MAGAZINE SECTION

The Toronto Sunday World

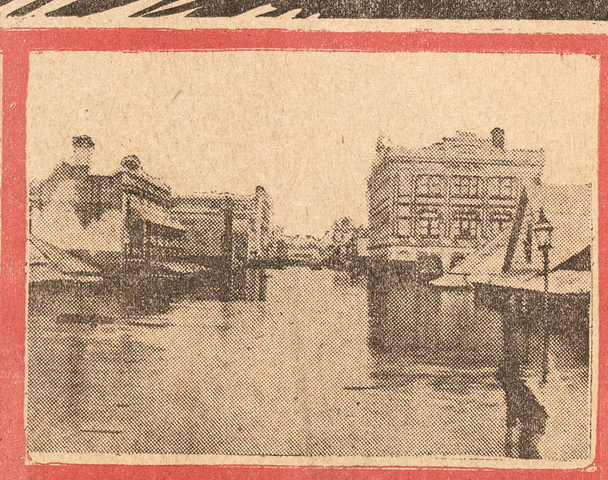
33RD YEAR—ISSUE NO. 14,887. TORONTO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1923. 10 CENTS PER COPY— SIXTEEN PAGES.

The Deep Sea Death Pit of Japan

How an Empire Resting on Edge of Mammoth Chasm is Rocked by Forces of Destruction.

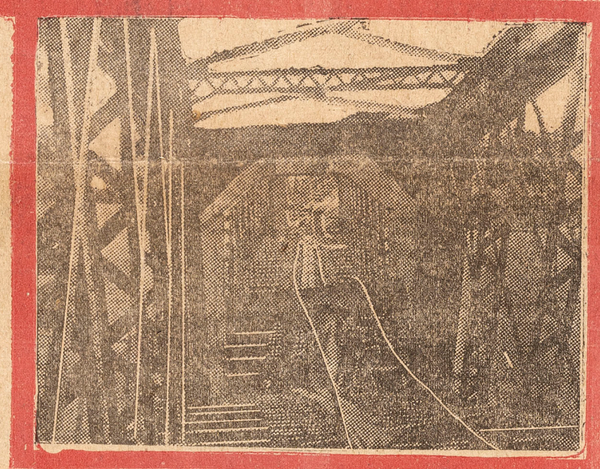


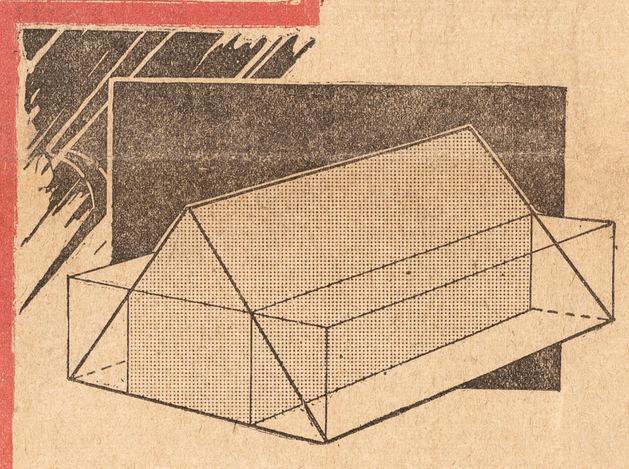




Above on right—Flood in Tokio following earthquake.

Above on left—Wreckage of bridge in Gifu after earthquake.





Earthquake-proof house suggested by John Milne, F.R.S., famous seismologist. The difficulty of overturning a structure of this prism design will be apparent. Along each side of the house are porches.



Railway bridge in Japan, showing destruction wrought by earthquake.

By CLARENCE L. BROWNELL, M.A.

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

ONE has to go back in Japanese history over disaster comparable to the one that recently visited Tokio and the wwhole Pacific side of the island empire. The visitation in 1557 was terrible, destroying a hundred thousand lives, the better part of the population of the Tokio (Yeddo) of that time, which more like an aggregation of fishing villages surrounding a few castles than the splendid capital that suffered so grievously from earthquake, tidal wave, and fire, on the first of September.

Fires follow earthquakes, and so do tidal waves. In most countries the fires are considered almost as catastrophic as the quake, but in Tokio this is not usually the case. There fires are "flowers," according to the common saying of the townsfolk. Tokio no hana. (Hana means flower, and no is the Japanese way of expressing the possessive case, 's) but the tidal wave lacks such poetic synonym. It spells disaster, calamity, and desolation. Not so with the fires. I have seen many fires in the city where Tenshi Sama, the Son of Heaven lives; little ones of 500 or 600 houses, which the natives hardly remark upon, and others that consumed 15,000 to 20,000 homes, that were extensive enough to occasion comment. Whenever I went to watch the antics of the flames and of the firemen, and to study Japanese methods of fire fighting, to watch the hose play on the fire fighters, soaking them so that their garments would not catch fire as they tore down houses close in the lee of the flames, and sought to starve the conflagration by removing the fuel on which it feeds, I heard the words "Tokio no hana"—Tokio's flowers.

"Flowers?" I asked a native friend. "Why flowers?" We were on a hill; below was a flaming field of houses which the fire fiend was harvesting. "It is beautiful like flowers," he replied, "everyone is happy." "Happy?" I asked. "Yes, because there will be work for everybody; everybody will earn money; everybody will be jolly." And so far as I could see, looking the throngs of spectators over, everybody was enjoying the prospect of the good times the conflagration was to bring. Tokians had a spree of three weeks after the disaster of 1557. But times are different now.

There is a limit to the joy that even Tokio no hana may bring. The business of happiness because of hana may develop too far. Surely there is little joy, for any Japanese, in the present disaster. Indeed, thousands went mad through the accumulation of catastrophies.

THERE have been shocks innumerable in the Land of the Rising Sun, ever since records first began. During the past half century, they have averaged 500 a year. They have been local for the most part. The areas of disturbance have not been extensive. Quite often they have been round some one of the 50 active volcanoes over which the Son of Heaven reigns, but does not rule.

One of these volcanoes has the largest crater in the world. Aso San, thirteen miles across, and strange to relate, harboring 70 hamlets and tiny villages. Aso San fascinates the native Japanese as Vesuvius fascinates Italians. Despite eruptions that destroy their homes, the peasants return and "take another chance." The reason is that lava makes rich soil. Aso San has swallowed up in fire all living things within its walls time and again, but newcomers take the place of the lost ones as soon as the ground has cooled.

The centre of earthquake disturbance most frequently busy is at Yokohama, some 20 miles from Tokio on the Bay of Yeddo. Yokohama is Tokio's harbor. Ships cannot make Tokio; there is too much mud. Only junks a nd small craft can reach the capital. Trains do it in 45 minutes, if they are express. In early railway days relays of jinrikisha competed with the trains, doing the distance inside three hours.

This port has been the starting point for most of Tokio's shakes. None of these has been sufficiently vigorous to cause a tidal wave. They started fires but never disturbed the sea.

The present disaster comes from a much deeper cause. It originated in Tuscarora Deep—one of the holes in the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. This hole is about 200 miles east of Sendai, a considerable town north of Tokio famous for its scenery. The name Tuscarora is due to the discoverer, who was captain of the U. S. steamship Tuscarora.

IT IS a sizable hole going down about six miles. It would just about hold Mount Everest. Here the pressure is terrific. Water percolates through to the great heat below and eventually turns to steam with a suddeness and vastness that disturbs great areas of the earth's crust.

To realize the crumpling the crust has done along the edge of Japan, one has only to note the differences in altitude between Fuji Yama and Tuscarora Deep. Fuji is 12,365 feet above sea level, a little over two miles. The bottom of the "hole" is more than seven miles below this. Whenever there are such crumplings, one may expect trouble. Japan, Chili and California are destined for disturbances. Tokio, Valparaiso, and San Francisco know about it.

This folding, this hole, and the percolation may account entirely for the disaster, even for the Tokio no hana, which flourished without interruption as the water supply of Tokio, just as happened in San Francisco in 1906, had disappeared with the earthquake. The disturbances of the earth's crust destroyed the aqueduct in both cities.

The human equation, or an element of that equation is an important item. Carelessness contributed considerably to the fire loss that followed the San Francisco earthquake. About one square mile of the nearly five square miles that the fire destroyed received mention in the reports of insurance agents as "the ham and egg" district. A woman set about breakfasting her husband despite the fact that the chimney was out of commission. Had the lady taken her frying pan into the street where all San Francisco people did their cooking in accordance with city ordinance for six months after the earthquake she would not have started a fire that burned up some 5,000 dwellings. She was of the sort that takes chances. So are the Japanese.

Everyone in Japan, and particularly every builder knows that the Japanese style of architecture is not able to withstand a shock of any violence. It is built to succumb, and it behaves accordingly. As a succumber nothing can beat it, not even an inverted pyramid. In the first place it is mostly roof. This rests on pegs. Consequently the house is top heavy. It has no ballast at all—no stays as even masts and flagpoles have. Therefore, when a really earnest quake begins, the Japanese house wobbles to pieces at once. Even the beams of its framework are cut half way through in mortising and are ready to break. All Japan knows this and still continues to put up dwellings that are practically nothing but roof.

IN RECENT times, foreign styles of architecture have appeared in Japan. The government buildings generally throughout the empire are on the foreign plan. School houses also. And quite recently in Tokio, steel frames have come into use for structures rising seven and eight stories that are of bewildering altitude to visitors from rural regions, who gasp and rub their eyes, and fear a badger has bewitched them.

In the "treaty ports" of Japan, as well as through the far east, where foreigners are in business, there is a peculiarly uninteresting type of building, built on the packing case plan; no eaves; no adornment; and altogether dreary. The only merit is capacity. Earthquakes find them easy.

Some third of a century ago, there was a strong local quake on the west coast of Japan that well nigh wrecked the province of Gifu. It changed land surfaces so that large numbers of the inhabitants lost their farms, and the Imperial government took them north to the Hokkaido, where there are still great open spaces. In places, the Gifu land rose abruptly and in distinct jumps. The suddenness was extreme—practically instantaneous. The results of this speed in rising were almost beyond belief. It is as though one were about to drive a nail into a board, but instead of driving in the nail just the opposite thing happened; the board rose and enveloped the nail. That kind of thing happened in Gifu. The ground rose so rapidly that it encompassed houses, and what was in them—everything but the roof. The roofs were of thatch, and being large and light remained on the surface, looking like large saddles, suitable for dinosaurs or other prehistoric animals. The posts that supported the roofs were in the ground their full length. In some instances, house utensils such as braziers were to all intents and appearances at the bottom of well holes. The ground had risen up round and over them. Men awoke to find themselves in graves when they had been above ground when they went to sleep. In one place, part of a garden rose twelve feet above the former level without disturbing the rows of vegetables except where the break occured. In other places the undulations were less severe, they merely made things jump. I saw one place where stone posts ten inches square had hopped along as though playing a game, three feet to a hop for perhaps twelve feet.

EARTHQUAKES bowl over the ordinary homes of Japan as easily as the big brown ball bowls over pins in an alley. To some extent this is preventable. The centre of gravity should be lower; the lower the safer. Prof. Milne, F.R.S., for twenty years professor of mining in Kobu Dai, Gakko, and for long the world's leading seismologist, worked out plans for the construction of homes in Japan that bring the gravity centre right down to earth, where it belongs, and also offers the sort of opposition to seismic disturbances that is most effective.

The Milne scheme starts with two inverted "V's." These are the ends of the house. A ridge pole connects the points of the "V's," their apexes some would say. There are similar connections between the bases and between the sides at the mid-point. The house then has a frame corresponding to the edges of a prism. Inside this prism John Milne built the house. He had the engawa, the Japanese porch, along the full length, both front and rear and built out a roof over each porch. To upset such a house is much like upsetting a pyramid when the pyramid is resting on its base.

As an earthquake often is merely surface undulations similar to the ripples on a pond that expand rythmically from the centre of disturbance when a stone falls into the water, it is possible to safeguard a building to some extent by digging a ditch around it. The ditch interrupts the surface ripples, and so protects the house. The moat

Continued on Page Five.

The Pacific Trouble-Maker

IN THE nethermost depths of the Pacific Ocean are vast chasms miles below the surface, where darkness is absolute and eternal—there the earth's crust is thinnest and there catastrophes are born.

Earthquakes and tidal waves begin there. There originated the assault on Japan that nearly obliterated her eastern coast. The particular birthplace of devastation that has wrought such destruction along the whole length of the Island Empire is the Tuscarora Deep.

This deep is a hole in the bottom of the Pacific, some 200 miles east of the famous City of Sendai, north of Tokio, where there is enough water to drown Mt. Everest in. The pressure at the bottom of this hole is some 4,000 tons to the square foot, or about seven tons to the square inch, say seven hundred times the pressure that the safety valve allows the ordinary boiler. Such a pressure would force water through the toughest steel.

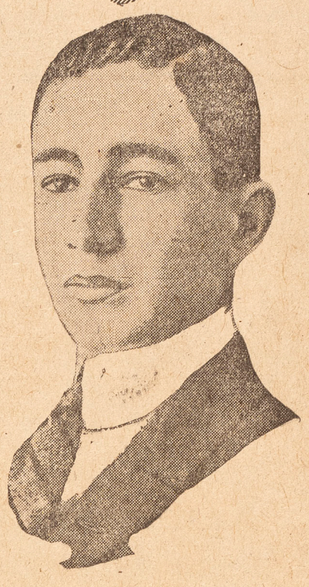
Just what substance constitutes the bottom of the Tuscarora Deep is a matter of conjecture, but surely it is not steel. Whatever it is, water under pressure will penetrate it and if the penetration is sudden, as it would be were a fissure or a fault or a readjustment of the crust of the earth to take place, an immense body of water would meet the terrific heat of the earth's interior and change instantly to steam—superheated vapor more violently destructive than any of the explosives used in the recent war, and in volume incalculable.

Saw Rival For Her Husband's Love In Magic Crystal

How the Sight of Another Woman's Face in the Mystic "Heart's Mirror" Filled the Paris Beauty With a Jealous Fury That Ended in Her Killing the Wealthy Young Egyptian Prince.



"You can deceive me no longer! I see her face in the magic crystal—the face of the woman who has stolen your love away from me."



Right — Prince Ali Kamel Fahmy-Bey, the Egyptian multi-millionaire, shot and killed by his wife in a fashionable London hotel.

In circle—The lovely princess who is facing a charge of wilful murder because of her foolish belief in the "magic crystal's" power to reveal the state of her husband's heart.



"The Crystal Gazer," as posed by a famous model.

WHEN the police hurried to the "millionaire suite" on the fourth floor of the Hotel Savoy and saw beautiful Princess Fahmy-Bey standing with a smoking revolver in her hand over her dying husband's body they found the luxuriously furnished room littered with broken glass, the fragments of bric-a-bac and other things that had been smashed in the desperate struggle preceding the shooting.

And now it is believed that in this debris were the shattered pieces of the "magic crystal" which fired the jealous fury that drove the princess to kill her husband and may send her to the gallows.

Friends of the princess well remember the shimmering ball of crystal that stood on a curiously carved pedestal of Oriental design in her apartment. When they asked her what she saw when she gazed into its mysterious depths she would say:

"Nothing as yet—that is, nothing except my own face and that of my beloved Ali Kamel. But if he should ever love another woman then I would see in the globe her face. It is the mirror of his heart. So he has told me, and so I believe."

And then she would add:

"It was his gift to me on our wedding day—to prove that I would never have reason to doubt his love. It is a great consolation to me. Whenever he is not by my side I gaze long and earnestly into it and when I see there no other woman's face I am reassured I know my husband's heart is still all mine."

THERE was no crystal globe in the apartment when the police arrested the pale, trembling princess, her costly evening gown stained with her husband's blood. But a maid is said to have told the police that it was there late on the day of the tragedy and that she saw the princess with her eyes fixed on it, as if fascinated by what she saw.

The maid was frightened, she says, by the strange expression on her mistress's face and she quietly closed the door she had half opened without giving the message she had come to deliver.

A superstitous being in the revealing powers of the "magic crystal" feeding a woman's already overwhelming jealousy—this easily may have been the cause of the tragedy that claimed the life of the Egyptian Prince Ali Kamel Fahmy-Bey and threatens to put his widow's neck in the hangman's noose.

A sudden wartime advance in the price of cotton had made Prince Fahmy-Bey's father a multi-millionaire. A few months later the old man died, leaving most of his fortune to his son, then only nineteen years old.

After a rather indecently short period of mourning the Prince went to Paris to see what pleasure could be purchased with an income of $300,000 a year.

Of course he found a bewildering variety, but of the many he sampled there was none that gave him keener satisfaction, none he thought better worth the price than the sparkling beauty variously known as Marie Marguerite Alibert, Maggie Mueller and by other names.

Nobody knew for certain just who she was or where she came from, but at the time Prince Fahmy-Bey reached the French capital with his fat bankroll she was one of its reigning beauties.

IT TOOK only a few nights of gay companionship with her along the boulevards to convince the Prince that he just couldn't be happy unless he had her wonderful violet eyes to look into all the rest of his life.

Either Marie Alibert was not really eager for marriage or she did not want the young Prince to think her too easy a prize. As soon as he began making serious love she fled to Deauville. The infatuated Prince followed and after a furious wooing he won her.

His family cabled their consent to the match on condition that the bride would embrace her husband's religion. To this she at last agreed and they were married with the ceremonies of the Mohammedan faith.

They went to Egypt for their honeymoon. The Prince imported a luxurious houseboat and they astonished the unprogressive Egyptians by motoring up the Nile.

ON the way they entertained with a lavishness that would have made some of the old Pharaohs envious. When they reached Luxor they had among their guests the late Lord Carnarvon, who was just then beginning his memorable excavations in the Valley of the Kings.

The Princess soon tired of Egypt and the Prince was not at all sorry to take her back to Paris, for the brief taste he had had of Parisian life had only whetted his appetite for more. They had not been there long before their quarrels began, and these grew more and more bitter until the final tragedy.

The Prince and Princess were both insanely jealous, she even more so than he. The fact that she was many years older than her husband worried her greatly. She was always fearing that some younger beauty would win him away from her.

Perhaps the Prince, full of the mysticism of Egypt, really believed in the magic powers of the crystal globe he gave his wife. Perhaps he only pretended to believe in order to allay her jealousy.

As her friends are now saying, she seemed to have the most implicit faith in the globe's ability to mirror her husband's heart. Never a day passed without her gazing for hours into the crystal. But, although she said this was a great consolation, it only made her jealousy the more insane.

When they came to London the crystal came with them and was placed in the drawing-room of the Savoy's most expensive suite.

THE quarrels of the wealthy young Prince and his beautiful wife soon were the talk of the town. Their servants and the hotel employes told how they slept with loaded revolvers by their sides, and would often leap from their beds in the night to threaten and sometimes actually attack each other.

On several occasions the hotel detectives called to their apartment found them at each other's throats, clawing and striking with murderous fury and tearing the tapestries and bed clothing to shreds.

Did the Princess see or did her overwrought brain make her imagine she saw in the crystal the evidence of her husband's unfaithfulness? Many who know of the faith she put in the magic globe believe this was exactly what drove her to fire the fatal bullet.

"You can deceive me no longer," she may have cried. "I see her face in the magic crystal—the face of the woman who has stolen your love from me."

Whether the Prince denied the charge or frankly admitted it, whether he heard her in sullen silence or tried to laugh away her fears, he found himself facing an uplifted revolver and eyes that flamed with murderous hate.

The wreck of the contents of the room showed how the Prince must have flung himself upon his wife and desperately tried to disarm her. But her fury seemed to give her a superhuman strength, against which even his sturdy young muscles were of little avail.

Once, twice they struggled madly around the room, and then the Prince fell dying, with a bullet close to his heart.

The dinner of the Prince and Princess in the main dining room of the hotel that evening had ended in a violent quarrel. Later this seems to have been patched up, for they went to the theatre together. But waiters who served them with supper in their apartment at midnight say they were then quarreling bitterly.

The tragedy came about 2.30 the following morning, when the most violent thunderstorm London had known in fifty years was raging. In a momentary lull of the deafening thunderclaps servants in the corridor outside the Fahmy-Bey suite heard the report of a revolver.

An instant later the switchboard operator downstairs heard the Princess over the telephone screaming:

"Come quickly! I've shot Ali! I don't know how I did it!"

At almost the moment when the wounded Prince died in Charing Cross Hospital the Princess was being held by a coroner's jury on a charge of wilful murder.

In spite of her deep mourning and the pathos of her sobs, she still managed to look very much the exquisite Parisienne as she sat in the prisoner's dock and heard her fate translated by an interpreter. Her olive complexion was powdered to a creamy whiteness, her eyes deeply purple penciled, her lips painted a brilliant vermilion.

Her black gown accentuated the brilliance of her gems. She wore her wedding ring, with its blazing white seven-carat diamond, and a wonderful double string of perfectly matched pearls.

* * *

WHAT defence the princess will make has not yet been revealed, but almost everybody thinks that her only chance of escaping the gallows lies in a plea of insanity. It seems quite possible that her lawyers will find in the fears with which her superstitious belief in the "magic crystal" filled her mind the most satisfactory basis for such a plea.

Belief in the power of certain crystal globes to prove themselves mirrors of the heart is a well known part of the mysticism of the East. If the dead Prince himself did not believe in it his ancestors did, and undoubtedly many Egyptians of the present day do.

The murder of Prince Fahmy-Bey cut short a career that gave promise of being as extravagantly spectacular as those of the Maharajah of Kapurthala and other famous spenders.

One of the first things he did after he came into his immense fortune was to import from France a fleet of expensive motor racing cars.

He took particular delight in driving one of these machines up and down the narrow, winding streets of Cairo at breakneck speed.

After the Prince had narrowly missed killing himself and his mechanician and several pedestrians, the police put a stop to his using the streets for a race course.

It was a high compliment to the fascinating charms of Marie Alibert when he chose to fall in love with her. She was only one of scores of ambitious beauties who were attracted by his youth and wealth and the glamour of the East that hung about him, and who gladly would have shared his palace on the Nile.

In spite of the bitterness with which he and his wife quarreled, his friends say that he remained devoted to her to the very end. Her collection of jewels is estimated to be worth $200,000, and most of them were gifts from her husband.



The funeral of Ali Fahmy-Bey, the murdered Prince who was one of the most popular young men of Egypt, took place with great ceremony at Cairo, the coffin was swathed in silver gauze and his crimson tarboush was carried high on the cortege.

though she slept on the Second Floor, it would have been a simple matter for a Desperate Character to gain access to her Apartment by the use of a Ladder, chloroform her, pass the limp Form to the other Conspirators and then away to the lonesome House in the Woods where she would be held Captive until she would consent to become His.

Happily, the Carpenter always used the right size of Spikes and if any Kidnappers ever did attempt to come in through the Screen Windows, the facts in the Case appear to be that they were effectively foiled.

Day after Day the Papers had Stories about the Mysterious Disappearance of attractive Young Women. Whenever Madge read what had happened to one of the Others, she always clenched her Fists and said, "They will never get me—not while I have a Scream left in me."

If a Strange Man came up behind her while she was walking Homeward in the Dusk, she always gave a Timid Glance behind and hurried, suspecting that he would Overtake her and seize her by both wrists and tell her not to make a Sound. She would reach her own Door and lean against it, almost in a Swoon, and the Strange Man would pass by, softly humming to Himself.

Occasionally an Adventure with coal-black Eyes and a Suspicious Manner would come and sit right beside her in a Car, evidently for some Purpose, and she would close her Lips tightly and resolve to do a Brodie out the Window if she saw his Hand slipping over toward Hers.

Fortunately, the man kept his Eyes on the Sporting Page and made no Move.

"Nothing to Prevent Him."

If she happened to be in the Waiting Room at the Station, and a coarse, but masterful Claim Agent, or some one else equally terrifying happened to come across the Room at her, she could feel her Little Heart stand still, and she would say, "This is where I get it." After he had gone past, on his way to the Check-Room, she would put some Camphor on her Handkerchief and declare to Goodness that never again would she start out to Travel unless she had some Older Person with her.

More than once when she was at Home, with only a few other Persons around the House, she saw a Large Man come up the Front Steps, and she would be frozen with Terror, and could see herself being lifted into a Closed Carriage. She would slip a Pair of Scissors under her Apron and creep to the Front Door, prepared to Resist with all her Girlish Strength, and the Man would have to talk to her through the Door, and ask where they wanted the Coal delivered.

Now and then a Caller would find her Reviving herself with a Cup of Tea.

The Caller would say: "Madge, Child, you are as Pale as a Ghost."

Madge would reply: "Oh, I have just had such a Turn! I was out watering the Nasturtiums, when a Man in a Palm Beach Suit came along the street and looked right at me. The Gate was open, and there was nothing to prevent him from coming right in and Getting me."

The appalled Visitor would want to know what became of him, and Madge would explain that he turned at the Next Corner, and she had been as weak as a Kitten ever since.

She is Still Intact.

On her Shopping Expeditions she noticed Dozens of Men, apparently Trailing right along after her, and she knew that her only Salvation was to look straight ahead and indicate by her Bearing that she was Decent. By so doing she eluded many a one who wanted to Catch Step with her and begin a Conversation.

The Collected Stories of her successful but hear-breadth Escapes from Men of the World, who seemed to forget that all Women were not Alike, would have filled a Volume bigger than the Family Medicine Book.

Happily, no one ever went quite so far. As we go to Press she is still intact and as White as a new Collar.

MORAL—Don't Worry.

(Copyright, 1923, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

The Fable of the Apprehensive Sparrow

By GEORGE ADE

ONCE there was a Proper little Female who Fluttered and was interested in movements. She was born about the time that Congress tried to impeach Andy Johnson. All she knew about Petting was what she had Read in Glyn and the Magazines.

Time and again she said that if a Man ever attempted to take liberties with her, she knew she would die of Mortification. At Last Reports she was Living, but she had flirted with Death at least Fifteen Hundred Times.

For a Gal whose Life had been above Reproach she certainly knew a lot about Vamping, Luring, Trapping and Leading Astray. She was ever on the Look-Out, fearing that some Cuss with a cold but handsome Pan would try to induce her to visit a gay Road-House and fall for the phoney Marriage Certificate, the same as in the Movies.

That, or else he would get control of her Slender Fortune and cause her to lose it in Wall Street, thereby putting her absolutely into his Power.

She was expecting the Worst, but somehow the Plot never progressed beyond a certain Point which simply goes to prove that this World is full of Disappointments.

If an Agent or Canvasser came to the House on the pretext of talking Business, she always had her Suspicions, because it is well known that White-Slavers adopt many clever Pretexts in their vile Endeavors to gain an Influence over beautiful Maidens. So she always sat on the far side of the Room and discouraged all attempts at Familiarity and was so successful that, during a period of 32 Years, no Familiarities were attempted. It just goes to prove that a Victim who is courageous and alert can nearly always escape.

Homeward in the Dusk.

She had the Screen Windows fastened with Spikes because, although she slept on the Second Floor, it would have been a simple matter for a Desperate Character to gain access to her Apartment by the use of a Ladder, chloroform her, pass the limp Form to the other Conspirators and then away to the lonesome House in the Woods where she would be held Captive until she would consent to become His.

Happily, the Carpenter always used the right size of Spikes and if any Kidnappers ever did attempt to come in through the Screen Windows, the facts in the Case appear to be that they were effectively foiled.

Day after Day the Papers had Stories about the Mysterious Disappearance of attractive Young Women. Whenever Madge read what had happened to one of the Others, she always clenched her Fists and said, "They will never get me—not while I have a Scream left in me."

If a Strange Man came up behind her while she was walking Homeward in the Dusk, she always gave a Timid Glance behind and hurried, suspecting that he would Overtake her and seize her by both wrists and tell her not to make a Sound. She would reach her own Door and lean against it, almost in a Swoon, and the Strange Man would pass by, softly humming to Himself.

Occasionally an Adventure with coal-black Eyes and a Suspicious Manner would come and sit right beside her in a Car, evidently for some Purpose, and she would close her Lips tightly and resolve to do a Brodie out the Window if she saw his Hand slipping over toward Hers.

Fortunately, the man kept his Eyes on the Sporting Page and made no Move.

"Nothing to Prevent Him."

If she happened to be in the Waiting Room at the Station, and a coarse, but masterful Claim Agent, or some one else equally terrifying happened to come across the Room at her, she could feel her Little Heart stand still, and she would say, "This is where I get it." After he had gone past, on his way to the Check-Room, she would put some Camphor on her Handkerchief and declare to Goodness that never again would she start out to Travel unless she had some Older Person with her.

More than once when she was at Home, with only a few other Persons around the House, she saw a Large Man come up the Front Steps, and she would be frozen with Terror, and could see herself being lifted into a Closed Carriage. She would slip a Pair of Scissors under her Apron and creep to the Front Door, prepared to Resist with all her Girlish Strength, and the Man would have to talk to her through the Door, and ask where they wanted the Coal delivered.

Now and then a Caller would find her Reviving herself with a Cup of Tea.

The Caller would say: "Madge, Child, you are as Pale as a Ghost."

Madge would reply: "Oh, I have just had such a Turn! I was out watering the Nasturtiums, when a Man in a Palm Beach Suit came along the street and looked right at me. The Gate was open, and there was nothing to prevent him from coming right in and Getting me."

The appalled Visitor would want to know what became of him, and Madge would explain that he turned at the Next Corner, and she had been as weak as a Kitten ever since.

She is Still Intact.

On her Shopping Expeditions she noticed Dozens of Men, apparently Trailing right along after her, and she knew that her only Salvation was to look straight ahead and indicate by her Bearing that she was Decent. By so doing she eluded many a one who wanted to Catch Step with her and begin a Conversation.

The Collected Stories of her successful but hear-breadth Escapes from Men of the World, who seemed to forget that all Women were not Alike, would have filled a Volume bigger than the Family Medicine Book.

Happily, no one ever went quite so far. As we go to Press she is still intact and as White as a new Collar.

MORAL—Don't Worry.

(Copyright, 1923, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

BABY'S OWN TABLETS OF GREAT VALUE

Mrs. Hermadis Chagnon, Ste. Theodosie, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to me in keeping my little one well and I would not be without them." Thousands of other mothers say the same thing. They have learned by actual experience the value of the Tablets in regulating the bowels and stomach; banishing constipation and indigestion; breaking up colds and simple fevers; and keeping the baby free from the many simple ailments of childhood. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WOMEN! DYE IT NEW FOR 15c

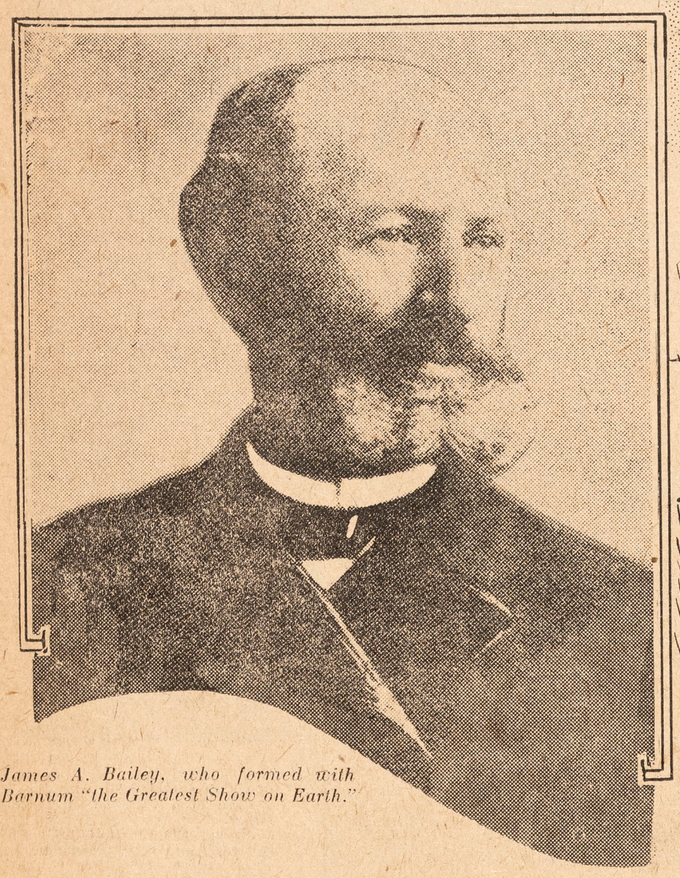
Skirts Kimonos Draperies
Waists Dresses Ginghams
Coats Sweaters Stockings

Diamond Dyes

Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.

The Triumphs of a Super-Showman

Barnum & Bailey at Home & Abroad



James A. Bailey, who formed with Barnum "the Greatest Show on Earth."





Rare photograph of P. T. Barnum taken in his last years.

The Triumphant Tour of the Barnum and Bailey Circus in America and Europe --- Last Years of the World's Greatest Showman.

The Tenth of a Series About P. T. Barnum

By M. R. WERNER.

ONE of the greatest factors in Barnum's success with his famous circus was the emphasis he put on the "moral character" of his entertainment. He relied also on his reputation for personal piety and thus attracted to his performance thousands of the public who on account of religious scruples were ordinarily opposed to all forms of worldly entertainment."

THE church had been opposed to shows, and especially to the circus since the first circus toured America, and at one time the Methodist Church in its regulations provided that any Methodist who attended the circus automatically forfeited membership in the church. But Barnum's show was not only attended by clergymen and their most pious parishioners, but even reviewed in most of the religious publications of the country.

Barnum forced recognition upon his clerical friends. His show was always advertised as "Barnum's Great Moral Show." The unobjectionable character of its performances was stressed unremittingly in its programs.

And then in Barnum's program notes each year appeared this notice: "The gentlemen having charge of my advertising department will address a letter, containing tickets, to each of the clergy of every denomination, resident in the towns where we exhibit, which will admit them and their wives free of charge, to my entire combination of exhibitions. It sometimes happens, however, that my agents are not able to procure the names of all the resident clergy. Should any be omitted, they will receive a cordial welcome by calling either on me in person, or on my treasurer, at the ticket wagon, any time before or during the entertainment. My exhibitions contain nothing that professed Christians do not approve."

THOUGH he gave passes liberally to clergymen and to editors—and for the latter he sometimes supplied transportation from their distant homes—Barnum told others that "we never issue one to the big show except to editors, clergymen, or orphan asylums, or to persons who render us equivalent service in some way." He had printed a card which he handed to those who bothered him for free passes, that read:

FREE PASSES,

In those days there were no passes given.

Search the Scriptures.

"Though shalt not pass,"—Numbers xx. 18.

"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges iii. 28.

"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum i. 15.

"None shall pass."—Isaiah xxxiv. 10.

"This generation shall not pass."—Mark xiii. 30.

"Beware that thou pass not."—2d Kings vi. 9.

"There shall no strangers pass.—Amos iii. 17.

"Neither any son of man pass."—Jeremiah li. 43.

"No man may pass through because of the beasts."—Ezekial xiv. 15.

"Though they roar, yet they cannot pass."—Jeremiah v. 22.

"So he paid the fare thereof and went."—Jonah i. 3.

THE clergymen were grateful for their passes, and sometimes mentioned the circus from the pulpit, advising their congregations to attend this strictly moral exhibition, of interest and instruction to all.

The show depended for its success on winning the patronage of thousands of persons in small towns who rarely saw any newspapers except country weeklies, but who seldom missed Sunday attendance at church. By reiteration in his advance notices and his programs and by careful supervision of the show itself, Barnum impressed upon his patrons the fact that his circus was reputable and moral.

AT ALL times the great showman occupied in the sentiments of his host of patrons a position more enviable for the satisfaction of natural, human vanity than that of any other public figure in the world. His personality was removed from the stress and conflict of political controversy, which makes enemies as well as friends, and by nature of his contributions to a nation's amusement he was accepted with a cordiality that was never bestowed even upon a President of the United States. His reception was more familiar and more general than that of any other public person; instead of a world figure, he was a world character, and the kindly manifestations of his genial success were an immense source of comfort to his old age.

Whenever possible he was present at the circus in all the large cities to enjoy the triumph which he had so justly earned. And his presence invariably increased the gate receipts. Many people came to look at the famous Barnum and remained to look at the other curiosities, while of those larger numbers who were attracted by the show itself, few missed the opportunity to look at Barnum.

He once heard a small boy in Toronto ask his father excitedly, "Say, Pa, which cage is Barnum in?" In Erie, Pennsylvania, he was watching the circus performance and caught the conversation of a farmer and his wife, who were sitting behind him. They had not seen a circus since their childhood and were emotionally aroused by its manifold wonders. When a young equestrian rode round the ring, standing on his head on the horse's bare back, the farmer jumped to his feet, waved his straw hat, and shouted, with enthusiastic excitement, "I'll bet five dollar's that's Barnum! There ain't another man in America who can do that but Barnum!" Barnum did not disillusion him.

Fighting a Competitor.

But in spite of his support from the church, his personal notoriety, and the extent of his advertising, Barnum's show was not alone in the field. There were many circus troupes, touring the country, and at least, one other was as large as Barnum's, that owned by Cooper and Bailey.

So great was circus rivalry that circus men stopped at nothing to hinder the progress of a competitor. W. C. Coup wrote in Sawdust and Spangles that a circus company once burned a railroad bridge after crossing it so that a rival show could not get to its next stand.

The rivalry manifested itself in Barnum's advertisements. He plastered the country with large bills reading, "Wait for Barnum. Don't spend your money on inferior shows." He also attacked competitors in his program notes, and when he chronicled the glory of his curiosities he frequently offered rewards for those who could honestly equal them.

In 1879 he promised $10,000 "to any person who can show that the bare expenses of running my establishments during the last six years has not averaged more than the entire gross receipts of any other show during the same time, which has ever travelled either in this country or Europe, and in making this offer I promise every facility for learning the facts."

Barnum was proud of his menagerie and sure of its pre-eminence. He printed the following offer: "While most exhibitions advertise more animals than they possess, and many which the advertisers never saw, I hereby solemnly agree to forfeit and pay $50,000 if the proprietors of any menagerie now in the country can show that they have incurred the same expense, and if an equal number of rare wild animals was ever before seen in any travelling exhibition in this country or in Europe, or anywhere on the face of the whole earth. I am thoroughly in earnest in making this proposition, and pledge my honor and my money for its due fulfilment."

This magnificent menagerie included "the only Two Horned Rhinoceros ever exhibited in America, which cost me $16,000.00"; a Black Double Humped Camel, "as dark as Erebus," and "by his side, in strong contrast, another Double-Humped Camel perfectly White." Then there was "the remarkable anomalous pachyderm from the interior of Africa, which even the savants of Europe have not been able to classify. It has the head of the hippopotamus, the tusk of the elephant, the hide of the rhinoceros, the body of the lion, and the feet of a camel. It weighs nearly two tons and has been named from its peculiar form and strange combination, the ELEPHANTUS-HIPPO-PARADOXUS; as it paradoxically combines several animals in one."

BUT in spite of all the wonders of the Barnum show, as advertised, Cooper and Bailey continued to prosper and enjoy some of the patronage that Barnum thought was exclusively his. Barnum's programs and advance publicity began to question the honesty of other shows. One year this verse was used:

"Others may issue paper lies,
But we show all we advertise."

In another paragraph Barnum suggested that other showmen advertise things that are not included in their shows, and dare not advertise some of the things they have. The bittler rivalry between Barnum's show and the show now owned by Cooper, Bailey and Hutchinson, which was called "Great London Circus, Sanger's Royal British Menageries, and Grand International Allied Shows," came to a crisis when a baby elephant was born in the Bailey show, the first baby elephant ever born in captivity.

Barnum, realizing the value of this feature, telegraphed Bailey an offer of $100,000 for the baby elephant. Bailey refused, and as soon as his show reached Barnum's territory, Bailey issued bill posters and small handbills with a reproduction of Barnum's telegram, under the spreading caption, "What Barnum Thinks of the Baby Elephant."

Barnum was anxious for peace, and he offered J. L. Hutchinson, one of Bailey's partners, a free partnership in his show if Hutchinson would persuade Bailey to combine with Barnum. In 1886 Bailey reached an agreement with Barnum, and the combined shows were organized under the firm name of Barnum, Bailey and Hutchinson. Cooper was dead, Hutchinson soon retired, and the firm became Barnum and Bailey, the Greatest Show on Earth.

James Anthony Bailey was the perfect partner for P. T. Barnum, for they were opposite in character, but never antagonists in their business relations.

THE contrast between Barnum and Bailey extended even to their physical characteristics; Barnum was more than six feet tall, robust, strong, and corpulent after middle age; Bailey was short, thin, alert, and nervous.

Barnum's disposition was placid, serene, and, after the period of his bankruptcy and recovery, he could not bring himself to worry for long about the circus or anything else; Bailey was always worried, always anxious, and his twitching, electric energy made it impossible for him to leave the circus grounds until the tents had been struck; a rain storm, which usually frightened and aroused the elephants to a state of panic, was a constant source of worry to him, and always when the skies were clouded he asked every one he met whether he thought it would rain.

Barnum lived for publicity, Bailey hated it; he objected even to the use of his photograph in the advertisement. Barnum revelled in the title, "Prince of Humbugs"; Bailey hated every form of humbug, and used his energy as much as possible to make it unnecessary by obtaining curiosities which people would recognize readily as unique. This was more expensive than Barnum's cunning, but it paid larger returns eventually. Bailey was prodigal with money used for increasing the size and magnificence of his show, and Barnum was always complaining about the expense.

Bailey was at the circus before nine o'clock in the morning, and he usually locked up at night; Barnum in his old age seldom visited the circus except to enjoy his notoriety in the arena whenever it played in large cities. Bailey and Mrs. Bailey traveled with the circus in a private railroad car, which was their home for more than six months every year.

Barnum realized the value of his partner, and he never lost an opportunity to praise him in the newspapers. "Bailey knows," he told a reporter, "Would you believe it, I've never been behind the curtain of our present show (1890). I don't know a performer. That's Bailey's business." And upon another occasion he said: "I want you newspaper fellows to let the public know how great a man my partner, Mr. Bailey, is. I've never met his equal. He's got brains—lots of them—and he knows how to use them. He doesn't copy any of us, old or young. He's original in his methods, and his resources are amazing. I ought to be jealous of him, and I would be if he were not my partner. How I would hate to have him for a rival! Don't forget when you are scattering around adjectives about this great spectacle to save a good one or two for Mr. Bailey."

Even Barnum would have admitted that if there was one asset as useful as the notoriety of P. T. Barnum in making Barnum and Bailey the greatest show on earth, it was the astute energy of James Anthony Bailey.

THERE was one point on which Barnum and Bailey agreed in their general principles, and that was the value to the circus of temperance. Barnum advocated it on moral grounds, and Bailey believed in it for the sake of efficiency.

Every contract between Barnum and Bailey and each circus performer or circus employe contained a clause prohibiting the use of either malt or spirituous liquors during the period of time covered by the contract. Barnum knew that drink was a curse, and Bailey believed that the occupation of a circus performer was too hazardous without the additional risk of intoxicating influences.

Although Bailey's achievements were great, the publicity value of Barnum's name is not to be underestimated, and Bailey always took it into account; nor did Bailey object to the exaggeration in circus advertisements, for he was too discerning not to realize the value of imaginative words in the description of actual phenomena.

Even in extreme old age Barnum still retained the use of all his faculties, and one especially, publicity. One day he tripped over a rope in Madison Square Garden. He was slightly scratched. As he was helped to his feet by some workmen, he yelled, "Where's the press agent? Tell him I've been injured in an accident!" He remained at his home all the next day, and the newspapers published accounts of the "painful accident" in which the "veteran showman" was seriously injured."

ONE day in 1888 Bailey called Barnum to Madison Square Garden and announced to him that the circus was going to England. "That'll cost a lot of money," Barnum protested, but Bailey insisted that it would make more. The circus went to England, and the achievement of its transportation alone was worth much in advertising value. In 1889 the show opened at the Olympia in London, and Barnum, of course, was present. He and the show were each received with tremedous enthusiasm by both the elite and the populace.

Barnum was accepted in London as the jolly veteran showman. A banquet was held in his honor at the Victoria Hotel, where more than two hundred politicians, noblemen and writers, with the Earl of Kilmorey as chairman and George Augustus Sala as toastmaster, paid honor to the personality whom they regarded as America's most representative man.

At the show he was greeted with due homage. Every afternoon and evening Barnum's open carriage drove up to the entrance to the arena, drawn by two fine horses, driven by a coachman and adorned with a footman in luxurious livery. The performance stopped immediately, and there was a feeling silence as the old man, tall and portly, but slightly bent with age, dressed in a frock coat, a turn-down collar and a shirt with an extraordinary number of ruffles and a big diamond stud in its centre, drove around the enormous arena.

At intervals in his progress he would stop the carriage, rise, remove his shining top hat and call out in his squeaky, decaying voice, with its sharp Yankee accent: "I suppose you all come to see Barnum. Wa-al, I'm Barnum." Then he would make a deep bow, and the carriage would proceed a little further, when the same interesting demonstration would occur, until the circuit of the huge arena was accomplished; the men removed their hats and the ladies waved handkerchiefs to the ambassador of vast entertainment.

In explaining this daily incident to a reporter, after he had returned home, Barnum said, "I felt that Barnum's show with Barnum left out would be as bad as Hamlet miuus the famous Dane."

THE Prince of Wales visited the circus and congratulated Barnum; the Princess of Wales saw the performance four times, and when arrangements were made for the return to the United States, she asked Barnum to delay the departure so that Queen Victoria, who was at Windsor, might be present. "I said I was very sorry that we couldn't wait for the Queen, and that she [the Princess of Wales] had better tell Her Majesty that she was making a mistake in not changing her plans and coming before we packed up." The Princess of Wales promised to convey Barnum's message to her mother-in-law, and Barnum added, "Tell her she is missing the greatest spectacle of her life."

When the Prince of Wales said to Barnum, "It must have cost you a lot of money to come here," Barnum answered: "It cost upward of £100,000, your Royal Highness." In telling the story to reporters in the United States, Barnum explained: The Prince, of course, thought showmen always speak the truth. As a matter of fact, it did cost half that much, and I thought I treated Wales very fairly in placing the amount at so moderate a figure."

Barnum's success with royalty was always great because of his inoffensive familiarity. Familiarity was unusual, and what would have been insulting and disrespectful in a native subject was accepted in an American showman as quaint and amusing, the interesting entertainment of a court fool with an international reputation; and it may be that he was admired universally by those who enjoyed artificial attainments because it was impossible for them to envy his achievements.

Barnum asked the young Prince George, now King George V, whether he was going to stop until the end of the performance. He looked around cautiously, paused for a moment, and leaning towards Barnum, said: "Mr. Barnum, I shall remain here until they sing God Save Grandmother!"

WHEN Gladstone occupied the royal box one evening with a party of distinguished guests, he delighted Barnum by requesting that the showman remain seated by his side during the entire performance.

Barnum later said that the statesman was the best conversationalist he had ever met, but from Barnum's account of the meeting to newspaper reporters one gathers that Mr. Gladstone did not do most of the talking.

After Gladstone had remarked pleasantly that they were both of the same age, Barnum suggested boldly that Mr. Gladstone should emulate his example, cross the Atlantic Ocean, and visit the United States, "where I can guarantee you the greatest ovation any man ever received." Gladstone straightened stiffly in his chair, pointed at one of the gladiators in the great spectacle of "Nero, or the Burning of Rome," and asked, "What is that man doing?" It was Barnum's impression from this that Gladstone was immune from flattery, and averse to it; but it is also possible that Mr. Gladstone feared that Mr. Barnum wanted him for his museum.

While Barnum was in London a representative of Mme. Tussaud's Wax Works called upon him to ask if he was willing to be put into immortal wax. "Willing?" said Barnum. "Anxious! What's a show without notoriety!" He was asked for his dimensions, and instead he sent his valet with samples of his socks, shoes, coat, waistcoat, trousers, frilled shirt, necktie and hat.

At last the time came to abandon this profitable notoriety and return home to native enthusiasm. Barnum said his good-byes to royalty, nobility and clergy. The Bishop of London, bidding him farewell, said: "Well, good-bye, Mr. Barnum. I hope I shall see you in Heaven." "You will if you are there," said Barnum to the Bishop.

THREE ships took the large show back to New York. Just before the departure Barnum gave the London reporters a luncheon on board the Furnessia. As they arrived on board an incoming Australian steamer loaded with dressed meat ran into an outbound boat and was sunk. The reporters neglected their host and watched this unexpected news event, thus exasperating Barnum beyond words. A fine meal was ready for them, with plenty of liquor, for Barnum never allowed temperance to interfere with publicity. Finally, irritated beyond endurance, he shouted at the reporters: "Come, come, boys! That's nothing but mutton! Come on down and have some wine and something to eat!"

Barnum died in 1891 at the age of eighty. He made the arrangements for his funeral, and, contrary to what might have been expected of him, gave directions for the greatest simplicity, declaring that he had had enough of show and parade in his lifetime. He left an estate of over $4,000,000.

(The End.)

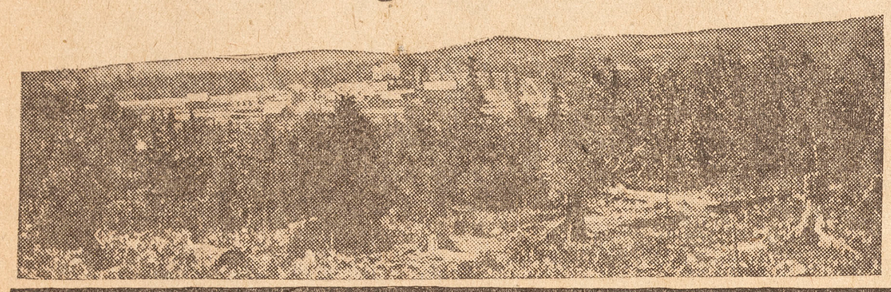
Copyright, 1923, by Harcourt, Brace and Co., Inc., published by arrangement with the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

HEMORRHOIDS
Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles or Hemorrhoids. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
You Cannot Buy New Eyes
But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition
Use Murine Eye Remedy "Night and Morning."
Keep your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy.
Write for Free Eye Care Book.
Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Embers from the Ontario Forest Fires

Clergyman Tells How Flames Were Stayed After Little Northern Community Offered Prayer in Hour of Distress---How the Plucky Rangers Work.



Above: The village of Apsley, in the district north of Peterboro, which suffered severely from forest fires in August. Thirteen years ago, when Apsley was threatened with destruction, the calamity was averted by prayer, according to a local clergyman.

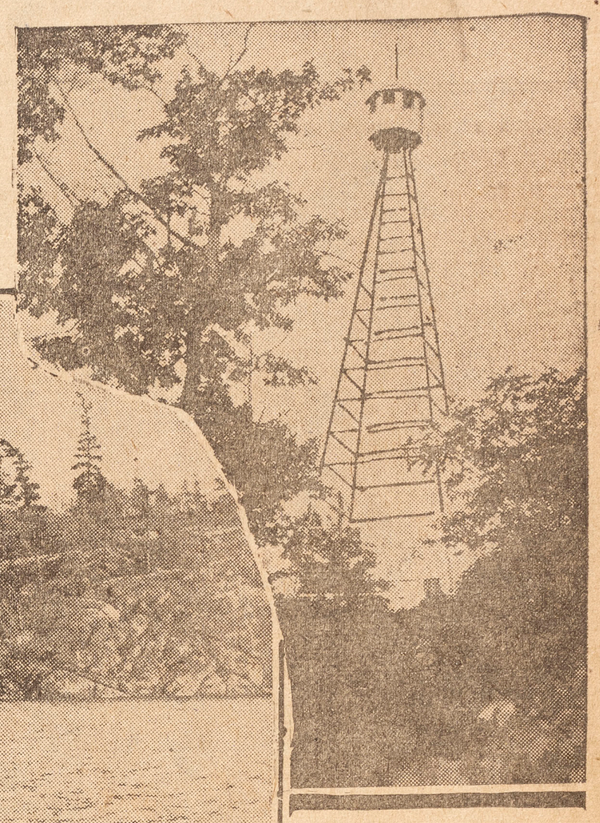


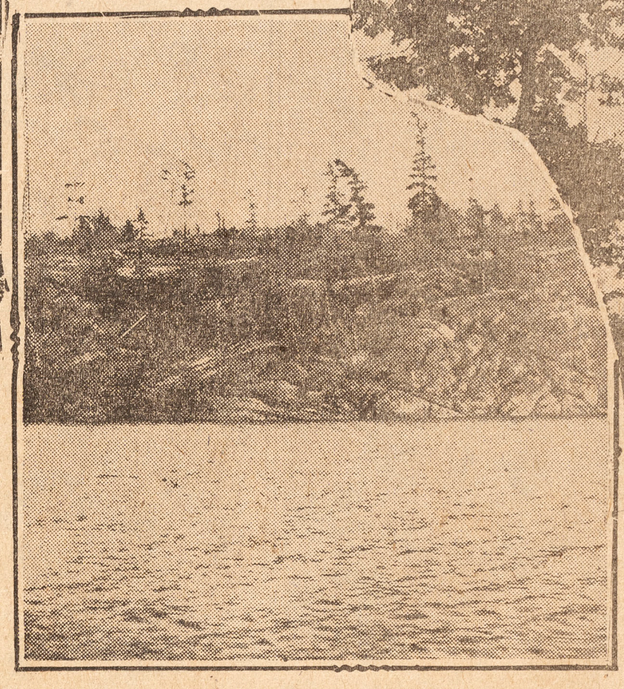
Fire pump at work. One of the most effective methods of fighting forest fires.



Two of the stalwart forest rangers of the fire zone.

On right: A look-out tower in Muskoka. This structure, which is used by fire rangers for the Ontario Government, is situate off the Moon River, near Jackknife Rapids, on the edge of Blackburn Lake. It is 85 feet high, and commands a view for many miles.





A burnt over area, showing the havoc wrought by the flames.

BATTLES with bush-fires are being recounted by many people who have returned home from their summer cottages. Some of them had a rather strenuous time as in several of the holiday districts within a couple of hundred miles of Toronto the blazing bush approached uncomfortably close to the cottage colonies which made necessary every one turning out to aid in averting threatened destruction.

At many places the women and children were kept in a state of scare for days at a time because the sun was almost hidden by the pall of smoke created through fires a few miles away. The dull red glow in the sky at night, and the smell of burning wood borne along on the breeze added to the uneasiness and assurances that there was no danger were often only half accepted by the timid ones.

In the village shopping places much of the conversation concerned bush fires. The coming and going of hardy looking men whose business in the summer is bush-fire fighting aroused much interest and their tales regarding the blaze in the immediate vicinity, given in response to much questioning, were eagerly devoured..

Going out to see the bush-fire has been one of the attractions at a number of the summer resorts, automobiles or motor launches taking the sightseers to the neighborhood of the blaze. The parties returned with red eyes and lungs full of smoke, the men vowing that they did not want to go again as, in some cases, they were prevailed upon to turn in and help to fight the fire. Although there is a spice of fascination about that sort of labor as an experience, the novelty soon wears off, and it assumes all the ear-marks of hard work amid difficult and uncomfortable surroundings with an occasional minor casualty. Unless the fire was too close to home the tourist was not as a rule enthusiastic about fighting it, but where his services were really needed he acquitted himself well with good-natured willingness.

The professional fire-fighters appear to be pretty well organized and have appliances at their disposal. One night thirty-one men went out to fight a blaze which was being encouraged by a high wind, about six miles north of Bala, and they took with them a truck load of hose to be used in carrying water pumped from the lakes which dot the district. Two days later this hose was rushed from that fire to a bad blaze south of Gravenhurst. Thus they have been kept on the rush as the summer advanced.

WHILE the railways are blamed for causing many of the bush fires the conflagrations which occur far away from any railway tracks cannot be attributed to them. One of the men who was fighting the recent blaze at Whiteside and Glen Orchard, along the C.N.R., told of another fire which was miles off the steel and its origin was a mystery. It was in a neighborhood popular with tourists in the district for picnic parties, and it was thought that one of these gatherings had perhaps lit a fire for warm water and left before seeing that it was properly extinguished. Inquiry, however, failed to establish this, but close to the spot where the blaze was supposed to have originated an empty pickle bottle was discovered. The theory was advanced that this bottle was responsible for the fire, it having laid in such a position that the rays of the sun beating down upon it had converted it into a "burning glass", setting fire to the parched vegetation, when the spark was fanned into flame by the breeze which carried the fire along the dry brush and into the trees.

The speedy spread of the flames after a bush fire gets fairly well started is often due to the prevalence of so many dead trees, some of them very high. From these high trees the tops burn through quickly and are lifted by the wind and the rush of the flames sometimes for a hundred yards or more and frequently start a new fire where they alight. It is this which makes fighting the fires so difficult as many places are burning at one time. Often the burning brands are carried across the water or over open spaces which would otherwise prevent the main fire spreading.

One would think that the long stretches of marshy places would aid materially in checking the progress of a bush fire but frequently such is not the case, according to one settler who has had much experience, With a long and hot drought, such as was the case in various districts during the past summer many of these marshes get quite dried up and when they catch fire they burn downwards, sometimes to a depth of several feet, retaining the fire for a long time and often causing fresh outbreaks after a blaze has been conquered. While fighting one fire this settler stepped on a section of a marsh and sunk to a depth of four feet in burning peat, being extricated after considerable difficulty and suffering some painful scorching.

ONE instance of the mysterious manner in which bush fires start far away from the railroads occurred on a peninsula which is the summer playground of a number of Toronto people and boasts some very fine cottages. A straggling party was strolling through the bush when one of its members "sniffed" and was sure she could smell a fire somewhere. Her companion told her that she had "bush-fires on the brain" and they laughed as they proceeded on their tramp. They were a couple of hundred yards or so ahead of the spot where the remark had been made when members of the party who were following up called out that an old tree trunk was burning. The call brought all the members of the party together and in a few moments flames were spurting from the centre of the stump almost like a blast furnace and the sparks were flying, igniting the dry brush and the grass which had known no rain for two or three weeks. A rush was made to the cottages for trench tools and the party set to work to build a ditch around the burning area, but as soon as the spades and axes were sunk into the ground it was discovered that for a depth of about a foot the earth was on fire underneath and a blaze appeared every time it was broken. The efforts to stop the fire were only increasing it.

YOUNGSTERS were dispatched on a general call for help and a bucket brigade was formed to carry water from the bay three hundred yards away. The fire travelled over the ground and through the brush very quickly in the direction of the cottages, causing great excitement. Despite all the strenuous efforts to quell it, the situation looked very serious as the afternoon advanced. Stone-boats had been brought into requisition and were bringing water in barrels. Women and children worked equally hard with the men but the task seemed hopeless. Faces were blackened and pretty clothes were spoiled. By evening dozens of old tree trunks were belching forth flame and as quickly as one was demolished another would start. Tea-time was forgotten by everybody. Eventually some of the settlers who were versed in the ways of bush-fire fighting came to the assistance of the amateurs but it was close upon midnight before the danger was declared to be over and a welcome shower had developed into a heavy rain, the first real downfall in a month.

The settlers declared that the fire must have been smouldering beneath the surface of the ground perhaps for weeks and had found egress through the tree trunk first mentioned. The discovery of it in the middle of the day was considered fortunate for if the fire had broken out in the night in all probability the cottages would have been doomed, and the occupants forced to take to their boats.

ONE of the most destructive fires among the many which disturbed the cottagers and settlers in the lake district north of Peterboro occurred during the middle of August and consumed some homes in Apsley and the neighboring settlements. While these fires were in progress there were several of more or less severity raging far away in the Bala locality of Muskoka. Rev. Christopher Lord, the rector of the picturesque little Anglican church at Bala had a mission in the Apsley district prior to moving to Bala. He covered an extensive territory, with Apsley as his headquarters. Thirteen years ago, he relates, Apsley was threatened with the fate which overcame it late this summer and the proximity of the forest fires, with only primitive methods for fighting them, had the people in a state of panic. A brisk west wind was carrying the flames upon the settlement and all sorts of hurried preparations were made by the residents with a view to getting away to safety. The place was almost surrounded by fires, and there seemed to be but very little chance of saving the homes from destruction. Rev. Mr. Lord asserts that prayer saved the situation when all seemed lost. The people witnessed the answer to the supplications in most dramatic and certain fashion.

The climax was reached around three o'clock one Sunday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Lord had driven into Apsley from Mt. Julian, on Stony Lake on the Saturday evening, after making his rounds during which the settlers upon whom he called, including a Roman Catholic, had asked him for his prayers that they and their homes might be saved. He prayed with them and promised to pray for them at Apsley on Sunday. The fire was very close and those who were versed in the ways of the weather could detect no signs that the wind upon which the oncoming flames were being borne would shift its direction. Gathered in front of the little Presbyterian Church in Apsley on the Sunday afternoon were the members of the congregation, but the arrival of their minister had been prevented. Rev. Mr. Lord volunteered to conduct a prayer service for them and they gladly accepted his offer.

The scene in the little church was most impressive as the clergyman sought Divine intervention to save the homes and lives of those who joined him in the prayer. While they prayed their prayers were answered. Even as they left the church it was apparent that the west wind had subsided and as the wind soon shifted to the east and carried the fire away from the homes there was great thankfulness and rejoicing.

RECALLING that miraculous deliverance of Apsley, just after he had been reading of the destruction caused there recently, Rev. Mr. Lord said:

"We of Apsley and its neighborhood had a lesson taught us that neither this generation nor the generations yet to come, should ever forget, and that lesson is that we are entirely in the hands of God. We were confronted with a great danger before which we were utterly helpless. To say that we could control the winds and the clouds would, of course, be utter nonsense and proud arrogence, but it was well for us that there was One who could do so.

"The fires were drawn up before us in battle array, stretching from north to south and they closed in upon the farms from the westward, all along the whole line of many miles of roadway and homes. The fire only awaited the order to advance, with its hungry and devouring flames, to consume all that lay before it, and, in an hour or two, to leave sorrow and desolation in its wake. But the order was never given. Instead, in answer to prayer, a counter order, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

"In answer to prayer the westerly wind quickly died down, and gave place to a gentle east wind, which increased in strength and effected the double purpose of keeping back the fire and of bringing in its wake the much desired rain that it usually results in.

"Had there been a strong westerly wind for even less than two hours more, the fate of more than one farm would have been sure, and, had the easterly wind that brought the rain continued longer without rain, the fate of others would have been almost certain from a fire that was closing in from an opposite direction along the line of another road on the eastern portion of an adjoining township.

"Many were the prayers that were offered up, and, just in time, came the urgently needed rain, proving once more the truth of the scripture: 'So they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distress'

Rev. Mr. Lord was in his study at his home in Bala, and his manner was very earnest as he spoke of this Apsley experience of years ago which he characterized "a most remarkable demonstration of the efficacy of prayer." He was much concerned over the fate which had recently overtaken the Apsley district and has no doubt that some of his old friends are among those who have suffered.

IN THE Muskoka district during the latter part of the summer a noise very similar to that made by an airplane had cottagers craning their necks and eyes searching the sky at all hours of the day trying to locate the airman, but they never succeeded and the mystery increased when the buzzing kept up all night and became a sort of continuous performance for days at a time. Only the initiated knew that the sound came from a portable engine used by the Ontario Government men to pump water on to bush fires, This engine is credited with saving hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of timber, It is a modest looking affair weighing not more than one hundred and fifty pounds, and is easily carried around by automobile truck, horse-drawn vehicle, or boat. It was the eighteen hundred revolutions a minute made by this little engine that were heard for many miles and mistaken for the buzz of an airplane.

Accompanying the engine everywhere is several thousand feet of hose similar to that used by the city firemen. In many of the fire locations there is water available from one or more of the little lakes which abound throughout Muskoka. The pumping engine is placed a couple of yards away from the water and the hose is run in as close as possible to where the water will be of the most use. The pumping power of this small engine is remarkable and proves a great aid to the men who are fighting the fire with axe and spade. Those who know state that there ought to be many more of these engines easily available throughout all sections of the wooded country and that an immense saving would be effected in time, anxiety and money.

In combatting the bush fire menace the C. P. R. appears to be more aggresive than the C. N. R. and for the sections covering Muskoka and the north has a lot of equipment at McTier, a divisional point, which is always speedily available and is rushed to the scene of a fire along the line. One of the "sights" for the visitors is the fire-fighting train consisting of an engine, two tank cars to carry water, and a car bearing hose. When the fire is reached the water is pumped to it by the railway engine. Preventive measures are adopted on a systematic scale and one of the most effective is that of having a man on a "jigger" follow up each train in the bush districts, and report any evidence of a fire in its wake and their men are constantly on the alert with fire prevention as their principal duty. The company will help to fight any fire its apparatus can reach, regardless of whom the responsibility for the blaze is attributed to and uses just as much vigor for all. Trainmen, off duty, coming down on the trains to Toronto refer with considerable pride to the companies activities in the line of fire fighting, and tell many stories of fires that have died in their infancy, the incipient blaze having been detected in time to respond to summary treatment.

Along the national line, according to statements of some of the fire fighters, the matter of looking out for fires is one of the duties imposed upon the section men who have many other things to occupy their attention, which come first. One instance of this is quoted in connection with a fire which was left by the government men to the care of the section hands and the allegation is made that a road-master came along and ordered the railway men off the work maintaining that it was not "their" fire, meaning that the fire had not been caused by the railway. At the fire which agitated the cottagers of Bala Park, early in August, the national railway men in co-operation with the Ontario Governmen, fought a great fight and, aided by cottagers and tourists, saved the summer homes. When the blaze was under control it was left to the residents to be taken care of, but they let it get away from them somehow and it had to be fought over again.

IT IS not generally known to the tourist and cottager that the fire ranger of the district is vested with the authority to commandeer the services of any men who happen to be around if he considers that such measures are necessary in order to prevent the spread of a fire. The writer was not aware of this until he asked a friend, who had been an officer in a Muskoka battalion during the war, to accompany him to the scene of a bush blaze a few miles northwest of Bala and which could be reached by automobile.

"Nay, Nay!" remarked the wise one, who explained that he had no desire to participate in the rigors of axing and trenching, he having once been pressed into service for this work because he did not know any better, and he had sworn off that sort of thing for evermore, unless his own property might be threatened and then he was quite willing to lend the benefit of the experience he gained at the time he was conscripted by a chief ranger.

His statement as to the liability of being pressed into service was corroborated by the owner of a large saw-mill who had cause to know for he related without any great show of enthusiasm how on one occasion all his employes had been ordered out by the fire ranger to fight a fire, which was raging on the borders of the municipality.

While the Government does not expect that such labor shall be performed for nothing it is not particularly generous in its rate of remuneration considering the nature of the work and the present day wage scales for workmen. The Government allows the conscripted fire-fighter three dollars a day which is paid in course of time, sometimes a long time. The saw-mill owner was paying his men about six dollars a day and when the Government settled with him eventually he was out nearly a couple of hundred dollars, for which amount, he considers the state is still morally his debtor. His present state of mind is that the next time he is called upon for similar service he will refuse to comply unless his own property is dangerously threatened. He is curious to find out what the Government would do about it if the conscription powers of the fire rangers are set at defiance.

This man had a considerable portion of a valuable limit destroyed this summer and he will look to the Federal Government to pay the shot as he maintains that the fire was caused by some sparks from an engine on the Canadian National Railway. He declined to discuss his loss but from other sources it was learned that it was considerable and that it will be further claimed that there was neglect by the employes of the railway after the fire-fighters working in the service of the Ontario Government had checked the blaze and left the railway men in charge to prevent it spreading.

It is stated that the provincial men left this fire to attend another fire which was assuming serious proportions a few miles away and where their presence was urgently needed with their appliances. On the following day they were called back to the former fire which, through alleged lack of the precautions ordered by the provincial fire ranger, had been allowed to spread to another valuable area of new timber in a section where an axe had never been used, and high winds caused the fire to spread for several days afterwards, despite the day and night efforts of a large force of men under the direction of the heads of the fire prevention organization for the district, who came from Parry Sound. At the time there were several fires in progress within a few miles of each other keeping the Government men pretty much on the jump.

AN IDEA of how thick the fires were in Muskoka during the first two weeks in August is conveyed in a remark which was made by Rev. Mr. Buckley, the Anglican clergyman who has headquarters at Port Carling. He stated that one day when he was up at Slide Lake he witnessed no less than five fires in progress at the same time and it is little wonder that the cottagers and settlers were alarmed. The fire got so close to one farm home in the Redwood locality that the barn was burned. This was one of several blazes which agitated the Little Lake Joe district and gave the fire-fighters a lot of hard wark. The people of the district attribute the fires to lack of precautionary measures on the part of those connected with the National Railway who are supposed to attend to that work and much sever criticism may be heard One story is to the effect that an engine not properly equipped with a spark consuming device was allowed to proceed through the Lake Joseph territory drawing a passenger train and that it started seven fires in the section between Redwarth and Parry Sound, one of which consumed a considerable portion of a valuable hardwood forest.

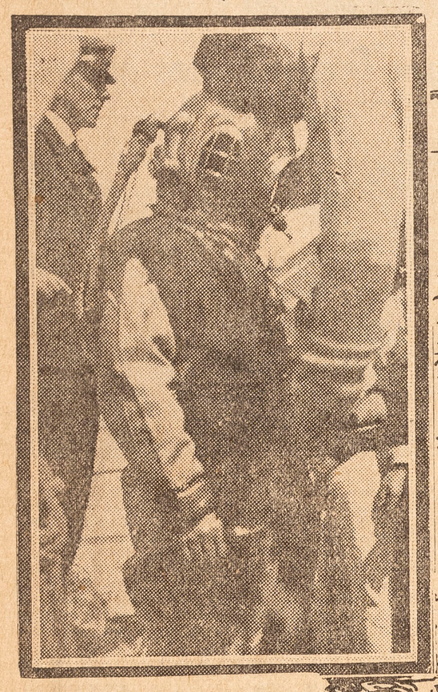
Among the most difficult fires to combat in the Muskoka area were these at Glen Orchard, Whitesides, Torrance, Morrison Lake, Redwood, Foote's Bay, Bala Park, and Gravenhurst. Some of these lasted for many days. There were three or four dozen fires of less magnitude which engaged the attention of the government fire-fighters in the Muskoka district but they were subdued with little difficulty compared with the efforts required to quell those named. Chief Forester Peter McKeown who has headquarters at Parry Sound, has been making a continual round of inspection all summer, while Colin C. McInnes, the Chief Ranger for the Muskoka District, who also makes his headquarters at Parry Sound, has spent the busiest summer in his career engaged in fighting fires all over his extensive territory and his energetic methods are credited with having saved a vast amount of timber and minimized danger in populated localities. He draws most of his assistance from men who are employed by the various townships in which the fires occur and from the railway men and directs operations with untiring zeal. Sleeping out on the rocks with just a blanket covering is no novelty for these fire-fighters who work in day and night shifts. Occasionally they run out of "grub" in which case demands are made upon the larder of the nearest settler who is called upon to sell whatever is required, if it is available, and if it is not available to provide whatever he has in order that the hungry fire-fighters may receive sustenance.

THE cottagers who watch a reflection in the sky, and nervously wonder if the fire is going to spread to such an extent that it will jeopardize their safety, have little or no idea of the herculean efforts these men on the scene are putting forth in order to prevent it doing so. As a rule the fire seems much closer than it really is and the wind carries the smoke and the odor of burning wood for a long distance. Many a summer resident who has been worrying over the apparent proximity of a bush-fire has not the faintest idea of what a bush-fire is like or the difficulties that are encountered in subduing one, particularly in districts where the summer season has been the dryest on record and even the marshes provide food for the flames.

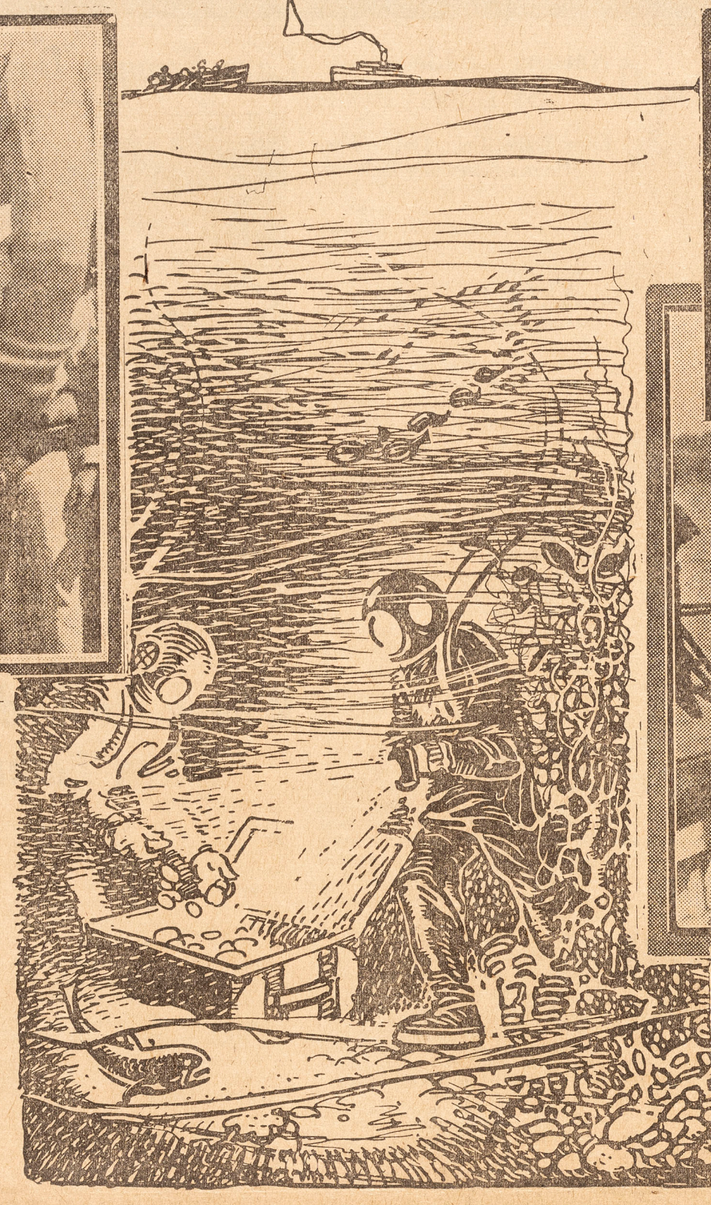
Conditions similar to those which have obtained in Muskoka have been reported from the wooded areas all over the Dominion and an enormous acreage of forest has been fire-swept. The situation has demanded special measures on the part of the authorities. There is a feeling that those "higher up" could do much more than is being done in the direction of prevention and means of fighting the fires which occur and which have so rapidly increased in number. While the Ontario Government has recently provided more of those efficient little pumping engines it is felt by those who know conditions at first hand that there should be one or more of them within easy distance of all the dangerous areas instead of having to send a considerable distance as is now frequently the case.

In the district to the north of Peterboro the bush-fires during the past summer have been among the most serious in the province and have ravaged a wide area destroying some valuable timber limits and in some localities consuming buildings. The summer cottagers along the link of lakes in this delightful district have been kept on tenter-hooks most of the season through the proximity of fires and a pall of smoke hung over some sections for weeks while reports that cottages had been burned in other localities not far distant were in frequent circulation. It has been an anxious summer for the lumber operators who have had special gangs of men out protecting their property.

Divers Shoot Sharks with Air



Donning the diving suit preparatory to descent.



Here he is with a smile being fitted up for his "trick" below.



The diver going down with only his helmet above water. The bubbles are caused by air from his cuffs.



Ready for a visit to the ocean floor.

Barrage of Bubbles Halts Wolves of the Sea—How Old Game of "Let Fly" is Played in New Form By Searchers in the Deep at Victoria, B.C.

By ARCHIE WILLS.

DIVING! What a romantic calling.

Can you imagine, even in this day of thrills and divorces, anything more exciting than an invitation to don the heavy rubber suit of the diver and take a trip down to the bottom of the ocean?

You'll find plenty of people who are willing to risk their lives in airplane joy-rides or flirt with death in furiously-driven motor-cars, but there are very few who have any hankerings after deep-sea diving.

Men fight shy of the diving suit because they know full well their hearts are not stout enough to meet the demands. Every time the diver descends to the inky depths he shakes hands with Death in a dozen different forms and sometimes the Reaper retains his clutch and claims him for his own.

The diver's life depends entirely upon a tiny rubber air tube no larger than a common garden hose. Shut off the supply of air and the submarine worker will be dead within half an hour. If he descends too rapidly he will meet instant death from a "squeeze," resulting from the water pressure giving the body a vigorous push into the helmet. If he comes up too quickly after working at a great depth, he will be gripped by an illness resembling intense rheumatics. This is caused through the nitrogen in the blood forming into bubbles and assembling around the joint. By coming up slowly the bubbles are dissolved. Unless a diver, suffering from these pains, is placed in a room with the air pressure the same as it was in his suit when he was below, he will die after severe agony. Science has only recently discovered the cure for this diving complaint. Previously many divers were lost as a result of such attacks.

IF THE diver's "pipes", the nautical term for the air tube, are fouled he goes through frightful mental torture and unless freed from his entanglements experiences the awful sensation of dying by inches. Many times the diver, in trying to free his "pipes", only gets into further trouble. If his "pipes" are cut, as often happens he must ascend as rapidly as possible, as his suit contains only sufficient air to keep him alive for half an hour.

And then there are sharks. Divers are bothered considerably by them, especially when working in tropical waters.

The other afternoon I was visiting the waterfront in Victoria, B.C., and I saw bubbles rising on the surface of the water. These with the sight of two men heaving over the familiar hand wheels of an air pump were prima facie evidence that a diver was meandering around on the bottom of the harbor. The signal rope gave several jerks, indicating that the diver had had enough and wanted to come up. In time a metal helmet poked above the surface and by means of a rope this strange creature was hauled over to a ladder on the side of the float. He came slowly up the ladder and waddled to a seat, where willing hands quickly relieved him of his chest weights and helmet.

"Give me a cigarette?" were his first words. Satisfied in this respect he doffed the remainder of his togs.

I HAD a chat with this interesting underwater worker and of course the first thing I wanted to know was what it felt like to meet a shark when working below. To me sharks and divers have been inseparable companions ever since I was able to read. Any time a magazine has for its frontispiece the picture of a diver battling with a shark, I am a ready and willing purchaser.

My ideas, however, of the way divers fight the sea-wolves were rudely shattered by what this diver unfolded to me. He actually laughed when I suggested that it would be terrible for him to see a shark come swooping down with its small, pearly but knife-like teeth showing in glistening rows, and to think that perhaps he might say farewell to his right arm or his left leg a second or two later. My idea was that the moment the diver saw the shark he flew at it with his little 6-inch knife and attempted to inflict a death-blow, before being dismembered.

That system of fighting might have been alright a few years ago but things have changed for the best in diving just as is all other walks of life. To-day the diver never thinks of his knife when he sees a shark. He adopts far simpler, yet more effective tactics. He draws back one of his cuffs and allows the air to escape. The great bubbles which wriggle and fight their way to the surface form a barrage which the shark refuses to penetrate and it usually scurries off to more convivial surroundings. If the shark continues to hang about like a bad neighbor, the diver shoots more air at it until it eventually makes off.

This method of fighting the shark was adapted from the game of "Let Fly", which many of us played when we were in short pants. It was the means of initiating the newcomer to the street. The veterans all lined up with their backs to the fence and the leader paraded the unsuspecting youngster in front, directing him to say "Let Fly" when pausing before each one. Nothing happened until the scalliwag with a mouthful of water was reached. The moment those fatal words "Let Fly" were uttered the newcomer received his initiation as completely as if Niagara Falls had been momentarily turned upon him. The capacity of some boys' mouths is surprising and wonderful.

THROUGH the fact that the diver is working in the opposite element, he must perforce resort to air in playing his little game of "Let Fly." It has proved to be the most successful means of beating off an attack from a shark that has yet been tested.

The diver has to fight against a companion that walks constantly with him when below. That companion is Loneliness. If the submarine worker is operating in clear water and on a sandy bottom he is able to find his way about with a certain degree of accuracy but put him in dirty water and on a muddy bottom and he labors considerably and his loneliness is greatly accentuated. Every time he moves his heavy boot he is enveloped in a cloud of "dust" and can see practically nothing at all. When the diver finds that his signals are not getting through and that his air pressure is falling off, sure signs that his pipes are fouled, and knows that he is in deep water, his loneliness is very poignant and constitutes his greatest enemy.

It takes a long time for a diver to secure a sense of direction under the water. He descends on a line, weighted at the end, but when below he is apt to wander off in the wrong direction. When searching for small things the diver gets on his hands and knees and works in circles, about six feet in diameter. As soon as he completes one circle he moves off about six feet and starts another. Divers have been known to locate things as small as rings and cigarette cases in muddy water, which shows how thorough is their work despite their many handicaps.

Working on wrecks entails a great deal of patience and perseverance on the part of the diver. It is often necessary for the diver to go inside the ship. Before going down he studies minutely a plan of the interior of the vessel and maps out his best route to the designated place. A second diver usually goes down to stand on the ship's side and see that the "pipes" of the man inside are not fouled. If anything happens he must go to his comrade's rescue even at the risk of his own life. Valor beneath the surface of the water soars to heights unknown on land.

THE diver's outfit is very interesting and weighty. No frail subject is wanted for the job and in the navy the diver is given a stiff medical examination before he is allowed to go down. If there is the slightest anatomical defect he is not permitted to put on his gear.

The diver discards his regular civilian clothes and dons very heavy and specially knitted woollens to provide warmth. The suit, made of two plies of twill with rubber between and waterproof except at the wrists, is then pulled on. The diver's hands are exposed and although the cuffs fit very tight at the wrists they are not capable of keeping air from escaping owing to the pressure within the suit. It is in pulling back this cuff that the diver gets his air to shoot at sharks. A shoehorn is almost required to get a man's hand through the cuff.

The dainty boots are then laced on by rope. Each boot weighs 19 pounds and has a wonderfully durable sole of lead. The slack in the waist of the suit is taken up by a belt, in which is sheathed a knife.

The chest weights are then added to the diver's burden. Two chunks of lead, each weighing 45 pounds, straddle the diver's shoulders and help to keep him down in the water. The corselet, which joins the suit and helmet, adds another 20 pounds, while the helmet weights in at 15 pounds. When ready to go below the diver carries on his person 164 pounds, so it can be readily understood why the call of diving is for strong men. The moment the diver gets in the water his burden is entirely removed.

THE adjustment of the helmet is a very ticklish job owing to the fact that to make it tight it must be given an eighth of a turn to the right. A diver with a long nose invariable has the tip of it barked in this process. The glass front-piece is the last thing put on and the instant the screw is threaded the men at the air pump must settle down to work. The diver descends a short ladder and, after pushing off, tests his suit to see that everything is working satisfactorily. He then proceeds with his allotted task.

The diver has two means of communicating with those above. He has a telephone in his helmet, working the receiver with his chin, while the signal rope is attached to his waist and is worked by hand.

The diver goes up and down as he desires by regulating the air pressure in his suit. If he wishes to go down he reduces the air pressure, if he wants to come up he increases the pressure. This is all done by shifting a valve in the helmet.

It all depends upon the depth of water in which he works as to how long he can stay below. In shallow water he works most of the day, coming up now and then for a smoke and a cup of coffee. In deep water his "trick" below is much shorter.

The diver is used for many jobs, but chiefly for working on wrecks, locating sunken treasures, estimating and surveying damage on ships that have been in accidents, putting on temporary patches, or sometimes cleaning a ship's hull to save drydocking.

His remuneration depends on who he is working for. The diver in the Royal Navy is paid four pence a day extra, but in civilian life his wage is very high.

This daring man, who, when dolled up in his working gear, looks like some armored knight of centuries beyond recall, stands to-day as the most fearless of all. His calling demands that he face death without flinching times without number and despite the fact that he knows and realizes what a cruel ending he might have he continues to go over the side and down just like the boys went over the top, whenever the occasion demanded.

The Deep Sea Death Pit of Japan

Continued from Page One.

about the palace in Tokio have been an effective defence against earthquakes. Whether this defence has been adequate to meet the shocks of September 1, is somewhat in doubt, but they have been adequate many times in the past.

Europeans living in earthquake countries have a plan of protection known as "out and under." Japanese might use it were they willing to adopt the European form of bed. As it is, the natives sleep on the floor, with quilts for mattresses not adaptable to the "out and under" plan. A strong bedstead is essential, and a couple of good thick mattresses. The frame of the bed should be off the floor at least 18 inches. When the quake begins, the occupant of the bed rolls out and under. He is as safe as a "brer rabbit" in his warren.

That is safety first at night, and may serve at any time, of course, but it is also well to have substantial tables in the rooms, for a quake may quake at any moment, either day or night. Then it is "under the table for me" till the quake quits. Out in the big outdoors is the best place, but frequently there is no time to get there, and so it is the table or the bed.

DOORWAYS are harbors of refuge when the earth quakes. The lintels should be heavy enough to withstand the impact of falling walls and posts should be equal to the emergency test of holding up the lintels. If one is building a factory in an earthquake country, and is going up several stories, it is well to avoid having the windows in perpendicular lines, one above the other. The windows are like the perforations between postage stamps. Walls give way along the line of least resistance, and tear through or along the lines of the windows when these are in line.

Seismologists have studied earth movements with instruments of great accuracy. In Prof. Milne's home, on the Isle of Wight, I saw seismographs that veered toward the shady side of the house because the ground on that side was damper and therefore heavier, and so tilted the building about the millionth of an inch. A truck on a road half a mile away made the indicator dance. "The hills bow toward each other in the darkness and draw apart when the sun dries the ground between them in the day times," the Professor told me.

"The earth's surface is ever in motion," he continued. "An undulation about three feet in height continuously proceeds round the the earth within a period of about three and a half days. No one seems to have guessed the cause. It is rapid travelling as we think of travelling, but it is slow compared with the rate of vibrations which a severe earthquake causes. Here we are on the Isle of Wight. We were together in my workshop in Tokio not many moons ago. It took us a month to reach London. The earthquake message would come in less than ten minutes. I have received three distinct series of messages from the same shock; one through the earth, one along the surface from the east, and another from the west. By noticing the exact time these messages arrive, I can guess the location of the disturbance. Of course, there are other observation stations, and reports come in from these. With reports from several stations in mutually remote places, I can locate the seat, the origin, or the centre of the disturbance. In this way, we found the centre of a recent quake to be off the coast of Alaska.

"We can make seismic surveys of a piece of land now, and determine its tempo, its rate of vibration," says Mr. Milne. With this "rate" in mind, a builder can put up a structure, even the tallest of factory chimneys that will be in harmony with its environment. If a quake starts up the structure will keep step, A great trouble with the Japanese house is that it does not keep step."

EYES EXAMINED
AND GLASSES GROUND TO FIT.
McArthur, Optician Eyes Tested.
86 YONGE ST. (West Side, at King)
692 DANFORTH. (North Side, at Pape)
Glasses, $2.50 up, examination included.

The Mail and Empire
(MEMBER A.B.C.)

has the largest circulation of any morning newspaper in Canada; 12,000 more than the second morning paper.

how the Circulation has grown

1901 Calendar Year - 36,624
1905 Calendar Year - 41,134
1910 Calendar Year - 44,364
1915 Calendar Year - 79,930
1920 Calendar Year - 82,244
1921 Calendar Year - 99,952
1922 Calendar Year - 105,230

August, 1923
106,035

People buy and read a paper and renew their subscriptions because it is a satisfactory newspaper. This explains the wonderful growth of The Mail & Empire circulation.

All Around The Town

City Life in Pen and Pencil

Fuel Supply From Ash Dump



With a coal scarcity every source of fuel is exploited by an anxious people. Along railway tracks every bit of coal lost from the big locomotives is picked up. At big industrial plants there is a search made among the ashes dumped from the fireplaces. The picture shows a scramble for the choicest bits just after a furnace attendant at the gas company's plant at Berkeley Street has dumped a load of cinders. One boy has a pail while another has a bag. Across the street there are several bags full of coal, junks or coke that is liable to make any heat at all. Scenes like this are quite common in several parts of Toronto.

Some East End Beauty Spots

That Part of City Boasts as Fine Scenes as West End.

By D. R. PATTERSON.

TORONTO knows and loves High Park; Toronto is familiar with the charms of Sunnyside and Kew Beach Park; but few who do not live in Ward Eight know of the wooded solitude in the Stewart Manor tract, with its pretty little creek winding through woods so thick that there is always a cathedral twilight and silence.

Lying between the Kingston Road and Queen Street, to the west of Balsam Avenue and Pine Crescent, this delightful glen, which is said to have been a smuggler's rendezvous in distant days, is an ideal picnic spot and few would realze that such utter solitude could be found within twenty minutes by street car of King and Yonge Streets. Much of the land adjoining the glen itself is to be cut up into streets and building lots, but at present it remains as pretty a spot as the famous Glen above Queenston, on the Niagara River.

Another such spot is to be found not far from here, although private property, lying between the Kingston Road and Benlamond Avenue, east of the Glenmount Park Road. Here you will find a cheerful little creek winding through a heavy forest of oaks, mainly, through which only an occasional sunbeam penetrates, and the sounds of the city are far away. This little stream is the nucleus of the much-discussed Small's Pond, which it gains after meandering through the Valley, under culverts at Glenmount Park, Brookside and Woodbine Avenues, and through the lower part of St. John's Cemetery, Norway.

At the end of the Beach carline, off Queen Street, is a semi-public park which combines the attractions of a trip to the woods with those of a good beach. This marks the eastern edge of the old Munro Park, and farther along Queen Street the original cut in the hill through which the cars passed to loop in the once-popular amusement park, can still be seen, although the land all around is closely built up.

West of Dawes Road, and continuing through to the Don Valley, is another delightful valley, in which a good-sized creek which seems to bear several different names, can be reached from the head of Woodbine, Westlake, Barrington, or other streets running north from Danforth. Here more or less fishing is indulged in, with more or less success (opinion seems to be mainly less.) Here also are occasional swimming holes to delight the small boy.

At the foot of Woodbine Avenue, south of the Woodbine race track, a strip of land with much of the charm of the Island proper can be found, called the Woodbine Beach. Several summer cottages are located in this quiet spot, and apart from the drawback of a rather long walk to the cars, with no alternative ferry service, would seem to be a good summer resort.

The Flivver Fool

By F. W. NOYES.

It was Springtime when Swift bought his flivver—
Sweet Springtime, when country roads call.
Said Swift: "Watch my dust, for I'm sure goin' to bust
If I don't show the way to them all!
I'll step on the gas, Mr. Salesman!"
Said he in his asinine bliss;
But the wise salesman strove to dissuade him, and drove
Circumspectly—his tracks straight,

L T
I H
K I
E S.

But when Swift sat alone in his flivver,
Without any salesman for guide,
Said he: "I'll cut loose now and step on the juice,
Just to see what she'll do opened wide!"
So he headed his bus toward the high spots,
Now turning, now swerving, to miss
Those sane folk and "slow" who so leisurely go,—
Swift's tracks now looked

S L
O I
M K
E E
T
H T
I H
N I
G S.

Thus he tore with a roar past the traffic.
Folks swore as they spat out his dust.
He heeded no laws and was happy because
He had promised to "beat 'em or bust!"
But Swift drives no more in the country—
And I might be somewhat remiss
If I failed to explain that Swift rammed a train,
And lies 'neath a

H
E
A
D
STONE LIKE
T
H
I
S.

Raising Children By Bribery Route

Little Willie Only Obeys When There's Something In It.

"EDGAR, come in at once!"

"Aw, momma, I don' wanna."

"Edgar, did you hear what mother said?"

"I don' wanna come in."

"Now, Edgar, be a good little boy and mother'll give you a candy—"

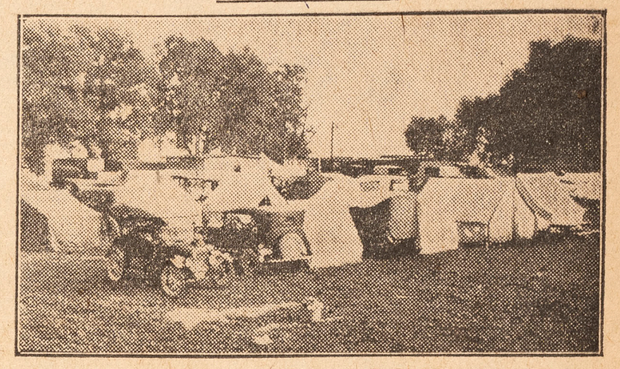
The remainder of the speech is lost in the pounding of Edgar's footsteps as he rapidly changes his mind and hurries into the house.

Every street in Toronto can reproduce substantially the foregoing conversation daily. In fact, it is doubtful whether there are many streets in the whole of English America where a similar exchange is not an everyday occurrence. At one time children obeyed because failure to do so meant certain punishment of some sort. Nowadays most children comply with their parents' orders because they are bribed to do it.

Bribery offers to lazy, unfit parents by far the quickest way to manage their children, and the management can be achieved with a minimum of exertion. If Eddie refuses to go to bed, promise him a long ride in the car the next day, and he will go like a shot. If Edith howls at the suggestion of a bath, give her a nickle with which to buy an ice-cream cone, and she'll allow her mother to wash even her ears. If little Harold screams blue murder when he is refused pickles at the table, hand over the pickle dish and give him carte blanche. If Dickie wants his father's watch to play with and howls his head off when it is denied him, about turn at once and allay his grief by giving him the timepiece.

There is no need to feel ashamed at adopting such tactics. Everybody is doing it. Bribery rears just as many children as the bottle does.

Cars From a Dozen States at Camp



The motor camp at the Humber River, just west of the city, claims cars from more different parts of the world than any other such camp in Ontario. Every variety of motor-driven vehicle stops at the camp. The number was substantially increased during Exhibition time. At the camp people from the Pacific meet people from the Atlantic and people from the Gulf of Mexico borrow salt from people from Sudbury. License numbers from every state and from every province have been noted at the camp which being on the busiest highway to Toronto is always filled to capacity. When the picture was taken there were cars from California, Kentucky, West Virginia, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Indiana, Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba.

Is Honesty of the Country Greater Than That of City?

IS THE honesty of the countryman more marked than that of the city dweller?

In spite of the fact that a good many farmers have been caught trying to trade in eggs from which the bloom of youth had long since departed, and notwithstanding the fact that flimflam and the allied arts are practiced in many a horse trade and financial deal, we are inclined to hand the palm to the countryman.

The farmer has no occasion to preen himself unduly on this account, however. While his honesty may be more apparent than that of the city man, it is a virtue that is often more the result of lack of the city man's wide opportunity than of conscious, inherent rectitude. In other words, if all the farmers in Ontario could be brought into as close contact as the people of Toronto for a years or so their record for dishonesty would probably equal that of the urban dweller.

If the dishonest taint that attaches to city people were traced to its source, it would probably be found to be due to the prevalent desire to keep up with the Joneses. To accomplish this successfully, people have to get money or its equivalent. If it can't be acquired honestly, the alternative is to get it dishonestly. The police court news bears daily testimony to the number who resort to the alternative.

In the country, people do not attempt to vie wih their neighbors to anything like the degree that they do in the city. There the tendency is more to accept a man at his face value rather than at his cash value. The formalities, the subterfuges, the petty jealousies, the rivalries of the city are either absent or present only in a very modified form. More potent still, is the fact that when a countryman is guilty of dishonesty his lapse is published far and wide. Everybody within a wide radius learns of it by word of mouth. His disgrace is brought forcibly home to him—and country people have longer memories in this respect than city residents with their hosts of diversions.

HUGH CECIL NEVER HAD A REAL PAL

ONE of the most brilliant members of the famous Cecil family is Lord Hugh Cecil, who recently made some pertinent comments on love in connection with the proposal to establish sex equality at Cambridge University.

"A really mixed university," he said, "would be disastrous. The segregation of the sexes is essential for good education.

"I am not afraid of students falling in love, because the modern substitute is 'the relation of pals.'"

This brought a retort and an intimate revelation from Mr. Lawson, a Labor member.

"The pity is," he said, "that Lord Hugh Cecil does not appear to have had a 'pal.' I am thankful to say that I had a 'pal,' and when the opportunity came for me to go to Ruskin College she offered to sell every stick we had and go into domestic service while I sat down and studied for a year or two."

Lord Hugh Cecil is a bachelor.

DICKENS PAPER SOLD FOR $50

A TRIAL specimen copy of the first number of the "Daily News," published under the editorship of Charles Dickens on January 21, 1846, realized $50 at Hodgson's yesterday.

To the first number of that paper Dickens contributed several articles. He retained the editorship for only three weeks.

Children of Business Women Are Worst in School Classes

AMERICAN newspapers and magazines are featuring articles purporting to prove that a married woman can both enjoy a business career and manage a home successfully and simultaneously.

Thousands of Toronto women are attempting this feat, and some of them have defended the practice in interviews and personally written letters or articles. Naturally no married woman who is trying to combine matrimony and business will frankly admit that she is making a failure of it. You might just as well expect a drowning man to admit that he enjoyed the water he was swallowing.

Any Toronto Public School teacher will tell you that the children of such women are, in a majority of cases, the worst type of pupils to be found in the schools. Left to their own devices during the greater part of the day, they drift, outside of school hours, about the streets picking up questionable companions and acquiring habits that are nothing short of ruinous. Often they are undernourished by reason of the fact that the money given them for lunch is generally spent on cakes, candy, or ice-cream. At thirteen or fourteen years, they are as sophisticated and blase as the average young man or young woman of twenty or more.

There are notable exceptions, of course. But the bulk of the children whose mothers "go to business" plainly show the lack of proper home care and supervision. If the number of cases in which a teacher explained a youngster's delinquency simply by writing the brief sentence "Mother works," could be checked up, the aggregate would provide the most damning indictment imaginable of the woman who tries to do two things well at the same time. It simply can't be done, and the records of their children when they have any—go to prove it.

Where Do Old Prams Go When Family Grows Up?

WHEN a puny man is called upon to push a badly-balanced perambulator containing a husky eighteen-pound baby up a long, twenty per cent. grade, he must be tempted to anathematize the inventor of baby carriages. As a matter of fact, the name of the genius who thus simplified the transportation of the human offspring is unknown. The only information that history contributes to the discussion is that the first perambulator was built in 1780 for a daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire.

How infants were moved from point to point prior to that time is largel ya matter of conjecture. If the distance was short, the youngster was probably slung over the parental shoulder like a sack of potatoes. If the journey was long, anything from a wheel-barrow to a stone-boat may have been impressed into service. It is even possible that in pre-pram times babies were not transported at all, but were allowed to remain in one spot until they developed motive power of their own.

The first pram must have been a poor, crude, unwieldy contrivance compared to the natty, expensive turn-outs of the present day. The proud father who buys a modern custom-built, gondola-bodied, blue-finished, lavishly-upholstered, brake-equipped, nickel-finished, rubber-tired perambulator, must feel fiscally as if he were making the first payment on a medium-priced motorcar. He must often wonder, moreover, how the French-Canadian, prolific father of a score of children, manages to finance the purchase of a whole fleet of prams, or whether he shifts his numerous progeny in bulk by means of a dray.

An English paper estimates that in England alone fully 50,000 prams are discarded annually. Proportionately then, America ought to consign at least 150,000 every year to the scrap heap. Of this vast number, Canada's share would be approximately 10,000.

Where do these obsolete vehicles ultimately go? Are they converted into tea-wagons, or do they bravely reappear, minus wheels and handle, as hanging baskets? Do they masquerade as clothes baskets or simply as down-and-out vehicles ready for the first second-hand dealer who is prepared to bid a paltry dollar or two on them?

Home Bank Bill Solved Robbery

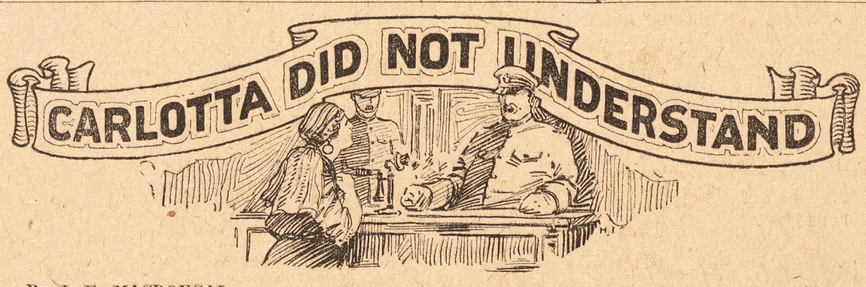
Piece Found Fitted Bill Held by Robber.

THE passing out of the Home Bank recalls a story told by the venerable Col. George T. Denison of Toronto, in his "Recollections of a Police Magistrate," in which the Colonel refers to the circumstance of a small piece torn from a five-dollar bank note of the Home Bank leading to the detection of the robbers who burglarized the premises of the Dominion Carpet Factory in Toronto in 1905.

This robbery occasioned considerable interest at the time. The safe was blown open with dynamite, and the explosion scattered its contents about the floor of the office. Three suspects were arrested in Montreal, upon one of whom a mutilated five-dollar note of the Home Bank was found. One of the missing pieces of this note had been picked up on the floor of the Carpet Company's office, while another portion of the same bill was in the possession of a second member of the same gang. This led to conviction.

Col. Denison refers to the incident as "one of the most peculiar cases of circumstantial evidence in my experience."

CARLOTTA DID NOT UNDERSTAND



By J. E. MACDOUGAL.

SHE had come all the way from Italy and she stood in the Union Station and there was no one to meet her. No need to scan the faces, she would know Mario when he came. She recalled their parting, six years before. The boat had sailed from Naples and Mario in his blue shirt and flowing tie had waved farewell from the bow. That was one advantage of being a steerage passenger. He was nearest the dock when the ship was towed out.

"Good-bye, mia Carlotta! In two years I shall send for you!" he had called to her in his soft Italian.

and Carlotta, weeping on her old father's shoulder, had gone slowly back to the city. Then the train to the little town where they had lived together and the years of waiting. The two years passed—three—four—five—Mario wrote often but always of hard times. Some day, he said, he would be rich and then he would send for his beautiful wife. Her father died. Finally the good news came. Mario had gone into business for himself, a new business. Then, one day, the money order for her passage came. Such excitement! So many gifts! So many friends to see her off!

All through the long voyage he had thought of Mario as he had stood in the bow of the ship six years ago at Naples. No need to scan the faces, she would recognize Mario in the distance.

Now she stood alone in the Union Station and there was no one to meet her. It was an hour since she had arrived. Crowds had come and gone. People had been met as train after train had puffed out. The grey smoke had found its way through the cracked glass roof. She was growing tired. A baggage man had spoken roughly to her. He evidently wanted her to move on. Surely Mario would come soon. Then the baggage man would be less surly. Mario was a big man. Mario's mustaches were terrifying and when his brow clouded he was a man to avoid. Mario would pick her up in his strong arms. Mario would surely come. There must be some mistake. She got out the letter she had received from him at Halifax and re-read it. Of course! She understood now. She had come sooner than he had expected. She had not noticed it before. Well, she could not wait here. She picked up her suitcases and made her way out onto the street. A woman with a kind face spoke to her. Carlotta did not understand.

"Mario," she said, hoping to make herself plain, "Mario Bassiano."

The woman appeared puzzled. She called to a policeman.

"This poor woman," she said, "has been waiting here for a long time. I think she is lost."

Carlotta did not understand. She hoped they would help her find Mario.

"Come with me," said the officer. Together they walked through the streets. At the police station they stopped. At a desk sat a tall man with grey hair. He smiled at her engagingly. Who was it she was seeking?

"Mario," said Carlotta. She was trying frantically to remember what Mario called his business. Then she remembered.

"Mario Bassiano," she said. She gave the address. "Mario ees gotta deesa job. He eesa what-you-call a bootleggaire. He ees mak' lots of mon'. He tal' me so."

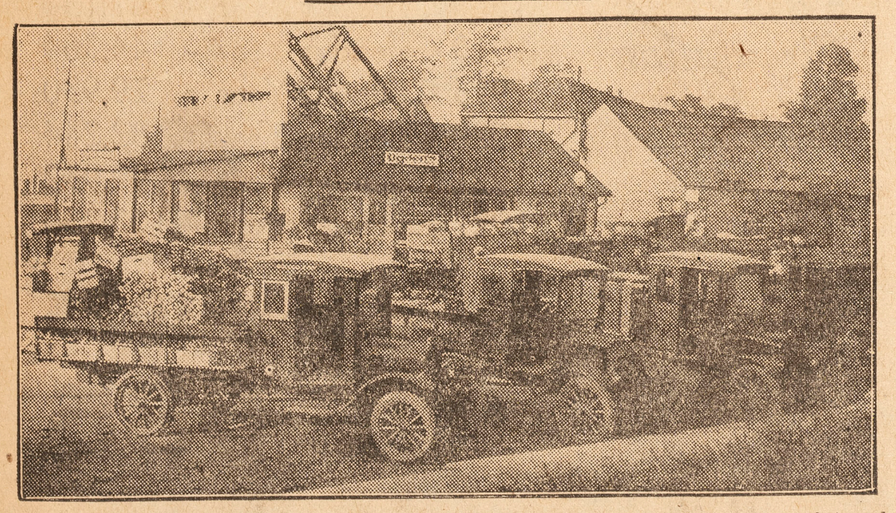
She stood looking up pleadingly at the officer. When would they take her to Mario? Why were they talking together so seriously? At length the grey man smiled. He spoke to the policeman who had brought her to the station. He put his hand under her elbow and led her out. In the Italian section the officer pointed out a house. That was where Mario lived. She understood that.

"Look here," said the officer, "You tell your bootlegger husband, Mario, that we won't say anything this time if you'll promise that you'll see he shuts up shop right away. See? You tell him that and don't forget it!"

He smiled. Carlotta nodded. He turned on his heel. The door of the house had opened on a crack. As soon as the policeman had turned the corner it was flung wide open and Mario—Mario in a blue shirt, with his fierce mustaches—Mario stood in the doorway with his strong arms reaching out to greet her.

The policeman had been nice. He had tried to tell her something but Carlotta—she did not understand.

Sunrise Market is Over Before City is Awake



This is the Sunrise Market at the Humber. When most people in Toronto are sleeping the market gardeners, fruit growers and farmers outside are getting their produce ready for the city's consumers. At sun rise they arrive at the Humber with their waggons piled high with fruit and vegetables. The city dealer meets them with his motor trucks and between sunrise and eight o'clock bids for the farmers' produce. No house wives attend this market. The stuff goes rapidly because it is bought in large quantities and not by the bunch or the basket. About 8 o'clock the farmer goes home with his empty waggon to carry on his farm work and prepare another load for the next day. The dealers trucks roll into the city and an hour or two later, Mrs. Toronto, is buying her dinner vegetables and fruit. There are several others of these markets about Toronto where the city meets the country through the medium of a produce dealer. By the meeting considerable time is saved to both parties and the supply is always fresh. Many thousand dollars worth of fruit and vegetables is sold at the Humber during the early hours of the day. It is one of the steps in that gigantic work of feeding a great city.

Youthful Critics Comment on Companion's Job



These boys are the severest critics in Toronto. One boy is "giving a gent a shine" and the others are making many comments which may or may not be kindly. They are all telling the man that they could do the job better but then with a show of street fellowship they exclaim that Jimmy doesn't do too badly. There are many street urchins who pick up a living with their street shine parlors. It can be carried around, the shop is brought to the customer and not the customer to the shop.

HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

Sidelights on Persons and Personalities

Slipped After 40 Years of Perfection

A Story of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary.

A STORY said to be very typical of the character of the old Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria-Hungary is told by Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, the famous war correspondent, in his book, "The Tragedy of Central Europe."

"When hunting stags in the Carpathians he was accompanied for forty consecutive years by his old and favorite huntsman, called Pettera. Every morning at 2.30, in rain or snow or frost, these two inseparables set out in a two-horse carriage from the hunting-lodge to the foot of the hills. For thirty-nine consecutive years, when his Imperial master had seated himself in the carriage, his companion proceeded slowly and with much ostentation to climb the box and seat himself alongside of the coachman. On seeing this manoeuvre nearly completed, the Emperor would exclaim: 'My dear Pettera, it is a very cold morning. You must not sit up there; come inside with me and keep yourself warm.' Thus swathed in rugs the two old cronies set out to the foothills.

"On the fortieth year they set out as usual. Old Pettera was now very old, it was a bitterly cold morning, and he was shivering all over. Thus, from old age, misery, or forgetfulness, he made no effort to mount the box, but proceeded to seat himself alongside of his old master and friend. Franz Joseph almost exploded with anger. 'What the devil do you mean by seating yourself inside with me?' he exclaimed; 'your place is on the box alongside of the coachman. I never heard of such a gross breach of etiquette.' Like a kicked dog, poor old Pettera crept from beneath the warmth of the rugs, climbed up on the box, and froze almost to death for his breach of the etiquette which had been observed for nigh on forty years."

ONTARIO STUDENT HARD AT LABORS



John Wallace, Hamilton youth, is hiking through the United States inspecting city parks.

When He Calls Out Train at Guelph He Is Heard at Stratford

Of Course the Telephone Helped, but the Stratford Agent Heard Enough to Vindicate His Guelph Comrade—Charles Flaherty is Known to Thousands.

By A. H. FENNIX.

IN April, 1868, Charlie Flaherty, a young Irish lad, 15 years of age, started to work on a construction train on the Wellington, Grey and Bruce division of the old Great Western Railway, a new line which was being built from Guelph to Southampton. Fifty-five years later finds Flaherty, now in his 70th year, connected with the same railroad system, and in all the years between he has had no other employer. Charlie has always been a railroader.

Every man, woman and child in Guelph knows Charlie Flaherty, and for the last five years, during which time he has occupied the position of depot master at the Guelph G. T. R. station (now C. N. R.), thousands of travelers who have boarded trains or had to wait for connections there, will recall the announcer with the "perfect voice." In fact hearing Mr. Flaherty call out the arrivals and departures of trains at the Guelph station is one of the features of a trip to the Royal City.

"No danger of a person getting on the wrong train there," is the expression often heard from travellers leaving the station where Charlie is master.

Although Mr. Flaherty never rose to any great executive position during his long years of railroad service, an accident that befell him four years after he entered the employ of the Wellington, Grey and Bruce, in which he lost an eye, was largely responsible for making it very difficult for him to secure promotion in his chosen career. Under such a handicap he was fortunate to have any kind of a job on a railroad. But he stuck with his first love, and to-day he has a record for faithfulness to duty that would be hard to surpass.

Flaherty stayed with the 1868 construction gang until the northern extension was completed, and he was also aboard the first train that went over the new line. He was at the opening of the new stations at Elora, Fergus, Alma, Gladstone, Drayton, Moorefield, Palmerston, Harriston and Walkerton, and at the latter place he recalls the fact that all the shop windows were gaily illuminated with candles to mark the occasion. Another feature of the opening of each station that Mr. Flaherty remembers, was that a barrel of whiskey and another of beer was on hand, and passengers and crew could go as far as they liked in celebrating.

"But good liquor was cheap in them days," says Mr. Flaherty.

Following the completion of the Wellington, Grey and Bruce line north from Guelph, young Flaherty, in 1870, became a brakesman on the Hamilton to Harriston mixed train. In those days all the engines were named instead of numbered, and he well remembers the old wood burners, "Col. McGivern," "William Henry," "Adam Brown," "Paris," "Antelope," and a score of others that puffed up and down this line. Later he was transferred to the Harriston-Fergus run, and it was while running in to Fergus one night that he fell from a swaying train and received injuries to his face which resulted in the loss of an eye.

The only job open to Flaherty after his accident was that of sectionman, and he worked at this for several years in and around Guelph.

Following the amalgamation of the Grand Trunk and Great Western Mr. Flaherty was appointed switch tender at the G.T.R. freight yards outside of Guelph and he carried out these duties until 1911, when he was moved to the Guelph station to work in the same capacity. In 1918, on the retirement of Samuel Hunn, Mr. Flaherty was made depot master, and it is in this capacity that he has reached the climax of his railroad career.

Remarkable developments have taken place in railroading since the veteran depot master at Guelph got into the game in 1868. He has seen the old wood-burning engines pass out of existence and their places taken by the giant locomotives of to-day; he remembers candle-lighted coaches, then the use of coal oil lamps, the lamps being replaced by gas illumination and the final change to electric light; he has seen the linking pin hand coupler succeded by the standard of to-day, and the hand brake by the air brake; he has seen the 10-ton freight car grow to a 50-ton size, and the length of a freight train increased from 15 cars to one where 40 or 50 is not uncommon.

Fifty-five years—a long time to be in the employ of one concern—but Mr. Flaherty will tell one to-day that he feels as young as he did at twenty. Certainly, he does not look aged, and if a clear voice is the only requisite for holding down his present position he will be an employe of the Government road for some time to come.

Evidence of the power and carrying quality of Mr. Flaherty's voice was demonstrated one morning when he called out the various stops of the Grand Trunk train for Stratford and points west. A traveller who had been waiting in the sitting room of the station for this particular train dozed off to sleep and he was in this condition when the thunderous voice of Charlie rang out. The train had been speeding on its way west for several minutes before the traveller awoke, and perceiving that the station was deserted he made inquiry as to the departure of the train. He was told it had left some previously.

"Don't you call out the trains here?" he snapped at the station master.

"Yes sir," replied Mr. Flaherty. "Every train is called out at the proper time."

"Well, that train was not called out because I have been waiting for some time, and I would have heard it," declared the passenger.

"Pardon me, but the train was called out," calmly asserted the announcer.

The traveller was beginning to get hot under the collar, and he stamped around the station vowing that he would take his complaint to the proper authorities and promising Flaherty that headquarters would make it hot for him.

While he was storming, Frank Beattie, the train despatcher at the Guelph station was talking over the despatching phone with Stratford, and the operator at that end hearing the loud talk, asked what was the matter. He was informed that an irate traveller who had missed his train west, was accusing Mr. Flaherty of failure to announce the departure of the train.

"Well, you tell that traveller," said the Stratford operator, "that he is dead wrong. This telephone line was open just before the train left Guelph, and while sitting at my desk here I distinctly heard Flaherty calling out the train's departure at the Guelph end."

Mr. Beattie called the angry traveller over and told him of the "evidence" from Stratford in favor of Flaherty, and the disappointed passenger was sport enough to admit that he must have been rather sound asleep.

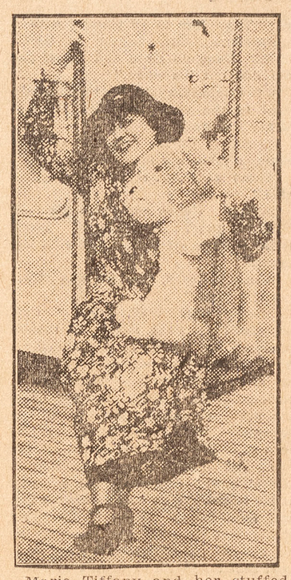
"Well, what the devil do you know about that. Some people right here in the station can't here me calling out the train, while a guy in Stratford who isn't interested hears every word I say," said Mr. Flaherty, and he and the traveller had a good laugh over the incident and parted good friends.

This is the only time since Charlie has been officiating in his present capacity that complaint has been made regarding his announcement of arrivals and departures of trains. On the other hand he has been the recipient of many complimentary remarks aat various times from officials of the road who have been at the Guelph Station when he has been "calling them out."



If you have ever been in Guelph you have seen and heard Charles Flaherty.

OPERA STAR AND HER PET POODLE



Marie Tiffany and her stuffed dog swing jauntily as the songbird arrives on the steamer from aboard.

Can All Be Triers If Not Winners

British Premier's Wife Gives Some Good Advice to School Boys.

"IF you can't be a winner, be a trier," said Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the British Prime Minister, when she distributed prizes at the Cloudesley School for Boys at Islington.

"You can always make people happy by going through life with a smiling face," she added. "The other man may have all the brains, but the applause and the admiration go to the trier."

A Disgrace to the Family.

THE Recorder of London, Sir Ernest Wild, tells an amusing story of the chaplain of a certain jail, who, going his round of visits to the cells, found one of the prisoners, who was undergoing a sentence for burglary, considerably upset.

"What is the matter, my man?" he inquired, sympathetically.

"I've got bad news from 'ome, sir," replied the man.

"I'm very sorry to hear that," said the chaplain; "what is it?"

"My brother, sir," replied the man, bitterly, "'e's gone into the work-'ouse, sir; the first of our family to disgrace us."

Father and His Two Sons Sit In Canada's Legislative Halls

Senator King Has Been in Public Life for 40 Years—Thinks Vancouver Will be City of a Millon People.

By P. W. LUCE.

THE senior member of Canada's Upper Chamber is Senator G. G. King, of New Brunswick, who has seen 87 Summers come and go. He has been in public life for over forty years, and made his entry into the Commons in 1887, as member for Queen's County, N.B., supporting the Hon. A. Mackenzie, then in Opposition.

In his public service Senator King has been closely associated with such famous men as Mills, Cartwright, Blake, Mitchell, Borden, Laurier, Lewis Davis and many others. He went to the Red Chamber in 1896.

Two of his sons have attained prominence in politics. One is G. H. King, sitting in the New Brunswick Legislature, and the other is the Hon. Dr. J. H. King, Dominion Minister of Public Works.

While accompanying Dr. King to the coast recently the aged Senator unconsciously revealed the optimism which has characterized his long career. Journeys across the continent were annual affairs with Senator King until a few years ago, but he takes life a little easier now. Therefore he was somewhat astonished at the progress Vancouver had made since his last visit.

Having known the city when it was little more than a village, and having, in a financial way, had something to do with its industrial development, Senator King takes personal pride in its growth. On this occasion he even ventured into the real of prophecy.

"With this wonderful climate, these great natural resources, this untapped wealth, the geographical advantages, and many other unique features," he said, "it is a certainty that Vancouver will some day boast of a population of a million."

"Do you think that day is far distant, Senator?" he was asked.

"It's difficult to fix a definite date," said the veteran at length. "There are many factors to be considered. But there's no doubt it will come, and I expect to be here to see it."

His friends sincerely hope he is right.

At the last official census, in 1921, Vancouver had a population of 117,217. When the next decennial census is taken, Senator King will be five years short of the century mark.

Chinese Start Play in One City Finish It Up in Another

Moi Sui Chue, "Allee-Samee, Maly Plickford," Closes Engagement at Vancouver to Continue in Portland—Record Attendances.

By P. W. LUCE.

MOI SUI CHUE, widely advertised as China's most famous actress, has just concluded a four months' stay in Vancouver which has broken all records for attendance at Chinatown's leading theatre.

The dainty little miss has gone on to Portland, where she will grace the boards for a brief spell before entering upon an important engagement in San Francisco. From the Golden Gate she will return to the Orient.

The youth and chivalry of Vancouver's Celestial quarter is sighing like a furnace as a result of the departure of Moi Sui Chue. Wherever Chinese sheiks foregather, her beauty, charm and talent provide matter for endless conversations, for never was her like seen in the land of the white men.

"She allee-samee Maly Plickford, only more-so, and better yet," explained one enthusiastic admirer, who admitted having applauded the histrionic abilities of his divinity at forty evening performances.

So many other impressionabl Chinamen paid repeated visits to the theatre that the management is said to have worn out three S. R. O. signs during the four months.

It was well the crowds patronized the big attraction so steadily, for the promoters had brought Moi Sui Chue and her company to this continent at a cost of $20-000—an unprecedented outlay in Chinese theatrical circles.

As a rule, only one actress is brought across the Pacific with a company of entertainers, but in view of the great popularity of Moi Sui Chue, three actresses were carried. Female impersonators were dispensed with.

Evidently the actresses supporting the star were possessed of considerable talent, for, as one Chinese enthusiast expressed it:

"Him two lil'l girl play fine! I tell-yu, las' night, you no can tell girl part on stage no being played by men!"

The Chinese theatrical troupe consists of eighteen persons, but their repertoire is decidedly limited. To a white man, a Chinese play drags on interminably for weeks but the Celestial does not mind that in the least. There was not a murmur when it was casually announced that a play which had been running for several days in Vancouver would have the concluding scenes staged in Portland.

Moi Sui Chue is like Mary Pickford in more than one respect. She has talent. She has temperament. And she knows how to get the money.

Before leaving home, Moi Sui Chue insisted on a long-term contract which assures her $1,000 a month, in Canadian or American currency.

STEAK AND KIDNEY.

The proud father had an addition of two to his already large family, but gleefully visited the manse to arrange about the baptism.

"What are the children's names to be?" asked the cleric.

"Steak and Kidney," excitedly replied the visitor.

"I mean what names do you wish me to give them in the service of baptism?"

"I mean to say Kate and Sidney."

IRELAND TURNED HIM DOWN.



Ireland voted in favor of the Irish Free State Government. The Republicans got some seats, but not enough to indicate that Ireland wanted a Republican Government. Valera, on the right, is shown after he had been taken prisoner.

FROM CHAMBERMAID TO HOTEL MANAGER

A FEW brief years ago, Miss Nora Foley was a humble hotel chambermaid, plus ambition. To-day she occupies the position of purchasing manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, having worked her way up by sheer grit and determination. Every year she spends several hundred thousands of dollars in purchasing supplies for the guests to give them more comfortable and home like rooms. She also has three hundred employees under her direction—parlor maids, painters, carpet-cleaners, seamstresses, upholsterers and wood polishers are only a few of them Miss Foley has really opened up a new career for women, that of making a hotel a home. This picture shows Miss Foley at her desk in the Waldorf.

ONLY ONE IN 12 PASSES POLICE TEST

THE young man who wants to become a London policeman nowadays must possess what is termed a "police face." The day of the comic constable has gone.

A new order has gone forth that the London policeman must look the part as well as fit the role. It is not an easy matter now to pass the tests, and on an average only one in 12 candidates who come before the examiners at Scotland Yard dons the helmet.

Physique alone does not pass a man through. Intelligence and the type of countenance that will look well under a helmet are among the strongest claims to success at the examination.

POINCARE A MAN OF BUT ONE IDEA

M. POINCARE, the French Prime Minister, is a man of one idea. He was born in Lorraine, and he inherited the dream of revenge for 1870, which was naturally stronger on the German frontier than in any other part of



France. He is a short, strongly-built man with a beard and a high-pitched voice. Work is his life. He apparently needs no rest, and he has no amusements. He is the brother of a distinguished scientist, and he is the author of several books. He is sixty-three years old, and he has thirty years' experience of French official life. Compromise is the essence of English politics. Raymond Poincare simply does not understand compromise, and this makes it infinitely difficult for English statemen to deal with him. He does not see very far, but he sees very clearly and steadily.

The Optimist.

OLD BILL FOX may well be called the champion optimist. He was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the water flow past, when a neighbor who owned a boat rowed across to him.

"Hello, Bill," said the man.

"Hello, Sam," replied Old Bill, pleasantly.

"All your fowls washed away this morning?" asked the man.

"Yes, but the ducks can swim."

"Apple trees gone, too?"

"Yes, but everybody said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows, Bill."

"That's all right, Sam," was the reply. "Them windows needed washin'."

ANNOUNCED AS THE LATE SIR JAMES

WHEN Lord Magheramorne, formerly Sir James McGarel-Hogg, succeeded to the peerage, his name was a source of difficulty.

On one occasion he went to dine at the house of an old friend, where he announced himself to the footman as "Lord Magheramorne."

"What?" inquired the startled man.

"Lord Magheramorne," repeated the visitor, with emphasis.

The footman was in despair, as he felt it was impossible to attempt to render the uncouth gutturals, and the visitor was advancing to the drawing-room. He hesitated for a moment, then boldly flung open the door and proclaimed: "The late Sir James Hogg."

ASK FOR BATH MEANING BASS

TWENTY-TWO earnest Japanese students are in London, England, learning (among other things) how not to ask for a bath when they really want a Bass.

They are taking a special phonetic course at University College and hope to succeed. But Mr. Lloyd James, the phonetician, says a Japanese finds it impossible even to say "judge." He really says "dzuzz" because the English sound does not exist in his own language.

"The two 'th' sounds," he says, "as in 'thin' and 'then' cause a great deal of difficulty to most foreigners, and generally either becomes an 's.' That, and the difficulty with vowels, explains the trouble of the man who is taken to the bathroom when he thinks he has asked for a Bass."

SPOILT THE PLAY.

ONE of the favorite stories of the well-known actor, Stanley Logan, concerns a certain melodrama he once witnessed.

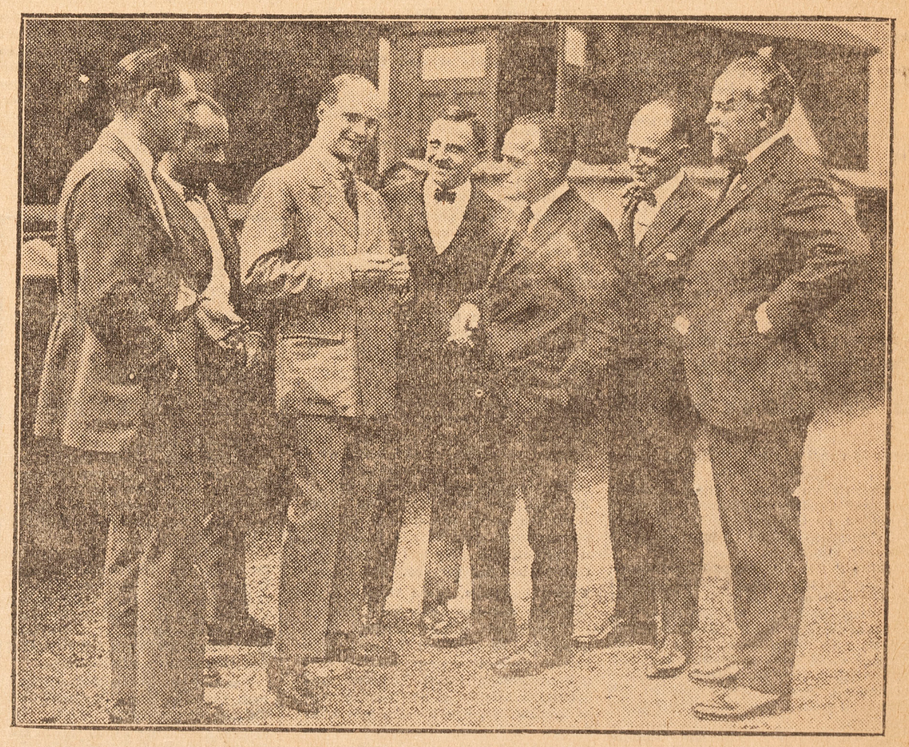
The strongest part was that of the villain, and the actor who took the part gave quite the best performance.

Half-way through the second act, the heroine, after having been left starving on the Embankment with a bunch of children for several weeks, and generally having been well "put through it," finally got tired of this sort of treatment, and shot the villain stone deat.

"What have I done!" she cried, gazing up at the gallery.

"Shot the best blooming actor in the show, Miss," came the prompt reply.

WHEN "OLD BILL" WAS LIONIZED.



Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, creator of war "howlers" in picture, entertained at New York by American cartoonists, left to right: M. Fleischer, Marcus, and Winsor McKay.

SPORTING BLOOD

Complete in This Issue

By Lawrence Perry

Rival Giants of Wall Street Carry Their Rivalry Out Onto the Golf Links, and Fortunes Hinge Upon a Game of Golf.



"Gosh a'mighty! Fifteen feet!"

DARIUS CULLEN, the eminent, albeit none too scrupulous financier, watched his ball rise gracefully into the air from a lie none too alluring. Leaning forward upon his mashie he followed the high parabolic flight with the clear, steely eyes of a shorpshooter until the little spheroid landed upon the edge of the green, rolled abreast of the cup, a foot or two beyond, then miraculously stopped.

Cullen's sharp pointed, grizzled beard rose at one corner to meet a whitening mustache—one of those wolf smiles that had been famous in Wall Street for more than a decade.

"Bascomb"—he swung around upon his private secretary, who was also his opponent for the day—"did you notice that back spin? I've been working five years to ——" he glanced quickly over his shoulder, scowling at two players who were killing time in their approach to the eighteenth hole until Cullen and his partner got out of the way.

Cullen was deeply annoyed, because he had come to Apawamis early this Sunday morning to get in his round of practice for the senior golf tournament, set to begin the following Tuesday, without the irritating complication of pressure from following players. Despite the precaution, the team behind had been dodging him and his secretary throughout. Now they were quite close.

Struck by an impression of familiarity about one of the figures, Cullen leaned forward, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Humph! I thought so! Buffinton. It would be." Cullen glared at the tall, lank figure as though the fact of his presence upon the links was an affront hardly to be borne.

"Buffinton?" Cullen's secretary knitted his brows. "O, he's the man who won the class cup here last year, isn't he?"

"He is." Cullen's voice was grim. "Nosed me out by two strokes. He's always nosing me out, damn him. Well"—he gestured impatiently at Bascomb—"play your ball, or they'll be asking to go through us."

Cullen's secretary, who was better than a fair golfer, spared no pains in making certain that his approach to the last hole should suffer materially by comparison with that of his employer's, his reward being a restoration of the great man's equanimity, his punishment a homily upon the tendency of the young to pile into shots as though they were playing baseball.

"Now, if those infernal nuisances back there will hold their horses a minute I'll——" Cullen took his putter from the caddy and proceeded to hole out in par, a real feat for him. When Bascomb finally dropped his ball into the cup the symbolic par was an exceedingly remote, yet none the less significant standard of reckoning.

"Ha!" Cullen drew forth his card, adding the penciled figures with mien as absorbed, with care as meticulous as though he did not know to the last digit the number of strokes he had employed in covering the course. Jotting down the total, he carelessly thrust the score into his pocket, and was turning away when Bascombe accepted his cue with unfailing accuracy.

"What did you do, Mr. Cullen?"

"What did you do?"

"O, about the usual—ninety-two."

"Well, you will pound into your approaches. I did eighty-nine."

"Eighty-nine? Eighty-nine!" Bascomb's hands rose in a gesture of exaltation. "Mr. Cullen that—that's golf. It's your farthest north, isn't it?"

"Two strokes below my best." Cullen's voice quivered with emotion. "I begin to have the idea I'm likely to do something surprising next week."

Bascomb made haste to amend the prophecy.

"More than likely, I should say. I'm betting you win the cup."

"Don't know about that." Cullen's face clouded. "This pot-hunter, Buffinton—but here, we'll have to get off the green and let them finish."

He touched Bascomb upon the arm, his heavy eyebrows working nervously.

"We'll hang around. I'm curious to see what Buffinton does."

He had not long to wait. Both of the approaching pair landed nicely upon the green. Cullen nudged his secretary sharply as Buffinton, without a change of expression upon his pallid, thin-lipped face, ran down an eight-foot putt.

"Cold-blooded as ever," he whispered. "Trust him to be playing with a professional, too. Losing no tricks, what? Edge up close and see if you can find out his score."

A few minutes later Bascomb hastened to the veranda where his employer sat waiting.

"Well?" Cullen stared at the younger man, his face tense.

"Same as your score, sir—eighty-nine."

"What!" Cullen sprang to his feet. "What's that? Eighty-nine! Stuff! What are you giving us? How do you know?"

"I saw his card, sir. He was showing it around."

"Eighty-nine! Well, I'm——" Cullen shook his head slowly as though rendered speechless by his emotions. As a fact, they were great. For years he and Buffinton had conducted a curious, silent rivalry. Neither knew the other personally, had never exchanged a word, yet the rivalry had been as clearly indicated as though the two had been closely associated. "Dam' him!" Cullen tugged irritably at his beard. "He's always beaten me, and now to-day when I draw an eighty-nine he——" the man tossed his hands. "Bascomb, if I could once beat that fellow I'd be willing to throw my clubs away. Yes, I think I would. Five years we've been playing in this senior tournament, and each time he's been a stroke or two better."

"Pshaw!" Bascomb grimaced sympathetically.

"Better, did I say? Luckier, I meant. Luckier! There never was a luckier golfer. He's a pest. Every year my game has improved, but he's always slid under me. I wouldn't mind if he wasn't one of those coots you'd give an eye to beat. Plays golf the way some men play poker. Every card close to the thumb. Never opens his mouth, not even to curse. Fact is, he didn't need to last year. If ever luck strung along with a man! Bascomb, you know the fifth hole here? Last year he was playing with his partner right in front of me, and he pulled his drive straight into the clump of woods back of the sixth tee. The ball glanced off a tree and came back onto the fairway just as though it was trained." Cullen clashed his hands together. "Now, by George, I do eighty-nine, and along he comes and —Bascomb, I don't believe it. I mean he's either lucky or lying. I'd like to play along with him just once"—he paused, gazing thoughtfully upon the horizon.

"Maybe," suggested Bascomb, "he wouldn't do so well under the gaff."

"Maybe." Cullen flashed a glance at the man in question. "Bascomb, I think you're right. Lord Harry"—his eyes gleamed—"you are right."

He stood rigid under the impulse of an idea, his blood fairly singing through his veins under the lash of competitive ardor.

"Bascomb, I wonder if Buffinton's got a partner for the senior?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I know you don't. Find out. Prentice is through with golf. Game's gone to pieces. He never was much, anyway. And I've been too busy to think about some one else. Most men would be glad to hook up with me, even if it came to chucking a previous partner. You can't tell about Buffinton; he's such a fish. But in view of certain circumstances"—Cullen smiled.

"Shall I hunt him up, sir?" Bascomb moved toward the locker room.

"No, write to him. He's in Wall Street. Tell him I'm hung up and hope he's the same. Give me the letter first thing in the morning; I'll sign it, and you can send it to his office by messenger."

Late that afternoon John Buffinton turned to his secretary.

"That is all for to-night, thank you, Miss Mellish."

The young woman smiled and arose.

"You asked me to remind you before I went about that note from Mr. Cullen."

A wintry smile crossed the man's eyes.

"Thank you, I hadn't forgotten it."

He hesitated, then nodded. "Good-night, Miss Mellish."

Golf! As the door closed behind the young woman, Buffinton swung around to his desk, staring at the note in front of him, which bore the bold signature of Darius Cullen. Golf! He was due at a conference in Philip Gaylord's private office, two floors above. But an inertia that seemed to affect both mind and body possessed him.

Buffinton had been in Wall Street a great many years, and, all things considered, had been successful. A silent man, outwardly cold, his reputation was based upon superficial characteristics. Inwardly the man burned with consuming heat when his emotions were involved. His friends, as would be the case, were few. This is too busy a world for prying beneath human surface values. At least, the world in which John Buffinton spent the greater part of his life was. And he had found that it was better so. He had gained more than he had lost thereby. Far more.

BUT just now, faced with a mystery that had been growing daily more grim, more inexorable, more alarming, he had felt flowing from him in ever-increasing volume that self-sufficiency which hitherto had sustained him in all the emergencies of his life. He had been in bad holes before. But always in good time the way out had been evolved or hit upon, sometimes miraculously.

There had come to him eventually the belief, as part of the philosophy that all thoughtful men work out as years multiply, that so long as he played the game straight, to the best of his knowledge, and was loyal to his family and true to his own convictions, nothing irretrievably serious would ever happen either to him or to his.

And now, with his formula of life upon the verge of disintegration, he was dazed. Yet he didn't censure himself for his participation in the Corlies Safety Air Brake movement. No group, as it seemed, had held better cards than he and his associates. The outlook had never been clearer. Shorting had started at 110 and now—Buffinton glanced at the notation on a pad——some 250,000 shares had been sold, the price falling down to sixty.

Then when the shorts had begun to cover there had come a tightening subtle, gradual at first but to-day, a veritable clamping as with steel jack screws.

Buffinton rose and began pacing the office floor. Outside the tickers had ceased, and the closing of the doors told of the departure, one by one, of the office staff. From the street, twelve stories below, the muffled roar of traffic was diminishing; lights were begining to punctuate the walls of neighboring buildings.

Throughout this desperate day they had increased their bids by leaps, but no more stock had come forth—and they were short more shares than he cared to think about. The situation was plain enough. Behind Corlies Safety Air Brake was a controlling spirit and always had been. He—this mysterious person and his colleagues—throughout, had been sitting back watching the shorts do themselves to death, as it were, by slow poison.

Hindsight was so infernally simple. Expedients that might have been valuable a fortnight back, a month back, passed through Buffinton's mind in flaming sequence. But what definitely mattered now were present conditions and nothing that might have been done applied in any way to them. As the situation stood, sheer bankruptcy like a sullen, insurmountable wall, blocked every perspective.

He paused by a window looking out over the purpling bay. Beyond lay Europe—rest. He had promised his wife that this would be his last active year in the street and that they should have their twelve months of wandering about the world which the two had talked about since the first year of their marriage.

And Miriam? The girl was to marry young Latimer next month. Anything that happened to Buffinton would not affect his daughter's plans—probably not, at least. Latimer was doing well enough. Just the same—Buffinton shrugged. Bankruptcy! He arose, heavily. Then he straightened himself with an impatient jerk. He relaxed immediately. There was no use trying to deny it, he was getting on to 63. Old! A fine time of life to get into a bunker of this sort!

The sporting analogy of the thought caused his mind to revert to the note lying unanswered upon his desk. Golf! He acknowledged to a sense of grim humor in the situation. As a matter of fact, he had entered this tournament, as usual. But he had done so before the horizon contained more than a hint of the ominous clouds that now darkened the firmament.

So far as Darius Cullen was concerned, humor began to place him as the evil genius behind this approaching Corlies debacle. If so—and it probably was so—why under heaven should the man have written him about a golf tournament? The thought immediately occurred that in Cullen's position of eminence details of personnel so far as this comparatively puerile bear movement was concerned had been of no great interest to him, even granting he had been apprised of the identities of members of the group.

Then, quite unreasonably—unless the mood be explained either as pure reaction from his helplessness in this present crisis in his affairs, or to fundamental sporting instincts—a sort of cold fury filled the man. Cullen might have the whiphand in Corlies Air Brake, but, by heaven, he didn't have it on the links. He had taken special satisfaction in the last few years in putting this financial genius in his proper place in golf—and now, if it were the last thing he ever did, he wanted to beat Darius Cullen again and hear him curse and invent alibis and berate his multiplied misfortunes, just as he had done upon the club-house veranda last year before a sycophantic group.

Buffinton savored his trend of thought for fully five minutes before he drew his watch from his pocket. With an exclamation he strode to his desk, took up Cullen's note, and placed it in his pocket. Golf! A dessicated laugh rattled in his throat. Seizing his hat and stick he walked slowly out the door.

When he entered Philip Gaylord's office a few minutes later, the clouds of blue tobacco smoke that filled the apartment struck him as altogether symbolic not only of the occasion, but of the mood of its occupants—some half dozen men seated in varying attitudes of dejection listening to Gaylord's views upon the necessity of an assessment that would clean all of them pretty well down to the bone.

"The situation," he was saying in conclusion, "is sufficiently clear to all of us. The only thing to do is to estimate what each of us can pay, short of ruin, and pile in."

"But, Gaylord, look here"—Buffinton's voice was colorless—"suppose we do pile in, what assurance is there that it——"

"That it won't be pouring water into a knot hole to fill a barn," interrupted Floyd Carpenter, a dark, intense type of man, with burning black eyes and thin lips. "It would be exactly that. Now, wait a moment, Gaylord; I've been thinking. When you're up against a pirate like Cullen you've got to fight him with his own weapons."

"All right." Gaylord laughed cynically. "What are they?"

"If you wait a moment, I'll tell you." Carpenter's jaws were set, his eyes quite fanatical. "I'm not the sort of man that's going to be run out of business by Darius Cullen. He'll find before he gets through that——"

"Carpenter, Carpenter, for the love of God, if you've got anything worth while, stop speechmaking and come down to brass tacks." Sigmund Auferman, who had risen to pace the floor, paused in front of the man.

"All right, I will." Carpenter rose to his feet, bringing a clenched fist into his palm. "Now get this: Our trouble is due to the fact that Cullen either owns or controls most of the outstanding Corlies stock. He let us put down the stock as a trap. He put his crowd wise and they agreed not to sell without his permission. That's the situation, isn't it?"

He accepted a subdued shuffling and coughing as acquiescence.

"Very good. Now has any one here got any idea that there is a single soul in Wall street who fully trusts that double cross expert? I don't exclude even those who are holding back on Corlies because he told them to."

"If they don't trust him," interjected Gaylord, "why would they do what he told them?"

Buffinton's cold, even voice anticipated Carpenter's intended rejoinder.

"That's easy, Gaylord. Fear of his power, O, any number of perfectly sound reasons. Go on, Carpenter; what have you got in mind?"

"Well, no one trusts him. We'll take that for granted, because it's the cold truth. If it suits his interest he'd walk out on any one any time. You all know that."

"Yes, that's so." Gerald Cooney, who had been seated in a corner, silent throughout, nodded vigorously. "I guess every one remembers the time he faded out of that Raritan pool; just left it cold. No one knew where he was for ten days until the papers had a cabled interview with him in London on international finance. I——"

The interruption came from Carpenter, a sharp exclamation.

"Cooney has mentioned the very thing I've been turning over in my mind for several days. Now listen: Suppose Darius Cullen disappears within the next few days—well, anyway, say he disappears before Corlies comes to the breaking point with us—"

"But why would he want to disappear when everything is coming his—"

"Damn it, Gaylord! Just a minute please." Carpenter strode to the middle of the office. "I say suppose he should disappear. Would his crowd get the idea that he had begun to lose his nerve in Corlies and was running out on them, or was playing his well known game of double-cross? What do you say?"

Buffinton leaned forward to knock the ashes from his cigar.

"There can be only one answer to that, Carpenter; they would."

"You're right, they would. And in that event they would dump their Corlies holding on the market, throwing the price down and giving us our chance to cover?"

For a full minute there was silence. At length Auferman spoke.

"How are we going to induce him to disappear, Floyd?"

Carpenter's thin lips drew back from gleaming white teeth.

"Sig, here is one time when Cullen's consent will not be asked. He's going to be kidnapped."

He waited until an excited chorus of exclamation, comment and ironical laughter had subsided.

"I've got a fishing cabin about ten miles from nowhere on the sound," he resumed at length. "That's where Cullen is going, and he's going to stay there from a week to ten days, or as much longer as is necessary. He'll find before he's through that the financial game he has played for years has been mild and unimaginative compared to what he's up against."

Whether due to depth of animosity against Darius Cullen, or the spell of Carpenter's imaginative eloquence, or desperation, or whatever else, it was not to be doubted that the occupants of Phillip Gaylord's office were possessed of a mood wholly picaresque. The idea of Cullen's abduction intrigued, fascinated them. In silence they sat, or paced about, fondling the idea until Carpenter again claimed their attention.

"Before any one brings up the point," he said, "I'll suggest it myself. How are we going to kidnap the old gray wolf? I've had him watched for two days, and it will be no easy job. He has a chauffeur travel with him wherever he goes, and that man's a shoulder hitter if there ever was one. And, besides, his secretary, Bascomb, another husk, is always with him."

Gaylord tossed his cigar away with an irritable gesture.

"I thought there'd be a screw loose somewhere in the scheme."

"Of course, there is," flashed Carpenter. "Here is your chance to tighten it up. I've thought of the main idea and most of the details. It's up to you fellows to start your wits going. How'll we nab him? I've got the men to do it. Show us how."

NO one spoke for a long time. Buffinton broke the silence.

"Isn't there a jail sentence in this, Carpenter?"

"Rats. I'd rather take the chance than go broke. As a matter of fact, there isn't any chance. I'll undertake to see he's kept in ignorance who his kidnappers are and where he has been kept. So far as that goes, if the facts come out he'd be laughed out of the street. It would be the joke of the century, that pirate. And you know Cullen loves a joke on himself about as much as he would a carbuncle."

"You're a wonder, Floyd." Auferman laid his hand upon Carpenter's shoulder. "Come on now and kick in on the full details. How are we going to arrange the kidnapping? I know you've been holding it back for effect."

"No, I haven't. I'm stumped, I tell you." Carpenter glanced about the group, his eyes resting at length upon Buffinton, his attention caught by a curious expression upon the man's face.

"I don't know, Carpenter, whether this will give you an idea." Buffinton fumbled in his pocket and drew forth Cullen's golfing invitation.

Carpenter took the note, read it, then read it again. He was about to return it when suddenly his head jerked back, a sibilant sound escaping from his lips.

"Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "the big idea has come. This is a heavensent invitation from Cullen to Buffinton to be his partner in the senior golf." He crossed the room with quick, nervous steps, confronting Buffinton. "Look here, old man, this is important. Do you happen to be familiar with the Apawamis course?"

Buffinton raised his head.

"Seeing I won the class B trophy there last year and—"

"All right. Yes, yes." Carpenter raised his hand. "That's fine. I know the course well myself. Have you accepted the invitation?"

"No, I—"

"Well, accept it." Carpenter's voice rose to a shout. He swung about upon his heel, gesturing comprehensively. "Accept it by wire. Listen. You know the tenth hole at Apawamis, Buffinton?"

"Rather well, yes."

"All right. You play with Cullen; see? You drive from the tenth tee, catch it? To the right of the fairway there is a clump of woods. And beyond it is a highway. Am I right? Very good. Now get this, Buffinton: Your next shot is a brassy. You pull your shot into the woods, see? You can easily make it. Send your caddy on ahead. Tell him you can find the ball yourself. Get into the woods. Then as soon as Cullen makes his shot, call to him to come to you, that you want to get his opinion on playing from a remarkable lie. Catch it? He'll come, all right."

"Yes, undoubtedly. Then what shall I do—assuming I'm willing to go this far?"

"Assuming you are willing!" Carpenter stared at the man. "Do you want to wreck us all on a fine point?"

"No. Go on. What do I do next?"

"Nothing. You've done all that's necessary. I'll attend to the rest. You can merely say you lost track of your partner in the woods, and finish out your game." Carpenter held out his hand. "What do you say, Buffinton? Will you do your part in this?"

While the eyes of every man in the room were strained upon him, Buffinton relighted his cigar, stared with furrowed brows out the window, then at length, arose.

"Look here, Carpenter, you know there are so many entrants that the field is divided in half. One half plays two days, eighteen holes a day, then the other half plays two days. Cullen likes to start in the first flight, and his wishes are certain to be respected."

"All right, all right," was the impatient reply. "These are mere details. What we want to know is whether you'll do your part."

Another pause. Finally Buffinton raised his head.

"Yes, I'll do my part," he said. "But not on the first eighteen holes. I'll do it on the second day of play, the tenth hole."

"But why not the first?" snapped Carpenter. "Time is precious."

"I'll tell you why." Buffinton's voice was full and resonant now. "Because I want to have that man good and licked before he gets away from me. That's my condition. And I stand on it."

The annual senior golf tourney at Apawamis is unique not only because it involves amateur sport in its very essence, but because of an underlying sentiment that is compelling in many ways. The phenomena of persistence of youthful impulse after youth has gone is in its nature epic, and the flame of competitive athletic spirit burning brightly within a failing container adds all the requisites of drama. Here we see a successful flouting of the processes of time, which brings to them of multiplied years a place in the full glow of keen endeavor instead of a seat among the shadows where voices of the strong and lusty come as faint echoes.

Darius Cullen, seated in a rocking chair upon the club veranda, was humming as he lighted a cigar. Before him was the first tee and the fairway, an alluring expanse of turf stretched away in the straight line to the flag of the second green with further perspective veiled in the opalescent haze of September morning.

"H'm." Cullen leaned forward as Franklin Gibbs, president of the First Continental Bank, teed up. His long white beard swept gracefully over his right forearm upon the follow through of a perfectly delivered stroke. "Good drive. Hundred and ten at least, straight as a die. Pretty good for an old chap." Cullen sat back, drawing upon his cigar. Gibbs was in the seventy to seventy-five division.

ALL down the fairway now were players with gray hair, with white hair, with beards or mustaches bleached or grizzled; with faces smoothly shaven, seamed or lined, the color of parchment. But however appearance, type, and style of play might differ, there was no variation in the atmosphere of competition investing both clubhouse and links which these men had created.

Keen for action, Cullen glanced at his watch. He and Buffinton were due to tee off for their second day's round in class B, sixty to sixty-five years, at 10.30 o'clock, and it still lacked ten minutes of that hour. Yesterday had been a wonderful day for Cullen. Buffinton had had a good day, too. But Cullen's game had been miraculous. His card read 89, Buffinton's 90.

Cullen glanced down the fairway, sighting the distant green. Then deliberately he rose and signaled to his caddy. Standing back from the tee he essayed several practice swings. Never had his nerves and muscles seemed more perfectly co-ordinated. Never had he felt better generally.

He was just about to look at his watch again when Buffinton came down the clubhouse steps. Cullen observed his approach covertly.

"Good morning, Buffinton." There was a gleam in Darius Cullen's eyes, and he seemed about to add something to his greeting. If so, he changed his mind.

"Good morning, Mr. Cullen. Feeling as good as you did yesterday?" This was a long sentence for Buffinton and his manner of speech betrayed cost of effort. As a matter of fact, the eighty-nine of Cullen's had afflicted him like a boil all night. The sporting phenomena of a man playing better than he knows how is relished least of all by an opponent who has done perhaps a trifle worse than was in him to do.

"Perhaps. Perhaps." Cullen chuckled. "Never can tell. Well, I guess I still have the honor."

Walking to the tee, he erected a little pyramid of sand with loving care, and placed his ball on top. Wasting no time in his address—Cullen was not a finicking player—he sent the ball away with a sharp click. It rose high, dropped perhaps a hundred and eighty yards, and rolled some twenty yards more in the middle of the fairway.

"H'm." Cullen stood to one side as Buffinton strode to the tee. He got off a screaming drive, low and straight as a tapeline, which carried fully twenty-five yards beyond Cullen's ball.

"Good drive, Buffinton." Cullen, always the golfing enthusiast, gestured at his partner.

A cold nod from Buffinton—nothing more. Cullen scowled.

"You'd think he always did it," he grumbled as his companion moved out upon the fairway. "Well, we'll see."

Perhaps this little access of irritation affected Cullen's next shot, a perfectly good brassie lie. Something certainly did, for he sliced it at a bad angle well into the rough.

"Well, I'm——" A stream of fervent profanity poured from Cullen's mouth. "Look here, Buffinton, how on earth do you suppose that happened?"

Buffinton, who had stood to one side while Cullen made his shot, paus-

Continued on Page Nine.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

ECZEMA IN RASH ON HANDS

Fingers Cracked. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"Eczema began with a rash on my hands and I could not put my hands in water. It grew worse every day and my hands and fingers all cracked which made them covered with eruptions. I lost sleep with the itching.

"The trouble lasted three months before I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment the eczema was healed." (Signed) Miss Eva E. Belliveau, 338 Highfield St., Moncton, New Brunswick.

For every purpose of the toilet and bath Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are wonderfully good.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

After Every Meal WRIGLEY'S



All the goodness, the flavor, the quality that goes into WRIGLEY'S at the factory IS KEPT IN IT FOR YOU.

The sealed package does that—You break the seal.

WRIGLEY'S is pure chicle and other ingredients of the highest quality obtainable. It is made under modern sanitary conditions.

WRIGLEY'S aids appetite. keeps teeth white and helps digestion.

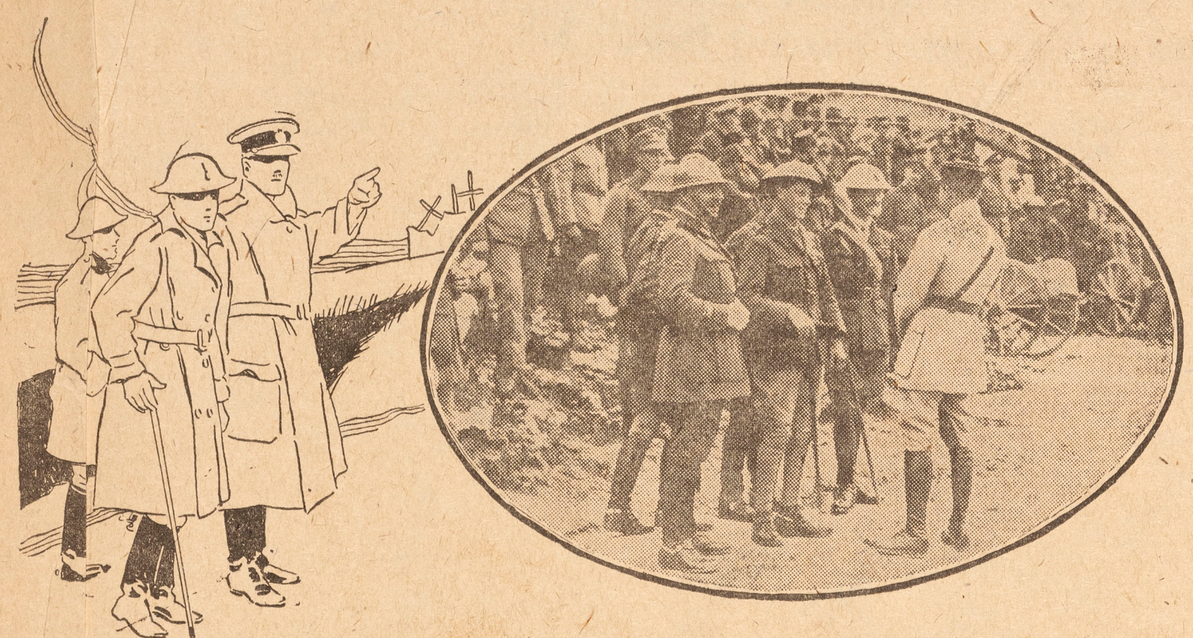
Try Wrigley's Doublemint if you like peppermint flavor.

R-3

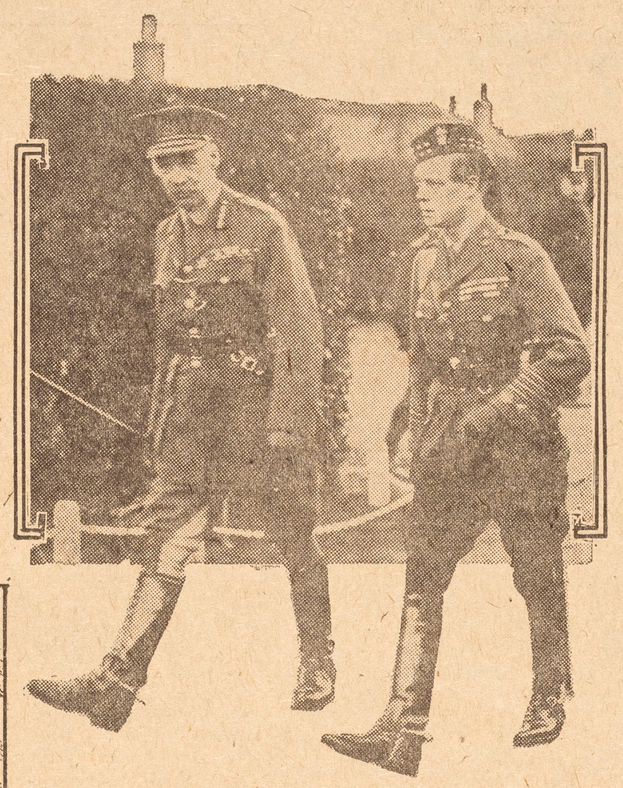
The Flavor Lasts

HIS ◆ ROYAL ◆ HIGHNESS

By "A Court Historian"



At the front in France: The Prince inspecting a Canadian machine gun battery. In Oval—On the Italian front: The Prince carries good cheer to the Allies.



The Prince at Camp Borden, in England, inspecting troops with General Rawlinson.

Kitchener's Attempt to Keep the Prince Out of Action---Narrow Escapes At the Front---Refused Officer's Bed and Slept on the Floor.

II.

THE PRINCE BECOMES A MAN.

"IN THE war I found myself a manhood!"

In this illuminating phrase the Prince summarized his transition from a nervous and diffident youth to the estate of real manhood. Like his illustrious ancestor, the Black Prince, young Edward of Wales also went forth to war in France and Flanders, and in the hurly-brly of a greater conflict hardened into the sterner steel of manhood without losing his charming boyishness and debonair zest for life which has so endeared him to the peoples of three continents.

Not many days had sped in August 1914, before the Prince had received his commission as a second lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. He arrived at Waverly Barracks, Bex, on the seventh of August, late in the evening, being posted to the first battalion of this famous regiment, then in a fury of preparation for service with the expeditionary force.

An officer present on parade at eight o'clock the next morning describes how slim, youthful figure joined the officers present. It was the Heir Apparent to the Throne. My years had passed since a Royal Prince was actually in training for hostilities, and there was at thisme a general opinion that the service of the Prince of Wales would be to use the soldiers' phrase "a cushy job."

The Prince, however, was keen; he was bung to fit himself for real service overseas and it was on the anvil of stern military discipline as forced in the famous Guards that there began to be fashioned the man from the diffident youth who had vowed to his Royal Father at Carnarvon Castle in 1911 "to be his liege man and bear service against all manner of folk."

His pain nervousness began to disappear as he mixed with his fellow officers, while his greatest ordeal of all—a speech—became less fearsome. He threw himself heart and soul into training; though slim and apparently a trifle delicate, he proved to be tough and wiry. In running and feats of endurance, he was able to beat many of the officers and men of his regiment.

IN THE second week in September the first Grenadier Guards were ordered to make up a second battalion for despatch to France. Immediately this became known the Prince was in a fever of impatience to be included in the overseas unit. He was informed by his Colonel, however, that "for the present" he was to remain in England, the reason assigned being inadequate training.

This was a great blow. The Prince felt rightly, that the cause of his exclusion was his exalted position. Indeed, the subject had of necessity been anxiously debated by the King and his Ministers. The last occasion upon which a monarch's son had been seen on the field of battle was when George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., took the field when the Pretender, son of James II. raised the standard of revolt against the Hanoverian King.

The young man of twenty chafed fiercely against the personal memorandum of Lord Kitchener, that "it was undesirable that H.R.H. should proceed overseas." In Sir George Arthur's biography of "K. of K.," is an illuminating story of the interview between the great Field Marshal and the Heir to the Throne.

"What does it matter if I do get shot?" asked the Prince after a somewhat lengthy argument. The reply was charateristic:

"If I were certain that you would be shot I do not know if I should be right in restraining you. What I cannot permit is the chance—which exists until we have a settled line—of the enemy scoring you as a prisoner."

Before this the Prince had urged that having four brothers, it wouldn't really matter if he did get "pipped." It was a charateristic thought of the Prince, who has ever been the first to efface himself.

"I ought to go," he insisted, with a feeling of acute grievance. He "worried around" until at length the ban was removed, and he received word that he "might be allowed" to proceed to France with the Third Battalion of the First Grenadiers with whom he had continued his training.

This battalion received orders to proceed overseas in November, 1914, but two days before its embarkation the Prince was appointed ade-de-camp to Sir John French and immediately left for France, arriving at headquarters on November 17th, 1914.

IN permitting the Prince to go to the front—after he had worried for permission for weeks—the general idea was that as aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief the risks of active service would be minimized. His position was, of course, unique. As Heir-Apparent his life was, from a dynastic point of view, too valuable to be exposed to the common peril of war. On the other hand, here was a high-spirited and impetuous youth longing to have a taste of war and its perils, to share them in full measure with his brother officers and Grenadiers. The Higher Command confessed candidly that the arrival of H. R. H. added appreciably to their responsibilities. At the same time the young subaltern chafed and fretted when his duties kept him far away from the "real thing."

His battalion had gone into the front line, and his heart was with them. At first he was prevented from visiting danger zones, but as soon as the vigilance of the senior staff officers relaxed, the Prince began to plot. One day he was missing, much to the dismay of his superiors. Several staff cars dashed off to search the roads leading to the front, and in the fullness of time the Prince was discovered well on his way to the line, perspiring hard in an endeavor to make a Government bicycle move at a speed consistent with his eagerness to reach his battalion in the line. He was brought back, but repeated the attempt until permission was given him to go when he wished.

These times of danger, difficulty, and all the horrors of this desperate war which was now settling down to a struggle of grim determination on both sides, transformed the shy youth into manhood. At first the army was incredulous that a Prince of the blood should participate in their privations and perils—the legend of the "cushy time" was strong upon them. Gradually those who saw the quiet young officer doing his duty at all times whispered the story to others and it ran like quicksilver through the fighting forces. It was reported by men home on leave, and many a shirker at home who ventured to sneer at the "Prince and his safe billet" received a sharp and convincing retort. Those mothers and husbands who had been bereaved by the scythe of war were much comforted by this manifest devotion to duty of the Prince, while, of course, the effect on recruiting—then voluntary—was marked. So the dark days of November and December, 1914, passed away.

DURING 1915 he developed rapidly, both as an experienced soldier and by the manifest putting away of youthful diffidence and nervousness. He had many remarkable escapes from death while serving under General Sir Charles Monro, with the first Corps, and with General Horne. Following this he was transferred to the Second Corps, and being in the Guards' Division, was under the command of Major-General the Earl of Cavan.

He had some marvelous escapes from death—and at the time his Royal mother did not hear of them. Indeed not until the war was over did she listen to the full story of those perils that might well have robbed the nation of its Heir-Apparent.

ON one occasion while visiting a portion of the line, his motor car was blown to pieces by a shell and his chauffeur, a trusted soldier servant, had vanished into fragments. The Prince had left the car for a few moments to examine a point at a short distance and when he returned he found all around the ghastly wreckage of death. It is said that after this he was urged to confine himself to a safer zone, but he made a characteriztic reply: "I must do my duty just the same as the other fellows!"

In 1916 he was promoted captain and a few days later he had the honor of receiving his father at the front, when his Majesty made a tour of the trenches and was enthusiastically received by the troops. This is undoubtedly the first recorded instance of a Prince of Wales on active service acting as guide to his sire upon the battlefield.

A months or so later the Prince paid a visit to the Egyptian and Italian fronts and was decorated with the Order of St. George of Russia; he had already received the Croix de Guerre from the French, who paid him a magnificent tribute to his valor.

In Major Dudley Ward's History of the Welsh Guards there are many illuminating passages referring to the constant dangers run by the Prince. "On one occasion," records the author, "the Prince was in a sector of the line when the guns commenced to drop shells all around him, so that he and General Gauthorne-Hardy had to double across to some pill-boxes in the Grenadier line."

One officer whose duty it was to accompany the Prince, said the responsibility of attending such a venturesome young man almost turned him grey!

As a staff officer, the Prince worked on the "Q." or Quarter master-General's side of the staff. Unlike the Crown Prince of Germany, he did not claim that his Royal birth had endowed him with a gift for strategy. The Prince of Wales, being young and inexperienced, never held an appointment on the side of the staff which directs operations; his duties were concerned with administration, transport, ammunition, clothing, boots, hutting, tents, and a thousand other things of a kindred nature were the concern of the Prince. The efficient control of this branch of army administration is as important as the direction of operations, but the latter demands an intimate knowledge of the science of warfare, and involves the lives of men; therefore it offered no part to the young Prince whose experience of soldiering had not been carried into the exalted realms of the Staff College.

THUS he became a Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General (D.A.Q.M.G.) There were quite a hundred officers holding this appointment scattered throughout the various headquarters on the Western Front. The Prince went about his duties in precisely the same prosiac way as the other ninety-nine or so. He saluted his superior officers and did as he was told. His colleagues addressed him simply as "Prince" with no more ceremony than if "Prince" had been his surname. Apart from the fact that there is no time for ceremony on the battlefield, it was the Prince's emphatic wish that it should be so. Toadies there were, of course, who would endeavor to ingratiate themselves by methods dear to their kind, but the Prince would have none of them. To snobs he administered chilly rebuffs, while retaining that courtesy for which he is famed.

The Prince would not accept special treatment. On one occasion the Corps Staff to which he belonged was detailed to relieve another Corps Staff. By one of those familiar army blunders, no arrangements had been made for the outgoing staff to go anywhere, and thus the two staffs had to spend a night in a village with accommodation for one. The Prince, when he discovered what had happened, went to the billet allotted to him, and, as he expected, found a staff officer of the outgoing corps hurriedly packing his kit so that the Prince might take over his room. "Look, here," said H.R.H., "you stay where you are. I shall have my valise put on the floor in the headquarters."

"But," the man protested, "I am only too happy to make way for you."

"That is very kind of you," said the Prince, "but I won't have it. I shall sleep quite well on the floor of the office." And he did.

When the Prince was promoted major, he felt more delight in his majority than in many other high honors that had come to him by right of birth. He came home for a brief spell to take his seat in the House of Lords, and the nation was delighted to see how the slim youth who had gone off to the war in the dark days of 1914 had become a man with a face set in a determined cast, although his eyes still had the same merry twinkle. The Prince had become marvelously popular with the overseas troops. At first these sons of nature from the bush and prairie were ready to sneer, but the modesty and pluck of the Prince won their hearts, and there was begun that deep-seated admiration that blazed into positive hero-worship when the Prince took his memorable trips as Ambassador of Empire.

ON Armistice Day he entered Mons with the Canadians—a day never to be forgotten in the history of the British Empire. The Prince could truthfully say on the occasion of the cessation of the Great War: "I have done my duty."

No better estimate of what the war had done for the Heir to the Throne could be written than this extract from a speech he made at the Guildhall in May, 1919, when he was given the freedom of the city:

"I am afraid the part I played in the war was an insignificant one, but from one point of view I shall never regret it. In that period of service overseas — in those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood. When I think of the future and of the heavy responsibility that may fall to my lot, I feel that the experience gained will stand me in good stead."

One result of the war service of the Prince was to forge a link between himself as representative of the monarchy and the simple soldiers, and sailors who are now known as "ex-service men." Again and again the Prince proves his sympathy with his "late pals" by kindly inquiries, expressed sympathies, and throwing himself into the schemes for the helping of those who were wounded and suffering. He is a generous subscriber to all service organizations. Speaking broadly, it may be said that one of the few happy results of the war has been the renewed respect given to the Royal Family through the modest service and example of the young heir-apparent, who heard the call of duty and bravely offered himself in the hour of war's alarm. On the threshold of manhood he was called upon to set an example of manhood, and worthily did he respond.

SPORTING BLOOD

Continued from Page Eight.

ed on his way to the ball, turned an expressionless face to his partner, and then without a word resumed his course. His brassie shot proved to be about on a par with his drive, that is to say, first rate.

Cullen had additional trouble with his ball which had slipped into a shallow hole, so that when he at length ran down a short putt he was three strokes worse than Buffinton who had holed out nicely in par.

"They say a bad start——" Cullen checked the sentence seeing that his partner was not listening; an unuttered curse trembled upon his lips.

Silently Buffinton teed up his ball and got away to another excellent drive. Cullen walked a few feet away, facing the club house, apparently realizing that he was developing no mood for creditable golf while Buffinton's sang froid was splendidly adapted to the work in hand. When he did address the ball he had brought himself to order and a fine drive attested to the merits of the transformation.

They employed the same number of strokes in making the second hole, and the third, fourth, fifth and six were also halved. This was satisfactory to Cullen only so far as it went. He was still three strokes to the bad on Buffinton for the round, and if neither cracked things should continue about as they had been going.

Cullen glanced over his card, whereon he had jotted down Buffinton's score as well as his own. Basing his estimate upon the way each had been playing his partner logically should complete the eighteen holes in 90 and he in 93. This would give Buffinton a gross score for the match of 180 and himself 182. And, since both were handicapped at ten strokes, there was no help there. It was time for more miracles.

In complete silence the partners drove from the seventh tee with no cause for dissatisfaction on the part of either. Each had settled down to his game and was moving over the course with precision.

The break seemed to come when Buffinton failed to get on the green on a short pitch, the ball carrying to one side, while Cullen lofted beautifully with his ribbed mashie niblick, dropping about three yards from the hole. He sunk his putt in two taps, while Buffinton took three before holing out.

"Ha! My honor." Cullen bent over the sand box and seized a handful of moist sand.

Cullen's grizzly jowl was twitching ever so wolfishly as he stood over the eighth tee and measured the ball. He glanced at Buffinton before he shot, a look filled with open defiance, with every aspect of savage confidence. Buffinton returned the gaze unblinkingly, and then deliberately turned his back, walking to the sand box.

The drive of each was short and straight. Neither got off the fairway, and both negotiated the route to the eighth hole accurately, if not with strength, in even strokes.

As Buffinton teed up for the ninth green Cullen eyed the man keenly, perhaps a bit quizzically. Catching the peculiar expression, Buffinton turned, speaking for the first time since the game started.

"What?"

"Nothing. Nothing." Cullen motioned down the fairway. Buffinton set his jaws and made the most terrific drive of the day, the ball fetching fully two hundred and thirty yards before it ceased to roll.

Cullen's eyes narrowed. His own drive, a minute previously, had far exceeded anything he had yet done. Drawing a brassy from the bag, he walked to his ball and found the lie debatable.

"The midiron, boy." His voice was rasping. He gestured to the caddy to hurry on ahead. "Just the time, Buffinton, for a brassy shot, yet look at that ball." Glowering at the nestling sphere, he stood poised for a moment and then, swinging, caught it fairly. The ball rose and soared through the air in grand flight, while Cullen watched it open-mouthed. "Well!"

Buffinton, on ahead, got off a singing shot with the somewhat unfashionable cleek which he had been using to advantage all day.

BUT trouble for him lurked ahead. The situation called for a mashie shot to the green. Buffinton played it without flaw; the ball rose beautifully, height quite all right, direction beyond reproach. But in landing it struck a hard spot on the green, bounced high, and then rolling off the fairway, brought up in a divot hole.

The victim of this diabolical accident rose abruptly, with a jerk, his mouth drawn at the corner, lips trembling, but no words came, not even when Cullen who had been following along carefully without mishap pitched nicely on to the green, not three feet away from the cup.

Buffinton lifted his ball on the green in another stroke, close to the hole, but only a miss by Cullen could give Buffinton a half. And Cullen did not miss.

"Ha! Now for the tenth." Cullen drew out his card. "This was a poor time to crack, Buffinton. You'll note I'm only one stroke to the bad now on the day's play. My position is rather good."

"Poor time to crack!" Buffinton's eyes glowed balefully. "Did you see what my ball did?"

Cullen, who had got precisely the rise he had sought, shrugged indifferently.

"My honor still, I believe, Buffinton."

"Go on, then!" Buffinton's voice was thick. "I'll suggest, sir, that hereafter you keep your comments to yourself. There is a limit to——"

"Fore!" Cullen stood over the teed ball brandishing his club at a heavy set man who was crossing the fairway headed toward the woods. The next moment he sent away a clean drive, not especially long, but true as to direction.

The tenth hole! Not since the two rivals had covered the first hole had a single thought of what he now must do entered Buffinton's mind. The shock of recollection was tremendous. He almost reeled as he stood watching with vacant eyes the disappearance of the thick set man among the trees. With the game turning against him, Cullen leered sardonically, it was his duty to drive and in the second shot send his ball into the woods and blow this hard-fought match.

"All right, Buffinton; your turn." There was a strange note in Cullen's voice. "Nerves a bit shattered?"

"Just a moment." Buffinton slowly turned the ball in his fingers. Suddenly he started, facing the other man. "Damn you, what makes you think my nerves are shattered?"

"We'll play then." Cullen's eyes were blazing like a ferret's. "We haven't got all day."

"Buffinton shrugged jerkily. He stared at the driver which his caddy handed him, then balanced it on the palm of his hand, as though not certain what he was holding.

At length, with a muttered exclamation, he turned and walked to the tee, Cullen watching him with the intensity of a feline stalking prey.

Buffinton built a cone of sand with the rigid movements of an automaton, his face stony in its immobility. Then, rising, he seized his driver, carefully addressed the ball, and swung. The click of contact was clean, musical. The ball rose into the air, a bit high, but not too high for the driver to fail of his average distance—say, 180 yards.

Cullen fell into step at his partner's side and became chatty, amiably so.

"The reason I picked you for a partner, Buffinton, was not for sociability——"

"No." Buffinton nodded grimly.

"No; I did it because I wanted real competition. I always play best when pressed hardest. Begins to appear as though that's not so much the case with you, eh?"

"You think not?"

"Well, you can go only by what you see. Here's your ball. What do you do—brassy?" Cullen's eyes swept swiftly over the landscape. "Brassy, eh?" he added as Buffinton drew a club from the bag.

Cullen's eyes never left the man as he sighted the ball. At length, upon the point of launching his stroke, Buffinton stepped away, his brow furrowed, his lips drawn in a straight line. He stood thus for a full minute, until as Cullen clucked with impatience, he again moved to the ball. There was no further hesitation. His club whistled through the air and the ball drew a beautiful line straight down the fairway in the longest shot that he had made all day.

"Ha!" Cullen's exclamation was so sharp, so penetrating, that Buffinton started.

"Eh?" He swung around upon the man.

"Nothing." Cullen was laughing softly. "That was a darned fine shot, Buffington."

"You'll oblige me if you keep your mouth shut altogether, Cullen."

Cullen laughed stridently.

"Man, I was praising you."

"I want nothing from you, if you'll be so good. Go on; play your ball."

"All right. But just listen to me a minute. Pay keen attention. Why didn't you play your brassy shot into the woods, as per plan?" Cullen's twanging voice lengthened into a drawl as he spoke.

Buffinton straightened rigidly.

"What do you mean, sir?"

Cullen laughed.

"It might prove instructive to you to know that when I'm in a financial fight I find it pays always to have a friend planted in the camp of the enemy. But you haven't answered my question. Why didn't you send your caddy on ahead, play your ball into the woods and then call me in on a question of lie? You know—"

"I'll tell you why I didn't?" cried Buffinton so unexpectedly, so savagely that Cullen involuntary recoiled.

"I'll tell you. It's because I wanted to lick you in this game. That's why. If you, or anyone else, thought I'd play my ball out of the game when you were ahead of me, why—" The man's voice broke.

"Just a minute." Cullen's bony hand was upraised. "There was never any chance we wouldn't finish out this game. If you had played your ball into the woods that would have been your loss. But I think it would not have cost you much—not more than a stroke—because those woods are filled with quite a respectable crowd of operatives from the Pinckney detective agency, who had been warned to watch out for your ball—among other things."

"Cullen—I—I——"

"Don't try to talk, Buffinton. You and word's don't gee very well. Just let me——"

"Cullen, are you going to finish this game with your mouth or with your clubs?"

Cullen's breath came through his lips with a sibilant hiss.

"I'm going to finish this game. All I want to say is this: I've watched you for five years and believed that what you thought was sporting blood was ice water. Well, I was wrong. I like a good sport. You've impressed me. Don't know whether I could have done what you did or not. Anyway, you think you can beat me, eh? All right. I'll give you a stake on this game."

"Stake? What do you mean?" Buffinton eyed the man curiously.

"Here's what I mean. You beat me out for this match and I'll undertake to see that you Corlies shorts get out of the woods with nothing much more than your tail feathers singed."

"You mean—that——"

Cullen chuckled.

"I told you not to try to talk. You win this game and you'll not go to the wall in the market."

"Where"—Buffinton's hands rose to his eyes—"where do you come in on this bet? One-sided, isn't it?"

"Still a good sport, eh!" Cullen laughed. "No, not so one-sided. You see, I'm gambling that the importance of your stake will hurt your game through overanxiety, whereas, it may make you play better."

Buffinton nodded grimly.

"I see. Play your ball, sir."

Cullen, chuckling, sent away a shot with his brassy, only a fair carry. But he halved the hole chiefly because Buffinton overdrove the green and had to play back. It was a grievous error, and Buffinton, with the tremendous stake in victory that he now carried, lifted his face to the heaven in inarticulate chagrin.

On the next hole Buffinton began to add yards and yards to his shots—he never had attained longer distance since taking up the game—but his direction was not correspondingly good. In fact, there developed in his play hooking and slicing tendencies which only errors on Cullen's part saved from being deadly so far as his chances of victory were concerned. As it was, despite his poor direction, he holed out in two strokes less than his partner.

"My Lord!" Cullen gazed dismally at his caddy. "If ever a man played bumble puppy on that hole it was my partner, and yet every bit of bad luck that could come to a man came to me. I——"

"Would you mind not speaking while I drive, Cullen?"

"Certainly not," snapped the other. "Drive ahead—and good luck."

But Buffinton topped his ball slightly, the drive carrying less than seventy yards. Cullen, beard crinkling in his wolfish smile, did even worse, when upon he invoked all beings of evil destiny. Thanks, however, to an iron shot which Buffinton pulled into the rough, Cullen was able to overcome the initial disadvantage and finish in one less stroke than his partner.

Spurred by his success Cullen's loquacity departed; thenceforward he carried on his game with set jaws and eyes that changed expression only as the fortunes of play moved the man. And even so with his partner. The slightest shuffling of feet or rattling of clubs by a caddy brought sharp admonitions from both.

Cullen won the twelfth hole by a stroke. They halved the thirteenth and fourteenth. Making for the fifteenth Cullen landed at the base of a bunker and was two strokes to the bad when the hole was completed. But he got them back when Buffinton—still long on the ball but inaccurate—sliced out of bounds on the way to the sixteenth hole, losing the ball, and later flubbed an iron shot.

BUT he holed out on the seventeenth green in one less stroke than Cullen, thanks to a lucky shot out of the rough, thus leaving the issue to be settled on the last green. As matters stood the two days' total was tied and a one stroke advantage to either partner would decide the match. Word of the nip-and-tuck contest between the two had filtered along the links, and some ten or a dozen of the sparse gallery that had been moving here and there about the links arranged themselves behind the players.

Buffinton, standing on the tee, deliberated over his clubs, finally choosing a driving iron to make sure he went straight. It proved to be a bad choice, for again he sliced, the ball going into long grass, whereas Cullen earned a flutter of applause by sending his drive straight down the fairway. Buffinton got under his ball with a niblick, lifting it onto the fairway, and then sent away a screaming brassy shot which put him abreast of his partner.

But Cullen, cool, calculating, was making no mistakes.

Playing for the green, though, a horrible mishap occurred when the ball, landing in excellent position, rolled past the cup. Cullen's high-pitched maledictions followed it every foot of the way, and when finally it came to a stop fifteen feet beyond the hole his emotions were too deep for further expression.

Buffinton's pitch was well made. He had an easy putt of less than two feet to go out. While his margin of strokes thus insured him a victory for that particular game, he could do nothing better than tie the match by holding out in one, even granting that Cullen took two puts.

Cullen's face had gone white and not even a breath could be heard from the gallery as he walked behind his ball and studied the contour of the green, then signaled for his putter.

"Better play for two strokes," came a murmured suggestion from the fringe of the gallery.

"Shut up!" Cullen glared at the group, seeking to locate the speaker. He got down upon his knees and sighted the straight line that lay between his ball and the cup, fifteen feet away. Arising, he picked up his putter, swinging it gently to and fro.

Buffinton, a man converted into granite, stood with eyes fixed upon the cup.

At length with a nod of decision, Cullen walked to the ball. Bending over it he took another sight, and then with the delicacy and precision of a pendulum the putter swung to the ball. Under the impulse of the tap the sphere rolled as though in a grove straight for the hole. Now, as every one leaned forward, not breathing, the only question was whether or not too little impetus had been applied. For a pulsating instant it seemed so. But no, it wavered to the edge of the hole; there it trembled as it seemed for an age. Then as a palpable gasp arose from the spectators it slipped into the cup.

The putter fell to the ground from Cullen's nerveless fingers. For a moment there was absolute silence as the man stared into the hole where his ball lay, as though expecting any instant to be awakened from a dream. His breath was coming in quick jerks, his lips parted. Suddenly his head snapped upward.

"Gosh A'mighty! Fifteen feet! Lord! Why I—" He checked himself abruptly as Buffinton looked up from his ball. "I beg your pardon. Go ahead."

As the man carelessly tapped his ball into the cup Cullen took his cap from his head, crumpling it in his fingers.

"Well, it's over." Replacing his cap he leaned down and picked up his putter, fondling it gently. "Buffinton, five years was a long time to wait for this. But not too long. No. No, it was worth a hundred years."

Buffinton hesitated, then with decision he stepped toward his ecstatic partner, his hand extended.

"Congratulations, Cullen. You deserved to win—and—and, well, you did." There was a formal smile in his eyes, but his face was haggard, his lips drawn.

"Golly!" Cullen's bony fingers closed upon the proffered hand. "Golly, didn't I play golf! 'Twasn't so much the score, but the fight. You're a real sportsman. It was an honor, sir, to beat you. Do you know, after you played that brassy shot at the tenth hole, instead of knocking it into the woods, I had a creeping feeling I was going to be licked. But I worked it—"

Buffinton interrupted gruffly.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll be going along to the clubhouse."

"Just a minute." Cullen placed a hand upon Buffinton's arm, drawing him to one side. "It looks as though I'd win the class cup. We had the best players in our flight and my total will be darned hard to beat. I don't care, anyway, now that I've pulled up abreast of your game. Mind you, I don't say better—abreast. Buffinton, it's going to be nice golfing weather for some time to come, and I always like a month in Florida in the winter. Old Prentice, my regular partner, has quit the game. I'm foot loose; maybe a bit lonely. Here's my idea—let's hitch up for the future, what say? We can have some grand old fights."

Buffinton, slumping into dejection shook his head slowly.

"Sorry, Cullen, but I gather this will be my last game of golf."

Cullen threw back his head, laughing.

"O, no, it won't. There's no fun working five years to beat a man and then, by George, have him slip out of sight. No, no."

He was regarding Buffinton quizzically.

"As to Corlies, you may have been laboring under a little misapprehension. Let me enlighten you. Yesterday afternoon I got wind of a certain impending movement in steel matters which, for the time being, makes it inexpedient that Corlies should go any higher——"

"Eh?" Buffinton stared at the speaker, dazed.

"Strictly for your private information, I'll inform you that, beginning to-morrow morning, running perhaps two or three days, there will be quite a lot of Corlies stock available. In fact, I shall be surprised if excitable traders do not regard it as a dumping. But it won't be that. Not quite."

"Mr. Cullen"—Buffinton was rubbing his forehead with nerveless fingers—"if that is the case then you weren't making much of a bet on this game, after all."

"Well"—Cullen's beard crinkled at the corner of his mouth—"you might say not, no. You see, my boy, it's never my policy to make as much of a bet in anything as folks think I'm making." He tapped the man upon the shoulder. "Think that over, Buffinton. It may help you in golf—it's a sure thing it will help you in Wall Street."

THROUGH THE KNOT HOLE

First English Champion To Invade United States In Quest of Turf Laurels

Coming of Papyrus to America an Unique Event—Derby Winner Likely to Stay Over for Stud Purposes.

BY J. V. McAREE.

PAPYRUS, the English Derby winner is expected to cross the ocean and engage in a match race with the best of the American 3-year-olds. He is to remain in the United States for stud purposes, from which we infer that he has already been sold. We infer also, that he will not win the match race. If he were an outstanding Derby winner, the probability is that he would be kept in England to race as a four-year-old, or, if sold in the United States, would have another season's racing. England is hard up after the war, but a great sire can still earn more there than he can in the United States. We note that Tracery is not being sent back from South America to the United States, but to England, and Tracery to-day probably can command more money at the stud than any other thoroughbred. We do not therefore, set down Papyrus as one of the horses of the century. He is much more likely to make history as a sire than in the race, for his breeding is extremely sound, and he is, by the way, a kinsman of Zev, which is perhaps the best of the American three-year-olds, and likely enough to be selected in their test races to meet the Englishman.

The invasion of Papyrus is unique. Never before, to our knowledge, has a horse crossed the ocean either way, or even crossed the English Channel in pursuance of a match race. British, American, French, and even Italian and Hungarian horses, have invaded foreign territory in pursuit of rich stake engagements and have won them, but the match race is peculiar. We should not be surprised if the genesis of the plan could be traced to the enterprise of our fellow-townsman, Mr. Abe Orpen, who thrilled the racing world by offering an unprecedented prize for a meeting between Sir Barton and Man o' War at Kenilworth. The race was a flivver, for Sir Barton was not in form. The match should never have been made, by the Ross people, but, nevertheless, as a sporting event it was a sensational one. Such matches make a popular appeal that even the great stake events cannot equal. They are supposed to draw the veritable champions together in conditions of equality. No fourth-rater can interfere with their chances, as has often been the case in great stake races in which horses with little class have been entered, and which, through a chapter of accidents, they have won. It is horse against horse, with honor, fame and fortune hanging on the event. No question arises as to whether one horse is trying or is just out for the exercise, and the benefit of the odds on a subsequent race. It is a race for the world's championship.

THE race will settle in the mind of the public, otherwise called the hoi polloi, whether the United States or the British Isles breeds the best horses in the world. To students that question is no longer open for discussion. The laurel goes to the Old Country and as we have pointed out previously and patriotically, anything that is good in the American thoroughbred has come from England, and anything that is not so good has had an American origin. The defeat of Papyrus will not mean that the chief American breeders will cease their practice of buying up good English horses whenever they appear in the market; although his victory would probably give an impetus to the movement. If Papyrus can undergo all the vicissitudes incidental to his invasion and beat the best that the United States has to offer, then obviously American horses are not all that their admirers believe. For it seems to us that the success of Papyrus would be almost akin to the success of Sir Thomas Lipton in winning the America's Cup. It would prove Papyrus a remarkable horse, and so far nothing has been devulged to indicate that he is that. He seems to be a Derby winner in an average year.

The general public has a long established notion that the horse that wins the Derby is the best horse in the world, and nothing that we, or others, can write to the contrary is likely to change it. The fact that the Derby is a race limited to three-year-olds, which were entered in the race when they were foaled, is lost sight of. The possibility, nay, the probability, that there are better four and five year olds, that there are, for example, the Derby winners of the two previous years to challenge the honors are forgotten. Now and then there is a better two-year-old, and to-day there is a two-year-old grey filly in England that is likely, barring accidents and assuming that she will be able to run for a mile and a half, to live in turf history when Papyrus is forgotten. That she could beat him weight for age over five furlongs to-day is among the certainties. The truth is that there have been many Derby winners of little quality, horses that have flamed for a week to fame, and that have then dropped to oblivion. For example, the winner of the Derby of 1874. George Frederick, died on a Canadian farm, after having been sold for about $300. Derby winners, we should say, are only slightly more likey to leave their names permanently in the pages of fame than Ministers of Fisheries or Presidents of the Board of Trade.

PAPYRUS is the first of English champions to invade the United States in pursuance of laurels, but the United States has sent over more than a few saucy challengers. In the case of Parole, Foxhall and Iroquois, in the late seventies and the early eighties they did great things, including the winning of the Derby. Subsequent efforts have been of less avail, though Richard Croker, breeding abroad, advertised some American mares of the old Hindoo strain, England has not shot back, except in breeding stock, though a few years ago Short Grass, a recognized second rater in England, made American sprinters look dilatory, and has since bred many a winner. Sysonsby, probably the best horse that ever raced on this continent, was born in the United States, though his English dam, Optional was bred to his Derby winning sire, Hampton, in England. This race will provide talk and excitement but suppose they had been foaled the same year, what would have happened with St. Simon, Ormonde, Colin, Sysonsby, Man o' War, Isinglass Flying Fox? Any more entries?

We should say that Papyrus is giving away the equivalent of a stone or more in his American enterprise. He will endure a sea voyage of a week, perhaps, with strange food, and what is more important, strange water, and will gallop on ground that is of all the most strange. In addition, he will be expected to be at the top of his form. He is used to galloping on turf, and over an undulating course. Here he must gallop over the harder dirt track, which is at least as level as a small-town pool table, if not as level as a Burroughes and Watts. He will be asked to beat not the horse that seems the best in the United States to-day, or the day he leaves England or arrives, but the horse that will be the best on the day of the race. Papyrus himself may be demonstrably not the best English horse on any of these dates. If he can surmount all these handicaps we shall say, in the belief that this is a good three-year-old year in the United States, and not a great three-year-old year in England, that Papyrus is one of the best half-dozen horses that has ever left England.

SIKI AND WILLS BOUT PROBABLE

Tex Rickard May Match Two Fighters For Go In October.

BATTLING SIKI, the Senegalese boxer whose knockout scored against Georges Carpentier, the French boxing idol, carried him from comparative obscurity to fame overnight and who arrived here from France in search of matches, may have his wishes gratified within the next month or so.

Siki, accompanied by his manager, Louis DeFermont, paid a visit to Tex Rickard and the promoter was so well impressed with appearance of the erstwhile world's light heavyweight champion that he immediately set the wheels in motion for a match between Siki and Harry Wills.

Promoter is Enthusiastic.

Should the latter be agreeable, Rickard stated that he would stage the bout probably, at Boyle's Thirty Acres, scene of the Dempsey-Carpentier battle, along about the first of October.

The promoter was enthusiastic over the possibilities of such a bout, especially after seeing the newcomer. "There is every reason to believe that a bout between Siki and Wills would prove a great attraction," said Rickard yesterday. "I haven't yet approached Mullins, Will's manager, on the subject, so I can make no definite statement at the present time, but he ought to be favorable to such a match. He has been clamoring for a fight for a long time and here is an opportunity."

According to Rickard, Siki is one of the best puglistic specimens he has gazed upon for a long time. "After looking at Siki I am sincere in my belief that there are only three men in the world at the present time who might defeat him. One is Dempsey, another is Firpo and the third is Wills. And I think that Siki is just likely to beat any one of them as any of them is of beating him. He has one of the best boxing builds I ever saw. From the waist up he reminds me much of Bob Fitzsimmons.

Believes He Profited.

"I believe that Siki has profited a great deal by his experiences following his victory over Carpentier and I think that in the event of his getting down to strict training he would prove himself the equal of any of those I have mentioned."

The staging of a Siki-Wills battle, however, may run afoul a snag, for Chairman William Muldoon of the New York State Athletic Commission stated that before anything was done in the matter of a bout in this country the commission would have to satisfy itself as to Siki's status in France. He stated also that Siki would first have to meet Kid Norfolk for the reason that he and Norfolk are in the same weight classification.

BOBBY JONES IS FAVORITE

But Class Abounds In Entry For Amateur Golf Crown At Flossmoor.

BY GRANTLAND RICE.

GREAT BRITAIN held an amateur championship in 1921, where John Ball again matched his skill against the field.

In this championship John Ball could look back to his first conquest just thirty-three years before.

Thirty-three years after reaching the top, back in 1888, he was still a formidable figure in the lists.

No amateur championship in the United States can go back quite as far since the starting time of title jousts over here was only twenty-eight years ago.

But Flossmoor, at least, in this next championship, which opens on Monday next, will come close to breaking the American record.

Going back twenty-five years from the reign of Finlay Douglas to the reign of Jesse Sweetser, at least eight champions or ex-champions from the United States and one from Great Britain will take part in the forthcoming tourney for a new crown.

They cover a span that has known conquest for a quarter of a century, which in the competitive field is a long, long march of the years.

The Championship List.

Between the reigns of Douglas and Sweetser only Travis, Travers, Byers, and possibly Candler Egan, are missing.

Douglas himself, always a fine golfer, has entered the fray. Then follow Gardner, champion in 1909 and 1915; Fownes, champion in 1910; Ouimet, champion in 1914; Evans, in 1916 and 1920; Herron, in 1919; Guilford, in 1921, and Sweetser, in 1922. Add to this list Willie Hunter, British champion in 1921 and the regal aspect of the Flossmoor entry list for the next carnival can be seen.

Among the open or ex-open champions will be Jones, Ouimet and Evans to increase the class.

The Flossmoor field will present talent that has won eleven amateur championships and three open titles, and if this doesn't break all records we have skidded somewhere along the statistical line of march.

Harder Each Year.

Winning an amateur championship of the United States is a harder job each year.

Ten years ago there were less than 250,000 golfers, and most of them were middle-aged or on beyond.

Now there are a million or more golfers and many of them are young stars, with skill, stamina and boundless confidence.

No leading star can tell now when he will step against some unheralded entry who will tear off a 73 and not blink an eye.

There are hundreds of fine players to-day where there were mere dozens ten or fifteen years ago.

Now no star is safe where golfers you never heard about romp around in 71 or 72 and still kick lustily about missed chances for a better score.

Sweetster had only qualified in two championships when he came along to win at Brookline, breaking the course record en route.

A New Name or Not?

Wil there be a new name added to the amateur list or not? Those who have won the amateur crown before include, Sweetster, Evans, Ouimet, Guilford, Gardner, Fownes, Herron and Douglas.

Among the entered stars who have yet to win this blue ribbon of the ancient game, are, Bobby Jones Max Marston, George Rotan, Ruddy Knepper, Dexter Cummings and many others worthy of matching steel blades with the best.

If a new name is to go on the shield Bobby Jones, now open champion, has the leading chance.

If Jones can't make the grade the odds are that one of the former winners—Evans, Sweetster, Guilford, Gardner or Ouimet—will repeat.

Ouimet won his last championship in 1914. He was open champion the year before. But one of the hardest men in the field to beat will be "Chick" Evans, twice amateur and open champion, eight times western champion and now yearning to win at least one crown beneath Chicago skies.

It will be a great competitive party at Flossmoor, next week, one of the greatest in many years. There will be tradition and talent combined, and the presence of the open champion in amateur ranks for the first time in seven years will add vastly to the occasion. One might predict until he was blue in the face without getting far along, since golf upsets are too sudden and too stunning to permit any great leeway to the dope. The test this time will be over a fine course and, as usual, surprises will follow thick and fast. It is now the way of the game.

RUTH AND THE WORLD'S SERIES.

"BABE" RUTH has lately increased the range of his 1923 ambition. Throughout the year he has been battling Heilmann on one side and Cy Williams on the other.

Lately the idea has suddenly come to him that a new world's series isn't so far away, and there are a number of things which took place in 1922 that must be avenged.

The "Babe" is as keen as a Milan blade to wipe out the last faint memory of his 1922 world's series showing. In that Yankee debacle he acquired only two hits for a batting average around .118.

He still keeps most of his interest headed in the general direction of the batting and slugging leadership, but the next world's series is beginning to attract some serious thought on his part. This will be Ruth's sixth world's series—and he hopes to make it his greatest.

Good Pitching Has Kept Cincinnati Reds Close to Giants in National Pennant Race



THE four pitching aces who form the defensive army of Pat Moran's team: Left to right: Rube Benton, Pete Donohue, Adolfo Luque and Eppa Jephtha Rixey.

The Red menace that emanates from the inner circle of the Soviet regime in Moscow, has nothing on the Red threat which right now is hanging over the National league.

For the Reds of Cincinnati are threatening to annihilate the whole Giant team and walk off with the National league pennant which McGraw has kept locked in the office safe for two years and hopes to preserve another year at least.

Lenin's international organization, never worked more efficenly than Pat Moran's international pitching crew has in carrying on its work. Adolfo Luque, Cuban leader, Pete Donohue, who might hail from Ireland, Eppa Rixey and Rube Benton are the big four mentioned. And while this quartet is working consistently McGraw's lieutenants in the pitching box are failing to hold up their end of the game. McQuillan is McGraw's best bet. Jack Bentley, hailed as a $60,000 star, and John Scott, have failed to turn in regular victories. Art Nehf, hero for two years, hasn't hit his old stride. And Ryan, Jonnard and Watson, among them can't turn in the victories one good winning hurler might.

Moran has, right now, about the best pitching staff in the league.

And to back up this pitching staff he has what may well be ranked as one of the best outfields in the game, considered from a defensive and offensive standpoint.

Name a centrefielder any better than Eddie Roush.

We hear no replies.

George Burns may be past his best days but he ranks as one of the game's best fielders still, and is hitting well. Pat Duncan is holding up his end at bat and afield.

Moran's infield is strong enough to carry its load in a gruelling pennant fight.

The Reds have a big advantage in the schedule. From now on they play most of their games at home. The Giants must play most of theirs abroad and in the west. The western teams have given the Giants the most trouble.

Many Misunderstood Words in Golf Game "Form" and "Style" Most Abused of All

By REDVERS MacKENZIE.

The two words "Form" and "Style" are the two most misunderstood words in this game of golf, and there are plenty of them. When four players go out together, each playing his own ball, most anybody will admit that that match is a foursome. It is actually a fourball match. When four players play, each pair playing one ball between them, the match is a "foursome." Sand traps are not bunkers. Strokes are not bisques. The end of your swing is not the follow through, it is the finish. However, the words "Form" and "Style" are probably used incorrectly more than any of these.

The definitions of the two words are given as follows: "Form—manner of performing or accomplishing something." "Style—manner or method of acting or performing."

At the first glance it appears as though both are the same but whereas "form" is the manner of accomplishing "something," "style" is merely the manner of "acting or performing," without, perhaps, anything being accomplished.

You will often hear people say, "His form is rotten, but he gets results," or "It's funny he doesn't play better—his form is certainly good."

I would say that form in golf consists in the manner of getting the club-head to the ball so that the pesky little thing will take a ride in the right direction, minus slice, hook, top or any of the other million sins of omission or commission.

There are all kinds of swings, the upright swing and the flat swing. There is the free swing and the short swing; the loose swing and the stiff swing; the restricted finish and the full finish. The player who pivots well and the player who doesn't, the player who sways his body and the one who doesn't use any more space during the swing than when he addresses the ball.

J. H. Taylor has a very flat swing, he was a great champion; George Duncan has an upright swing, the world knows how he plays golf; Abe Mitchell has a finish that is very restricted, he can drive the ball a mile; Ted Ray sways his body a great deal, but he gets there just the same. It is a pretty safe bet that all these players get the club-head at the ball in the same manner, however, different their back swings or finishes may be, rest assured that the a ball leaves their clubs in practically the same way.

Some players play all their shots in the air, the ball rolling very little distance after landing; others drive the ball lower and get their distance by the amount of run they get. They employ different methods but achieve the same result.

It would be hard to pick out any two golfers with swings that are farther removed from each other than Willie Hunter's and George Duncan's.

With practically the same form their styles are as different as night and day. One has a flat swing, the other upright; one has a three-quarter swing, the other a free, full stroke; one plays from an open stance, the other from a closed stance; one has a rigid style, the other is wonderfully slashing. Yet with all these differences both get the club-head moving in the same grove as the ball departs for pastures new.

Form, then, is obtained by getting the club-head moving in the right grove with the wrist action or kick applied at the same moment for every shot. The manner of doing this will not be the same for every first class player. One will employ the Vardon grip and another the palm grip; one may stand close to the ball, the other quite a distance from it, one may have a fine finish with the club wrapped well around the neck, the other may finish with the head of the club pointing to the sky. All may have good form. Style is something different.

Practically every beginner makes the mistake of trying to imitate style when he should be finding out what form is and concentrating on achieving that alone.

There is a reason for everything. When a star player raises his left heel on the backswing it is a part of the swing, the heel being forced off the ground by the turn in the body as the club goes back. The beginner tries to imitate this part of the star player's swing, usually raising the left heel before the swing is well under way with disastrous results. They are told by someone that Mitchell or Hagen obtained their greatness by turning the face of the club outward on the backswing; immediately their swings will closely resemble the figure eight and hitting the ball becomes a wonderful achievement.

The man who really wants to play golf should take the swing to pieces find out just what makes the ball go and concentrate all his brainpower patience and determination on compelling the club-head to take the right path to the ball. Having done this he will have some sort of form, he will play decent golf, and also show symptoms of style.

Thus we have "Style—Manner of acting or performing." And "Form—Manner of accomplishing something."

The last two words in the definition of "form" supply the missing link.

HAILED BEST 2ND BASEMAN

ERIN WARD, "the best third baseman in the American League," is now hailed as the kingpin among second sackers. Wardie is going in wonderful style and showing the boys some stunts they never thought were in the book. No ball hit between Pipp and Scott is safe from the black-haired second sacker's fierce lunges. He made some plays in the series out west which were almost beyond the power of man. He has that much-needed sixth sense of knowing where a ball is going to be hit and being there when it arrives. Miller Huggins, who knows ball players backwards, says Ward is the class of the league right now.

SAMMY JONES MAKES HISTORY.

When Sam Jones of the Yankees blanked the Athletics on Sept. 4 without a hit or run, he was the first right-hander to turn this trick against Connie Mack's henchmen since Frank Smith of the White Sox did it on Sept. 20, 1908. Jones is the third Yankee to turn in a nine-inning no-hit game, George Mogridge doing it on April 24, 1917, vs. the Red Sox, while Tom Hughes accomplished it on Aug. 30, 1910, vs. Cleveland, but lost 5 to 0 in the eleventh inning.



Tennis Inquiries Answered

Replies to Correspondents By Captain R. Innis-Taylor.

M.D.—W. A. Larned won the American lawn tennis championship seven times. He was a student at Cornell.

R. J.—Yes, the Australian Pat O'Hara Wood had a brother named Arthur. He was killed in the war. Arthur was an even better player than Pat.

H. G. A.—If a ball drops in the proper court and screw or be blown back over the net, the player whose turn it is to strike may reach over net and play ball, but he must not touch the net with his racquet or any part ofh imself or his clothes.

F. A. F.— The service must not be volleyed. You are not allowed to change receiving court in the middle of a set. You may at the end of each set. Yes, the man may start serving at the beginning of each set.

L. F. P.—A. F. Wilding was a New Zealander. He won the championship at Wimbledon in 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913, and was beaten in 1914 by Norman E. Brookes.

TRIPLE STEALS RARE EVENTS

A TRIPLE steal is a rare event in big league baseball. It doesn't happen once in a decade. Bill Gleason, now Manager Kid Gleason of the Chicago White Sox, used to play second base for the New York Giants during the late '90s. In a game one day with Virgil Garvin pitching for Chicago, the Giants had three men on bases, Jack Doyle, Warner and Bill Gleason, who was on second. Garvin had his arms up and he looked the part of Liberty Enlightening the World. Bill yelled, "Now, everyone at once," and as Garvin began to swing these three runners began heading for the next station. Garvin began looking every direction and kept on looking until the three had reached their bases safely. Then he came out of his trance.

RUTH PICKS ALL-STAR TEAM.

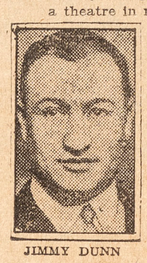
Right field	Heilmann	Detroit.
Centre field	Speaker	Cleveland.
Left field	Jamieson	Cleveland.
First base	Blue	Detroit.
Second base	Hornsby	Cards.
Third base	Frisch	Giants.
Shortstop	Gerber	Cards.
Catcher	Schmidt	Pitts. N.L.
Pitcher	Shocker	Cards.
Pitcher	Alexander	Cubs.

WAS KILBANE'S FIRST MANAGER

Jimmy Dunn Who Handles Tremaine Developed Former Feather Title Holder.

By JIMMY DUNN, Cleveland Manager.

WHEN I was a kid, something like twenty-two years ago, I went to a theatre in my home town, New Castle, Pa., and watched Joe Walcott and George Dixon give a boxing exhibition. I was seventeen then, and the flying fists of the two great Negro boxers inspired me.



JIMMY DUNN

I got it into my head to try the hit-and-get-away game. My brother John rigged up a punching bag in our back yard, and one day while whaling away at it with left and right, Fred Frenbaugh, a local boxer, was attracted by the thud of leather against the board.

Fred asked me if I could box. I told him I didn't know. He asked me if I would like to try. Absolutely, was my quick answer.

Then Frenbaugh explained to me that he had a preliminary bout on with a Kid Hogan in Youngstown, O., but would be unable to go through with the match because of a broken hand. I told him I would take the bout if the matchmaker was willing.

That evening Fred had me come over to his home, where he put on the gloves with me. He did little punching, owing to his damaged hand, but he evidently was satisfied with my workout.

"You'll do," said Fred. "Come along—I'll take you to the matchmaker right away. He lives here in New Castle."

We called on the matchmaker. I blushingly looked at him. He sternly glared at me. Finally he said, "Son, I'm afraid you're too small—they wouldn't even let you in to see the bouts."

But my friend insisted that I could box—that I surely would make good, and after a lot of coaxing the matchmaker said: "All right, I'll take a chance and put you on, but don't be surprised if they chase you out of the club."

The day of the bout rolled around. Frenbaugh and I went by train from New Castle to Youngstown. And they permitted me to box. I made good, too. Kid Hogan had a lot of weight on me, but I gave him a grand trimming. I was given $10 for my bit, and that was my start in the boxing game, which I have followed ever since.

When at the top of my form as a boxer, I met Harlem Tommy Murphy, Freddy Welsh, Abe Attell, Phil Brock, Ray Bronson and all the stars who were around in those days.

When I still was boxing early in 1907, I met Johnny Kilbane a mere kid at the time and a water boy on the ore docks in Cleveland. He took to boxing as a duck takes to water, and John showed he had good form. Shortly after I quit boxing altogether, and gave all my time to the development of Kilbane. In 1912 he won the world's featherweight title.

Among the men I am handling to-day are, Bryan Downey, who I think knocked out Johnny Wilson fair and square; Carl Tremaine, Johnny Karr and Charley O'Connell among others.

NEW GOLF STAR IN THE STATES

An outstanding star in the golf firmament this year is Miss Miriam Burns of Kansas City, winner of the woman's western title by defeating Miss Louise Fordyce of Youngstown, O., 1922 champion, 5 and 4.

Miss Burns intimated by her playing at Miami, Fla., last January that she was ready to claim her place in the sun. She has been playing the game five years, but is now only nineteen. At sixteen she won the city championship in her home town of Kansas City and has held it ever since. At that age she qualified in the national tourney and met Miss Alexa Stirling in her first match. Miss Burns was eliminated. At seventeen she won the Missouri State title.

Last November Miss Burns won the Tri-State championship (Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma). She comes of a golfing family, both her mother and grandmother having been adepts at the game. She is a member of the Milburn Golf and Country Club of Kansas City.

HEAVIES OF LAST CENTURY

In the last one hundred and seven years, from 1816 to 1923, twenty men have held the heavyweight championship. John L. Sullivan ruled the roost longer than any other title-holder, his reign lasting ten years, from 1882 to 1892. Jack Dempsey has held the crown more than four years. Following is a list of heavyweight champions and the years each held the title.

Champion.	Years.
Jacob Hyer	1816-1820
Tom Hyer	1841-1847
John Morrissey	1853-1858
John C. Heenan	1858-1861
Joe Coburn	1862-1864
Bill Davis	1864-1865
James Dunn	1865-1866
Mike McCoole	1866-1869
Charles Gallagher	1869-1869
Tom Allen	1869-1876
Joe Goss	1876-1880
Paddy Ryan	1880-1882
John L. Sullivan	1882-1892
James J. Corbett	1892-1897
Robert Fitzsimmons	1897-1899
James J. Jeffries	1899-1905
Tommy Burns	1906-1908
Jack Johnson	1908-1915
Jess Willard	1915-1919
Jack Dempsey	1919- —

ALL CHAMIONS HAVE TROBLES

Life of Title Hders Not All Roses, Wine and Loud Cheers.

THOSE envious souls who seem to think that the life of a champion is all roses, wine, loud cheers and carefree exence have never reached the heigs.

The championship go is a great place to start for, but isn't quite so hilarious when you ch the top. It has its thorns as wels its roses, and there is as much slowy cloud as there is silver lining.

In fact, there are numrous turns where a championship istence is replete with knots and aded with trouble and care.

Dempsey, for Exale—

The crowd at large oks upon every champion as pub property. He no longer has a pate life to lead.

There is the scene of ack Dempsey in a certain New Yc cafe, just after he had beaten Geoes Carpentier.

Dempsey enters and tas his seat at a table. Two minut later the table is the centre of a rging mob.

A minute later Demps decides to make a rush for his lit He finally makes a daring escapebut as he regains the street again e pocket of his dinner coat is ripp open, his necktie is awry and his ollar nearly off.

All this friendly attntion was given him by admirers. his episode actually took place.

"This is only a samp," he said, "of life out of the ring. They mean well, so you've got to e good-natured about it. But someday 'll get killed."

Jim Jeffries and Jess Willard were two champions who los little time in showing the crowd hey didn't care to be annoyed. hey had no relish for the acclaim of admirers and were willing to ru the risk of making many enemies rther than be annoyed.

The Case of Hagen.

We recall an open championship where Walter Hagen as making a desperate effort to regin the lead. Things at the mome were breaking none too gently.

There was a short wait for a few minutes as the pairon the green ahead were puting.

Hagen was standir by his ball with his mashie ready. At this moment a stranger stped out of the line, a man Hagen had never seen before.

"Say, Walter," he marked, reaching for Hagen's nashie, "what's wrong with my swig? I haven't been able to play a maie lately and I'd like to know wit I am doing wrong"

Hagen had to be good-natured about it. Anyway he was.

"If you get sok," he said, "they say you've got sell-headed and upstage. But how do any one concentrate on a hard hot in a championship were trying to answer questions like this? It's a tough life in more ways tha one. And when you're champion they only need one little mistake on your part to make you a criminal nd a swell-headed mutt."

After Bobby Jon won the open at Inwood, upon his turn home he received numerous itations to play through some of t smaller towns and cities. He accepd all he could. Not because there as any fun in such a tour, but bause he knew the general trend of remarks that would be thrown his way if he declined. The public no nger accepted him as a private citn. And two-thirds of the public were looking anxiously and eagerly r some slight mistake to be used agnst him.

And Babe Rh.

And there was "Bab Ruth. The "Babe" after two greayears skidded a trifle and foundhree-fourths of the multitude on tback of his neck. Things that wouhave passed unnoticed a few yearsack were turned into crimes. He s up where the great white spotlig was beating upon him and therwere thousands hoping to see him all through the clouds.

So the champion getnailed two ways. He must be a go fellow under all conditions or beted as one of the super-bums of time. He either belongs to the plic or the public throws him to thwolves. All manners and types of reasonable requests are made, and he turns any of them down he mes enemies faster than Ford makes savers. This is one of the unpleasanteatures of wearing a crown. The ond is that massed thousands are wing for the first chance to heave thrick. With these just one mistake one slip is quite enough to damn a in forever, plus. They give him etal punishment the first time he vers off the straight and narrow.

The champion is alwa under the spotlight. We have se star ball players inhale a bottle beer and then stand branded adrunkards. The same goes for champn fighters. If they are seen taking y beer or wine the report is ou hat hard drinking and a fast life taking its deadly toll. There seems be more fun in shooting at a sing target. And when a man's he comes up above the crowd aroundm there are countless clubs ready for the whacking process. Whate he does is wrong with a lot of ple.

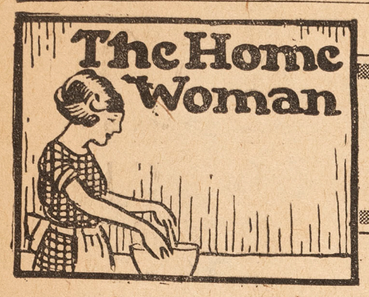
Being a champion isn't he softest of all breaks in t existenc It is one of the roughest jobs of the day, pleasant in many ways, t full of poison in many others. this life, one way or another, you pay for what you get. There is ning free when the final cost is comd up. If you don't think the chaion pays, ask Dempsey, Jones, Hin, Ruth, Cobb, Paddock or some ole others. A crown is a nice thing wear, but an iron hat is often soft

TRIS SPEAKER AND JIMESON.

Charley Jamieson, sky outfielder of the Cleveland American league club, broke into ofessional baseball as a pitcher, buike many other aspiring young hers, soon learned that pitching w not his forte and mode good in other department.

Connie Mack, of the Aetics, and Clark Griffith, of the Sators, tried out Jamieson for pitchi purposes but gave him up as a hpless task and he was with Buffalo Internationals too.

Under the able tute of Tris Speaker, Jamieson has dopped into one of the best outfielders the major leagues. He can go a get 'em in any direction, is fast one bases and bats around .360. He do anything a good ball player supposed to do and do it well.



New Clothing Budget for Business Girl Puts Clothing Allowance at $150 Per Year When Girl Earns $16 Weekly

Low Priced Garments Slated to Wear for Period of Two Years and No Festive Events Considered



CONDUCTED BY MARGARET FEA

Business Girl's New Budget Allows $150 For Her Clothes On a Salary of $16 Per Week

Increase of $21 Over Allowance of Minimum Wage Board Provides for Four Dresses, a Suit and Coat to Wear Over Period of Two Years.

NO PARTY DRESS INCLUDED

IN THE Sunday World of July 8, the clothing budget of the Minimum Wage Board was published, which allowed the sum of $129. for clothing, out of a total earned of 652.60.

The budget of the working girl, as arranged by Miss Helen Crichton of the Central Technical School allows a total of $150. a year for clothes out of a total earned of $832. Miss Crichton, with the assistance of the managers of Toronto's largest retail stores, shopped, for the working girl, to the extent of her hundred and fifty dollars, and the garments loaned by these stores, and representing that sum, were to be seen in the booth presided over by Miss Critchton at the Exhibition.

"I only bought one garment at a sale," stated Miss Crichton, although it was a great temptation to attend more of them. A black canton crepe dress, at $15. I bought at twelve thirty. The sale in which it was, began at eight thirty, and could I have purchased a dress then I could have done much better, for the choice was wider, but knowing that the girls are not free to attend these sales until noon hour, I waited, and that dress was the best there was left."

Each of the garments mentioned in the budget, was on view in the booth, and not a cent more than is stated, was paid for any of them. The coat, which was a soft all wool material, in what appeared to be a mohair cloth, was modishly tailored, nicely lined, and good looking, although one wondered if it would stand the wear well enough to do for all occasions for two whole years, as no alternate coat, except a sweater, was provided for.

THE budget is as follows. Where the words two years are bracketed, it means that the article is to be worn for two years, but the cost is split over the same period, only half of it appearing on the budget sheet.

Suit, (2 years), $25.00. $12.50. Coat, (2 years), $22.-50, $11.25. Dress, (cloth) (2 years), $17.50, $8.75. Dress, (silk), (2 years), $15.00, $7.50. Dress, (gingham), $2.95, $2.95. Dress, (ratine), $2.95, $2.95. Wool to knit sweater, (2 years), $3.00, $1.50. Skirt, (white), (2 years), $6.95, $3.48. Skirt, (sport) (2 years), $2.95, $1.48. Blouses, 2 @ $2.95, 1 @ $2.60, $8.40, $60.76. Outer garments.

2 princess slips, (white), (2 years), $1.75 each, $1.75. 1 princess slip, (black), $1.95, $1.95. 1 petticoat, $1.95, $1.95. 2 corsets, 1 @ $1.95, (summer) 1 @ $2.00, $3.95. 1 dressing gown, (5 years), $5.95 $1.19. 1 kimona, (3 years), $2.95, .98. 3 brassieres, .50 $1.50. 4 summer vests, .45, $1.80. 3 winter combinations, (2 years), $3.35, $5.03. 3 night gowns, @ $1.00, $3.00. 3 envelope chemise, $1.75, $5.25.—$28.35, under garments.

1 pair silk stockings, $2.00. 3 pairs stockings, silk $1.50, $4.50. 2 pairs brown lisle, .65, $1.25. 2 pairs white lisle, .65, $1.25.—$9.00 stockings

1 pair shoes, (oxfords) $5.00. 1 pair patent pumps, $4.50, $4.50. 1 pair brown straps, $3.65, $3.65. 1 pair white canvas, (2 years), $5.00 $2.50. 1 pair bedroom slippers, (2 years), $1.10, .55. 1 pair rubbers, .85, .85. 1 pair spats, $2.50, $2.50.—$19.55, shoes.

Hats, 1 summer, $5.00, 1 winter, $3.95, 1 sport, $2.95. $11.90, hats.

Handbag, $2.50, $2.50. Handkechiefs, 6 for .58, 6 for .75, 1 for .25, $1.58. Umbrella, (4 years), $2.95, .74.—$4.82.

1 pair long silk gloves, $1.15. 1 pair long silk gloves, $1.00. 1 pair short gauntlets, .89. 1 pair short chamois, .54. $3.58,—gloves.

Cleaning and pressing, $12.04.

Total of garments and accessories,—$137.96.

$150.00.

"I HAVE compared the budgets which I could obtain from the States, and also that of the Minimum Wage Board," said Miss Crichton "and I find that the girls earning approximately the same sum in the States are allowed a hundred and seventy, a hundred and seventy-five or even a hundred and ninty dollars for clothing, but they couldn't live in Toronto on what was left of their wages if they spent that amount on clothes. I contend that if more than a hundred and fifty dollars out of a total eight hundred is spent on clothing, the body is not getting sufficient, or sufficiently good sustenance, and there is not enough left for proper living and recreation."

"In going over this budget I can see room for dissatisfaction," declared an interested Toronto woman. "For instance, there is no party or evening dress shown, nor is any allowance made for one, and yet these young girls must be allowed to go to parties. There is a silk dress, but it is black, very pretty, but plain enough to be suitable for business wear, and certainly not at all festive. Then there were no woollen or heavy stockings, as far as I could see, nothing but silk and lisle, and while the cloth dress, a navy blue serge, was very nice, it would be absolutely shabby before the two years were up, for if the girl kept the silk dress for best, there would be nothing but the serge dress to wear to the office for two whole winters, and also for the spring and fall days when the weather was too cool to permit of her wearing the grey and blue sport skirt with white blouses."

"I HAVE compared the budgets "that both the skirts were pleated, and while they are modish, they are hardly the wisest thing for a girl, whose income is so limited, to buy, for to keep them in any sort of condition means more trips to the pressers than twelve dollars a year would pay for."

"There were no drawers or knickers visible in the exhibit, so I presume the girl would have to jump from the envelope chemise which is suitable for the hottest summer weather, right into her winter combinations. There were no camisoles, either, so that, in order to wear her petticoat, she would always have to wear it with her envelope chemise, and if she wanted anything prettier than the plain top of her princess slip, she would have to wear the chemise even in winter, beneath her blouses."

"On the other hand the dresses, coat and suit were all good value, were well made, good as to line and material, and the sport outfit, the pleated white skirt and green pull-over would delight any girl. It is hard to determine what is essential and what is superfluous, when one is dealing with a class rather than with the individual, for what might meet the needs of eighty girls, would not be at all suitable for the other hundred."

"THERE is, too, the problem of the girl who, while working for her living by force of circumstances, is moving with a class who are leisured. Possibly sudden disaster has overtaken her family, and she has made the best of it and taken whatever position she was fitted to take, and while working down town, has kept the friends of her more affluent days. She may be willing to work very hard, to make sacrifices for her loved ones, and keep her honor intact by working for the bread she eats, but her youth will assert itself and theatres, parties, dances, the occasional dinner party, or the invitation to some-one's summer home for a moonlight swim will weave a lure about her, and she will yield to youth's impulse, and casting aside the budget which cramps her style, she will buy or make an evening dress, or a dinner gown, purchase a bathing suit out of the money which is allotted to winter underwear, and pay her fare to the shore with the lunch allowance for the following week. It may be foolish. No doubt it is. But it is the gay, charming foolishness of youth and while there is praise for the girl who budgets rigidly, and lives within her puny income, there is a lurking admiration for the girl who snatches the fun out of life while she is young, and makes the books balance by placing a dollars and cents value on the fun which youth will not be denied."

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

Florence Davies EDITORIAL

THERE are some kinds of courage which never wins any medals.

The other day a woman saved a life with this kind of courage, but her name will never appear on the front page of a paper and no one will ever pin a medal on her breast.

She had courage enough not to mind her own business. She didn't call it that. She says it in the vernacular: "I had the nerve to 'butt in'," is the way she puts it. "It takes courage sometimes to risk being told to mind your own business. But I am willing to risk being sat on, if once in a while I can be of real help to another."

It seems that the baby across the street never thrived. The months went by and the child grew paler and thinner and more sickly. She was virtually fading away before the eyes of every one and no one seemed to be able to do anything about it. Then she had trouble with her teeth.

"And," said the woman who didn't mind her own business, "I positively knew that something was wrong with her food. I could tell from the looks of her, and the size of her and the fact that her teeth weren't getting the elements they needed. Her mother adored her but didn't know how to feed her, that was all.

"And so," explained the woman who has courage, "I just walked across the street and told that woman what I knew about babies from having three of my own, and from battling to save one that everyone said would never live.

"I didn't know the woman very well; in fact, I just had a nodding acquaintance. But I went right over and rang the bell anyhow. We talked babies for an hour and a baby specialist is studying the diet of the child and the roses are at least beginning to bloom in her cheeks. So there is once where courage paid."

Handing out free advice is dangerous business. Most people do not like it. They prefer to do things in their own way, and, for that matter, they have a perfect right to do so.

Perhaps they have learned to dread the neighborhood manager, the type of woman who never suffers from a lack of courage when it comes to "butting in." Her community consciousness and sense of public responsibility have fairly run wild and gone to seed. And so she defeats her own purpose, because her friends have come to dread her.

But what we need is more people who aren't a bit afraid to go out of their way to help when the occasion really demands it. Half the time you may find that your help is scorned. The other half, though, will be worth the small rebuffs that meet your misspent efforts.

The woman who walked across the street and rang a door bell probably saved a life just as truly as if she had jumped in the water and rescued a drowning person.

Sometimes it's a job you can save, not for yourself, but for someone else, just by having the courage to tell a friend where he is wrong. The reason that there aren't more medals, real or imaginary, for this kind of bravery is that sometimes it isn't coupled with tact.

The man or woman who has both deserves as many medals as as a war hero, and can help, if not actually save, as many lives as a life-guard on a bathing beach.

East Meets West In Fashion Mart

KIPLING has said the "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, but then, Kipling wasn't thinking of modistes or milliners when he made that immortal statement.

Fashion has sounded the Oriental note, and both fabrics and the creations they form point a finger toward China. One of the best indications of this distinct vogue for the oriental, was seen recently in a set of hat and choker collar designed in Paris. The hat, of mandarin shape, was developed in black and gold metallic brocade, with a match thin roll of coral velvet where, the brim curved into the crown. It was devoid of trimming, with the exception of a twenty-four inch silken tassel in seal brown which would fall over the wearers right ear, and cascade down to heart-line. The collar was fashioned with a point in the back and at each shoulder, and was of the same rich brocade, lined with the coral velvet, and fastening under the chin with another twenty-four inch seal brown tassel.

Downing Street's Hostess Has Rest House at "Astley" Where Weary Guests Relax

Is A C.B.E. Wife of Britain's Premier Ran War Hospital with Assistance of Her Daughter, Lady Strathcona.

MRS. BALDWIN A REAL MOTHER



MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN.



MISS BETTY BALDWIN.

MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN, C.B.E., wife of the Premier of Great Britain, is an exceedingly popular hostess of No. 10 Downing Street. She is given greatly to hospitality, and both the country home, Astley Hall, and the town house, in Belgrave Square, are the scenes of numerous delightful gatherings, with Mrs. Baldwin as the charming hostess. She is a splendid administrator of her home, and during the war years conducted a hospital for the wounded, assuming the entire expense of the hospital proper and its equipment and maintenance. While engaged in this work Mrs. Baldwin had the constant and able assistance of her daughter, Lady Strathcona. The Premier and Mrs. Baldwin have four daughters and two sons. The extreme thoughtfulness for others, which is characteristic of Mrs. Baldwin, is evidenced in the fact that in the grounds of Astley Hall there is a small house, furnished with every comfort and called "Rest House." To this abode she welcomes friends and relatives who are tired and in search of rest, and while they may live quite as they please in "Rest House," and be free from the gayety or companionship of the larger Hall, they breakfast, lunch, tea and dine with the family, and are quite free to spend the days of their visit in the quiet seclusion they desire.

MISS BETTY BALDWIN, who is about twenty years old, was in school in Paris until two years ago, completing her schooling, and becoming proficient in the European languages. She is the youngest daughter, and her three elder sisters being married, is the only one at home. Betty, who is possessed of a wealth of red, gold hair, is most devoted to her father, and enjoyed to the full the excitement and pleasure of the trip to Washington which she made with her parents last year. She is said to be extremely popular in the social circles in which she moves.

Paris Ordains Tucks or Pleats

ACCORDION pleats and pin tucks mark some of the most chic of the new autumn frocks. Five out of six gowns shown by one well known firm are trimmed with front or side panels of accordion pleatings of georgette, while deep, loose cuffs of the some material, opened at the front and hanging loosely are being featured.

A modish frock for the younger woman is developed in crepe de chine and velvet, the skirt being of the former material, accordion pleated, while a jacket of supple velvet in a tone darker than the skirt completes the costume.

Negligees also feature the tiny pleats, while in the case of pin tucks, they are invading the realm of heavier materials instead of confining their attraction to the finer and more sheer fabrics.

One model emphasizing the vogue for tucks is of heavy crepe satin, with perpendicular pin tucks giving the appearance of fine pleating. The dress is cut on perfectly straight lines, and has for its only embellishment a collar, cuff and side flange of lovely lace.

TWO JOKERS.

SIR HALL CAINE, the famous novelist, tells of a celebrated literary man, dining at a West End restaurant, who found himself seated next to a well-known newspaper paragraphist, with whom he got into conversation.

After complimenting him on his work, he asked him: "How on earth do you manage to write twenty paragraphs every day?"

"With a typewriter answered the newspaper man, jestingly.

"Is that so?" said the other meaningly; "I thought perhaps that you might possibly be using some sort of a copying machine."



Exhibit of Clothing Bought For $150, Budget Allowance.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the Sunday World.
Dear Sir:

I note with pleasure that your weekly has embarked upon a campaign to combat the manifest evils of the immodest (not to say immoral) dances of to-day. It is indeed time that someone took a stand on this matter for not only are its ravages felt in the big cities like Toronto but we in rural Alberta are faced by a similar problem.

But, will you pardon my saying, it seems to me that you are not delivering your blows against the root of the matter. From personal experience and observation I feel safe in predicting that as long as we have a commingling of the sexes in dancing, just so long, will we meet this problem of immodesty in their execution and immorality as their result.

We are often met with the argument (from those who go to Scripture, for mighty little else). "Oh, but dancing is mentioned in the Bible." Of course it is! And if it were done in the same way and for the same reason to-day I would have no word of condemnation. Nor would you need to devote your space and effort to an attempt to bring about a "clean up" of Toronto's dance halls. I fully expect that your readers, if not yourself, will say "Another puritanical preacher." Perhaps yes! Perhaps no! But as a red-blooded normal young man with a healthy mental outlook it is my deep seated conviction that neither man nor woman who is physically normal can participate in the modern dance and retain their clean moral views of life.

Whence come our so-called "modern" dances? From the "Quartier Latin" and Bohemian districts of Paris? That is but a port of call. They came to us directly from the avowedly vicious entertainments of the Oriental courts of past ages. Some are, it is true, of less ancient origin coming, as they do, from the flagrant indecencies of revolutionary Paris.

Dancing in its more modern phase was fostered in France, whence it spread to the rest of the world, by Louis XIV the most morally depraved king of the most sensual court history records.

Mr. Editor, if you really desire to see dancing separated from its menace, go back to the dancing as recorded in the Scripture. Then men or women (never together much less in the close, passion exciting proximity of body now in vogue) would dance before the Lord in the overflow of their gratitude for His manifold blessings.

To sum it all up—it is my considered opinion that as long as the dance so largely consists of woman languishing in the embrace of a man (frequently a comparative, if not a total stranger) we will have a resultant moral menace.

Yours Sincerely,
(Pastor) R. ALLEN LEWIS,
Didsbury, Alberta.

Plan Meals Ahead For "Company" Days

With the holidays just over and guests, both those invited and the no less welcome unexpected ones imminent, the housewife would do well to have her larder well stocked, with staples, and her ice chest laden with the seasonable fruits and vegetables. Salads too are so easily prepared, and deliciously refreshing, that it is wise to have your mayonnaise jar filled, and lettuce, celery, and other salad requisites on hand.

For those who have the weekend guest arrive, two day's menus are suggested which might be practically and easily adopted thus saving time, both in the planning of meals, and in the shopping for them, for if menus are made up a few days in advance the fatigue of summer shopping is lessened, and the feeling that all food stuffs for the next few days are in the house, is a happy one when there are guests to go sight-seeing with, in addition to home duties which one cannot escape.

Dinner:
Jellied tomato boullion, crackers, boiled spiced hame, browned potatoes, squash, cabbage and green pepper salad, peach pie with cheese balls, coffee.

Breakfast:
Cantaloupe, cereal with cream, bacon and eggs, toasted rolls, jam, and coffee.

Luncheon:
Cold sliced ham, oven fried potatoes, stuffed peppers, charlotte russe and macaroons, iced or hot tea.

Dinner:
Grape, pear and cherry cocktail stuffed pork tenderloin.
mashed potatoes and sour baked apples, shrimp and green pea salad, berry roly-poly with hard sauce, coffee.

Breakfast:
Sliced oranges, ham omelette, cereal with cream, muffins, currant jelly, coffee.

Luncheon:
Salmon loaf with hollandaise sauce, scalloped potatoes, stuffed tomato salad, waffles with maple syrup, tea.

Summer Season's Wane Urges Frequent Use of Ripe Fruit

Eat Fruit While You May, For Soon the Days of Preserves and Hot Desserts Will Be Upon Us.

WITH the fruit season drawing near to a close one delights in serving fruit in its natural state as often as possible, in order to make up for the long season when preserves, canned fruits and jams will take the place of iced fruits dripping with their own luscious juices, berries afloat in yellow cream, and thick slices of melons which make the problem of summer deserts such an easy one to solve.

Peach salad is a rare treat, and for it one needs to choose peaches of the free stone variety, and generously sized. Peel the skin, halve the peaches, and fill the cavity left by the removal of the pit with a mixture of finely chopped celery and walnuts, mixed with a mild mayonnaise. Place on a crisp leaf of lettuce, and chill before serving.

Pare large juicy pears, core carefully and fill the depression with maraschino cherries, candied ginger, chopped walnuts and diced sweet green pepper, top with mayonnaise and serve cold on crisp lettuce.

Plums are perhaps most delicious served cold, and eaten out of hand, but for those who delight in making each fruit serve its turn at desert or salad time, the plum proves no shirker. Chose large prune plums, preferably the blue variety from which the pit comes easily, and after carefully removing the pit, draw off the skin and chill. Place four halves around the edge of sherbet or fruit cups, and in the centre heap sweetened whipped cream, sprinkled with grated pecans. A creme de menthe or maraschino cherry cresting the whole makes it very pretty as well as delicious.

MOST people prefer melons au naturalle, but for those who have epicurean delight in that elusive "something new" we suggest cinnamon syrup to be served with iced watermelon. Prepare a thick syrup of sugar and water, using the regular proportions.

Chill both syrup and melon and adding a level teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, serve melon in thick wedges, after removing the rind. Place syrup in silver or crystal pitcher and serve with small ladle, like mayonnaise.

Oysters' Trouble Creates Pearls

THE fast-moving public is being educated on the run from bulletin boards nowadays. Crisp admonitions and health preachments homely little two-line jokes that carry a lesson in the laugh, bits of philosophy and scripture, are getting to be nearly as common as the old soothing-syrup and cough drop advertisements, and may be glimpsed even at street-car or automobile speed.

Our New Natural History Museum has stepped into line and gives its bit of information to the world from its own sign-board. Generally it tells us some small fact, whose only importance would seem to be biological or botanic, such as "An earthworm has red blood and a heart;" or "Tomatoes have two distinct kinds of leaves."

But this morning as the daily onrush swept past, this was the word of greeting: "Only when in trouble do oysters make pearls."

Of course we remember having heard or read long ago about that grain of sand or other irritating intruder that the oyster surrounds with milky fluid to render life bearable. By and by the duchess or the dancer has another famous pearl. But call it trouble, and the oyster becomes a brother.

A philosopher, too, that bivalve. We haven't half his sense when we let our troubles fester and canker within us, till acid, sharper than vinegar, creeps into face and voice, or poison distills in our individual laboratory.

O, yes, Neitsche and his school would have us struggle against our handicaps and our woes, even against friend or foe who blocks our path, until the obstacle, whatever it may be, is removed and we go on unhindered. That, they say, is true progress.

But what about the troubles, every day troubles, close inside like the oyster's, that you can no more get rid of than you can command the rain to cease or the wind to stop howling?

Mother Goose was wiser than the Nietsche school, when it comes to those. Said she:

"For every trouble under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there be one, go and find it;
If there be none, never mind it."

Which shall it be, pearls or poison?



Mrs. R. A. Kennedy, of Ottawa, who accompanied Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Hewson on the social hygiene mission in Northern Ontario.

The Ensemble Will Be Important Note For Fall

THE ENSEMBLE promises to be a leading fashion of the winter; that is to say, dress accessories that match each other. The hat and the coat to match, the hat and the scarf, or hat, scarf and muff; hat, scarf and bag or bag and hat. This idea will be a veritable craze for winter. Suzanne Talbot, the very popular Paris milliner, will make the ensemble a feature of her autumn line. She has chosen most beautiful woolens and silks from which she will make coats and hats to match. Elaine, the Rue de la Paix milliner, and Talbot, also, will focus on the ensemble.

Ostrich feather trimmings are seen on the new evening dresses and all sorts of accessories to the evening toilette feature these plumes. A very simple frock of silk may be made quite effective by the addition of a feather motif.

Among the recent importations from Paris is a model of dull green crepe made on straight lines. The back of the bodice is cut very low and the skirt is subtly draped to one side. A decorative panel made of silver cord suspending three large ostrich motifs forms the only trimming.

A frock for a young girl is of lemon yellow silk and has a large motif of golden brown feathers at the waistline. The necklines of evening dresses for the jeune fille are sometimes outlined with a narrow feather banding in a color to match the frock. Frequently a headband to correspond with the trimming on the dress is worn.

Young girls in Paris are affecting small muffs of ostrich in the evening. These, while in a color to match the dress, are tinted from light to dark shades. They are particularly attractive when carried with frocks of the wide-skirted variety.

Among the accessories, in addition to headbands, there are flattering fans and evening bags, the latter made with ribbon drawstrings.

The Steeplechase Sunday at Auteuil was the opening of the Grande Semaine and the finish of the short three-weeks season in Paris. Unsatisfactory weather prevented any great fashion display of mannequins, but chic Parisiennes and Americans were seen dodging the rain in very smart hats. Many of these hats were trimmed with ostrich. A very well known Frenchwoman achieved a charming effect with a hat having a graceful black, ostrich plume the ends of which were tipped in variegated colors. Many wore the tight ball ostrich feather pompons of contrasting colors, placed low over the right ear.

It is interesting to note the suggestion of a change from summer furs to the cool and becoming ostrich collars and novelty neckpieces. These are fashioned in colorings and designs never seen before and are most suitable to the discerning woman of to-day who is doing all in her power to retain a youthful appearance.

The house of Patou is showing long ostrich feather boas in bright colors, notably chow. These are seen in various lengths, but usually in two-tone blending colors. One is a very lovely collarette of black ostrich generously mixed with black marabou and falling to the knees.

The Mother of Gold

By the Author of THE COVERED WAGON

EMERSON HOUGH'S Last Story





THE STORY SO FAR.

John Palmer, a veteran engineer; "Pug" Hallock, Don Silsby, and Barry Allison are in Mexico seeking the "Mother of Gold," the mother lode of the world's gold, which Palmer believes he has located. At an isolated village Palmer routs all the inhabitants with a tick-tock and a ghost trick. Into the prospectors' hut comes a beautiful young girl. It is Luisa Martinez, sister of the girl Palmer stole from her proud Spanish family. Luisa is a prisoner of Villa. The Americans take her with them, as Pancho is expected for a visit.

Back in Deneville, O., Allison has confided his secret to Mary Westlake, and she has promised to wait a year for him. But Randall Trent, the richest man in town, pushes his suit for her hand, and decides to follow when Dr. Blakely orders Mrs. Westlake to Mexico for her health. Dr. Blakely and the Westlakes arrive at the home of Father Ernesto, a queer Samaritan of a district where folks never grow old. This is the land of the old Martinez family, and it borders the supposed region of the "Mother of Gold." Father Ernesto tells Mary John Palmer learned the story of Madre d'Oro from Pedro, the ancient servant of the Martinez family. He tells her the story just as Barry told it to her. On an old Spanish map he shows her the supposed location of the mother lode. Trent arrives, with a handful of pearls for Mary, but she refuses them.



"Would you end my life now?"

CAVE OF OLD PEDRO.

"WHERE? Back home?" Trent was aggressive at once.

"No," said Mary. "Only on a little journey inland; perhaps thirty miles or so. Father Ernesto, who knows the place, has been so good as to tell me he would send over some servants to show Dr. Blakely and me the road, take care of us on our way."

"Is Blakely going along? Is your mother going?"

"No, my mother would not be able to take such a ride. But old Anita, one of the women of the place, will do for a chaperone for me. Mother didn't object to my going with Dr. Blakely and Anita. We're to have mules and everything! It may be we'll have to camp out a night or two. I thought it would be a lark. So you'll have to excuse me for a few days, Mr. Trent."

"You think so? Not in the least! That sounds interesting to me also. I would like to see the inside of this country a little bit myself. What's the great idea about your going, anyhow?"

"Dr. Blakely wants to go over there to see old Pedro, the man in whom he is so much interested, you know—said to be about the oldest man in the world. He lives over in there, thirty or forty miles, near the Martinez ranch. I understand that it is quite a place—rich people and a good family. It's an odd world, isn't it?"

"Yes, a strange world and strange people in it. You're one of the strangest. You're beautiful and you don't know it! You're wonderful and you don't know it! Pearls—they aren't good enough for you! What shall I find for you next, my dear?"

"If you could find my peace of mind!" she exclaimed; "could make me contented to swing in the hammock here like mother does—that would be something!"

"But what's on your mind, Mary? Why should you be stirred up? Isn't everything in the world just as it ought to be?"

"If only it were!"

"But as to your going with us," she went on—"you can't go unless you promise me."

"I'll promise anything to be near you. Do you really think I care so little? Why have I come this far? Do you suppose I can sit here alone and have you ride off into the hills for a week or so? No. I'm sorry, my dear, but I'll have to go along! I may find a mine or something over in there!"

"It always comes to that—money?"

"It certainly does, Mary—it always comes to a question of money, one way or other."

Suddenly she turned, striking her hands together, her head bowed, and left him alone in the twilight. A sudden sense of the pitifulness of the condition of that other man, wanderer, adventurer, a gambler with fortune came to her so strongly that she could no longer abide in the presence of this man, so tall, full, florid, successful, and so contented with his own success.

None the less, on the following morning so earnestly did Trent plead his cause with Dr. Blakely and Mrs. Westlake that eventually he was one of the party which rode out from the Ranch of Good Hope along the trail eastward beyond the point where the gate of the mountains closed together.

It was understood that the purpose of the journey was to interview old Pedro and to learn of his present condition of health and welfare. Dr. Blakely promised himself great things. Mary Westlake promised herself little at all, save a vague hope that she could see something connected with the enterprise which Barry Allison had put before her. The very fact of this strang coincidence, hearing of the Madre d'Oro; hearing of John Palmer, Barry Allison's friend, in a part of the country Barry had never seen or dreamed of, pulled together her emotions, somewhat vague and weak of late. Where she had doubted now she began to hope; and found in the very thought of endeavor more comfort than she had known for days.

With them rode old Anita and yet another woman, Magdalena, also of the rancho, who went along as cooks and aids. Two mozos brought up the rear, caretakers for the horses and mules. In advance rode Blakely and Mary. Randall Trent saw to it that after they had left the foreyard of the rancho his place also was at Mary Westlake's side.

Their journey into the interior, eastward of the Ranch of Good Hope, seemed at first some nightmare voyage into a land of dread. The shrubs and trees seemed always driven by some terror, distorted by some agony. Their branches were for the most part naked and bare save for the bright flame of red flowers here and there, which seemed to voice a transient triumph, a defiance of death and torment. As they rode onward and upward into the higher regions, where the blue and cloudless dome arched over and above the desert, always they were among anguished flame-tipped trees. As they left the tender green of the cultivated valley and began to ascend the hills beyond there came to Mary again the feeling that all this was only some strange dream.

THEY were now, forsooth, in the heart of that extraordinary region bounded by the two seas of the far southwest. The landscape was dotted with clumps of aloes, yuccas, the myriad forms of the cacti, the naked ocatilla, more rarely the giant columnar cacti, fluted shafts a hundred feet in height, occasionally rose the pale yellow boles of the cirio, tapering upward toward the yellow crown of flowers which rose above armed clumps of thorny branches. Once the trail wound through a great group of prone, huge forms which seemed like some prehistoric monster sprawled upon the ground—the devil cacti, replusive, haired, caterpillarlike shapes, monstrous, twisted about upon the ground—a family of plants springing from a common centre, covering perhaps fifty yards on either side of the parent shoot. And again, almost unbelievable, once in a while where it seemed that only sand and rock had ever been, but where hidden water was, there arose fair groups of little fronded palms, airy and delicate and graceful beyond belief in this cheerless spot.

Cheerless, did one say? The desert was not so. It was a land of its own, possessing its own sinister beauty.

They passed upward on their march, rising steadily into the high dry regions of the upper desert. As they ascended they could see yet wider landscapes, heat kissed, wavering, lying above and beyond them. At the lower regions they were leaving there still were streaks of green where water left its mark oozing out from beneath the rocks; back of them they still could see the squares of green and gray where the rancho lay. But all around them now stood always the extraordinary vegetation of the desert—tall groups of the ocatilla, flame tipped; giant cholla cacti; gnarled and dwarfed trees, suffering, craving comfort.

"Myra—los dos caminos" exclaimed the old woman Anita at last, pointing ahead. They could see that they were approaching the fork of their narrow path, one arm of which went up a flat valley, reaching back to the high and dry region beyond; the other, that to the left, soon lost in a ruder and more precipitous ascent. The tongue of the high ridge came down and divided the two valleys. The little procession halted.

Old Anita motioned for them to dismount. Near by was a strange, grotesque plant known as the elephant wood, its limbs large and shapeless as those of its namesake. It sprawled out, grossly, its branches naked. Anita pointed to a slight darkness of the soil beyond this desert tree, a little tinge of green near to it. There was a little spring here in the desert, which crept out from beneath the foot of a rock ledge, smaller yet not dissimilar from that which made life for the Ranch of Good Hope far below.

About the precious water were evidences of earlier human occupancy. Far up on the slope of the hill—where once perhaps this spring had emerged—there were terraces of rocks, where some unknown, forgotten hand had endeavored to establish surfaces of soil fit for cultivation. These terraces now were in ruins. Lying at a level with the lower spring, there seemed to be a different configuration in the heaped up rocks. The rude wall here had, in short, been a part of something formerly called a human dwelling place.

The wall of this abandoned hovel followed something the same contour of that inclosing the spring of the Ranch of Good Hope. There had been a sort of cave reaching back under the outcrop of the rock, and the last desert dweller, whoever or whatever he had been or was, had merely thrown up a rough wall at the front of his cave, leaving therein an opening for an entrance, undoored, un-hinged, and offering no protection. It was rather a bivouac place than a house.

The water had enabled human tenacity to endure here for some indefinite, immemorial time. The elements are kind in these high, dry altitudes. Whether a decade or century had gone by since men first had lived here, none might say. But old Anita pointed to the cave and smiled "Esta es la Casa de Pedro!"

So! This, then, was the home of Pedro the Old? They approached and peered over the little wall which hedged off its front. There seemed nothing left within except a clean swept floor, tracked here and there by the little feet of desert animals where the dust had blown in after the last sweeping.

"Sure!" said Blakely. "I remember the place. This is where he lives. Swell mansion, eh? Wonder where he is? Out gallivanting around somewhere, I suppose—he's only a hundred year old, or two! Well, he'll be along. Let's move in and wait."

The native women busied themselves in bringing certain packages, which they bestowed upon the floor of the cave. Old Anita pointed to two scant blankets of native wool which she bestowed in a corner of the cave. Then she took them apart and showed them how to find light wood among the bayonet plants and the yucca, showed them how a certain nourishment could be found in the pulpy leaves of the cactus, showed them how the thorns of the cactus might be burned away. Mary was overjoyed to find, buzzing about cheerily among the desert flowers, quite a colony of bees such as she had known in her earlier home. They delighted her, seeming to link her to the past, seeming to give her cheer as they went on about their well ordered ways of life.

IT WAS now mid-afternoon, and the heat of the day was at its greatest intensity, the sun beating down savagely. They were glad to find refuge in the cave house of Pedro the Old. Questions in broken Spanish led Anita to declare that "papa mia" would be back that evening. "Su casa!—your house—" she repeated; then, smiling, "mi casa, tambien."

"By Jove!" said Blakely, "I believe she means she was born here! Seventy years ago! Well, I can't say that real estate values have advanced very much since then. But if old Father Ernesto ever takes my advice and sets up his sanitarium I'll bet here's the place for it! It's impossible to die. This water surely is the Ponce de Leon spring of youth!"

They made themselves comfortable as they could, spent what time remained before evening in preparing for the night. And, as the sun dropped low, there came to them the sound apparently awaited by Anita—the tinkle of a little bell.

Down the left hand fork of the mountain trail came old Pedro, no other, in straw sombreo and worn serape, in sandals and cotton trousers, if trousers might be called his negligent nether garments.

Anita went out to meet him, took his bridle rein, and led in the little burro he bestrode. Rapid speech told Pedro of his visitors and their need to spend the night. He made no comment.

An old, old man he seemed, when he came up, his small black eyes sunken, his cheeks like leather, folded, his figure gaunt. Yet, in spite of all, he stepped about alert, active.

He did not smile. All things were one to him. He had no pride that, as he stood, he was perhaps the oldest living human being on all the surface of the earth; surely the oldest known at any time of actual history.

"My God! just look at him," exclaimed Randall. "Like a mummy! I declare, he makes me nervous!"

Mary in her turn looked at the strange figure of the centenarian. What did he know? What could he tell if so he cared to tell? What could he say to her, Mary Westlake, having what bearing on her life, her hope, her despair, her happiness?

Blakely, having a little Spanish of a sort, did his best to engage the old man in light conversation. But the face of Pedro gave no sign. He was gray, dour, aloof, as though he had no touch with things about him, no interest in these others who accosted him. Trent, with the fatuousness of the Saxon, smiled at his own inability to speak the language of an inferior race, but tried out some of his recent linguistic acquirements picked up on his journey to La Paz. But if Pedro heard any of these he made no sign—did not even lift his battered hat to the senorita, although his keen eye flashed across to them as they drew up to the entrance of the cave which made his home.

"I say, doctor! Where is his family you have been telling about? You said he had been married. I don't see any signs of housekeeping here."

It is likely that Anita understood him in part. "Bastante agua poco mas arriba," she remarked. She meant that there was plenty of water further up the valley; and water, of course, meant human tenure, thereabouts.

Blakely ventured to interpret liberally for her. "She means that the old man comes down here once in a while to do his heavy thinking. I suppose he takes up his bed and walks when his new family gets too talkative for him. He's always had his own ways of living, I suppose—maybe that's why he has lived so long—when he gets bored he just gets up and leaves. I take it that this cave here is his club, where he flocks alone."

Trent made advances with his cigaret case, but the old man still looked at him unmoved. Blakely, more versed in his preference, presented a little sack of tobacco. A muttered "Gracias!" came from the thin, tight set lips of the old man. Pedro found a cornhusk somewhere inside his serape and rolled a cigaret in his own fashion. But still he kept aside, his eyes looking out across the hills, unmindful of any about him. He seemed a thing apart in life. He was old, old, very old.

"I don't think he wants us to go further toward his valley than this," said Blakely, after a time. "No use trying to get him to go with us down to the ranch. Neither do I think he wants us to go up beyond this place—I suppose he has his own notion of propriety and doesn't want to make any show of his family and his little home. The native women down here are as shy as deer—we would never get to see his wife even if we kept on to the Martinez properties where they live. But, after all, it's Pedro we wish to see.

"I can say one thing, the old man hasn't changed a whit since the doctors were here five years ago. I wish I could talk his language a little bit better."

MARY, to the surprise of them all, at this point ventured a word.

"I had Spanish for four years when I was in school. Of course, it was book Spanish. I don't know whether he could understand it. After I left school I was in government work, in the translation service, in New York, the time of the war."

"Try it!" said Dr. Blakely. "Like enough he talks Aztec, but it won't hurt to tackle him in Castilian."

But by this time the old man, keener of sense than they guessed, turned quickly, his little black eye glowing like a coal, looking keenly at Mary Westlake.

"Habla usted Espanol?" he demanded suddenly. His voice sounded as though far off.

"O, si, poquito—no mas," replied the girl pleasantly. "I speak it a very little, yes." From that time they two were friends. As to the others, Pedro apparently regarded them as barbarians and beneath his notice. He seemed disgruntled that the party had taken possession of his cave before he had had time to offer it to them.

For a time the old man relapsed into himself, his eyes still staring straight ahead. But after a time, without warning, he broke into a flood of rapid Spanish which required all of Mary's book learning to understand. Now and again she halted him, demanded, asked him to repeat. Eagerly, kindly, friendly, she approached him, took him by the hand, drew him a little bit apart so that he might not feel the awkwardness of talking in the presence of others.

These others looked at them, looked at one another in amazement. Old Pedro and the young American girl had struck up some strange acquaintance all at once. Why had he so suddenly come to life? Why his keen animation, his rapid gestures of thin, brown hands? What moved him so deeply?—for something certainly had stirred him.

"O, he's a foreigner!" said Randall conclusively. "All foreigners are strange. They have to throw fits or they couldn't talk at all."

But a sudden resolution had come to the tall young woman. She faced him squarely, determined to find out the truth of the question which had been pressing upon her—the truth of the crystal sphere—the truth of the old Spanish maps—the truth of the stories of Barry Allison—the truth of what Ernesto had said about John Palmer. Now she felt suddenly an abiding place. A strange feeling came to her that she was coming close to the traces of the truth.

"Senor Pedro!" Her wide, gray eyes looked quietly into his sunken black ones. "You are old."

"Yes, lady, I am old. It is the truth."

"But you remember things that happened long ago?"

"Yes. As well as I ever did. My mind holds the old things. I knew many things long ago—that is the truth."

"What were some of those old things, Pedro? You know the old country over yonder—Mexico, the old land, the rich land?"

"O, yes. It was there I lived when I was young. Here I came later."

"With this very family?"

"Yes, the family of Don Luis Martinez, who lives beyond and above here where the water runs toward the eastern sea. I have lived there with Senor Martinez many years, lady. Yes, I knew their parents, and theirs yet again, yes."

"You came from lower Mexico?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps near the old Spanish Road?"

"Not far from the old Spanish Road, yes, lady. Where it runs from Vera Cruz to the great city on the plains of Anahuac. But you do not know that country."

"Not so well, Pedro. But listen. You knew many of the secrets of that far land—was not that once true?"

"It is the truth. I knew them, yes."

"Pedro!"—she turned to him suddenly as one of authority, as though administering some inquisition—"Tell me, why is it that you have so long concealed the place of the Madre D'Oro?"

The old man started, dropped back as though he had sustained a rifle shot. They saw him sit down, saw him crumple weakly, a hand raised as though to ward off something of evil.

His voice trembled when at length he could answer this tall young woman of America who had asked him that astonishing question. She had knowledge, or part knowledge, which did not belong to her or to any woman.

"In the name of the saints, what is it that you would do? Do you wish to be killed? Do you wish to kill me? You have spoken the sacred word! What do you know? Why do you ask that of me? What is it that you have done? Ah, Santa Maria!"

His voice, which till now had sounded somewhat thin, rose almost into a shriek. The others of the party who heard him thought him in anger, but when they would have approached Mary waved them back.

"No!" she said. "It's quite all right!"

"But what were you asking him?" demanded Blakely suspiciously, rather jealously.

"He will answer. Please let me talk alone with him." Her eyes were bright, shining.

But Pedro would talk no more! At length he rose and approached the two old women, his daughters, whom he accosted violently in a tongue which the others did not understand. Actually he drove them away from the spot. They must have guessed that he knew they might understand words never meant for them to hear—words which said something regarding the Madre D'Oro!

He beckoned Mary to come with him. They stepped aside. He turned towards her a face almost ghastly, a mummy face, old, old, and now drawn unspeakably. But the girl had no mercy on his evident agitation. Her love was carrying her away.

"Pedro," she said, her voice high and clear, "I come from the north. I came to see you. I came to learn from you the truth about the Madre D'Oro. Of whom then shall I learn if not of the last of the Sacred Three?"

The old man flung himself upon the ground, his serape drawn over his face. It was long before he stirred. At last he rose upon an elbow, looked at her as a wounded animal looks upon its destroyer.

"Was it for you, young, beginning life, to end my life for me? Do you think that it was for myself alone that I have lived so long in this land? Would you end my life now? Is it not also sweet to me? I look at you and you seem kind, yet you are as one who wields a knife of glass upon the heart of a prisoner. I didn't ask you here. Why did you come?"

"Pedro, listen," she went on. "You need have no fear. I have had a dream of you, that is all. It is true, I know about the great Mother Vein, which lies in the hidden valley—not all about it, but something. I know it is not far from Orizaba. I know that it is not far from the Old Spanish road. And I know that the Spaniards never found it, the Madre D'Oro, not even Alvarado for all of his tortures."

"He tortured, yes!" groaned Pedro. "He who carries that secret knows torture. Many lives ago, that was. But as the war priests guarded the secret, even so it must be to-day. Why should I deny, since you know? Father Ernesto has perhaps told you?"

"No, Father Ernesto did not tell me so much. But he showed me a map marking the Valley of the Madre D'Oro as close as the old Spaniards ever knew it."

"Spain never knew—not even Alvarado. Not even Mariana, the traitress of her people, ever knew it. She only knew part of the old story. Cortez never knew, nor any Spaniard. No, nor do you know now! Neither you nor any Alvarado of to-day can torture the truth out of me! I tell you no more! Well, I have lived long."

"But suppose the secret died with you, Pedro. Suppose that the last guardian were dead."

"That is not true."

"But about Juan Palmero, whom you knew? Why did he take Dolores away with him, these years ago? Was he only guessing? Or did old Pedro, the Third Man, finding himself as he thought about to die, tell Juan Palmero some things about the ancient secret? Are there not now two men living—yourself and Juan Palmero—who know where lies the valley of the Madre D'Oro? I can tell you, Pedro, Juan Palmero has stood at the gate of the Madre D'Oro itself! He has been in the valley. He has seen the sacred vein of gold. He knows the secret—I know that he knows it!"

"God of my fathers! has he told you? Has he, too, been traitor? Is there no faith left in all the world?"

"No, Pedro, he has not told me. I never saw Juan Palmero—would not know him if I saw him now. It was another who told me, and he himself only guessed."

"And what other? The holy saints defend us!"

"The man whom I love, Pedro—the man whom I shall one day marry—told me this."

"You mean that other senor who came with you?"

"No, it is not that one."

"He does not know the truth?" The old man's voice was trembling now.

"He knows nothing. He may guess, but he knows nothing. The man I am to marry is not here. He is with Juan Palmero now. If Juan died and if you died, Pedro, there would be the man who ought to be next in turn to know the great secret."

"But I have never seen that man.

Continued on Page Fifteen.

GOOD home-made bread has always been the chief food of the earth's sturdiest races. None of the breakfast foods or health foods can equal bread in nourishment. Good bread is the most digestible food as well as the cheapest.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Vin St-Michel

(ST. MICHAEL'S-WINE)

FOR STRENGTH

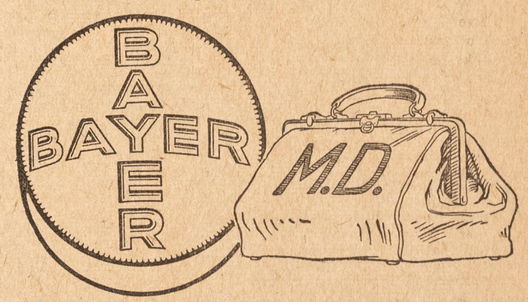
It is well to remember now, that after SICKNESS Vin St. Michel is of the greatest possible value.

The experience of the physician who said: "In a practice of thirty-five years I have found nothing to equal Vin St. Michel in its power to restore a patient after wasting diseases", is the experience of thousands of physicians to-day.

AT DRUGGISTS ONLY

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

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
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."

ANGELS' SHOES

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

Author of "Gypsy's Weather"

THE Horado, huge torpid vein of the back-country, after taking tribute of a thousand miles of jungle was suddenly released into the ocean, whose clear and fertile depths it stained with the earth's rot and detritus. Where these two encountered there was war, of meeting and retreating waters; which only ceased when the slow pressure of the turning tide exactly balanced the slow outpouring of the vast stream. Then, for a little while, there was peace. In the midst of such a peace lay the barquentine, "Dorotea Dixon," waiting for high-water on the bar.

She, the soiled little trader, was briefly an illusion, a dream, built of some substance of pearl-petal and rose-gold too lovely for a name. Grier said the wet deck looked so fragile, so iridescent, that he tapped it with his heel as he stood, for the assurance that he stood on something more solid than a very bubble of the foam. The crew were silent; for the most part gazing overside at the streaks of mud-brown coiling in the sapphire; for the scornful sea never entirely mingled with the current of the river. It was all glitteringly, insubstantially, clear and vivid and still; you'd have thought, said Grier, that a great glass globe had been clapped down over everything. Islets of grass, logs, nameless jungle-drift the dark river brought down and left about them in that strange belt of no-man's-water between the flood and the flood. In the very fulness of dawn it brought the dugout.

The dugout, along with the other drift, drew silently and very slowly towards them; touched at last on the port quarter with a distinct double knock. After a curious pause and hesitation, a man rose on the rail with a rope; there was a glint of faces along the rail as the others gazed at him. Grier warned: "Careful, MacAwe," but less out of consideration for the dugout, he says, than for the spell of stillness they must break. His voice, or the voices of the triumphing tide, broke it; and it was amidst a commonplace clatter, on a commonplace deck, that they lifted and laid Brennan and the native girl.

The girl was all right; Brennan, the huge bull of a man was in a bad way. He'd little on, Grier said, but a pair of burst canvas shoes much too small for him; his shirt he'd rigged as a sort of shelter for the girl. They carried them below and put them in a cabin, having first ascertained that the girl wore a brass ring on the third finger of her left hand; for the Old Man, as Grier said, was "uncommon correct." Then, leaving them to the Old Man and his box of medicines, they went to the work of coaxing the "Dorotea" up stream. First, Grier took off the man's shoes—cut them off in strips—for his feet were bruised to the bone.

Two hours later, the "Dorotea" being safely warped to a tree above the jetty, Grier went down to look at the waifs again. He met the Old Man coming out of the cabin, a blue bottle in one hand and Brennan's shirt in the other; a gaudy garment of yellow stripes, indescribably fouled and torn. The Old Man, staring grimly over the huge steel spectacles he always assumed when he opened the medicine chest, held out the shirt to Grier, Grier gazed blankly. At last the Old Man condescended to explain, to point with the bottle.

"You don't tell me, Mr. Grier," he burst out, "that the fellow's any right to it!"

Grier saw that there was a celluloid collar attached to the shirt with a brass safety pin; the orthodox straight band of white a parson wears. The Old Man went on, quivering with indignation; he was, as Grier said, "uncommon correct." Grier looked into the cabin. The girl had curled up at the end of Brennan's bunk, sound asleep, nursing his wounded feet in her arms. Something in the sight hit Grier hard; he glanced from her to Brennan's brutal, blue black, upturned jaw, whistled thoughtfully, and went out.

Impossible even to imagine that jowl over the parson's collar!

But it was Brennan's jaw—or the quality it stood for—drove him that last thirty miles between Santa Luce and the Horado.

AT SANTA LUCE—nothing but a river-crossing—he stopped and buried his last porter. He would have delayed for nothing living. Even Buck Brennan was obliged to delay awhile for that pitiful dead. He gave Rosario a few inches of earth; rested a little; took what he could of the double load, and went on. Thinking, as he told Grier. "Well, Rosario, hombre, your resurrection won't take no three days".....A hard brute, Buck Brennan, with a heart like a baked brick; enclosing God-knew-what of fires, of powers.... He had no choice but to die where he stood or a little farther on. He jutted out that great coarse jaw of his and chose to die farther on—as far as possible. And—as far as possible—he came on the house.

Imagine a great forest, bare of all life but one brown ant crawling in it; imagine in the very heart of that forest a tiny ant-heap, just a spoonful of honey-colored granules in the roots of a grass-tuft. Can you imagine the ant finding the ant-hill? Yet, in the vast jungles of the Horado, the creeping atom that was Brennan came on the house.

There was, in one window of the house, one little bit of glass, which caught the levelling light through some aisles of the unplumbed forest, and shone like a star. It drew Brennan, though he was then past thought. It was as an automaton of mere muscle that he made towards it, mounted steps that sagged like hammocks, found a door, and set his shoulders to it. The door gave, groaning. Something tangled his feet and tripped him—a rope, or a vine of the myriad that veiled the very substance of the house. He fell as it seemed to him, very slowly, and the door sank before him like a mist. He heard a bell ring outside, far overhead—it rolled like a salute of a gun, a challenge, a war-cry flung hollow of night, all ringing and booming with bells..

Out of this deep sleep he woke in a dawn full of screaming clouds of little parakeets. They flashed past the doorway and vanished, but their green and gold lingered on the rim of every motionless leaf; the forest seemed to drip glory. But the splendid moment passed. A hot wind blew; and, somewhere overhead, set a cracked bell jangling. Brennan dragged himself to his feet and went to explore.

Food he must have; he had it there, in the load he'd let fall as he fell. But before that, before anything, he had to explore the house. Hunger was urgent. But there was something around him more urgent still. What?

He found no answer for a long time in the ghost of that little native-built house fading away into grass and green and mould—a visible sort of transubstantiation, going on, to go on, for how long? Who had built it? Who had deserted it? Why? He moved catfooted on floors wrenched apart by writhing growths, where squares of solid mildew proclaimed that matting had been. He cleared the windows with his knife—it was like cutting snakes—and watched intently as the light fell on blotched and voiceless walls. There were glasses and warped frames here and there on the walls; from all but one the ants had eaten the pictures; this one had been backed with tin, and so the Madonna of the Chair still looked out, through the veiling of the damp, with her exquisite clear benevolence, - Brennan tried another room.

Here were two little iron beds side by side, bare of anything but rust; a table, and a tin box. Brennan opened it. Books and papers rewarded him—several little grey-bound Gospels, an Imitation in Latin, a "Reading Without Tears," and Miss Braddon's "Vixen." He was immensely bewildered and annoyed; he guessed a clue lay here, but was not sure of it. He tumbled the books about, and a shower of little cards fluttered out and lay gaudily on the floor. There was a picture and a text on every card. Brennan stooped and read "Suffer little children." "He that speaketh truth sendeth forth righteousness." "Charity suffereth long and is kind." . . . He swore in pure astonishment and went on. On to the room at the back that ran the house's width; of which the outer wall had fallen, leaving a drunken fringing of roof, a drift of greenery, dissolution and growth going on like a battlefield over—over what? Six benches in a row, a little raised platform, some colored rags hanging from a roller that must have been a map, and a blackboard.

The place had been a school.

A school, a mission-school, in the jungles of the Horado! A picture-palace or a morgue would have appeared equally unnatural, equally out of drawing. Over the rotting roof, in a little cupola of split cane, hung the bell. As Brennan stood knee-deep in rubbish, staring at the blackboard, the bell moved in some unnoticeable air and clanged hoarsely. The school-bell! . . . He turned to the blind doorway. And there were the scholars.

Native children. There or four. One naked earth-colored boy had a broken slate under his arm. One tallish girl wore the remains of a print gown, which she had washed clean. They stood gazing at Brennan, in a wild, humble way, as if they also had lost their clue. Perhaps they could help him to his, though. But with his movement they fled, vanished, melted like shadows into the leaves. He had an impression of their eyes, bewildered, faithful, like the eyes of once-beloved ghosts. In the little cupola the bell was also faithful, calling to school.

Brennan ate and drank that day from his own small supplies, Then he stretched himself on one of those little iron beds and thought.

FOOD he must have—to go on with. Food, and perhaps he'd make the Horado; follow it down; find a boat . . .But his mind persistently revolted from this balanced considering of days and ways, to a mere wonder, a curiosity. This school. Who had built it, kept it? Where had they come from, and why? Where had they gone, and why? That, not his journey, was what mattered—here. He went through everything with an intent method, but he found no more than a name in the Imitation—"Bonnie West," and a date. Who on earth was Bonnie West? Sitting on the edge of the bed, he frowned from the book in his hand to the mould-haloed Madonna on the wall till his weight sent the legs through the floor and he slid off. He swore, but defiantly. . . . Grier said, "He always made me understand that the house still belonged. He never had any sense of ownership, or any right there. He was perpetually guilty, as if his hosts might return and find him there, unwelcome. He was apologetic when he renewed some of his badly worn clothes from a few he found put away under the books in the tin box—a coat and a pair of shoes, I believe; he used to wake in the night, he told me, shaping excuses for making so free. Buck Brennan! D. D.'s clothes they were—Devil Dodger's—parson's clothes."

Perhaps it was with some idea of a vague repayment that Brennan began to clean out the schoolroom. . . .Llianas had climbed to the roof, burst it, lapped about the little belfry. Everything he touched he told Grier, the bell rang. And he'd a notion that the scholars still haunted the place; he felt himself continually watched, followed — weighed, perhaps, and found wanting. Once he looked up quickly from his tidying, and there they were again in the door. But again they fled and the forest swallowed them as some say a mother-snake will swallow its young. It troubled him. He thought that if he'd had on the parson's coat they might have stayed then he would have found out everything. . . . He always wore it after that. And as the strange empty, preoccupied house worked on him, he added one of the straight white collars he also found in the box. But they would not return for all the wool this innocent wolf stuck on his rough pelt.

He had no heart those first days for venturing into the jungle again, even to find out where the children hid, and where he might get fresh supplies, and perhaps porters for his further journey; his necessities all lapsed curiously into the background. But the morning came when he took his gun and went out, moved from his uncommon lethargy by the need of the next day's dinner. He told himself he was after pig. But he followed the trodden path he found leading from—and to—the mission-school. It must lead to the village. He had followed a thousand such corkscrew trails. But this one ended in nothing. Just that. It was as if a hand had come down and wiped everything out as you wipe something you don't want read off the slate. Bare burnt earth was there, and a leprosy of ashes; Rain had fallen in the night; he saw, in the ashes, prints of children's feet. And went back without his pig.

After that, he was continually on the watch. He shot and cured meat, as much he he could carry for any journey. He still lingered, confident that somewhere in the jungle was the clue, the answer to the riddle of emptiness, of ashes, and of the fluttering ghosts of the children, that he had set himself to solve . . Who can say what held him there? One evening, an hour from the house, he parted branches and looked on a camp.

Of himself, nothing was clearly visible in the gloom of the leaves but the white linen collar about a throat that many would have preferred in a hempen one. Of the man who sat in the daylight and the firelight, nothing was hidden as he looked up, saying thoughtfully, "Ah! So they have sent another already. . ."

"When Buck went back to the house," said Grier, "Manuel Franca went along; and when he stood at the door and looked into the emptiness, he smiled.

"And the roof didn't fall on him?"

"No-o-o, nothing so inadequate; it was only palm-thatch. What did happen was that he went into the inner room where the rusty beds were as if he knew the way, picked up that little Imitation, fluttered the leaves, and when he came to the name written inside—'Bonnie West'—he smiled again."

"What has that to do with—?"

With Buck Brennan? O, a great deal. . . . You ought to have talked to Buck. You see, he'd done nothing but try and think things out, and wonder who Bonnie West was, and what had happened to her, until he'd made a sort of picture of it—and her. She must have seemed quite real to him. It was in the jungle, you know, anyway . . ."

"Well?"

"Well, when Franca smiled, Buck took a dislike to him. So you see, it was much worse than if the roof had fallen. . . . Thank God. And I never saw Bonnie's name in a book."

Now she begins to come into it. An excessively strange companionship must have ensued between those two in the empty mission-house; neither asked any questions of the other, in a situation that called for many a betrayal in itself, if both had not so studiously avoided the veriest shadow of distrust. Certain things Buck never cleared up—for instance, if Franca took him for a bona-fide padre because of the collar! It sounds impossible; but "in there," as Grier puts it, "the priests are just anything." Perhaps Franca was too deep in his own affairs to notice Buck much; for it took no more than a day or two for Buck to realize that he also was waiting, watching, searching for something with an intensity that defied pretence. He believed Franca had come back—ah! come back?—to find something.

Brennan also began to look for it, though he was hampered by not knowing what it was! And by the necessity of keeping up appearances. He went on tidying the schoolroom; he told Franca that his porters had deserted him on the way up with most of his goods, which was moderately true; he was expecting to get new men, only they seemed to have all run away from the vicinity.

"The scholars, also, they have run away?" suggested the leisurely Franca politely.

"Yes, but—"

"But I will bring them back to you."

Brennan said that what followed was like a nasty sort of adjectived miracle. Franca idled to the door—he was always idling about ,peering in cracks, feeling walls, gazing into holes with a hunger of insatiable eyes—and called. The leaves of the forest shook, here and there, as if Fear moved them. He called again. And Fear crawled on its belly from the leaves to his feet, the boy with the slate, the girl who wore the remnants of the print wrapper. They did not even tremble; they waited, like dust for the foot to scatter.

"These are all that are left, I think."

FRANCA stooped forward and took something from the girl's neck. It was a dirty little bag on a string. He looked about, smiling; then hung it on the corner of the blackboard. "They will not run far now," he nodded to Buck. The two crept away.

Buck Brennan was a bit taken in the wind, as he would have said. And that night he woke to a low moaning like the wind, a voice of grief so faint, so uncomprehending, it was not human.

He took a light and went to the schoolroom. The girl was there, a bare thing of the night, her eyes luminous as its stars. She was squatting at the foot of the blackboard, making this sound of uncomplaining loss. Brennan knew what she wanted. She wanted her little lucky-bag, and was afraid to touch it. He took it down and looked into it; his clue was not there; unless a little bone collar stud with two or three hairs wrapped around the shank was a clue? The hairs gleamed in the light, reddish—fair. . . . He closed the little, smelly thing and gave it to the girl. Felt, the next instant, her hands, her tears, on his great bare feet! So she was a human being, not unattractive, and wildly grateful. He laid a hand like a lion's paw on her; but she melted from him, and he did not follow. She was not his; like the house, she belonged. . . . To what, to whom? To a ghost, a shadow, bringing bright hair and a halo of lilac print, that loked at Buck with the eyes of a fate he might never learn. He went back to the bedroom, looked long at Franca, asleep and smiling. And began to feel that here, perhaps, was all the clue he needed.

He spent a long time next day, sitting over the little books, like a jury over so many little corpses; smoking heavily, and very uncomfortable in the mildewy coat, the stiff collar, and the parson's shoes so much too tight for him. They were all parts of the position into which he had been drifted, to which he so strangely yielded himself; but he preferred to leave a certain veil of doubt and obscurity over it. Into that puddle of circumstance he would never look too closely, lest he should see reflected there a Bad Buck Brennan he did not know and couldn't have lived with—an avenger, a judge, grimly appointed by some vast mockery or vaster justice.

And there, as he sat, suddenly he had his clue in his hand.

It was the half-sheet of an unfinished letter, rolled into a little spill and thrust into the rounded back of the book. He unrolled it carefully, and the handwriting, clear and rather childish, sprang out at him in the fading grayish ink:

". . . . For I do think, Chubsie, Lewis is the very best man in the world. You'll laugh; but he takes such beautiful care of me, and the work's so interesting, and the babies are such dirty little ducks, all eyes and tummies. I don't really feel fit to be a missionary's wife, but I'm trying to be, and I know quite a lot of Spanish. And on Thursday he said I was—what do you think?—an inspiration. Don't laugh, you bad girl. Oh Chubs, I wish I could hear you! And that brings me to the one thing—I wouldn't tell him for the world, but I can tell you because I know you never breathe a word of what anyone tells you. This country frightens me. It's not a bit like the winter I was in Ceylon. Just sometimes, you know; though I tell myself it's only for two years, and I'm with Lewis, and I was willing. But it's interesting too. Guess what he found that time he went up the Horado to the fifth tributary—Fancy, it hasn't even a name!—where the boys said no white man had been before. He found whole forests of rubber trees. I said, "Was it valuable?" And he said, "Yes, immensely, but he'd never make use of it or tell anyone it was there, because he said rubber seemed to be one of the accursed products of the earth, and death and suffering always followed where it was. Of course I agreed. Isn't he splendid? Then Mr. Franca came in. I must tell you about him. He's quite splendid in a catty sort of way; but truly, I'm a little bit afraid of him too. He's like the country. . . . "

And that was all. But Brennan had his clue. Clue? It was a revelation, a whole dark landscape shown in one flash of leven-fire. He crushed the little spill in his fingers, and across that chasm of her fate cried to Bonnie West,—"Yes, I see, I see. But what did he do. . . . ?"

"You have it. . . . "

Franca, just breathing the words, stood in the doorway; he leaned, not towards the paper in Buck's hand, but away from it, as a man leans against the pull of a rope.

"You have it. You know it. . . . "

"What do I know, I wonder?" said Buck thoughtfully, his eyes never leaving Franca's.

"Where he went. . . . What he found. . . . "

"Yes." Buck was more thoughful than ever. With a single movement he took his pipe from his mouth and tilted the red-hot ash on the paper in his palm. The thin "foreign note" curled instantly in a fluff of little flame, ended in a square of fragile gray edged with dying scarlet. Buck sat watching it quietly. Franca had cried out once; no time for more. Now he stood grunting and sweating like an animal, one hand pulling and fumbling at his belt.

"No good." Buck shook his head. "No good. You wouldn't be such a fool. . . . I am—now—the only living soul that knows."

The only living soul. . . Franca went out.

THAT night the native girl, with her lucky-bag and her rags of faithfully-guarded print, crouching in darkness, saw a great light. A lantern was held over her head, a hand hauled her mightily from her hiding place. She was dazed, as by the coming of a god: she suffered a resurrection: she shook and was still. But the god's voice was kind.

"I like you," said Buck Brennan, that uncommon thoughtfulness still upon him. "You're my kind; and you'd be right pretty for a brown one if you was washed. I like you for sticking to—her; the place where she was. . . I can't leave you here, now them poor little fools is gone....Them poor little damn fools. You better come with me. I'll be straight with you. . . take care of you....hand you over to the first missionary we meet, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul." Buck was a bit confused; but neither this closing solemnity, nor the parson's collar, nor the parson's canvas shoes seemed quite enough . . . Buck swallowed hard suddenly dry of the throat.

"Bonnie West," he said distinctly. "Bonnie West. . . . There, will that do you?"

Yes, it was the talisman of trust. The dark little wild thing rose and went with him, holding on to the tail of the parson's coat.

"And after all," said Grier, "how little Buck knew, how little he was able to tell! And yet enough—plenty. If the girl told him more, he kept it to himself; and I don't know if he or any one else but Franca knows the close of the story of the poor little, good little Wests and their mission. The secure and comfortable organization that sent them out doesn't know; I've asked it. They just went out; were swallowed up in the great dark land that was so unlike her winter in Ceylon, and frightened her sometimes, And Franca....Why didn't Buck shoot Franca and have it done with? I don't pretend to know that either. It scarcely needs putting into words, the certainty that Franca killed, wiped out, abolished the Wests and their little mission because he didn't want 'em to get that rubber: and then couldn't find it himself. . . . Any good man would have shot the beast and thanked God for the chance. But Buck wasn't good—only in spots. He had an erratic sense of humor, and he'd been in that house some time—with Bonnie West. The method he chose involved more risks to himself. But think of the devilish far-reaching completeness of it!

"The story of his escape with that girl from the jungles of the Horado would make a saga. But he can't tell it. The rains came on, and it took them a month to find the river; Franca fighting on behind them—in case they were making for the blessed rubber! They stole a dugout somewhere and launched it for the sea; followed a long fever-dream of bars, and beasts, swimming trees, sunken islands, reversing currents, falls, impossible portages; and all the time the knowledge that Franca was dogging them behind or waiting in an agony for them in front. Afraid to let them out of his sight....It probably brought Buck through; as I say, he had a peculiar sense of humor; and then he had the plucky girl. . . . I don't know when the brass ring made its appearance, or what ingenious ceremony it celebrated Once, I believe, she got fever and gave out; and Buck would tie her in the fork of a tree, drag the dugout overland, launch it, go back for her and carry her to it. No wonder his feet were so bad. Think of it! And all the weary way, Franca followed.

"I tell you, that villain began to pay then, as he'd never paid in his life and it was only the beginning. He hated Buck, as, I suppose, few ever come to be hated; and he was mad with anxiety over the personal safety of the only living being who knew where to find that rubber. What a vengeance, eh? I tell you I saw him crawling on the jetty, before I had heard anything about him, when Buck was very bad aboard the 'Dorotea,' and he was the hot ghost of a man. Of a man? Of a devil. He looked like a devil dying of hunger, and that's just what he was.

"He said to me, panting as he spoke, 'Is it true that you have the Senor Brennan aboard there?' 'Yes,' I says, 'And is it true that the fever is heavy on him, and is he talking much in it?' 'No,' I says 'he's no fever, and does nothing but snore, and the fo'c'sle's complaining. . . And who may you be, so anxious to hear what he says in his sleep?' But he crawled away with a sort of groan. Yes, Buck's way was the best; Franca had began to break then, torn as he must have been between his hate and his greed; but I doubt if my—well, my sense of humour!—would have been strong enough to let me take it! . . . All for the knowledge of the direction that unlucky little saint of a missionary had taken when he found the rubber trees, and that knowledge in Buck's head, and nowhere else in the world.

"Yes, it was masterly. How he must have thought 'Some day, he must betray it. Some day, he must go back to his rubber, some day, he must show—me—where it is. . . .' But Buck hasn't!

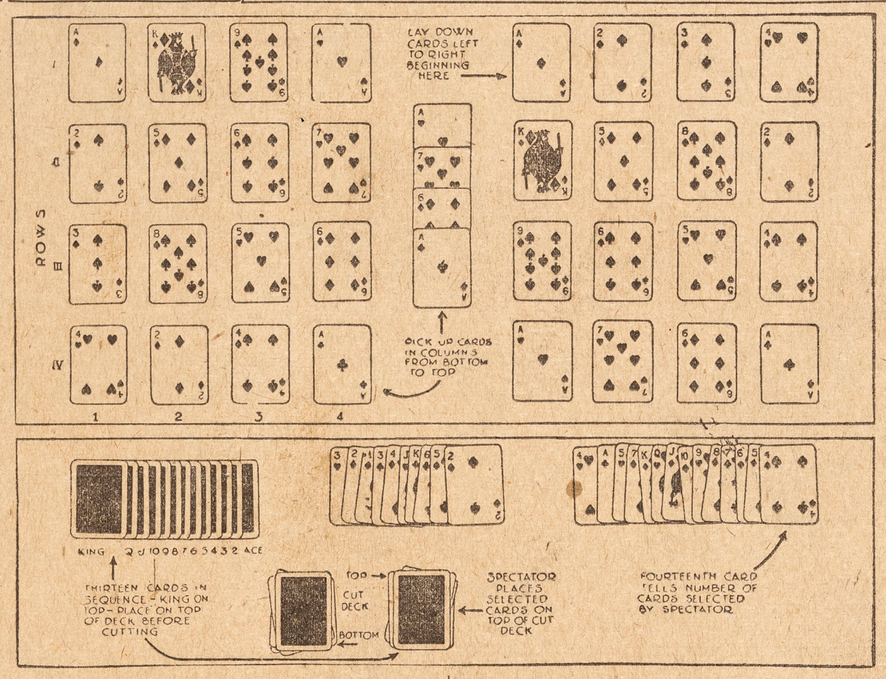
"Queer, isn't it? I told you he'd a fat sense of humour. He enjoys himself immensely over it. He starts suddenly on wild expeditions with a great air of secrecy over them; Franca drops everything, beats up a party too, and trails him. When he's been led far enough, Buck turns round and comes back. It's ruining Franca. He's obsessed. He can do nothing but follow, follow, follow. . . But the worry, and the travelling, and the hate on an empty stomach! He's taken to drinking now, Buck tells me, and he can't last long. What worries me is that he'll realize the game's up, and stick that itching knife into Buck at last.

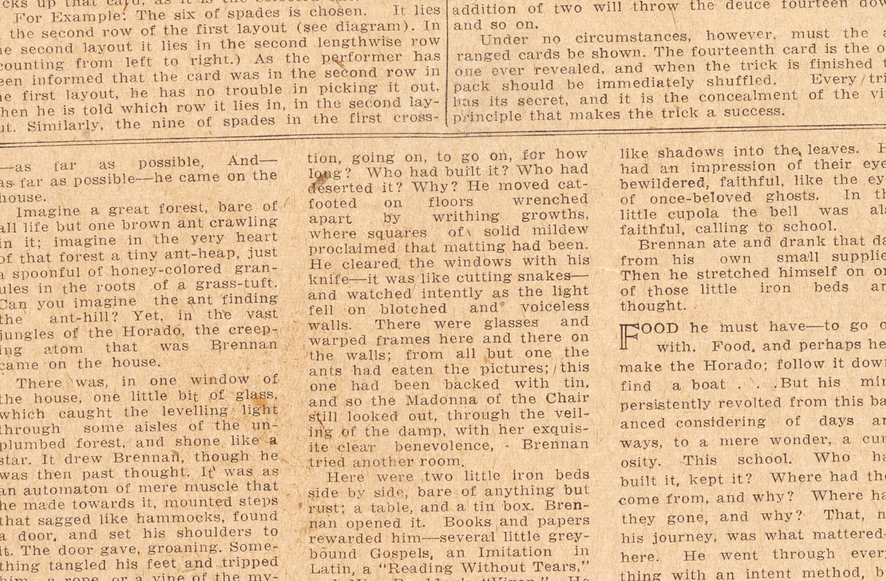
"And the cause of it all, the rubber? I never speak of it to him. Perhaps when Franca's beyond any chance of profiting by it. . . Perhaps then . . . But I don't know, I'm not sure of Buck. He's talked to me a good deal, of the house, and Bonnie West, and her letter in his hand. He remembered every word of that letter, wrote them down for me, but gave me no confidence, for he changed the directions. . . . It was not the fifth tributary; only he knows what it was, and I've an idea only he will ever know. I think not through Buck Brennan will let the hell of the rubber trade come to the country where Bonnie West lived and died. It wouldn't be the first sacrifice he'd made to that erratic sense of—humour.

"He hasn't gone on any expedition this year. I think he's inclined to domesticity. He's been incredibly staunch to that little brown girl of Bonnie West's. I often think of them in the cabin, and cutting the parsons shoes off. They were far too small, those shoes, for Buck Brennan."

(Copyright, 1922, McClure Publishing Company, N.Y. Published by arrangement with International Writers, Inc.)

EASY MAGIC YOU CAN DO





DIVINATION WITH SIXTEEN CARDS.

Sixteen cards are dealt, face up, in four rows of four each. A spectator mentally selects a card and the performer gathers them up. The spectator then states which row his card was in. Again the cards are dealt out in four rows. This time, when the spectator has named the row in which his card lies the performer immediately picks up the chosen card.

The rows are counted crossways, as shown in the diagram. The top row is dealt out first, from left to right; then the second row; then the third; and finally the fourth. The performer pays no attention to the cards, as they lay on the table, as no memory work is necessary; the trick works automatically.

In picking up the cards the performer starts with the right-hand card of the bottom row. He places this card upon the right-hand card of the third row, then lays both cards on the right-hand card of the second row and, finally, all three on the right card of the top row. These four cards are laid on the third card of the bottom row (which is now the last right-hand card of that row), and this procedure continues until the cards are all collected. In other words, the cards are picked up in lengthwise rows, starting from the bottom at the right.

When the cards are all collected the performer asks the number of the row in which the chosen card appeared, remembering the number told him. The pack is held face down and the cards are dealt out again in crosswise rows. It will be noticed, however, that the original rows are still preserved, but they now lie lengthwise, due to the peculiar system in which the cards were picked up. The audience, however, knows nothing of this arrangement, but it is the key to the whole trick.

The spectator points out the row in which his card now lies. The performer then counts from left to right, along that row, until he reaches the number of the row in which the card laid the first time. He picks up that card, as it is the selected one.

For Example: The six of spades is chosen. It lies in the second row of the first layout (see diagram). In the second layout it lies in the second lengthwise row (counting from left to right.) As the performer has been informed that the card was in the second row in the first layout, he has no trouble in picking it out, when he is told which row it lies in, in the second layout. Similarly, the nine of spades in the first crosswise row in the first layout, lies in the first lengthwise row in the second layout.

This trick may be performed with any number of cards that constitutes a square. The square numbers are 4, 9, 16, 25, 36 and 49. The most effective numbers to use are 25 (five rows of five cards each), or 36 (six rows of six cards each). Forty-nine cards take too long to lay out and pick up. Four, nine and sixteen are too few cards to make the trick effective, although sixteen is a convenient number when the space is limited.

DIVINATION BY NUMBER.

A pack of cards is cut into two piles. A spectator is told to remove, during the performer's absence, any number of cards, between one and thirteen (inclusive), from the lower pile, and to place them upon the upper pile.

When the performer returns he spreads out the upper pile and turns over a card. The number of spots upon the card denotes the number of cards transferred from the lower pile. For example, the spectator transfers six cards. The performer turns up a six spot. Jack counts eleven, queen twelve and king thirteen.

The trick is simplicity itself, but the result is most puzzling. Before doing the trick the performer removes one card of each number from the pack, paying no attention to suits. These cards he lays face down, in order, from king, queen, jack, ten, nine, etc., down to the ace. The king is at the top. These cards are laid on top of the pack and everything is ready for the trick.

The number of cards transferred from the lower heap to the upper makes no difference to the performer. All that he has to do is to pick out the fourteenth card from the top of the upper heap. The number on this card will always denote the number transferred.

The mathematical principle of the trick is quite simple. As there are thirteen cards arranged on top of the pack and the ace is at the bottom, the addition of one card will make the ace fourteen cards down. The addition of two will throw the deuce fourteen down, and so on.

Under no circumstances, however, must the arranged cards be shown. The fourteenth card is the only one ever revealed, and when the trick is finished the pack should be immediately shuffled. Every trick has its secret, and it is the concealment of the vital principle that makes the trick a success.

ADVERTISEMENT

TELLS DYSPEPTICS WHAT TO EAT

Avoid Indigestion, Sour Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gas On Stomach, Etc.

Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble, say medical authorities, are due nine times out of ten to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. Chronic "acid stomach" is exceedingly dangerous, and sufferers should do either one of two things.

Either they can go on a limited and often disagreeable diet, avoiding foods that disagree with them, that irritate the stomach and lead to excess acid secretion, or they can eat as they please in reason and make it a practice to counteract the effect of the harmful acid and prevent the formation of gas, sourness or premature fermentation by the use of a little Bisurated Magnesia at their meals.

There is probably no better, safer or more reliable stomach antiacid than Bisurated Magnesia, and it is widely used for this purpose. It has no direct action on the stomach and is not a digestent. But a teaspoonful of the powder or a couple of five grain tablets taken in a little water with the food will neutralize the excess acidity which may be present and prevent its further formation. This removes the whole cause of the trouble and the meal digests naturally and healthfully without need of pepsin pills or artificial digestents.

Get a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia from any reliable druggist. Ask for either powder or tablets. It never comes as a liquid, milk or citrate and in the bisurated form is not a laxative. Try this plan and eat what you want at your next meal, and see if this isn't the best advice you ever had on "what to eat."

Change of Water
Change of Diet
Change of Climate
Cause DIARRHOEA

Mr. Fred Palmer, 217 Dalhousie St., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"When I first went out to the North-West the water played havoc with my bowels, and being in a remote spot I could not get anything to give me relief for any length of time.

I wrote and told my wife about the time I was having and she sent me a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I cannot speak too highly of it for what it did for me.

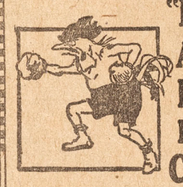
Whenever the children have any bowel trouble from eating fruit or drinking strange water, which they have done for the past five years, living in the country, the only remedy we use is 'Dr. Fowler's', and nobody should be without it as it cannot be beat for instant relief."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past 78 years, you don't experiment with new and untried remedies when you buy it, but be sure and get 'Dr. Fowler's' when you ask for it as a substitute may be dangerous to your health.

Price 50c. a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

For One Cent
you may obtain 3 cups of
"SALADA"
THA H403
Ask for a trial package today.
Delicious! Economical!

WHO FIRST FELT "LIKE A FIGHTING COCK"?



COCK-FIGHTING was born with the cocks.

But it is only 80 years ago that the first man felt "like a fighting cock!"

Now he has brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, all over the world—all feeling "like a fighting cock!"

It happens this way: A person half sick with bad stomach, dull and heavy headache, takes Beecham's Pills just before going to bed. Immediately the Pills begin to harmonize the digestive and eliminative organs.

Consequently, this person has a good night's sleep and arises in the morning with clear brain, bright eye, keen appetite, and full of energy for work and play.

It is now just 80 years since Beecham's Pills first began correcting disordered stomachs and stirring sluggish livers and bowels to natural activity — and feeling "like a fighting cock" is associated as inseparably with Beecham's Pills, as the pills are with good health.

At All Druggists—

Bovril makes you feel ten years younger

The Children's Page



Animals of Neverwhere

By DON REI.

THE Broad-Winged Girafee is a beast folks seldom see,
For he lives up in the clouds on mountain tops;
His teeth are long and sharp, while his tail is like a harp,
And when he flys his neck makes twisty-flops.
His wings are shaped like brooms and as he soars he "zooms,"
Like an aviator doing stunts for money;
He plays tunes with his tail, while he dines on fresh, raw whale,
And he'll fly all day to get a pound of honey.
His hoofs are made of brass, and you may have heard him pass,
When he galloped down your roof some windy night;
If you meet him you will find, he is gentle, tame and kind,
But, don't tease him or you'll get a woeful bite.

$25.00 in Cash Prizes to Boys and Girls

The Prizes for Cartoon Enlarging Contest

First Prize	$10.00
Second Prize	5.00
Third Prize	2.00
Twenty Prizes of	.50

The drawings will all be kept until the Contest is declared officially closed and then they will be carefully graded by expert judges and the awards sent out in cash.

Cartoon Enlarging Contest, $25 in Prizes

HERE is an opportunity for girls and boys to win $25.00 in cash prizes in one of the biggest drawing contests ever held in Canada.

All you have to do to compete is make an enlargement of the comic character which you like best. You know the funny fellows on the comic pages of the Toronto Sunday World? Well, pick the one you like best, enlarge it to three times its original size and send the drawing you make with your name and address to the Drawing Contest Editor of the Toronto Sunday World.

Besides the money you may win you will have loads of fun drawing the comics you like best and you will learn to draw better, of course, in order to make an enlargement of any picture you really ought to have a Pantograph or enlarging outfit such as artists and illustrators use. By special arrangement with the manufacturers we can now offer every girl and boy a fine, complete outfit for ten cents.

CONTEST RULES

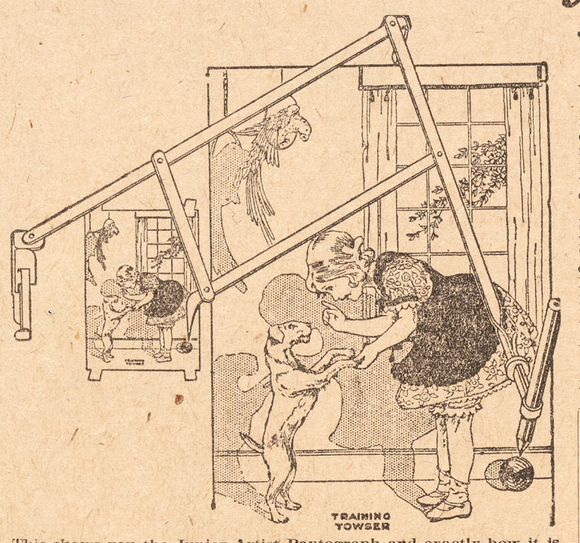
Prizes will be awarded for the best enlargement submitted of any comic character appearing regularly in the Toronto Sunday World.

Enlargement must be three times the actual size of the original drawing.

Contestants may submit as many drawings as they wish but only one prize will be awarded to a contestant.

Drawings must have name, age and address of applicant written plainly on back and must be sent to,

The DRAWING CONTEST EDITOR, TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD.



This shows you the Junior Artist Pantograph and exactly how it is used in making an enlargement from a smaller picture.

Junior Artist Pantograph

WITH this Junior Artist Pantograph you can learn to draw in five minutes—you can enlarge comics, pictures, photographs and maps. After making the enlargements you can easily fill them in with crayons, pen and ink or water colors.

Aunt Rose has purchased for her boys and girls a supply of these pantographs. They are valued at 75 cents each, but in order that every member of The Sunday World Helpers' League may have an opportunity of entering this contest to compete for the $25 cash prizes she will send on receipt of the coupon below and 10 cents to cover postage and packing only, a complete Junior Artist Pantograph outfit free!

Besides helping you in this contest, you will find it very helpful in your school work and you will get loads and loads of fun out of it.

Pantograph Outfit ---What It Contains

A steel Pantograph, six sheets of drawing paper, with illustrations, ready for use.

Complete instructions on how to use Pantograph.

All this comes in a large attractive envelope.

How to obtain it:

Fill in the Coupon below and send it with 10 cents in stamps to the,

Pantograph Department,
Toronto Sunday World.

COUPON

Enclosed find ten cents in stamps for which please send one Junior Artist Pantograph outfit to:

Name.....

Address.....



CAN you answer these questions about famous children's books, characters and authors?

(1) Who wrote the book in which the finding of a royal seal saved England from having an imposter king?

(2) What boy by using his wits increased his possessions and had his fence painted for him in the bargain?

(3) What book gives an unusual way of identifying a princess?

The answers will appear in next week's "Corner"—watch for them.

Here are a few books you will enjoy "John of the Woods" by Abbe Farewell Brown.

Is the story of a traveling tumbler boy who takes refuge with a hermit of the woods and lives in wonderful companionship with the animals and birds.

"Blithe McBride" by Beula Marie Dix. Tells of a girl of thirteen who was brought to America as a bond-slave in 1657 and her interesting and exciting adventures with the Puritans and Indians.

"Jackarapes" by Juliana Horatio Ewing. True to the spirit of his soldier father, Jackanapes gives his life in battle to save a comrade.

"In King's Houses" by Julia Caroline Dorr. Tells how Robin, a peasant boy, wins knighthood and a princess in the days of Queen Anne.

HELPERS' MAIL BOX
CONDUCTED BY AUNT ROSE

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

There were several letters crowded out last week, so I decided to have one more "Mail Box," so they need not be thrown away or have to wait indefinitely. Next week I will send you the first of my long letters telling of my trip to Vancouver with the Canadian Women's Press Club, and I do hope you will all enjoy them as much as I know I will enjoy writing them for you.

I am leaving a little before the rest of the club, as I wish to spend a few days with a friend in Fort William. I am sure you will be delighted to stop over with me, because there are several interesting things to see there—Kakebaka Falls, Thunder Bay, the Sleeping Giant, and maybe Silver Islet, if it is not too cold and we have time to take the three or four hours' trip there.

Of course, I know that this week you will all be much more interested in the new competition than in anything else. Isn't it a dandy? It is much the largest we have ever had on our "Page," and I hope everyone will enter it. Don't wait until the last day is announced and then send your entry in too late. Start this minute. Fill in the coupon for your free Pantograph outfit and send it right away with the ten cents in stamps to cover postage and packing, to the "Pantograph Department," Toronto Sunday World. Don't send it to "Aunt Rose," for you must remember she will be away by then, and all letters for her will have to wait for an answer until she gets back. As soon as you get your Pantograph you can start to work. You know, you can send in as many entries as you like, so, if you think you can do a better one, don't let the fact that you have already sent one in matter. Good luck to you all, and don't forget I'm expecting you to do your very best and make a splendid showing.



This is Esther Bryant, one of our new Helpers.

HELPERS' FUND.

I thought there would be nothing to report for the Fund this week, but two letters came at the last minute, both with contribuions, so we added 35 cents after all. Isn't that splendid?

Lovingly,
AUNT ROSE.

Toronto Sunday World.

HELPERS' LETTERS.

422 Northcliffe Avenue,
N. D. G., Montreal, Que.

Dear Aunt Rose: At last I have settled down to write to you. With the holidays and the excitement of moving from one city to another I have not had much time for writing. We moved from Toronto to Montreal in the middle of May. We like our new home very well, also the city.

Auntie, would you please tell me which one is you in that picture taken at the red haired girls' picnic with four of the girls? How many members belong to the club? Are there any members in South America? How long has the C. P. been printed?

My sister and I have joined the Children's League of the Montreal Standard, conducted by Uncle Don. We like the Page very much, but not as well as the C.P.

I have not a window-box, as it was too late to start one when we got settled. I enjoyed the story of "Tip and Tap" very much. I think that it will be lovely for you to send a description of everything you see while on your vacation to the Page every week.

I believe that I live not far from Joan Kenyon, so, if she sees this, I will be very glad if she calls on me or gives me a ring on the telephone, if she cares to.

I hope that you have a very pleasant vacation on your trip to Vancouver.

Please find enclosed a list of my favorite books for "The Book Readers' Corner," also twenty-five cents from my sister Vera and myself for the Kiddies.

Your affectionate niece,
Thelma Irene Stables.

Thanks so much for all your good-wishes and the twenty-five cents for the Fund. Thanks for the book list, too, though I cannot use it for some time, as the Book Readers' Corner is to be filled with questions and answers concerning famous children's books until I return. I am glad you like Montreal, and hope Joan sees your letter, so she can telephone you. About the picture—I'm afraid you'll have to say "I'm mean" with it, as you'd never expect me to be the smallest one. No, we have no members in South America, though our club consists of over 3,000 members now.

290 Keele St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Aunt Rose: I am enclosing ten cents for the incurables. I have not had one four o'clock out yet, but all my other flowers have done wonderful. I have been on my holidays, and had a good time. I hope you will have good luck when you go out to the coast, and I know you will, because four years ago I went out, and everything was lovely, especially those big trees in Stanley Park.

I asked my little brother if he would join, and he said he would like to, but he wouldn't be able to do anything. Then I spoke in and said that he would; that he could send in riddles or jokes or stories(and that he would be doing a lot; but he said perhaps he would send 10 cents in the next time I wrote, then he would join.

Wishing you the best of holidays.

Your loving niece,
Evelyn Bickle (12).

Thank you, both for your good-wishes and for the ten cents for the Fund, Evelyn. I would be very glad to have your little brother join, and hope he will do so as soon as I get back again.

495 King St. West, Toronto.

Dear Aunt Rose: I have at last got a chance to write before the 25th of August. I have just came back from Thorold. I came back with Lillian Scraggs. I hear you are going away to Vancouver. I hope you have as glorious a time as I have had at Thorold. We went over to see Niagara Falls, which is a lovely sight to see. We came back with the 7.30 boat from Port Dalhousie, and it was just crowded because there was a picnic on it and there was no room to dance, and with it being a storm the boat was very rocky. Nearly everybody was sick, but I wasn't. I guess I am too late to enter the contest. I will send for my badge later on. I have not got a window box, and it is too late to plant one. Yours sincerely,
Susie Leys.

I was very glad to get your letter, Susie, and hope I'll have as good a time as you wish me.

HELPERS' FUND.

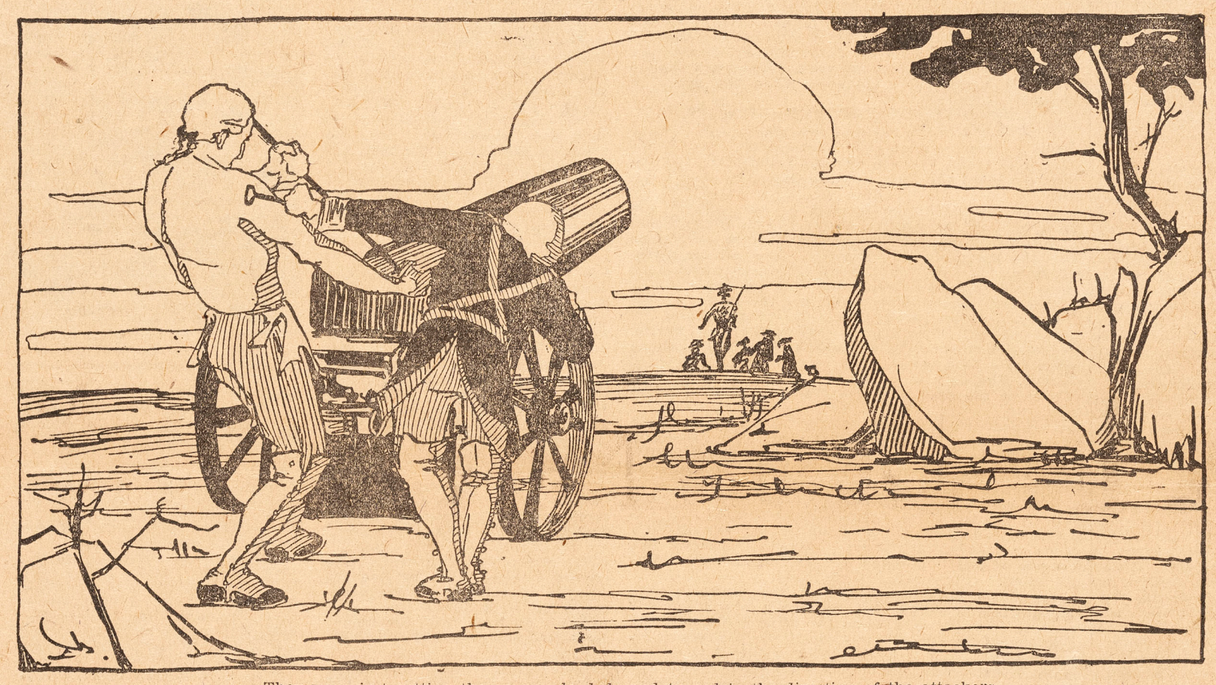
I thought there would be nothing to report for the Fund this week, but two letters came at the last minute, both with contribuions, so we added 35 cents after all. Isn't that splendid?

Lovingly,
AUNT ROSE.

Toronto Sunday World.

GRUNTY GROWL---THE VERY CANADIAN BEAR.

BY PIONEER.



They were just getting the cannon loaded and turned in the direction of the attackers.

CHAPTER V.
THE BATTLE OF STONEY CREEK.

IT would be easy to wonder why Grunty, who was so discouraged at that time, was ready to take his part in the battle of Stoney Creek. His friends, the Canadian soldiers, were outnumbered five to one, having lost heavily before retreating from Fort George. They did not seem to have much chance to win. Then why did he join them?

Well, Grunty was a bear, and a grizzly at that. Bears like to defend their mates and their young cubs. Grunty did not have any mate or cubs. He loved Canada instead and wanted to defend Canada. But bears do not defend by retreating. They attack. Even when outnumbered, they attack. So when he found Vincent retreating from Fort George to Beaver Dams, and then retreating still farther toward Burlington, he could not understand why it was being done.

But when Colonel Harvey and his 700 men marched out in the night to attack Dearborn and his 7,000 men, Grunty felt better. He always felt it was his business to go ahead of the army and to find out what the enemy were doing.

Grunty found them sleeping beside their camp fires. The logs had burned low and only the coals showed as he slipped past the sentries and peered from behind trees at the soldiers in their blankets.

It was very daring of him to get between the American sentries and the main body of troops, but his plan was to wait there until the sentries gave the alarm that the Canadians were coming. Then he would roar and make as much excitement as he could. He did not have to wait long.

Suddenly he heard the sentries shout as they saw dark forms leap at them in the night. It was two hours after midnight and all was dark. The men of the American outposts were too late to save the sentries from death or capture. Rolling out of their blankets they heard musket shots and shouts and the roar of an excited bear that ran up and down the line of outpost fires.

As Harvey's men came up, Grunty dashed recklessly ahead toward the main body of Americans who slept nearly a quarter of a mile behind the watch fires of the outposts. In the pitch darkness the infantry were trying to form up in line of battle. Grunty ran along the line, growling terribly, but not knowing just what to do. He could not attack so many men even in the dark.

The Canadians caught up to him and fired into the Americans whom they could see as darker shadows in the clearings. But the Canadians could not see that the enemy were trying to bring a cannon into action. These Americans were well drilled soldiers, or they would have run away at the sound of so much confused shouting mingled with the dreaded war whoops of Mohawks and Tuscaroras. They were just getting the cannon loaded and turned in the direction of the attackers when Grunty came along.

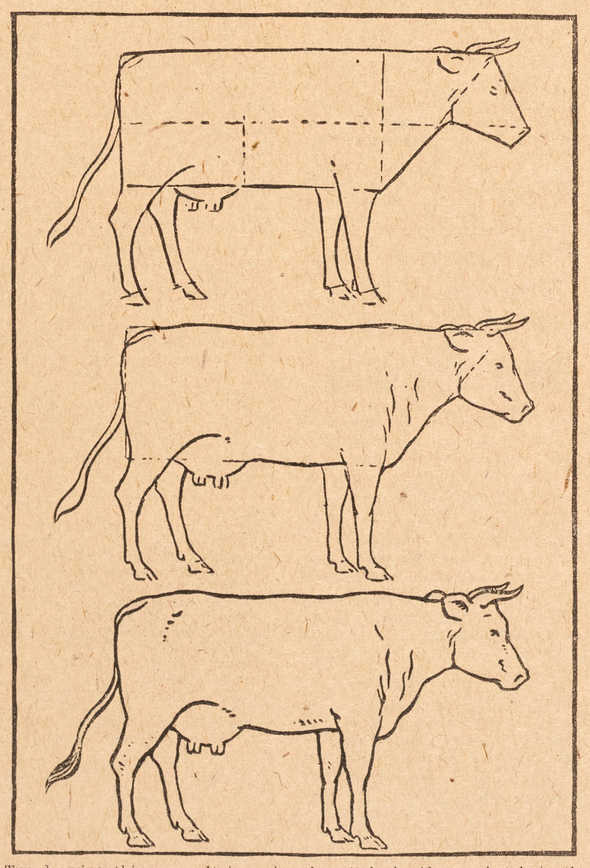
Grunty hated cannon and, although this one might not have done great harm, he rose up on his hind quarters and knocked one of the gun crew against his mate and then put his shoulder under the great gun. He heaved upwards with all his might and toppled the gun off its carriage. The effort made his shoulder hurt badly, where it had been injured at Queenston, but he felt much better in his mind.

For two hours the fighting went on and the Canadians took prisoners and captured several guns. They found Grunty's gun, but could not carry it away because it was off its carriage. That was hard luck and Grunty should have known better, but he was a bear and could not be expected to know everything.

The Canadians lost as many as the Americans in that battle, but they felt it to be a victory. Grunty felt that way, too, even if his shoulder did need careful nursing for two weeks.

(To Be Continued).

EASY LESSONS IN DRAWING



Try drawing this cow. It is easier than it looks if you sketch in the big simple shapes first. Be sure not to go ahead until these are right. Then draw the construction lines and always leave the detail until last. What may seem the most difficult will be found easiest if your drawing has been developed correctly from the beginning. It is good practice to finish your drawing with either pen or brush and then color it with crayon or water color.

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.

RUTH MEETS CROCKEYJOY, JR.



By BETTY BROWNE.

RUTH sat in the shade and watched the busy little ants scurrying back and forth. She leaned down close so that she could see things better. The grass was soft; the air was sweet; a locust sang in the tree; Ruth closed her eyes for a moment.

"Ho, Ruth!" the faintest, cheeriest little voice was calling to her. "Over here, over here." And sure enough, there he was, the Crockeyjoy himself.

Ruth took hold of his outstretched hand and in almost no time at all she had grown so small that she could go right into the rooms of the ant house without even stooping her head. As she and the kindly old Crockeyjoy walked along, he explained that he had to hurry away to-day and see another little girl who was sick and so he had brought along his grandson who was just about Ruth's age and the two of them could play in the ant house together. The idea pleased Ruth.

When she met the Crockeyjoy boy she was even more pleased because he was so nice and sincere and likeable. He did not quarrel with her once in the whole time they played together. And he knew the most interesting sorts of games. He could do as many tricks as a circus acrobat and make the most comical faces you could imagine. Finally he put on a pair of roller skates and with Ruth he climbed onto the roof of one of the ant houses. He could skate up and down the side of the roof as easily as most boys could skate on the level sidewalk. His antics amused Ruth immensely.

Then all at once a bell began to ring. "That's my school bell," called the Crockeyjoy boy. "I'll have to go."

He climbed to the topmost peak of the roof. Then he turned around and down he came, faster and faster. Ruth was seated at the edge of the roof and he swept past her like a gust of breeze. When she looked down to see where he had gone—he had disappeared.

Ruth rubbed her eyes with her knuckles. There was the ant heap almost exactly as before, but she was all alone.

OLD SALT TALES

By CAPTAIN IRA PERKINS.

"MOST of you boys saw the elephants up in the circus yesterday." The captain meditated a moment. "But, boys, there is as much difference between these Indian elephants which the circus owns, and and a real, live, stampeding, battling African elephant as there is between your grandma's pussy cat and a live spittin', wild woods bobcat.

"There isn't an African elephant in captivity to-day. That shows you what sort of fighters they are.

"Of course, now and then, one of them has been trapped. Several times men have brought them out from the jungles alive. There was one like that—

"We had been up the Congo River on the African west coast. Our ship was an old three-masted schoonor She had belonged to a man who liked fancy trimmings, and her decks and cabin were cluttered up with carved woodwork, which may have added to her good looks, but did not add any to her ease of handling or safety in a heavy sea.

"We were tramping it. Our captain and owner was one of those who think that it's better to take long risks and win big, rather than go in for a safe thing which only stands to show a small profit.

"Ivory was our present aim, but there was little of it to be shipped that year. The trip did not look promising. Therefore, it was no more than natural that the captain should jump at the chance of some big money to be made by taking a boatload of animals across to the States. The offer looked good to him. The animals were finally got aboard, and we were on our way.

"You would have laughed and cried both if you could have seen that cargo. There was a funny little zebra, who brayed about 22 hours out of the 24, and who tried diligently to kick the door of his stable off its hinges. Then there was a sick baby giraffe, which tottered to and fro on its ridiculous, high legs and looked at you with great brown eyes till you wanted to grab him round the neck and tell him to perk up and everything would be all right. There were these, and a lot of others—including a real African jungle elephant.

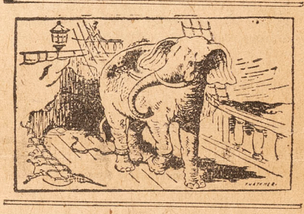
"That elephant was a caution. He wouldn't eat. He wouldn't sleep. Even though he was loaded down with weights and trussed up with heavy iron chains, not a man of the native crew would go near him. His eyes were red. And his trunk and tail—which were about the only parts of him not tied fast—were always swishing angrily back and forth.

"For three days we sailed down the river. On the evening of the fourth day we sighted salt water and prepared to head into the open sea. When twilight fell we were perhaps four miles from land. A moderately heavy swell was running, and the captain himself was on the bridge, taking a last look about, before going below to his dinner.

"How that African elephant broke loose I can't tell. Men who saw him through the twilight told conflicting tales. One of the Lascar deckhands said he 'grew twice his natural size and that his red eyes shot green flames one to five feet from his head.'

"But we all knew that he was free by the hubbub and shouting, above which his wild trumpeting rose thunderous and triumphant.

"Wood, canvas, chains, ropes, all were rent and pushed aside. Out onto the main deck charged the giant brute. His distended ears stood out stiff from his head like huge seashells. His eyes glowered. He was stark mad. Against the wooden rail he plunged. It gave way. He plunged overboard in a monstrous splashing dive. Up he came. Then he set out swimming. Straight toward the distant shore he went. A long time afterward we saw him in the moonlight through our glasses climb up the sandy beach and stride back again into his jungle home."



STORIES BY HELPERS

MY FAVORITE SUMMER SPORT.

By Betty Marshall, Age 12.

Baseball is my favorite sport. I belong to a girls' team, and we certainly have a hilarious time of it. Our director is a station agent.

The Women's Institute kindly gave us a bat, ball, gloves, etc., and the agent very kindly offered to train us. His work is done at 4 p.m., and we play till after six, three nights in a week.

We dress in serge bloomers, middies and jazz caps, and wear soft-soled shoes. I don't want any better fun than to beat it around the bases when one of the girls makes a good strike. I sure can make the home-runs, and then don't we holler? You could almost hear us in Toronto (by radio).

It seems to me that the sun always shines and glitters in my eyes when I'm on first base, but once I sneak down to second I can see first-class. Of course, when it is 96 and 98 degrees temperature we don't play till it gets cooler, or who knows?—we might possibly turn into a grease spot.

I like the game for the exercise which I get while playing. Almost every muscle is brought into play, and any one who never played, after the first trial, could tell by the aching muscles next day just how exercising it really is.

PUZZLE FIND THE TEACHER



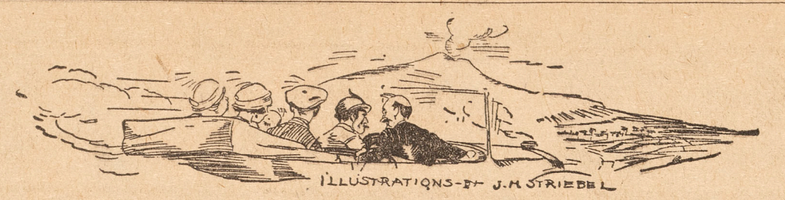
First 4 Prizes each a Wrist Watch
50 Prizes of each a Fountain Pen
1,000 Other Prizes

If you can solve this Puzzle and will sell 24 Frozen Perfumes at 10c each you can win one of the above prizes. Will you do this?, it is very easy. If so just mark the Teacher with an X and send it to us at once and if it is correct we will send you the Perfume to sell right away.

SELFAST SPECIALTY CO.,
DEPT. A WATERFORD, ONT.

THE POTTERS

By J. P. McEVOY



PROLOGUE.

After the Potters "did" Rome in approved tourist fashion they boarded the Italian idea of a fast train, settled down into the dusty cushions of a first class compartment, and prepared themselves for a six-hour bath of dust, cinders and garlic . . . interminable grape vineyards, trained into long arbors; groves of olives shivering in the intense white sunlight; a million little towns, seemingly populated entirely by vendors, who storm the hesitant trains with "Gelati" (ice cream) and who fumble the ten or twenty lira note you hand them until the train pulls out and relieves them of the trouble of making change . . . olives, grape vineyards, gelati, stations, vendors, olives. . . off to the left a cluster of hills . . . over the highest mantle of gray smoke . . . loud cries from the Potters: "Oh, there's Vesuvius . . . so it is . . . and here, in the arm of the bay, is Naples."

SCENE I.

After the Potters "did" several of the churches, the museum, the fort on the hill, and the aquarium they were ready for the trip up to the crater of Mount Vesuvius and then to Pompeii . . . the funicular station at the foot of Mount Vesuvius is about thirty-five spine-shattering minutes from Naples by auto, through a series of wretched and squalid streets congested with natives evidently intent on immediate suicide . . . the funicular wanders around the base of the mountain for a little while, as if it were trying to make up its mind, and then starts straight up the side . . .

MA *(to guide, as they change cars):*
Where are we going now?

GUIDE:
Right up to the crater . . . you can see the boiling lava and the flames.

MA *(nervously):*
Is it safe? . . . ooh, mygod, maybe it will blow up when we are there.

(Pa meanwhile is donning one of those trick capes rented to all tourists to keep the ashes off them . . . if the tourists only knew how safe they are, they could save a lira.)



GUIDE: "They had one way streets."

GUIDE *(to Ma, by way of encouragement):*
They had another funicular like this a few years ago, but it was blown away by an eruption. Very sudden eruption, too. See, there's some of the lava.

(The funicular mounts higher, disclosing a panorama of the Bay of Naples, with a host of little towns clinging to the base of Mount Vesuvius daring the old lady to do her worst.)

PA: Why don't the people move away from this darn place if it is so dangerous?

GUIDE *(matter of fact):*
Well, you see, it's like this . . . if a fellow owns a farm down there, and an eruption comes along and covers it with lava, he comes back when the eruption is over and makes good money selling the lava for fertilizer . . . it's really quite a nice crop, and it doesn't cost him anything.

(Souvenir hound climbs aboard and tries to sell tourists small glass tubes full of ashes. Sufficient tourists encourage him to continue this life of petit larceny . . . car continues straight up slope of Vesuvius, which looks for all the world like a tremendous ash heap and cinder pile . . . car stops and tourists are turned over to another group of guides who have the crater concession . . . the Potters start off on the last lap with alleged English speaking guide, who remains silent in four languages.)

PA *(eagerly):*
Can you see Pompeii from here?

GUIDE *(sullenly):*
es. *(Trots on ahead talking to himself.)*

PA *(helplessly):*
Well, all right, where is it?

GUIDE *(pointing vaguely into the valley):*
There.

BILL *(sarcastically):*
You are not trying to keep it a secret, are you?

GUIDE *(suddenly coming to life, begins to pull collection of souvenirs from his pocket):*
Looka da lava. Insida iss pictur Mussolini. Granda man, Mussolini.

PA *(aggravated):*
I didn't come up here to see Mussolini . . . tell me something about Mount Vesuvius . . . you're a guide, aren't you?

GUIDE *(indignantly):*
Chiefa da guides. *(Relapses into sullen silence.)*

(Potters round corner and come abruptly to the edge of crater . . . pool of lava gleams dull red below . . . puffs of steam shoot up with explosive snorts . . . a low, menacing rumble and growl comes from sinster central cone . . . the Potters gather around guide listening intently for winged words of wisdom.)

GUIDE *(enthusiastically):*
Here's a granda souvenir . . . lava justa lika dat . . . lookit da fina medal da King Victor Emanuel.

PA: Is it always puffing and blowing like that?

GUIDE *(intently):*
Tena lire. *(Notes with keen eye lack of enthusiasm.)*. Eighta lire.

BILL *(enthusiastically):*
Gee, I'd like to get down there closer.



Pa: "Suppose you stop selling us something for a while and do a little guiding."

MA *(hysterically):*
Don't you dare!

BILL *(scoffingly):*
I betcha nobody has been over there, near that cone.

GUIDE *(coming to life):*
Giva ma a hundred lire, I taka you down to da lava . . . it iss so hot you have to take ofa da coat.

BILL *(wistfully):*
Gosh, I'd like to go down there. That'd be something to write home about.

GUIDE *(temptingly):*
Taka you down fora fifty lire.

PA *(indignantly):*
Suppose you stop selling us something for a while and do a little guiding. *(Guide relapses into silence . . . fishes around in pocket and pulls out another souvenir . . . this time a piece of lava with a medal of Garibaldi in it . . . Potters retrace their steps from crater to funicular station, picking up a couple of dollars' worth of souvenir ashes in their shoes en route.)*

GUIDE *(waiting expectantly at exit):*
This is all.

PA *(sensing what is to come):*
All right, that's all.

GUIDE *(confidentially):*
Da American always giva da tip.

PA: Well, here's where you break your string.

GUIDE *(incredulously):*
No tip?

PA *(bravely):*
No tip. *(Is overcome with a sudden glow of pride for his own courage . . . goes away with a last agonized wail ringing in his ears: "But I ama chiefa da guides!")*

SCENE II.

After lunch the Potters are taken to Pompeii . . . about thirty miles from Naples, over the world's worst road . . . evidently it has not been repaired since the eruption . . . a new guide takes the Potters in tow and conducts them through a garden to the gate of the city, through which there were, and are to-day, two entrances—one for pedestrians and one for the chariots . . .

PA *(contemplating narrow street lined with one story roofless stone houses):*
So this is Pompeii? Well, well.

GUIDE:
The city of Pompeii was a flourishing Roman town in the first century after Christ, and was covered with ashes, not by Mount Vesuvius, but by an eruption of that other mountain to the right . . . these ruts you see in the pavement were made by chariot wheels.

PA *(practically):*
How could the chariots pass each other on a street this narrow?

GUIDE:
They didn't—they had one way streets.

(So Chicago is only two thousand years behind the times.)

GUIDE:
This was the school for gladiators, and in this prison the skeletons of two fettered men were found. Sixty-four skeletons were found in this building.

MA *(morbid soul):*
I suppose they couldn't get away.

(That would seem to have been the case.)

PA: They tell me there's some pictures here that—that—

GUIDE *(significantly, in a whisper):*
Sh-h-h—we will see them later . . . they are not for the ladies.

(Most tourists never realize how interested they are in art until they begin to hear about the Pompeii frescoes . . . never mind, Ma; you didn't miss much.)

MAMIE *(disappointed):*
I thought we were going to see houses all furnished up and people sitting around in them petrified or something.

BILL:
Where's that dog that was running away and was all preserved with ashes?

MA *(thrilled):*
To think that real people lived here! *(Excitedly.)* Were they all killed?

GUIDE:
I don't know.

(Ma is terribly disappointed . . . it would be much more thrilling if they had all been killed and were standing around in suitable attitudes.)

GUIDE *(leading Potters through wooden barrier):*
This is the new excavation . . . everything is in much better preservation here.

(Potters are taken through groups of marvelously restored houses with painted rooms and little gardens in which the fountains still play as they did two thousand years ago . . . except for the destruction of the buildings and furnishings, it would seems as though the inhabitants of Pompeii had merely gone away for the week-end . . . street after street flanked with row upon row of stone houses, many of them beautifully designed and executed, and all out in the bright sunlight, between Vesuvius and the sea . . .)

PA *(uneasily):*
This place gives me the creeps . . . I feel like one of those Pompeians is liable to step out anywhere and ask me what the devil I am doing in his house.

MA *(turning for a last look):*
Well, I never thought I'd see Pompeii. It just goes to show you can't tell in this world.

(Pompeii never expected to see Ma, either; so that makes it even.)

BILL:
They must have been surprised. Just imagine coming home from the ball game and finding the house all covered up with ashes. That's a hot finish.

MAMIE *(scornfully):*
That's just the kind of an idiotic remark one would expect from you.

BILL:
A lot you know about Pompeii. You thought it was the place they made face cream.

PA *(glancing at his watch—a real tourist):*
We've only got an hour and a half to catch our train to Venice. C'mon, let's go.

(They go, and leave Pompeii flat on its back for two thousand more years.)

(And that's that—until next Sunday.)



"This place gives me the creeps."

A PARSON IN BOHEMIA

London's Night Life Viewed From New Angle



The lure of the unconventional is the keynote of Bohemia. It is especially true with regard to dancers and their haunts. In this installment of his vivid series the Rev. A. J. Waldron deals with the Dancing Clubs and those that haunt them. As he points out, there are no rigid barriers in Bohemia and there are opportunities within the scope of every purse. Revelations are made concerning the supposed "very select" dancing clubs as compared with the humbler resorts.

By REV. A. J. WALDRON.

BOHEMIA is ever echoing with the sound of tripping feet and the lilt of dancing music or the more exciting syncopated sounds produced by "ragging" really decent music.

Indeed, Bohemia is the dancers' Paradise. But sometimes into Paradise comes the Serpent. I want to show in this article how many dangers there are in Bohemian dance resorts, just as I shall be the first to admit that good dancing and good company may be encountered.

One of the most exclusive—and I will deal with some of these first is the Embassy situated in a street running out of Piccadilly. It is not very large, but very smart, although sometimes perhaps the dancing is not so good as might be expected. The conversation is generally limited to the most ordinary topics. The fact is the people who go to this club are the smart set "Bohemians," without the vim and elasticity of the people who resort to the lower-class clubs. The Embassy has among its members some of the most exclusive people in the land, and naturally they do not "let themselves go" even when they are in Bohemia.

They unbend most when the dance is in full swing; for human nature can hardly help responding to the voluptuous swell of dance music or the maddening jazz. There is naturally a high code of good form at such a high-class resort as the Embassy. The supreme sinner is the man or woman who talks "shop" and becomes a bore. Bores are not tolerated in Bohemia, whether the circle be homely or exclusive.

A club such as this is too public to be private, and too private to be public. But it achieves this object—it provides its habitues with a place of refuge wherein for a little while they can cast off dull care and seek delusive pleasure. In their own homes many of them cannot relax; here they can. That is why men and women with names well known—great hostesses, Cabinet ministers, artists, business princes, and others equally important, steal away to the Embassy and similar clubs to snatch a little freedom from the cast-iron regime of their circumstances.

Other exclusive clubs could be named but this one is sufficiently typical. Always there is a constant flow of people with money, and those who understand the art of living. Of course mixed up with these there will always be a small residue of male and female adventurers, despite the exacting care of the management, for elite Society always has its hangers-on and parasites, so well made-up and smartly turned out that for a time it is difficult to tell the false from the real. But usually the "cloven-hoof" peeps out; a desire to borrow money when they are exposed and are quietly barred from the club they have insinuated themselves into.

Wicked Clubs.

The most damaging and degrading clubs are mostly run by aliens. I have found by experience, that these foreigners are generally Germans who have graduated in the school of Nocturnal Pleasures fostered in the "Night Quarter" of Berlin—where "pleasure" is farmed out with incredible cleverness. It is a grave question for the police as to how these creatures enter the west end so easily and start these mushroom clubs that are "here one night and gone the next."

In such clubs as those it is impossible to associate freely with the people who go there without escaping the sinister and evil influences—a fact that I should like to impress upon young girls and others who are avid for a "good-time" and believe that the night-club life is something wonderful and romantic. I can hardly conceive anything more corrupting and sordid than the "atmosphere" of many of the dance clubs and night haunts that cluster around the outer fringe of Piccadilly—"traps" designed for the feet of the unwary and always on the look-out for fresh methods of coining cash out of the foolish.

In these low-class clubs every law of morality is flouted. If you know the "ropes" you can get supplies of dope, or "snow" as it is called, for it is mostly cocaine. Consequently these underground nocturnal resorts make an admiral rendezvous for the touts, "runners" and agents who carry on the vile traffic in drugs. Drink is sold at all hours—at an enhanced price and generally cheap or poisonous stuff which yields a magnificent profit.

Two classes of people haunt these clubs. There are the harpies, male and female, always on the look-out for "mugs" and "flats"; and these latter are the men and women feverishly seeking a "good time," with money to burn, recking little of the "morning after the night before" that must surely follow dissipation. "Out to see life" is the catchword of the simple souls who flock into these labyrinthine ways of the Bohemian Underworld. The sequel is often found in impaired health, impoverished pocket and an added stock of experience. As Benjamin Franklin said: "Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

How are these "Flats" raked in?

For the average person arriving from the Provinces hasn't the faintest idea where these clubs are situated and for various reasons they are hidden away in back streets and in some instances the very entrance is disguised.

The fact is there are well-dressed advance agents "for Nocturnal Pleasure who comb the saloon bars for young men who are longing to "make a night of it." At the same time pretty girls seek "lonely women" and irresponsible girls in fashionable hotels and in good-class boarding-houses. A case in point was that of a decent young lady who was staying in a Kensington private hotel. She was young and high-spirited and wanted to "see life." A fascinating lady, who had tea in the hotel lounge, offered to put "her wise" to some "exclusive night club." She was taken to a vile haunt in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court Road, given a drugged cigarette, robbed, and was arrested by the police in the streets for drunkenness. Too ashamed to go home she drifted into the army of the lost, until rescued by chance by a friend of the family. A typical case—not a bit exceptional.

An inspector of police, in plain clothes, who was my guide to several of these places, introduced me to three men who were, or rather had been, gentlemen of good family and education. One a graduate of Oxford—fallen so low that he, and the other two, were actually in the pay of a parasitic alien, and acting as a tout to bring others into the net.

Another man, an Englishman, ran one of these places. He had fallen low through the influence of a wicked woman. He was an old public school boy, did well in the war as an officer, good-looking, and exceedingly well spoken. His place has already been raided once by the police, and he has done several months in prison. I knew him in the Army, and have met him in Bohemia—a hopeless case, unless he breaks with the woman who has enslaved him.

A Club That Failed.

One of the most brilliant clubs in Bohemia—before it failed—was the famous Deste club, established by a lady who was extremely fascinating. It was situated in Bond Street. It was one of the best of the Bohemian dancing clubs, and its members were mainly recruited from literary and dancing circles.

If you did not care for dancing, you could get a delightful hour or two with the hostess in conversation or music. Madame Deste was a wonderful conversationalist with a wide knowledge of psychic cults. I have been to the club when the feast of realistic and mystic talk far outrivalled the dancing as an attraction.

The chief reason the club failed was because the type of persons attached were too temperate in their habits as pertaining to the body, although they were great gamblers in the field of speculative thought. There was more coffee drunk than champaigne.

There are, of course, many dance clubs that come under the heading of "ordinary" In these clubs it is very easy to get an introduction, for if you do not know a member, the porter, "for a consideration" will manage it. You must be well dressed, fairly sober, certainly not rictously drunk, as the management knows that intoxicated men provoke scenes that attract the attention of the police. With a lady who is alone, it is more difficult; they are not welcomed unless introduced through more formal channels. It is not a matter of morality—far from that—but a question of poaching on other preserves.

In such clubs there is no flaunting vice or vulgarly exposed wickedness, but you would not care for your son or daughter to be there. The "atmosphere" is loose; marriage is greeted with a shrill laugh; the divorced men and women lift the head with confidence in this corner or so-called Bohemia. If we look around one of these typical clubs we see young girls, well-dressed, feverishly dancing. Their business?—that is rather difficult to say. Many of them belong to the stage, or are chorus girls out of work. Others classify themselves vaguely as "artists" and some are models.



These girls dislike the rigid rule of conventionality. They have "kicked over the traces" and find the freedom of Bohemia irrestible. They cannot save money, and if they have not a private income they invariably drift downwards along "the easy way." They are not keen on an ill-regulated life, but the lure of the dance and the night-life chains them.

Behind the ordinary members of these underworld clubs will be found the sinister figure of the man who exploits evil with deliberate mercenary intent. He waits to garner his harvest from the scorched wings, and always he has in tow some "little peach" with whom he can bait his human traps.

Into these clubs of late years, since the vogue of dancing has increased and the ladies' dress has decreased, has appeared the international crook with his suave manners and satanic whisperings, arousing curiosity among the yet innocent and paving the way to ruin with romantic words.

Bohemia is full of dancing and laughter. Alta: that some of the steps lead downwards through degradation to death, while too often the laughter is shrill and false, the laughter of hysteria, the laughter of the soul already in torment.

THE MOTHER OF GOLD

Continued from Page Twelve.

What is it to me that you love him or would marry him? Bah! Love—what is that?"

"But for love, and for the children of those who have loved, there would be no guardians of any secret. If you died, and if Juan Palmero dies, what then becomes of the secret of the Madre D'Oro? Tell me, Pedro! And Pedro is very old, is that not true?"

"Yes, yes. But my day has not yet come. Who are you, a woman, to ask a secret that never should be hinted to any woman?"

"I am no one, Pedro. I am only a woman who loves a man. It has happened that that man has told me a little, not much, not all, of the great secret. Tell me, Pedro, is the great Mother of Gold to lie forever hidden? For what good, then? You say no woman must know. Who, then, should know?"

"Pedro, listen to me! I have looked into the round glass ball. It is the world. I have seen its spirit. I have asked of this spirit, to what end does that Madre D'Oro exist? Why may not the story one day be told, Pedro? If it were for the good of the people, if the time were indeed come, why should not that secret at last be known? For what purpose did the old priests hold it safe?"

"It was for the Sacred Saints!" replied the old man.

"WHAT saints, Pedro? That was before the day of saints. Was there not to be the day of the Fair God? Was he not to come from the north, not from the east? Pedro, if he has come at last, why then should you or I complain?"

The old man's eyes blazed red in sombre fury. "You I ought to kill!" said he, "so that you may never tell!"

"Very well, Pedro, do so. I am not afraid! But if you do, others would guess, and they might guess too close. Would it not be better that only three in all the world should know that secret—three who would be wise?"

"No woman is wise? You are but a woman!"

"That is true. And yet, but for a woman, this secret must have died long ago. Always life has been. Every secret which has come down from the past we owe to women, is it not true?"

"It is true," said the old man. "But still a woman is no more than woman."

"You would not tell me, Pedro, the place where the great valley lies? You cannot trust me to tell one other man, to establish once more the Sacred Three? Who knows the secret here? Not Anita, not Magdalena, not one of your sons. You came here to live and die—but you alone knew of the Madre D'Oro."

"He who wins the Madre D'Oro must say good-by to love."

"You will not tell me then, Pedro?"

'I die! I do not tell! You do not know!"

"Does Juan Palmero know?"

"It is for you to learn, I am old."

"But I do know that somewhere there is the great Madre D'Oro, the sacred mother of all the gold. Is not that true, Pedro? For the man I love, will you not tell me?"

Sheer scorn wreathed the old and wrinkled lips.

"What could you give me that I should tell you that? What gain is there in all the world for me?"

"None, nothing in all the world, Pedro! Only, when you die, you could feel that you had done your duty, that you had lived to be old in order that you could be sure to find the right man to share the secret. Surely you know that the Madre D'Oro cannot be hidden forever! At the end of the great cycle, at the time of the need of the world, Pedro—then all the war priests of all the tribes of all the centuries—then they would give their consent! Would not you?"

He did not answer her.

"Then you do not tell me, you never will? Why? Is there to be no one else to hand down this secret which has been kept so splendidly all these many years?"

But he made no answer to her this time. The staff upon which he leaned supported him no longer. He dropped to the ground, straightened again and leaned back against the rock wall near where she stood. His eyes stared straight ahead, wide open; and in them was a look of horror.

"Pedro! Pedro!" She touched his arm, shaking him by the bony shoulder covered with the faded serape which he wore. But Pedro did not move.

Again she called to him: Pedro! What is it?" But still he did not move.

She rose, stood near him, looking down. The movement of her hand on his shoulder had caused him to drop over a little sidewise. His eyes still gazed out straight ahead.

But what the eyes of Pedro the Old now saw no man, no woman, ever would know.

"Dr. Blakely, come quick!" The girl's voice rose high. "I have killed him! He is dead! My God, he is sitting here, dead, right now!"

Blakely sprang swiftly to her side.

"What's up?" he demanded. "Is he sick? You don't mean he has fainted?"

A sudden consternation seized upon him as he thrust a hand under the old serape, straightened out the crumpled figure.

But he felt no heart beat now. He drew back. "He is gone!" said Blakely. "He is dead! The oldest man in all the world—he is dead right here, right now!"

He drew a blanket over Pedro's face not so much over the passing of a human life as that this human life no longer could remain an object of scientific inquiry.

And now came the two old women, daughters of Pedro the Old, blood of his blood, race of his race. Their wailing broke forth on the air. It was the old wail, the old protest against the great secret which remained unknown.

(To be Continued).



Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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.

For the Sake of Peace.

War vessels on missions of peace can spread a feeling of goodwill over the globe. The public is quick to enthuse over Mars in mufti.

Not least of the memorable features at this year's National Exhibition was the visit of the Cuban gunboat. It came, it saw and it conquered.

Judging by the enthusiasm aroused, the Cuban gunboat should be brought back again next year. In fact, some people seriously propose sending an invitation to the whole Cuban navy.

Modern Relief Work.

Rapid methods of communication in modern times stimulates speedy rescue work in all parts of the globe at times of great disaster. Within a day or so after the calamity in Japan, the Salvation Army lassies were collecting relief funds on the streets of hundreds of cities.

In olden times the world was much less well-equipped to succor the afflicted. To-day, when news is hurried far and wide in the twinkling of an eye, the obligation of the people is greater when the trouble comes than it was in times when even bad news traveled slowly.

The Names and the Game.

Lovers of a new Chinese table game have divided their forces. One part insists that the game is called "Pung Chow," and the other insists on calling it "Mah Jong," and the partisans of each cognomen declare their willingness to fight, if necessary to prove the merit of their cause.

The incident may serve to show how degenerating is the influence of the gambling spirit as conjured up by the game "Pung Chow" or "Mah Jong." The opinion will be very general that these exciting Eastern pastimes should be suppressed. Why drag them in to disturb the peaceful domestic situation created by "Old Maid," "Pass the Button," and other homely diversions in which our grandfathers delighted? Nobody ever started a fight out of these pleasureable relaxations.

The average person will be quite indifferent as to whether he should adopt the battlecry of "Mah Jong" or "Pung Chow." The players have the game, so they may as well have both names for themselves.

THE MILL RUN

VOCATION.

This be my pilgrimage and goal.
Daily to march and find
The secret phrases of the soul,
The evangels of the mind.

While easy tongues are lightly heard.
Let me with them be great
Who still upon the perfect word
As heavenly fowlers wait.
In taverns none will I be seen,
But can my daemon teach
My cloudy thought to wash all clean
In the bright sun of speech.
—John Drinkwater.

* * *

DANTE, SCOTT, SHAKESPEARE

Into the world-wide paean of praise evoked by the Dante anniversary, the Los Angeles Times chucks a raucous note of dissent. It does not like Dante, and does not read him. In the view of the Times, Dante is greatly overrated. Some courage is required for such a declaration; the sort of courage that is mustered up by an admirer of Bob Ingersoll, who happens to be drawn as a delegate to an Epworth League convention, and must give his reasons for declining.

* * *

But there is no reason why Dante should escape if Shakespeare is to be attacked, and to attack him has been rather a favorite avocation of some modern celebrities. George Bernard Shaw thinks he is a better playwright than Shakespeare, and when Shaw assails Shakespeare he is in much the same position that the nut occupies when he says the earth is flat. It isn't flat. We know it. But how many of us could mount a platform and prove it to be round if called upon to do so, and if obliged to answer questions propounded by the flat-earth fanatic? How many of us who abhor or ridicule Socialism could hold our own decently in debate with the average Socialist?

* * *

We probably take too many things for granted, being content to let our betters do our thinking for us. We accept what is offered, knowing not why. The dissenter knows why he dissents. We concur in things as they are, but things as they are require something surpassing the genius of Ananias to defend.

As regards Dante, we have no views. We have our views on Shakespeare, and, at a pinch, could defend them. We know nothing of him as a dramatist. To us he is the supreme poet, and we are prepared to quote mighty line for line against all the other poets we ever read to prove that he is the archangel of poetry.

* * *

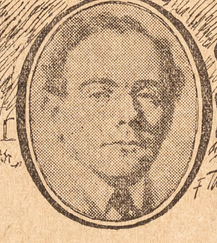
But we admit to blind spots. Sir Walter Scott invariably gets into one of them. We agree with Walt Mason that Conan Doyle is a more moving writer. Mark Twain also is in the glorious company of those who cannot worship Scott. Surely we are hopelessly wrong, as well as in an insignificant minority when we confess to preferring his poetry to his novels! Our own view is that "The Cloister and the Hearth" is a finer novel than any of Scott's, that it is, in fact, the finest historical novel in the language.

—J. V. M.

THE GIANTS



Edgar Lee Masters' New Verses Spoon River Epitaphs



Nathan Suffrin.

JAIL would have killed me,
Except for my cell-mate,
Henry Luthinger,
Who had been there often before
and knew how to soften the walls
and bars,
And how to be a friend in jail.
So when they left me out,
I knew at last that life is a prison,
And the best that a man can hope
for life
Is a cell-mate wise and good!

Eveleigh Loos.

AT this moment that you are
standing by my grave,
Stars are taking new positions;
The sun spouts great flames!
The earth has just reached the
sign of Sagittarius.
In the sea cruel eyes turn, hungry
mouths open.
In Africa a great gorilla is just
shuffling through the
jungle.
And in South America an anaconda has slipped heavily
From a tree to the ground.
A Mahometan has begun to pray
in Egypt;
And a cannibal in the South Seas
is hacking the limbs
Of a fellow-being before cooking
them.
In Europe chancellors are plotting in a secret room,
There are many partings and reunions at this moment,
And promises made and broken.
A great man has just died in
Bombay;
And Mrs. Seese has given birth
to another child,
Here in Spoon River.
I am dead, and you are standing
at my grave—
All at this moment!

D'Arcy Singer.

WHAT is the life of a man,
What is the life of the race,
O friends of Spoon River?
It is that creation out of the spirit
of man
Of statuary, pictures, temples,
the written page,
Laws and states.
Ideals of Joy and Fellowship,
Humanism, Balance, Beauty.
These are man's creations and
creators.
These are the webs of the spider
Woven out of his own body;
These are the combs of the bees
Gathered from life's flowers and
architecture.
These are the nests of the eagles
enduring a century!

The Destinn Mausoleum.

FATHER.

The life you abhorred
From birth shall be yours.
At last be your lord.
Your purpose allures
Its enemy to you.
And all your resistance
Draws what you resist
To your heart to subdue you.

MOTHER.

The thing you resolve
Not to do is your deed.
Vultures revolve
Over you, they will descend
On you too weary to heed,
The face that you hated
Is the face for you fated
To take for your friend.

MARY.

Your blood is your own,
But it also belongs
To the hunger that scents it,
And never alone
Leaves you in peace
To mix it with his.
Forgetting your wrongs
You shall dream and submit
In an opiate bliss.
You shall sit eye to eye
With the face that you purposed
to fly!

Reginald Payne.

You are immortal, Amoeba,
Looking neither back, nor forward,
Only a dim contentment in the
light of the sun!
But if every day you lived all the
days of your past.
Carrying them as a wallet that
galled your back:
The torture of Beauty lost, or
never attained.
And if every day you lived the
days to be,
Vainly trying to mould the ether
of to-morrow
Into figures of victory, or delight;
And while living to-day and to-morrow
You were also living yesterday,
Would you be immortal, Amoeba?
Would you not wear out?

Warren Swinbourn.

Some drift with the current,
And land amid tangled rushes, or
in swamps;
Or as likely, find themselves in
paradises of purple flags.
Others fight against the stream,
Yet land on the shore where the
river bends.
Only a few get around to the long
and final sweep.
In the next incarnation, O Fate,
Give me wisdom to swim with the
stream,
Or across the stream,
In and out, in and out,
To the desired haven!

Benedict Peerbolte.

You may not gather grapes of
thorns—
But are thorns of no use?
Do they not make crowns for the
saviors
Who sanctify and save the world?
You may not gather figs of
thistles—
But I saw thistledown volplaning
Over the orchard where the fallen
figs were lying.
Torpidly going to seed in their
oozy sweetness.
O light-winged thoughts that
scatter yourselves
Over the earth to wider harvest.
Shall I test the goodness of the
tree
By the kind of fruit that I want?

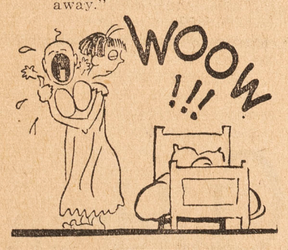
(Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

CATNIP AND DOGGEREL

CONDUCTED BY RUB.

AN ECHO OF THE NIGHT.

"Can't you give that youngster something that will make it close its yap."
The angry Dad demanded,
when the kid disturbed his nap.
"I don't know what to give it,"
murmured Mommer, in dismay.
And Dad, as he turned over, said "You might give it away."



RUBBING IT IN.

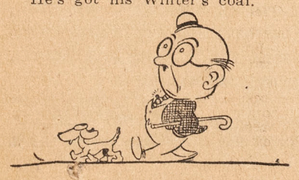
The ugly railway approach to Toronto and the wretched excuse for a Union Station never look worse at any time than when one is returning from a summer vacation.

HERE'S AN IDEA.

That cable railway across Niagara Gorge suggests a practical way for crossing the city streets without being rudely bumped by some plutocrat's automobile.

TOO COCKY.

The haughty and superior cuss
With somewhat swollen head,
Who rather patronizes us
Until we think we're dead,
Was once a rather welcome guy,
Quite modest on the whole,
But now he holds his head up high—
He's got his Winter's coal.



'TWAS EVER THUS.

No one has yet discovered why it is that when you reach the railway station in good time the train is invariably late, while if you should happen to be a minute or so behind the time-table the train has gone before you arrive.

THE RUIN PART.

Mrs. Twiddleberry avers that the the plentiful supply of fruit indicates in no uncertain manner that the various occasions upon which the crop was ruined were not as serious as was frequently feared, but the good lady insists that the prevailing prices are disgracefully such that will ruin many housewives who succumb to temptation to buy sufficient fruit for preserving.

A SUMMER ECHO.

A lady we met in Muskoka
Was really too much of a Joka,
She chortled with glee
At the flukes on the tee
Until we were tempted to Soka.



THE DIFFERENCE.

One of the youngsters opines that the homeopathic method of treatment is more costly than the allopathic because the pills are smaller although the charge is just the same.

THRIVING.

The way the plants in the garden and on the window-sills have thrived while the family has been away on vacation is ocular evidence of how much things will grow when they haven't women around to be everlastingly bothering them.

WINDOWS

MY home is in the sun-room, where the glories of the sky
And the splendor of the morning can never pass me by;
I watch the azure curtains from the far-off windows drawn,
Wide and high star-fingers lift them for the coming of the Dawn.

MY heart has windows open, and they never shuttered are;
No weighty hangings hinder, and no faded tendrils bar;
I wait a joyous coming, when my soul shall know its bliss,
Life's newly garnered sweetness in the wonder of Love's kiss.

—AILEEN WARD.

The Stuff that Gains Yards on the Gridiron--and After

FROM what sort of playing field do the most valuable men of a nation come? The boy who is donning his first football suit is likely to become a man of special type, with certain qualifications unusually well developed. Behind him stand leaders of well-defined characteristics and there is no reason to assume that the rugby players of the future will not be as the Argonauts or Rough Riders or Varsity men of yore.

It is not too much to venture that rugby football furnishes Canada with a disproportionate share of the men who make yards in the game of life. What qualities, then, go into or come from rugby players—qualities that are of value in making manhood?

The first sign of the rugby player, as of every athlete in any game that matters, may be called gameness, doggedness or grit. Some people may hold that the offensive spirit is greater than the defensive. He who can attack is valuable. He who can defend and then attack is likelier to win out. Endurance of spirit finds peculiar opportunities and is also greatly required in football. Let no one despise the old-fashioned scrimmager "who puts his head under a buck and lets it go at that." He may get none of the glory that comes from a run through the broken field, but he has the satisfaction of usefulness—a satisfaction not too much sought after in business or politics in these days.

If your boy is "only a wing player" and is never given the ball, be proud that he is learning to break up the attack.

Bill Brown of the old Torontos, Banty Russell of the Argonauts, endured more than they shone but in the trenches as on the gridiron they were good infantry. "Foot soldiers slogging over Africa" are the stuff out of which national greatness is made. Perhaps the grim smile of Bill Brown, scrimmager and soldier, is on your lad as he gets his face rubbed in the dirt. And remember also that good line play won fame for Ross Craig of the Hamilton Tigers.

THE common labor of rugby is the good defensive player. The man who is entrusted with the ball occasionally for a buck is the artisan. The outside wing is usually a skilled workman.

Such is the classification if the analogies are taken from the world of industry. The man who carries the ball has in greater degree the offensive spirit by which ground is gained. A certain alertness or perhaps a knack at the game gives him an advantage and make him useful in more ways.

The outside wing or the flying wing has the knack and energy of will, plus a speed that makes him especially valuable to his side. He has also the opportunity of attracting more attention as either a clean or a dirty player. If his skill fails his work is doubled and the temptation to play roughly is increased.

It will be well for your lad if his example is the debonair Rufus Ryan, the red-haired giant who used to drop them in their tracks without giving the extra twist that harms them. But if your lad is not in condition to stand the pace, if he is not skilful, he will be sorely tested. There is a very close connection between bad wind, bad judgment and bad temper.

Is the lad high-spirited? Conjure up to him the lank figure of one Isbister, late of Hamilton Tigers, who in a hundred games, tackling the greatest ball carriers of history, was penalized but once and then only for self-defence under extreme provocation.

Are you a leader of sorely-tried Labor or the worried manager of some shiftless workers? Try to think of the men who in your position played the game keenly, skilfully, generously. Let the politician tackle low and clean; knowing what he is talking about he will not need to indulge in personalities. The lessons of football apply in many spheres of life.

The outstanding leader, usually the half-back, needs a keen intellect. The kicker who cannot tackle may be a lamentable joke in the crisis. Still more hopeless is the backfield player who never plans ahead for emergencies or whose mental reactions while playing are slow. The carefulness of a Hugh Gall, the craft of a Ben Simpson, the superb knack of a Billy Mallett—these do not come through physique alone. The mind of a man is a mighty factor in leadership.

WHEN Casey Baldwin did the one unexpected thing in the final against Rough Riders he exhibited the elusive quality which enables one man to overcome many. That something which makes "class," which in the great moments links a player with Nelson or Marlborough—that is what you hope your boy may have. Out of suffering, training, daring and study there at times emerges that spark of genius which marks out the man of destiny.

Almost equally to be coveted is the homelier quality of ability to repeat, "to stay up there in front" for a long period of years, as did Guy Curtis of Queen's. That is one thing this country needs, more men who stay in condition till old who show their love for work by working.

When your boy gets into the game he will, of course, learn the final lesson that the team comes first, that in industry, religion and politics the individual can best realize himself through the group. The nations need this spirit to-day, just as Canada needs more boys and men who can play the great game well. Rugby players do not always scintillate in after life, but they do get under the world's load and lift—all together.

SIMPLE

She stood before her mirror
With her eyes closed very tight,
And tried to see how she looked
When fast asleep at night.

MIND THE PAINT

He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up a week,
They say, with painter's colic.

SYMPTOMS OF DEBILITY

How to Tell Whether Your Blood Needs Revitalizing.

The symptoms of general debility vary according to the cause, but weakness is always present, a tendency to perspire and fatigue easily, ringing in the ears, sometimes black spots passing before the eyes, weak back, vertigo, wakefulness caused by inability to stop thinking and unrefreshing sleep. The cause of the trouble may be some drain on the system, or it may be mental or physical overwork, sometimes insufficient nutrition due to digestive disturbance.

If you have any or all of these symptoms try building up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the new blood courses through your veins there should be an increase in your appetite, a better digestion and soon a renewal of strength and vigor.

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

Wisdom of the Editors

GROWING PAINS.

Guelph Daily Herald: If the Act governing the destruction of obnoxious weeds was enforced in this city it is surmised that a number of vacant lot owners would receive a jolt which would do them good.

WAR.

Manitoba Free Press: When a great utility like coal, a necessity to life over wide areas of the North American Continent, becomes the football of the factions who control it, their control is sure, sooner or later, to be contested.

"CARRIED."

Hamilton Spectator: With one fell swoop, Controller Tope removes all ground for argument when he says: "It is not fair for people to write to the newspapers when they don't know what they are talking about."

BEATING THE MOSQUITO.

Moncton Times: The City Council of Fredericton has suppressed the mosquito pest by spreading kerosene oil on the ponds and pools about the city.

NOT FROM MOSCOW.

Winnipeg Free Press: It would be preferable perhaps, that Canadian labor organizations should take their instructions from Canadian headquarters, but if they have to take orders from outside, Indianapolis is much to be preferred to Moscow as the point from which the orders should come.

Poor tea that can be sold at a low price is extravagant in use. A good tea like "SALADA" makes more cups to the pound, and is therefore really economical.—(Advt.)