter.


# Their Future





*Your Boy, For Instance*



Your boy can be interested in his own future.



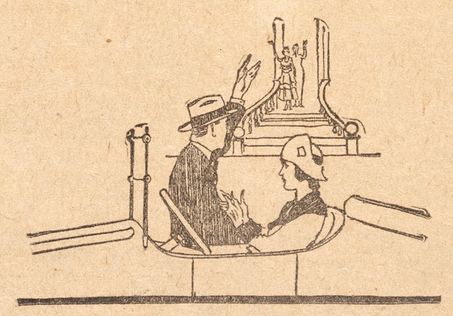
His ideas will be "steadied" by the knowledge of your plans for him.



His "preparation" expenses are provided for "no matter what happens."



Later on his training helps to win confidence,



Leading to his ultimate success, and your deep satisfaction.

If your boy or girl could speak now with the wisdom of later years, they would ask, above all else, for education, training for business,—a real start in life.

Every parent knows that the boy who has training is selected for a good position; and the girl who has the right start can make a place for herself in the world, and always be sure of independence and happiness.

You want your children to be equipped for the battle of life, as others are.

## Make Your Plans Secure

Why not provide, as many parents are now doing, that "no matter what may happen" your boy or girl will have the advantage of a good start in life?

In these times they need training and the help you can give as never before.

See what the Canada Life can do with the new

## Educational Policy

It will provide immediately, if you should die, an educational fund, to be held in trust at interest for your child's training.

This fund cannot be touched by the child until the date set by you has been reached.

It will then be paid in eight separate payments, six months apart, to cover the four vital years of training.

If you should live, the cash value of the contract, with dividends, will be available at any time to carry out any of your plans.

Nothing could be more simple—the funds provided—your plans made definite and secure—whether you live or die.

You have probably *thought* this matter over many times. Here is a chance to *do* something—tangible, immediate, yet quite easy.

**Why not find out now what the educational policy will do for your child? This will not put you under any obligation.**

# Canada Life
## Assurance Company

Home Office:
Toronto,
Canada

Canada Life Assurance Company, Toronto.
Dear Sirs: I would like to have more information about your Educational Policy.
Name .....
Address .....
Born ..... day of .....

24

# The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob.

## LONG DISTANCE GLIMPSES OF THE BROADWAY STAGES

By PERCY HAMMOND.

EVEN the most ardent of the South's cronies will scarcely feel miffed at Mr. Tarkington's amusing burlesque of Southern life in his new play "Magnolia." Not only is "Magnolia" a good, deep-chested show, full of pretty romance and copious bloodletting, but its travesty is humorous and without malice. Furthermore, its many characters include three worthy persons (if you count Rumbo, the aged negro butler), and these three are so exemplary that they make amends for others less meritorious. Mr. Leo Carrillo, for instance, as the hero, is of a pleasing nature, fond of Wordsworth and entomology; and, though he is driven by circumstances to become a chill and murdering steamboat gambler, he retains his lovable elements. How, do you think, does Mr. Carrillo accomplish his first entrance into the play? With a graceful skip, bearing a butterfly net, a copy of his favorite bard and surrounded by merry stage children!

Mr. Tarkington's broad satire begins at once to evince itself. The hero, having spent his earlier youth among the cannibal savages, is unused to the homicidal ways of civilized life on the lower Mississippi. While he has been out in the fields gathering butterflies and loving the birds and flowers, his neighbors, the Patterson boys (Joe and the Major) have been down at the steamboat landing, killing the last of the Joneses. Both of these youths are enthusiastic necrophiles and their favorite landscape is one that is decorated with the corpse of a Jones. Since there are no Joneses left to gratify their cadaverous appetites, they turn to Mr. Carrillo for satisfaction. The Major challenges him to a duel for the hand of the fair Elvira. Whereupon the mystified Mr. Carrillo, declining to fight, is ordered by his father, mother and sweetheart to live in the woodshed as a poltroon unworthy of the traditions

**A Banished Hero.**

The first-nighters at the Liberty Theatre the other evening might have borne that banishment better, I think, had not Mr. Carrillo forgotten to take his volume of Wordsworth with him. I suspect that if this ultra-Broadway audience had been polled as to the ten books most suitable for company in an outhouse, the works of Wordsworth would have been favorite. So when he left his Wordsworth upon the plantation lawn as the sad first act curtain fell, the anguish of the Broadway nature-lovers was, as the sailors say, simply terrible. It was tactful of Mr. Tarkington to explain later that Mr. Carrillo, as he abandoned the gentle, dreamy life for one of violence and gaming, did not entirely desert poetry. He simply shifted from the "blended bird notes and budding twigs" of Wordsworth's Nature to the "red claws and teeth" of that of Lord Byron.

A week later Mr. Carrillo, drifting into a tony Natchez gambling hell, learns from its shrewd proprietor (Mr. Malcolm Williams), the great advantages of four-flushing—in matters of courage. Assume the false race of safety, Mr. Williams advises him, and you will be brave. Mr. Williams a moment before has shot two men through the heart and as their bodies are being dragged out of the casino he sits himself down to a meal of ham and eggs. He wears a high, belled velvet top hat, the underthings that go with it, and eight guns, and he has a patch over his right eye. "Who shot your eye out?" inquires Mr. Carrillo. "That eye wasn't shot out," Mr. Williams boasts. "My wife hit me with a rolling pin."

**A Mortuary Chap.**

Under Mr. Williams' expert direction, Mr. Carrillo becomes the gambling tyrant of the Mississippi steamboats. He is the Edison, the Henry Ford the Woolworth the Wrigley, the Will Hays of raro bank, and when his adversaries fail to pay he kills 'em. A beau sabreur of Fortune, he grows to be the fine hero of the Sunny South. The more he murders the better they like him. He is no "fiery fop, who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man," but a quiet mortuary chap, resembling in a general way the actor who played Death in "Everyman." Thus advertised he returns spectacularly to pay the mortgage upon "Magnolia," the old homestead, and to see little Lucy, one of the children, to whom he used to impart information concerning the birds and bees and to whom he used to read the verses of Wordsworth. Lucy!

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Mr. Carrillo scares them all in his new aspect, and even the fire-eating Patterson boys tremble at his sinister smile. One of his most satisfactory revenges, as I estimate revenges, is that his brutal opponent, Major Patterson, is now married to his false sweetheart, Elvira, and is the henpecked parent of an infant named Ivanhoe. There indeed is a touch worthy of Mr. Henry Leon Wilson (a sometime collaborator of Mr. Tarkington). In 1909 there was a Tarkington-Wilson play called "Camoe Kirby," acted unsuccessfully here and there by N. C. Goodwin and Dustin Farnum. It was similar to, but not identical with "Magnolia," and Mr. John Harrington, who plays so well the pallid villain in "Magnolia," was a like picturesque figure in "Cameo Kirby." Not that it matters. Mr. Carrillo, who is very effective in "Magnolia," falls heir to the role through the defection of Mr. Sidney Blackmer and Mr. Lionel Barrymore, both of whom were present on the first night to applaud vehemently his unequivocal success.

**Other Plays.**

"Red Light Annie," containing Miss Mary Ryan and Edward Ellis, is a well acted melodrama of "The Deep Purple" type, and it is the most dexterous since that picturesque affair was produced. . . . . "Artists and Models," a daring revue at the Shubert, is notable for its new adventures in nudity and for the sophistication of its performance in other ways. . . . . "We've Got to Have Money" is one of those dollar farces of the "It Pays to Advertise" school, and, though employing such pungent actors as Robert Ames and Leo Donnelley, is a little trite. I've had more fun at "Magnolia" than at any other of the season's circuses.

STARRING IN A TARKINGTON PLAY.



Leo Carrillo is appearing at the present time in New York in "Magnolia". He plays the role of the notorious Gunnel Blake. According to our own correspondent, Percy Hammond, the play is funny, although it was intended to be serious.

## AUDIENCES LAUGH AT THESE THINGS

1.—A man gives a woman a whack on the back, believing, in an absent-minded moment, that she is a good pal. If the lady happens to have her gown cut low at the back, the effect is considered even funnier.

2.—A comedian sticks his finger into the neck of a decanter and pretends that he cannot pull it out.

3.—The spectacle of a very small person carrying some very large parcels. If the laughter does not start immediately, he drops a few of them and then, in attempting to pick them up, drops the remainder.

4.—A shy young man sits on a sofa with a gushing female. The woman edges up to him and the man keeps trying to edge away until he falls over the edge of the sofa.

5.—Two characters have a quarrel. One of them has to pass out of the door in front of the other. Fearing that he is going to be kicked, the first man bends his body inward, as though he had actually been kicked.

6.—Intoxication in any form, but preferably the intoxication of an actor playing the part of a moral reformer.

7.—A pretty maiden, supposed to be very innocent, gets annoyed and says "Hell!"

8.—Lovers who get to the point of kissing many times, only to be interrupted at the critical moment by somebody entering the room.

9.—A dismal spinster who wants to get married and tries to lead unsuspecting males into a proposal.

10.—A man starts to lean his elbow on a table. He misjudges his distance, and the elbow slips off abruptly, suddenly precipitating him forward.

11.—The utterance of the word "damn."

12.—A husband announces defiantly that he is not bossed by his wife. He thinks her out of hearing, but a moment later she shouts at him to do something, and he obeys meekly.

13.—A man lights a match and then gets interested in something else. The match burns down and scorches his fingers.

14.—One actor assumes a funny walk, and another one, walking behind him, imitates him with comic exaggeration.

15.—A man trying to read a time-table.

16.—A character has trouble with a telephone.

17.—Somebody has a sore foot, and somebody else steps on it. If the man with the sore foot can hop in a comic manner, the result is considered a scream.

18.—A man swallows a glass of liquor with one great gulp.

19.—A character throws an imaginary object into the wings. Immediately a bell to ring.

20.—Somebody utters a meaningless, but popular catch phrase. At the present time it is "Yes, we have no bananas today."

There are twenty things which never fail to get a laugh. Yet most of us claim to have a highly civilized and sophisticated sense of humor.

What fools these mortals be!

## PICKS THREE WINNERS.

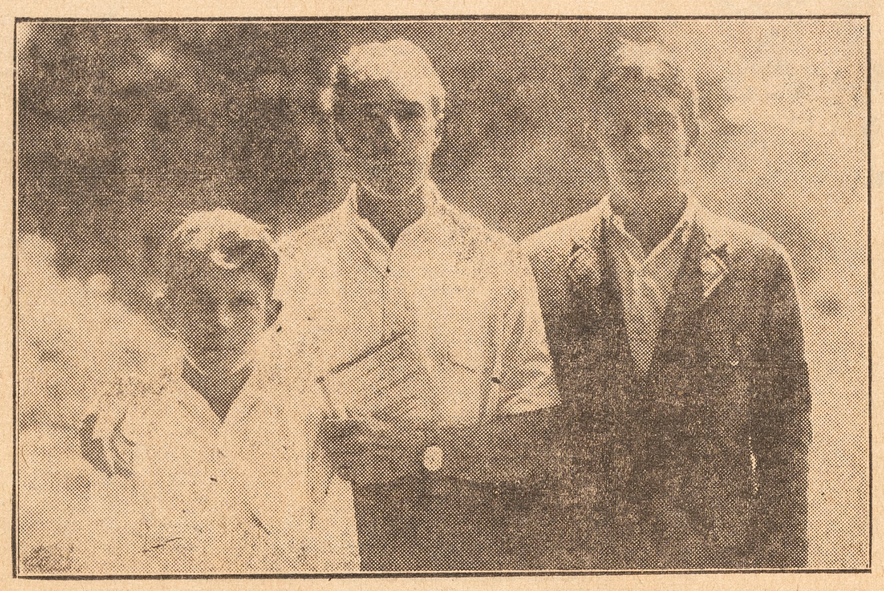
Writing from London, where he is appearing in Cohan's successful "So This is London," Edward H. Robins mentions three plays that he likes particularly. He thinks that two of them should succeed in New York.

Mr. Robins makes "Lilies of the Field" his first choice. There was a play bearing the same title presented in New York two years ago, dealing with Broadway gold-diggers. The English piece is smart comedy.

"The Outsider" is a serious drama. It is played very well, says Mr. Robins, by Leslie Faber and Isabel Elsom.

He also enjoys "At Mrs. Beams," in which Dennis Eadie is the star, but does not think that Americans would like it. However, it has been announced for a New York presentation.

HANDSOME SONS OF A FAMOUS FATHER.



William Faversham is shown in this picture with his two sons, whose mother was the accomplished actress, the late Julie Opp, who died last year after a long struggle against ill-health. At least one of the boys is studying to follow his parents on the stage, and it is not improbable that both of them will be found behind the footlights.

## WILL INVADE NEW YORK

Sir John Martin-Harvey will not stay in Canada for all of his forthcoming American tour. After he has played the leading theatres of this country, he will try his fortunes in New York. He intends to open there with a Greek drama. It is to be hoped that he will not bring Lady Martin-Harvey as his leading lady. One can imagine what the New York critics would do to her.

## RAQUEL MELLER IS COMING TO AMERICA

Four years ago Raquel Meller made her first appearance in Paris, and has been an artistic fad there ever since. They call her "The Unaccountable," a name bestowed upon her by Gomez Carrillo, the Spanish writer, who prevailed upon her to seek homage outside of her native Spain. Her art was to her merely a channel for self-expression. She sang and mimed a sa matter of necessity to herself. Shrinking from strangers and strange lands she had no wish to conquer the world, until Carrillo arranged her appearance at Olympia, a Paris music hall. This was in the early Fall of 1919. An account of the Spanish girl and her art having preceded her everybody who was anybody went to Olympia the night of her debut. It became known at once that a rare artiste had visited France. It is stated that she will be seen in New York during the coming Winter.

It is difficult to understand from newspaper accounts the peculiar appeal of this woman's art, but Julia Chandler gave in a recent issue of the New York World an account of one of her recitals. It suggests something of Raquel Meller's extraordinary appeal.

**A Strange Art.**

"In my eagerness to see this girl who in four years has become the sensation of Europe," says Miss Chandler, "I was in the theatre at least fifteen minutes before the first curtain, determined to learn for myself why she should be called 'The Unaccountable.' And as I sat awaiting her turn I wondered if there was an artiste on earth capable of wiping out the nude tawdriness of the Palace Revue. Sincerely I doubted it and that doubt remained until—after what seemed an eternity of boredom—the lights were lowered and I saw a figure come forward into the glare of the spotlight. My first impression was of a quiet figure in black. Above the black there was a face crowned with a fascinating mantilla. Flaming under her mantilla were two great clear eyes which intensified the Andalusian pallor of her face. The only thing I could think of was an unforgettable engraving by Goya which once I had seen. For fully a half-minute Raquel Meller stood as still as a statue while the orchestra wailed one of those Spanish melodies so descriptive of the intense nature of the Latins.

"Then, in a language which almost no one in the audience understood, Raquel Meller began to sing of a Toreador and his tragic death. Over her hitherto still features spread an indescribable anguish. It was an anguish without the contortion of a muscle, without a grimace; an impression so vivid and so vital that one could feel the rapt attention and respect of the audience as clearly as if it had been spoken in words. The thing which happened was the presentation of a tragedy by a great tragedienne, and an audience which was conscious that the language of the girl was the universal language of the human heart. So simple, so direct, so utterly without affectation. Mlle. Meller! And her medium? Well, if I had been asked whether it had been song, recitative; mime, I could not have said. I just knew—like every one else in the Palace—that here was a great artiste who alone could blot out every memory of the Revue in which she is appearing. When she had finished her unfoldment of the tragedy of her Toreador the audience rose to its feet with shouts, and cries, and frank tears.

Then she came back—a girl of the people—deserted by her lover—the embodiment of despair, and again a hush settled over the house. In the verses in which she told her story there were neither cries nor tears. But there was a sob in the throat of Raquel Meller which tore her audience with the inconsolable grief of the woman she portrayed. Sitting there I was conscious of the crucifixion of a woman's naked heart. How the impression was conveyed I didn't know then, and I don't know now, for Mlle. Meller has no extraordinary vocal depths; no surprising notes; no tricks of the theatre. Her singing is as facile as speech; her pantomime is simple and natural, but there is a combined quality in them which takes one across the Pyrenees to the land of her birth where her people, with their joys and their sorrows become so real that it is a shock when the lights of the theatre go up and one is forced to realize that they are only in a playhouse and that they have only seen what they have seen in a play-acting world. Raquel Meller—"The Unaccountable,"—yes, it is not difficult to understand that to-day, because the impression she creates is a thing of the soul—a living, vital reality—an art that is of her a part and this is something which must always remain a mystery to the human mind."

## SUGGESTS THRILLS

Edith Ellis has done a dramatization of Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," which has gone through all the formalities of acceptance in a prominent office except the final signing of contracts. Otis Skinner will do a play by the same author for the Frohmans entitled, tentatively, "Tartarin of the Alps." She describes it as "high burlesque."

## OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN GOES TO THE MOVIES

ONE thing that I like about the English moving pictures is the absence of the Griffith touch from the dramas produced in the Old World. It was Griffith who made the discovery that in order to turn out pictures that will keep the audience tense you must make them violent. Avoid tameness at all costs would seem to be the Griffith motto, and it has been universally adopted in the American movie. If someone asks you if you would like a cup of tea, you can say "No, thank you", without even a wave of the hand, but that, according to Griffith, would be a tepid incident. If you show that you do not want tea by knocking the cup out of your host's hand, and kicking the china into fragments upon the floor, you will provide a picture of refusal that is worth recording. That is how D. W. Griffith goes after his movie effects. Give the fans violence; make the perils more perilous than perils ever were before; make the narrow escapes narrower every time—that is the method of which D. W. Griffith is the master. It has become characteristic of the majority of American movies. Occasionally you see a picture like "Penrod and Sam," or one of William de Mille's productions—not Cecil, remember—that shows a little accurate observation of life. But the majority of the movies that come our way substitute violence for drama, and I will admit that the fans seem to be satisfied with it.

Occasionally you find a Griffith touch in an English film. In "Diana of the Crossways"—one of the best picturizations of a novel ever made—there was at least one violent scene, invented by the producer and not drawn from the story. But on the whole, the action in the English films is not quite so extravagant as that which you find in American productions. That is the reason why many fans call them tame.

**"Rob Roy."**

If one may borrow a phrase from the artists, the Americans work in high tones and the English in low tones. Another English super-picture has just reached Canada, and many persons will feel that, because "Rob Roy" is a romantic story, it must challenge comparison with "Robin Hood" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The fans who like costly productions will declare at once that the Americans have done the better work, but those who take the opposite view will not be without arguments.

It will be admitted at once that "Rob Roy is not as elaborate as either of the other pictures. You do not feel that money has been squandered on the costumes and the sets. From the spectacular point of view, it has to stand aside for either "Robin Hood" or "Knighthood."

But a picture must be more than a spectacle. To my way of thinking there ought to be some illusion in a movie, and the story should have a little feeling of reality. There was no illusion in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." You say a young lady who looked and acted like a Broadway Jane, wearing the costumes of an English princess. Never for one moment did you forget that you were looking at a bunch of actors, all dressed up. If you were a lover of the old romance of "Robin Hood," you did not feel that you had seen that picturesque hero living in Sherwood Forest when you came away from witnessing the Fairbanks' film. It was not "Robin Hood" at all, the "Robin Hood" of legend, but merely our old friend Doug. If you thought Doug. more important than "Robin Hood," then the picture was highly satisfactory; if you thought "Robin Hood" more important than Doug., then you were not so well pleased with it.

But there is illusion in "Rob Roy." It may be partly due to the fact that the cast contains no familiar faces, but at least the man who plays the role of "Rob Roy" Macgregor fits the part perfectly. He makes you feel that you are watching "Rob Roy," and not a modern actor wearing Rob Roy's clothes. If a feeling of reality is important in a picture, then you can give a big credit mark to this one.

**For the Scotch.**

Let me confess at once that it is so many years since I read the novels of Sir Walter Scott that I cannot remember very much about his version of the Scottish outlaw's life. Some mean-minded historian might tell us that Rob Roy was not as picturesque or romantic as we like to think, but he is one of those historic figures about whom a great deal of legend has grown up. And everybody, especially a Scotchman, loves the Rob Roy tradition.

I cannot say how closely the picture follows the Rob Roy legends, but at least the story always put the Red Macgregor in the right and his ruthless enemy Montrose hopelessly in the wrong. The silent drama opens with border raids, and shows how the daring of Rob Roy caused him to be elected chieftain of the Macgregor clan. Then he journeys to Stirling and wins the heart of Helen Campbell, with whom he elopes, thus winning the hatred of Montrose, who had an eye on Helen also. Montrose succeeds in discrediting Rob Roy and securing his possessions. Despairing of getting justice, the Red Macgregor becomes an outlaw and for many years successfully defies those who wish to capture and execute him. In the end, by a daring ruse, he captures the castle built by Montrose on the spot where the Macgregors' homes once stood. One assumes that he was ultimately pardoned and lived happily with the fair Helen.

If you are Scotch, you will doubtless know whether that is a fair reproduction of the legends of the kilted outlaw. Anyway, it makes a good story, that holds the interest to the end.

**A Hint to Heroines.**

The English producers do not present their battle scenes and episodes that call for spectacular treatment on the elaborate scale to which the Hollywood men have made us accustomed. If that is a defect, then you will find the defect in Rob Roy.

But you will be sure to like the leading performers. The actor who plays Rob Roy is sufficiently romantic and virile. He does not give you the impression that his manly stunts were developed in a gymnasium.

The rugged and bleak Scotch scenery makes a splendid background for the action of the play. I should like to see "Rob Roy" a second time, if only for the feeling of reality that one gets in the scenes. They have beauty too.

Also I liked the sport of Helen Macgregor. When a vile lieutenant of the Montrose cornered her in a lonely room and offered an unwelcome kiss, her behaviour appealed to me. American heroines when thus cornered by the bestial lurers usually offer a feeble fight to protect themselves. They chase about the room and make agonized close-ups. But not so with Helen Macgregor. She sailed right into the nasty-minded visitor, knocked him down, slapped his face, pulled his hair, and put him to rout in the most ignominious manner.

All the Hollywood heroines who have been lured to roadhouses ought to be taken in a body to see Helen Campbell in action. If they followed her example, the lurers would not be so eager to kiss them on the neck. That would improve the Hollywood dramas considerably.

It is not often that I devote an entire Sunday sermon to one picture, and I do not mean to suggest that "Rob Roy" is one of the outstanding productions of the year. But in the United States, the movie writers have the habit of talking as though all the pictures of any account were made in that country. Here in Canada we are in a neutral position, and see silent dramas from other countries too. We are not quite as sure as our friends across the line that "The American pictures lead the world".

## LITERARY ACTORS.

It appears that the coming season will be a very literary one for actors and that the pen will be mightier than the lipstick. Already the urge to appear in print—personally, to borrow the movie patois—has overcome two of our leading players, Ethel Barrymore has started her recollections in the Delineator, and getting bolder as she went along, she has written a short story. She has composed a brief opus in collaboration with David Wallace, literary adjunct to the Arthur Hopkins office, and even more important, Miss Barrymore has sold it to McCall's Magazine, so the ink and paper weren't wasted at all.

The story is said to deal with stage life, about which Miss Barrymore is understood to have gathered several stray bits of information. This story marks her first appearance as a competitor with De Maupassant and O. Henry. It is reported to have started Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart to worrying.

William Faversham has been busy all summer completing his first job as a literary apprentice. It is a book of a curious character, dealing solely with accidents on the stage which have befallen him or his friends, being sometimes amusing, and at other times taking the bumps more seriously. One of the inner trade secrets disclosed in it is that Faversham has been wounded fifty times in sword combats before the footlights, and still does not shy at the sight of a knife on the table. The star has been collecting these experiences since his early days in the theatre, and now at last the world is to share in them for a slight consideration.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO.

It is interesting to note that exactly twenty years ago, "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment," in which the Maurice British Players opened their season at the New Princess, had its American premiere in New York at the Daly Theatre. It was presented by Daniel Frohman's famous stock company, later known as the Lyceum Theatre Company.

Among the notable players who appeared in the cast were John Mason, Grant Stewart, William Courtenay, James Lee Finney, Hilda Spong, Cecilia Loftus, Mrs. Charles Walcott and May Robson. In the light of the careers that these actors and actresses had later on, it might be called an all-star aggregation.

TORONTO PEOPLE KNOW HER.



Claiborne Foster made many friends in Toronto during the season when she appeared here as leading woman with Edward H. Robins in his summer stock company. She is now appearing in "Two Fellows and a Girl," one of the first of the Broadway hits of the current season.