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Bay of Quinte Holds Open House in Honor of Loyalists

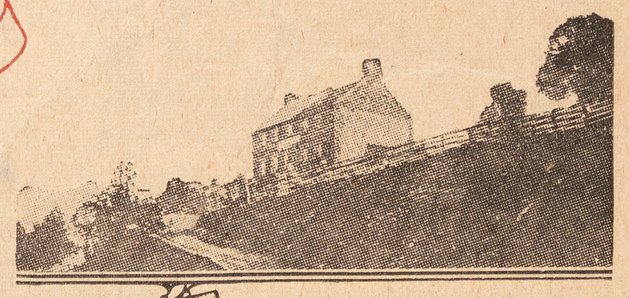


Childhood home of Sir John A. Macdonald at Adolphustown, Ont.



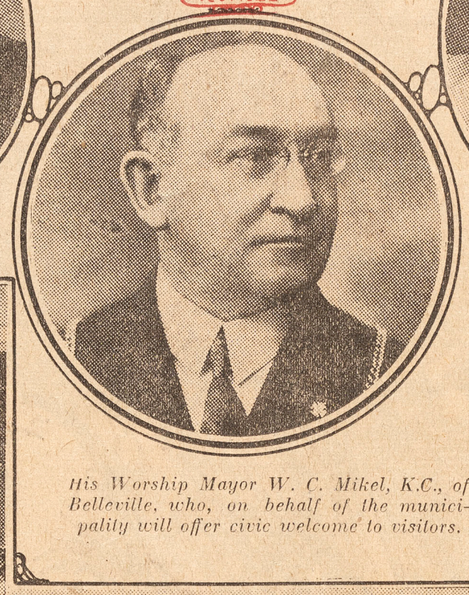
Rev. Dr. John Stuart, who is known as the father of the Anglican Church in Ontario.



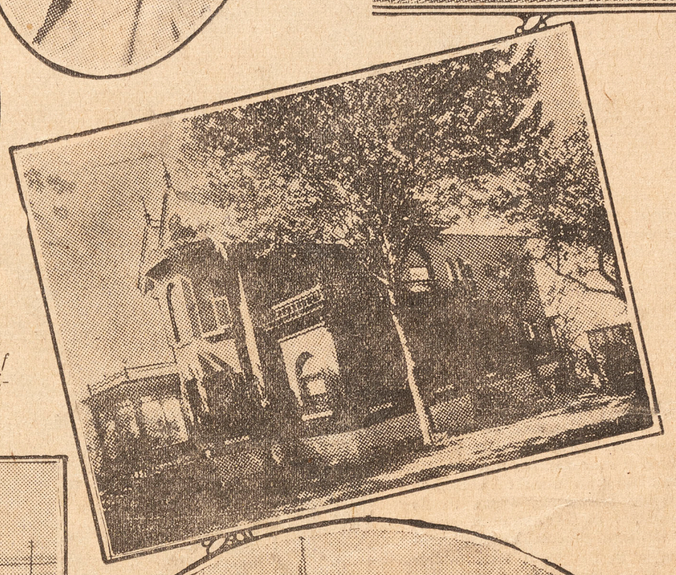


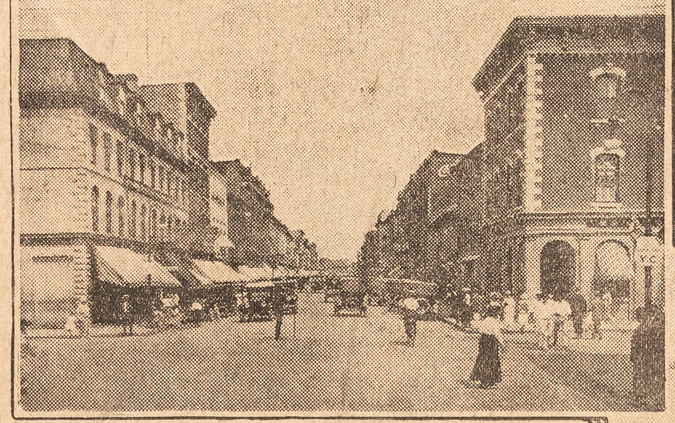
First brick house in Upper Canada, built by Capt. John Myers, who started first industries in what is now City of Belleville.

Circle at left—Miss Gwendolyn Lazier, selected by Belleville as courier to Washington.

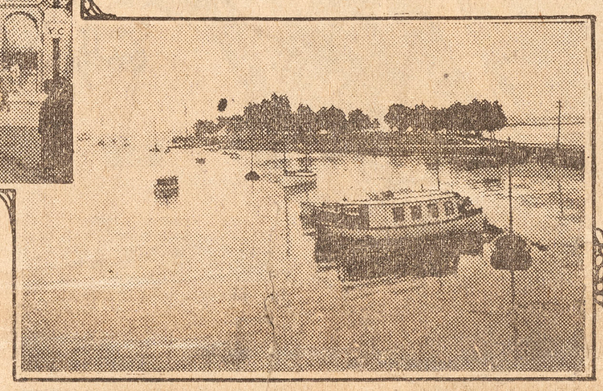


His Worship Mayor W. C. Mikel, K.C., of Belleville, who, on behalf of the municipality will offer civic welcome to visitors.

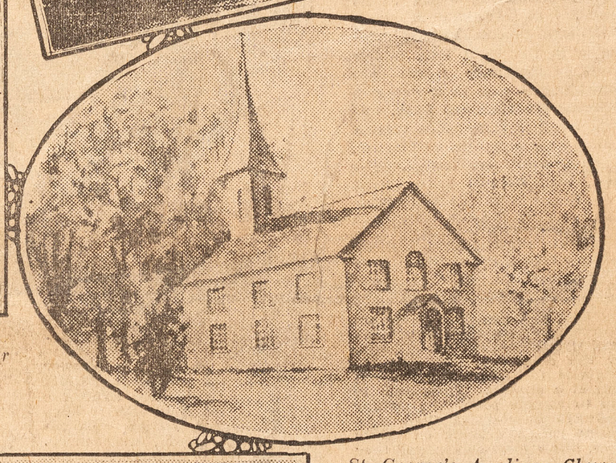




Glimpse of prosperous Belleville's business street to-day, one hundred and forty years after landing of U.E. Loyalists.



One of Belleville's present day attractions—glimpse of harbor and Victoria Park.



St. George's Anglican Church, built by Loyalists as early as 1792.

Courageous Pilgrimage of United Empire Loyalists an Inspiring Chapter in Canada's History---Celebration Marks One Hundred and Forty Years of Progress --- Prosperous Cities and Towns Now Stand Where Pioneers Hewed Homes Out of Forests---Belleville to Be Host to Notable Gathering.

By J. M. ELSON.

TO be a hundred and forty years of age with all your wits as bright as a dollar, health of the very best, thank you, and a hundred and twenty-five thousand grandchildren preparing to celebrate your birthday . . . well, sir, that's a record to be proud of, by George! Belleville and Kingston and several other communities, with one eye to their ancestry, proudly say so and who's going to doubt it?

In fact, they're inviting the world to come and see for itself, to wear a feather in its hat and a bouquet on its lapel. They are washing their face and hands, shining their shoes and getting ready to put on their best bib and tucker, for Ma says it's necessary to look smart when company arrives.

A wedding ceremony? No, not that. The event is to be in the very glory of leafy June, but nobody's going to get married, so far as we know. Just an old-time reunion, with everybody having a barrel of fun, till granddad comes out in his best suit of homespun and his black choker. Then a respectful bow and an attentive ear to what he has to relate about yesterday.

IT is quite a long way back that yesterday, of which grandfather is going to speak. I wouldn't be surprised, indeed, if a few people tooted automobile horns right in the midst of his remarks to save themselves from being transported body and soul to 1784. Notable year that, unusually notable. Ask the United Empire Loyalists who have taken deep root along the Bay of Quinte if it isn't? They'll tell you, and with zeal, too, by jimminy!

There, on the open book of history, they've drawn a big, wide circle around that date, and while the band plays for three or four days this month there's to be no other considered. Anybody found guilty of mentioning these hectic days of 1924 is likely to be sentenced to drive an ox team for two weeks over corduroy roads. Light enough punishment, too, remembering the offence, for when you're the guest of hospitable friends you are supposed to have some regard for their feelings.

But about our grandparents. Blessed if they didn't almost get away from us. Well, through descendants they're going to have an affair of their own in a couple of weeks, redolent of primeval forests, and of smoking fire places, and of meat sizzling on the coals, and of a dozen other things that make the story of Ontario pioneer days one of the most gripping of modern times. All the uncles and aunts and cousins and stepmothers and dowager ladies to be found even on the outermost edge of the U.E.L. tree are to be welcomed with as many more distant relations and acquaintances as care to twitch the latch string.

Even Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor, its Prime Minister and Cabinet members, Toronto's Mayor and the great in various places, are to be cordially asked to journey Belleville-ward to participate in the festivities. If the President of the United States, the Chief Magistrates of New York, Philadelphia, Albany and several other big Republican neighborhoods can come along, so much the better. They'll see what the old folks of 1784 were made of and what in turn, they made of everything around them, including a vast stretch of lonely forest land where the wolves howled and the hungry bears ate pigs in the night.

To-day Belleville, where the celebration is to be held, is a fair contented city of about 13,000 souls. It prides itself on large substantial public buildings with stone foundations laid to resist mischief of ages. It is content and prosperous with beautiful homes set among green lawns. It turns out in silks and broadcloths when occasion requires, and waves handkerchiefs to palatial incoming and outgoing trains as they roll along on glistening bands of steel. The affluent sail up to its shores in splendidly appointed yachts and the busy executive whirls away in his six-cylinder car when his chauffeur turns on the gasoline, but yesterday! Ah, that was very different! Whose imagination can visualize all the primitive conditions with which the bold settlers, who chose this province for their new home, had to contend?

Roll back the curtain and see what the stage presents.

WHEN the lurid glow of the Revolution flared across the sky of this New World, men were divided in their allegiance and in their political faiths.

The tide of feeling, like a tempestuous sea, rolled across the young colonies and swept families from their moorings. Those who adhered to the Crown and its institutions girt their loins and, forsaking most of the worldly goods they had gathered around them, went forth to carve out homes in another land, where destiny beckoned and unsettled regions gave promise for the future.

In September, of 1783, several



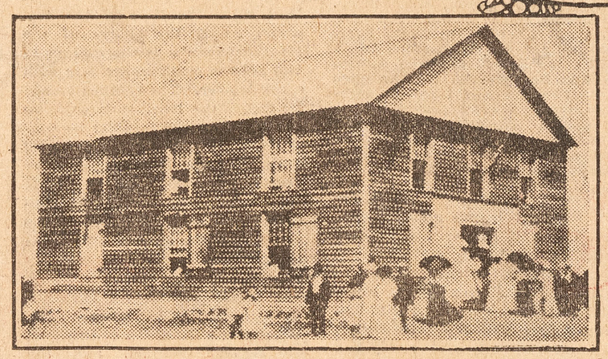
hundreds of them, how many the records do not disclose, set sail from New York harbor in a fleet of seven boats convoyed by the sturdy brig Hope. Slowly they plowed their way northward along the Atlantic seaboard and, entering the Gulf, came up the St. Lawrence to Sorel, against the chill winds of early Winter. There they disembarked and spent the rigorous months building batteaux and passing the lonely weeks as best they could. With the bursting of Spring and the birth of renewed ambition they started on once more to ascend the broad, majestic river, whose shores were dark with whispering woods, and whose silences were broken only by the halloo of occasional voyageurs. By June, of '84, they had travelled as far as the Bay of Quinte and turning their rude craft in to the mouth of what is now known as the Moira river, decided to pitch their military tents on the site where the city of Belleville stands.

What awaited them in hardships and struggles even the most courageous could not have foreseen. Not content with imposing upon them the maximum of toil for a mere existence, Nature sometimes tried their fortitude to the extreme limit by fickle seasons till want and hunger must have gnawed at their very vitals.

It was in a setting which forms a heroic background for dauntless men and women that they began to work with the simplest of tools, a ship's axe and an ordinary spade. The foundations for great temples may be dug with spades, provided there is sufficient muscle and brawn at one end but who could fancy a short handled ship's axe as adequate to chop down huge trees whose backs resolutely refused to bend? And yet, these were the two implements with which the forefathers of our day and generation, as shown by documentary records, began their labors.

Of what they suffered and endured in the isolation of their retreat, with what fidelity they clung to their hopes and cherished the prospects of better things for their children, little can be said here. It is a thrilling story, touched, at times, with both the tragic and the sublime. But he who would read the real history should look at the little mounds that heave the turf in quiet churchyards and study the darkened slabs over whose base the moss has long since grown. There, in the quiet, sequestered spots, where weeping elms and whispering pines breathe a sacred requiem for their eternal repose, the furrowed pioneers of a former generation rest in peace. The spirit of their character, their valor and their achievement lives after them—an inspiration to the virile offspring they begat!

When it came to securing properties upon which to erect log cabins there was no real estate office just around the corner where a car awaited a prospective purchaser of a surburban building lot. Instead of this these determined newcomers had to be patient several weeks till surveys could be made and then take what chance "drawings" gave them. This was a simple process, but not always a happy one. Small pieces of paper upon which were written the numbers of the lots to be apportioned, were placed in hats. The surveyor, with a map spread out before him, superintended the proceedings. Officers, according to the usages of the time, came first and drew their lots in the concessions fronting on the water. As they were served, in turn the other settlers stepped up and took what fortune saw fit to give. With their portions they went out and, taking their tents, pitched them on whatever elevations most pleased their eye. Their judgment, hurried though it was, must have been fairly sound, for many of the well appointed homes scattered through the district from Cobourg to Cornwall stand on practically the same spots where the humble timber dwellings of the past were located.



Methodist Church, which dates back to 1792, having been erected there by Loyalists at Hay Bay.

IN not a few of these simple log homes there were no chimneys. Smoke, which generally has a habit of diffusing itself with the greatest amount of annoyance, had to escape through a hole in the roof when it got done eating at the eyes and noses of the occupants. Glass windows, shining like polished diamonds, weren't in fashion just then, either. A few of the socially inclined might have been a degree or two better off, but most of the settlers started out with quilts hung up over openings for windows and doors. It was an excellent means of ventilation and there is nothing extant to indicate that electric fans were necessary, but beyond these advantages the custom was not one likely to become popular in metropolitan centres.

Nor were the Loyalists, however rich they might be in red corpuscles, endowed with much Louis XV furniture. A grandfather's chair, a chest of drawers, or a favorite bedstead was all they could boast of in most cases and they weren't carved antiques at $20 a leg either. As soon as Dad could get around to it, he hewed out a bench or two or a table, with a substantial underpinning, so that all the little folks could eat their coarse foods sitting down, but getting enough timber off the land to permit of corn and potatoes being raised was his first concern. Not infrequently the comforts of life had to wait till the necessities were provided. Times of course change and everybody might not favor such an utilitarian notion in 1924.

But then, as now, the quiet of evening always brought an hour of rest and domestic felicity. The mighty oaks and hickories and pines, with their gnarled dispositions, could grumble out all the defiance they liked after night fall, but they couldn't keep the pioneer from swinging a crane over the crackling fireplace from which was suspended an iron tea kettle that sang a merry song of its own to the family snuggled round. And the griddle! Oom! It is a long while ago, certainly, but the appetizing odor of those pancakes seems to come down to us even to this day.

The bread, too, that grandmother made in her bake kettle! No tissue paper wrappers, maybe, and no currants, popping their eyes out to have a look at you when you take a bite, but home made and delicious just the same. Some of these kettles were eighteen inches in diameter and would hold four or five two pound loaves that radiated a fragrance which would give you an appetite six times a day.

How were these loaves baked? Oh, good enough considering there were no stuffed olives or water wafers around to make fun of them. Grandma raked hot coals out on the hearth, set the iron utensil over them and made its head ache by piling all she could get of the burning embers on top. When the settlers advanced into a stage of real affluence they got more modern equipment in the form of reflectors, These were oblong boxes of tin, enclosed on all sides but one. This box was placed on the hearth with the open side next to the coals and the dough had to decorate itself cream and brown whether it wanted to or not. One of the compensations of life, in that far off period, was that you could have a thick slice of delicious home made bread even if there were no Blue Points on the half shell to be had or chicken done a la fricasse.

It mustn't be supposed that Belleville was the only early bailiwick of our ancestral nobility. Not by any means. It happened, to be a central point where ideas are generated as well as some electricity. It happens, also, to have about as many Loyalists to the square foot as any place on the north of Lake Ontario, but it does not wish to convey the impression that all the descendants of those who came out of the seven ships, when Sorel was touched, pay taxes to the Belleville collector. Rather it is opening its doors as a sort of good-hearted big brother and will be delighted to see kith and kin from all parts of the country at its June celebration.

Mayor W. C. Mikel, K.C., and ex-Mayor Chas. Hanna, head of the citizens' committee, think there is no use having a party unless you invite all your relatives and friends to join in, as though they were right at home. They think, also, that Canadians whose forbears went through the trials and vicissitudes which tried even the metal of the staunchest loyalists, have good reason to be proud of their ancestry upon whom, in fact, the Canadian government conferred the only heridtary title it has given. This was in 1789, when, in Lord Dorchester's time, the government directed that a "Mark of Honor" be placed upon those families which had remained faithful to the Empire and who had joined the Royal Standard in America before the Treaty of 1783 was signed. It is significant that this mark of recognition given the Loyalists was not merely the work of Englishmen of the ultra loyal type. The council which conferred the title was comprised of Frenchmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen as well.

WITH stock behind them of this kind—a kind that won respect through heroic struggles and unswerving adherence to principles, the celebrants of the present time feel they are quite entitled to put streamers across the streets and offer a word of eulogy to the memory of the departed.

In fact, one of the admirable characteristics of native-born Bellevilleons, and of all their neighbors who claim descent from the Masters of the Forest, is their local pride. It fairly bubbles out of them just now, like a fountain out of a rockery. They claim that the Bay of Quinte district has given more famous men to the Dominion than any other part of the country. Just what the Maritime Provinces, and the Blue Noses particularly, will say about this we don't know, but probably they'll be most magnanimous and send along a train load of good wishes.

Anyway, listen to what the Quinte citizens declare. It is this: that out of the homes of their territory came no less than three former Premiers of Canada, namely, Sir John A. Macdonald, Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Mackenzie Bowell, three ex-Ministers of Justice, three former Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario, three Premiers of Provinces and a long list of Judges and other notables, of whom a few are Sir John Beverley Robinson, Sir George Kirkpatrick, Hon. Louis Wallbridge, Hon. Hector M. Howell, Sir Rodmond Roblin, Hon. Mr. Justice Riddell, Hon. Mr. Justice Clute, Hon. Sir Richard Cartright, Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, Sir Frederick Doure, Chief Justice Douglas Armour, Hon. William Kerr, Hon. Henry Corby, Hon. Mr. Justice Sherwood, Hon. Mr. Justice Rose, Hon. Mr. Justice McMahon, Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., of literary fame, Brig.-Gen. Hepburn, Rev. Dr. Albert Carman, W. H. Biggar, K.C., W. D. Robb, John Bell, K.C., and Geo. M. Clarke, K.C., the latter four of whom climbed to top positions in Canadian railway systems, Dr. Oronhyatekha, Sir Allen Aylesworth, Sir Alexander Campbell, former Hon. Mr. Justice Phippen, Major-Gen. Lyons Biggar, Col. S. S. Lazier, Col. A. P. Deroche, Edmund Bristol, K.C., M. J. Butler, C.M.G. As many more have been members of Parliament, judges, industrial captains and professional men of considerable distinction.

If there are any whose names have been overlooked it is not through any lack of eagerness on the part of Belleville's citizens to honor them. In fact, they hold that the stamina and character which made men and women of 1784 battle against almost overwhelming odds could not help but produce a progeny that would leave an endurable imprint on the national life of this young nation in the making.

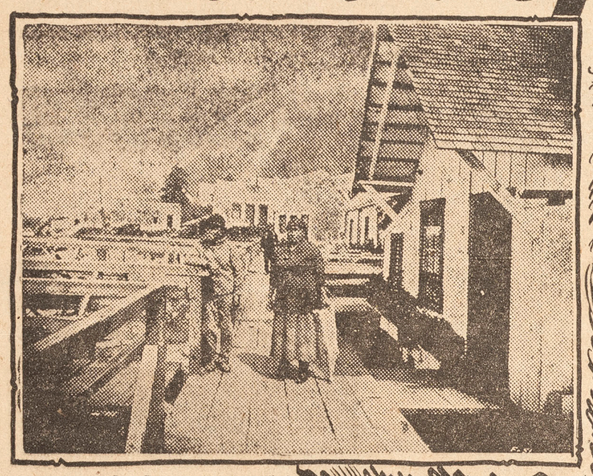
EVEN Belleville itself has woven a touch of the brilliant and of the romantic around its name. It is pleased to relate that Capt. John W. Myers, a sturdy Loyalist of unbending knee, built the first mill, where the city now stands, as far back as 1790. After the erection of this mill the little hamlet, which had been known as Thurlow village, began to take on a new title and spoke of itself as Meyers Creek, though why a wide, dark river, flowing proudly

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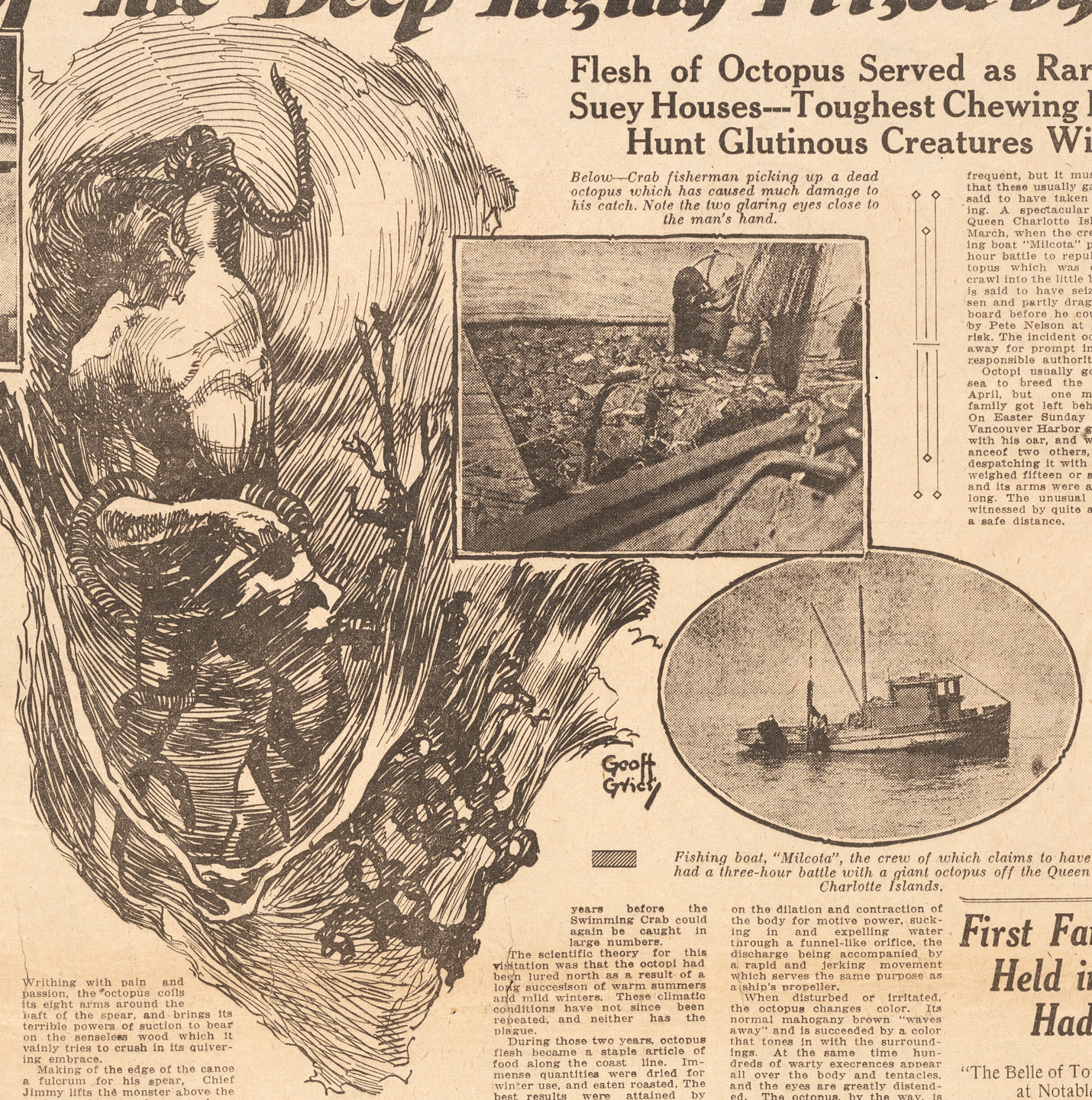
Square above—Home of Miss Gwendolyn Lazier, courier who rode to Washington to present invitation to President Coolidge

Monster of The Deep Highly Prized by Epicures

Flesh of Octopus Served as Rare Delicacy in Chop Suey Houses---Toughest Chewing Imaginable---Indians Hunt Glutinous Creatures With Long Spears.



Chief Jimmy Skookum, of the Kulleets tribe, and his klootchman Martha, two might octopus hunters. They like the flesh roasted, even though it's tougher that way.



Below—Crab fisherman picking up a dead octopus which has caused much damage to his catch. Note the two glaring eyes close to the man's hand.

Fishing boat, "Milcota", the crew of which claims to have had a three-hour battle with a giant octopus off the Queen Charlotte Islands.

By NORMAN FRENCH.

IN early Spring a rare delicacy is served in the Chop Suey houses up and down the Pacific Coast. It is a simmered meat, white as the breast of a chicken, trimmed into odd shapes half an inch thick, and served swimming in a rich nut-brown gravy.

Chinese and Japanese, and an occasional Sikh, order it almost with reverence. White men, curious and daring, call for it with inward qualms.

WELL they may! It is the toughest meat in the world. One little piece, chewed persistently between perfect teeth, will last a whole evening. By comparison, chewing gum melts in the mouth.

It is the flesh of the Octopus!

Few look upon this strangest of all creatures as an edible contribution to our sea wealth. Yet, last year, British Columbia marketed 394 hundredweight, valued at $3,300, and this was considered a light catch.

The supply is never equal to the demand, for its capture is incidental and accidental. It is never deliberately sought for market. White men leave it severely alone, if they have any choice in the matter. The Japanese, catering to the national palate, let none escape that comes within his reach. The Indian, alone, paddles forth to seek the octopus, but for his own use rather than for the delectation of the epicures of the chop suey houses of Chinatown.

AN average octopus is worth about fifty cents to the fisherman. The Canadian Fishing Company and the London Fish Company, of Vancouver, market the bulk of the catch, though wholesale fishing firms of Victoria and Nanaimo also do a considerable business. The animal is handled alive, each being from six to fifteen feet long, and weighing from ten to forty pounds.

These octopi are comparatively small specimens, for the larger ones rarely come near enough to the shore to be captured. Of the fifty species known to science, the Octopus Punctatus, of the Pacific coast, is by far the largest.

The most formidable octopus of which actual measurements were taken was caught in Victoria harbor, in 1883, after an exhausting fight which lasted several hours. The body was exhibited for several days outside Bill Vianna's butcher shop, on the shady side of Government Street, hanging from the second story window. The tentacles were nearly twenty feet long, thick as a man's fist at the base, and could cover a radial spread of forty feet.

Compared to this monster, the octopi found in other parts of the world are tiny dwarfs.

The octopus may be caught anywhere along the coast line of British Columbia, but it perfers the snug bays and long inland canals. These places afford lurking-dens, strongholds, and natural sea-nurseries where it thrives, fattens, and wages war with insatiable voracity on everything it can catch. Safe from heavy breakers, it lives as in an aquarium of smooth lake-like water scarcely affected even by the ebbing and flowing of the tide.

FOR a resting-place the octopus chooses the side of a large stone, or the cleft of a rock into which it squeezes, for it can make itself into an almost unlimited number of shapes, owing to its flexibility and flabbiness. Most of the solid substance of the octopus is in the eight long hollow arms, or tentacles, which are united at the base by a web surrounding the head and body. The body itself is little more than a rudimentary stomach, or bladder, which is oval and warty. The head, with its two great fixed eyes, is united to the body by a broad neck-band, and the mouth is equipped with cutting bones somewhat resembling a parrot's beak. At rest, the octopus looks like an umbrella folded up, without a handle.

When the water is very clear and still, it is possible to watch the octopus from a canoe or rowboat, if one has infinite patience, for the creature often remains immobile for hours, and even days at a stretch. They seem to like to ramble over the sandy roadways intersecting their submarine parks, walking on their arms, like a huge spider, and they can climb the slippriest rocky ledges with ease and speed, by using their suckers.

Some parts of the coast abound in a great seawrack with a round stem, growing straight from the bottom to the surface, often two or three hundred feet long. Two long tapering leaves float upon the water, forming a brown seaforest into which the octopus merges itself while waiting for prey.

ONE arm fastened to a stout wrack stalk, the other seven stretched out and floating among the leaves, the creature bides his time until a shoal of fish comes gaily on. A few are sure to brush against the tentacles, where the powerful suckers hold them fast as if paralyzed. The arm is wound round the hapless fish, the victim is crushed and broken, then conveyed to the beaked mouth and eaten.

Observant fishermen believe—in this they have the support of some naturalists, though others dispute it—that the octopus has the power of numbing its prey on contact with one or more sucking-discs. These suckers are in two rows, on the under side of the tentacles, and possess wonderful powers of adhesion. There may be as many as 200 suckers on a single arm, and on large specimens the discs near the body are as large as an egg-cup. They decrease in size to minute proportions at the tapering end of the arm.

COAST Indians have looked upon the octopus as a rare titbit from time immemorial, and their method of catching it to-day is the same as that of their forefathers. One of the mighty hunters of octopi on the west coast of Vancouver Island is Chief Jimmy Skookum, of the Kulleets tribe, who always takes his klootchman Martha on his spring raids.

In March and early April, Jimmy and Martha paddle their dugout canoe close to the rocky shore, where the water is clear, and seaweed not too plentiful. Jimmy peers through the crystal water, perhaps for hours, until his practised eye discovers an octopus on the ocean floor, its great rope-like arms stretched out, waiting patiently for food or adventure.

Jimmy emits a grunt of satisfaction. Martha takes full charge of the paddling, while her man picks up his weapon of offense. This is a spear, twelve feet long, having four barbed heads arranged in a circle. Very gently the Indian slips the spear through the water until it is within an inch of his prey, then drives it in as deep as he can.

Writhing with pain and passion, the octopus coils its eight arms around the haft of the spear, and brings its terrible powers of suction to bear on the senseless wood which it vainly tries to crush in its quivering embrace.

Making of the edge of the canoe a fulcrum for his spear, Chief Jimmy lifts the monster above the surface, taking good care to keep it a safe distance. Then, with another long, smooth, very sharp, unbarbed spear, he stabs the octopus where the arms join the body, breaking down the nervous ganglions which supply the motive power. The stabbed arms at once lose strength and tenacity; hundreds of discs are deprived of their powers of adhension; the octopus becomes a great, quivering mass which Jimmy hauls into the canoe and throws into a box.

THE octopus, however, is not dead. It is only semi-paralyzed, but if it has been effectively stabbed, it is not going to recover. The only way of making sure of killing is by cutting off the head, but fishermen do not do this. The Japanese buyers insist on having the octopus delivered alive, and they keep it in tanks until the cook needs a new supply. The meat is better if prepared for the table when quite fresh.

In his natural state the octopus is a mahogany brown, the color of the sea-wrack among which it lurks, but this color is only skin-deep. When boiled, the brown skin peels off easily, and the meat underneath is clear white.

There are many ways of cooking octopi, but Chief Jimmy Skookum and his fellow-tribesmen eat it with greatest gusto when roasted. It is much tougher roasted than stewed, but what of it? An Indian is never in a hurry when he sits down to a good meal!

The flesh of the octopus is regularly exposed for sale in the bazaars of India, in the markets of Smyrna and Naples, and in many other countries. Along the shores of the Mediterranean, it is eaten boiled, fried, in salads, and pickled, the greatest sale being during the Lenten season, when Catholics are forbidden to eat meat. Many centuries ago the heads of the Roman Church decided that the octopus was a fish, and that it was permissible to eat it on fast days.

Italian immigrants to the western states brought with them their love for the octopus, and it was fishermen of that race who first introduced the meat to the markets of San Francisco. To-day those markets are still largely supplied by Italian fishermen, though the Chinese have captured a part of the business.

As is the case in British Columbia, the octopus is caught in the south in large numbers along the crab beds. The octopus feels only on soft, pulpy matter, and crab meat is something it really relishes. The breaking of the crab's shell is accomplished with one stroke of the powerful beak, which operates like a pair of scissors.

BRITISH COLUMBIA crab fishermen frequently find an octopus entangled in their nets, and the damage these have caused is far greater than the paltry fifty cents the creature is worth.

The liking of the octopus for crustaceans has been known at least since the time of the Romans. Along the shores of the Mediterranean it is the custom to bait sunken earthenware jars with a live lobster. The octopus creeps in, enjoys the feast, then curls up and goes to sleep in what he considers a safe retreat at a depth of twenty fathoms. The fishermen at regular intervals, haul the jars to the surface, and empty the contents into a tank without the slightest difficulty. Some of these octopi weigh up to seventy pounds.

A species of octopus, having a radial spread of about six feet, is found along the south of England, the English Channel, and the west coast of France, but it is usually rare. In 1899 and 1900, however, the octopi became so plentiful as to form a veritable plague, and to threaten the complete ruin of the shell-fish industries. They entered the crab and lobster pots and devoured the catch night after night—for the octopus is active chiefly after dark.

Usually the octopus remained in the wicker traps, and were hauled up and killed by the fisherman. In one week a fisherman took sixty-four octopi and only fifteen uninjured lobsters from his sets, and his experience was by no means unusual. In Plymouth Sound the damage caused was so great that it took many years before the Swimming Crab could again be caught in large numbers.

The scientific theory for this visitation was that the octopi had been lured north as a result of a long succesison of warm summers and mild winters. These climatic conditions have not since been repeated, and neither has the plague.

During those two years, octopus flesh became a staple article of food along the coast line. Immense quantities were dried for winter use, and eaten roasted. The best results were attained by pounding the flesh fo rhalf an hour or so with a hammer before cooking, this being a great aid to mastication, and not damaging the hammer appreciably.

THE method of catching octopi along the English and French coast differed radically from that of the British Columbia Siwash. Raids were made on the haunts of the creatures at low tide, along a rock stretch with innumerable pools. Armed with a stout stick and a sharp sickle, the fisherman poked about among the rocks and in the pools until, disturbed, the octopus whirled his tentacles around the pole and poked his head up to reconnoitre. There was a flash of steel, and a headless octopus hung limp on the long stave, ready to be tossed into the bag or basket.

The neck is the vulnerable part of the octopus. It is of soft, jelly-like substance, easy to snip off when distended, but it needs quickness of eye an dhand to turn the trick. If suspicious, the head is withdrawn almost into the body, and decapitation becomes difficult.

Very different is the texture of the tentacles. They are at once tough and yielding. The sharpest of knives makes not the slightest impression upon them. The flesh rolls before the blade. It is as if one tried to cut sideways into the heavy accumulation of mucilage around the neck of a bottle.

The only way to lop off a tentacle is by striking it a sharp blow when it is resting against a solid substance, like a rock, or the edge o fa boat. And if only half severed, the arm can still exert a tremendous pulling force.

MAN is not only the enemy of the octopus, nor even its most formidable enemy. Many denizens of the deep have cultivated a taste for certain parts of its body, though not for its tough tentacles.

In tropical and semi-tropical seas, the turtle is the implacable foe of the octopus. On European waters it is at the mercy of the conger eel. On the Pacific Coact the porpoise is its greatest danger. These great black leaping fish, seeing a choice morsel floating among the seaweed, make a tremendous jump and snatch off its head, or rip its body apart with one bite. Sometimes the porpoises seem toengage in a tug-of-war with the rubber-like arms of their victim.

Octopus swim backward and upside down, but with a speed astonishing in a creature of its queer build. At times the body floats like a boat, the eight arms working like paddles and propelling the whole swiftly along the surface. Occasionally it depends on the dilation and contraction of the body for motive power, sucking in and expelling water through a funnel-like orifice, the discharge being accompanied by a rapid and jerking movement which serves the same purpose as a ship's propeller.

When disturbed or irritated, the octopus changes color. Its normal mahogany brown "waves away" and is succeeded by a color that tones in with the surroundings. At the same time hundreds of warty execrences appear all over the body and tentacles, and the eyes are greatly distended. The octopus, by the way, is said to be the only mollusc which uses its eyes for seeing, all other species depending on touch and smell for guidance.

SCIENTISTS say they have no satisfactory evidence that any one of the fifty species of octopus has ever attacked a man, or seriously injured one when captured. They declare such stories are greatly exaggerated, when not absolute fabrications.

Against the opinion of the scientist must be set that of the man who wrests his living from the watery element. Fishermen, pearlers, and divers all declare the octopus to be a most dangerous enemy, and many of them claim to have been eye-witnesses of weird combats in which, however, man usually emerged victor. The pearl seekers of the tropics will not go down unless armed when they know octopi are about. In Esquimalt Harbor, before the dry-dock was built, divers refused to scrape the bottoms of ships unless permitted to carry long knives, for at that time octopi were numerous close to Victoria.

The Indians have a tradition that the daughter of one of their chiefs was once caught by an octopus on the Rache Rocks, in James Bay, and held a prisoner until drowned by the rising tide. There is nothing improbable in the story, for no man could tear himself away from the tentacles of a large octopus anchored to a rock.

Reports of combats between fishermen and octopi are fairly frequent, but it must be admitted that these usually gain in the telling. A spectacular encounter is said to have taken place off the Queen Charlotte Islands early in March, when the crew of the fishing boat "Milcota" put up a three-hour battle to repulse a huge octopus which was determined to crawl into the little boat. The beast is said to have seized Nels Hansen and partly dragged him overboard before he could be rescued by Pete Nelson at great personal risk. The incident occurred too far away for prompt investigation by responsible authorities.

Octopi usually go out to deep sea to breed the first week in April, but one member of the family got left behind this year. On Easter Sunday a boatman in Vancouver Harbor got it entangled with his oar, and with the assistanceof two others, succeeded in despatching it with pike poles. It weighed fifteen or sixteen pounds, and its arms were about ssix feet long. The unusual spectacle was witnessed by quite a number from a safe distance.

BY Far the most interesting description of the octopus ever written is to be found in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea", the scenes of which are laid in the Channel Islands. He made his monster a composite of the devil-fish and the octopus, and committed a few technical errors, but the picture, though imaginative, exaggerated, and sensational, is correct in its most important particulars.

The hero, Gilliatt, is in a rock cavern. He is naked, but carrying a knife.

"Suddenly he is seized by the arm. Horror thrills through him. Some living thing, thin, rough, cold, slimy, had twisted itself around his arm. It crept upward towards his chest. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. Some mysterious spiral for m passed round his wrist and elbow, and reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the armpit. It was. supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night."

Four more long living thongs came from the hole and coil around Gilliatt, then a large, round, flattened, glutinous mass issued from the crevice, and out of the slimy mass glared two eyes.

In the end, after a struggle which takes twenty pages to describe, Gilliatt succeeds in cutting off the monster's head.

HUGO says that "if terror were the object of its creation, nothing could be imagined more ideally perfect than the devil-fish. It is partly fish, partly reptile. It has no blood, no bones, no flesh. It it merely a skin with nothing inside. It is the concrete form of evil. It is a phantom as much as a monster. It is the amphibian of the shores that separates life from death. It touches the frontier of man's domain and peoples the region of chimeras. It forms the visible extremity of the dark circles, the devil-fish at one end proves Satan at the other!"

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MOST PEOPLE PREFER

BISURATED MAGNESIA

First Fancy Dress Ball Held in Toronto in 1870 Had No Fox Trots or Jazz

"The Belle of Toronto" of Half a Century Ago Was Hostess at Notable Event in Music Hall, Church and Adelaide Streets.

By FRANCIS COSTELLO.

A DEAR old lady, in the long ago, known as "The Belle of Toronto," lives in a beautifully-kept tiny apartment, alone, in a quiet section of Toronto, treasuring in her heart and on the walls of her room pictures of days well filled with wondrous events of society life in 1870.

A friend of Lieut.-Governor Howland, Sir John A. Macdonald, George Brown, and John Ross Robertson, a prominent member of the upper ten of those early days, no social event—whether it was a reception to a visiting monarch, a ball at the Yacht Club, a dinner at the Government House—was complete without her. In an old-fashioned wooden box are priceless mementoes of many such affairs, among them an invitation to a club meeting at which Rev. Septimus Jones, father of Magistrate James Edmund Jones, was the speaker.

Valuable and rare as are her pictures of early York Pioneers, the opening of the City Hall in 1899 and other historic features, this dear old lady prizes most a picture of society's first fancy dress ball, held on the 19th of April, 1870, in the Toronto Music Hall, at the corner of Church and Adelaide Streets where now stands a somewhat dilapidated branch library. There are only two copies of this picture known to be in existence....the other one on exhibition in the Reference Library on College Street.

Of the two hundred couples arrayed in splendor and beauty in brilliant and varied costumes there are only three or four still alive to recall the ball.

IT WAS one of the most brilliant of the year's social events. The proceeds were to augment the funds of the Protestant Orphans' Home. A period of Lenten season had made those fond of the terpsichorean exercises only the more eager to display their talent.

At eight o'clock the carriages began to arrive—not a Ford or Packard among them—and emptied their gorgeous contents in front of the hall. At eight thirty the doors of the hall were opened and the guests admitted. Lieut-Governor Howland, dressed as a gentleman of the 19th century, was one of the merry-makers.

Others were: Mrs. Howland, as a lady of the 18th century; Capt. Curtis, as an officer of the British army; Capt. Prince, as an officer of the 71st. Highlanders, (his old regiment); Mr. Lake, as "Dick Turpin", Capt. Ward, of the 60th. Rifles, as a Norwegian fisherman; Mr. Arthur Jarvis, as an Albanian; Mr. F. C. Denison, in Canadian Cavalry uniform; Miss Amy Grant, Major Burstall, Miss Gussie Ridout, Miss Maud McCutcheon, Major Riddell, Hon. Mr. St. Maw, Col. Gzowski, Sir D. L. McPherson, Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, Major Bailey of the 60th Rifles, Mr. Jacobi, Miss Dovie Campbell, Mr. Arkell Miss Jennie Fisher, Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, Mr. Homer Dixon, Major Holliway, Mr. James Michie, Miss Brokooski, Mr. Walter Dixon, Steven Jarvis Jr., Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Ada Galt, Col. F. Cumberland and Miss Charlotte Crawford.

AT nine o'clock the dancing commenced. There were no fox trots, and it is doubtful if the twelve members of the 10th Royal Regimental Band, who provided the music, would be eligible for one of Paul Whiteman's orchestras.

The dance program consisted of eighteen numbers: 1, Valse; 2, Galop; 3, Quadrille; 4, Valse; 5, Galop; 6, Lancers; 7, Valse. 8, Galop; 9, Quadrille; 10, Valse; 11, Galop; 12, Lancers; 13, Valse; 14, Galop; 15, Quadrille; 16, Galop; 17, Valse. 18, Galop. A large gathering of onlookers made it necessary to stretch out a long silken cord to hold the people back during the fast dances.

The costume of the hostess, who was then often called "The Belle of Toronto," was judged the most original and prominent of the evening. It was made entirely by the lady herself and consisted of a complete dress, and overskirt with panier, made of issues of the city press with the names of the three daily papers—Globe" and "The Mail"—con-"The Daily Telegraph," "The spicuous on the front of the overskirt. The young lady's partners could easily read the news of the day while enjoying the whirlings of the galopade.

"But that was in the long ago", the dear old lady interposed. "Days of chivalry and adventure in men, tenderness an meekness in women,—qualities not often seen in the young people of the present generation. Those were wonderful days."

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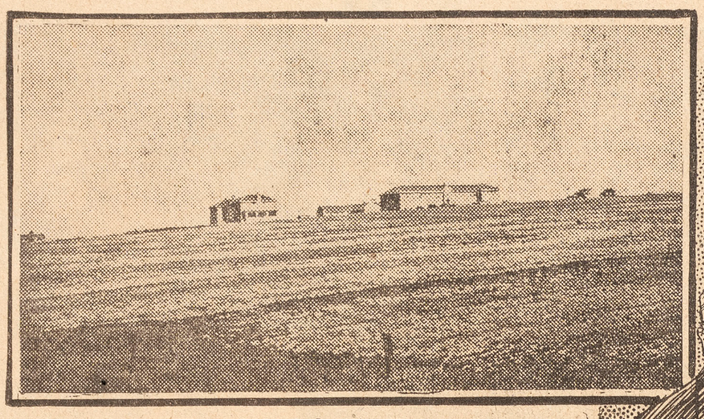
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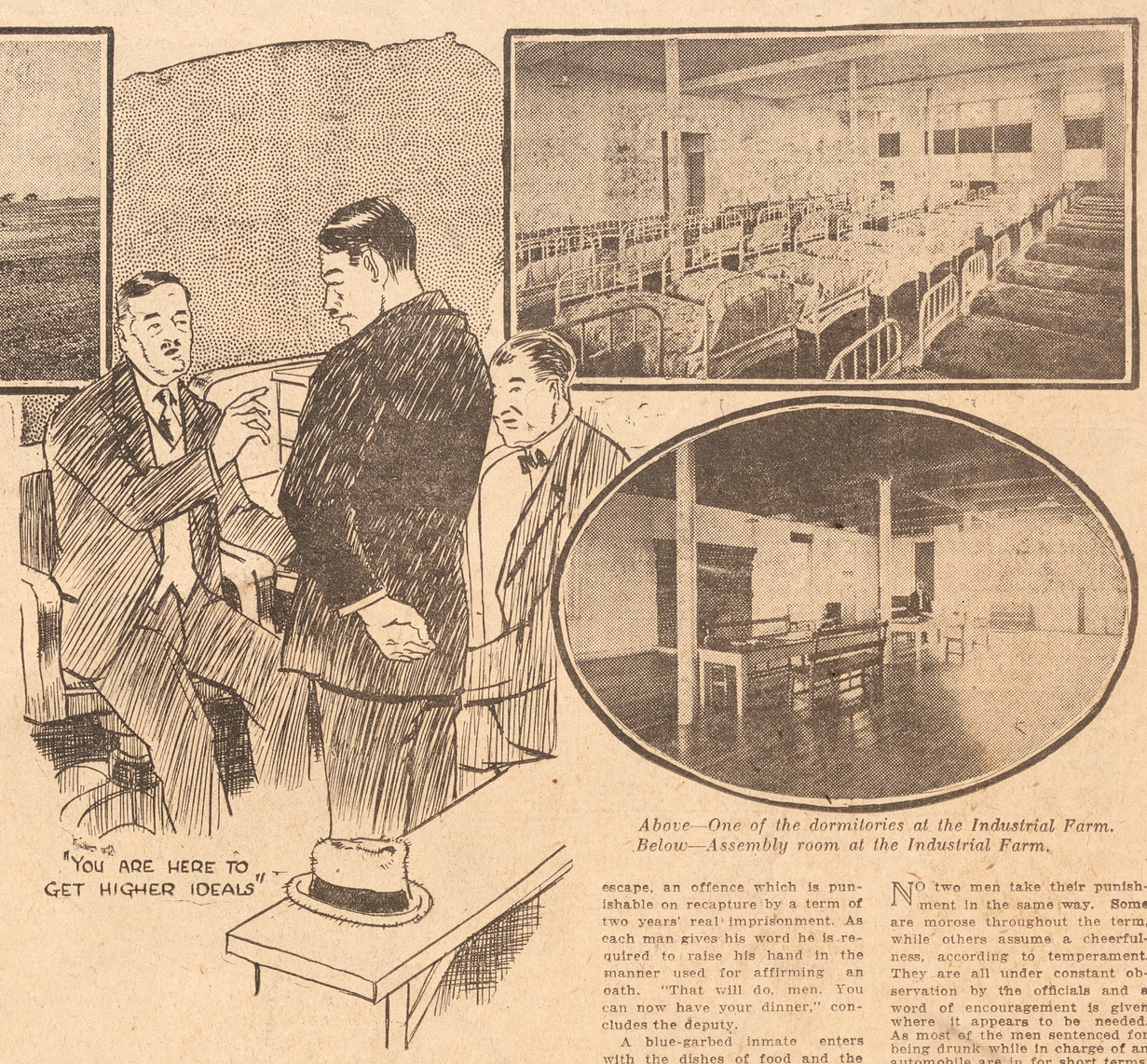
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TORONTO

Punishment of the Intoxicated Motorist

What the Penalty for Being "Drunk in Charge of an Automobile" Involves for the Offender in Toronto---Humiliation and Remorse Throughout the Police Procedure and the Term at the Jail Farm --- No Sympathy for Him, and He Does Not Deserve It.



View of the Industrial Farm.



Above—One of the dormitories at the Industrial Farm.
Below—Assembly room at the Industrial Farm.

ONLY the offender, his family and close friends have a realization of what is conveyed by the ten-line item in the Police Court news stating that a man has been sentenced to imprisonment without the option of a fine for being intoxicated while in charge of an automobile.

Cases of this nature have become so frequent of late that a Toronto magistrate has increased the period of incarceration from seven to ten days and expressed determination to impose the longer sentence until motorists who take the chance become convinced of the truth that whiskey and gasoline will not mix and that a menace to the safety of the community must be checked in a manner calculated to leave a lasting lesson.

A SECOND conviction for this offence is very rare. The culprits are nearly all men in fair circumstances who, prior to the unpleasant experience, have seen nothing of police cells, police courts, or the inside of jails. The plight in which they suddenly find themselves is often pathetic, but they have no call upon public sympathy. Some of them take it pretty hard, while others accept the philosopic view, and are as cheerful as the circumstances will permit after the first shock has worn off. Besides the jail sentence, there is sometimes considerable property damage to be made good in connection with the fall from grace.

AN actual case, with some similarity to that of many others, is that of a young business man, with a comfortable home and small family, circumspect in his ways, according to generally accepted standards, who partook not wisely, but too well, of liquid hospitality at the home of a friend, and becoming fuddled after he drove away, got into a collision, in which a street car was somewhat damaged and his automobile was badly wrecked. By good fortune he escaped physical injury, and no other person was hurt, but the inevitable policeman was at hand and, with the law's keen scent for liquor in such cases, placed the man under arrest, despite angry protests of most injudicious nature, prompted by the whiskey within, confirming the diagnosis made by the officer. The smashed automobile was shifted to the side of the curb, and a patrol wagon took the driver to a police station where his identity was established from documents on his person, and he was put into a cell. By this time the liquor he had consumed, combined with the excitement associated with the disaster and a muddled comprehension of the unenviable situation he was in, had worked him to a state of frenzy, leaving no doubt as to his intoxication. The police were patient with him while he implored that his misfortune be kept from the newspapers in order that his business might not be ruined, and that some means be devised to keep the actual state of affairs from being communicated to his wife.

WHEN he had quieted down the police secured from him the name of a friend who could be notified to get the wrecked automobile removed to a garage, an officer having been left in charge of the machine. After this had been attended to the friend visited the police station to see what could be done about bail but the hour was late for obtaining the services of a magistrate and in any event it was doubtful if bail could be granted as property damage had been occasioned and in this case the street railway people had something to say about it. The man had to spend the night in the cell and as the effects of the liquor wore off his remorse became keener. In the morning his condition was pitiable as he was bundled with other prisoners into the Black Maria and travelled in company yith a motley lot to the cells at the City Hall where he became one of the collection of prisoners from all over the city until his friends got him admitted to bail and rushed him to a barber shop and a coffee counter preliminary to his appearance in the police court. Owing to being on bail, he was saved from the disgrace of appearing in the dock and a lawyer secured a remand in order to grant him an opportunity to put his affairs into shape prior to the jail sentence which is imperative in order to curb this class of offender.

His first act on being released from the cells was to telephone his wife who had been notified by his friend that he would be away all night. After leaving the court he became all business in preparing to face the music, settling the claim of the street railway without demur and ascertaining that it would cost a hundred dollars or so to put his own car into shape. These items combined with the lawyer's bill made the escapade a costly affair from the money standpoint alone. Then there was the terrible domestic ordeal involved in making explanations at home, and the jail sentence.

The feelings of a man who has got himself into such a position may be better imagined than described and it is scarcely to be wondered that a second appearance for such a misdemeanor is a novelty. Only one is remembered at the Jail Farm, the culprit in that case being a professional man who is afflicted with tuberculosis for which he takes a whiskey treatment. Too much medicine before starting for a drive has caused him to sojourn at the farm on two occasions.

FOR the man who has been caught drunk while in charge of an automobile there is not much sympathy to be looked for from the magistrate on the bench, or from the court officials and while a lawyer may put up a spirited fight for his abashed client in the hope of at least having the charge reduced to one of reckless driving, this succeeds but seldom. When sentence is passed the offender is sent in the police van with other prisoners to the jail over the Don. There he is checked up by the Governor and is slated for another ride in the van with prisoners for the farm accompanied by sheriff's officers. The van takes them as far as the Yonge Street city limits where they are transferred to the smoking compartment of a radial car for the pretty trip up Yonge Street but it is doubtful if the erring motorist gives any thought to the scenery. There is nothing to indicate that the party is composed of prisoners. On arrival at the farm a sheriff's officer hands the Deputy Superintendent a handful of blue papers bearing particulars of the individual commitments and the prisoners are ushered into a small "reception" room containing several backless green benches where they are seated while the deputy scans the papers. As a rule the motorist who has made the bad mistake looks very much out of place and exceedingly uncomfortable in this interim. Then all are told to stand up and the deputy in the friendliest fashion gives them a heart to heart talk.

DEPUTY WEIR is a man much used to prisoners of all sorts. Before being appointed to the Jail Farm in 1913 he was at the Guelph Reformatory and had a long experience at the old Central Prison in Toronto. He greets the newcomers cheerfully with familiar greetings to the hard-boiled sinners and special friendly recognition for those who have never been there before. "This institution is not a place for punishment, it is a place for reformation," he declares, and the remorseful motorist wears a downcast look suggesting that nothing can alter his personal opinion that it is a place of punishment. "You are here to get higher ideals," continues Mr. Weir, while the motorist thinks he is there to get lower everything, as he gazes around helplessly at the bare walls until hte deputy addresses him directly on the serious nature of his particular offence, asking: "What would you think of anyone else doing what you did? You are an intelligent man, look at that angle of it. How about it if you had caused the death of some boy or girl, some man or woman? You must realize the risk you occasioned to others as well as to yourself and be thankful that your humiliation is not augmented by the agony of having killed or maimed someone. Men who drive motor vehicles must realize that it is not safe for them to drink—"

"I was not exactly drunk," urges the motorist with some show of excuse, adding that he has driven a car for several years without an accident.

"Unfortunately there have been many times when it has taken only one accident to kill somebody," replies the deputy softly. "Your present situation gives you something to ponder over and the opportunity to do so. Do you think the time will come when you will have a full appreciation of the nature of your error?"

"You bet it will!" declares the uncomfortable one with some fervor. Beside him is a bootlegger facing a longer sentence who smiles wanly at the assertion of his companion in misfortune, whereat the deputy turns to him reprovingly, remarking: "You are one of those who sell the vile stuff that gets these men into trouble and you will have an opportunity while here to think over the cruelty you cause." Then he explains in detail the rules of the institution, emphasizing in conclusion the one which provides that every inmate except those of the Jewish faith must attend a church service on Sunday. "We believe here that the church can reform men," he asserts. "We believe that much of the trouble men gets into comes through their not being associated with any denomination or, having had church affiliations, have neglected them. Here we hope that steps which have been lost may be regained." The deputy goes along a bit strong on those lines and the scene in the little room is more impressive than it looks on paper.

WHEN his homily is over the deputy explains the leniency in regard to restrictions on liberty at the farm, stating that each newcomer must give his word of honor that he will not abuse the privileges extended by attempting to escape, an offence which is punishable on recapture by a term of two years' real imprisonment. As each man gives his word he is required to raise his hand in the manner used for affirming an oath. "That will do, men. You can now have your dinner," concludes the deputy.

A blue-garbed inmate enters with the dishes of food and the motorist, like the others, uses a place beside him on the green bench as a table. It is his first meal in such environment and the food is better than his appetite. On this particular day the dinner consists of Irish Stew, bread pudding, bread and tea. In the party there is an old-timer who has come for a six-months' stay at his own request, and he tackles the eatables with a zest not shared by the others. After the repast comes the bath, which is the initiation to the routine of the institution, for immediately following it the motorist parts company with his own clothes. His tailor-mades, spats and soft undies are put away into the moth balls until required at the termination of his sentence, every stitch he was wearing when he came in being taken from him and replaced by a regulation working suit of blue denim, rough shirt, thick underwear, heavy socks and boots. He is through with collars and neckties until the time comes for him to sally forth a free man once more. The change of clothing is one of the bitterest things the offender encounters throughout the whole process of his punishment and for the first time he looks like the rest of the prisoners.

WORK comes next, and in the nature of things it does not include anything that an ordinary business man such as this motorist who has got into trouble is accustomed to. While as much consideration as possible is shown to all prisoners, he is assigned to labor where it happens to be most needed. It might be in the laundry, the shoe-shop, the tailor-shop, with the paint gang, barbering, in the cow barn, among the chickens, in the piggery, at the fire hole, in the kitchen, or general work on the farm. He remains at work until five o'clock, when he gets a wash and goes to the big dining room and is directed to a seat at one of the large tables, which will be his for the duration of his stay. After tea he can take recreation by doing some of the serious thinking he was sent there for and if he is a smoker he is allowed to indulge. Tobacco is furnished by the institution and any inmate who does not possess a pipe may have one for the asking. Cigarettes are barred. At half-past eight it is time to go to bed, for every inmate must be between the blankets at nine o'clock and remain there until six o'clock in the morning, when the first bell clangs the summons to get up and wash. The second bell is the call to remove hats in the dining-room and the third bell gives consent to commence breakfast. The meal is a little bit earlier than customary for the motorist, but he has become somewhat resigned and there is a fresh air tonic in the farm surroundings for the appetite. Work for the day commences at seven o'clock and continues until noon, being resumed after an hour's respite for dinner. Whatever task is assigned to any inmate has to have the approval of the doctor as to his physical fitness, an examination having been made at the time of the bath and the weight of the inmate recorded.

NO two men take their punishment in the same way. Some are morose throughout the term, while others assume a cheerfulness, according to temperament. They are all under constant observation by the officials and a word of encouragement is given where it appears to be needed. As most of the men sentenced for being drunk while in charge of an automobile are in for short terms, they do not have any visitors. Monday and Thursday afternoons are the visiting days at the farm, but a visitor is only allowed to see a prisoner once in every two weeks. Raw fruit, candy, etc., is allowed as presents, but everything in the shape of gifts for an inmate must pass through the office for inspection. It is a grave misdemeanor for an inmate to accept anything without that formality having been complied with and it is one of the things he has pledged his word not to do. An inmate is allowed to write a letter once every two weeks, and oftener in case of emergency at the discretion of the superintendent or his deputy. Letters arriving from the outside are subject to censorship.

DURING the last year about one hundred men have been sent to the farm as a result of being intoxicated while driving an automobile and in some aggravated cases the terms have been of considerable length. Superintendent Major Morrison tells of one man who was in for six months being the head of a concern which employed sixty stenographers and on several occasions while the sentence was being served situations developed in his business demanding his personal attention, and as he had been sentenced to be reformed and not ruined he was allowed to go into the city under escort for a few hours in those emergencies to straighten things. Another long-term man who had a prosperous business in the city discovered that he was being robbed by those to whom the business was entrusted during his absence. He convinced the authorities that such was the case and was allowed a brief parole one day, on which he succeeded in catching a man whose dishonest methods were wrecking the business.

THE son of one of Canada's most distinguished citizens was an inmate of the farm for a short term because he had been drunk while motoring. He was put in charge of a team of horses and served his sentence in rare good spirits. A well-known merchant who spent a week at the farm for a similar mistake managed to do so without his wife and family ever learning anything about it and they thought he was away on a buying trip which he had been contemplating when he got into trouble. One young man of highly respectable connections spent the whole week of his imprisonment worrying over the possibility of his fiancee learning of his disgrace, for he was afraid it would upset his approaching marriage, but as the wedding eventually took place it is presumed that he was successful in keeping the unpleasant incident dark.

Major Morrison says it is mostly "unpremeditated" drunks which bring this class of offenders into his care. As an instance, he cites the case of a young taxi-cab driver who on taking a fare home to a house where the family was away was invited in to have a drink, the man stating that he was going to have a "shot" himself before going to bed and would like company. The taxi man was picked up by the police soon after he had driven away from the house. Chance drinks of bootleg liquor have been responsible for a considerable percentage of such convictions, according to the stories told by the motorists themselves while serving sentence. Most of them are young men or of early middle age. As far as can be recalled no elderly men have been sent to the farm for being overloaded with liquor while handling a car. While as a rule this class of prisoner is better than the ordinary run at the farm, he is not shown any special consideration. The seriousness of the offence is appreciated to the utmost and if the number of convictions for it do not abate a further increase in the length of the terms imposed will be imperative, in the opinion of the authorities, who, having regard for the rapidly increasing volume of motor traffic, believe the powers that be will find it necessary to make the minimum term six months, as is the practice in Los Angeles and some other cities in the United States. One official looks upon a drunken driver in an automobile as "the most dangerous thing in the world" and does not think that any measures could be too severe if they would bring about his extinction.

ASKED if it was true that men convicted on this charge in the Toronto Police Court were allowed to drive out to the farm in their own cars, Major Morrison entered an emphatic denial. "That impression got abroad, I suppose, through a case which attracted attention some time ago," he said. "A persistent lawyer got permission from a magistrate for an offender to go to his office before coming to the farm, the lawyer undertaking to be personally responsible for his safe delivery to serve the sentence. He was brought along in his own car, thus escaping the ignominy of travelling in the way called for by the law, but I cannot tell of any other case of that kind."

The motorists who have served their terms at the farm get back into their own clothes with avidity on the day of their departure and are invariably in a repentant mood, but more keep on coming along to take their places. If their class of offence is showing no decline now, what will it be like in the event of whiskey coming back again? is a question put by an officer who is viewing the possible downfall of prohibition with much alarm. With more motor cars and liquor freely available he believes a condition would be created demanding most drastic action. What the man who gets into trouble from this cause suffers he regards as something not to be thought about at all, but on the other hand every one should grasp the heiniousness of his offence in its relation to the safety of the community at large.

The Menu at the Jail Farm

SUNDAY :
Breakfast—Porridge, bread, syrup, tea.
Dinner—Potato scrapple, rice pudding, bread, tea.
Supper—Bologna, boiled potatoes, bread, syrup, tea.

MONDAY :
Breakfast—Porridge, headcheese, bread, syrup, tea.
Dinner—Irish stew, bread pudding, bread, tea.
Supper—Vegetable soup, bread, syrup, tea.

TUESDAY :
Breakfast—Porridge, bologna, bread, syrup, tea.
Dinner—Finnan haddie, potatoes, fig pudding, bread, tea.
Supper—Macaroni and cheese, bread, syrup, tea.

WEDNESDAY :
Breakfast—Porridge, pressed beef, bread, syrup, tea.
Dinner—Sausage and potatoes, rice pudding, bread, tea.
Supper—Bologna and potatoes, bread, syrup, tea.

THURSDAY :
Breakfast—Porridge, headcheese, bread, syrup, tea.
Dinner—Potato scrapple, bread pudding, bread, tea.
Supper—Vegetable soup, bread, syrup, tea.

FRIDAY :
Breakfast—Porridge, bologna, bread, syrup, tea.
Dinner—Finnan haddie, potatoes, bread pudding, bread, tea.
Supper—Bologna and potatoes, bread, syrup, tea.

SATURDAY
Breakfast—Porridge, sausage, bread, syrup, tea.
Dinner—Potato scrapple, rice pudding, bread, syrup, tea.
Supper—Macaroni and cheese, bread, syrup, tea.

NOTE.—Green vegetables in season. Milk and sugar served with tea.

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Cooking For The Zoo's Large Family

Preparation of Meals For Large Animal Family Includes a Wide Variety of Foods -- Petting Along Poor Appetites -- In the Zoo Kitchen.

CAPRICIOUS tastes as well as ravenous appetites have to be carefully considered by the cooks who prepare the meals for the occupants of the cages at Riverdale Zoo. The daily bill-of-fare embraces a wide variety of victuals ranging from baled hay, which is one course of the elephants' diet, to milk worms specially raised for the temperamental palate of the soft-bill birds. Mealtime at the Zoo happens but twice a day with a few exceptions where three meals are supplied and others where one feast in the twenty-four hours is regarded as sufficient.

DR. CAMPBELL, V.S., the curator, is the dietitic authority who orders the menus for this strangely assorted collection of epicures and protects them from billousness or indigestion.

It is not an uncommon thing for some beast or bird to become pernickety. The Lion has been turning up his nose lately at prime beef on big bones from the butcher's, and the doctor's diagnosis was that Leo was pining for something with fresh blood on it. There was no doubt about it, the Zoo was housing a very sick lion, for all attempts to coax him to eat were fruitless. "We went to the civic abattoir," relates Dr. Campbell, "where we secured the entrails of a freshly-killed animal and dished the mess up to our patient. After looking it over somewhat disinterestedly, he betrayed evidence that the dormant appetite had been stimulated. The old chap smelled it, licked it and then began to eat. The tonic succeeded and he is now getting back to his ordinary fare with some resumption of the normal relish." The Lion is sixteen years of age and he appeared to be much interested as he lay in majestic pose beside an enormous and closely picked bone when the doctor was telling this about him.

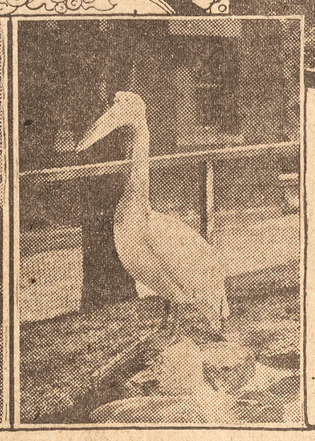
"It is not an unusual thing for the animals to get a bit off their feed and we have to figure out something in the line of subterfuge to restore their appetites," said the doctor. "When new additions come into the Zoo it is sometimes a very difficult matter to get them to eat at all, unless they have been kept in other Zoo's. This loss of desire for food often becomes pernicious and nothing seems to be able to retrieve it. One way we get around it is by sticking food on their paws and they have to lick it as a preliminary to their ablutions." This has proved effective with the Puma and most of the other members of the cat family.

IN the Zoo kitchen it takes about an hour to get a meal ready for the big family. For the morning repast a start is made at eight o'clock and at nine the waiters make their rounds. The afternoon meal is served at four o'clock and is in most cases similar to that of the early one with the exception of a change in vegetables. Harry Barrett has charge of the Zoo restaurant and as he has been acting in that capacity for the past twenty years he is on terms of intimacy with all the customers, some of whom exchange cordial greetings with him upon his approach, whether it is meal time or not. The otter never fails to emerge from the pool to wave a paw at him as soon as he nears the cage and quite a number of the other animals are equally sociable. Mr. Barrett has four assistants for the kitchen work and the serving. John May specializes with the elephants and the bears, William Ford has the monkeys as his principal care, Arthur Trowell feeds the birds, big and little, while Lou Shannon sees that the wolves and other members of the dog family get all that is good for them.

With this system of dividing the catering responsibilities quick service is assured. Most of the animals are well aware of the approach of meal times and betray vocal signs of impatience, particularly if the waiters are a few minutes late. While they are all sadly deficient in table manners, only the cat tribe get into quarrels over division of the food. In this respect the Civets are particularly rude, fighting in a truly disgraceful manner over the morsels served to them at almost every meal. Among the birds the Raven is the most ravenous and gulps the food in a gluttonous style, emulating Oliver Twist in exaggerated fashion as the serving man departs. The Eagles are greedy beggars, too, and fight at times over the portion allotted to them, while at other times they do not appear to care whether they get anything or not.

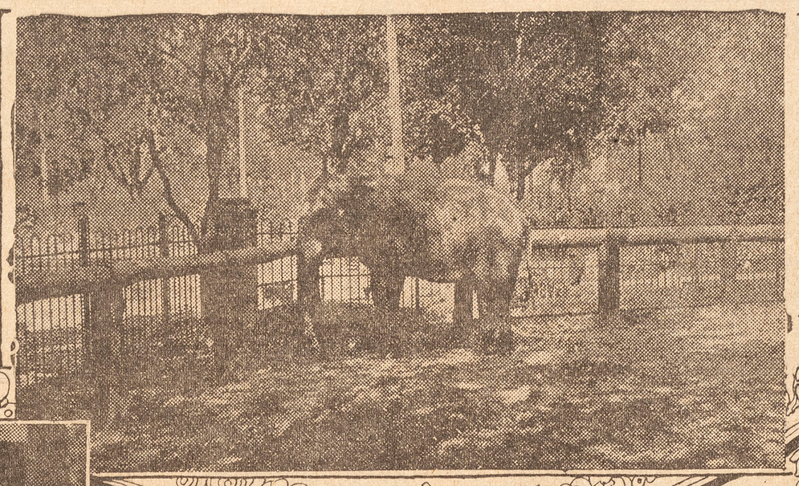


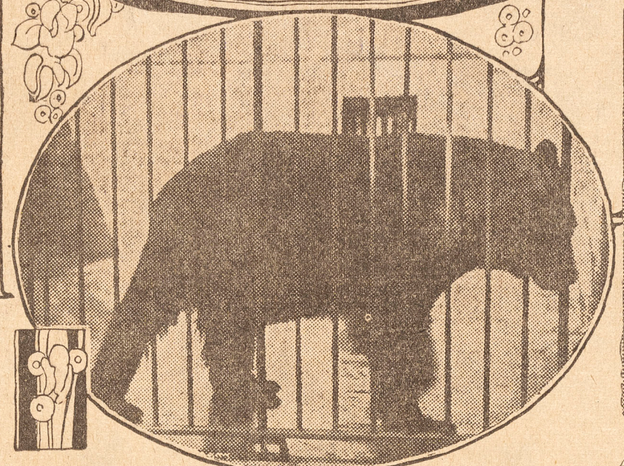




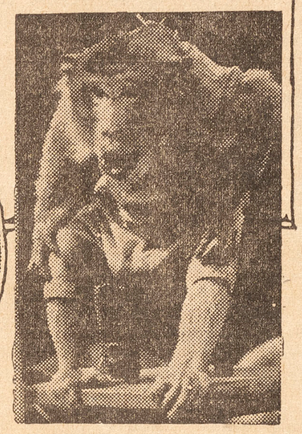
This stork augments his official rations by catching mice and sparrows when they get too close. The long bill shoots out like lightning and the prey has no chance of escape. Right—The pelican has spied the approach of the lunch man from afar.

Above—The monkeys at Riverdale Zoo have not the table manners of this one who lives at the famous Bronx Zoo, but they can eat as much.





Bruin is ready to go through the whole bill-of-fare from soup to nuts.



"Hurry up with that dinner!"

Above—The largest appetite in the Riverdale Zoo is owned by "Cap," the big elephant, who has just been having his summer bath, which occupies the time of two men for one week.

Above—The Canada goose finds a lot of its own food, but always has room for what is brought by the attendants.

THE larder at the Zoo is by no means of the Old Mother Hubbard variety, for it is kept stocked in plentiful fashion with a regard for individual tastes. Sunflower seeds are popular with most of the birds as a chaser for other seeds of numerous kinds, with carrots, apples or bananas in the form of dessert. The easiest bird to please is the Ostrich, who betrays enthusiasm over all manner of vegetable food, but his usual diet consists of mixed alfalfa, wheat, bran, oats and oranges. Mr. Barrett observed the padlocks and pitchforks anywhere near the ostrich are kept securely fastened. The Cassowarys thrive on the same menu prepared for the Ostrich, but exhibit no desire to consume pitchforks or other things of similarly indigestible nature. A pitchfork disappeared last week and the ostrich is suspected. The Emu gets the Ostrich bill-of-fare and is easier to satisfy.

Fresh water herrings and whitefish secure short shrift from the fish eating birds such as the herons, bitterns, cranes, gulls, gannets, snake birds, ibis, cormorants and the lanky storks who bring the babies down the chimneys. These storks relieve the fish diet at times with an odd sparrow or an occasional rat. The big maribou stork with the enormous bill and a pedagog's manner of strutting around its enclosure is famous for its ability to capture rats, mice and birds venturing too near the cage, for the bill shoots out with lightning speed and gathers in the incautious visitor in less than no time.

The kangaroos enjoy a dainty, specially grown for them in the park greenhouse. It is sprout oats which are nurtured until about three inches in height and they are very fond of it. Their other food consists of dry oats and bran with an occasional apple or a ration of cabboge.

THE polar bears do credit to their good board for they look sleek and cosy and never lack appetite when their servings of fish and bread happen along. The black bears, grizzlies, sun bears and the other bears are not partial to fish, even on a Friday but they extend a most hearty welcome to generous rations of carrots and have a strong liking for most green vegetables no matter how high the prices are.

The monkeys do not depend entirely on the Zoo authorities for their sustenance for there are usually visitors feeding them with all sorts of stuff. While that is contrary to the rules it is overlooked to some extent. Occasionally a person with a perverted sense of humor throws a burning cigarette stub into the cage and thinks it is a great joke if a monk gets scorched fingers. A sharp lookout is kept for these, and several of them have been prosecuted, all the offenders being foreigners. The monkeys make quite a fuss at dinner bell time and while they cannot be said to be finicky about what they eat they are fond of a slice or so of the ordinary currant loaf which is on the bill of fare each day. They also like white and brown bread, carrots, apples, bananas with a side dish of fresh dandelions and a drink of milk. Feeding the monkeys has always been the most popular sight of the zoo for young and old.

Dog biscuits are the favorite food for the hyena which spends a lot of time looking through the cage bars for them and as a filler always extends a welcome to a piece of any kind of meat. The wolves are also strong for the dog biscuits and have them at one meal every day. An enormous quantity of these prepared biscuits is consumed at the Zoo in the course of a year.

OLD "Cap" the big elephant has the champion appetite of the Zoo and he is one of the chosen few who get three meals a day, at all of which he takes his time. He gets away with about one hundred pounds of hay every day together with bran, oats and a few loaves of bread as well as bananas, oranges, apples, etc., to the extent of two or three dozen. He receives a lot of extra grub from visitors but that never affects his appetite in the least. Green vegetables in or out of season, banana stalks and such delicacies help to fill him up, if he ever gets filled. He takes his time very mannerly with his meals realizing that it is all in the day's work and he finds time to be sociable while eating. "Cap" gets about a score of meals during the time he is taking a bath, which is only twice a year. His summer renovation his been going on during the past few days and it is a contract which consumes two men's working time for an entire week. The operation starts with a scrubbing in hot soapsuds, every bit of the huge carcase being covered in a dirt softening process. Scrapers are then used with much vigor for the accumulation of caked dust is difficult to remove; it is likened unto the scraping off of old paint and is a lot of work. After the cleansing is done the huge body is bathed in neatsfoot oil.

The baby elephant, "Stella," eats food similar to that provided for her big companion, but she has not yet been treated to the Summer bath. The elephants are consistent vegetarians. They collect a considerable quantity of excess grub from admirers, which includes youngsters who visit the Zoo regularly. The day of the peanut is not done, and the Zoo elephants have good cause to know it, along with their friends, the monkeys. The elephants make no demonstration when meals are being brought, and they seem to take it pretty much for granted that there is a constant and inexhaustible supply.

Willow bark is an important item in the diet of the beaver, and the cage always contains a generous supply of thick boughs cut from trees which are plentiful along the nearby banks of the River Don. Bread in good quantities, corn and apples, complete the beaver's bill-of-fare. Hemlock branches have a prominent place in the cage of the porcupine, who makes a hearty meal off the bark. The badger enjoys a meal of raw meat, bread and dog biscuit, while the prairie dogs and gophers get corn with bread and milk. The agonti and the paca pin their faith upon carrots and cabbage, and they are also served with bread and milk. The racoons are addicted to corn on the cob when it is in season. The wise, old owl wants meat at every meal. The vultures, like the eagles, each eat nearly a pound of fresh fish every day, and are very greedy for it. The trout disporting themselves in the aquarium keep strong and lively on liver and worms, and the goldfish subsist to a large extent on oatmeal. Mocking birds and the toucan are fed on a special preparation known as mocking bird food. The African horn-bill wants fish all the time. The capybara makes a hearty meal on oats, corn, bread, bran and vegetables.



THE foregoing is but a partial statement of the variety of meals prepared in the Zoo kitchen. This kitchen is not much of a place to look at. It contains one large cauldron and a smaller one, but these are not used very extensively of late. A large gas stove is used for cooking rice and such things every other day. There is a row of deep drawers along the side of the building containing articles of food for handy use in preparation. One of these drawers is always filled with loaves of white, brown and currant or raisin bread, which is kept for a day or so, as it would not do to feed the animals with new bread. Upwards of one hundred pounds of meat is consumed at the Zoo each day. The quality used is what is known as canner's meat. About fifty pounds of fish is delivered fresh daily, and is of the best quality. Mr. Barrett has no record at the Zoo to show the actual amount of provender consumed each day, but it runs into hundreds of pounds. Vegetables are purchased in large quantities, such things as carrots and mangels being bought in two-ton lots, while there is always a good store of corn, wheat, oats and bran on hand.

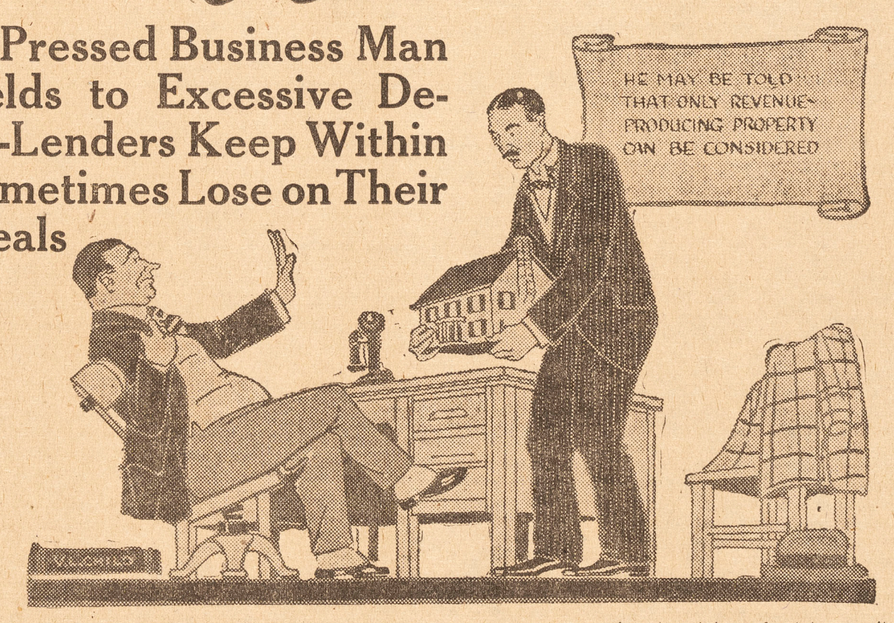
Owing to the backward weather, the Zoo animals in many cases remained in Winter quarters until the holiday, which is late in the season for them to be put out. The bears had access to out-of-doors all Winter, spending part of the time in the inner section of their cages, but coming out regularly for their meals and fresh air.

THE Riverdale Zoo came into existence in 1894, when a few deer and a couple of wolves were presented to the city. Some years afterwards the Toronto Railway Company contributed the large elephant. Many private persons have from time to time added to the collection, and the city has purchased animals, until it is now a show of large proportions and splendid interest. When Mr. Barrett joined the staff a score of years ago only two men were employed, and now there is a considerable staff and a wide variety of specimens of wild life. The deer and animals of that type have been removed to High Park.

Toronto Mortgage Sharks and Their Prey

Why the Hard-Pressed Business Man Sometimes Yields to Excessive Demands---Money-Lenders Keep Within the Law, But Sometimes Lose on Their Financial Deals

By J. D. PEARLSTEIN.



THE Court of Appeal, at Osgoode Hall, has just decided that a Toronto business man who agreed, in a mortgage, to pay a bonus of $1,200 for the loan of $3,500 for one year is not obliged to pay the bonus. The reason for the decision is based on a purely legal technicality. The mortgage was not properly drawn, as provided by the Canada Interest Act.

But the case throws some light on the operations of mortgage "sharks" in the City of Toronto, and the extent of their "killings."

Now it cannot be emphasized too strongly that the established loan and mortgage companies offer every possible facility to their customers for the transaction of business and, without exception, they adhere to the higher code of business ethics. Their charges for arranging loans, exclusive of the rate of interest which varies from time to time, are fixed according to the general tariff of costs and so are practically the same with all companies. It is well known, too, that as a general rule they do not demand either bonuses or commissions for arranging or approving loans. On the contrary, some companies pay a commission of 1 per cent. to agents who bring satisfactory applications for loans to them. It should be noted, therefore, that the following comments on the operations of some loan agencies or agents do not apply to the recognized mortgage companies doing a legitimate loan business.

But consider the case of a business, hard pressed for funds, a case such as came for review before the judges at Osgoode Hall. It may be assumed that no business man would agree to pay over 33 per cent. interest per annum on mortgage security if he were possessed of any readily marketable securities, war bonds, industrial stocks or even life insurance, upon which he could borrow at the ordinary bank rate.

When these are gone, therefore, inevitably he must turn to his real estate, and if his property is not already mortgaged to the hilt, he enters upon the mortgage money market. He may be thoroughly familiar with stocks and bonds and the values thereof, but when he hits the mortgage market he will find a strange and unfamiliar little world of people in its midst. Perhaps he imagines that all he has to do is sign a mortgage and receive the money.

THERE is a certain class of agent doing business in the financial district who represents himself either as a gentleman of means desiring to invest money, or, as is more often the case, a financial agent having the control of English or American funds for investment in real estate security in Canada.

Now, if our business man does not possess such real estate security as the big loan companies are anxious to secure, he may apply to any one of the aforesaid gentlemen of "means." At the very outset he may be met with a number of objections. If he owns a store property he may be told forthwith that the money is available only on good residential property. If he is fortunate enough to have an unencumbered home he may be told that only revenue producing property can be considered, and the rental possibilities are carefully inquired into.

And there is a hidden reason for all this pessimism. Our business man is being prepared for the stiff terms of the loan that are to come. One good feature, however, is that he gets the sad news gradually. First of all he is told that money is getting very "tight," and that the current rate on first mortgages is now 7 1-2 per cent. on residential property in the city, and 8 per cent. in the county, if the property is close to the city limits. The gentleman of means is also entitled to an additional bonus of 1 per cent. for advancing the money. Ask the reason for this strange bonus and you are told you must pay "because the other fellows are doing it." Thus the loan, say of $5,000.00 will cost you an extra $50.00, "because the other fellows are doing it." Our business man is hard pressed for funds and his demurrer is not taken seriously. He is at once asked to sign an application for the loan. It is a long closely printed form of one, two or three pages, as the case may be, and unless he is a lawyer, or unlike ninety per cent. of the rest of the population, he will not read it before he signs it.

WITH the signed application now in hand the gentleman of means says to our business man; "Of course you will have to pay the solicitor's tariff fees and disbursements in connection with searching the title of your property." No objection. "And," adds the gentleman of means, as though it were an afterthought, "there will be an additional valuation fee as well, but it won't be large."

Then in a final paragraph of the application the intending borrower agrees not to make application elsewhere for this loan for a term of thirty days.

OUR business man objects to some of these terms, but the gentleman of means assures him that they are inescapable under present conditions no matter where he may apply for the loan, and he is convinced that the net proceeds will be forthcoming within the shortest possible time.

Anxious to be relieved of his financial burdens he consents, somewhat grudgingly, to the imposition of all these terms and at last feels relieved to think that the money is as good as though it were in his pocket.

But this is just the beginning. Application in hand the gentleman of means himself must now go into the mortgage market and find a lender. If he can induce one of the big companies to accept the application, our business man is fortunate, inasmuch as the only extra expense he will likely incur will be the commission charge of 1 per cent., imposed not by the company, but by the gentleman of means. Let us suppose, however, no loan company desires to invest at this particular time in the security offered. Thenceforth our business man's application is turned on to another path. It is the path of the mortgage discount dealer, whose especial business it is to exact the highest rate he believes a borrower will pay. Very seldom is any loan application with merit refused in the market of the mortgage discount dealers, for there is a sliding scale which always brings results. The less valuable the security the higher the rate of discount, is the simple rule. It is safe to say no mortgage dealer will advance $5,000.-

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.

Pays 25 Per Cent---and Gladly

APPROACHED last week by a friend for a loan of $1,000, a well known Toronto business man—seeking to put the borrower off—remarked that the money was worth at least 25 per cent. to him in his own business and to lend for less would mean a loss to him. But to his utter amazement the intending borrower remarked with surprising readiness, "I'll gladly pay you 25 per cent. for the accommodation and I'll give you a second mortgage on my home as security.

"Are you sure you can afford to pay such a high rate? How can you do it?"

"That will be easy. I must have the money—for business purposes. I will pay for the loan with pleasure."

The deal was made and both parties—lender and borrower—are quite satisfied.

But an important sidelight is thrown on a growing practice in Toronto and throughout the urban centres of Ontario, of lending and borrowing money at unusually high rates. As a result a remarkably large quantity of surplus capital, which would ordinarily find its way into business channels, is being diverted and held in the second mortgage money market.

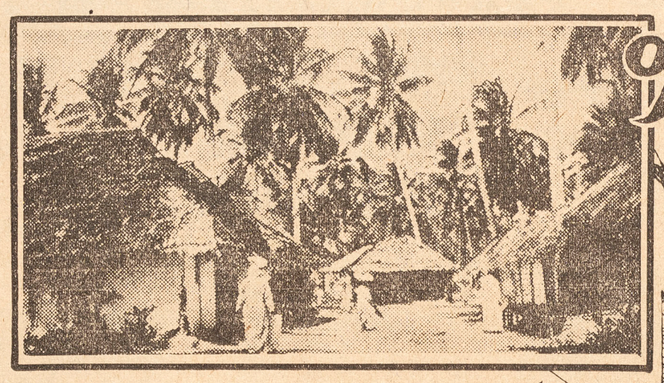
It should be observed, however, that the loan and trust companies either large or small, have no connection, directly or indirectly, with the class of loans here described. On the contrary the loan companies of established integrity act as a check, to a certain extent, upon abnormally high rates, inasmuch as they are always ready and willing to advance funds in large and small amounts at 7 or 7½ per cent., where the borrower can furnish the desired real estate security on first mortgage.

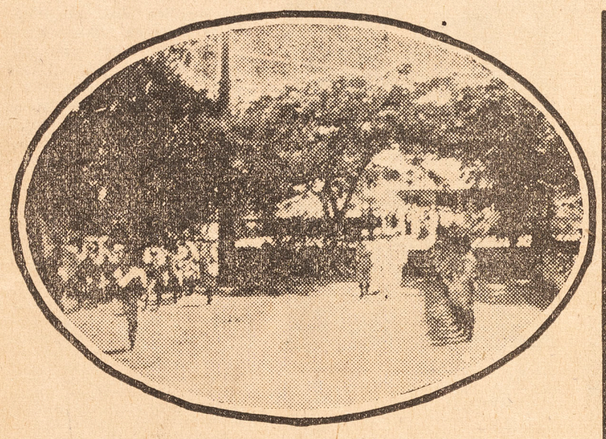
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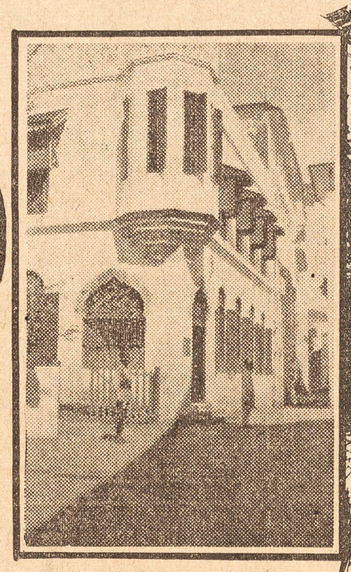
A Canadian's Visit to the Sultan of Zanzibar

Sunday World Writer, in Fifth Article of Interesting Series, Tells of Reception to New Governor---Church Now Stands on Site of Old Slave Market





Reception to Governor, Zanzibar.
Top, right—Native street, Zanzibar.



Sultan's Palace, Zanzibar.
Above—Street in Zanzibar.

By H. WESTOBY.

THE sudden stopping of the steamer's engines awoke me, so I quickly dressed, and stepped on deck.

The scene from the ship's deck was one of entrancing beauty. We were anchored amid a number of steamers off Zanzibar, and that far-famed city was stretched out before us, an exquisite dream of white palaces, among the glorious green of the tropics. To the left of us stood out very prominently a large building, which we were told was the palace of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and directly in front several beautiful minarets pierced the sky, with all those enchanting white buildings of peculiar Eastern design to the right.

NEAR us was anchored a yacht, a graceful, slender craft, in gleaming white paint, with the name in golden letters on the stern, and flying from the mainmast was a blood-red flag. It was the Sultan of Zanzibar's yacht, which had just arrived with the new resident, or governor, and already great preparations were under way ashore to receive him.

All around us stretched a glorious torquoise sea—more like a sea of enchantment than an actual part of the great Indian Ocean.

Boats put off from the shore, boats piled high with things to barter, and soon Hindoo traders were offering for sale curios of fantastic and often beautiful workmanship. The greed of these men was amazing to behold. They displayed ivory trinkets of all kinds, prayer mats of exquisite workmanship, all the time jostling and shouting at each other in angry tones, until one began to think he must have fallen among a lot of thieves. If you so much as gave a hint of admiring anything their persistence to sell the article to you was astonishing, and when a sale was actually made the seller would often hold up his hands to heaven exclaiming in pious tones that he was the loser. We had had some experience with similar gentry lower down the coast, and knew from experience that the time to buy, if one bought at all, was just before the steamer sailed, hence we curbed any inclination to purchase, and watched the diving boys who swam alongside and dived, for "tickies," or other coins thrown overboard by the passengers. It was extraordinary how well these boys could swim, and, as a coin was tossed overboard, down would go a dozen heads at once, and there was a wild scramble for the coin under water. Suddenly a great shark appeared, and, the cry being raised, there was a swift rush on the part of the boys to get back to the boats, and the last one just hurled himself into a boat as the shark swam swiftly beneath it.

ONE of our passengers, for whatever reason I do not know, then threw a shilling into the water, and the poor boy, who had just so narrowly escaped, with one look at the fast disappearing coin, and another at the shark, without so much as a splash, leaped overboard, seized the coin, and literally threw himself into the boat before the shark had even turned. Luckily the bugle for breakfast cut off any further adventuring of this kind, and it was with relief that some of us went below.

On going ashore we passed dozens of Arab dhows, those wonderful little boats that have sailed these seas for perhaps a thousand years and more. Single masted, gaudy craft, the mast always leaning toward the bow of the boat in the peculiar manner all dhows have.

On such a boat with its high poop was the Queen of Sheba taken across the seas to pay her visit to King Solomon, and looking at some of the ancient craft anchored in the harbor, for ought we knew to the contrary the identical boat used on that occasion was there among that crowd of Eastern shipping. We landed at some stone steps and were greeted by a curious crowd of natives dressed in long, white robes, and with black and white fezzes on their heads!

Happy children of nature, they had gathered to see the mail boat passengers land, and doubtless thought us just as curious, and just as interesting as we found them to be.

NATURALLY we had to have a guide, and soon one "Romeo," who spoke twelve languages, was hired. He was a tall, grave looking man, dressed in the usually long white robe, and black fez, the latter perforated with holes for coolness' sake. Romeo did all the bartering for us, hired our autos, or rickshas, arranged our itinerary and was ever ready with advice. Indeed, he was a gem of a guide, and knew Zanzibar as you'd know your own hand. He would stand patiently for an hour in the hot sun, while we visited some building or garden, and then, when we needed him, there he was, gravely salaaming, and ever ready to suggest something else for our pleasure. The streets of Zanzibar are for the most part narrow lanes and never are they wide. There appears to have been no plan in extending the city, for these lanes or streets are apt to run in every direction.

Along them plod camels, and donkeys, and sweating blacks, pushing carts, and amid all this traffic thousands of natives going in every direction. Many of these were savage-looking men with great semi-circular knives stuck in their girdles. Knives with silver handles that had a somewhat ugly look; brilliantly attired Swahili men and women; grave Hindoos, half-naked black laborers and scores of wholly naked little black boys and girls, running about amid the traffic, their laughter a thing of joy to listen to, and their ways as artless as was their dress simple. We entered one of the larger shops, and were at once greeted by a grave Hindoo who showed us prayer rugs from Bagdad, old Moorish lamps that looked as if Aladdin might have once owned them; Chinese dragon china, gorgeous rugs from Arabia, ivory charms and bangles, and all the wealth of that great dark continent, Africa, for us to choose from.

DID we require a great brass bowl, or a beautiful ostrich fan? They were there for bargaining, for you must always bargain for anything in Zanzibar, and somehow the natives love to bargain, and take time and pleasure in concluding one. But we had come to see Zanzibar, so we hired an automobile and soon were speeding to the clove groves and the rice plantations along a blinding white road lined with all sorts of tropical palms, boabah trees, banana plantations and a great variety of beautiful tropical flowers. Here and there among the trees were the old mud and wicker homes of the natives, curious little homes, with swarms of children at play everywhere, and men and women carrying great loads on their heads, hurrying hither and thither. Our car was a very much battered affair, and the driver, a Hindoo, drove it absolutely without any consideration for the pedestrians, who jumped in all directions out of its path, the drivers of camels cursing in Arabic, and donkey drivers in Hindoo, or Swahili, while all the while our driver sat imperturbably in his seat, the monarch of the road, for the time being, We, his passengers, could just hang on grimly, and hope for the best. We motored first to Bububu, along a fine carriage road, and soon reached the golf links, a grass course of nine holes, and also the tennis court, for tennis is a very popular game all over Africa. The golf links are most charming, being situated among majestic groves of mango trees, cocoanut palms, and an amazing variety of beautiful tropical scenery. Farther on we came to the clove plantations, and here the perfume of the cloves is almost overpowering. It is asserted that more than three-quarters of the world's supply of cloves comes from Zanzibar, and its neighboring Island of Pemba, and its cultivation is certainly, the principal industry of these islands, giving employment to thousands of natives, and adding much to the prosperity of the city of Zanzibar. We saw many native women working in the rice fields, and very picturesque they were, with their wooly hair running in little ridges of curls along the top of the head. Nearly all wore elaborate paper ornaments of huge design in their ears.

THE eastern side of Zanzibar is considered to be cooler than the west, and here we found many charming homes, owned by the white officials, and civilians, as well as the leading native planters.

Zanzibar is the largest city in East Africa, and for centuries it has held the bulk of the trade of that great eastern coast. Its population exceeds 200,000, and is made up of 270 Europeans, 165,000 Swahilis, 20,000 Arabs, 15,000 Indians, and 3,000 Commorides. The two islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, the first named with its 640 square miles, and Pemba of 380 square miles, form a British protectorate, and are under the control of the Governor of British East Africa. The climate is very hot and trying, and most Europeans find it very oppresive, and especially so during the heat of the summer which is from November until April.

The rainfall is not excessive, being recorded as 58 inches a year, and this rain usually falls during the monsoon periods, of which there are two, the northeastern monsoon blowing from December to March and the southwest monsoon from June until September.

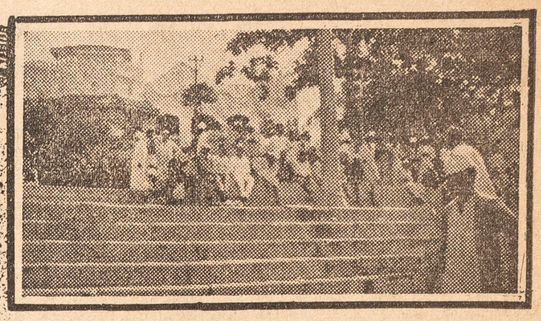
For many years Zanzibar was known as the greatest centre of slavery in the world, and from its shores have been sent millions of slaves to all parts of the world. This was before the British took over the control of the island, and prior to the abolition of slavery in 1897. Slaves were collected from all parts of Africa, and sent across to Zanzibar by Arab dhows.

In the centre of the city was erected the old slave market, where human chattels, shackled together were auctioned off, afterwards being disposed of through various channels to the world's markets. This slave market has often rung with the cries of wholesale murder, and the streets of Zanzibar have been choked with gangs of slaves, and its wharehouses glutted with stolen ivory, for in those days Zanzibar was certainly one of the cruelest, and most brutal places in the world.

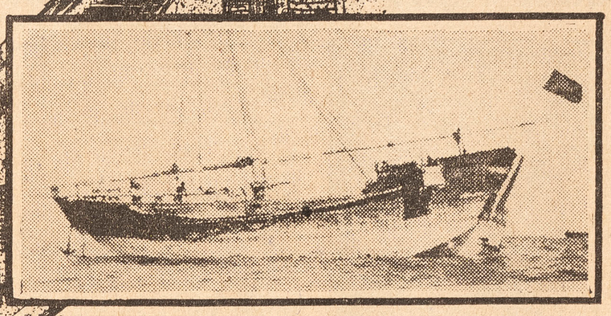
NEAR the market was the whipping post, where huge negroes, armed with rhino whips, tore the flesh from the backs of recalcitrant slaves, who frequently died under the inhuman treatment they received. Zanzibar in those days was certainly a hellish place, where there was no such thing as mercy, and where only greed, and cruelty, and fearful oppression held sway.

To-day the slave market has been pulled down, and on its site is erected a fine Anglican Cathedral, with the altar just above the spot where the whipping post used to be. The approach to the Cathedral is very beautiful, rows of scarlet flowered flamboyant trees forming a magnificent avenue of color that at once appeals to the eye, and somehow prepares you for the calm and beauty of that delightful cathedral. In the building you find much to interest you, and over the pulpit is a crucifix made from the wood of the tree at Lake Bangweolo, under which was buried the heart of Livingstone, that great souled missionary and explorer, whose name will ever be associated with tropical Africa. At one time Dr. Livingstone actually lived in Zanzibar, and during this time he must have frequently seen the dreadful slave market, and doubtless, too, he often heard the shrieks of the poor blacks, as they were cruelly beaten. There can be little doubt that the fearful sights he beheld there had a great deal to do with inspiring Livingstone in his efforts to secure the abolition of slavery, and the freedom from tyranny of the poor, black heathen whose existence had meant so little in that dark Continent of Africa, just at the back of the Island.





The landing steps, Zanzibar.



Arab dhow, Zanzibar.



Arab doorway.

WE spent the night at the "Africa" Hotel, quite a decent place, as hotels go in Central Africa, and as the sun's rays began to fade, and the stars to come out so suddenly, as they always do in the tropics, we were invited by a number of white officials to join them in the bar, and partake of "Sundowners."

A Sundowner is a whiskey and soda, and all over Africa the whites have a fondness for it. They assert that it keeps away malaria and other tropical diseases, but the real fact appeared to me to be that it brought company together and company, where whites are few, is something to conjure with. The custom is to keep indoors until 4 p.m., when the sun begins to lose its power, and then all work is stopped, and golf and tennis are indulged in until 6 p.m., the hour for "sundowners." Promptly at this time both sexes gather together, and the sun has often gone to rest a long time before these gatherings disperse.

After dinner we were invited to join a party who were attending a native dance, and we went expecting to see something that would be bright and novel, and perhaps interesting. Instead, we saw a number of Swahili women, plentifully bedaubed with paint, and clothed in the very brightest of colored cottons, dance a very barbaric dance that was certainly more suggestive than poetical, and which grew wilder and wilder as the evening wore on, until we were forced to leave out of sheer disgust.

THE following morning we witnessed the official reception to the new resident, which took place in Victoria Gardens, directly in front of the Governor's palace. All the leading citizens of Zanzibar were gathering as we approached, and in the gardens a fine native band was playing splendid martial music. British officers were on duty in white uniforms, with gold braid. Lined up were the native soldiers in khaki shorts and shirts, bright red sashes around their waists, bare legged, and each with a red fez set at a jaunty angle on his woolly head. These soldiers were all fine physical specimens, and they displayed an interest in the proceedings, and a soldierly bearing, that was quite impressive. Few ladies were present, but grave Hindoos in rich silks of green and black, and with elaborate turbans on their heads, kept coming from time to time, and among these were men of high caste who came in protected by a green umbrella carried by a bearer. The new resident stood on the steps of the bandstand, which is in the centre of the garden, and here he received his guests. It was an animated scene, and the conversation was general, until suddenly the officer in charge of the soldiers called out sharply a word of command, and in an instant the men stood stiffly to attention and presented arms.

We looked and saw a middle-aged gentleman slowly approaching, underneath a huge umbrella, held by a swarthy black.

It was the Sultan of Zanzibar, who had called to pay his respects to the new resident. Somehow we had always associated the Sultan of Zanzibar with something that would be very formidable, and certainly most impressive. Instead, we saw a rotund, smiling little gentleman, of dark visage, dressed in a black silk coat, grey striped trousers, and with a turban on his head. The resident stepped forward to receive his guest, and the Sultan, bowing politely, shook hands, first with the resident, and then with a number of the officers and guests whom he knew. He then prepared to leave, and the band crashed out, whilst the soldiers presented arms, and all waited until the Sultan had retired to his carriage, after which there was a general leave-taking, and the new Governor left to call in turn on the Sultan and the leading officials and residents who had gathered in his honor. It was rather a fine show, giving one a splendid taste of the East, and of the manners of all those separate peoples who make up the great city of Zanzibar.

WE CALLED our ricksha boys and set off to explore the native bazaars. Here we found miles of little shops, each shop a trading post for spices, colored cottons, jewelry, whips, brassware, turbans, fruits, groceries and all the hundred and one things that make up an Eastern bazaar. The scene was one of extraordinary activity. Thousands and thousands of natives were passing along the streets or stopping to bargain with the shopkeepers, and amid the hubbub of all this, great camels pushed their way along the crowded streets, laden with huge bundles, and driven by white-robed drivers who shrilly called out to all to make way, and pushed and crowded, their way along in spite of everything. Half naked blacks, their bodies glistening in the bright sunshine, pushed wooden wheeled humali carts along, chanting as they went, according to what it was the cart contained.

If the cart were loaded with whiskey, the sweating blacks would chant in unison, "Johnny Walker, Johnny Walker," and if it were tea, the cry would be, "tea, tea, tea, tea."

Ricksha boys threaded their way among the traffic, furiously ringing their hand bells, and dashing from side to side, to avoid a camel, a donkey, a cart, or a crowd of people. The costumes worn were interesting. Hindoos, turbanned, and in fezzes of blue and red, and dressed in short black silk coats, and skirts or trousers; Arabs in long white robes, often covered with an equally long black silk coat; Swahilis, barelegged, and in every variety of broad patterned colored cloths, the women carrrying loads on their heads, and if in mourning, with their faces covered with chalk; Moslem women in black silk tightly drawn about their bodies, and with their eyes covered by the yashmak, semi-naked laborers of both sexes, fierce looking Arab traders in red fezzes, and long white robes, invariably armed with a nasty looking circular knife, whites in helmets and dark glasses as a protection against the sun; coolie women in bright shawls, and gaudy cottons, the smart Askari policemen, and above everything the cries of the shopkeepers, or of those passing through the streets, and you have a picture of what a Zanzibar bazaar is like. It is a kaleidoscopic presentment of such life as one can only see in the East, and, once seen, is never to be forgotten.

FINALLY we left the bazaars, and ordered our boys to go to the Sultan's palace. We soon came to a great three storied building, with broad verandahs running around each floor. The palace is not impressive. A few stunted trees grow in front, and there are some captured German guns on the lawn directly inside the fence surrounding the building. We had expected to see much activity about the palace. Instead, there was an air of quietness that surprised us. Many Askari, or native police were about, but the building had an air of aloofness that somehow did not just fit in with our ideas of a Sultan's palace. At the back is a secluded garden, but from the front the building is simple and plain, and certainly not such as we had pictured it to be. Naturally we were curious to find out how many wives the Sultan had, for of course all sultans, and especially Eastern sultans are credited with having an amazing number of wives.

To our surprise we learned that the present Sultan did not believe in polygamy, and he was quite happy and contented with his one wife. This certainly surprised us, as we had pictured a wonderful harem of dazzling colors, with numerous guards. Instead, we found a large building, chiefly used for administration purposes, and the Sultan a simple, kindly unpretentious man who loved music, and who lived the quiet life of a country gentleman, and desired nothing better.

It was just a little surprising, and somehow in spite of its splendid white palaces, its glorious palms and beautiful flowers, "Zanzibar" seemed to have lost something of the mystery we had attached to it.

Romeo, our guide, sensing this, gave orders to our runners to go to the largest of the mosques. Here we removed our shoes, and, following a guide, proceeded up a flight of stairs to a large room, where the faithful assembled at the call of the priests to prayer. The room was very large, but painfully plain, and beyond a cupboard containing vestments, and a portrait of the Agra Khan, it was quite void of furniture of any kind. We were told that the faithful assembled here, bringing their prayer mats, and, turning their faces to Mecca, offered up prayers several times a day.

WOMEN are not permitted to pray with their men folk, and a separate room is set apart for them directly behind the men's room, while underneath was another large room used for burial services, before the body was handed to the relatives for interment. As we continued to pass along the waterfront, we noticed a great change in the face of things, where the day before had been turquoise seas was now a bank of black mud, and aground amid this mud were scores of Arab dhows. Due to the heat of the sun, the smell from the mud was truly awful, and one couldn't help thinking that it would require a lot of cloves to remove from the nostrils the stench of that sun-drying, stinking mud and moreover, what would be the effect of it on the health of the inhabitants. In the East, however, life is not held very dearly, and perhaps nobody noticed the smell very much.

Our attention was soon directed by the violent ringing of a bell, and, looking around, we saw puffing along the waterfront an old fashioned railway engine, pulling many open cars, crowded with natives, who had come to Zanzibar on business. It seemed somewhat odd to see Western equipment in that peculiarly Eastern city, but the fussy little engine, with a great blowing of steam, and much noise, drew up beside a stone railroad station, and in a very few minutes the carriages were emptied of their passengers, who, carrying for the most part huge bundles, quickly were lost among the swarms that crowd Zanzibar's streets.

AFTER luncheon we bade "Romeo" farewell, and he gave us many salaams. Then taking rickshas we rode along the sea wall, stopping from time to time to examine an Arab cemetery, or a beautifully carved Arab door, a door such as we were informed you can only see in Zanzibar, where many of these doors are centuries old. The gleaming white palaces, amid the splendid tropic sun, and those wonderfully interesting gardens that greeted us everywhere, made us loath to leave the beautiful city, for beautiful it is, and fascinating it is, in spite of its mud at low tide, or any other minor imperfections. There is a charm about the city, and its seas, a charm that must ever appeal to anyone who loves sunshine, and color, and gleaming white palaces among gardens of dazzling beauty.

A REAL NERVE TONIC

Is a Bountiful Supply of Rich Health-Giving Blood.

Sufferers from what medical men speak of as nervous debility find themselves tired, morose, low-spirited and unable to keep their minds on anything. Any sudden noise hurts like a blow. They are full of groundless fears and cannot sleep at night. Their hands tremble, the legs feel as if they will give away following a walk or any exertion, and the mind is greatly disturbed by the most trivial incidents.

Doctoring the nerves with poisonous sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. To secure this new, rich blood use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which have a direct action on the blood and through it stimulate every nerve and organ in the body. Mrs. Alpheus Merritt, Fenwick, Ont., gives her experience with this medicine as follows:—"I had a nervous breakdown and was in the Welland County Hospital for some time. As I was not improving my husband took me out and took me up to my mother's. I doctored there but it did not help me. Then I returned home, and was again under a doctor's care, but with no better results. I would tremble and get numb all over, and the least noise would affect me. I was quite unable to do my housework, and was in a terrible condition. Finally I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and am thankful that I did so, as after taking about a dozen boxes I was again a healthy woman. I have used the pills since while nursing my baby, with equally good results, and I strongly advise other ailing women to try them."

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

"Child's Eyelids Inflamed Stuck Together and Bled"

Mr. E. P. Kimball, Entwhistle, Alta., writes:

"Our little girl from birth was troubled with inflamed eyelids and in spite of several remedies, grew worse until at the age of sixteen months her eyes could not be opened after sleep without bleeding, a waxy discharge sticking the lids together and adhering with great tenacity. The child's grandmothers were consulted by mail, and both responded with a little sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. These were used as directed, and lasted until we could obtain a further supply from Edmonton. Improvement was very marked from the first application. The waxy discharge was easier removed and did not reappear. Inflammation subsided and has not returned."



Dr. Chase's Ointment

60 cts. a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

SIDELIGHTS ON PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES

Legislative Committee on Farming Is Representative of All Districts And Includes Many Well-Known Men

Will Gather Data and Make Report on Economic Problems.

By EWART MUNRO.

THERE is now a properly constituted body in Ontario to which the farmers of this province may present their grievances to be placed before the law makers and administrators for redress. At the last session of the Ontario Legislature it was felt that some accurate data was required on the while situation and especially as to the economic side of farming where, farm leaders maintain, lies the cause of deserted farms, increasing mortgage debts and abandoned lands. To gather data and to collect suggestions for legislation if necessary the committee of the Legislature was appointed.



DR. JAMIESON.

THE committee isn't all dirt farmers because part of the investigation is to be into the relation of the farmers to business and labor and the markets. Therefore with the dirt farmers were mixed business and professional men. It is a non-political committee representative of all the parties in the Legislature and has been instructed that politics are no part of its business. From a geographical standpoint the committee is representative of the great agricultural districts of the provinces and their different classes of agriculture.

DR. JAMIESON, of South Grey, is the chairman. The doctor has been a country physician most of his life, and is in intimate touch with farmers and knows most of their secrets. Incidentally the doctor has other interests which put him in close touch with the manufacturing and industrial world. He comes from that part of Ontario where a naturally rich agricultural country is dotted with small towns each with a fairly flourishing manufacturing industry.

W. D. Black, another member, is from Addington, a different type of agricultural county to Grey. Mr. Black is a "dirt farmer" who has been active in agricultural organizations all his life. He was chairman of the standing committee on agriculture in the Legislature which gathered much useful information this year now available for the special committee.

A. Belanger, of Russell, is representative of the French population of the province and will be the authority on the academic side of agriculture. Mr. Belanger is a super-educated gentleman and "book learning" as it relates to the betterment of farming will be subject enough for his investigation. He is particularly interested in rural education which incidentally will take up considerable of the time of the committee.

M. M. MACBRIDE, "that man from Brantford," is another member of the committee. Nobody ever accused M. M. MacBride of knowing anything about farming beyond seeing a milk wagon on Brantford streets when he was getting home in the wee sma' hours, but he does know something about Brantford and its industries, and most of the implements used in farming are made in Brantford. Perhaps by getting farmers and agricultural implement makers in the same room he can get them to understand each other's problems.

William Keith, of North York, is another member. There may be a few points about rural municipal affairs and problems that Mr. Keith doesn't know anything about, but they are few and far between. Now municipal affairs with the tremendous taxes of today create not a few of the problems of the farmer, and Mr. Keith will be a valuable man to have on the committee when these things claim its attention.

J. G. LETHBRIDGE, of Middlesex, is the representative of the U. F. O. He is a real farmer who has worked at it all his life to make his living. He comes from a great farming county which is similar in variety of farming, land and people to a dozen other western Ontario counties. The other members are N. Trewartha, South Huron, and T. A. Thompson, North Lanark, from the extremes of the province, and both farmers. Thompson has an idea that the dairy cow is the finest corner stone for agricultural prosperity that the world can show. Trewartha firmly believes that a box of spy apples from Huron is just as good a corner stone.

Thompson has been trying to improve the dairy business, and her ladyship the cow for a great many years. He was one of the leading lights in the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association which has done much to improve the business. He farms just out of Almonte. Trewartha last year produced from his orchards some thousands of boxes or barrels of apples on his farm in the southern part of Huron.

Close-ups of Toronto's Women Artists.

NO. 3—MISS MARION LONG.



Photograph by Ashley and Crippen.

By IRENE B. HARE.

IF you are going through the "Ward," in the vicinity of Elizabeth and Bay Street, some morning or afternoon, your attention may be attracted by a crowd gathered about an Italian fruit store. You might think that some accident had happened, or some trouble occurred, but that may not be the case at all. It is perhaps only that one of our our most original and talented women artists has settled down for a morning's work, sitting on the step of her car, with brushes and paints alongside, and so busily absorbed in transferring the lovely colors of fruit, vegetables and flowers, and the not inartistic tones of the paint which adorns the window frames, or the figures on the awning above, to her sketch block, that she is quite oblivious of the crowd which is gathered about her, eager to find out just whose stall, she is sketching.

Miss Long has been doing this sort of informal work for some years and has grown quite accustomed to it, but she was not always so completely at her ease under so much observation. When her attention was first attracted by the artistic possibilities which lay in the many fruit and vegetable stalls scattered through the "Ward" and out along Dundas and Queen Streets, she did not think how much good-natured comment and interest she would arouse.

She enthusiastically sat down to work, and having given the "last straw" of interest to her sketch by putting in a small white cur which crept up alongside, she suddenly found that she was the centre of an admiring circle, whose gesticulations were quite plain even if some of their language was unintelligible. Seeing a policeman approaching she suddenly realized she was obstructing the traffic of the sidewalk. Instead of calling his aid in dispersing the crowd, she hastily gathered up her sketching and fled ignominiously. She has since learned that it is not always necessary for her to "move on."

MISS LONG has not only made herself a specialist in "Ward" pictures, but in making friends with the shy little foreigners whom she coaxed into the pictures to give life as well as color, she has quite made herself a specialist in painting children. Her studio is generally full of the little ones, and here you will often find groups of them gathered, some sitting for ordered portraits, but as often inspiring one of those clever character studies in which the artist has achieved deserved success. She does not confine herself to the children only, though they are her favorites, but puts full figures of men and women into her cleverly drawn sketches.

When the summer winds blow warmer, Miss Long has a special sketching ground of which she is very fond, though she confesses that with a number of other popular places full of historic interest, it is becoming rather too much "aware" of itself to preserve its old-time simple charm. This spot is old Provincetown of Puritan fame. With another of kindred mind she spent several happy weeks there last summer, and besides those sketches which have been exhibited since, she has a number of sunny pictures scattered about her studio in the Severn Building; quaint, old, winding, narrow streets, odd corners, and lovely bits of the old ocean itself and the seashore.

FANNIE HURST WAS OBSESSED BY HER VISION

Face of "Lummox" Appeared in Crowds, Shops and Subways.

FANNIE HURST, author of "Lummox," one of the best sellers among this year's American novels, gives the following account of how she came to write the book:

I wrote "Lummox" because the story hurled itself against my consciousness with a force that was stronger than I was.

With my mind I was afraid of this tale of a great, silent bulk of a woman who would not talk because she could not and whose blood was the sap of the soil. I was afraid of the task of tearing her out of the marble block of her silence; I was afraid of trying to get said the beauty of her solitude and the age-old patience of her and the wonder of her secrets and the blood of all women that flowed in her veins

With my mind I faltered and tried to dodge the writing of Bertha, my Lummox, but with my heart I could not escape her.

FOR months she moved across my consciousness with her slow-footed heaviness. With my mind I wanted not to be obsessed with her, and yet each day she filled my heart more and more. I saw her in crowds, in dreams, in subways, in shops, in drawing-rooms. I no more than cast her out of my mind and tried to start off on another piece of writing than back she crept into my heart.

I put off the writing of her, but her big, heavy hands were always in mine, and then one day she loomed bigger than I was and I turned to the task of getting her said.

It took me two years. Two years of being obsessed by this great, silent creature. Whether or not I have succeeded, Bertha, my Lummox, with her feet in the soil and eternity in her eyes, has been an amazing literary experience.

This Woman Earns $50,000 Per Year From Sandwiches

Titled Beauty Has A Medical Degree



HON. GERTRUDE MASSEY, daughter of Lord Clarina, holds the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, and is a keen student of medicine.

During the war she served as a Red Cross nurse and won an enviable reputation. Her work as nurse interested her so much, that she studied medicine after the war had released her from nursing duties.

Wife of New York Druggist Built Business on $15 Capital.

SEVEN years ago, Mrs. Helen R. Mascher, of New York City, started in the sandwich business with a capital of $15.00. Today she is rated as a $50,000 a year woman. She is the woman who supplies the sandwich for you at the soda fountains and on the trains in New York.

Mrs. Mascher did all this in order to give her little girl a good education. As she struggled through the years filled with hard work and gradually, but surely, overcame all obstacles she always had this goal in sight.

From the first order for sixty sandwiches a day the business grew to an output of 100,000 sandwiches in one day. This was during the war, when Mrs. Mascher directed most of her energy toward supplying sandwiches for the hungry soldiers en route to the various camps. But during the years that preceded the war she had been unconsciously preparing for those enormous orders of the Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., and K.C., by putting every atom of strength into her work. Often she would work late into the night to have the sandwiches fresh and ready to be delivered the next morning.

"MY husband was a druggist," said Mrs. Mascher, "and I sold my first sandwiches to his employer, who had a cabin of three stores in New York. I conceived the idea of selling sandwiches at soda fountains and persuaded my husband to speak to his employer about it. The idea appealed to him and he consented to try it out.

"So I took $15.00 from my savings and bought the materials for my first order. That was the only capital I had to work on, and I have never added to it in any other way than with money earned from sandwiches. You see, I was very fortunate in having customers who paid cash each day from the beginning.

"The day we made 100,000 sandwiches we used 4,000 loaves of bread. It was quite a sight to see that bread piled up out side. And it took eighty people to make the sandwiches, even though we cut all our bread by machinery."

LAUGHS TABOO WHEN JERITZA IS RESTING UP

Famous Diva Spends Day in Bed Preparing for Concert.

By ANNA TIETSORT.

MME. MARIA JERITZA, star of the Metropolitan Opera House, interviewed on the eve of her departure for Vienna, gave the following recipe for success on the operatic stage:

"Musical intelligence, to begin with, is the prime essential for real artistry. For it there is no substitute. One need not be an instrumentalist, such as a pianist or a violinist, to become a great singer. Music must be in the heart, in the mind, in the soul.

The Right Teacher.

"Granted there is music in one's consciousness and that there is a suitable voice, or natural instrument, to give it expression, one has the primal raw materials with which to set forth on the road to artistry. If the student has the right teacher, an exceedingly rare thing to find, he may hope to appear before the public creditably in from two to three years.

"MUSIC is the hardest of taskmasters. Once launched in it the aspirant for real honors must work and struggle and study without cessation. Very few reach the goal and become artists.

"Now, nothing takes so much vitality and nervous force as singing. One cannot go out to luncheons and teas and on shopping expeditions and then sing successfully in the evening.

"SEE what I have to do in order to do justice to the roles over which I have slaved so long in various languages and while learning to act as well as to sing. On a day that I am to sing I remain in bed all day, resting, relaxing. During the day I neither talk nor laugh, but remain in a state of absolute repose. Laughing does not hurt the voice, but it expends vitality.

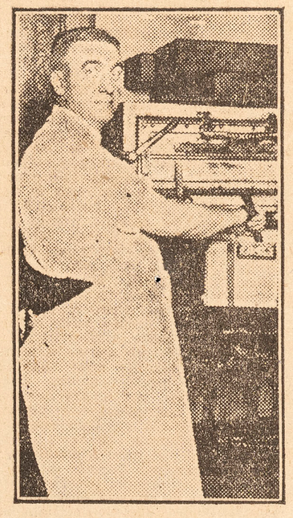
"I eat very little on a singing day. My singing diet is a little soup and biscuits, with possibly a demi-tasse of good coffee before I drive to the opera house. When I arise in the afternoon I usually vocalize a few phrases only as a test.

"IT IS dissipation for me to go downstairs here in the hotel and have tea in the afternoon. I go to bed regularly at 10 o'clock in the evening when not at the opera house and on such days I practice from 10 in the morning until 12.30 o'clock and then again from 4 until 5.30 in the afternoon, or about four hours.

"When home in Vienna I do the same, excepting that I go in for outdoor sports in summer and play tennis and other games and walk and swim a good deal. I keep myself in the finest physical condition as the primal basis for good work. All singers should be athletic in their habits and tendencies."

Mme. Jeritza frowns on smoking by singers and would-be singers.

Chief Cook for 3,000 Animals



Catering for a large and finicky family is a matter of diplomacy as well as dietetics. Being chef for over 3,000 animals is a serious job, and with spring at hand, with diet problems in order for various animals the task is doubly severe.

Lions and ostriches, tortoises, and wolves, are all on his list of boarders.

Rudolph H. Bell is chief chef at the Bronx Zoo, New York City, and he concocts all the special dishes for the animals. He has been preparing the meals at Bronx Zoo for 24 years. Photo shows him at work in his kitchen.

THIS JUDGE THINKS HE'S PAID TOO MUCH

A NEW YORK County Judge, Herbert C. Stratton, has just done an unusual thing. Reaching the conclusion that Chenango County cannot afford to pay its Judge $4,000 a year, he has petitioned the Legislature to reduce his salary to $3,500. He isn't willing that any undue burden shall rest with the tax-payers. Although a perhaps unprecedented procedure, this may be looked upon as a fine example of a man who, in his climb, refuses to think only in terms of financial success.

STINNES' WIDOW NOW CONTROLS HUGE FORTUNE

Woman of Simple Tastes Becomes Ruler of Vast Industries.

THE recent death of Hugo Stinnes, German industrialist, whose wealth controlled his nation in a greater measure than the wealth of any other individual on earth, presents to the world the spectacle of a woman, his widow, having in her power the economic future of thousands of persons employed in the giant industries of which she is now the titular head. While it is true that the actual administration of the vast estates will fall upon the elder of the surviving sons, nevertheless, it must be her signature which will give to legal papers the value that the Stinnes name long has carried.

Little is known of Mrs. Stinnes The private life of the family of "Germany's uncrowned kaiser" has been secluded and unostentatious. A recent newspaper report described him as "a complete Prussian Junker, with all the arrogance of that particular class of human beings and the only thing which he has really at heart is his determination to dominate the world, no matter at what cost."

ANOTHER report told of him:

"He works eighteen hours a day and takes almost no recreation. Occasionally he may be seen in the theatre with his wife or some other member of his family. But they are always so simply dressed and occupy such inconspicuous seats that few persons know who they are.

"The wife of Stinnes is about his own age—a good-looking woman, but rather deaf, dressed absolutely plainly, with hardly any jewelry, a couple of rings of no particular value composing her ornaments. She is not interested in anything beyond her own particular domain of household management, and is devoted to her husband, but is absolutely incapable of appreciating the subtleties of his mind. She is a strong German patriot, affecting to understand no language but her own native tongue, and refuses to talk English."

WHETHER the widow of Stinnes will be able to live up to the task set for her by her husband remains to be seen. She has in her hand the rudder of the ship if the German industrial state; she has in her power to direct it one way or the other. Her success depends upon the force of her character, her executive ability and knowledge of industrial problems. Will she make the grade? Only time will tell us that.

X-RAY PICTURE TAKEN BEHIND LOCKED DOORS

Prof. Pupin Tells of Early Experiments With New Discovery.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL PUPIN, of the Research Laboratory at Columbia University, gives the following acount of how he made the first X-Ray photograph in America:

"I obtained the first X-ray photograph in America on January 2, 1896, two weeks after Roentgen's discovery had been announced in Germany.

"Newspaper reporters and physicians heard of it and I had to lock myself up in my laboratory, in the cellar of Professor Low's official residence at Columbia College, in order to protect myself from continuous interruptions.

"The physicians brought all kinds of cripples for the purpose of having their bones photographed or examined by means of the fluorescent screen. The famous surgeon, the late Dr. Bull of New York, sent me a patient with nearly a hundred small shot in his left hand. His name was Prescott Hall Butler, who, while shooting grouse in Scotland met with an accident and received in his left hand the full chage of his shotgun. He was in agony; he begged me to make an X-ray of his hand so that Dr. Bull could locate the numerous shot and extract them.

THE first attempts were unsuccessful, because the patient was too weak and too nervous to stand a photographic exposure of nearly an hour.

"My good friend, Thomas Edison, had sent me several most excellent fluorescent screens, and by their fluorescence I could see the numerous little shot and so could my patient. The combination of the screen and the eyes was evidently much more sensitive than the photographic plate. I decided to try a combination of the two.

"So the fluorescent screen was placed on the photographic plate and the patient's hand was placed on the screen. A beautiful photograph was obtained with an exposure of a few seconds. The plate looked as though it had been drawn with pen and ink. Dr. Bull operated and extracted each little shot in a short and easy surgical operation. I had succeeded in shortening the exposure for X-rays so as to widen its scope of application to surgical diagnosis. That was the first part of February, 1896—and it was the beginning of my present career."

RULER OF NAVY BUT NOT BOSS AT HOME

THAT even a Minister of the Crown has his limits at home is evident from the story which Mr. C. G. Ammon, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, tells against himself.

Not long after his appointment his daughter turned to him at home and said: "You might rule the King's Navy, but you don't rule this show!"

Toronto Four Year Old Upholds Cricket Traditions of Family



WE ARE able to reproduce the photos of four generations of the Bentleys'. This family holds the unique record of an unbroken line from father to son for 138 years on the cricket field. John Bentley the founder, played for England in 1786. He was the lessee of Lord's cricket ground and kept the tavern adjourning the famous ground. In 1818 he went to Vincent Square, Westminster, and was tutor to Westminster School for 38 years. He died in 1856.

His son Charles was born at Lords in 1815, played for England and Middlesex, was engaged by our late King Edward as tutor to our present King George IV. was tutor to Oxford University for some years, was considered one of the greatest authorities on cricket of his day. He died at Torquay, Devon in 1890.

John Bradford, (shown at upper left), was born at Westminster in 1846, played for England and Middlesex and was one of the finest cricketers England ever produced, when only 17, played for his county. J. B. B. was a wonderful all round sportsman—pulling stroke oar for 3 years at the Torquay Royal Regatta—he excelled at throwing the cricket ball—the pole jump—was a magnificent fencer—a skilful boxer and fine racket player. While at billiards or pool he seldom met his match, and to-day at 78 is a hale and hearty veteran and although not the terror to the bowler he was once, still knows how to play a straight bat.

Walter (lower right) was born in London 1868, learned cricket from his father and grandfather—played for 20 years previous to coming to Canada, since when he has retired from active playing, but is always ready and willing to place his practical experience at the disposal of others.

Arthur, (lower left), born London 1892, learnt cricket from his father, played for his college in England, but devotes most of his leisure time now to tennis.

A. B. Bentley (upper right) was born at Niagara Falls, Canada in December, 1919, therefore just over 4 years old. His grandfather made him a special bat and told him when standing in front of the camera to stand like Grandpa. His great-grandfather wrote when the photo was sent to England: "I congratulate him on his correct style at the wicket." One of Canada's foremost cricketers said on looking at the photo: "Why, that fellow don't care a—— if you do change the bowler."

That cricket is hereditary with the Bentleys needs no further comment for the old adage has it "what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh," and the little man looks as if the statement were true.

Palm Beach Owes Much To Mr. Singer

Son of Sewing Machine Manufacturer Loves Beauty.

FROM the vast fortune that came to him through his father's business success with the Singer sewing machine, Mr. Paris Singer has created beauty in many lands and places.

Mr. Singer stopped over in Florida on his way to Cuba one season.

The war was still on and Mr. Singer had given for the use of the English soldiers as a hospital, his superb palace at Paignton, in the south of England. His magnificent villa at Meudon, near Paris, was being used as a laboratory. He now bethought him of building a home for convalescent officers in the warm climate of Palm Beach.

The old jungle was cleared out and in the midst of it, near the lake, there stood presently the charming construction that looks as if it had been there for decades, with its towers, its terraces and its cool colonnades, a spot that would have very nearly figured heaven to men who had known the horrors of the Great War. The armistice came just as the building was finished and it was turned into a more general club. Then Mr. Singer went off on a riotous tangent of creating the new Palm Beach. He built shops and cottages and laid out golf links and tennis courts and brought pictures and tapestries of his own from abroad to decorate the club. Annually he made up big deficits without a murmur till the club got on its feet, and he went on improving and embellishing with renewed enthusiasm. Then he suddenly bought a funny little cottage, and proceeded to paint and rebuild it for himself with his own hands. Almost over night he had turned it into a quaint Chinese villa with a delightfully funny little landscape garden approached by stepping stones over a brook. He and Mrs. Singer went to live there in the simplest way.

WHEN BIRRELL GOT AFTER-SHAVE SHOCK

THERE is an amusing story going around about Mr. Augustine Birrell. He was going to address a meeting on one occasion somewhere in the North of England, and conceived that it would be better to have a shave before he appeared on the platform.

He was directed to the only available barber, who asked him to lie down on the floor, in which position this eminent statesman was duly shaved. He afterwards asked the man why he liked shaving people on the floor.

"Well," said the honest fellow, "this is the first time I have shaved anybody who is alive."

All Around The Town

City Life in Pen and Pencil

Are Burglars Able to Open Vaults By "Listening" to Twirl of the Lock? "Bunk, Sheer Bunk!" Say Men Who Know

Thus is Dispelled Another Popular Illusion Created by Detective Stories and the Movies.

IN popular detective stories and in the movies the villain, or the hero as the case may be, is able to discover the combinatfon for opening any safe by twirling the dial and "listening" to the drop of the lock. But in real life, according to the managers of concerns that make and sell safes, no man possesses the ability to perform a stunt of this kind.

"Bunk, sheer bunk," is the way the men who know describe the alleged powers of fiction characters in this respect.

"I know, I know," said one manager whose remarks were representative, "it's old stuff in the movies, but it simply isn't done in everyday affairs. Mechanically impossible. I've been in this business thirty years and I've seen it done only once. Then it was luck."

"Luck?"

"Sure it was luck. Because, in the first place, there isn't anything to drop, as they would have you think. Pins move cogs around until the cogs are in position to stop. That's all. Ask any detective what he thinks when he finds a burglary committed by use of the dial and he'll tell you, if he's frank, that it's an inside job.



THE MOVIE VILLAIN.

"Listening to the Mechanism," until his sensitive ears give him the correct combination. This sort of stuff makes the people who know about safes laugh heartily.



HOW IT IS DONE.

In real life the burglar who succeeds in opening a vault without blowing off the door generally has been lucky enough to find the combination pasted in the drawer of the manager's desk.

A burglar doesn't have time to monkey with a combination. Either he has confederates in the place who give him the information he's after, or else he opens it by mechanical means—blowing it with nitro, which is crude, or drilling a hole and prying off the door with a lever. It takes a long time to try the 1,500,000 possible combinations on a safe door. Daylight would be in full swing before the burglar was half through.

"But this is where the luck enters. Most companies send out their safes set on stock numbers. It isn't one man in a thousand who changes the combination. The fellow who wants to make a mystery of opening safes tries out a few stock numbers and sometimes he's lucky enough to hit the right one. But as for shaving down the skin of fingers so they'll be sensitive to touch or listening through eight inches of metal and filling to the cogs inside, why, that's all bunk."

AND so in two minutes he had swept away the glamor and romance of the movies and the fiction stories, and went on to explain that if one of his repair men or locksmiths spent three hours listening to faint noises instead of ripping off the safe door by driving out the bolts on the hinges, he'd fire him—bingo!—just like that.

"I don't like to read a story about burglarizing safes or see the thing on a screen," he continued. "I'm not knocking the movies or the magazines because I have a lot of fun when somebody else's business or profession enters into them. But with my own calling it's different. Oh, yes, I know it's spectacular to see the charming young man in evening clothes slip stealthily over to the safe, look about him and twiddle the dial knob and—presto!—the safe opens. But when John W. Gloom, of 386 Remorse Street, tells the police his safe has been opened during the night and money taken, I know it probably has been the result of one of three things: Either he forget to lock the safe at night, a confederate of the burglar was among the ofice clerks, or the burglar got the combination right close by."

"Close by? You mean"—

"You read further down the newspaper story that the office was in confusion, with desk drawers open and papers scattered everywhere, but nothing was taken. Of course not. The burglar knows that in nine offices out of ten all he has to do is wrench open some desk that looks like that of the manager's secretary and he'll find the figures in the bottom of the middle drawer where 'we can't forget them.' It's just like leaving the key under the mat; everybody does it. It's like writing a letter to Mr. Burglar telling him where he can find the cold ham in the pantry."

THE ordinary run of safes are sold for protection against fire, and not burglary, unless, of course, the customer wants to pay for a burglar-proof safe. Naturally there are safes designed against burglars and fire alike and in that event, while the exterior is of comparatively soft metal, the interior sections are tempered to resist the hardest drills.

Like automobiles or typewriters, safe locks become worn and need occasional attention. Consequently there is always a crew of locksmiths and repair men on the pay roll. To the casual observer it would seem that there is an opportunity for good men to go wrong. They are not novices, however. They hold responsible places in society and have friends and families and associations they would not renounce for any possible fraudulent gain.



KING STREET, EAST FROM YONGE, EIGHTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

When King Street looked like this the movement for securing a Botanical Garden for Toronto went so far that an Order-in-Council was passed actually setting aside the site, on what is now Stanley Park. King Street, in common with the rest of the city, has developed far beyond the dreams of most of the residents of that time, yet the Botanical Garden project has not been realized.

Present Grounds of Stanley Park Set Apart for Botanical Garden By Order-in-Council 86 Years Ago

By CALTHA.

Eighty-six years ago, by an Order in Council of the Provincial Government, a tract of land was marked out and "permanently set apart" as a site for a Museum and Institute of Natural History and Philosophy, with botanical and Zoological Gardens attached.

This piece of land lay, and still lies, between Queen Street, west of John, and the Garrison. The site is no other than the present Stanley Park. Eighty-six years ago Toronto had not much use for museums and botanical gardens, but the thought that it might had entered the wise heads of some of its prominent citizens, and was upheld through the tenures of office of several of the Lieutenant-Governors, till from want of pushing it fell into abeyance. If it had been supported, although not in exactly the best position for the purpose, the income derived from it might have formed a fund for the support of the object. We have the Museums, the Institute, the Zoo Parks, but where is the Botanical Gardens?

Toronto is essentially an educational city—a university town. As such it needs several kinds of things to support its dignity and give aid to the thousands of students and teachers who sojourn within its walls. Among these things, and a most important requisite, is a Botanical Garden.

It is required for medical and pharmaceutical students, for is it not necessary that these should know as professionals the plants from whence come the extracts and powders which are used for the welfare of humanity?

It is a place where foreign plants may be grown and experiments made in acclimatizing them.

It is a place where our own Flora, so fast disappearing from among us, may be brought again to our view, and cherished as a part of our history.

If eighty-six years ago it was thought advisable to bring up the question, in a little town almost in the backwoods, when the principal part of King Street looked like the picture, and the question was important enough to call for an Order in Council, how much more is such a question of importance in a city of 500,000, with two universities and numerous schools?

I do not know anything about Orders in Council, whether they expire or whether they stand for all time, but if such an order can influence our gaining a botanical garden—that "thing of beauty and joy forever"—let's search it out, wave it in triumph, and hand it over to Professor R. B. Thompson, for him to use as a lever to lift the Botanical Garden "out of the nowhere into here."

Behind Desk of Tea Room Cashier Catches Glimpses Of Patrons' Real Life

Long Experience Teaches Her to Read Beneath Both Polished and Dowdy Exteriors—Tragedy and Comedy Meet on Common Plane.

By "CHECK TAKER".

WE have some interesting, as well as variegated, thoughts, some of us whom the world knows as tea-room cashiers.

Behind the desk of a tea room for several hours a day, perhaps a week of such days, I have seen all the women in the world—a recurring parade of feminine figures, among which solitary males stand out like odd flags.

An onslaught of perfume, a clinging satin gown, jeweled hands that imperiously fling down a large bill with a 75-cent lunch check, and you have the women whose friendship you do not miss; you don't like their eyes. It may be the make-up that shadows them like that or it may be—something else.

And insignificant-looking women with thin hands who carefully fold out a well-creased $2 bill to save me the small trouble. I have an idea they are dressmakers' assistants and that they hate to "break it." I know how quickly it goes once the change is made, and I receive a positive physical hurt at the transaction.

A flapper leaves her party to ask for the use of the phone. Her thin staccato notes so electrify the other patrons that the soft buzz of their conversation dies down for the moment.

"Emily? My deah, I just received your bridge invitation. * * * Am I too late to accept? I'd love to come. Have you room for me? Are you sure? That's awf'ly sweet of you. What's that? I can't heah you—there's such a lot of noise going on here."

BECAUSE this city of infinite variety allows elbows of differing castes to touch one another, the little shop girl near her snickers, and one can almost hear her saying, "Noise? Yeh, she's it." The thin notes strike again.

I never knew that yellow eyes and yellow hair and ivory skin, all in one setting, existed outside of fiction. But they do in an exquisite girl. She is a model. A disdainful, feline sort of beauty; it's fascinating. "If I had that face with my—er—brains," I think modestly, "I'd go out and wreck kingdoms, or build them." And then the napping conscience opens one cynical eye and its mouth snorts:

"Brains. You're using them, being a cashier. Yesterday you tried to give away ten dollars!"

A waitress who looks scarcely 18 scurries by my desk with a tray. I have learned that she is 35, has two children, almost as old as she looks, and that when she gets through here for the day she dashes to a hotel and works another five hours. Outside, she wears a little red turban, or a black hat with a scarlet wing. She loves the color. "It means life, red," she told me joyously. "And I love life. It seems such a short time we have," she added wistfully.

A rather wonderful small person, is Ada. A tragic marriage at seventeen, babies, a terror of a husband, separation and ensuing struggle to care for those two babies, and still a love of life, the girl part of her unbroken.

I hate that female—that's the right word, female—who just came in, dragging a poodle. She comes in every day, and every day that dog is bounded by a different color, orchid, rose yellow, Egyptian blue.

Poodles and pomegranates. The thin woman comes in for tea and toast when the days are stormy. Neither tea nor the storm seem to pale the line of her mouth, like the color of pomegranate seeds. That mouth fascinates me. It is a large mouth, and being that color, it brings to mind an unpleasant gaping wound. Her face is always pasty white. She affects rust-colored dresses and purple beads, and over these, chilled purple lips. A man must needs be a pioneer to brave her kiss!

A GRAY-HAIRED woman comes in every now and then. Her smile is delightful. The young girl is a protege of hers, a music student. It wasn't so many years ago that the gray-haired woman came to the city and found herself after a month, sick, with an unpaid hotel bill and a vanished husband. A sympathetic maid lent her $15. With some of these precious dollars the woman sent for ingredients to make cosmetics. She mixed them and dragged herself around to many beauty shops. Two of these bought her wares. One of them renewed the order in a few days. The maid lent a few more dollars. To-day the gray-haired woman is the head of her own business, lives in a comfortable hotel, and her right hand is the maid who wasn't afraid to trust a month's wages to a "down-an'-outer."

The little shop girl who snickered at the debutante is one of several who come in every day with surreptitious packages of sandwiches and order coffee and a dessert and invariably leave a 20 per cent. tip for their waitress. They can barely afford it. That is evidenced by the cheap little fineries, satin shoes a bit run down at the reel, the drooping feathers and tarnished ribbons. Unconsciously brave little girls in a life that holds so little for them outside of movies and dances. But, then, perhaps no credit for bravery is due them; perhaps they are happy in their ignorance of a life that can hold more than those things.

Individual lives, individual personalities! In them lies the glamour of a thousand mysteries, a thousand romances, if you like. One may be apparent, the other nine hundred and ninety-nine but potential.

IT IS almost 3 o'clock. The crowd is thinning.

Women all around me paying their checks. Highly colored, loose-lipped women. Neutral, mouse-toned women with tired eyes and a tender line of the mouth. Women who slither out like moving-picture vampires. Stout women who fairly skip out in their false assumption of youth and should be spanked. Women like the one that folded out the two-dollar bill—who hurry out to a job never finished, never paying them quite enough. A world full of women.

SHIPS' NAMES MEAN A LOT TO TRAVELERS

WHAT'S in a name? A lot of sentiment when it's a ship's, according to steamship companies.

Travellers who went to Europe fifteen years ago in the S. S. Jonesania, call steamship offices to say they want to sail in June or July by the same ship. But the old tub long since has been junked.

But the traveler thinks of the Jonesania as the familiar name of a good friend and wants to go over on the ship for old time's sake.

To help out this situation steamship companies often name their new ships after discarded ones. The S. S. Aurantia of the Cunard Anchor Line, which will make her maiden voyage from Liverpool, September 13, was named for a popular steamship which made her last trip in 1904.

Other now Cunarders named for old ones are the Laconia, Samaria, Servia, Tuscania, California, Caledonia, Cameronia, Ascania Ascania and Alaunia.

New ships of the Atlantic Transport Line are all being given Indian names prefixed with "Minne" as people grew to know and like before the war. Two twin ships have been called Minnetonka (big water) and Minnewaska (white-capped water). Two others to be built will be called Minnehaha and Minneapolis, after liners lost in the war.

Man His Own Grandfather By Odd Marriage Tangle

And Baby Girl Is Sister-In-Law To Her Grandmother—Queer Muddles Caused by Second Marital Ventures.

SECOND marriages often cause queer muddles in the family circle. A Corsican girl recently married a man whose first wife was the sister of the girl's grandmother. Consequently she is now her own mother's grand-aunt and her grandmother's sister-in-law. To her own brothers and sisters she is great-aunt. Finally, she is her own grandniece. Her husband is the brother-in-law of his grandnephews and grandneices.

A sixty-year-old American startled his family by becoming the grandfather of his six children, and his first wife's stepfather. He divorced his wife and married his mother-in-law.

The widower who married in succession seven sisters must have given up trying to puzzle out his various relationships. This man started by marrying the eldest of the sisters, and subsequently went right down the line. Not long ago he led the seventh and last sister to the altar.

A German village is still hopelessly puzzled over the relationships resulting from the double marriage of a father and a son. The father, a widower of sixty-eight, married the village belle. She thus became stepmother to her husband's forty-year-old son. The son, in his turn, met the girl's mother and married her. Consequently his father is now his son-in-law and he himself is his own grandfather.

In the meantime, the village belle has presented her sixty-eight year-old husband with a baby daughter. Clearly, this child is sister-in-law to her grandmother!



The Menace Of Bobbed Hair

By R. K. HALL.

THIS bobbed-hair craze has gone far enough. Now that all the women have had their say in regard to the fad I intend to have my innings. As concisely as possible I shall present the viewpoint of myself, and, I believe, a large and growing number of other men.

In the first place, any girl who gets her hair bobbed shows a callous disregard for the feelings of all bald-headed men. When a fellow who could easily brush his hair in five seconds with a child's toothbrush, sees all about him hundreds of women with hacked locks, it pains him indescribably. He looks upon it as a gross economic waste. Here he is spending the greater part of his leisure time coaxing, humoring, cajoling, nourishing, wooing his reluctant thatching, and even as he is thus engaged, scores of women with fine, abundant hair are flocking to the barber to have it ruthlessly snipped off. Is it any wonder that tears of inarticulate rage rise to his eyes at sight of this dreadful, criminal desecration? It is enough to make him a hirsute socialist.

But that is the least of my objections. As it happens, I am not baldheaded—not yet. What is infinitely worse is the fact that it is subtly undermining our sense of the beautiful. Only a year or so ago, riding down to work on the street car was a positive delight. If I could not contrive to read my neighbor's newspaper, I could at least spend the half hour in agreeably studying the soft delightful little curls that clustered about the neck of the girl ahead of me.

It is a vastly different matter since the boyish bob has become so popular. If it were not for the hat surmounting it, I should be doubtful as to whether the neck ahead of me was a worn-out clothes brush or a mink that was shedding its fur. Often it looks like the face of a man who has forgotten to shave for two consecutive mornings and has attempted to hide his shame with a liberal application of talcum powder; or something that the rats have been gnawing at with only a fair degree of success. The way things are now, if a fellow feels himself falling in love, he can immediately cure himself by simply turning the girl around and taking a short, comprehensive look at the nape of her neck.

My grievance goes even farther. In the past I have enjoyed going to the movies occasionally. I have enjoyed it in spite of the man nearby who beats time to the music with his foot, in spite of the chap who inserts the toe of his boot into the open space at the back of my seat—and into me; in spite of the lad with the bag of jaw-crackers which he munches for the full two hours with pistol-like detonations, and in spite of the youngster who shouts every twenty seconds: "What does it say now, momma?"

But bobbed hair has added a final straw. When the girl immediately in front of me undertakes to comb out her abbreviated locks and shake the loosened debris all over my knees, it is too much. My fortitude is unequal to this additional burden. I have definitely given up the movies. And bobbed hair is entirely responsible for it.

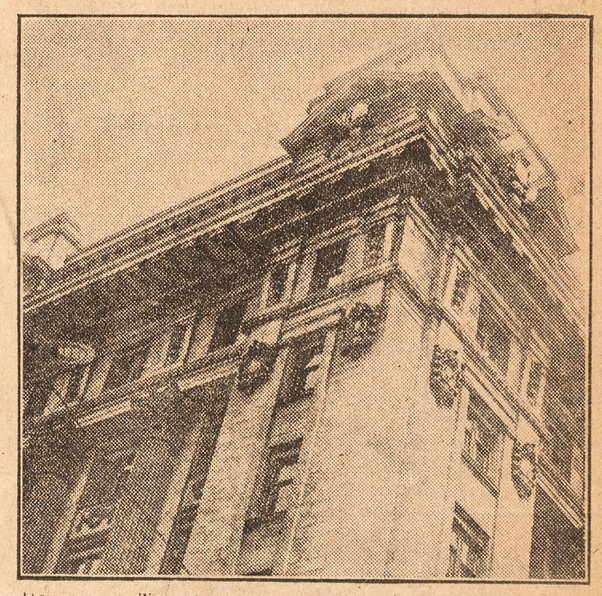
Only one thing still bothers me in this connection. If somebody will write me confidentially in care of The Sunday World and explain to me why all bob-haired girls are eternally shaking out there hair, particularly in public and on my knees, my mind will be greatly relieved. I have theories of course, but....

QUITE plainly I can see that this bobbed-hair craze, combined with the popularity of mannish hats, mannish shoes, mannish clothes, and mannish manners, is going to work unsuspected trouble. For instance, after a while it will be impossible for me to tell whether the person who stands in front of me in the street car is a man or a woman. I won't know whether to offer my seat or not. As a last extremity I shall be compelled to say: "Pardon me, but do you belong to the female or to the male sex?"

And it is here that the trouble will arise. If it is a man and he happens to be disgruntled over a bad breakfast, the only reward my curtesy may win may be a lump on the eye or a row of loosened teeth. Or what is to prevent some unscrupulous fellow from hanging loose-waistedly from the hand-rail before me and, when I make the inquiry, answering in a soprano voice that he belongs to the formerly fair sex?

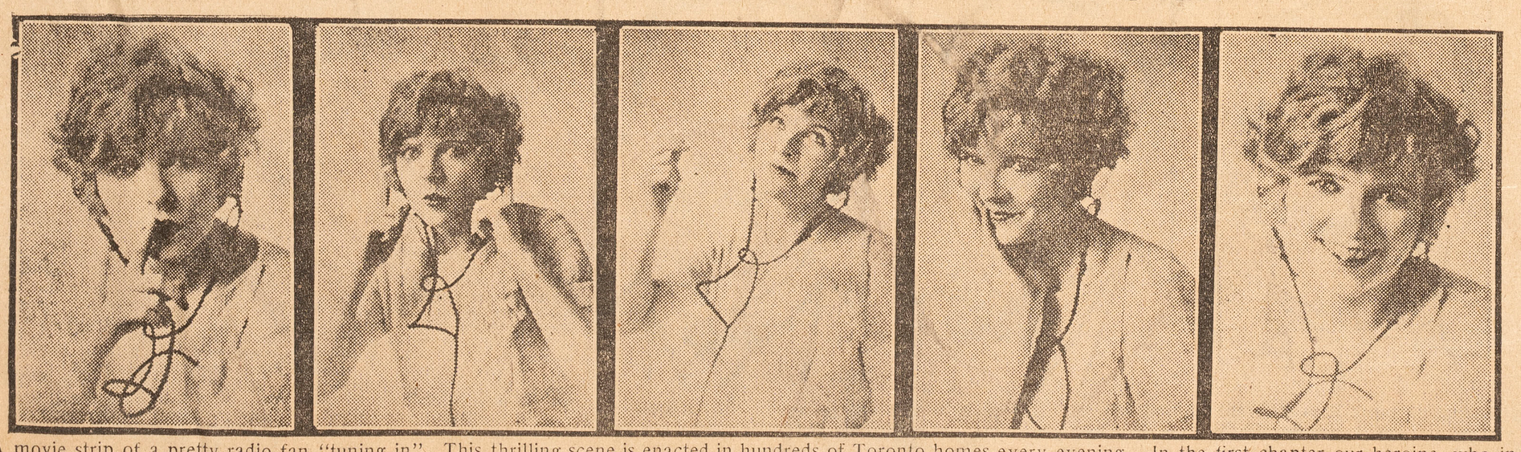
Every time I surrender my seat, I shall be in doubt as to whether a bona-fide woman got it or some smooth male impostor. It will be necessary for every man to carry a Bible and, if he is fortunate enough himself to get a seat, to swear every claimant before vacating it. It is bound to complicate street car etiquette incredibly.

How Well Do You Know Toronto?



Here is a Toronto street scene. Do you recognize it? The Sunday World will pay Two Dollars to the first person who names correctly the location shown in this photograph. Replies must be written and mailed or delivered to the City Contest Editor, The Sunday World, King and Bay Streets, Toronto. No replies will be considered after Thursday night next. The results will be announced in the News Section the following Saturday.

FROM BREATHLESS SUSPENSE TO HEARTY ENJOYMENT



A movie strip of a pretty radio fan "tuning in". This thrilling scene is enacted in hundreds of Toronto homes every evening. In the first chapter our heroine, who in this case happens to be Miss Blanche Sweet, is registering "Silence, Everybody!" In No. 2 the prevailing emotion is a vast wonder as to what, if anything, is "in the air." Then, in quick succession, we behold the effects of the first little bit of successful reception becoming something that is really a treat and finally a rare bit of fun.

BROADWAY'S CURRENT STAGE SUCCESS

Beggar on Horseback

By GEORGE S. KAUFFMAN and MARC CONNELLY

NEW THEATRICAL HITS IN STORY FORM

THIS fantastic 2-act comedy, in 10 scenes, is the result of collaboration of those two supremely successful collaborators George S. Kauffman and Marc Connelly. A current hit in New York, it owes a great deal of its popularity to the interpretation of the composer-dreamer-lover by Roland Young.

"DOCTOR, you will talk to him, won't you?" Cynthia appealed to the considerate young man near her, "I'm sure he hasn't been sleeping; he hasn't been doing anything he should."

The subject of Cynthia's solicitation was Neil McRae, a gifted composer forced by unheeding circumstances to do dance band orchestration in order to meet current expenses. Cynthia, his neighbor and inspiration, couldn't bear to see him associate with dance band orchestras while his own works languished unfinished and she most decisively rebelled when she found him working at those terrible pieces during the hours when other people slept. The visit of Neil's friend Dr. Albert Rice was therefore opportune. It brought a hope of curbing these nocturnal activities. Albert promised to lecture Neil, at which assurance Cynthia sighed with relief and gathered up her work basket and sewing.

...."You're not going?" said Neil.

Cynthia: I am. You have people coming to tea, remember.

Neil: Good heavens! what time is it?

Cynthia: Nearly five; I suppose you have everything ready?

Neil: Why, yes—I've got—(smiles helplessly). Be a darling and help me, will you?

Cynthia: Are you sure you have everything?

Neil: I think so.

Cynthia: He thinks so! (Goes into the bedroom to prepare the tea things.)

Albert: She's charming, Neil.

Neil: Isn't she! She's a designer in one of the big dressmaking firms. Did she tell you how we met?

Albert: No.

Neil: She lives across the hall. (Loudly) She thinks she can play the piano.

Cynthia: (From the other room) I can.

Neil: You cannot. (To Albert) One night I knocked on her door and asked her to stop. She did. We've been great pals ever since.

Albert: Neil, come over here and let me see you.

Neil: Now you're not going to fuss over me because I've been doing some work.

Albert: No, but I want to look at you.

(An orchestra in a restaurant across the street strikes up a jazz tune.)

NEIL: Good Lord, that again!

Albert: What?

Neil: That darned cabaret orchestra—it begins at five every afternoon.

Albert: You are nervous, aren't you?

Neil: Huh? No. I just don't like that music.

Albert: Did you work all night?

Neil: Some of it.

Albert: It's a bad business, Neil. Come here (takes his pulse). How many Cadys are coming to tea?

Neil: Oh, did Cynthia tell you? You remember the Cadys?

Albert: (Vaguely) I don't suppose they'd know me. Do they live here now?

Neil: They moved East a few months ago. Gladys, the daughter, is my one and only pupil.

Albert: Rich, I suppose?

Neil: Lord, yes; millions.

Albert: What did he make it in?

Neil: Funny—I don't even know! Manufactures something.

Albert: Just the one daughter, isn't there?

Neil: Yes; there's a brother.

Albert: I remember him.

Neil: I had to ask them. For heaven's sake, stay and help me out.

Albert: (Laughing) Well, I'll stay a little while.

Neil: Try to get away! Well, what's the verdict on me?

Albert: You're just a little tired, that's all. Sort of nervous.

ALBERT prescribed pills and sleep—mostly sleep. He also prescribed more attention to Neil's compositions, at which commendable advice his friend laughed. Didn't he have to make a living? And didn't the jazz orchestrations pay his board and lodging, as well as give him headaches and make him nervous?

ADVERTISEMENT

Hair Kept Beautifully Wavy, Indoors and Out!

Your hair will have a prettier wave and curl than probably it has ever had if, just before doing it up, you will apply a little liquid silmerine with a brush. The waviness will look perferfectly natural, and the hair will be sleek and glossy like plush. It will remain in curl the longest time, regardless of heat, wind or moisture, and you won't have to be continually fussing with loose strands or flying ends.

Liquid silmerine is, of course, entirely harmless. It leaves no sticky, greasy or streaky trace. It is also an excellent dressing, keeping the hair delightfully soft and silky. A few ounces from your druggist will last for weeks. It is fine for bobbed as well as long hair.

Albert's sagacity stopped short at this. It was the old problem and old situation; a genius frittering away his time on pot-boilers simply because the pot had to be kept boiling.

"Somebody ought to subsidize you," observed Albert.

"Somebody ought," Neil laughed "Page somebody!"

Cynthia had by this time managed by quick resourcefulness to get together the materials for the tea. The dishes had to come out of her own stock; so had the tea; and the sugar; and the bakeshop had to be called upon hastily. The house telephone rang.

"I'll bet that's the Cadys!" exclaimed Neil.

IT WAS. Pa, Ma, Gladys and Homer. Homer, distinguished by a peculiar yellow necktie, was the only Cady who was not overjoyed to visit Neil and cared not who knew it. Pa Cady's first concern was to telephone instructions to his office; Ma Cady looked about anxiously for a rocker and not finding one substituted an old swivel chair, to the imminent danger of that piece of furniture; Gladys—Glady's manner set Albert thinking seriously.

"There's another chair if—" Neil commenced, looking in trepidation at the swivel chair.

Mrs. Cady: No, I like this. Feels like my rocking chair at home. Mr. Cady says I'm chair-bound. Just joking, you know. (To Albert) Mr. Cady says I'm chair-bound.

Albert: Oh, yes.

Cady: (To Neil) Hear you've become quite a musician since you went away from Livingstone.

Neil: Oh, I don't know.

Cady: Well, Gladys has been telling us so. So we thought we'd come and find out for ourselves. Gave up a good game of golf to do it, too. Play golf?

Neil: No, I don't.

Cady: Play golf, Doctor?

Albert: I'm sorry.

Cady: Well, everybody ought to. Great exercise. Keeps a man fit for business. I'd make Homer do it if he wasn't so delicate.

Mrs. Cady: Comfortable, Homer?

Homer: (Carelessly) Um, um.

(Cynthia enters with tea things).

Neil: Oh, here we are. I—I want you to meet Miss Mason. She's brought the things over from her house.

Mrs. Cady: Oh, I see.

Mrs. Cady: (Studying Cynthia) Don't she make you think of Elizabeth Merkle, Fred?

Cady: Well—(reflectively) I see what you mean.

Homer: She don't me.

Mrs. Cady: Of course, Elizabeth's dark, but there's something about the shape of the face.

Homer: Lizzie Merkle's crazy. She's going to marry Lou Carmichael.

Gladys: Oh, did Grandma say when it was to be?

Mrs. Cady: No, I don't think they know themselves. You knew Lou, didn't you, Neil?

Neil: Did they live over on Pine Street?

Mrs. Cady: I think they did.

Homer: No, they didn't.

Gladys: Hush up. They did. They lived next door to Dr. Endicott.

Homer: They did not. They've always lived on Mead Avenue.

Gladys: Well, I guess I ought to know. Didn't I go and meet his sister once? Remember that tall girl mama?

Homer: You're crazy.

Albert, Cynthia and Neil listened to the talk of this delectable family with varying degrees of interest and emotion. Neil was bored and somewhat exasperated; Albert understood why the Cadys were there and so did Cynthia. Perhaps that was why Cynthia hurried away as quickly as she properly could.

NEIL looked after her helplessly, Cady's words about his business needing just such a bright young man as he was, sounding vaguely in his ears. Then Gladys appropriated him.

"Oh, Neil," she called, holding up a picture. "This appeared in the paper, didn't it?"

Neil: Why, yes.

Gladys: I saw it. You're pretty well known, Neil. I'm proud of you. I wish I could have this picture. Only I wish it were of you alone instead of you and this other girl, whoever she is.

Neil: Oh, it's just a girl I met one Summer.

Gladys: Neil?

Neil: Well?

Gladys: Do you like me better than you do Miss Mason?

Neil: Well, I think she's awfully nice.

Gladys: Don't you think I'm nice too?

Neil: Yes, of course.

Gladys: Because I think you are. You know that, don't you, Neil?

Neil: I—I'm glad.

Gladys: So, of course, I want you to think I am.

Neil: I do.

Homer by this time had become thoroughly weary of Glady's sotto-voce talk with Neil. He rose.

"It's half past, Pop," he said loudly.

Cady: Yes, we'll have to be going.

Mrs. Cady: Ready, Gladys?

Gladys: Yes, mama (starts up, then goes back to Neil).

Gladys: (Suddenly, to Neil) Look here!

Neil: Yes?

Gladys: I won't go home for dinner—if you don't want me to.

Neil: Well—I did sort of think I'd do some work—

Gladys: I'll go with you to a new restaurant I just heard about. I'll tell you what! I'm going to my dressmaker's. I'll be there only a few minutes. Then you can meet me.

Neil: Well—I don't know exactly how I'll be fixed.

Gladys: I'll telephone you the minute I'm finished.

Neil: But Gladys, I'm going to be—

Cady: Come on, Gladys.

Gladys: All right. (To Neil) I'll telephone you from the dressmaker's the minute I'm through.

And so it remained—for Neil. Escorting them to the elevator Albert was stopped by Homer.

"What about him?" the latter queried, jerking his thumb in the direction of Neil, "Do you know him well?"

Albert: Who, Neil?

Homer: Yes. Is he all right?

Albert: Why?

Homer: Well, I just like to know things about a possible brother-in-law.

Albert: I see.

Homer: Gladys is nutty about him. Thinks he's artistic! And did you hear the old man? Just because his father was John McRae.

Mrs. Cady: Hurry, Homer.

Homer: All right (To Albert) So long. Only I hope it don't happen.

II.

ALBERT returned thoughtfully. The gist of his cogitations was that Neil was wasting his best years in doing odd jobs and here was an opportunity for escape from the deadening slavery. Could Neil be persuaded to take it?

"Neil," Albert spoke solemnly. "What are you going to do about your work?"

Neil: Huh?

Albert: Your real work I mean. How much have you done since I went away?

Neil: Well—Miss Mason and I are working out a little pantomime together.

Albert: How much of it is written?

Neil: A lot—about half I guess.

Albert: And there's half a movement of your symphony. About half a pantomime and half a movement of a symphony! Neil—you've got to be free to write.

Neil: Oh, well, maybe some day I'll write a popular song and make a million.

Albert: If you ever did you'd either burn it or sell it for ten dollars. You'll never make any money, Neil. You know that as well as I do.

THEN Albert left off skirmishing and came to the point—the Cadys and Gladys. Neil was surprised, then indignant and he was just beginning to storm when Cynthia come in for her dishes. Cynthia's appearance gave Albert an idea. It was plain Neil was not the sort of man to take the advice he had to offer without violent forcing. Albert couldn't force him. He determined to discount sentiment and appeal to the girl for help. Dropping the subject of his talk with Neil he persuaded the latter to lie down and give the pills a chance to work. Neil consented reluctantly and when he had retired Albert turned to Cynthia.

But Cynthia—Cynthia knew and understood the situation even better than Albert. There was a catch in her throat as she agreed to do whatever was possible to make Neil see the wisdom of marrying Gladys. She had tried to avoid the suggestion in her conscience, had banished it from her mind as long as she could—but there it was; it had stalked her mercilessly for the past few weeks. She knew it was Neil's one great chance to create in peace.

As Albert left her, Neil came out in his bathrobe, nervous and excited.

"What did he say—" he asked, jerkily.

Cynthia: Don't you wish to know—curiosity?

Neil: I do know. I know exactly. He said the same thing to me. He said I was a failure, practically. That I'd have to depend on other people all my life.

Cynthia: Neil—you're just exciting yourself. You're ttired, and you know he wants you—

Neil: No, wait! We've got to talk about this, you and I. He said more than that. He said I ought to ask Gladys Cady to marry me. (A pause). Well, you don't seem surprised.

Cynthia: No, I'm not.

Neil: Don't you even think it's—funny, a little bit?

Cynthia: No.

Neil: Cynthia! (Looks at her for a moment and then with a cry) Oh, Cynthia—dear!

Cynthia: Don't, Neil, please don't.

Neil: But, Cynthia, don't you know—without my telling you, that I love only you and no one else?

There was only one thing to do and Cynthia did it. She told Neil in what direction his path lay, tried to turn aside his love pleadings lightly and finished by saying she was leaving her room the next day for good to prevent further complications.

"Cynthia," cried Neil, "Do you know what you are talking about?"

Cynthia: Perfectly.

Neil: You can't mean that I ought to marry Gladys!

Cynthia: I think you ought to do just that, for the sake of your music.

Neil: Oh, you're like Albert! You think my music is the only thing about me worth while.

Cynthia: Oh, Neil—

Neil (continuing) It never was me you cared about—only the music.

Cynthia: I want you to be happy, Neil.

Neil: (Laughs mirthlessly) I certainly got it all wrong, didn't I? (Strides away to the window.) Well, good-bye, Cynthia.

Cynthia: Oh, Neil—Don't say good-bye like that!

Neil: What other way is there? You're all being so sensible and practical. I might as well be practical and sensible as well. (Cynthia goes out, stifling her tears. After a moment the telephone rings. Neil hesitates, then goes to it with decision) Oh, hello, Gladys. Is the fitting over?

Gladys: Can you meet me?

Neil: Well, I don't think I can do that.

Gladys: What?

Neil: I say I can't go out. The doctor says I must stay in for awhile.

Gladys: Oh, my goodness, are you sick?

Neil: Oh, no. Just tired, that's all. I—I have to sleep for about an hour. (Albert's sleeping pills are beginning to take effect.)

Gladys: Oh dear.

Neil: Well, why don't you come up here instead?

Gladys: Shall I?

Neil: Of course.

Gladys: Why?

Neil: Well, there's something I want to say to you, to ask you—something we all want to—I mean something I want to ask you—

Gladys: I wish I knew.

Neil: Maybe you do. We thought, that is I thought—how would you like to marry a great composer?

They tried to make the Wishing Beggar ride on horseback, with magnificent accoutrement, but he found it more pleasant to walk.



There stood six high-hatted church ushers with women's veils over their faces.

Gladys: Oh darling, do you mean it?

Neil: Sure I mean it.

Gladys: Of course, I'll marry you!

Neil: Would you honestly?

Gladys: Yes!

Neil: Well, that's fine. We'll show them, won't we?

Gladys: Oh, darling, I'm so happy—

Neil: Well, I'm happy too.

Gladys: Then call me sweetheart.

Neil: Do I have to say it?

Gladys: Of course.

Neil: (In a low tone) Sweetheart. (As she doesn't hear, viciously repeats:) SWEETHEART!

Gladys: Do you love me?

Neil: Of course, I do.

Gladys: Then I'll come in about an hour.

Neil: All right. In about an hour. You come—I'll sleep for awhile. And that's that. (He tries to replace the receiver but he is too far gone and it hangs. The cabaret orchestra below strikes up a jazz. He staggers up to a chair and flops into it.) Now go ahead and play! Play the wedding march. Play the wedding march!

III

THAT was the last thing Neil remembered with certainty. What followed was a nightmare. His nervous condition, the pills, the strain of the Cady's visit, the agony of parting with Cynthia, the torture of his proposal to Gladys, all had a potent effect on him. His sentitive mind was drugged, and it wove a fantasy of grotesque dream-shapes and situations. The jazz band melody suddenly turned into a one-step wedding march, his room was crowded with people. There was old Cady in a frock coat over golf trousers, there stood six high-hatted church ushers with women's veils over their faces; there was Gladys with a boquet of banknotes, here came her mother and veiled bridesmen; now they were marrying him; now he was leaving with Gladys on a train. Presently he was at the Cady home, a place of odd pillars and drapes, ushered in by two butlers, to be greeted by Mrs. Cady with her knitting in her hands and her rocking chair attached to her and Mr. Cady with a telephone on his breast; then four butlers appeared with invisible guests, then eight butlers and talk, talk, talk, with no one but the Cadys in sight. He wanted to write his music. Now that he was married to Gladys he could write his music in peace couldn't he? But instead he now found himself in the Cady office, a member of the staff. What was it he wanted? Oh, yes, a pencil. How is a pencil to be gotten? Through a formal requisition to the stenographer, then to the stock clerk, the manager, the superintendent, and finally Mr. Cady himself, for the O.K. Mr. Cady was dictating big business—"And so beg to state"—"your's of the 19th received"—"hoping to receive your valued order"—"our Mr. Mum will call on you"—re our No. 2160"—"our annual sales convention"—"pursuant to your instructions of the 13th ultimo"—"per your terms and specifications"—"Beg to state"—"beg to state"—"beg to state"—Oh, yes, there was Neil. Cady read to him the last report on the widget industry, which comprised the Cady fortune. Now, Neil was at a conference—behind barred and locked doors—nobody could come in—not to be disturbed—busy at a conference—and he was standing up speaking to the other conferees, speaking with vigorous hand-flings and fist-thumpings. No more conference! Now, he was at a giddy cabaret with Gladys, and Albert had somehow become a waiter. Everyone was dancing, whirling—waiters, dishes, everything. Gladys was telling him he was going to be a wonderful business man—more whirling—God, was it to be like this always?

Out of the turmoil came a little flower-covered cottage with Cynthia; this was heaven—but it was gone! Gladys called him and it disappeared. Oh, it was maddening. Back to the Cady home—his home now—and a set of dancing teachers were waiting to teach him to dance. Neil didn't want to dance—couldn't dance—didn't want to learn. He wanted to write! Oh, how he wanted to write his music, and they made him dance! Then Gladys, in wild spite, tore up his symphony! That was the utmost he could stand. He snatched up his little ivory paper knife. Suddenly it grew as large as a scimitar. He struck at Gladys. She fell dead. He struck at the still calmly knitting Mrs. Cady. She fell. Then Mr. Cady, then Homer.

NOW the trial. The jurors were ushered into seats as in a theatre. Albert was a reporter. A military band played incidental music. Old Cady was the Judge, Homer the prosecuting attorney. Neil's defence was a performance of his pantomime; the verdict was announced by radio. It was guilty; the sentence, a term at the Cady Consolidated Art Factory. Now Neil was at the Art Factory. He was locked in a little cell together with novelists, painters, etc. Novels were turned out in forty-five minutes; artists produced landscapes or advertisements while you waited. Neil was an exhibit. And he produced popular songs: "Mammies," "Sweeties" and "Fruit" songs. It was all perfectly systematized. Now came Cady brandishing a whip. He told Neil he belonged to the family. He was a prisoner until he died. Then he could die? That would be a relief. Suddenly Cynthia appeared. She told him she knew a good executioner for him. Let him execute Neil. Then he would be free to come to her. Neil agreed, overjoyed. The executioner was summoned, a grotesque fellow who posed Neil as if for a photograph. Ready? Ready—

IV.

A CONFUSED babel of sounds, storming and thundering, and Neil opened his eyes. There was Cynthia standing at the door.

"Is anything the matter, Neil?" she inquired, looking worried. "I thought I heard you talking."

Neil slowly struggled out of phantasmagoria into reality. Cynthia!" he cried "Cynthia—I need you."

"Oh, Neil, do you?" Cynthia approached him tearfully. "Are you sure you do? I—I couldn't stay away, Neil. I tried to, but I couldn't. Because I need you, too. I just couldn't give you up to anyone else on earth."

"It couldn't have worked," she continued, emphatically, as he drew her to him. "Not with those people, Neil. Don't you know it wouldn't?"

"I think I do," Neil replied.

But stay, didn't Neil ask Gladys to marry him? And wasn't she even now on her way to him? A cold shiver seized Neil. But, perhaps, it was all part of that ghastly nightmare. It must be, Of course. Neil glanced around the room doubtfully. He started as he caught sight of the telephone. The receiver was off the hook. It was true. He did speak to her through the telephone. He had to marry Gladys.

Cynthia was told and from the joy of their new happiness they were flung into their former despondency. There wasn't anything to be done about it. Neil must keep his word.

A ring at the door. It was Gladys. Bravely controlling herself, Cynthia went out. But strangely enough Gladys was somewhat hesitant. There was something she wanted Neil to do for her. A big favor—a very big one.

"You see, it was this way," commenced Gladys in an embarrassed manner, "Coming back from the dressmaker's I met Walter Craig. He's a boy that sort of used to like me—he said he didn't know any other girl in New York and would I sort of play around with him—so I wondered—you know he dances beautifully — goes around a lot—so I wondered—and I wouldn't be a bit hurt if you did—I wondered if you didn't mind? And we needn't announce our engagement just yet—it'll be lots of fun just being engaged—"

NEIL could have kissed her for joy. Would he mind? Gladys already regretted their engagement. She wanted it broken. It was an infatuation with her, an idea, a spasm. He took her hands joyfully.

"And we'll still be friends, won't we?" Gladys murmured. "I've always thought you were nice, Neil. It's a sort of relief, isn't it?"

Neil: Yes, it is—rather.

Gladys: Well, good-bye. I've got to go—because—because I've left Walter downstairs. (She goes out).

Neil: Oh!

He looks across the hall, crosses to his piano and begins to play "Cynthia" music. After a moment Cynthia comes slowly in.

Cynthia: (hesitatingly): Want me, Neil?

Neil: Do I want you? (He continues playing).

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Next Sunday—George Bernard Shaw's Latest Triumph, "Saint Joan."

Herons Build a Tenement In Sight of Great City

Twenty-Seven Nests Constructed in Dead Tree Near Busy Highway.

IN a great natural park adjoining the City of Vancouver is the remarkable heronry, a bird tenement building probably unique in the entire world. For all these usually so shy, wild birds are nesting upon one tree within sight and sound of a city of 200,000 persons and right close to a great highway upon which it is estimated 1,000,000 automobiles a year whirl by. On this old dead tree, for a decade, 100 odd herons every year have been brought in to the world.

Since it is unusual for this bird, so fearful of man, to be calmly dwelling a few yards from where automobiles pass at every minute of the day and quite frequently all through the night, the fact that between twenty-five and thirty families should select one very high tree and set up a little city is still more striking.

In the first place, the great blue heron, by its habits, by its size, length of legs and toes and neck, lacks the appearance of a tree dweller. Indeed, a flying heron, making a landing in a tall fir or hemlock, which are common roosting places of the birds along the British Columbia Coast, cuts an awkward figure. But they are wise birds in this particular singular colony at Vancouver.

In union lies strength, evidently, is their motto and, to increase the safety, this one high old hemlock was evidently chosen years ago by the pioneer parent pairs. Out of this has grown the successful large colony of to-day. The analogy between trail blazing men and herons is here strikingly brought to the fore, as only forty years ago men started the now large city of Vancouver.

IN this tree are twenty-seven nests, and eighty-seven young birds which are nearly full grown in August. The nests contain from one to five, with the average being three. In the eighty-seven nests an outstanding architectual design can be noted that is a wonderful example of bird wisdom. The nests have been so arranged on the limbs that not one comes directly under any other, a piece of foresight for keeping clean the nests and occupants on the lower branches that proves birds to be capable of considerable planning powers.

Like the tenements built by man, this bird one is marked by continual noise during the breeding season and while young are being raised. In the breeding season the young males engage in violent quarrels. But the real bedlam begins when the young are hatched. Their uproar, impossible to describe, fills the air all day long.

They are generally fed about every half hour in a unique way. When the parent bird with loaded bill arrives at the edge of the nest, there is a splendid example of the survival of the fittest; each young bird strives to force the parent bill within its own. The successful one, tightly holding on, slowly forces the adult's head down below the level of the nest, when the food is suddenly ejected, like the rapid emptying of a long pipe.

Greedy though the young bird is, it is unequal to gobbling all the parent load, so that much is spilled into the nest, and the others clean up what food falls upon the floor—a considerable space, as the nests are from three to four feet in diameter.

DONALD GILLINGHAM, a youthful ornithologist, of Vancouver, recently made an exceedingly daring climb up a tall tree opposite the heronry. Perched precariously at this high altitude, he managed to obtain the perfect photograph shown herewith.

The great blue heron, called scientifically Ardea Herodias, is often spoken of as a crane, but this is incorrect. They are very different in appearance, although both always live near water. The great blue heron is found from the Arctic to southern South America. The herons fly with drawn-in necks and trailing legs. They feed upon small fish, frogs and other aquatic water life.

The Haida Indians of Northern British Columbia have a most striking belief in regard to the heron and the humming-bird. According to the Indians, when the herons get ready for the annual migration the hummingbirds also foregather. Each little humming-bird selects a heron and mounts upon its back, snuggling down just above where the wings meet. In this way they go south the thousands of miles that have to be covered.

The unique heronry described here is in a large natural park set aside for this purpose in perpetuity. Perhaps the herons sensed this fact, sure that here they would have a home inviolate they have lost their ordnary fear of the nearness of man.

MRS. BUDGE SO WEAK COULD HARDLY STAND

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health

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Whoozit Contest

A Memory Twister and Tester; Name These Men and Win a Prize

Whoozit Contest



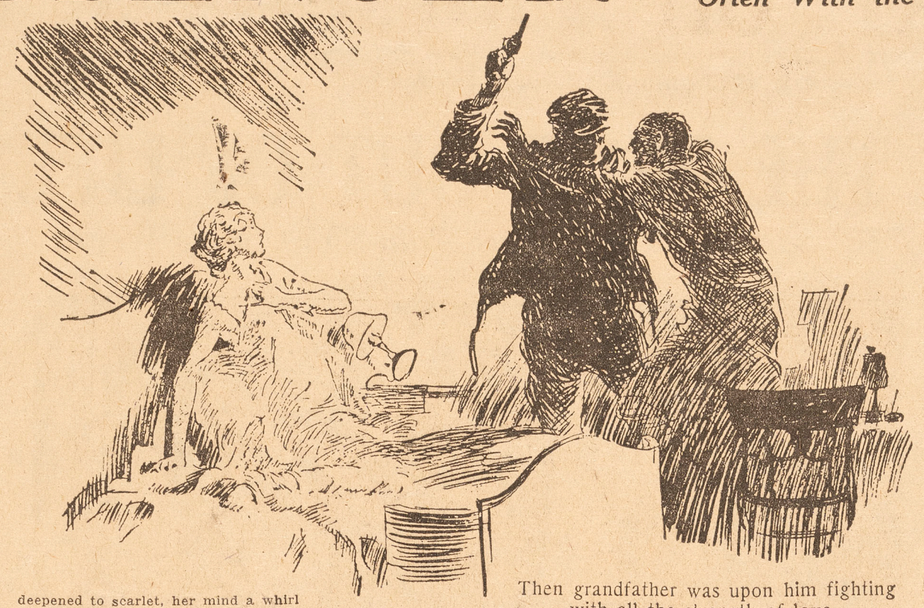
Every face has some features which mark it as different from all others. How many of the leaders in politics, sport, movies, etc., can you identify by a glance at the distinguishing features only? Test your memory by guessing at the faces above. The Sunday World will pay Two Dollars to the first person who names correctly the men pictured above. Replies must be written and mailed or delivered to the Whoozit Contest Editor, The Sunday World, King and Bay Streets, Toronto. No replies will be considered after Thursday night next. The results will be announced in the News Section the following Sunday.

THE MESSENGER

The Story of a Girl Who Tampered Once Too Often With the Truth.

By Julia Francis Wood

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE



Then grandfather was upon him fighting with all the strength of love.

"GOD the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!"

Shirley liked especially this part of the service, she always tried sincerely to concentrate upon her prayers, and managed as a rule to keep under fairly good control five-sixths of her thoughts. The truant sixth this particular morning was deciding that the new man in the choir had an extremely weird profile; that she must remember to get some red candies for grandfather's birthday cake; that she must be firm and not allow Elliot to sweep her into matrimony before Autumn; and that the response she was murmuring with so much fervor was rather strikingly inappropriate to a certain member of the congregation.

Though her offspring, Shirley in all honesty would have disclaimed with horror this last reflection; she was sincerely unaware how largely it contributed to that pleasant sense of well-being in which she was innocently basking. Certainly, it was difficult to conceive of misery—well-nigh impossible of sin—in connection with Shirley. Each time she besought mercy from Heaven a flicker of amused infinitely tender indulgence crept into Grandfather Wayne's eyes, still fiercely blue, despite his eighty years; into Grandmother's Wayne's, faded and dovelike; into Elliot Monroe's, worshipping and proudly proprietary; into the admiring gaze of that portion of the congregation fortunate enough to command a view of Shirley at prayer. Even the old rector's glance lost something of its spiritual aloofness, and softened paternally before the golden-haired young sinner in the Wayne pew, whose twenty sweet years had known so far only sunshine.

Shirley, grave eyes intent before her, struggling to commune with her Maker, was, nevertheless, happily conscious of what they were all thinking, of the affectionate admiration wafted toward her from every part of the church. For Shirley Wayne was more than the prettiest and most admired girl in Rutherford; she was an institution. Mothers held her up to the wayward daughters as an example of the fact that a girl could be popular without smoking, drinking, rouging, and joy riding. Men not only lost their heads over her beauty, but reverenced her as the one ideal in a post-war world. People had a way of getting down on their knees before Shirley, and at the same time bending over her protectingly to shield her from any untoward jostling on the part of a thoughtless universe. She was at once Rutherford's saint and its happy, fortune-kissed child.

Against this rose-hued background, Shirley prayed enjoyably. She could not have told what malign impulse dragged her eyes suddenly from the altar to meet Ted McAlister's smiling scrutiny across the aisle any more than she could explain the curious, jolted feeling with which a moment later she returned, rather flushed, to her devotions. It was not that she missed in his gaze her accustomed homage; no one ever expected Ted McAlister to be on his knees before anything or anybody. But there had been something in his look which had aroused unaccountably a resentment wholly alien to Shirley's gentleness—as if he had lifted some secret curtain of her heart and uncovered something he and she alone knew; something which amused him, which——

ALL during the rest of the service she groped for the missing word, and later in the afternoon again pursued it as she rammed the little red candles into grandfather's birthday cake. Elliot had with difficulty been lassoed to the veranda, entertaining grandfather and grandmother, while Shirley, alone in the wide, spotless kitchen, prepared the piece de resistance of grandfather's celebration. She had just penned, quite viciously for Shirley, Ted's name on the gay little place card. He had been a neighbor too many years to omit him now. At the tender age of five hours he had been introduced to grandfather, and had been condescendingly aware of Shirley's existence since she had first appeared, an orphaned toddler, to live in the huge white house on the hill. During her childhood and early girlhood they had been on wholly affable terms, though Ted had never, she reflected now, acted in the least as schoolboys in books always did toward yellow-haired little girls next door. He had never pulled her to school on his sled, carried her books for her, fought her battles, or pledged her his juvenile troth with a brass ring. Lovers' vows and small girls were of equal indifference to Ted. But he had always been kind in his brusque, careless way; sent her an occasional postcard from Yale, taken her riding when he came home for his holidays, given her from time to time stern, elder-brotherly advice. He had been her first grown-up caller, appearing disgruntedly the evening she arrived home from finishing school.

"It's so nice of you to run in this way," Shirley had thanked him and he had responded with Ted-like frankness:

"Run in! You've got the wrong verb, my child. Dragged in, you mean. Mother brutally insisted on it.

"I can bear it, I think, if she won't stay too long, and if you will promise not to use more than five hundred superlatives during the evening."

"I'll cut down on them if you'll promise not to talk about your stupid old law," Shirley had assured him merrily. They had got on famously that evening—all the rest of the Winter, in fact. Shirley had not resented at all Ted's standing disdainfully outside the large circle of adorers who were spoiling Rutherford's stationery with bad sonnets to a golden-haired saint with haunting grey eyes. Ted was notoriously woman-proof.

"It's not that I care a rap about him, goodness knows. I wouldn't marry him, if he were the last man in the world," was the vindictive feminine verdict of Rutherford. "But O, I'd give anything if I could just make him propose to me!"

It was the habit, indeed, of each succeeding crop of debutantes to abuse in public Ted McAlister, to save dances in the hope that he might ask for them, and to don its prettiest gowns on the rare occasion of his calls. Shirley knew Ted too well to waste any ammunition in his direction. He was not her type, anyway, she had told herself, even before Elliot Monroe had appeared to elucidate in one dazzling moment just what that type was. She had enjoyed, however, the intimacy entailed by living next door to the most brilliant young lawyer in the county and had listened to his advice with submissive admiration. She had never minded Ted's caustic remarks, nor his merciless teasing, feeling the friendliness underneath.

"Ted is really kind," as a neighbor and old friend she had been wont staunchly to defend him. "He adores his mother and couldn't eat for two days after his dog died." But there had been no kindness in Ted's look in church to-day, nor, as she thought of it now, for some months past. Underneath its customary smiling cynicism lay criticism and—she searched again for the elusive word and in a flash of indignant realization found it—contempt.

It was a stately Shirley, with her chin at an angle it had never achieved before, who greeted her neighbor that evening. Ted, placidly impervious to this glacial reception, had never been more charming—and there was no doubt that Ted could be charming when he chose. Shirley had to unbend during his delightful toast to grandfather. A moment later, however, resentment surged again in her heart. She had just finished an innocent remark to Mrs. Bentley.

"We are all so glad to hear you've postponed that trip to California," she had told her, leannig forward in her pretty, interested way. "We were terrified for fear we weren't going to have Marjorie with us for the play. We never would be able to fill her place."

It was then that Ted had flashed her across the table another of those cryptic glances. She translated it more easily this time, illuminated as it was by a belated remembrance of her laughing recital to his mother of the trials of amateur theatricals.

"If only we could lose Marjorie Bentley!" she had wailed. "There'd be a chance even yet we wouldn't be hissed off the stage. She's so hopeless—and none of us dare tell her so!"

So that was what he thought, Shirley told herself, the rose in her cheeks deepened to scarlet, her mind a whirl of turbulent, chaotic self vindication. Just because she had tried to entertain his sick mother, because she was trying now to make poor Mrs Bentley feel happy, he could form so unkind, so unfair a judgment. The serpent wriggling into Eden produced no greater upheaval than this first breath of hostile criticism, in Shirley's love warmed world. She swept the table in piteous search of champions. There were ten staunch ones ready at hand—defending her against Ted's silent accusation in every admiring glance smiled over at her. It was grandfather's celebration, but Shirley was as always its golden heart. How could they all give her this love and approbation if she were really the self-satisfied, insincere creature Ted seemed to think she was? Her rare anger mounted slowly throughout the dinner. Ted recklessly continued to cast new fuel upon it.

"Yes, mother browbeat me into going to church this morning," he was saying now in answer to congratulations upon this unusual occurrence. "I've felt depressed all day in consequence. Church always makes me melancholy. I don't enjoy confessing my sins as much as Shirley does. The last thing in the world I want is to call heaven's or the public's attention to them."

It was then that Shirley picked up deliberately the challenging glove he had twice that day flung at her feet. After dinner she resolutely placed herself beside Ted in the window seat, where they could talk undisturbed under the inharmonious cover of Mrs. Gilchrist's singing. An innocent remark of grandfather's served to precipitate hostilities.

"My little Shirley sees me always through rose colored spectacles," he had smiled in answer to one of Shirley's charming compliments.

"You must have rose colored ear drums as well as spectacles," Ted moaned as Mrs Gilchrist's shrill voice ascended. "Why in thunder do you always urge that woman to sing? You know she can't."

"Because I also know it gives her pleasure," Shirley had fired her opening shot.

"And you are willing to pay any price for that?"

"What price do you mean?" she demanded.

"The truth," he responded grimly. "Saying agreeable things and telling the truth don't always walk hand in hand, do they?"

MORE than once before he had given her with brotherly frankness a home thrust delivered from the immense advantage of twelve years' seniority. This one, however, was different, unsoftened by Ted's usual gay banter, tingling with a genuine emotion. Shirley went white under its sincerity. It was one thing to be warned of possible perils; quite another to be accused of an ignoble fault of which you are completely innocent.

"In your profession," she told him, trying to steady her voice, "doesn't the motive underneath a crime make a lot of difference? Don't you see, it's just because it isn't the truth—because grandfather is old—and Mrs. Gilchrist can't sing—and Marjorie Bentley is a hopeless stick—that it means just that much the more to be told the opposite? If that's lying—and that's what you're trying to tell me, isn't it?" she challenged him bravely—"it seems to me it's worth it, to buy such innocent happiness for people one loves."

"All the same, through rose-colored glasses one can't see truly—and that's the biggest thing in life—to see true," Ted reiterated doggedly. "Truth's a darned hard taskmistress, you know—won't stand any fooling with," he dropped suddenly back into the old chaffing tone. "Whether we hand out bouquets to gladden praise-starved hearts, or whether we know that Rutherford loves us best with our rose-colored spectacles on, and we enjoy above all things having Rutherford on his knees."

"Oh!" choked Shirley, too outraged for speech.

"Better take 'em off, Shirley, before you get permanent rose-colored astigmatism," was Ted's final lash. "If you'd just step off for a minute from that pedestel Rutherford's hoisted you up on to, and take off that halo they've jammed on to your head, you'd see what I mean."

Opportunely, at that moment Shirley could cross the room and bend over the music rack to hide the tears she could no longer keep back. Perhaps Ted surmised them, for later he apologized with a disarming boyish penitence.

"I keep forgetting that you are a little over ten and nearly Mrs. Elliot Monroe," he told her with a smile which usually won forgiveness for his most ruthless frankness. He ruined all chance of pardon, however, by adding, "And even I am bound to confess the halo is becoming."

IN the solitude of her own room Shirley at first wept bitterly, like a heart-broken child under its first blow. Later anger effectually dried her eyes. Why should she waste a single tear on anything Ted McAlister might say, when a man like Elliot Monroe thought her perfection! The best punishment she could give Ted was to forget his words completely, she decided, as she settled herself for sleep. After to-night she would arrange matters so she should never have to talk to him again.

In that, however, she was reckoning without James Cassidy, Esquire. It was shortly after three o'clock that same night when Shirley first made his acquaintance. She had wakened with a vague sense of disaster to a terrifying realization that a sinister figure was bending over her dressing table, the lower part of its face muffled to a black blur, its hand closing greedily over the Wayne pearls grandfather had given her on her last birthday.

"If you ever see a burglar," grandfather had answered once an anxious inquiry of hers on this subject, "keep your eyes closed, don't make a sound, and let him take anything he wants."

With the dreaded emergency actually at hand, however, Shirley, for all her forethought, found herself unable to apply the first aid she had been recommended. Her soft voice discovered suddenly unexpected resources, and lifted itself in a shriek which would have done credit to a New York huckster.

The unwelcome visitor, clutching the pearls, took a threatening step toward the bed. But he had made a fatal miscalculation in regard to opposing forces. "An old man, an old woman, and a girl in that part of the house," he had summed them up contemptuously. Age, however, though it had whitened grandfather's hair and weakened his knee joints, had been as yet wholly unable to make any inroads upon his impetuous courage. Not for nothing had he been dubbed in youth "Daredevil Wayne." Barefooted, in the night shirt of a generation ago, oblivious of his eighty years, the old colonel hurled himself into the room in instant answer to that beloved cry. The intruder was waiting for him behind a loaded revolver, but grandfather had never yet stopped in the middle of a charge. Grandmother was screaming for help quaveringly from her window; Shirley, rigid against her pillow, could only watch, paralyzed with horror, as he plunged towards that round, menacing eye marking his heart. The enemy, flinging up his hand, played his last desperate card and fired into the air; then grandfather was upon him, fighting with all the strength of love. But even that could not prevail against a handicap of fifty years; a moment later the old figure lay still upon the floor, and the burglar, vaulting to the plazza, swung himself down victoriously into the waiting arms of the excited neighbors below.

CREST HILL, the inner stronghold of aristocratic Rutherford, awoke next morning amazedly to find itself notorious. Much as it disapproved in theory of the limelight resting upon its exclusive precincts, it was humanly frail enough to enjoy the unwonted excitement. Even Shirley found the aftermath of a burglary quite agreeable as she related dramatically to an absorbed audience the events of the night before. Honorably she made grandfather and grandmother the hero and heroine of the episode; there was nothing Shirley liked better than, secure on her own pedestal, to fling down roses upon her adorers below.

"It wasn't just grandfather's daring to wrestle with the creature that way," she explained proudly, "but his going ahead right in the face of that loaded revolver—pointed straight at his heart—flinging himself on it—absolutely emptyhanded."

"Acted like a damned fool," grandfather, his head picturesquely bandaged, admitted shamedfacedly. "Got entirely too skittish for my years. Jiu-jitsu is no sport for the aged. The truth is, I saw red when I thought that scoundrel was hurting Shirley. I don't remember another thing that happened until I felt my venerable bones strike the floor."

If the dining room had furnished thrills, they dwindled to ciphers beside those provided by the courtroom. Shirley had been awaiting her appearance in the witness stand with a mingling of anticipation and dread. She enjoyed drama of any description, and she had a delightful new gown and hat for the occasion; on the other hand, in stories and plays witnesses seemed always to be having a rather hard time of it.

"Will they heckle me?" she inquired fearfully of grandfather and Elliot, as they waited with her in the sombre hall of the courthouse her summons to the trial. "In stories they are always heckling the witnesses—being impolite to them and objecting to everything they say. Will they treat me like that?"

Grandfather and Elliot exchanged the look she always particularly enjoyed—as older people smile in secret over the head of a beloved child.

"I don't believe any one is going to heckle you," Elliot remarked with eloquent significance. "And I'm sure no one will object to you."

IT was quite evident from the beginning of Shirley's testimony that nobody did. This knowledge alleviated the shock of her first introduction to the mysterious workings of the law. She had visioned a great, dignified room; an impressive, black robed, white wigged judge; on one side the prisoner trembling in his dock, and on the other herself—in the new gown and hat—a solitary, graceful figure facing a sea of expectant faces.

One by one these interesting details were rudely washed out of her picture. The court room itself was dingy beyond belief; Shirley's horrified gaze took instant note of the paint peeling from the railings; of the large stain in the ceiling; of the cracked water pitcher in the corner. The judge, bald headed and in a gray business suit, lounged negligently at a shabby desk; the prisoner, wholly casual and unconcerned, was comfortably seated beside his attorney; there was no dock, and witnesses, it seemed, paradoxically sat in the witness stand—wedged in at that between a stoop shouldered old man writing busily in a book and twelve singularly unprepossessing looking individuals who fixed upon her a weary, lack lustre gaze. The first glimmer of romance departed when, instead of kissing reverently the Bible she was ordered by a bored young man to hold up her right hand and "to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth s'help-me-Gawd!"

It was all most disillusioning, but beyond the mutilated railings broke a foaming line of filmy dresses and lace parasols—Rutherford's Four Hundred defying the heat to hear Shirley testify. It might prove an interesting afternoon after all, Shirley decided, especially after she had noted that the vacant eyed jury, adamant apparently so far to golden hair and a Lichenstein hat, was rousing slowly from its apathy as she began to speak. Of all her many weapons, Shirley's voice had caused perhaps the greatest fatality. As she stated her name and residence a distinct masculine flutter agitated the courtroom. Only the prisoner and a certain gray coated, straight backed individual in the front row, gazing indifferently before him, with his mouth set in a hard, uncompromising line, remained unaffected by it. Even the prosecuting attorney began discipling a rampant cowlick.

"I am going to ask you, Miss Wayne, to tell us in your own words just what did happen that night," he suggested ingratiatingly.

So Shirley in her soft, appealing voice told them, simply and graphically. Grandfather had been able to give only a vague and confused account of proceedings; grandmother had not been in the room during the struggle; Shirley was the important witness for the prosecution. Unexpectedly she made the scene live before a breathless audience, painting with tender, vivid strokes the gaila old figure which had rushed with such splendid impetuosity to her rescue. It was a masterly piece of evidence—so masterly that the prosecuting attorney left it to produce its own effect, and without a comment turned over his witness to the defence.

So far Shirley had quite enjoyed proceedings, with the exception of an unpleasant moment when she had had to identify the prisoner. She had not liked that, and had quite forgotten her audience as she turned her gentle, pitying gaze upon the impassive Cassidy. Her reluctance to send him to the fate he so evidently deserved, her sorrowful "Yes—I am sure that is the man," softened even the judge's eyes.

The lawyer for the defence rose slowly to his feet. He was a slender little man, with intelligent, singularly sad eyes set deep in a lined face. Shirley had heard of him from her grandfather. "Usually a shyster lawyer takes a case like this," the colonel had explained. "But Beresford is of different calibre. He's a gentleman and a sterling chap. His hobby is defending criminals who haven't money to pay for a good lawyer. They say he had a son who died in the penitentiary, and that is the reason he wants to help out these poor devils."

Shirley had liked him for that. She liked him still more when he addressed her in his pleasant, deferential voice. This nice man would never heckle anybody, she told herself in relief.

"I understood you to testify, Miss Wayne, did I not, that as Colonel Wayne entered your room, the defendant leveled a pistol at him."

"Yes," Shirley answered.

"That your grandfather rushed upon the defendant and struggled with him; that during this struggle he knocked up the defendant's hand so that the pistol was discharged in the air?"

"Yes," Shirley repeated. How fussy they were in law about unimportant things, she commented inwardly.

"Now, are you absolutely certain, Miss Wayne," Mr. Beresford asked her earnestly, "that that shot was fired after your grandfather had flung himself upon the defendant? Wasn't it rather, the defendant himself who—just before Colonel Wayne grappled with him—fired into the air of his own free will—merely to frighten away his assailant?"

With his words rushed into Shirley's mind a gripping memory of the immense relief of that unforgettable moment when the terrifying wrist leveled at grandfather's heart had flung itself up in sudden merciful reprieve. Barring forever the entrance of her testimony stood inexorably the story she had retold so many times these last few weeks. If that in itself were not enough, in the front row of spectators sat Ted McAlister, meeting her eyes at this crucial moment with that same hard, mocking challenge he had sent her across a church aisle one Sunday centuries ago.

IT seemed to Shirley that it lasted hours—that swift, unexpected struggle in which conscience and vanity were suddenly locked. Even the trained ear of the lawyer, however, was unable to detect any faintest hesitation in her steady answer.

"No. It was grandfather who knocked up the pistol into the air."

The rest of the afternoon was a vague blur to Shirley. Detached fragments of the trial forced themselves from time to time upon her attention; the ripple of laughter, the chauffeur's broken English brought forth; Mr. Beresford's earnest voice still valiantly pleading Cassidy's innocence of any intent to kill: "Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you, if the defendant had had any desire to shoot Colonel Wayne, what better opportunity could he have possibly wished than that given when the colonel stood defenseless in the doorway? Yet, he did not shoot then——"

But even proofs would have had to put up a hard fight against the state's witnesses, reinforced as they were by the colonel's heroism, by grandmother's sweetness, by Shirley's charm. It was, in the prosecuting attorney's opinion, a highly satisfactory afternoon.

Shirley and James Cassidy did not altogether share this opinion.

"Law is funny, I think," she remarked with careful casualness when she got home. "What earthly sense was there in that lawyer's harping on the exact moment that old pistol was fired? What possible difference could that make?"

"Just a difference of seventeen more years in the pen for J. Cassidy," Charlie Travers had assured her blithely. "He'd have drawn only two or three years for just a plain common garden burglary, that playful attempt to kill cost him a mere seventeen more."

Grandfather and Elliot later expressed their sentiments freely in regard to this statement. "Don't you know that a girl as sensible as Shirley would be bound to take a thing like that to heart—that it would worry her terribly?" Grandfather had stormed to the crestfallen Travers.

THERE was no doubt that something was worrying Shirley. Her laugh lost its joyousness; the sonnet-inspiring eyes grew haunted as well as haunting. Grandfather and Elliot, fervently cursing Charlie Travers, held anxious consultations about her health. Grandmother's opinion was that she was upset by her approaching marriage. Girls were often like that—no matter how much in love they might be. She tried several times with delicate, old-fashioned circumlocution to reassure the child.

But Shirley unburdened herself to no one. Through those long watches of the night with which she was becoming so despairingly familiar she planned confession after confession—only to come back always to the same thought. It was impossible; she couldn't strike home like that to grandfather, to grandmother, to Elliot, to all these people who loved her so deeply and believed in her so utterly. Better a thousand times that Cassidy should be sacrificed than they. It was silly to suffer so over a bad man who deserved his fate. The motive behind her lie had been wholly innocent. She had only wanted to give grandfather pleasure—to make him feel a hero despite that birthday he had dreaded. It wasn't as if she herself had gained anything by her deception. She would argue out her case convincingly, persuade herself she had rolled away for good that hideous weight of oppression—and then there it was again with each heavy eyed dawn, crushing her, killing her, wiping every jot of sunshine out of her world. Even the adulation she had lived upon had turned to bitterest gall. She moved about restlessly now upon the pedestal she had so enjoyed, measuring its distance from the ground with sick, terrified glances. And when she played at church no thought of possible admiring glances came between her and the hopeless, anguished petitions with which she was bombarding heaven these days:

"O God the Father in Heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners."

"What would you do if you should find out I wasn't this perfect creature you think I am?" she asked Elliot one day when he had been telling her for the hundredth time what she stood for in his life; "that I had done something you thought wrong—really wicked?"

"What's the use of discussing an impossibility?" he demanded.

"O, Elliot, don't be silly!" she flashed back with an irritability incredible in Shirley. "I'm human—of course, I could make mistakes."

It seemed to her that she must scream if Elliot just once more fatuously reiterated her flawlessness. He saved her by this time seriously pondering her question.

"If I lost my faith in you, "Shirley," he answered her gravely, "I should—well, there wouldn't be anything left for me. I should lose faith in God and man!"

"That settled it," she told herself with finality as she began that night the old desperate searching for sleep. She couldn't tell him—ever!

That, however, was before her visit to the jail.

SHE had awakened one night with a heaven-sent inspiration.

If she could not right Cassidy's wrong she could at least make atonement to his fellow-sufferers. She would devote her life, she vowed in the darkness, to helping criminals. Every moment of leisure—every cent she could save from her allowance.

It seemed a completely feasible scheme until daylight came with its brutally practical tests. Then she began to lose heart a little. But she would not let escape without a struggle this one hope of comfort. As soon as breakfast was over she paid an early morning call on Jessica Saunders.

Jessica, energetic and plain, a dead weight in society, was deep in social work. The debutantes regarded her as a hopeless highbrow, and—still worse—a noble soul; Shirley alone had gone out of her way at teas where Jessica was still occasionally stranded to speak a friendly word to her, and had even tried to share with her at dances reluctant partners.

It was bread cast upon the waters. Jessica, all eagerness and interest, listened now to Shirley's pretty plea of weariness at nothing but good times—of desire for service.

"Couldn't I help people in prison?" Shirley asked. "Ever since we had that burglary I keep thinking perhaps if that poor man had just had a chance—isn't there something one can do to help men like him?"

There was much, it seemed, and, in an evil hour for Shirley, Jessica promised to let her know the next time she took magazines to the jail.

The day after that visit Shirley confessed to Elliot. They had ridden far out of town into a little green and gold wood they claimed especially for their own. It had known their happiest hours. Shirley would never have believed that in that setting, with her lover stretched at her feet, looking up at her with adoring eyes, life could seem utterly hateful and awry. Not even this golden moment, it appeared, could wipe out those searing memories of hard, miserable faces behind inexorable bars; of a boy prone on a dirty cot, his head buried in his arms; of that sordid, unspeakably desolate little world shut out from sun and wind and sky. A great sob shook her unexpectedly, startling Elliot to his feet.

"Why, Shirley," he besought her anxiously, "What is it? What is it, my darling?"

She tried brokenly at first to shelter herself behind a headache and nerves; then, suddenly, to her own amazement, found herself pouring out the bare, unpardonable truth.

To Elliot it was totally unpardonable; that was evident from the first. Perhaps if Shirley had sobbed it out against his shoulder he might have been able to find some mitigating circumstances. But the long months of hidden struggle had worn her out, and she discovered all at once she was at the last lap of her strength, able only to relate unemotionally naked facts, facing Elliot's incredulous horror with expressionless eyes and voice.

Nothing that she had pictured of confession in her blackest nights surpassed the terrible reality. She had to turn the knife again and again in her open wound as she forced Elliot to accept the fact that she was neither joking nor delirious; it was even harder after his desperate "I can't believe it—I can't believe it," had changed to a bewildered "But why—in God's name, why did you do it, Shirley?"

She had asked herself that same question a thousand times the last few months. Now, in her despairing groping to make him understand, she found for herself the answer.

"I suppose it was because I had tampered so many times with the truth," she told him. "She's a hard taskmistress; won't stand fooling with"—unwittingly she had caught at Ted's words—"and so—when the big test came—I failed."

BUT try as she would, she could not make Elliot understand the psychology of the weakness Ted had divined so clearly. As exaggeratedly as he had viewed formerly her virtues, he now judged her offence. Shirley, too proud to urge her motive, her ignorance of the law, her remorse, waited in silence his verdict. With feminine intuition she knew she had only—even now—to fling herself into his arms, to sob out an appeal for forgiveness, to soften its asperity. Something stronger and finer than stubbornness held her back. Now at last—at the

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.



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You have the authority of doctors and dentists for this statement. Your own experience will prove it, if you will use WRIGLEY'S after every meal.

The following quotations from a recent work on teeth and health are worth remembering:

"Dentists have found that the exercise of gum chewing brings about a better nutrition of the teeth. . . ."

"The cleansing action of the gum between the teeth helps to keep them free from the particles which lodge in the crevices and cause decay."

The busy man—or woman either—rarely has time to clean the teeth after eating. Yet they *should* be cleaned, and

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

will do it. *Also* it will aid digestion and furnish welcome refreshment to mouth and throat.

Sealed in its purity package, bringing all its original goodness and flavor to you.



Get your Wrigley benefit today!

Try Wrigley's after smoking

R11

• *The Flavor Lasts* •

The Home Woman

Daily Happiness is Everybody's Birthright

"Nothing Matters Except the Achievement of Being Happy," in the Opinion of Famous Woman Writer

The Business Girl

Colleges Teach Girls Art of Concentration In Proper Study of Man

Co-Eds Learn How to Carry on a Dozen Conversations With as Many Dancing Partners—Special Training Fits Fair Ones for Real Life.

A COLLEGE education for girls once frowned upon as unfeminizing and apt to discount those endearing young charms, now is being more and more generally recognized as one of the best things that has happened to the young men in a long time. That is, to consider one of its ultimate, if round-about, effects. It may be justly said that such was not the aim of young women sent to college, but it may be just as fairly stated that even if unlooked-for it is a happy eventuality.

While the poet remarked soothly that the proper study of mankind is man, and while there are those who maintain that that is not the proper study for the college girl, still there surely is no harm in the girls using a little applied knowledge along those lines. Knowledge is power, it is said, and certainly one of the most valuable bits of knowledge that a girl carries away from college nowadays is the power of concentration.

BY that is not meant concentration on one man, although that is a very valuable accomplishment and has its value, particularly after marriage. The concentration referred to is on the remarks and actions of the young men, most of said remarks and actions being highly inconsequential to every one but the young men themselves. What every girl knows is that the unforgivable sin is to forget what Bill or Joe said to her that night at the country club dance week before last the fourth time he cut in after supper. Bill or Joe would not like it at all, if she could not pick up the thread of that conversation again just where it was broken off.

FEATS of recollection like that had to be performed in the earlier days by girls not educated at college by intuition, wild guess work or the promoting of some diversion. It is easy to understand what a help a college course, with its study, tests and examinations, has proved. The necessity of listening to some professor rave on for an hour or of eking the essence out of some textbook so that it will stick has trained the college girl to real efficiency in the trials world after graduation.

Take the trial of the cut-in dance, for instance. That is reputed to be more of an ordeal on a girl than encountering four tough exams in one day at the old coll. The more popular the girl, the tougher the test. But what sweet young thing under such circumstances would hope for a "snap."

It must have been easy in the days of the dance card, when a girl rated only one partner a dance, and that card convenient for making of notes, but with one cut-in after another and previous partners returning at odd intervals and in reversed order, the only hope for consecutive conversation lies in intense concentration.

THE man who starts off the evening, say, is a bromide. In a round of the floor which is as far as he gets, he talks about music. Mental note by girl: Be ready to agree the floor is fine the next time he cuts in.

The second partner is one of the boys who believe it is criminal to talk while you're dancing. He gives his whole attention to his stepping, in which he takes not little pride, and he believes the girl ought to do the same. Mental note: An understanding look from great brown eyes will do for this man when he cuts back. Don't say a word.

But now the heavy work starts and the girl, being cut in on, has to commence, drop and pick up again without a slip conversations like these, sliced into unequal sections by the institution of the cut-in.

And so it goes through the evening, with the college girl missing never a cue. That's what a college education will do.

NEW PARASOL IS SMALL AND VERY BRIGHT

Tiny Sun Protectors Are Embroidered and Appliqued in Vivid Tones.

THE Summer parasol of 1924 has blazed new trails in size, form and color. It is far smaller than any of its predecessors, the handle in many instances measuring only five inches more than the parasol itself. The shape of the latest models marks a distinct departure from the accustomed type and is characterized by short, blunt sticks and the perfectly flat Japanese style. The curved rib parasol has passed out of the picture for the moment. The color note is brilliant, reaching vivid extremes in shades of colorful green, bright yellow, Chinese lacquer red and king blue as well as all the tints of beige and tan.

Not content alone with brilliancy of color, these tiny bits of sun protection are embroidered, painted, beaded and appliqued in vivid opposing tones. The parasol sometimes has a brilliant neck scarf to match. Many of these novel sets are made of beautiful variegated ribbon, notably in plaid designs, of cotton cretonne in a floral pattern bordered with a contrasting ribbon.

THE stubby, short handles of the new sunshades are often as brilliant as the parasols themselves. Frequently these are made of composition in complementary or matching colors. Sometimes the handle is formed entirely of bright wooden rings of vari-colors, designed to simulate a succession of colored bands.

Again the handle is a translucent piece of galalith or other similar composition cleverly carved. Among the less costly models are those with enameled wood handles, turned or carved in some curious way and brilliantly tinted with glistening enamel paint. These are almost as attractive as the more luxurious styles, for they achieve the desired effect of the Summer, which is brilliancy of color.



AND NOW—SILK WIGS.

In the west end of London the latest vogue is the Silk Wig. The newest creation in headdress has drawn much comment, but so far cannot be said to have become immensely popular.

If You Are Tempted

to use applications, or the wax treatment, to get relief from hairs on the face, neck or arms—Don't. They will surely make the trouble worse. Let us give you the benefit of our 30 years' experience in permanently eradicating

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Also moles, warts, broken veins, etc., by Electrolysis—our practically painless method. There is no other permanent treatment. Write for booklet "A". Consultation free.

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GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE

By FANNIE HURST, the World's Highest Paid Short Story Writer



Get all there is out of Life. Don't be so intent on the pot of happiness at the rainbow's end that you cannot get the happiness of to-day.

If you save up too much for a rainy day, it may arrive just so you won't be disappointed.

We rush and worry. And what are we after?

Happiness, of course. But why make of happiness a mirage? Something that BELONGS TO THE FUTURE.

Happiness should be a daily commodity.

A GREAT philosopher once made a dangerous statement.

"LIVE DANGEROUSLY," he said. That of course is a slogan which defies the "copy-book" school of philosophy..

Live dangerously. Why, the very two words seem to affront each other with paradox. To live dangerously means in all probability to curtail life itself.

What the eminent man meant by his phrase was simply, "GET ALL THERE IS out of life even at the RISK of a LITLLE CAUTION."

Not many of us understand the gentle art of getting all there is out of it. We are too intent upon that pot of happiness at the end of the rainbow to pay sufficient heed to our to-days. We are content to overlook the present in our hope of the future. And what is the future, except the present waiting for us?

There is such a thing as saving up for that rainy day so assiduously that by mere auto suggestion it arrives, like a punctual guest. Some wag once said that the RAINY DAY COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS FOR IT. That is neither clever nor true. It is the wise man who looks ahead of the present sufficiently to insure himself against the future.

That has nothing to do with GETTING THE MOST out of the PRESENT.

It isn't all in that pot and hung waiting at the end of one's youth and vitality. HAPPINESS is a DAILY COMMODITY. As negotiable as butter and cheese and eggs.

But just look at the face of any great city. Study it. See the throngs darting down into subway hoods. See the men and women with strained, dyspeptic looking faces rushing hither and thither. Keeping appointments, making trains. Oblivious to sunshine or landscape or friendly hour. Look at men on farms. Plowing with their BACKS TO THE SUNRISE and THEIR EYES TO THE FURROWS.

WHAT are we after? HAPPINESS, of course. But the happiness that lies somewhere at the end of the miles and the years of furrows? The happiness that lies beyond the rushed and nervous present of making trains and keeping appointments? WHY MAKE OF HAPPINESS A MIRAGE? Something that belongs to the future?

Daily happiness is the right of all of us. Because happiness and a sense of the God behind it give meaning to our day-by-days and keep the lustre on life. Much of it can be distilled within ourselves—before we make our fortunes, too. While we are making them!

And yet how we continue to treat it like that pot of gold at the end of things. Something to which we must SACRIFICE OUR PRESENT.

All the men and women with the distracted faces rushing and straining toward some ultimate happiness and not demanding it from each of the days that lead toward that goal! Men who dedicate their entire lives to the creation of an enormous industry on the assumption that wealth and happiness are synonymous.

The answer is, of course, that whereas such a man, with his nose eternally to the grindstone, may find out in the end that life has handed him a gold-brick, the very gardener on his estate, on the day-by-day system, may have beaten him to happiness.

It is trite to say that the rich men of the world are by no means necessarily the happy ones.

It doesn't take much to make the genus man happy. Some of the greatest condiments of HAPPINESS COST NOTHING. Good humor, Loyalty. Love-of-life. Kindness. The CARDINAL VIRTUES come CHEAP.

Take the more expensive luxuries that are supposed to aid in this tricky business of getting something out of life.

You hear it said with a shake of the head, that an enormous number of the automobiles one sees are being purchased "on time payments." That is contrary to the keystone idea of thrift.

And yet what it actually means is that every man who is driving an automobile which he is paying for by the month, is demanding his happiness in cash payments and not for delivery some future day when he may have neither the health nor the vitality left to enjoy it.

All about, one sees daily evidences of the ephemeral aspect of our visit upon this planet. WE ARE TRANSIENTS. Paying guests, as it were, during that interim between our birth and our death. Most of us assume that our destination is Immortality. We are held up here for a reason. A sublime one. We have the RIGHT TO HAPPINESS in that interim. And we arrive with the key to that happiness tucked away in the little plush case of each and every one of our hearts. That's about the abstract of it. And here is the concrete:

The man who is rated at three million dollars and who has not taken a vacation in fifteen years, hasn't anything on the master-mechanic you see out driving on Sunday afternoon in what he calls his "Flivver"—the wife and probably six youngsters tucked into it for a good old joggle through the countryside.

HAPPINESS must be A DAILY COMMODITY, even if you have to strain some of the "copy-book" philosophy to attain it.

Perseverence brings success, but make sure that it brings the only kind of success that counts. Happiness.

The man on his yacht who is happy and the man on his tug who is happy, are exactly in the same boat.

Nothing matters except the ACHIEVEMENT of BEING HAPPY.

FANNIE HURST.

LIGHTSOME DANCER FAVORS HEAVY FOOD

"I wonder what Juliet will have for supper?"

Thus the stage-struck maiden, after witnessing the last act of the greatest love drama in the world.

Juliet—alas for sentiment!—does not feed on ambrosia and sip nectar after the show. She usually demands something far more substantial. Ellen Terry, for instance, always had a raw shredded steak after one exacting role.

Some actresses, however, have lighter tastes. Marie Lohr loves thin bread-and-butter and poached eggs on toast. Another famous lady would rather have cake than meat after a strenuous evening.

Boiled chicken used to be Miss Lily Elsie's standby after the curtain was lowered. Compare this with the meal of one of our lightsomest dancers—tinderdone cold beef, pickles, and a pint of lager!

Dorothy Dix

A Complete Catalogue of Male Flirts | Includes Them All and Waves Danger Signal

Watch Out for the "Misunderstood" Married Man, the "Love-at-First-Sight" Artist, the Sinner Who Craves to Be Reformed, and the Platonic Lover—Believe in No Man's Love-making Unless It's Backed Up With a Marriage Proposal.

A YOUNG girl wishes to know how to distinguish genuine love from spurious; how to tell whether a man is merely flirting or means it when he tells you that you are the only girl, and that he never loved before.



Alas, daughter, there is no she-Solomon who can answer your question. Men are deceivers ever, and there is no acid test that you can apply to either their words or deeds that will infallibly enable you to know the gold from the pinchbeck.

There are men who go to see a girl six times a week, who feed her, and take her to shows, whose attentions are without intention, and who merely hang around her because her living room is a good camping place and she is agreeable company. Also there are men whose wooing would charm the very birds out of the trees, who do not mean a word they say and who merely make love because they enjoy enacting the Romeo role.

THERE is no sure way of judging the sincerity of a man's love-making; but, generally speaking, the worse he does it the better it is from a matrimonial standpoint. Distrust too glib love-making. If a man quotes poetry and says lovely, soulful things, you may know he is flirting. But if he gets red in the face and looks as if he were about to choke on his Adam's apple while he blurts out a bald statement of the state of his affections, you may let your thoughts daily with the problem of whether you will have a church wedding or be married under a floral bell at home.

IT IS also useful for a young girl to remember that there are just as many varieties of masculine flirts as there are of feminine vamps, and that it behooves her to be on her guard against these.

The most common of these is the masher—the varnished-haired, pinched-in-waisted, overdressed Lotharios that you see lounging against store windows and hanging around the lobbies of theatres, ogling everything in skirts that passes.

NEXT in point of numbers is the universal flirt. He makes love to everything between the cradle and the grave. He starts out on the primitive principle that the only way to entertain a woman is by talking sentiment to her, as one would shake a rattle to amuse a baby.

THIS is a good theory, but it fails in the application because repetition makes him too expert. Beware of the man who knows the "business" of love-making too well—just where to take your hand, just when to draw your head down on his shoulder and call you "my own," and whose kiss flutters down on your lips instead of hitting the back of your head or the end of your nose. He is not an amateur, he is a professional.

THE universal flirt's twin brother is the "love-at-first-sight" man. Five minutes after you have met him he tells you that he was thrilled by a strange presentiment of fate the minute he saw you. In thirty minutes, you are hearing the sad story of his life that he has never confided to a human being before; and within the hour, you are aware that you have inspired a deathless passion.

SHUT your ears to the "love-at-first-sight" flirt. No affidavit goes with his love-making and no mention of the altar.

ANOTHER male flirt who is very dangerous, especially to young girls, is the man whose strong suit is his sins. He talks darkly of a lurid past. He never had a mother, but if some angel woman would only put her little white hand in his she could lead him up to the higher life.

GOODNESS only knows why, but the temptation to make a reformatory of herself is almost irresistibly fascinating to young girls, so walk wide of the man who shows symptoms of making you his mother confessor. There is a regiment of other flappers praying for him, too.

EQUALLY dangerous is the serious flirt, who never compliments a woman about her face. He brings her books instead of bonbons. He has long talks with her about her soul and the problems of life, but he never asks any woman to discuss with him the problem of the high cost of living and how two can live as cheaply as one.

WATCH out for the married flirt. Especially if you are a business girl, get out your life-preserver when your boss or some fellow employe confides to you that he has a secret sorrow and is married to a woman who does not understand him. The trouble with him is that generally his wife understands him too well, but that's none of your affair. You don't hold the job of public consoler.

THE most dangerous of all flirts is the platonic flirt. He is a hard-boiled proposition, who goes into the game fortified at every possible point against matrimony.

BUT the proof of the pudding is in the eating, daughter. Never believe in a man's love-making unless he back it up with a bona fide proposal of marriage.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DEAR MISS DIX—I am nineteen years of age, and am married to a young man who thinks it wicked to go to dances, to smoke, to go out with other men, and to play cards. He is very willing to take me out himself, but he does not approve of my going out with other men. But don't you think it is tiresome to just go with one man all the time, even if you are married to him? Should I, or should I not, do as he says? UNSETTLED.

Answer:

Of course, your husband is right in this matter, my dear. No married women can play around with other men as a single girl does without being gossiped about.

When people get married they bind themselves to go with one person for life. That is what marriage means, and it is a pity you find it tiresome, for you can't have your cake, and eat it, too.

Your trouble is the common trouble of girls who marry too soon.

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been married twenty-five years and have three daughters, I married a poor man, and I have done everything in the world to help him—cooking, washing, sewing, always hoping that my husband would recognize my help in his success, and that when things became easy he would make it easy for me. But now, although he is well off, I am still the slave for the family, and rarely get through my day's work before 9 o'clock. My husband wastes money on horse-racing and poker, and throws it around generally to show off, while my girls and I hardly have decent clothes to wear, and I have to make them all. He says everything is his. What can I do? VERA.

Answer:

Of course, Vera, it is cold comfort to you to say that the position you find yourself in is your own fault.

You should have started out your married life by demanding a fair share of the family income. As you did not do that, you will have to use drastic measures to bring your husband to terms and my advice to you is to present an ultimatum to him. Tell him that you know he is able to afford you the decent comforts of life, and that you are going to have them, and that he can either give you an allowance or you will go and buy what you need for yourself and your daughters and have the things charged to him. Your husband would not like the public to know how he treats you, and you can always bluff that sort of a man by threatening him with a scandal.

This isn't pleasant for a wife to do, but it is better than doing without.

(Copyright, 1924.) DOROTHY DIX.

Personality Talks to Women

Lady Diana Manners *writes on* Snobs



SNOBS, saints and sinners! No doubt, Noah divided his ark-full in our own three classes of to-day. Surely Noah had a pretty complete close-up of humanity, rain-bound for forty days without books, radio or Spring fashions.

Just now saints are more precious than ever. We are beginning to humanize them into fellow-beings like Bernard Shaw's Joan of Arc. Anyway, most of us have secret shrines for living saints where admiration keeps its candle burning.

Sinners have always been popular, praise be to that warm sympathy which makes the Prodigal Son a hero and his begrudging elder brother quite superior and quite unloved.

But snobs? To-day, yesterday and forever they are anathema. Nobody likes the snob, few own to being snobs, and yet the snob is always with us. Isn't it strange that in our world to-day which boasts its common sense the snob is a hardy perennial. Is the fault the thistle's, or our own, who let it thrive? The snob has his own dictionary. He loves words like "outsider", "bounder", "refined", "culture", "our set". He scatters this patter through his small talk never realizing that the most pernicious of all is the snob who is snobbish about being a snob.

There is the dancing snob. You remember him from last evening. He may not have left the vivid impression on your slippers the more heavy footed elderly man did but he left a smudge on your evening by his frequent allusions to "now of course I am a natural born dancer. It all comes easy to me." Or, with a drawled sneer, "Miss M—'s awfully jolly, of course, but I can't dance with her." Rhythm, the sweep, the color of a waltz—these the snob's soul will never know.

There is the "Our Own Set" snob. Why is she generally a woman? With an ice pack on her voice she attempts to condemn some probably far more capable self-made woman by just that gesture of fencing in her own little set. The social snob hides behind the smoke screen of her own stupidity. One vigorous blast of humor and she is revealed a blasted battleship.

There is the "Afternoon tea snob". She can only sip very delicate flavors. When you answer her question with "cream, please" (or, as the custom is in England, "milk") her eyebrows exclaim, "dear, dear, just fancy, tea without lemon."

There is the "Decorator snob". Leaving your new house she says audibly to a friend, "Oh, my dear, what I could have done with that drawing-room. My sense of color is so different."

There is the Travel Snob. She takes a caravan of luggage for a week-end. And the Language Snob. She continually inserts foreign phrases—bits of Spanish, French, Russian. Sometimes more pressure on her own English would be better. There must have been a Language Snob in the Tower of Babel—some one who could be one-up on the other women's thousand tongues.

The Wife Snob says to the failure's wife, "Now if I had your husband, I would make him famous."

The Art Snob looks at an ultra-modern canvas which expresses a sunset in terms of an exploded egg, and says, "How very, very interesting."

The Travel Snob has been everywhere and enjoyed nowhere. Her life is a series of post-cards sent to impress her home-bound neighbors. We all know the Music Snob reduced to the lowest common denominator of chrysanthemum hair and the inevitable cigarette and a great cascading up and down the keys. You remember the story of the Music Snob pausing after an orgy of tumultuous emotion when the kind old lady in the front row leaned forward saying, "Now do play us a real good tune."

The Introduction Snob must always say the striking, the unusual thing like the flapper who, introduced to President Roosevelt, said with great manner, "I am so glad to meet you. I have heard my father speak of you."

There they all are to-day just as with Noah, just as in Thackeray's Book of Snobs, even to the Below Stairs Snob. The Servant's Hall Snob is hardest of all. You remember the butler who declined to take a hand at bridge upstairs as he did not know who all the guests were. Occasionally a snob may be quaintly naive like the diarist Samuel Pepys, but generally they are boring past endurance. To-day a woman snob is stupid. The world has no place for her. To a career of success she may not even aspire.

Why wasn't snobbery included in the seven deadly sins? Answer. Because it was too obvious.

Diana Manners

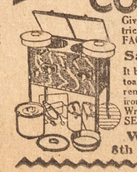
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The Sportswoman's Section



THE SPORTSWOMAN

(Title registered)

Another Athletic Club Formed "by Women For Women"—Hiking as a Sport Can be Made One of Best, as Local Softball Players Discovered Not Long Ago.

By NITA HOWARD.

A REAL step toward clubs exclusively for women has been taken with the organization of the Women's National Golf and Tennis Club at Long Island, New York. It embodies the same ideas as the Toronto organization being formed under the guidance of Miss Ada Mackenzie.

Tired of the constantly increasing restrictions that have been growing in recent years in the men's clubs against women's playing on the course except at particular hours, a large group of feminine golfers banded for this purpose of establishing a national women's club. The attempt has been notably successful, with 400 active members from all parts of the country.

The venture in this case was quite an elaborate one, involving close to half a million dollars. No point of detail in the construction of a classic golf course was omitted; there will be golf and tennis coaches. But the organizers hope the club will stand as an emblem for what can be done in the way of building up special sporting facilities for women, and the members stand ready to help any similar group of women assert themselves.

The course itself is only slightly less difficult that any other, it being figured that the average woman duffer and the average male duffer were about on the same level. The length of the holes is slightly shorter than some on recently built courses, and there is a generous sprinkling of short holes. The bunkers, however, are no more inviting or scarce than elsewhere. It was the belief of the builders that woman's skill with the clubs deserved as severe a test as any other golfer's.

FROM Chaucer to Walt. Whitman, poets have sung the glory of the open road, the blue sky and the soft winds, but most of us common folk express that same feeling by throwing a few sandwiches into a box, donning our mocassins and going off on hikes.

Hiking is the humblest of the sports but one of the most loved. No one is too poor, too rich, too short or too tall to hike. In these days of "mass athletics" it offers enjoyment to unlimited numbers. One person or a hundred may make a hike. Not long ago, several members of the Toronto Ladies' Senior Softball League tried it successfully.

Accept a few suggestions for future hikes:

The most pleasure can be had from a jaunt of from six to ten miles with frequent rest periods, depending upon the nature of the hike. Where there is lots of climbing to be done, a rest of five minutes every fifteen minutes is not too much of an interruption. For the easy hike a few minutes respite every half hour will be found sufficient.

A TOO strenuous hike that leaves its participants puffing and panting is hardly desirable. After all, hiking should exist mainly for fun, and all work with no play makes any hike a weary one. Some can walk from ten to twenty miles in an afternoon without any signs of fatigue, but they are seasoned walkers. We like shorter hikes better, with plenty of time for a jolly lunch or a lazy chat.

The ideal hiking equipment is fortunately a moderately priced one; a pair of knickers, the older the better, a good warm sweater, wool or cotton hose and stout waterproof shoes. For the overnight trip you will need blankets, about two of them, which should be tightly rolled and slung over the shoulder. Don't take a single unnecessary item with you. Your lunch should be simple but substantial—sandwiches of meat or cheese, not the dainty tea time morsels. And don't forget your aluminum drinking cup.

Women's tennis rankings abound in sudden stars, the latest of whom is Lillian Scharman. She has just been appointed a fifth member of the American Olympic tennis team.

Only a little more than a year ago she held neither a national nor a local rank. It was her success in the New Jersey State Championship last year that marked her entry into the class of the country's first ten. Since that time she has given several leading players sufficient battle of entitle her to the fourth position in the 1923 national listing.

Her game is a speedy and steady one. She possesses a variety of strokes, all powerful and accurate, while her endurance has pulled her through many a match against a player with less stamina.

Anyone who can attain such prominence in three years as Miss Scharman has done, is capable of becoming an international figure in the three years to come.

OLYMPIC TRIALS FOR SWIMMERS AT BRANTFORD

C.A.S.A. Hope to Make These Events Most Outstanding.

By S. M.

JUNE 14th is the date set for the Ontario Olympic swimming trials at Brantford's new open-air tank. The ladies should have a great day, as Toronto intends to send down a full team of swimmers, including Kathleen Norgate, Gap-to-Gap champion; Alice Hardy, Across-the-Bay champion; Hilda Huestis, 50-yard International champion; Jean Kirkpatrick, 100-yard breast stroke Ontario champion; Molly Bailey, diving champion; Peggy Bailey and several other swimmers of note. This will be the biggest open-air event ever held in Ontario. The committee intends to have several champions present beside the Ontario swimmers. The C.A.S.A. officials will not spare any trouble to make this the greatest swimming gala ever seen in Ontario. The events will include the 100-yard freestyle, 440 free style, and other races, as well as diving competitions.

GOOD TENNIS WHEN RUSHOLME WINS

Toronto Club Suffered Defeat by a 6-5 Score.

AT their last match in the Toronto Ladies' Tennis League, the Rusholme Tennis Club defeated the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club by one point, winning 6 points to 5.

Mrs. Griffin played first singles for Rusholme against Miss Brock, (Toronto) winning in straight sets 6-1 and 6-2.

Miss Henderson (Rusholme) lost to Miss Gay Colwell, of Toronto, in the second singles by scores of 6-3 and 8-6.

Miss Robinson and Miss Brown won the first ladies' doubles for Rusholme, defeating Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Ball, of Toronto, 6-3 and 6-0.

Miss Cole and Miss Balmer (Rusholme) won from Miss Cook and Miss Davidson, of Toronto, in three sets 6-2, 5-7 and 6-4.

Miss Mundy and Miss Porter (Rusholme) lost to Miss Cox and Mrs. Wilson, of Toronto, 6-1 and 6-3.

WHO'S WHO IN GIRLS' SPORTS



OAKVILLE WILL HOLD HOLIDAY ATHLETIC MEET

A. A. U. of C. Sanctions Plans of Local Organization.

The Oakville Amateur Athletic Association is planning to hold a meet on July 1. This is to include several girls' events, and in Oakville the meet is looked forward to with the keenest anticipation. It is to be one of the most outstanding of the entire summer, and apparently no pains are being spared in the endeavor to make it a success. The affair is being extensively advertised locally, Oakville athletes of both sexes are preparing for competition, and several Toronto girls will be there to liven the proceedings.

It is probable that the ladies' softball teams will split up after the games, so that the members can enter the other events. Probably, relay teams will be formed from the teams to enter the 440 club relay, that is to be a feature of the entertainment. Each of the four girls, as usual, will run 110 yards. It is not likely that the C. N. E. team will compete, officials state, so that will give organizations of less experience an opportunity for a try-out in active track-competition. One or two other relay teams from Toronto are expected to enter this event, however.

There is to be a 100 yard dash, open to all and one or two other events for women that have not been announced as yet. In addition to the male events, there will be items of an entertaining nature to enliven the program. The meet is being held under the Amateur Athletic Union sanction.

Agnes Geraghty, U.S. Breast-Stroke Hope

A GIRL of sixteen, Miss Agnes Geraghty of the Women's Swimming Association of New York, undoubtedly will carry America's hopes in the Olympic 200-metre breast-stroke swim for women at Paris.

At present Miss Geraghty holds the following records:

Long Course.	
100 yards	1:26 1-5
100 meters	1:38 4-5
200 yards	3:15
200 meters	3:34 2-5
*400 meters	7:30 2-5
*440 yards	7:33
75-Foot Pool.	
220 yards	3:37 2-5
300 yards	4:55 4-5
60-Foot Pool.	
200 yards	3:06 4-5
220 yards	3:26 2-5

*World's records.

Girls' Sport In Review

THE UNIFORM GROWTH OF WOMENS' SPORTS.

PERHAPS there is nothing that so clearly indicates the swift, tremendous growth of girls' sports as the uniformity of that growth. Usually, a new movement is ushered in by a limited section of the community, and then gradually taken up by other sections. Had that been true of the development of womens' sports, some school, or the schools as a body, would have started the ball rolling, or else the factory girls, or the office girls, or any one class of girls would have struck out bravely to make a mark. That has not been the history of the movement at all. Something deeper-seated than the mere exploitation of a fad has caused women's sports to develop as they have done. Perhaps—and this is the most likely solution—this new phase of womanly activity has been but one phase of the "women's rights" movement that first came to man's unwilling attention when British suffragettes started smashing windows to prove their man-denied right to vote.

THE ROOTS STRIKE DEEP.

HOWEVER that might be, it is at least clear that that thing which started the girls' sports movement was something to which woman's nature—and not merely woman's fancy—responds. For girls and women of every sort and every station of life have become interested. The great diversity of games alone shows that to be true. Tennis, golf, softball, hockey, paddling, swimming, skating—these are but a few. No sooner does one find a sport that has been literally swamped by women, and decide that there the sportswoman movement centres, than one finds her sport just as heavily laden with experts, tyros and hopeful mediocrities. Where is it going to end? Nowhere, says the enthusiastic sportswoman. And the best-informed among those whose concern is for the physical, mental and moral welfare of womankind are inclined to agree.

"ANOTHER SEX WAR," SAYS GRANTLAND.

GRANTLAND RICE gives the following under the heading "Another Sex War":

The arrival of Helen Wills on foreign shores, in pursuit of conquest, recalls the fact that the once gentler sex has turned out more youthful champions than the opposite wing of the human clan.

Ouimet was twenty when he won the open. Egan and Gardner were around twenty when they won the amateur. Sweetser was twenty at Brookline and Bobby Jones twenty-one when he predominated at Inwood.

But Glenna Collett was the women's golf champion at eighteen and Helen Wills was barely eighteen when she reached national heights in tennis.

The male caravan has had no national champions as young as eighteen. It may be the almost-always fairer sex matures more quickly. And it may be that the young male encounters somewhat harder competition. At any rate, the competitive progress of Miss Wills abroad will be one of the main features of a feature Summer.



Coups of the Diamond Stealers

BY MUNRO BLAIR

HOW THE DIAMOND NECKLACE WAS STOLEN.

The Balkan magnate had bought his wife the most wonderful diamond necklace, which she wore with satisfaction in Paris. "Flash Harry" skilfully made her acquaintance by posing as a wealthy young American, while the husband thought that his riches might be usefully employed to further some of his financial schemes. It was a case of diamond cut diamond, each playing for high stakes.

* * *

"TAKE your time, never hurry for the sake of looking busy. And when ready, strike." I find these words recorded in a note among some papers left by "Flash Harry" after his death. They were not original for he had received them from the "Emperor"—that enigmatical character who in the background directed the amazing operations of the International Syndicate of Diamond Stealers.

"Flash Harry" acted upon this really excellent advice. His efforts to steal the diamond necklace meant time and caution—and the spending of money; for it was a rule with the "Emperor" that it was bad business to grudge laying out perhaps a thousand pounds to secure a return of perhaps twenty-five thousand; while in this case the reward would certainly be nearly double that amount even allowing for the big slice made off the "swag" by the "receiver"—who would certainly be a diamond merchant in a big way of business in Amsterdam.

For it is easy to understand that such a necklace as this would have to be instantly broken up after it was stolen, and distributed with lightning-like rapidity through various other buyers who undertook the disposal of such dangerous stuff to prove that the selling of stolen diamonds is as highly organized as the stealing.

Madame Prenzle—for this is the name by which we may designate the owner of the necklace, was a shrewd woman. "Flash Harry" ascertained that the value of her necklace and other gems was about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds (£250,000), and she was well aware of the fact. Not only had her husband impressed upon her the dangers she ran by carrying about so costly a collection, but she also realized the "sparklers" would make her an object of interest to jewel-thieves. To this end she took elaborate precautions to safeguard her treasures.

"Flash Harry" was a man of magnetism, who could not only make himself agreeable to the ladies but they certainly had a liking for him. This often accounted for his success, but occasionally, as I shall show, this very charm of manner hampered him in his operations.

The days passed pleasantly enough. Madame certainly showed a liking for gay young Mr. "Cyrus K. Buck," the financial adviser to the Washington Treasury, who was supposed to be in Paris on business for his Government. He spent money lavishly with both hands, and for this reason had the hotel staff crawling at his feet. He interested himself in the various schemes put before him with painful clarity by Mons. Prenzle, and spoke lightly of investing a few hundred thousand when everything looked "good and easy." Meanwhile he grew deeper into the good graces of Madame. Only unfortunately there was Marie.

IN this series one who has investigated the operations of an International Syndicate of Jewel Stealers lays bare some fascinating secrets of the resource and daring of those criminals who devote all their energies to diamond thieving. In the first instalment some facts were given of the "Emperor"—the "brains" behind the gang, and how he laid his plans to steal the world's most wonderful diamond necklace. "Flash Harry" was deputed to actually carry out the "job", and in this further instalment is told the methods whereby he at last successfully brought off the coup.

MARIE was the maid employed by Madame. She was young, demure, and discreet, but once or twice "Harry" had seen her black eyes flash and had discerned that there was something in the young woman he could not fathom. However, she could not be neglected, for some of the most delicate pieces of work were carried out with the aid of the lady's maid. Once or twice he had encountered her, but always she had received his significant salutations with a discreet down-drooping of the eyes, and a murmured hint that she was in a hurry to wait upon Madame.

One evening Mons. Prenzle had to dine with some important Balkan compatriots who were negotiating an oil concession. To his chagrin, madame had excused herself on a plea of ennui, but had mentioned lightly that she might dine tete-a-tete with "charming Mr. Buck." The incident had annoyed the financier, but he was soothed by being told that young Mr. Buck would be more likely to be talked over into putting up some investing money over a snug little dinner for two than by listening to a monologue on the subject from the financier or his friends. With a bad grace he yielded.

It was at this dinner that the lady of the necklace became confidential. She said that they would be leaving Paris in a few days.

"Indeed!" responded her companion, pricking up his ears. "And where are you thinking of going?"

"TO the Riviera—to get some sun, some more frocks, to do a little gaming, and to see life. For sometimes, mon amie, I am very dull!"

The "Emperor" used to write to his confederates and tell them that operations always reached the "tuning-up" stage—the psychological moment when they should be getting busy. This hint that Madame was going south made "Harry" realize that he must soon be prepared to strike.

No sooner were the pair departed from the City of Light than he wired to the "Emperor" who arrived quickly. Points were checked off. The diamonds had been located as reposing in a secret safe cunningly contrived, and a masterpiece of the art of the locksmith. This safe Madame kept in her bedroom. Marie was incorruptible up to the present, but "Harry" had hopes—and at this the "Emperor" had smiled his secret smile. The arrangements for disposing of the "stuff" were perfect. It remained for "Harry" to transport himself to Nice, where he had already wired for rooms in the Hotel Magnificent—for he thought it not policy to stay at Monte.

TAKING the "Rapide" from the P.M. and L. terminus, "Harry" alighted at Marseilles, and took a cab to a small hotel on the Cannabiere, the chief thoroughfare of the port. After dinner he visited a small cafe where he knew he should meet Oscar L—, a trusty agent of the gang, who watched all comings and goings to the south of France. It was said by the police at his subsequent trial for complicity in the great Pearl Necklace theft that he knew the inside of every hotel bedroom between Brindisi and Algiers and had plans of the chief.

Oscar agreed to have everything in readiness to assist in the getaway. A sum of ready money was also in hand, for before now the fleeing criminal has been caught after a successful coup simply because he is stumped for cash at a critical moment.

"Harry" arrived at lovely Nice one perfect evening and at once took possession of his rooms, still playing the role of the wealthy young "Mr. Buck". Later he telephoned to Monte Carlo and ascertained that Madame Prenzle had gone to the tables for the evening. Taking a swift car which he had hired for his stay, the energetic "Harry" drove over to Monte, and had soon picked up the trail of the husband.

Mons. Prenzle, the suave hotel manager informed him, had gone out to dine with some compatriots at a neighboring hotel and was not expected back till late. A discreet telephone message in a fictitious name to this hotel confirmed the tidings. The next step was to "tap" Marie.

A few deft questions in Paris had placed "Harry" in possession of some alleged family facts of the girl. Assuming a bold front, therefore he sent up a message from "Mons. Albert", the name of her brother, stating that he was in Monte and urgently desired to see her. In a few moments he was desired to step up to her apartments which opened out of that occupied by her mistress.

SHE gave a cry of surprise when she saw "Harry" and blushed.

But the agent of the Syndicate was used to such delicate positions, and indeed enjoyed them. With a quick smile and an air of contrition he defended the ruse whereby he had gained admission, explaining that he was so struck with the girl that he had risked her displeasure to see her.

"You have done wrong," she said demurely, "and I really ought to be very angry with you." After this the conversation flowed more smoothly. But when he endeavored to turn the talk to the matter of the Mistress the girl would shut up like an oyster. Besides, after a short time she became restive, spoke of the danger of his being seen there, and suggested that he should retire.

At this "Harry" had got nettled, and had spoken of his wealth, thinking to impress the girl and to "get on the soft side of her". But right then he had the biggest surprise of his life. For suddenly she had looked full at him and said:

"Look here, be careful, or you may find yourself where you don't want to be—under lock and key, Mr. Buck! Oh, don't try and put it over me," and then before he could collect his wits she had told him that she too had once been in the diamond thieving business as an agent, and had acted for the Cardosi gang in their earlier days.

Naturally, "Harry" was thunderstruck. At first, as he says, he felt savage enough to use violence—and he was an ugly customer when roused—but the girl had looked at him so coolly that he realized he was overreaching and that retreat was the only thing. For the time being his plans were shattered. What was more, he was pretty sure that the girl had been employed by the Balkan financier to outwit any attempts to steal his wife's property. This was a facer indeed.

He posted off particulars to the "Emperor," meantime lying low. The reply he received was characteristic:

"I test my helpers by what they can accomplish in the face of real difficulties. I knew when I came to Paris that Marie was one of Cardosi's gang, and you should have known it: for all faces should be known to you if you presume to be a master in crime. But either withdraw, or justify yourself. Wire decision."

The spur did not fail, and "Flash Harry" gritted his teeth and set to work afresh.

IT would be a long story to detail how he again got within sight of his objective, for obviously he realized now that he had an alert enemy in the camp itself. As a first step he changed his disguise with chameleon cleverness, and at the same time contrived to rent a whole suite in a villa overlooking the hotel wherein the Balkan magnate and his wife were installed.

There followed days of careful, catlike investigation. He knew at last the secret of the safe—it was hidden away very cunningly in my lady's chamber, but it seemed that it was never left unguarded. Then one day like a flash of inspiration the idea came which led on to victory.

One of the chief events of that time was the great Ball in the Assemblage Casino, to which all the notables were invited, and everybody who was anybody, together with the leading visitors. The affair was very high-class. "Harry" had made friends with a lady who attended to manicure Madame every day—in fact, the girl was a very useful agent of the gang although her open countenance suggested anything but crime, and as it was to be "an affaire of jewels" she had decided to wear the famous necklace. This was news indeed, and "Harry" got busy.

A wire to Toulon brought over the "Mechanic"—a very useful subsidiary member of the gang who was once an electrician. He knew everything there was to know about lighing, and to him was entrusted a very delicate job. At a certain moment during the ball he was to plunge the hall in darkness; there must be no bungling, and the moment must be judged to a nicety. But the "Mechanic" had done these sort of jobs before, and knew his business to a hair's breadth.

On the evening of the great event the whole place was full of excitement. A sort of crazy excitement seized the women and everyone wanted to outvie the other in the costly jewels worn for display. No wonder the Chief of Police was half in despair!

"Flash Harry" had thought out the question of his costume with much care, and with a touch of humor had decided to masquerade as—The Devil! No doubt he presented a striking figure, being clothed in red with the traditional horns and tail, while as he was a magnificent dancer he had no difficulty in securing partners. For a time he studiously avoided Madame. With a little thrill of excitement he noticed that she was wearing her necklace.

It was just before midnight when at last he secured the coveted dance. The husband was flitting disconsolately in the background. As he swung round the superb floor with his arm encircling his partner he felt his fingers irresistibly creep towards the lovely necklace which was so temptingly near his hand.

SUDDENLY he made a sign, which was passed on to an invisible watcher. He held his breath, wondering....supposing....would the "mechanic" fail him? But no? For in a flash the lights vanished and there were little screams and cries as the dancers were in utter darkness. The "mechanic" had done his work well. Not a light remained.

With his one arm he gripped his partner. The other snatched swiftly. There was a scream, but the prize was in his hands. Now for the dash to safety. Pushing aside the crowding figures and making an erring line for the entrance door he had marked, it was a matter of seconds for "Flash Harry" to gain the outer air. It was none too soon for already attendants were hurrying forward with temporary lights. Quickly he regained his rooms at the villa. There waiting was "The Helper"—the indispensable attendant who arranged everything for the final getaway, that breathless time when the coup was accomplished and there remained nothing but a dash for safety.

A few hours later "Harry" was closeted with the "Emperor" in Paris. And in an amazingly short space of time the famous and wondeful necklace had been "distributed" among the selected dealers through the medium of the "fence" who had previously laid his plans. While paragraphs announced the loss of the jewels, and stated that "the police had hopes of effecting an arrest," the transaction was finished so far as the stealers were concerned and "Harry" had received his largesse in notes. He was free to take what he called a well-earned holiday.

Bay of Quinte Holds Open House In Honor of Empire Loyalists

Continued from Front Page.

on to the bosom of the St. Lawrence, should have been reduced to a creek is one of the things not explained. It may have been because most streams of ordinary pretensions were creeks to people of that time, who forded rivers about as easily as schoolboys of our time cross rivulets. However, Capt. Myers started the hum of industry and grew so affluent that he erected, in 1794, what is said to have been the first brick house in Upper Canada. It was built on the brow of the east hill, now in the heart of residential Belleville. It resisted the ravages of time and progress for ninety years.

Meyers Creek, too, soon outgrew its early appellations and took on more aristocratic airs. It tumbles to-day through the centre of the city, racing rapidly on to join the wide expanse of the Bay, and is known as the Moira, after Earl Moira, who was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge A.F. and A.M. of England. In the days of the Redmen it was called the Sagonashkoin, but when Capt. John Singleton, one of the first Loyalist settlers, made a local reputation for himself it honored him by taking his name for a while.

So far as can be ascertained, the first white settlers in what is now Belleville antedated the Loyalists considerably. They were two French missionaries, Father Trouve and Father Fenelon, after the latter of whom Fenelon Falls is named. He was a member of an aristocratic old family in France, and with Father Trouve established an infant mission known as the Kente mission. This was in 1668. Their domicile was short lived, but they left a name which soon became "Kanty" and later extended into the name Bay of Quinte.

The next settlers, about whom much is heard, were Captain Singleton and Lieut. J. Ferguson, who took root on lot six of the first concession of Thurlow Township and built the first log house there. Capt. Mikel Grass, a soldier in the British forces in America before Canada was taken by the British is credited with having encouraged the settlement of the Loyalists in the Quinte district.

At several other places along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, Loyalists also began to make homesteads. Kingston has a rich history of its own as well as has Adolphustown, which lays hold to the first Methodist Church as far back as 1792. The first Anglican Church is recorded to have been built in that year also.

HISTORIANS, zealous about facts, have argued a bit over how Belleville got its present name. They may be arguing still, with just reason, but being fond of a touch of color this is the story to which many give the high lights.

It is said that when Governor Francis Gore was driving with his wife through to York from Kingston in the hot summertime, they drew up for rest and refreshment at Simpson's tavern, the first of its trade there at the time, and which stood at the place where Front and Dundas Streets now meet. So affable and genial were the distinguished guests that the villagers conceived the idea of giving a fine ball in their honor. A ball it was, too, according to records, and as gay a time was passed as you please, with officers in brilliant uniforms, ladies in their powder and patches and leaders of the day from the Carrying Place to Napanee Mills in their best and most formal apparel. People rode in from miles around and the light fantastic was danced till an early hour in the morning. So pleased was His Excellency with the cordiality of his welcome that he decided to name the place "Belleville" after Lady Bella his wife. We must leave it to others to determine whether this was the origin, or whether the name came from Col. Bell, one of the earliest patentees of Thurlow lots.

This Carrying Place was "some pumpkins" in those days, to use a flippant colloquilism. It actually had ambitions to be the capital of the new province of Upper Canada, and Capt. Young of the Royal Navy drew 1,200 acres and settled there with that belief. It was the narrow neck of land which separates the waters of Lake Ontaria from the Bay of Quinte, and across which boats were hauled. The traffic naturally grew large and stage coaches drove up and away again with loads of busy travellers. It is an interesting side light on the turning wheel of time that Governor John Graves Simcoe, who was a friend of Young's, tried to persuade him to exchange his land holdings at the Carrying Place for a similar acreage on Yonge Street, York. The Captain couldn't see it that way. The result is that his name is not to be found in the present millionaire list of Toronto.

In the busy life of this generation we may easily overlook the fact that the educational foundations of this province were laid in the Quinte district. Rev. John Stuart, called by many the father of the English church in Canada, opened the first school at Kingston. Sir Campbell Stuart, managing director of the London Times is a descendant of this noted clergyman. The second school was started in 1786 at Fredericksburg.

THE form of municipal government, as we know it, originated, too, with these early Loyalists who held what they called "town meetings" as early as 1785 and made regulations among themselves covering the smaller affairs of their communities. It was an unique meeting in some respects and out of it grew our democratic Canadian practices of municipal administration.

There are, in fact, so many engaging features to be found in the scattered records and annals of these pioneers it is not to be wondered at that Belleville wants to have a family gathering and to play the generous host to notables from one end of the Dominion to the other.

To give an old time flavor to the party it sent out couriers south and west to personally invite the exalted to the feast. Miss Gwendolyn Lazier, who has performed the rather romantic feat of riding to Washington and elsewhere, has with other people quite a lot of historic plums on her family tree. She comes of U.E.L. stock by three different routes and of old Huguenot stock before that. Her maternal grandmother was a Weller who operated the first stage between the Carrying Place and the town of York, now Toronto. Her grand uncle, S. S. Lazier has been Master of the Supreme Court at Belleville for long years. Another grand uncle, the late Thos. A. Lazier was a judge for many years while another relative, Fred R. Lingham, of big lumber interests and with trade in South Africa, was treasurer of the famous Jamieson Raid and narrowly escaped death at the hands of President Kruger after being captured.

Miss Lazier's father, S. D. Lazier, graduated in law in Ontario but went into finance. He is well known in Toronto and elsewhere.

The horse on which Miss Lazier has made her long courier journey was ridden during the recent war by Col. Riordan. When Belleville's young lady offered herself for the undertaking of carrying a personal invitation to the president of the United States, Mr. Alex Moore, J.P., of Thurlow Township, into whose possession the horse had come, presented the horse with his compliments for the long ride.

The other courier, Allan Dempsey who walked to Toronto to wait on the Acting Lieutenant Governor, the Prime Minister and the Mayor here, is also of Loyalist antecedents. He is a son of William Dempsey of Prince Edward County. His grandfather, Ryerson Dempsey, was a member of the local House.

So Belleville is going to hold open house, and on its door post is the sign "Welcome."

The OUTLINE of SCIENCE

Edited By Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON
UNIVERSITY of ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

Life History of the Eel and Salmon Filled With Strange Chapters---The The Robber Crab and the Cocoanut

ALL through the millions of years during which animals have tenanted the earth and the waters under the earth there has been a search for new kingdoms to conquer, for new corners in which to make a home. And this still goes on. It has been and is one of the methods of evolution to fill every niche of opportunity. There is a spider that lives inside a pitcher plant, catching some of the inquisitive insects which slip down the treacherous internal surface of the trap. There is another that makes its home in crevices among the rocks on the shore of the Mediterranean, or even in empty tubular shells, keeping the water out, more or less successfully, by spinning threads of silk across the entrance to its retreat. The beautiful brine shrimp, Artemia salina, that used to occur in British salterns has found a home in the dense waters of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. Several kinds of earthworms have been found up trees, and there is a fish, Arges, that climbs on the stones of steep mountain torrents of the Andes.

The intrepid explorers of the Scotia voyage found quite a number of Arctic terns spending our winter within the summer of the Antarctic circle—which means girdling the globe from pole to pole; and every now and then there are incursions of rare birds, like Pallas' sand grouse, into Britain, just as if they were prospecting in search of a promised land. Twice or thrice the distinctively North American killdeer plover has been found in Britain, having somehow or other got across the Atlantic. We miss part of the meaning of evolution if we do not catch this note of insurgence and adventure which some animal or other never ceases to sound, though many establish themselves in a security not easily disturbed and though a small minority give up the struggle against the stream and are content to acquiesce, as parasites or rottenness eaters, in a drifting life of ease.

More important than peculiar cases is the broad fact that over and over again in different groups of animals there have been attempts to master different kinds of haunts—such as the underground world, the trees, the fresh waters, and the air. There are burrowing amphibians, burrowing reptiles, burrowing birds, and burrowing mammals: there are tree toads, tree snakes, tree lizards, tree kangaroos, tree sloths, tree shrews, tree mice, tree porcupines, and so on; enough of a list to show, without mentioning birds, how many different kinds of animals have entered upon an arboreal apprenticeship—an apprenticeship often with far reaching consequences. What the freeing of the hand from being an organ of terrestrial support has meant in the evolution of monkeys is a question that gives a spur to our imagination.



The Australian Frilled Lizard, Which is at Present Trying to Become a Biped—When it gets up on its hind legs and runs for a short distance it folds its big collar around its neck.

The Case of the Robber Crab.

ON some of the coral islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans there lives a land crab, Birgus, which has learned to breathe on land. It breathes dry air by means of curious blood containing tufts in the upper part of its gill cavity, and it has also rudimentary gills. It is often about a foot long, and it has heavy, great claws, especially on the left hand side. With this great claw it hammers on the eyehole of a cocoanut from which it has torn off the fibrous husk. It hammers until a hole is made by which it can get at the pulp. Part of the shell is sometimes used as a protection for the soft abdomen—for the robber crab, as it is called, is an offshoot from the hermit crab stock.

Every year this quaint explorer, which may go far up the hills and climb the cocoa palms, has to go back to the sea to spawn. The young ones are hatched in the same state as in our common shore crab. That is to say, they are free swimming larvae which pass through an open water period before they settle down on the shore and eventually creep up on to dry land. Just as open water turtles lay their eggs on sandy shores, going back to their old terrestrial haunt, so the robber crab, which has almost conquered the dry land, has to return to the seashore to breed. There is a peculiar interest in the association of the robber crab with the cocoa palm, for that tree is not a native of these coral islands, but has been introduced, perhaps from Mexico, by the Polynesian mariners before the discovery of America by Columbus. So the learning to deal with cocoanuts is a recent achievement, and we are face to face with a good example of evolution going on.

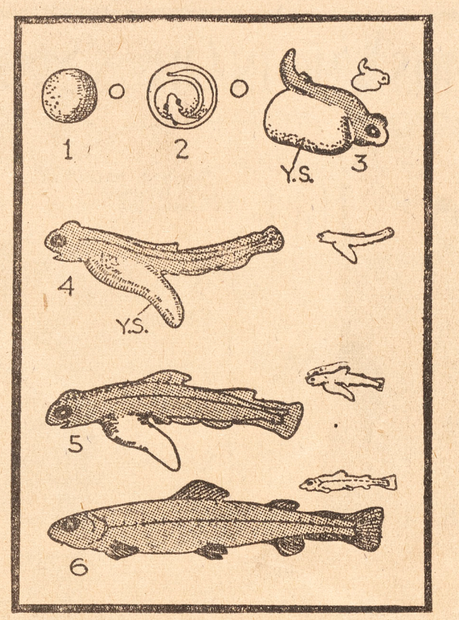
The Story of the Salmon.

IN late autumn or in winter the salmon spawn in the rivers. The female makes a shallow trough in the gravel by moving her tail from side to side, and therein lays many eggs. The male, who is in attendance, fertilizes these with the milt, and then the female covers them deeply with gravel. The process is repeated over and over again for a week or more till all the eggs are shed. For three to four months the eggs develop, and eventually there emerge the larvae, or alevins, which lurk among the pebbles. They cannot swim much, for they are incumbered by a big legacy of yolk. In a few weeks, perhaps eight, the protruding bag of yolk has disappeared, and the fry, about an inch long, begin to move about more actively and to fend for themselves. By the end of the year they have grown to be rather trout-like parr, about four inches long. In two years these are double that length. Usually in the second year, but it may be earlier or later, the parr become silvery smolts, which go out to sea, usually about the month of May. They feed on young herring and the like and grow large and strong. When they are about three and a half years old they come up the rivers as grilse and may spawn. Or they may pass through the whole grilse stage in the sea and come up the rivers with all the characters of the full grown fish. In many cases the salmon spawn only once, and some (they are called kelts after spawning) are so much exhausted by starting a new generation that they die or fall a victim to otters and other enemies. In the case of the salmon of the North Pacific (in the genus Oncorhynchus, not Salmo) all the individuals die after spawning, none being able to return to the sea. It must be remembered that full grown salmon do not, as a rule, feed in fresh water, though they may be unable to resist snapping at the angler's strange creations. An interesting fact is that the salmon keeps, as it were, a diary of its movements, which vary a good deal in different rivers. This diary is written in the scales, and a careful reading of the concentric lines on the scales shows the age of the fish, and when it went out to sea, and whether it has spawned or not, and more besides.

Interpretation of the Salmon's Story.

WHEN an animal frequents two differents haunts, in one of which it breeds, it is often safe to say that the breeding place represents the original home. The flounder is quite comfortable far up the rivers, but it has to go to the shore waters to spawn, and there is no doubt that the flounder is a marine fish which has recently learned to colonize the fresh waters. Its relatives, like plaice and sole, are strictly marine. But it is impossible to make a dogma of the rule that the breeding place corresponds to the original home. Thus some kinds of bass, which belong to the marine family of sea perches, live in the sea or in estuaries, while two have become permanent residents in fresh water. Or, again, the members of the herring family are distinctively marine, but the shad, which belongs to this family, spawns in rivers and may spend their lives there.

So there are two different ways of interpreting the life history of the salmon. Some authorities regard the salmon as a marine fish which is establishing itself in fresh water. But others read the story the other way and regard the salmon as a member of a fresh water race that has taken to the sea for feeding purposes. In regard to trout, we know that the ranks of those in rivers and lakes are continually being reinforced by migrants from the sea and that some trout go down to the sea while others remain in the fresh water. We know also in regard to a related fish, the char, that while the great majority of kinds are now permanent residents in cold and deep, isolated northern lakes, there are arctic forms which live in the sea but enter the rivers to spawn. These facts favor the view that the salmon was originally a marine fish. But there are arguments on both sides, and, for our present purpose, the important fact is that the salmon is conquering two haunts. Its evolution is going on.



Early Life History of the Salmon—1. The fertilized egg, shed in the gravelly bed of the river. 2. The embryo within the egg, just before hatching. The embryo has been constricted off from the yolk-laden portion of the egg. 3. The newly hatched salmon, or alevin, incumbered with its legacy of yolk (Y.S.). 4. and 5. The larval salmon, still being nourished from the yolk sac (Y.S.), which is diminishing in size as the fish grows larger. 6. The salmon fry about six weeks old, with the yolk fully absorbed, so that the young fish has now to feed for itself. The fry become parr, which go to the sea as smolts, and return as grilse. In all cases the small figures to the right indicate the natural size.

The Romance of the Eel.

EARLY in summer, at dates varying with the distance of the rivers from the open Atlantic, crowds of young eels, or elvers, come upstream. Sometimes the procession, or eel fare, includes thousands of individuals, each about the length of our first finger and as thick as a stout knitting needle. They obey an inborn impulse to swim against the stream, seeking automatically to have both sides of their body equally stimulated by the current. So they go straight ahead. The obligation works only during the day, for when the sun goes down behind the hills the elvers snuggle under stones or beneath the bank and rest till dawn. In the course of time they reach the quiet upper reaches of the river or go up rivulets and drain pipes to the isolated ponds. Their impulse to go on must be imperious, for they may wriggle up the wet moss by the side of a waterfall or even make a short excursion in a damp meadow.

In the quiet flowing stretches of the river or in the ponds they feed and grow for years and years. They account for a good many young fishes. Eventually, after five or six years in the case of males, six to eight years in the case of the females, the well grown fishes, perhaps a a foot and a half to two feet long, are seized by a novel restlessness. They are beginning to be mature. They put on a silvery jacket and become large of eye, and they return to the sea. In getting away from the pond it may be necessary to wriggle through the damp meadow gross before reaching the river. They travel by night and rather excitedly. The Arctic ocean is too cold for them and the North Sea too shallow. They must go far out to sea, to where the old margin of the once larger continent of Europe slopes down to the great abysses, from the Hebrides southwards.

Eels seem to spawn in the deep, dark water; but the just liberated eggs have not yet been found. The young fry rises to near the surface and becomes a knife blade like larva, transparent all but its eyes. It lives for many months in this state, growing to be about three inches long, rising and sinking in the water, and swimming gently. These open sea young eels are known as leptocephali, a name given to them before their real nature was proved. They gradually become shorter, and the shape changes from knife blade like to cylindrical. During this change they fast, and the weight of their delicate body decreases. They turn into glass eels, about two and one-half inches long, like a knitting needle in girth. They begin to move towards the distant shores and rivers and they may be a year and a half old before they reach their destination and go upstream as elvers. Those that ascend the rivers of the eastern Baltic must have journeyed three thousand miles. It is certain that no eel ever matures or spawns in fresh water. It is practically certain that all the young eels ascending the rivers of north Europe have come in from the Atlantic, some of them perhaps from the Azores or further out still.

It is interesting to inquire how the young eels circumvent the falls of the Rhine and get into Lake Constance, or how their kindred on the other side of the Atlantic overcome the obstacle of Niagara; but it is more important to lay emphasis on the variety of habitats which this fish is trying—the deep waters, the open sea, the shore, the river, the pond, and even, it may be, a little taste of solid earth. It seems highly probable that the common eel is a deep water marine fish which has learned to colonize the fresh waters. It has been adventurous and it has succeeded. The only shadow on the story of achievement is that there seems to be no return from the spawning. There is little doubt that death is the nemesis of their reproduction. In any case, no adult eel ever comes back from the deep sea. We are minded of Goethe's hard saying: "Death is nature's expert advice to get plenty of life."

Forming New Habits.

THERE is a well known mudfish of Australia,, neoceratodus by name, which has turned its swim bladder into a lung, and comes to the surface to spout. It expels vitiated air with considerable force, and takes fresh gulps. At the same time, like an ordinary fish, it has gills which allow the usual interchange of gases between the blood and the water. Now this Australian mudfish or double breather (dipnoan), which may be a long way over a yard in length, is a direct and little changed descendant of an ancient extinct fish, ceratodus, which lived in Mesozoic times, as far back as the Jurassic, which probably means over five millions of years ago. The Queensland mudfish is an antiquity, and there has not been much change in its lineage for millions of years. We might take it as an illustration of the inertia of evolution. And yet, though its structure has changed but little, the fish probably illustrates evolution in process, for it is a fish that is learning to breathe dry air. It cannot leave the water; but it can live comfortably in pools which are foul with decomposing animal and vegetable matter. In partially dried up and foul water holes, full of dead fishes of various kinds, neoceratodus has been found vigorous and lively. Unless we take the view, which is possible, that the swim bladder of fishes was originally a lung, the mudfishes are learning to breathe dry air. They illustrate evolution a-going.

The herring gull is by nature a fish eater, but of recent years, in some parts of Britain, it has been becoming in the summer months more and more vegetarian, scooping out the turnips, devouring potatoes, settling on the sheaves in the harvest field and gorging itself with grain. Similar experiments, usually less striking, are known in many birds; but most signal illustration is that of the kea or nestor parrot of New Zealand, which has taken to lighting on the loins of sheep, tearing away the fleece, cutting at the skin, and gouging out fat: Now the parrot belongs to a vegetarian or frugivorous stock, and this change of diet in the relatively short time since sheep ranches were established in New Zealand is striking. Here, since we know the dates, we may speak of evolution going on under our eyes. It must be remembered that variations in habit may give an animal a new opportunity to test variations in structure which arise mysteriously from within, as expressions of germinal changefulness rather than as imprints from without. For of the transmissibility of the latter there is little secure evidence.

Experiments in Locomotion.

IT is interesting to think of the numerous types of locomotion which animals have discovered—pulling and punting, sculling and rowing, and of the changes that are rung on these four main methods. How striking is the case of the frilled lizard (chalmydosaurus) of Australia, which at the present time is, as it were, experimenting in bipedal progression—always a rather eventful thing to do. It gets up on its hind legs and runs totteringly for a few feet, just like a baby learning to walk.

How beautiful is the adventure which has led our dipper or water ouzel—a bird allied to the wrens—to try walking and flying under water! How admirable is the volplaning of numerous parachutists—flying fish, flying frog, flying dragon, flying phalanger, flying squirrel, and more besides, which take great leaps through the air. For are these not the splendid failures that might have succeeded in starting new modes of flight?

Most daring of all, perhaps, are the aerial journeys undertaken by many small spiders. On a breezy morning, especially in the autumn, they mount on gateposts and palings and herbage, and, standing with their head to the wind, pay out three or four long threads of silk. When the wind tugs at these threads the spinners let go, and are borne, usually back downwards, on the wings of the wind from one parish to another. It is said that if the wind falls they can unfurl more sail, or furl if it rises. In any case, these wingless creatures make aerial journeys. When tens of thousands of the used threads sink to earth there is a "shower of gossamer." On his Beagle voyage Darwin observed that vast numbers of small gossamer spiders were borne on to the ship when it was sixty miles distant from the land.

Mudfish of Australia Now in Throes of Struggle Learning to Breathe Dry Air--Amazing Habits of Spiders

New Devices.

IT is impossible, we must admit, to fix dates, except in a few cases, relatively recent; but there is a smack of modernity in some striking devices which we can observe in operation to-day. Thus no one will dispute the statement that spiders are thoroughly terrestrial animals breathing dry air, but we have the fact of the water spider conquering the underwater world. There are a few spiders about the seashore, and a few that can survive douching with fresh water, but the particular case of the true water spider, argyroneta natans, stands by itself because the creature, as regards the female at least, has conquered the subaquatic environment. A flattish web is woven somehow, underneath the water, and pegged down by threads of silk.

Along a special vertical line the mother spider ascends to the surface and descends again, having entangled air in the hairs of her body. She brushes off this air underneath her web, which is thereby buoyed up into a sort of dome. She does this over and over again, never getting wet all the time, until the domed web has become like a diving bell, full of dry air. In this eloquent anticipation of man's rational device, this creature—far from being endowed with reason—lays her eggs and looks after her young. The general significance of the facts is that when competition is keen, a new area of exploitation is a promised land. Thus spiders have spread over all the earth except the polar areas. But here is a spider with some spirit of adventure, which has endeavored, instead of trekking, to find a new corner near at home. It has tackled a problem surely difficult for a terrestrial animal, the problem of living in great part under water, and it has solved it in a manner at once effective and beautiful.

We have given but a few representative illustrations of a great theme. When we consider the changefulness of living creatures, the transformations of cultivated plants and domesticated animals, the gradual alterations in the fauna of a country, the search after new haunts, the forming of new habits and the discovery of many inventions, are we not convinced that evolution is going on? And why should it stop?

(Copyright: 1922.)

(Another instalment of "The Outline of Science" will be published next Sunday.)



Diagram of the Life History of the Common Eel (Anguilla Vugaris)—1. The transparent open sea knife-bladelike larva called a leptocephalus. 2 and 3. The gradual change of shape from knife-bladelike to cylindrical. The body becomes shorter and loses weight. 4. The young elver, at least a year old, which makes its way from the open sea to the estuaries and rivers. It is two-thirds of an inch long and almost cylindrical. 5. The fully formed eel.

THE MESSENGER

Continued from Page Twenty-five.

end—she would play the game squarely—take her medicine like the soldier grandfather had tried to teach her to be. Something, too, in her feeling for Elliot had died during that cruel half hour. She was not sure yet just what it was, but until she knew she did not want the old relationship back.

"What am I to do?" she asked him at last, breaking a dreadful silence.

"It's too late to do anything now," he answered with bitter reproach.

"I could tell," she said briefly.

This had been, in her secret rehearsals of confession, what she had most dreaded he would suggest, had determined she would fight with all the force of her charm and loveliness. Now, incredibly, it was she who was sponsoring the motion, Elliot, of the stern integrity who was vehemently vetoing it.

"You couldn't hurt your grandfather and grandmother like that," he asserted flatly. He did not add "and me," but if he had shouted the words they could not have echoed more loudly. "Besides, the man isn't worth it. You heard his record at the trial. He's better in prison than out. He's not the one I'm worrying about — it's you—to think you could have done such a thing!"

"Bad or not, he has seventeen undeserved years in prison if I don't tell," she continued, with this strange new composure which had come to her. "I have to face that."

"It's too late to face it now," he told her with finality.

"What would they do to me if I did tell?" she still persisted.

"Perjury is merely a penitentiary offence," he informed her, darkly. "At the least, you'd have to go before the pardon board in Albany. There are five men in that; it's not in human nature they'd all keep quiet. It would be all over the state—mean ruin for you—absolute social ostracism. It would kill your grandparents; I suppose I could stand it."

"You wouldn't have to, she told him, sudden fire in her calm. You don't suppose I'd let our engagement continue—in the face of that?"

"You don't suppose I'd let you break it—in the face of that," he returned. "Have everybody saying I'd thrown you over when you most needed me? That would be the last straw!"

She did not try to argue the matter with him. They rode home in tense silence. Shirley glanced sorrowfully from time to time at the handsome profile, haggard against the crimsoning sky, with an ache in her heart for his suffering. But it was an impersonal sort of heartache—quite different from the one she had expected to feel. Everything was different, it seemed—she herself most amazingly so of all in a reeling universe. Despite its chaos, two astounding facts stood out with vivid clearness — she had never loved Elliot, and she must tell.

The moment she got home she packed carefully his ring and the costly trifles he had given her, and, with a good deal of effort, wrote him a few lines:

"You surely can't think I can let our engagement go on—after this afternoon. We cannot let what people might think affect us in so serious a matter as this. You need not feel—no matter what comes to me—that the community will blame you in any way. I shall make clear to our friends how generous and chivalrous you tried to be.

"And please don't lose faith in other people, dear Elliot, because I have failed you. That would hurt me most of all. Some day you will find a girl who really is what you thought I was.

"With every good wish for your happiness, "SHIRLEY WAYNE."

She sat a moment holding the box which contained what had once symbolized all her hopes. Packed away in it were romance and girlish dreams; she realized with this startling new clearness of vision—but not love. She and Elliot had never loved each other; he had adored the perfect creature he thought she was—she had adored his adoration. This new Shirley, born of travail of the soul, he viewed with hostile eyes; this new Elliot, harsh and uncomprehending, she shrank from, repelled.

After she had written her letter she forced herself to go to bed. She needed all her strength for the next day.

SHE was up at dawn, dressing herself noiselessly in whatever came first at hand. She slipped a little note under grandfather's door, explaining she was making an early start for an all-day motortrip—and stood a moment, eyes wet with tears, visioning the dear, sleeping figure within. Grandfather was not like Elliot — he would understand. He would want her to do as she was doing; would stand by her shoulder to shoulder; but if she failed—if he must know — she had no fear he would not understand. Truth—that was the great thing to grandfather, as it was to Ted. He would think no price too great to pay for it.

"In Albany," Elliot had said. She did not know what a pardon board was, but she had no fear but that she would find it, and that it would be in session. With an irresistible force like this driving one on, failure could not lie ahead.

The grey roadster ate up greedily mile after mile that lay between her and reparation. She stopped for a few moments at Haverhill to swallow a cup of coffee and to telephone to Albany. Yes, they told her at the Capitol—as she was sure they would—the pardon board was meeting this Saturday. It would be open until five.

It was four when she flung herself out of her car at the Capitol steps. She did not wait to go up to the hotel to make herself presentable; no thought this time of gown and hat for a to be charmed audience. She ran, instead, hastily up the wide steps, interrogated a uniformed official, and a few moments later found herself, her heart beating suffocatingly, in the anteroom of the pardon board.

"No hope of seeing anyone to-day," the surly old fellow with the wooden leg, standing guard at her Eden, informed her. "Couldn't get in, anyway, without a special appointment."

But the famous Wayne charm, reinforced with a large tip, was irresistible. A few moments later the chairman of the board was reading a penciled message Shirley had scribbled.

"Must see you this afternoon on a matter of deepest importance. It is to rectify a great wrong.

"SHIRLEY WAYNE."

Within half an hour she stood before a tribunal which suddenly cooled her ardor and froze the words on her eager tongue. It was not the stately room, hung with portraits of famous judges, nor the impressive half circle grouped about a mahogany table which daunted her. It was the fact that she found herself looking across that table straight into the steady eyes of Ted McAlister—the one man next to grandfather, whom she most dreaded to have know the truth.

For a moment she wavered, veering panic stricken from the new goal of uncompromising truth she had set before her, searching a means of escape, even at this eleventh hour. But only for a moment. Then she had herself in hand again, and, shoulders squared, head high, plunged resolutely into the story she had gone over to herself a hundred times that day.

"I am Shirley Wayne—Colonel Roger Wayne's granddaughter. Four months ago in the courtroom at Springfield I testified falsely. It was during the trial of a burglar who had broken into our house. I said he fired his pistol while he and grandfather were struggling together and that grandfather knocked his hand up so that the shot went into the air. But that isn't so. What really happened is that he fired first into the air—to scare away grandfather—and then grandfather grappled with him. I don't realize what a difference that would make in law—I was trying to make as much of a hero as I could out of grandfather. He was eighty years old the day before, and I wanted to cheer him up. But of course that isn't any excuse. It wasn't the truth, and it has meant seventeen years more in the penitentiary for that burglar. That is the reason I have to tell you. He mustn't serve that—it isn't fair. If there is any way you can keep him from it—without letting my grandfather and grandmother know," for the first time her voice faltered, "I wish you would. It is going to be awful hard, on them. I don't care how you punish me, but if you could just keep it from them—they are very old."

SHE stopped. Suddenly the room had grown dark. She steadied herself desperately against the table. She would not faint—she would not. This one thing at least in her life she would see gallantly through. Slowly the room took shape again; the chairman was speaking in a grave, troubled voice, something about deliberating and calling her again. Then she was out once more in the anteroom. She had to rest a moment to get strength to go on, and outside there was a long, maddening wait for her car. All the little strength that was left in her had concentrated on a frenzied desire to escape seeing Ted McAlister. But even that soon was denied her; she was evidently to drain the last drop in her cup of penance. Before she could start her engine he was running down the steps and had vaulted uninvited into the seat beside her.

"This is providential for me," he assured her casually, as if nothing at all had happened. "Do you mind running me home? My car got in a smashup yesterday, and is in the shop. I was so afraid you would get off before I could break away. I had to fix that reporter there, and there is just one of those men—Madison—who has a streak of yellow in him and who might blab about this afternoon. I wanted to be sure he understood if he did he would settle with me. I think it is safe now; no one will ever know anything about it. I've got a bit of a pull with the governor, and I believe you will find he will pardon Cassidy at the end of the two years he ought, anyway, to serve. Don't worry any more about it, Shirley. No one—grandfather—grandmother—Elliot—is ever going to know anything about it—and you saved Cassidy."

"Elliot already knows," she said briefly. "I told him."

"You did, did you?" Ted commented in a curious voice.

Out of the vast weariness which was suddenly enveloping her, Shirley tried to find words to thank him for his thoughtfulness. All her resentment against him had mysteriously vanished. She might have known Ted would be kind. She remembered irrelevantly the look on his face the day his dog had died; he had sat up for two nights nursing it. With a sudden generous impulse she broke the silence which had fallen between them.

"You were right—absolutely right in what you told me that evening. I see it now. Do you remember what you said—if I'd come down off my pedestal I'd understand? Well, I'm off it," she flung out her hands in a sad little gesture, "down in the dust. And I understand."

"Off it," he repeated in a queer, choked voice wholly unlike Ted's. "Off it! When you are up on it so high—so high—a man has to go down on his knees to worship you.

"I swore I'd never tell you," he went on rapidly as she sat too dumbfounded for speech, "and I know, of course, it is no use; you're going to marry Elliot, and you hate me. But I want you, anyway to know. I love you, Shirley—have loved you all Winter. I've fought it with everything that was in me, because—much as I wanted you—I despised you. I thought there wasn't anything to you, and I hated myself for losing my head over just your beauty. When I married I wanted a real woman—like my mother. That's why I was so bitter that night—I was so furious with myself for caring for you. But now—now—" His voice shook, and Shirley's heart began pounding suddenly in a way Elliot's most eloquent moments had never achieved. "The pluck of you—the magnificent courage! You're your grandfather's girl after all. Shirley—if you knew what it means to a man to be able to look up—high—to the woman he loves."

If any one had ever mentioned to Jim Cassidy that he had been instrumental in rescuing a soul from spiritual smugness and in bringing about one of those few matches which are planned in heaven, his remarks would undoubtedly be unprintable. Nevertheless, when any romance seeking acquaintance asks Ted and Shirley how they first met, they invariably reply, "It was a burglar who first really introduced us!"

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This Week's Great Day

Memorable Events in the history of the Empire-

By Charles Conway

JUNE 15—THE GRANTING OF MAGNA CARTA.

SEVEN hundred and nine years ago, on the 15th June, 1215, King John was forced by the Barons of England to grant the famous charter of liberties, known as Magna Carta, which is generally regarded as the basis of British freedom and justice.

When Richard I was on his deathbed he passed over the rightful claims of the youthful Prince Arthur to the English throne and designated John as his successor. The dying king was fully aware of John's vicious nature, and justified his choice on the ground that a bad ruler who was at least a grown man was preferable to an inexperienced child.

Prior to the accession of John in 1199, the English barons had proved a source of danger to the freedom of the people, but their repeated attempts to make themselves the arbitrary ruling class had been kept in check by the combined action of the Crown and the middle and lower classes. In the course of the struggle to repress the barons the Crown had gained a power which was almost absolute, and of this power John took full advantage.

He was a supremely wicked and unscrupulous man, and for over 14 years the country groaned under his tyrannical rule. At the end of 1214, the barons met under the leadership of Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and decided to take drastic steps to put an end to the king's despotic government. As a result of the meeting the barons demanded that the king should confirm an old charter of liberties which had been granted by Henry I, but for some months John avoided giving a definite answer, and finally at Easter, 1215, declared he would not accede to their demands. The barons immediately declared war upon the king, and as they had the support of the whole nation, John was compelled to come to terms.

On the 15th June, the two parties met on the little island of Runnymede in the river Thames, and the barons presented the king with a document known as 'the Articles of the Barons', in which were set out their demands in detail. The king reluctantly assented to every one of the 48 clauses in the Articles and duly signed the document, from which the Magna Carta, with its 63 clauses, was prepared. Although the charter was not signed by the king until the 19th June, it was dated the 15th June, the day upon which he had assented to the Articles.

The charter was no novelty, and did not establish any new constitutional privileges, but in it the vague expressions of older charters were exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions. The principal provisions of Magna Carta were that no man should be imprisoned, punished or exiled except by judgment of his peers or by the law of the land, and that no taxation should be levied without the consent of the community, whilst the final clause ensured that the benefits of the charter should be shared by every subject down to the very lowest.

John had never the slightest intention of abiding by the terms of the charter, and immediately the famous conference was over he took prompt measures to destroy it. He called to his aid a large army of foreign mercenaries and again set the barons at defiance, so that in a short time the country was plunged into a war which lasted until the reign of the unscrupulous monarch was ended by death in October, 1216.

(Copyrighted.)

The Men Who Have Loved Me



Madame d'Alvarez, World Famous Prima Donna, in Fourth Instalment of Life Story, Tells of Further Experiences With Oscar Hammerstein.



Mary Garden, star soprano of the Manhattan Opera Company.



Josiah Zuro, chorus master of the Manhattan Opera Company at the time of the infatuation of Hammerstein for D'Alvarez.

By MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ.

CERTAINLY no power is fiercer and more unreasonable than a lover's jealousy, and Oscar Hammerstein was jealous of me with a frightful madness.

Every action of mine was translated by him into phantasms of jealousy. He made advances to me. I rebuffed him. He could not think of any other reason for the phenomenon save that my feelings were engaged elsewhere. He demanded that I marry him. I refused. That was, he brooded, because another man had caught my fancy. If, when he stared at me with gloomy, fiery eyes, I turned my gaze away, it was because I was looking at the fat fellow who at that moment was passing. The reason that I was impatient of his persistent company was that I was eager to get away to a rendezvous.

HIS suspicious enmity turned toward those he saw in contact with me. We were in the bustle of a flaunting operatic season at the Manhattan Opera House. All the excitements and intrigues that go with lyric drama were in the fullest of flower. I don't think there was ever an opera company that suffered from so much politics and caballing as the Manhattan troupe, with its great emphasis upon a collection of brilliant stars. It was immediately perceived that Hammerstein was vastly in love with me. That made me in the eyes of the other artists a most important figure. I was a person to whom to apply for favors, whose ear was fit for messages which it was desired to get to the impresario with telling effect. People cultivated me.

There was one tenor who, being of subtle disposition and eager to get on, gave me much attention. He was most polite toward me, and, talking to me whenever he could, asked me to use my influence with Hammerstein in his behalf. I told him that I had no influence with the impresario, but he would not believe me and made lengthy persuasions. Hammerstein saw his frequent, elaborately attentive colloquies with me and fell into one of his spasms of jealousy. In his office he upbraided me furiously. He discharged the tenor from the company.

He would see a basso laughing and joking with me in mock gallantry. That basso would not sing for weeks. He would watch an assistant conductor talking earnestly with me, as he might about a rehearsal, and the assistant conductor would be visited with a malignant dose of managerial snarling. Fluent gossip, sometimes imaginary, always floats about an opera troupe and there are always fawning people to carry such gossip to official ears. It was quickly discovered that Hammerstein was avid for tale carriers' talk about me. People who brought evil reports about me would get favors and money. Even when Hammerstein was not within eyeshot it became dangerous for any one to display any friendship for me. Light rumor might be whispered laughingly about and get to the impresario's ears, or a tale carrier might seize upon an incident which it would be profitable for him to consider suspicious.

Even women were not immune from the man's fantastic jealousy. I had a room mate in the hotel where I lived. She fell ill with an affection of the lungs. I was kind to her and nursed her. In the queer depths of his mind Hammerstein brooded over this. One day he called me to his office and told me he nad made arrangements for the girl to go to Canada, where he would provide for her. He had, with every detail prepared. I understood what was in his mind and it made me angry. And then it was outrageous to think of sending a girl with lung disease away.

"You can cancel your arrangements," I said to him indignantly as he sat hunched behind his desk. "I won't let you send her."

He snarled at me as the demon of jealousy jumped more furiously in his brain.

AT the ouera house people were afraid to come near me. I was shunned. I was a pariah. I might have been a leper or an ominous being who brought misfortune. I gradually sank into a position of appalling isolation. I was a merry and companionable girl, one fond of company and gay chatter. No worse privation could come for me than the forbiddance of association with the people with whom I worked. I was too, of an extremely sensitive and imaginative disposition. My strange, enforced solitude lay upon me with torment and depression. It was horrible to see people walk away when I came, to have a companionable group break up when I approached to join the talk. I tried to make associations and was rebuffed. I think I should have gone mad save for some of the most important of the artists who were brave enough to be careless of Hammerstein's sick suspicion and were friendly toward me.

I was subjected to an aggravating espionage. Hammerstein's agents watched me. They made ceaseless inquiries of the people in the hotel where I lived. They tried to get my confidence and worm admissions out of me. Then, as a climax, my letters were stolen. There was a little fellow at the opera house who made himself useful to the impresario with devious errands and services. He was the same sort of doer of confidential and underhand tasks as Spoletto, who serves Scarpia in "La Tosca." This Spoletto, then, got into my hotel room, broke into my desk, took my letters and sold them for a fat sum to Hammerstein, who read them through in hours of weird, gloomy fantasy. With his ailing whim he read his suspicions into chance phrases to friends and about friends and succeeded in arousing himself to an insensate condition of rage. He raved at me. I protested furiously at the outrage he had done me, wept, swore I would not bear it. He ended his storm with his endless plea that I marry him. I refused, with anger.

HE told villainous things about me everywhere. In the flame and agitation of his passion, he could not control himself in either demeanor or utterance but gave way to outbreaks of emotionalism and talk it mattered not to whom. He would talk his love and jealous imaginings to me loudly in public. He found solace for his pain and anger in discussing me with anyone who would listen to him. Of course he told it around that I was his mistress. He confided to sundry persons his evil fancies about my conduct and represented them as certainties. Every shred of his suspicion went around and became monstrously enlarged. Some of the more intelligent, who understood the man and his moods, discounted these reports and regarded me as nothing more than a mortal of the earth, but others less wise looked at me as though I were a first cousin of the devil. I was not of a mood to enjoy this santanic glorification. I was nothing more than a timid, sensitive girl, who was different from other spirits mostly in the possession of greater fires of joy and sadness and of a vivid response to the beauty and ugliness, the kindliness and harshness of the world about me. With the malingning to which I was subjected and which came constantly to my ears, I fancied myself living in some hideous nightmare.

ONE day I said to Hammerstein:

"You know you have done these horrible things to me. Why have you done them?"

His queer little beard wagged and his eyes, which became like dull, smouldering coals, stared down at the top of the desk at which he sat.

"How can I tell you," he muttered gloomily in his German dialect. "If you were an old man and felt an old man's love you would understand. You are young, your body thrills with fresh life, your cheeks are smooth and bright, your eyes are full of the ingenious spirit that irony and suffering have not embittered. You sit there with your wide purple hat on your head and are young and lovely. I am old and ugly. And I love you—with an old man's love. That is enough to explain anything that can happen under the stars."

I CAN look back and see the man's tremendous suffering, and I can say that his conduct toward me was part of the greatness that he indubitably had. It was part of the strange, grotesque genius that was Oscar Hammerstein to be weird and terrible in love, a part of the queer mixture of dross and the bravest talent. It chanced that I came before him in the full glamor of young womanhood, and through that chance I suffered. I understand it now, fourteen years afterward, but then was full of young impatience and intolerance and the torment was too near me.

Three months had passed since the opening of the season, three months of horror. I had made splendid successes in the performances in which I had sung, but Hammerstein, under the influence of his rages against me, denied me opera after opera in which I should have appeared. I had borne the ordeal as long as I could. I was under contract, but contract or no contract I could bear it no longer. I resolved to free myself. I said nothing of my intention, bought a steamship ticket, and one morning packed out of my hotel and went aboard ship.

WHILE the boat made ready to weigh out into the river and out of the harbor I paced the deck. The wind was blowing from the ocean. It seemed the very breath of freedom. At last I was away, away from New York, where I had undergone the most hateful experience of my life. The moment of sailing had arrived. Half a dozen men seized hold of the gangplank to draw it to the pier. There was a shout down the dock—a belated passenger. Followed by a porter carrying a bag, a fat man came running. It was Oscar Hammerstein. He had gone to my hotel to see me a few minutes after I had checked out and, surmising my plan, had telephoned to the steamship companies that had boats sailing that day. He had found that I was booked for passage and, abandoning his opera season with a hurried word to his managers to conclude it in the course of routine, had hastened to the boat to sail with me. That was his last New York season. A little while later Hammerstein made his contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company in which he contracted not to give opera in New York again for a space of ten years.

On the ship, as we sailed across to Europe, Hammerstein was most abject in his manner toward me. The fact that I had deserted his company and my operatic prospects to get away from him had cowed him. He told me that he would give a season in London for me, that his London operatic venture, which he had planned magnificently, would be dedicated to me. He would build the greatest of opera houses in London for me. Would I not sing for him in it? He was so subdued of mood that I told him that I would sing for him under one condition—that he refrain from speaking to me about marriage again. He accepted the condition. It was embodied in the new contract that he made me; surely one of the strangest contracts in the history of opera.

FINALLY, just before the season began, the opera house was completed. Hammerstein took me through it.

"Every stone is dedicated to you," he said, and he showed me wall sculptures, bas-relief portraits, ceiling paintings. They were portraits of me.

"This is a temple dedicated to you," he repeated.

I was full of admiration for the beauty of the building.

"And now," he cried, "will you marry me?"

At that my spirit sank. The old game was on again. The old horrible net was closing around me. Desperation took hold of me, and an idea came into my mind.

"I cannot marry you," I said. "I have kept it a secret, but I am married. I was married in Brussels when I was studying voice there." That, of course, was false. I was not married, but I gave the name of a fictitious bridegroom.

I can remember him as a vivid picture. We were standing on a gallery beside an ornamental cornice with a sculptured portrait—my portrait. His face turned scarlet and his body rigid. Then he upbraided me in a spasm of fury. I hurried away from him and to my hotel.

He did not come near me after that and I did not go near him. I remained in doubt about my standing in the approaching season. Trouble soon developed for me.

HAMMERSTEIN began a lawsuit against me on the ground that I had in my contract with him stated that I was not married, as I had done, when I had been married in Brussels. He demanded the breaking of his contract with me and damages.

I made ready to contest the suit. I intended to testify that my statement to Hammerstein had been a falsehood provoked by his insistent wooing. But these legalities were not necessary. One night Hammerstein's desk took fire, and before the blaze could be extinguished all his private papers were destroyed. The suit could not be continued.

Hammerstein tried his best to break his contract with me, but I compelled him to give me the performances he had contracted for, although he kept me out of the cast on the gala opening night.

He continued to believe that I really had married in Brussels, and he kept a changeless enmity toward me.

TORONTO MORTGAGE SHARKS AND THEIR PREY

Continued from Page Twenty.

00 even on first mortgage security that is not modern for less than a 5 per cent. discount.

Now the mortgage dealer's own terms are always net. He pays neither commission nor expenses of any kind. The gentleman of means, therefore, must be paid for his services by the borrower and it is here that he makes his "killing." For his own protection the gentleman of means must make a "deal." Let us suppose the dealer will advance $5,000.00 for five years at a discount of 5 per cent. If the mortgage is put through on this basis the gentleman of means will receive but the bare commission of 1 per cent. or $50.00 for his trouble. No live mortgage dealer or "broker" of the type described would consider this worth while. He is too keen a student of the psychology of business and of financial conditions to accept a $50.00 fee where $300.00 can be secured with but little more effort. And this is accomplished by making the aforesaid "deal." He has on the one hand a lender who will advance $5000.00 at a discount of 5 per cent; he must now sell the borrower the idea of accepting the loan at a discount of 10 per cent.

AT this point in the transaction our business man receives a very important 'phone message to come with all possible speed to the office of the gentleman of means. He is told he must act quickly. Upon his arrival he learns that the money can now be secured and is informed that it will be necessary to pay a discount of 10 per cent. or $500.00 to secure the money. Our business man is at first shocked. He has heard of a bonus being paid on a second mortgage loan. But this is a first mortgage loan! His business instinct will not permit him to countenance such usury. He refuses the offer indignantly.

But upon pressure from his creditors he capitulates and returns to the office of the gentleman of means and advises him that he will accept.

SOMEWHAT hardened over his previous experience he demands to know exactly how much he will finally receive after all charges have been met. Our business man is then presented with the following statement:

Amount of loan .. $5,000.00

Extraordinary Charges.

Bonus	500.00
Commission	50.00
Ordinary Charges.	
Legal Fees	62.50
Valuation Fee ...	15.00
Insurance Policy .. Premium	25.00
Survey	15.00
Mortgage Tax	5.00
Solicitor's disbursements	4.50
Balance	4,323.00
	$5,000.00 $5,000.00

Having raised a first mortgage of $5,000.00 it may be taken for granted that our business man's property is worth at least $10,000.00. He, therefore, still has an equity of $5,000.00 in his home. Let us suppose the four thousand odd dollars he has just borrowed is not sufficient for his ultimate needs. He now requires to raise a further sum of two thousand dollars by second mortgage. Upon what terms, if any, would this amount be forthcoming under present conditions?

THE big loan companies will not touch second mortgage loans as a general rule. In fact most of them have not the power by their charters to do so. The private investor must, therefore, be sought. On rare occasions a private party can be found who will advance small sums at a straight rate of ten per cent. per annum. More often the rate is 12 per cent. But these cases are actually rare. And this is so because of the growing popularity of "discounting" second mortgages —a practice which is making serious inroads upon the private borrowing power of many individuals.

If our business man has found a party who is satisfied with the security offered he has probably done so through one of the numerous mortgage brokers and private "bankers," who are to-day making a specialty of "turning over" second mortgages. As a preliminary term of this loan an advance discount of 25 per cent. is demanded, being the current rate of discount on second mortgage. In addition he must pay 7 per cent. interest per annum. As our business man requires at least $2,000, he must give a mortgage for about $2,900. This will be seen by the following table of expenses:

Amount of loan ..	$2,900.00	
Discount of 25% ..	.....	$ 725.00
Commission 2% ..	.....	58.00
Legal fees	.....	36.25
Valuation fee	.....	15.00
Insurance premium (3 years).....	.....	15.00
Mortgage tax	.....	2.90
Solicitor's disbursements	.....	4.50
Balance due mortgager	.....	2,043.35
	$2,900.00	$2,900.00

AND now our business man realizes how dearly he had paid on his real estate financing. He has mortgaged his home to the extent of $7,900, and has received in actual cash $4,323 on the first mortgage and $2,043.35 on the second, or a total of $6,366.35. Thus he has paid in advance the handsome sum of $1,533.65 in "financing fees", alone, or 24.08 per cent. of the amount actually received. In addition, he must pay interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on $7,900 for five years.

FEW business enterprises could justify investment of capital at this high interest cost. Little wonder, therefore, that a large block of local capital is always available for purchase of first and second mortgages at current rates of discount. One would imagine that competition for the mortgages now being offered for sale would tend to lower the rates of discount, but such is not the case, particularly with regard to second mortgages. On the contrary, the fact appears to be that dealers are now beginning to demand discounts of 30 per cent. on second mortgages on approved properties, because rents are lower and properties have fallen in value.

What, then, is the result? Simply this that the mortgage discount men and their agents are turning as much capital as they can control out of the legitimate industrial and commercial channels. Unless some other facilities for the sort of financing described can be created so that business people will be able to secure loan accommodations on more favorable terms, the law of usury should be amended. If this were done the mortgage discount men and their agents could not flourish as they do for there would be no necessity for their services.

Would the Federal Parliament make illegal the discounting of mortgages beyond a rate which would allow the investor a reasonable return for the risk and use of his capital? Perhaps not in this generation nor in the next, but legislation in that direction would most assuredly be helpful to business generally, because local capital now engaged in the mortgage discount business would either be forced into commercial and industrial channels, or, if the investor were to insist on real estate security, he would be obliged to accept the lower rates fixed by law.

A SPLENDID LAXATIVE FOR THE BABY

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CUTTING the CORNERS

Gibbons-Carpentier Fight Bears Out Predictions of Experts—No Title Was At Stake, and No New Matches Are Suggested as Result of the Bout—Frenchman Has Been a Credit to the Ring.

By J. V. McAREE.

SPEAKING generally, a championship fight either results in the demonstration of a platitude or it destroys all preconceived ideas. The issue is either a foregone conclusion that proves nothing or it makes violent demands for a complete recasting of all the dope. The Gibbons-Carpentier joust belongs to the former class. It is more a victory for the cognoscenti than for the St. Paul lad. Everyone predicted that Gibbons would win and Gibbons did win. In saying everybody, we must make the exception in favor of Deschamps, and perhaps Bernard Shaw. But Shaw clings to the outworn creed that Carpentier beat Dempsey in Jersey City, and has no ascertainable rating as a prophet. Deschamps, as Carpentier's manager, naturally expected Georges to win. It is a fact worth noting, a commonplace that never loses its power to arouse our interest that always the people who are the most profoundly astonished at the result of a fight are the people with the most information upon which to base pre-war opinions. Carpentier, for instance, was probably more amazed when Gibbons defeated him than people living thousands of miles away who never saw either of them. Deschamps was also thunderstruck, though the newsboys in the streets of St. Paul could have told him the certain fate of Carpentier as soon as the match was made.

THE critics, as we have said, picked Gibbons, mainly because of his feat of staying fifteen rounds with Jack Dempsey, and partly because of their belief that Carpentier had sadly declined since that electrical split second when Dempsey reeled under a punch on the jaw and it seemed for a moment as though dreams were about to come true and one of the miracles of all time performed in a modern prize ring. Against Dempsey, Carpentier did all that could have been expected of him. He was not a disappointment to any but a few of the more hysterical, who believed that prize fights are decided upon moral grounds and that because Carpentier was a hero in the Great War and Dempsey a slacker, the high gods would not fail to award the decision to the hero. What was unexpected was that Dempsey could survive the hardest punch Carpentier could give him. Carpentier landed squarely on the iron jaw of Dempsey. Perhaps the impact of an extra twenty pounds would have produced a knockout, or perhaps the same punch repeated instantly would have ended the fight then and there. But the twenty pounds and the second punch were lacking. Carpentier had got home with his famous right on the vital spot. The right proved famous, but the spot did not prove vital.

THE fight with Dempsey proved that Carpentier was not actually a miracle man. He was only relatively miraculous. In Europe he had proved to be a wonder, just as a Toronto ball player would prove to be a wonder in the world series between Poland and Austria. But Carpentier was stepping into a higher class in the United States. After the Dempsey fight everybody knew that Carpentier could not improve. The beating he received would retard any possible improvement, and his age and long service in the ring made improvement out of the question. It is true that he was not older than Gibbons, but he has had a much more strenuous career. His arteries probably are older. Had it not been for his magnificent legs, his decay would have been obvious before this. But an athlete with a good pair of legs, like a horse, with two good pair, can stave off the onslaughts of Time. Carpentier's fight with Siki was astonishing. It proved that either the man whom all writers with a singular lack of singularity call the Singular Senegalese was a wonder or that Carpentier had gone far back. The truth is no doubt that Carpentier despised Siki and was not in his best condition for the fight. But even granting bad condition, Carpentier had gone back.

AS FOR condition, Siki is understood to string along with that school of medical thought which recommends absinthe as the sound base of the training diet, and for exercise approves of beating up undersized waiters in all-night resorts. Carpentier at his best could hardly, without a major operation, have got himself into such poor condition that he would have been unable to beat Siki. The latter was beaten by Mike McTigue, and McTigue was never more than fair, despite the fact that he lays claim to a title. Now Gibbons, as remarked, stayed fifteen rounds with Dempsey, something nobody else has been able to do. Carpentier had passed out of the joint Dempsey-Carpentier picture with great celerity, despite a gallant stand. Moreover, Carpentier, had been beaten by Siki, who in turn had been beaten by McTigue. Could anyone but Bernard Shaw imagine McTigue loitering through fifteen rounds with Dempsey, if the champion was averse to the championship? On past performances, therefore, there was nothing for the experts to do but declare that Carpentier would be beaten. They only erred in predicting that the fight would end in the early stanzas by a knockout.

THOSE who believed that Carpentier would win and based their opinion on any other evidence than that the military and artistic traditions of France are glorious and must have a triumphant issue at Michigan City contend that Gibbons is far from being a high-grade heavyweight. They said, with some reason, that Carpentier came closer to defeating Dempsey than Gibbons did. Everybody knows that Gibbons did not come close, that he had merely the ambition to sprint and hang on and block for fifteen rounds. Again, Gibbons was beaten by Greb, a much lighter man without any very deadening qualities in his fists. Carpentier, they argued, would not have tolerated Greb, and in this they probably were right. It is Gibbons' misfortune, however, to put up his worst fights with his worst opponents. His best effort was against Dempsey. One might almost say that it would be safe to rate Carpentier solely on the brand of fight that Gibbons indulged in with him. If Gibbons put up a great fight against Carpentier that is a great boost for Carpentier; if he put up a stupid, dragging exhibition, then that is a knock for Carpentier, to be added to the other knocks he received in the ring.

THE fight does not settle anything, nor indeed advance one step further in elucidating the next championship at any weight. Neither man held a championship. Before his defeat by Siki, Carpentier was considered the light heavyweight champion of the world. Gibbons has no championship unless he might lay claim to being the champion of St. Paul. The fight does not create a demand for another bout between Carpentier and Dempsey, nor between Gibbons and the champion. The prospect is, however, that Gibbons will get his return bout with Dempsey, though not by virtue of his performance against Carpentier. Firpo and Wills are the only two heavyweights so far uncovered who would draw a sufficient gate with Dempsey to pay the exhorbitant demands of champions these days and satisfy the hardly less exorbitant demands of promoters of championship bouts. There is no demand to see Gibbons fight either of these men, no demand to see him fight anybody in particular. Carpentier will probably retire. He has been, according to his own statement, fighting longer than any other man in the ring He has been a credit to the profession, and lovers of boxing all over the world will wish him well.

Mrs. Sarah Wilshaw



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ELAINE at the GATES

By W. B. Maxwell

THE STORY THUS FAR

ELAINE FLETCHER is the central figure in the story. At ten she is left an orphan by the death of her father. A distant relative takes her into her home, the beautiful Nuns' House at Tudor Green and there Elaine grows into beautiful young womanhood amidst comfort, luxury, and love. At twenty-four she seems to be a self-possessed, rather hard, and cynical young person, but in reality she is full of a diffidence that is as great as her pride; full of longings for high ideals, and of yearning compassions. Ever since she can remember she has been in love with

ARNOLD THORNE. He is the last of an old and important family of Tudor Green. For a year after the war young Thorne seemed to have degenerated from the promising boy who entered the fight with enthusiasm, and Elaine has heard many dark rumors and bits of gossip about him, but she has never lost her faith in him.

MRS. CASTLETON, Elaine's guardian, has one other interest in life besides her love for Elaine and that is her devotion to

THE REVEREND MARK AWDREY, rector of the fashionable church of All Saints at Tudor Green, and for whom Elaine feels a personal aversion.

INSTALMENT II.



"Come down from your eminence, dread lord, and walk with your handmaidens."

"GOOD afternoon, Elizabeth. Is Mrs. Marsh in?"

"Good afternoon, Miss. Yes, they're both in;" and their queer old maid servant opened the door of the front sitting room.

"Elaine!" cried Uncle William, getting up with a kind of stiff alacrity from a cane armchair. "Welcome as sunshine."

"As sunshine and flowers," said Aunt Gertrude, coming forward and kissing her.

"You dears," said Elaine; and Uncle William, waiting for his chance, took both her hands and shook them.

He was short, gray-haired, about seventy years of age, and dressed in one of the rough gray suits that he always wore. His face was fresh colored and scarcely at all wrinkled; but he had a trick of puckering his lips and screwing up his mild blue eyes, and this habit changed his appearance suddenly. He was good, through and through, with a sort of shining, unflinching goodness that, if you understood it, almost dazzled and made you ashamed.

"Sit down, Elaine. Get her a chair, Gertrude;" and he screwed up his eyes and rubbed his hands together in pleasure at this unexpected visit.

"Come and sit by the window," said Mrs. Marsh.

She also was good; if not as good as Uncle William only because to be so would have proved impossible. Younger and taller than her husband, she had a rather square face, in which her brown eyes seemed too small. When feeling any emotion she immediately tried to repress it as unseemly; and the effort of self-control showed itself temporarily in the tone of her voice, which grew quite gruff. She pretended to be a matter of fact, businesslike, even a hard sort of person.

Elaine was fond of them both.

"We see all that is passing from our window," said Uncle William. "It is lively and cheerful. That's why we prefer it to the back of the house."

To Elaine, as she glanced out of the window, the whole world seemed to change. Every grace, every charm of life seemed to have vanished as if forever, and nothing remained but drab monotony, stereotyped ugliness. This suburban street, as seen from inside its houses, was too, too terrible.

"Yes, it's as good as a theatre sometimes," said Mrs. Marsh.

"How do you know, Aunt Gertrude?" said Elaine, gayly. "You never go to theatres."

"No, that is true. But you know what I mean. Don't tease;" and Mrs. Marsh gave Elaine a pat on the arm.

"No, Elaine," said Mr. Marsh, suddenly grave. "We do not go to theatres."

Elaine had turned from the window and was looking at the room. It was worse, yes, worse than the street. As always, she had an uncomfortable feeling that she ought not to be rich and these two people poor. They were so poor! The room seemed to be saying it, to be crying it in bitter protest against the inequalities and injustices countenanced by an unpitying destiny.

While these thoughts were in her mind Elaine was chattering gayly, making conversation.

And then Mr. Marsh, in his turn making conversation, unexpectedly mentioned the name that she could not hear without a stab of deep pain and asked if she knew that Arnold Thorne had come back to Tudor Green.

Yes, she said, she knew it—not adding that she knew it only too well; that he had been here for ten days and never once called at the Nun's House; that he had seen other people, but not her, his child friend, his confidante, his loyal companion.

"A sorry business, I fear," said Mr. Marsh, sadly, shaking his head. "What a home-coming! To the ruin of an honored house, to two empty chairs beside a cold hearth, to a father's grave—and a father that you left with anger in your heart! I grieve for that young man."

ELAINE was silent, and then spoke in her abrupt, decided manner.

"As a matter of fact, that old quarrel was patched up. There was a complete reconciliation between Arnold and his father."

"O, I'm pleased to hear it," said Mr. Marsh, his face brightening. "Truly and sincerely pleased. But are you sure, dear?"

"Yes, Uncle William, quite sure,' said Elaine, firmly.

And then, before long, the talk working around to the incumbent of All Saints, Uncle William surprised Elaine by the force of his language.

"Be on your guard against that man, Elaine! He is a charlatan, an impostor, a person who is full of ulterior motives!"

"O, no!" cried Elaine. "That's not fair;" and perhaps from her natural sense of justice or perhaps unconsciously desirous of acquitting a debt and defending him in his absence, as he had defended an absent one dear to her, she strongly urged that Mr. Awdrey, whatever his faults, was entirely genuine and altruistic.

Mr. Marsh shook his head.

"Be on your guard, Elaine. He is a person who should not be encouraged to any intimacy or confidence. He takes possession of people."

Elaine frowned and looked rueful.

"Anyhow," she said, briskly, after a pause, "I promise he shan't take possession of me. Only I don't think he is scheming or dangerous. I say this in fairness. You know that personally I am not drawn to his ways."

"But you go to his church, dear."

"Yes, because Aunt Edith likes it—the music and the singing."

"I cannot think it is right," said Mr. Marsh.

"I call it mumbo-jumbo," said Mrs. Marsh, with energy. "Yes, I do."

Elaine laughed. As they spoke she had a clear mental picture of their own church—the barnlike building at the bottom of the road near the railway, the whitewashed pillars, the galleries, the big clock, the ungarnished altar table.

"No mumbo-jumbo at St. Luke's, Aunt Gertrude," she said, laughing.

"You naughty child," said Mrs. Marsh, patting her once more and beaming with love. "You laugh at everything. You take nothing seriously."

"Youth, youth!" said Mr. Marsh, beaming, too. "I love to hear her laugh. Laugh as long as you can, dear Elaine."

Elaine had risen, and she spoke impulsively.

"Take me with you to St. Luke's one Sunday. I should love to go with you."

"Would you really?" They were both of them overjoyed, Mr. Marsh rubbing his hands together, Mrs. Marsh becoming emotionally gruff. "O, that would be nice!"

They went out with her into the bright sunshine on the front steps; and Mrs. Marsh kissed her, almost growling, "Dearest child!"

Again Elaine had that sense of their infinite goodness. As she looked back to kiss her fingers to them Aunt Gertrude was linking a hand in Uncle William's arm, and they still stood there with the sun shining on their faces. And Elaine, going away, felt as if she had been with two early Christians. Again she was ashamed of her unmerited prosperity.

Her next visit was to a house near the top of the road, a house exactly similar to the one she had just left and yet affording in its occupants a violent contrast. It was the well known Number Ninety-one, the abode of the objectionable Esdailes.

THE tragic thing in regard to the Esdailes was that they had been and ought to have continued to be gentlefolk. But they had sunk. The suburb had drawn them down. Mrs. Esdaile, a widow, did not seem now to mind that her nineteen-year-old daughter, Pearl was much talked about, or that the elder daughter, Millicent, made desperate and ill advised efforts to get married. She seemed to encourage both of them, laughing at what Pearl called her "cases"; audacious flirtations with members of the other sex that ended as rapidly as they had begun.

Pearl used much less paint than her mother and sister; indeed, in the Summer she merely darkened her eyebrows and reddened her lips, and with her naturally yellow hair, her blue eyes and long straight nose, she possessed an unquestionable attractiveness or seductiveness for all common minded people. Fairly tall, she seemed taller because of her slimness. She was graceful of movement, too, and good at tennis, able to punt—perhaps she looked best standing in a punt, showing her thin ankles and her bare arms as she swung the long pole, while one of her cases lay in an admiring ecstasy on the red cushions.

"Steady the Buffs," she used to say, as the punt glided under drooping willows and she prepared to take a seat in the cushions herself. "No larks, my lad. If you don't behave yourself I'll upset the bally caboodle." She was full of catch words.

Mrs. Esdaile loved the name Pearl, and regretted that she had not named Millicent Amethyst, but as she explained the inspiration of taking jewels for Christian names did not come to her till later. No matter really—because they called every one by a nickname. Thus Leonard, the young brother, was called Moogli, White-fang, or the Child of Wrath. Mrs. Esdaile— ironically, without doubt—was She-who-must-be-Obeyed. Millicent was Millikins and Pearl herself Baby.

Their house was always noisy. They laughed and sang and employed gramophones inordinately. In fact, this end of the road was notorious for noise.

The two Miss Berwicks, who lived nearly opposite, had twice complained at the town hall. It got on their nerves. They used to say there was something sinister behind all this noise and gayety. They whispered about unseemly quarrels and tears instead of laughter, also about dreadful middle aged profiteers during the war, and about a male relative, a cousin as alleged, a man known as Clarence Bingo, who, descending the social ladder with the rest of the family, had become a sort of groom or riding master's assistant.

These matters had been brought to the knowledge of Elaine through the agency of the Miss Berwicks; but this was the first time she had crossed the threshold of Number Ninety-one. The front door stood wide open, noise poured forth at one—the noise of somebody playing dance music on a piano, of chattering voices, and the bark of a small dog—and then Pearl came springing out into the hall.

"Ye gods, it's Miss Fletcher," said Pearl, struck with a shyness that she endeavored to conceal by the maintenance of her usual facetious manner. "How do you do?" and they shook hands. "Come inside."

Elaine proffered the note, with Mrs. Castleton's apologies for the lateness of the invitation, and made some lame excuse about their having arranged the party in a hurry.

"And you're asking us! O, how topping of you. But you must come in. Mother would never forgive me if I let you go without seeing her." And Pearl led Elaine into the drawing room.

"Here's Miss Fletcher, come to ask us all to the Nun's House to-morrow. Isn't it ripping?"

EXCEPT for the ridiculous barking of the toy dog, which sprang forward impotently threatening Elaine's shoes and stockings, a strange hush fell upon the room. They were all shy. Mrs. Esdaile rose cumbrously from a sofa on which she had been reclining; Millicent, large, blowsy, smelling strongly of scent, abandoned a game of patience; and a young woman with red hair and the aspect of a vampire in a film melodrama advanced from the piano and was introduced as Miss Vole, "one of the girls' chums."

Elaine sat down, facing them all, embarrassed but resolute, outwardly calm and dignified, looking like a creature of another race.

"Now, this is most kind and neighborly," said Mrs. Esdaile. "My love to Mrs. Castleton—and best thanks. Much pleasure."

They talked, the Esdailes, and at the end of a minute and a half their shyness had utterly gone. They laughed, they made a noise. It was astounding, incredible, this transition from polite constraint to open-hearted freedom; they treated the visitor as an old and well-tried friend, almost as one of themselves.

"Kindness such as yours and Mrs. Castleton's is indeed pleasureable," said Mrs. Esdaile. "Will you be quiet, sir? Baby, murder that dog of yours, or put him outside the door. I can't hear myself speak. Yes, there's not too much kindness in Tudor Green."

"The place is full of odious cats," said Millicent.

"O, don't talk to me about cats," said Mrs. Esdaile. "I despise such tabbies. Still, it is a fact, my dear Miss Fletcher. Tattle, tattle, gossip, gossip, from morn till dewy eve. And the prying! O, this road—my dear, if you only knew. People who simply live to do one another a bad turn."

"But you are always sweet," said Pearl, in a little gush of friendly feeling. "You've always treated people decently. Everybody says so."

"Have a chock-a-chock," said the vampire chum, offering Elaine a vast but almost empty box of chocolates.

"No, thank you."

"So it is," continued Mrs. Esdaile. "Of course, we are talked about—and well we know it. But we don't care that"—and she tried to snap her fat, limp fingers. "Live and let live is our motto."

And next minute—the fourth since Elaine had entered the room—they were talking about Miss Pearl's cases.

It appeared that the small dog had been presented by a Mr. Mellings—"Pearl's tame profiteer," as they described him. He was not young, but rich, and he owned the biggest houseboat on the river, this gorgeous floating hotel had been moored high up the stream, near Pangbourne, and he allowed Pearl "regularly to queen it" on board. Quite a case.

Relating this, Mrs. Esdaile had a gratified titter; then she whispered confidentially, getting closer to Elaine: "The admiration that girl receives! It's enough to turn her head."

"It's turned," said Millicent, in a rather morose tone. "She wants to have a case with everybody nowadays. She even went for Mr. Awdrey."

"Never!"

"You did. But the reverend gentleman wasn't taking any."

"Rats!"

And the vampire joined in. "Shall I give away your latest?"

"No, you shut up."

BUT these apparently bashful protests from Pearl were not sincere.

She laughed, shook her yellow hair, and blinked her eyes with a kind of impudent coyness. She liked being chaffed about her powers of fascination. So Miss Vole, unchecked betrayed the secret that the now opening case was with Mr. Arnold Thorne.

"Really?" said Elaine, without a perceptible quiver. "How interesting."

Mrs. Esdaile, however, although showing gratification, said this was utter nonsense. Arnold Thorne was simply an acquaintance. He had not been in her house half a dozen times all told."

"He was here yesterday," said Miss Vole; "and two days before that."

"Arnold is a dear boy," said Pearl. "But, of course, since he's broke to the world, he will have to marry for money—so, though we're all of us fond of him, we none of us have any hopes," and she, too, laughed. "Wasn't he tophole in his uniform as a staff officer? The red tabs went so well with his long eyelashes and mysterious smile. Did you ever see him in the red?"

"Yes, I had that privilege, I think, once."

"Of course, your two families—he often speaks of you and Mrs. Castleton."

"That's kind of him."

"Do tell me," said Mrs. Esdaile, "how did his old fool of a father make such a hash of things?" And she answered her own question. "That building speculation, I suppose. O, I do think it's wicked for a wealthy man like him to go trying to make more and lose everything. Messing himself up with such common people, too—that Yates and the others! Such hard luck on Arnold."

The guest had risen from her chair in order to say good-by, and Pearl moved nearer. Elaine looked at her, the hated rival—no, not hated, scorned.

Pearl's reddened lips opened in the friendliest of smiles, displaying a wide range of fairly small teeth that gleamed whitely with one flash of gold where a local dentist had repaired the damage wrought by too many chock-a-chocks. The dark arches of her penciled eyebrows showed the natural hair at each corner of the smear; her low-cut bodice invited inspection of her rather prominent collar-bones and a patch of fiery sunburn above her flat bosom; the whole dress, short and loose, was made of a gaudy flowery material that, previous to sudden inrushing fashion, would have been used only for window curtains or chair covers, and one had a swift convincing impression that beneath this modish sack she wore few if any under-garments. To Elaine's steadily scrutinizing eyes she seemed a feeble, meretricious, pitiful creature, as unstable as water, as transparent as blown glass, and far more common than dirt. Yet it was to this trumpery suburban siren that a chivalrous knight, returning from the most splendid crusade the world has ever seen, had come to bend tired knees and crave a reward for his valor and endurance.

"Well, it's been awfully nice of you," said Pearl, with effusive friendliness; "and we all appreciate it."

"Good-by, Mrs. Esdaile."

"Good-by, my dear Miss Fletcher."

But still they detained her. The hobbledehoy son had come into the room and an introduction was made.

"This is my boy, Leonard . . . Child of Wrath, what mischief have you been up to?"

THE Child of Wrath shook hands without speaking; then drew back a step or two and stood there, uncouth, adolescently scorbutic, shyly gazing at Elaine's dark eyes and white skin.

She drew a deep breath when she reached the open air.

The party next day was a triumphant success. The sun shone; a band of ex-service men played popular music, and, as the local newspaper said on the following Saturday, "At one time as many as two hundred and fifty of the elite of the neighborhood might be seen assembled in the charming grounds."

Among this sedate but well-satisfied crowd no individuals could be conspicuous. The Esdailes, grandly dressed and subdued in manner, not making any noise, passed here and there, politely ostracized by everybody else. Even the Rev. Mark Awdrey was not noticeable. One saw him moving as the focus of an admiring crowd, and then he somehow effaced himself.

Mrs. Castleton was gracious, like a queen receiving her guests; and, for Miss Fletcher, who ably assisted her, the party consisted not of two hundred and fifty people, but of one person. It began for her after it had been in full swing an hour or more for everybody else. At first, beneath that calm exterior while saying friendly words, making introductions, begging ladies to eat strawberries and gentlemen to find them chairs, she had been nervously throbbing, trying to keep herself firmly in hand, almost praying for strength to withstand the shock. Then she had believed that he would not come at all, and a dull, aching regret fell upon her, instead of a feeling of relief at being spared the ordeal that she had feared. And then, in a sudden shattering moment, he was there—a tall sunburnt man of thirty, wearing a blue serge suit and a white straw hat. He was talking to Aunt Edith—she heard the sound of his voice. Now he was approaching—he was talking to her.

"Elaine, how jolly this is! I am so glad to see you."

It did not matter what he said. That frank smile was sufficient. That tone of well-tried friendship, the look in his eyes, made her feel as if her favorite chosen companion had been miraculously restored to her. She was like a sick, fainting person to whom oxygen had brought back life.

"And I am glad to see you, Arnold. What a stranger you are!"

She had prepared set speeches for this meeting; there were things that must be said at once, for pride's sake. But in these first moments the pride was forgotten. She spoke to him as she used to speak long ago

"Are you really demobilized?"

"Yes, the authorities have made the mistake of supposing they can now rub along without my further assistance," and he laughed. "So now I am looking about me to find another profession. Rather an awful prospect at my time of life, Elaine. Can you suggest anything that a well-meaning but entirely incompetent derelict could turn his hand to?"

"Don't be absurd. You could do anything if you tried."

AS if insensibly they had drawn away from the group of people about the windows, through which late arrivals were still pouring out upon the terrace, and he leaned his arms on the stone balustrade and looked down across the garden.

"Yes, it's jolly to be back here. This dear old place is just the same — not altered a little bit."

"No—except for the big plane tree over there. Don't you remember?"

"By Jove, yes. It isn't missed."

"Not by you, anyhow. I miss it I used to have my lessons under it in the Summer—with poor Miss Dunsford."

"Poor Miss Dunsford, indeed. What a life you led her."

"Not a bit. She was fond of me."

With his straw hat tilted over his eyes, he turned and looked at her smilingly. "Well, that didn't make her unique, or even remarkable. I knew one or two people who were fond of you—or, shall I say, put up with you, in spite of your disagreeable nature and repellent appearance."

She laughed—a subdued murmur or ripple of happiness—and a sensation of rest after fatigue, of peace after conflict, filled her breast, seemed to melt it. His chaffing tone, the expression of his face as he said the words, evoked a hundred memories. No one else had ever or could ever talk to her in this manner.

"I must go back to my post," she said presently, "and you must do your duty, too, Arnold. Go and talk to people."

It chanced that while she spoke people with whom he could talk came along the path beneath the balustrade. They were the Esdailes, promenading by themselves in the full freedom of their ostracism.

Pearl's voice and laugh ascended shrilly: "Look! there's Arnoldo the magnificent. Come down from your eminence, dread lord, and walk with your handmaiden."

"Yes," said Millicent, "come and take pity on three neglected females."

"How de do, Arnold!" said Mrs. Esdaile.

As Elaine moved away he was leaning over the balustrade greeting them, offering sprightly phrases in exchange for theirs. But he did not go down and join them. Presently he was again close to Elaine, chatting with the McGrigors.

"Take Mrs. McGrigor and get her some tea, Arnold."

Then soon he was once more at Elaine's elbow.

While he was near her, Elaine knew peace; while he was at a distance she was in torment; yet each time that he came back to her she sent him away.

"Why am I banished from your side in this ruthless fashion?" he asked. "Am I in disgrace? If so, for what? No, if you introduce me to anybody else I'll pretend to be a deaf mute," and he glided away as strange faces approached.

He came back no more. She saw him after a while in the grip of Pearl Esdaile. They were sauntering together. They grew remote, but still she saw them. They had gone to the tennis court—they passed out of sight. Pearl no doubt had taken him into the empty kitchen garden, or the untenanted part of the stables—or up into a hayloft, if he would consent to go—anywhere to get him to herself, alone, beyond the reach of watching eyes—not caring what people said or thought, merely careful that they should not see too much—as was her swift, shameless, vulgar way in the early stages of a case.

THE rest of the afternoon was torture to Elaine. At last, well after seven o'clock, the band played the national anthem and all but those known throughout the suburb as inveterate "stickers" took leave. The terrace became almost empty—with Mrs. Castleton sitting at one end of it surrounded by a few old friends. The Esdailes had been among the first to come, and they were among the last to go.

Elaine saw Arnold Thorne follow them into the house. He did not even take the trouble to say good-bye to her, Elaine. She understood that he was now their captive, oblivious of all but his pleasant allegiance to his enslaver. He would escort them home; and at Number Ninety-one, when they had drawn him across the open threshhold into that horrible room with the red lamp shades and the dusty cushions, those other two would leave him again alone with that cheap tow-haired doll—that much-used, half-soiled rag of a girl.

Elaine put her hand to her brow and went raging down the terrace steps towards the now vacant tennis courts.

"I hate him—I hate him," she said to herself. "I'll make no more excuses for him. I have done with him—he is worthless." And her anger blazed. "But how dare he insult me by going off like that—without a word? How dared he do it?" She stood with her head thrown back, breathing fast.

Then, looking round toward the house, she saw him coming down the terrace steps; and her heart leaped in wild joy, her breathing slackened, the rigidity of her attitude seemed to been broken; she felt limp and drooping from head to feet. He had not gone with those others. She might have spared herself the recent torture of imagination. He had not insulted her. He was coming in the most ordinary manner to make his polite adieux.

"What should one say?" he asked smilingly. "Thank you, Miss Fletcher, for an agreeable afternoon. I have enjoyed it so much. If I was not afraid of being intrusive—or if you were good enough to press me—I would venture to linger for a few minutes."

That was how he talked—as though guiltless of any offence, as though he had nothing to explain, nothing for which he need apologize.

They strolled about the lawns, and again, with this fresh opportunity, she said none of the things that she had once intended to say to him. Stupid, meaningless words came to her, and in her trouble she uttered them, whatever they happened to be, hearing them herself with a kind of shamed surprise because of their absurd inadequacy, and noticing that her voice sounded strained and unnatural as well as much too abrupt.

"Elaine, what's the matter?"

SUDDENLY, and with a return of smarting anger, she became aware that he had the audacity to call her to account for her brusque tone.

"Nothing's the matter," and she stamped her feet.

"Then why so haughty and standoffish?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Am I ridiculous? I don't understand you. I have been longing to see you—to pick up the broken threads."

"I'm afraid they're too badly broken, Arnold. They—they're shredded and torn—till nobody could patch up—what's left."

As she began saying this she felt a dreadful self-contempt because her voice had become quite unmanageable. He was looking at her—that was what made her falter. He was looking at her; and in his face she saw an expression that she had seen there once or twice before the war—as of a new recognition, a new admiration.

"I think you are wonderful," he said, quietly, still looking at her.

"O, no, I am not wonderful—very much the reverse. I am the most ordinary of human beings." She was rather breathless again, speaking fast now, with another rush of those contemptibly insufficient words. "Yes—made on a commonplace pattern—and turned out by millions — all alike."

"I don't think so. I have never thought so. But what I mean is you have changed utterly. You have developed—"

"I should have thought," she said with force, "that you—you yourself—after all you have gone through—" And she stopped.

Then presently he said something about their having been such great friends always. "Old friends are the best."

"Are they, Arnold? But you have such queer new friends nowadays, don't you?"

"You're not kind to me, Elaine."

"You're not kind to yourself," she said fiercely.

To her mental ear, that sentence sounded appallingly; like a cry of mingled rage and pain, like a shameful avowal. With such a repressive effort as she had never made in all her life, she compelled herself to laugh and to speak with a fair semblance of lightness and gayety as they walked back toward the house.

"Elaine," he said, "When shall we meet again?"

"'In thunder, lightning, or in rain.' But that was when shall we three meet, not we two. Well, my dear Arnold, you really know our address—although you may have seemed lately to have forgotten it. Aunt Edith and I live here, you know, in this very house—The Nuns' House, Tudor Green."

That night Elaine walked to and fro along the terrace, and thought of her love.

FOR so many years she had loved him as a big elder brother, and in those early days she used to feel as much at home at the Thorne's house as at Aunt Edith's. Sweet Lady Adela welcomed her; Sir Geoffrey, grim and pompous, was tolerantly civil. Sir Geoffrey had once for a little while been governor of a small crown colony, and he had an unshakeable confidence in his powers of judgment. Already he was embarked upon those ill-considered building schemes that were to bring disaster. In those days, too, it was generally understood that she and he son of the house were destined for one another.

Then came all the talk of his enormities, and she began to suffer. The talk went on, a loud chorus of reprobation. People said that beyond gambling and riding races he had for long been flagrantly carrying on with all kinds of women. Presently the tale ran round that grief had killed his mother, that he had squandered the entire fortune left to him at her death, that he had unfilially defiled and outrageously quarreled with his father.

Elaine felt a terrible revulsion, a limitless horror. It seemed to her one of the great tragedies of the world that this apparently perfect creation of God should fall and be disfigured. She mourned for him, she wept for him—the clean, good Arnold that used to be.

She prayed for him—and for herself, too. Then the war come, sweeping all things into the fiery gulf. She felt upraised, carried high above herself. She found work for body and for mind. Hearts were being cleansed with flame, sins could be washed out in blood. It was a heaven sent chance for everybody. And, to the joy of her uplifted thoughts, she learned that Arnold Thorne was taking the chance. He had gone with the first, when wounded he refused to come home; a groom came back instead, with a story of how Arnold had saved his life, of how the men loved him, and so forth. He was decorated for exceptional gallantry. Once more Tudor Green was proud of him. His ruined father had forgiven him.

To Be Continued.

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SPORTS GAMES PUZZLES

A PAGE FOR BOYS and GIRLS

JOKES STORIES RIDDLES



Story of Tom Peartree's Portrait

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was a litte boy who liked to draw pictures better than he liked to do anything else. The reason probably was because he could draw such good pictures. By the time he was ten years old, he had sketched every tree and cottage and all the boys and girls in his village of Sudbury, England.

Thomas' father, who was a milliner and then a clothier and a crape maker in turn, one day came in the house and said: "Somebody has been stealing pears out of our pear orchard!" Tommy was almost as angry as his father to hear this



news, for the big fine pears were just beginning to get juicy and yellow and if anybody was going to have those pears, Tommy wanted to be the one. He decided to go about catching the thief, but when he told his father he would get the fellow whoever he was, his father just laughed and said: "A fine chance a ten-year-old would have to catch anybody."

Day after day went by and the pears continued to disappear as fast as they got ripe. One morning when Tom went out to the orchard to see if there was even one pear left for him to eat, he was walking along slowly, drawing little pictures of all things on the way, as he always did, when he suddenly looked up to see a big, burly fellow with an unshaven face in the act of climbing over the stone wall to the pear trees.

Tom didn't know what to do! He couldn't capture the man, for he was too big and rough. If he ran to call his father, the man might get away while he was gone. Just as he was trying to collect his wits, the man spied him. He paused with one foot hanging over the wall in such a funny manner that Tommy wished he could draw him. Then, quick as a flash, the boy decided that was a fine idea. He opened his sketch book and made a few rapid lines.

When Tom took the picture to his father, he recognized the thief as a town loafer who had often been suspected of stealing from people's orchards. In fact, he had earned for himself the title of Old Tom Peartree. Thomas' picture of the man was such a good likeness that it was sufficient evidence to cause him to be punished.

The story of Tom Peartree's portrait is a true one. Thomas Gainsborough became one of England's great portrait painters when he grew to manhood. "The Blue Boy" and "The Duchess of Devonshire" are two of his pictures that you have probably seen. Admirers of Gainsborough like to tell this story of how his talent as an artist once made him a detective.

Play "Still Water" This Summer



PLAY it at camp, play it on hiking trips, play it in the long summer evenings, when the gangs of your neighborhood get together for such old standbys as "Run, Sheep, Run." It's a lively game of skill and fun that you won't get tired of for a long, long time.

Use Tennis Ball.

An old tennis ball or some other soft ball, caps and a peppy bunch of players—that's the equipment for the game of "Still Water."

All the players, including the pitcher, put their hats or caps in a row against a wall or fence. The pitcher takes the ball and stands on a line drawn four feet from the hats. The other players watch their hats carefully.

Pitcher Tosses Ball.

THE game begins when the pitcher tosses the ball into one of the hats, either his own or one of the others. The owner of that hat must grab the ball and yell "Still Water!"

When he starts for his hat, the other players run away as fast as they can, but when he calls "Still Water," they must stop in their tracks. The player with the ball then throws at the closest player, who can dodge, but cannot get out of his tracks.

The player hit must then get the ball. As soon as he is hit the rest of the players start running again, but when he gets hold of the ball he calls out "Still Water," and they must stop. He then throws the ball at another player, and the game goes on until some one misses.

"Bad Eggs" Mean Forfeit.

If the one who throws the ball misses, a small stone called a "bad egg" is put in his cap and he is the pitcher next time. The first player to get five "bad eggs" must pay a forfeit. The forfeit payer must stand with his face against the wall, and each player gets a throw at him from a line drawn tweuty-five paces away.

You may choose some other forfeit, if you like, but if you use the ball throwing one, be sure you've a soft ball. If no one manages to hit the forfeit-payer, it's considered that he's paid his forfeit anyway, and he goes back in the game.

Eddie Collins Answers Boys' Baseball Questions

(Written by Eddie Collins Exclusively for This Page.)

Do You Like the Squeeze Play?

THE squeeze play is simply a hit-and-run play that is undertaken with a man on third base. It is a very hazardous play advocated by some managers and totally disapproved of by others. The success or failure of the play rests almost entirely with the hitter. The runner can co-operate to a certain extent, by starting at the proper moment, not so soon as to give the play away and afford the pitcher a chance to waste the ball, or not too late, so even if the batter does hit the ball, he may be thrown out at the plate. Only batters who have absolute confidence in themselves and their ability to connect with the ball when the runner comes charging in should be allowed to try this play. It is a risky play and I think should be undertaken only in the latter stages of a close game, when runs are hard to get and the gamble of all or nothing warrants the attempt.

Do You Think Golf Hurts Your Playing?

I HAVE played golf for the past ten years, but more or less intermittently, and as far as that game goes, am only a fair golfer. But at no time have I ever entertained the idea that it in any way hurt my ball playing. The only thing I do not approve of is a game of golf previous to a ball game. I think that such an undertaking has a tendency to take the edge off a player's freshness.

Frequently during playing season, open dates occur on our schedule, which I take advantage of to play golf. As far as the swings employed in golf and baseball are concerned, I have always thought the former, particularly the follow-through, was a help rather than a hurt to my batting. I am a great devotee of golf.

Do You Approve of the SacrificeZ

THE loss of many a ball game can be traced directly to the failure of a sacrifice. Many times you have seen a batter force a man at second and then the following hitter line out a base hit, but no score results, simply because batter No. 1 had failed to sacrifice. If he had advanced his man to second, the latter would have been in a position to score on the base hit that followed.

Every batter should learn to bunt. It is vitally important. To sacrifice, the batter must bunt. Any ball that the batter swings at and connects with that results in a bunt is not a sacrifice. To sacrifice, the primary intention of giving up one's time at bat for the advancement of a runner must be evident. In recent years, a batter has been credited with a sacrifice when he has scored a runner on a fly. But ordinarily, when we say sacrifice, we mean bunt. As the saying goes, whenever you are in doubt you never are wrong if you bunt. In hitting practice, don't fail to devote a part of it in perfecting your bunting. A bunt at the proper time will win many a ball game.

(Eddie Collins will answer more questions on this page next week.)



"What's Wrong With This Picture?"

"My, what a talented person that Eddie Collins must be—a pianist and a famous ball player!" people exclaim when they read an announcement that "Eddie Collins will give a piano concert at Orchestra Hall Sunday." Of course Eddie, the ball player, and Eddie, the piano player, aren't the same person, but people are always getting the two mixed up. Though he can't "tickle the ivories," Eddie Collins, the greatest second baseman, knows how to tickle the fans by putting a man out at second or sending a ball smashing across the diamond.

Peter Puzzle Says

Use the numbers one to ten in the story below, supplying a number for each word represented by x.

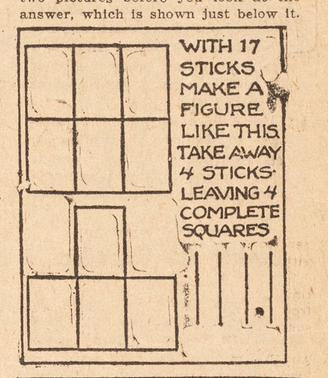
The fair x climbed up x see x men who were xtune hunters in a x-passenger car going xty miles an hour. x miles from town they stopped and x their supper, then bexley they sat down and studied their map inxtly.

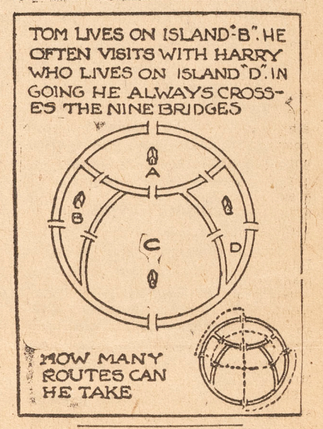
Take the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and divide them into groups which, when added, will make three sevens. Add them in a straight column to make three sevens. Arrange the first three with the last three below in a way which when added will make three sevens.

The answers will be found at the bottom of the page.

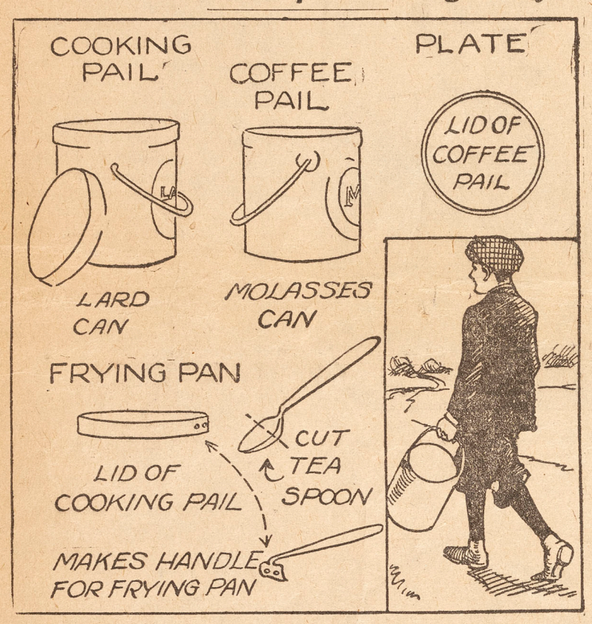
Two Tricky Puzzles

Try to solve the puzzles as explained in the top figure of each of the two pictures before you look at the answer, which is shown just below it.





Make Your Camp Cooking Outfit



A boy doesn't have to spend several dollars for a highly-polished camping kit when he gets ready to strike for the woods. A cooking pail, a coffee pot and a frying pan are simple to make and convenient to carry when they all fit inside the other like a set of Chinese boxes. The diagram above shows you how to use a lard can for the cooking pot, a molasses can which fits inside for a coffee pail, the top of the second pail for a plate and the lid of the cooking pot for a frying pan.

You may have to put wire handles on the pails and you will have to fit the frying pan with a handle. You may be able to devise something yourself, but if you can't, just take a tin spoon and cut off the end of the bowl. Bend back the remaining part to make a handle and reinforce the bend with some small wire for strength. Bore two holes in the pan and two corresponding holes in the handle. Use rivets with nuts to fasten the handle on the pan when you want to use it.

A Boy's First Big Game Hunt

Sandy Halliday, a fourteen-year-old boy, has accompanied his father on a trip to British East Africa to secure specimens of big game for a museum. The party goes up into the region of the elephant kingdom, and all narrowly escape from death in an elephant stampede. Two of the mammoth tuskers are killed and also a chutah which attacks. Sandy goes out on the plains alone, and is accosted by an animal he cannot see. He fears it is a lion, but it turns out to be a harmless warthog.

TWO days after the great elephant fight, the killing of the cheetah and Sandy's scare that the warthog gave him, the party of hunters broke camp on Mt. Kenia to proceed down to the Tana River, which they were to follow back to the coast.

"There are two animals we have not yet obtained," remarked Mr. Halliday, "a hippo and lion. When we have added those two species to our collection we will be ready to go home."

Allan Smith and Sid Carter had bargained with some African settlers for a river boat, in which to make a floating trip of a few miles. The natives which composed the servants of the "safari," or caravan, loaded up the equipment and started overland with great bundles on their backs for the spot selected as the next camping ground. The black men marched off singing chants, and some with lighter burdens, danced with a rhythmic motion. They were as glad to be off again as Sandy and his father's party.

When the hunters had reached the river, Allan Smith directed them to their seats in the old boat, cautioning them to keep an eye out for any hippos that might be lurking in their watery beds. It was known that these animals had overturned boats at times, killing all the occupants. "Hunters who have escaped death in so miraculous a manner as we escaped the elephants should not be trapped to their doom by a hippo," was Mr. Halliday's reply to the warning.

All day long the hunters watched, and not a hippo appeared. Sandy grew bored as the hours passed without excitement. The scenery was interesting: baboons swinging in the trees along the banks, strangely bright-colored birds flying overhead and all manner of queer jungle sounds coming from the tropical undergrowth. Occasionally a fish would flop up in the sunlit water, so Sandy conceived the idea of fixing up a fishing pole with a string and hook fastened on to his gun. With this contrivance he sat waiting for a nibble, when he heard Mr. Carter say: "I see a hippo yonder!"

Sure enough, on the sandbar, under a tree, on one side of the bank, half his body under water, stood the animal. Mr. Halliday fired, struck the hippo, and it sank immediately.

"Now," said Mr. Halliday, "we will have to wait an hour or more to see if it rises to the surface. If it was killed it will eventually come up."

(Watch this page for the end of Sandy's adventures next week.)



"Mr. Halliday fired, struck the hippo, and it sank immediately."

HER OPINION.

He: "You have read my new novel. How do you like it?"

She: "The covers are too far apart."

The Mind of an Indian Elephant

OF ALL the dangerous animals ever captured when fully grown the Indian elephant is one of the wisest. It is the only one which promptly learns that man's mind is superior to brute force and that it pays to be good. A lion, tiger, bear, elk or monkey captured when an adult will try to fight its way to freedom. It never knows when it is beaten and continues to attempt to break its bonds until usually it dies of broken bones or a broken heart.

Has Best Memory.

The Indian elephant is not only one of the best original thinkers, but has also the best memory. A particularly clever chimpanzee can remember as many different things as an elephant, but out of the whole number of captive chimpanzees, there may be only one of this sort, while every Indian elephant captured is capable of learning.

The mentality of elephants is best shown in the circus ring. The whole performance of these trick animals depends upon the ear, eye and memory. It is only an exceptional lion, horse or dog that reaches the exhibition platform, but every elephant has the making of a star. Twenty elephants may go through a military drill and perform the series of antics such as "fall in," "roll call" and several kinds of marching with never an error in the bunch. It is possible for Indian elephants to go through as many as thirty-three acts in the circus ring, each of which he must remember and do perfectly.

Learns Routine Work.

Elephants are also different from other animals in that they can be trained to push, as well as pull.

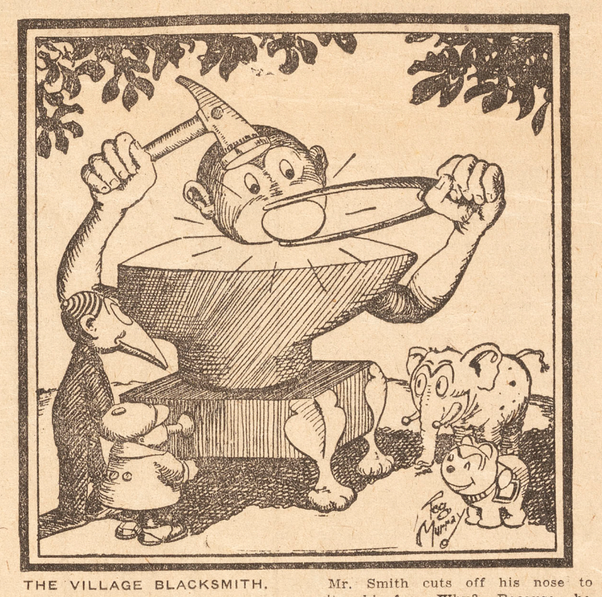
In the timber camps of southern India every elephant is trained to do at least sixteen things in the routine of work which he must perform by command. In their work they sometimes show more intelligence than human beings.

MUST BE.

"Hey, waiter! There's a piece of steel in this bacon. What's the matter?"

"Dunno. Must be a razor back hog."

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

"Beneath the Snoppychestnut tree, the Quoppyblacksmith stands," etc., as Henry W. Shortguy once said. Well, here you are, folks, Mr. Smith himself, a red hot sport, the only man in the world who has to blow his nose with an asbestos hanky.

Notice that Smith has an admiring audience around, they are, reading from top to bottom, Mr. I. M. Cuckoo wishes that he too were an ironman, Mr. Shower Bath, who came to have his plumbing fixed, Mr. Lucky Dog, who wonders if Mr. Smith's nose is a cough drop, and Miss Ella Phunt, who brought her trunk to be repaired.

Mr. Smith cuts off his nose to spite his face—Why? Because he wanted to change its architecture from Gothic-Pug to Roman. Now it's roaming all over the place.

HE CAUGHT ON.

"His humor is quite contagious."

"How do you mean?"

"Whenever you hear it, it makes you sick."

NOT THAT KIND.

"Say, what do you know, Jack found a hundred dollar bill."

"Gwan, did he?"

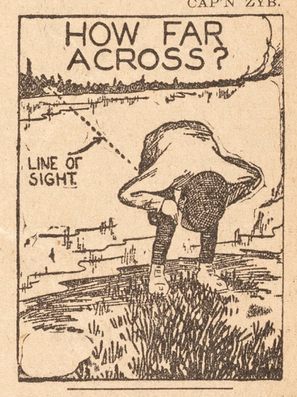
"Yes, and now he's trying to borrow enough to pay it."

Distance Guessing

How many of you fellows can judge distance over a body of water? It's a very hard thing to do, and so I'm going to tip you off to a very good stunt we old "salts" learned years ago.

When on a boat, or on the bank of a river or any such place, and you want to figure how far it is to such and such a point across the water, do this: Turn your back on the object, bend over, and gaze between your knees across the water. You'll be surprised how much more accurate will be your estimate of the distance.

CAP'N ZYB.



A Race That Was Won By a Camera

WHEN the Monarch High School track team met the Valley City team for their annual meet, some of the members of the latter complained because Red Bunker, a former Monarch sprinter, had been appointed judge of the races. "Of course he'll try to give the contest to his own school," they said, "but if there's any doubt about who wins, we'll stick up for our rights."

Jack Coffey, the star quarter-miler of the Monarch team, had been disqualified at the last minute because his chemistry grade was low, and on the day of the meet he was feeling pretty blue because he couldn't help his team out. But he had gone to Valley City anyway to take pictures of the events, for he was almost expert with his camera.

At the meet, Jack had to content himself with standing at the finish with Red and taking pictures of the winners as they came in. They were pretty evenly divided between the two towns, and when it came time for the relay at the end, it was found that each side had an equal number of points and this last event would decide the winning team.

It was a close race. Jack snapped the winner as he crossed the line, with the second so close behind it was hard to tell which got in first. "Monarch first," called Red through his megaphone. Valley City's side of the grandstand rose in arms instantly, declaring in one voice that their man had won. Even the Monarch folk expressed surprise. It looked as if Valley City had come in first.

A great clamor followed. The Valley City boys declared their intention of beating up the Monarch team after dark. After supper at the little resaurant, the Monarch boys stood in front, wondering what to do. They knew their opponents were laying for them in front of the high school and would start a rumpus as they passed on their way to the train. Suddenly somebody asked where Jack Coffey was. He hadn't been seen anywhere.

"Beat it as soon as he heard the word 'fight,'" declared one boy. "Saw him myself, headin' for downtown. That's a piker's way to do—flunk out of the meet, then sneak off when we get ourselves in trouble."

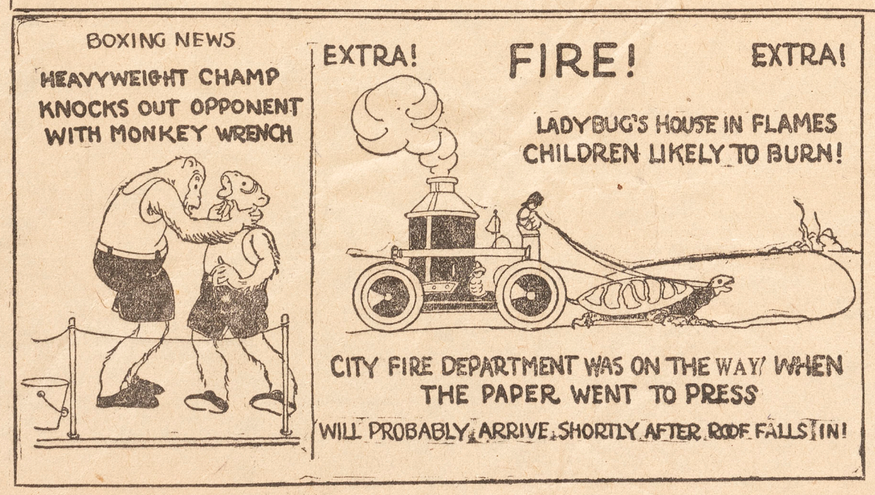
The Valley City boys were starting up the street toward Monarch's defenders. They were armed with something that looked suspiciously like eggs. The angry mob was just aiming its first avalanche of missiles when a tall figure come tearing through the crowd. "Stop the fight," yelled the voice of Jack Coffey. "I've got photographs of the finish here. Just got them developed. Look and you'll see who won!"

The leader of the Valley City crowd took a picture, distrustfully. He gazed a minute at it and then uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then he turned to his gang. "'S all off, fellows," said he, giving the picture to those nearest him. What they saw was Monarch's runner at the line, his arm out, and the Valley City boy behind him—Monarch had won and the judge was right.

PUBLISHED OCCASIONALLY BY EPHRAIM OWL

THE ANIMAL NEWSPAPER

SPECIAL 1924 OFFERING A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION—FREE



NERVE.

Wigg: "Say! More than one person has been guilty of mutilating the books I lent him, but my latest experience caps the climax."

Wagg: "What was it?"

Wigg: "I lent Blank my dictionary and yesterday he returned it without a word."

PERHAPS.

John City (watching farmer rolling a field): "Wonder what he's rolling that field for?"

Joe Town: "Mebby he's going to grow rolled oats."

WHERE WAS THE BLACKGUARD?

The King: "What, ho, the guard!"

Page: "Sorry, king, the guard's lost his umbrella and it's raining."

The King: "Then, what ho, the mudguard!"

SHE MIGHT MAKE IT.

A stout woman asked a little boy: "Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the park?"

Boy: "I guess so; a load of hay just went through.

NATURALLY.

Irate Doctor (shoving up the window to see who is causing all the rapping on door): "Well?"

Voice (from below): "No, sir, sick."

Answer to to-day's word puzzles: The story with the numbers supplied should read: The fair 1 climbed up 2 see 3 men who were 4tune hunters in a 5-passenger car going 6ty miles an hour. 7 miles from town they stopped and 8 their supper, then be9ly they sat down and studied their map in10tly. 3 + 4 — 7; 2 + 5 — 7; 6 + 1 —7. 1+2+3+4+5+6—21, which is made up of three sevens.

321
456
———
777

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All manuscript, drawings and photographs submitted to the editor must be accompanied by return postage. The name and address of the sender should be written plainly in the upper right-hand corner of the first page of the manuscript, and on the back of each photograph and drawing. Manuscript will be considered when written on one side of the paper only. Sufficient room should be left between lines to permit editing.

Great Expectations.

GREAT things are expected from Matthews' death ray, which is reported to have been secured by Great Britain. The statement is made that it will revolutionize warfare by bringing airplanes down.

The housewife is more interested in the death ray's possible domestic uses. Why should it not replace the fly-swatter and save the wallpaper?

Next ?

A PROMINENT dentist asserts that too many teeth are being extracted. He says there is a craze for pulling teeth and that good teeth are being sacrificed as well as the bad.

This frankness does no dishonor to the dental profession. Now, will some medical doctor arise to protest against the number of appendixes that are being cut out?

Beating the Calendar.

GERMAN scientists claim to have found a way in which liquor can be aged twenty years in twenty minutes. Perfection of this system must prove a boon to the homebrew industry.

The familiar objection to the ordinary homebrew recipe is taken to the clause "let it stand for three weeks, before uncorking." Many can make homebrew, but how many can leave the bottled product alone for three weeks?

A Higher Type.

FROM time to time reports come of highway robberies in which the robbers display remarkably good manners and kindly politeness. They take the money but, apart from that important detail, their conduct is above reproach.

It may be that, at the present time, a higher type of individual than formerly is engaging in the hold-up business. The world has recognized "the new poor," and it may be time to identify "the new crooks."

Putting on the Lid.

A MAN has been found in a hospital suffering from stab wounds who admits he received them from four friends because the latter objected to his playing of an accordian. Time was when the accordian could be tolerated by anyone, but the ubiquitous phonograph has educated the public taste up to a point where the music which was wont to arouse enthusiasm merely irritates people.

Such is what happens as progress goes on. The time will no doubt come, perhaps sooner than some people expect, when daggers will be drawn quite generally to put down the playing of the saxaphone.

The Genius of Youth.

A GROUP of art teachers were discussing school art the the other day.

"It's a strange thing," said a visitor, "but it's true, that often the work that shows the most freshness and originality, the most real promise, is found in the lower grades."

"It's the young ones, the primary children, who show the most real genius. Later their work becomes stilted and conventional. They copy more and follow along the lines laid down by others." Crude as the work of a child almost always is, it often has a kind of spontaneous freshness about it.

Profesosr Cizek, who has produced such marvellous results with his Austrian school children, never ridicules anything that his children do. In fact, he says he does not even teach them.

He talks about the thing they are going to draw until they all see a picture of it in their minds and then he lets the children work away.

The secret of his success is that he doesn't control, or teach; he just takes off the lid, as he expresses it.

What's the answer to it all?

Why, self-confidence, of course.

If we could all just believe in ourselves the way a youngster believes in his own ability to draw a horse and a road, we might do some wonderful work in the world.

THE MILL RUN

THE LANES OF PICARDY.

What can a crippled soldier do?
Gardening, a bit; odd jobs, a few—
The days are past when, bold and free,
I roamed the lanes of Picardy.

I'd friends and comrades then, a score;
(Count the black crosses by the shore)—
Now I go limping lonelily,
Down the green lanes of Picardy.

The 'Christ' that at the crossroads stands
Saw us go forth, in eager bands,
When war's alarum, fierce and high,
Rang through the lanes of Picardy.

He saw all go—but few return.
Ah, gentle Christ! did'st Thou not yearn
To stay the feet that hurried by
Down the long lanes of Picardy?

Past are the anguish and the fears,
Silent the laughter and the tears;
Yet still their echoes come to me
In haunted lanes of Picardy:

When I in churchyard earth am laid
There'll be another soldier shade
To join that ghostly company,
Whose feet, at night, go tramping by—
(So wearily, so eerily!)
Down the dark lanes of Picardy.
—Stanley Penn, in London Poetry.

FREE SPEECH.

When some pacifists applied recently for permission to meet in Massey Hall and address each other, a row was raised in the City Council. Grave fears were expressed that their meeting might lead to a breach of the peace. Should these alarmist expectations be justified we trust the police will be on hand to arrest those who break the peace. It seems to us a preposterous thing that because something a man may say might incite another man to knock him down, the speaker, in the interest of society and for the protection of his assailant, should not be permitted to say anything at all. If our doctrine of free speech means anything at all it means freedom to say disagreeable things, since nobody needs any protection in saying the pleasing, popular thing. The law already provides fitting penalties for those who injure others by the spoken word. There is a law against slander. There is a law against the use of vile and indecent language. There is a law against sedition. There is even a law against blasphemy, though we believe that this is in the way of being repealed in England.

There are quite enough laws to protect the victim of the spoken word, and only the law guaranteeing freedom of speech to protect the speaker. It is of the utmost importance to society that this fundamental law should be observed and its application extended by our legislative bodies and our courts.

* * *

In time of war one of the most precious rights surrendered by the citizen to the State is that of free speech but it cannot too steadfastly be borne in mind that this is merely a temporary waiver and not a permanent abjuration. In 1916, society would have regarded as a dangerous enemy anybody who preached pacifism and non-resistance and those who ventured to do so were clapped in jail or suffered the penalty of ostracism. But did we not regard Liebknecht, the great German pacifist, as a hero? That is to say we regarded everyone as more or less heroic who aided us in any way to victory. To win the war was then the immediate and vital object. To win our own souls back out of the muck and hate and insanity promoted by the war is now the immediate and vital object. It can be done best by according the utmost liberty of speech on all matters.

* * *

It is surely unnecessary at this time to recite the arguments that men advanced in past ages to establish this precious right. We merely mention the fact that every great idea was repellant to the majority when it was first laid hold of by poets, philosophers or scientists. There has been no great literary discovery ever made whose growth was not hampered by hostility of the mob to new ideas, and often by its persecution of those who advanced them. The instincts of men in the mass have not changed. This appetite for martyrs is as keen as ever. This inability to recognize martyrs until a couple of generations have elapsed is always to be counted on. Men nowadays who would salute a statue to memory of Giordono Bruno or John Hampton would cheerfully form a lynching party with Eugene Debs or Gandhi as the piece de resistance.

* * *

Nor has it escaped our notice that people who loudly deplore the tendency of liberty of speech to degenerate into license themselves bandy words with a good deal of gusto. They speak of pacifists, quite simply as white-livered sneaking cowards, and would be honestly dumbfounded if it were proposed to outlaw such expressions as tending to a breach of the peace.

* * *

Shortsighted conductor on King car—"Niagara Street!"

Then after peering out of the window—"Er—rather, Tecumseh!"

* * *

In a review of "Our Mutual Friend," belated we admit, we suggested that Dickens hinted at a subsequent marriage between the doll's dressmaker and the half-witted, Slopey. Apparently this was the understanding also of Sir Harry Johnstone who made an imaginary projection of one set of Dicken's characters in "The Gay-Dombeys" and another in "The Veneerings." He shows Slopey married to Jenny Wren, who has had the benefit of a couple of operations to the effect that she gives birth to twins. So what appeared to us at the time as almost a grotesque suggestion is now revealed as a very commonplace reading of the text. —J. V. M.

AMONG US MORTALS By Richard Vincent Culter



Everybody's Bobbing It Now

(Copyright, 1924)



"Ha, ha, ha—so you've gone and done it! Well, cheer up, Sweetie—you'll get used to it!" The usual greeting of the veteran "bob" to the Rookie.



Noon hour in the business district on a nice day is the clearing house for "bobs". It's here that you can get a line on every kind of bobbed hair that can be invented.

A good "bob" is no respecter of persons. It often happens that Mrs. De La Fitz Noodle, who has had the most exclusive hairdresser in town do his most expensive best for months, still looks like something the cat dragged in, while some gum-chewing Tessie in the millinery department—who has her room - mate pinch-hit for the barber—just simply CAN'T make her hair fall wrong.



Life's darkest moment — when Pierre has finished the devastating job and left you looking like a half plucked chicken and then proffers you your "crowning glory" with — "Would madame perhaps like me to wrap zis up for ze little souvenir?"

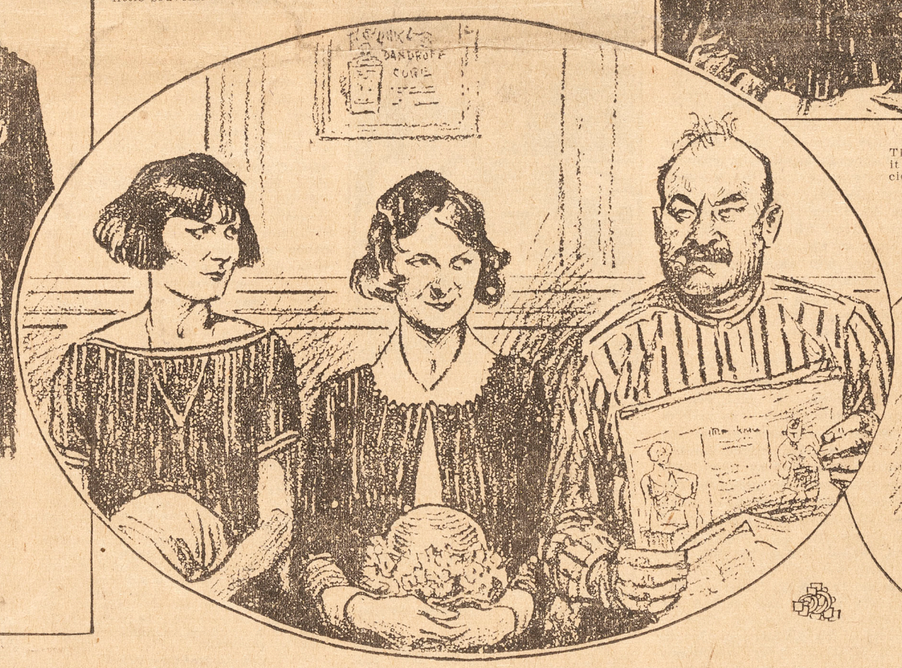


Just a little intimate glimpse of the girl who thought a "bob" would be less trouble.



The Scoffers—of course it may be an accident, but it is strange that most of the women who decidedly do not approve of bobbed hair are generally too old to wear it that way.







Would-be tennis champions seem to buy a "bob" along with their first tennis racket.

Bobbed hair has made a big change in the personnel as well as the spelling of the "bobber" shops. And whether the rule about giving up your seat to a lady (when you get it) applies makes it quite complicated.

The "Boss of his own household" who swore that if HIS wife ever dared to bob her hair he'd raise a beard, so there. However, as a punishment it has turned out rather a boomerang, for the "bob" is a huge success, and the beard is coming in a decided red.

WHY YOUR DOG COSTS SO MUCH - - By Albert Payson Terhune

OLD Man Negley was on his way home from a long day's lawn-trimming on Vine Street. As he passed the Benring house, Professor Benring hailed him from the veranda. Old Man Negley smiled to himself. He thought he knew why he had been summoned thither.

The Benrings were almost the only family on the pretty residence street that had no dog. Of late, the professor's young wife had been teasing him to buy a collie pup. The professor had asked Negley for the addresses of one or two reliable kennels. He wanted a pup of registered stock, he said; a true thoroughbred.

"Look here, Negley!" exclaimed the professor as the old man turned in at the front walk in obedience to his call. "I got these three letters by the afternoon mail. They are answers from the collie breeders you told me to write to. Well, those men aren't collie breeders. They are highway robbers. Especially the one whose letterhead has the foolish inscription: 'To Win Without Boasting; To Lose Without Excuses.' That chap is going to lose one sale, anyhow. So are the two others who wrote to me."

"H'm!" commented Old Man Negley, glacing over the three sheets of crumpled paper thrust into his hand by the professor. "Where does the highway robbery come in? These letters aren't written the way a college professor would write them, maybe. A man can breed fine dogs without having much education. But all three of the letters seem straightforward enough and honest. What's wrong with them, sir?"

"Wrong with them?" snorted the professor. "Why, they have the chilled nerve to ask anywhere from $75 to $100 for male collie puppies only two months old! I figured such pup would cost me, at most, ten dollars. It's outrageous! It's highway robbery!"

WELL, sir," said the old man soothingly, "there's no law compelling you to buy any of these pups, is there? They can't put you in jail for refusing, can they? In fact, breeders know pretty well that there are are about ten 'shoppers,' like yourself, to every real buyer. They make allowances for that. In fact, if there were fewer 'shoppers,' the breeders could afford to sell these pups at a lower rate."

"How do you make that out?" demanded the professor, sneeringly—"That's idiotic."

"Idiotic?" asked Negley, in no way offended. "Is it? Think for a moment. Suppose you are breeding puppies for sale. Suppose fifty people write to you, asking your prices, etc? Well, you are a busy man. You take several dollars worth of time to sit down and answer all those letters—or else you pay a secretary to do it. You pay for the stamps. You pay for any photographs you send at the "shoppers' request. You pay for any pedigree cards you have to get made to send in your letters; or for any kennel cards. You send out fifty of those letters, perhaps with photos and cards in them. You never hear another word from at least forty-five of the fifty people whose letters you answer. And perhaps one or two of the other five write back to you that your prices are highway robbery.

"That sort of expense runs up high, in the course of a year. To meet it, the breeder must tack on something to the cost of the puppies he sells. That is only one of the many sidelines of expense. Breeders can't get stationery and stamps printed or engraved cards and illustrated booklets and photos for nothing. Those things must be paid for. And the bulk of them must be used up on "shoppers,' not on bonafide buyers.

"MOST shoppers or buyers write to a breeder, because they have seen his advertisements. He had to pay for those advertisements, too. All that must be counted in the total price. And sometimes his ads are thrown away. For instance, once my Dobermann female had nine sturdy puppies. When they were a week old, I spent $70 in advertising them, in the kennel papers and the newspapers. Four weeks later, every one of the nine had died of worms and convulsions. That was a net loss of $70 to me, besides the loss of the pups. It happens to most breeders, soon or late. They must write off the loss, by charging more for the next litter of puppies.

"Here is a letter from a breeder who spent money to advertise a litter of furry collie pups. He had lost cash through 'shoppers' and through the death of other pups. He had to pay high for advertisements. He had to register his kennel name. He had to pay to register the sire and dam of the pups (if he owned the sire), in order to have true 'registered stock' puppies. If he didn't own the sire, he had another initial cost of from $25 to $75. Then probably some of the pups died. He may have had to pay a veterinary to nurse the others back to health, so they could be sold. He had to pay for milk and prepared food and eggs and broth for the pups, after they were weaned.

"He had to make their price cover some of the tremendous expenses of his kennels' upkeep. He had to take chances that some of the pups would be muts or culls or 'seconds,' that nobody would pay a decent price for. He had to take the chance that distemper might carry off some of them before they could be sold; and that a distemper epidemic might close his kennels for weeks to any sales at all. Why, those aren't by any means all the expenses that the sale of every pup must help pay, before he could make a penny of profit—to say nothing of making up for the cash he paid out, maybe for years, in getting his kennels enough of a reputation to sell any dogs at all.

"THEN when he asks from $75 to $100 for a puppy which someday may be worth ten times as much—well, some indignant shopper calls him a robber. How much profit do you suppose—how much net profit, I mean—do you suppose one of three breeders is due to make out of each pupp's sale? If he makes a net profit of $10, he is playing in mighty good luck. Oftener, he'll make much less; when the gross is divided up so as to cover all his costs and his losses. Sometimes he'll be lucky to break even.

"Oh, yes, there are breeders who will sell you a thoroughbred collie for anywhere from ten dollars up. And he is usually as loyal a chum and as intelligent and good tempered as a registered-stock puppy that is fit to win at a bench show. Those breeders either sell so many cheap dogs that they can make the sales pay; or else they are under no special expense; and the parents of the pup cost them next to nothing.

"There are pushcarts where your wife can buy a feathered hat for sixty cents. It will cover her head and be as comfortable as if she paid sixty dollars for it at some Fifth Avenue milliner's. There are ten dollar collies that you—"

"For goodness' sake, Negley!" fumed the Professor. "Cut short that that windy sermon, and advise me which of these three breeders I'd better get my pup from. I'm no 'shopper.' There's a description in one of these letters of a $100 puppy that sounds as if the youngster might be just what I want.

(Copyright, 1924.)

With the Colyumnists

By N. H.

We have to loan Germany the money to pay her obligations to us as the victors. Oh, debt, where is thy sting?

We see that the first flies of summer are waiting outside in order to slip in as soon as we open the windows to put up the screens.

It is the early fly that gets in on the ground floor.

By DON MARQUIS.

To offer to do a favor to a certain type of man is to give him a chance to be nasty.

THE FORMAL TOUCH.
Miss Marguerite Casey
Dares
Mr. Chauncey Williston
to
Try Any More of
That Stuff
With Her.

Sir: Does Aunt Prudence Heckle-bury belong to the "Mother's Hair Straightening and Marching League of America?"

This organization has branches in every state.

It is opposed to curly hair and all of its vices.

If Aunt Prudence does not belong to it I am certain she would make a good and active member.

A suspicion has been growing on us for thirty or forty years: We suspect that the Calendar has slipped a little. May was as cold as April used to be. November is about what October used to be. An error of a few hours a year would make a difference of a month in a couple of hundred years.—Captain Peter Fitzurse supports us in this notion.

* * *

The Captain knows nearly everything.—He is quite capable of sitting down with an hour glass, a compass and a pint of Scotch whiskey and inventing a new Calender.—Once, when he was shipwrecked on an island, he made his getaway in a motor boat which he constructed of gutta percha, engine and all.—The gas he distilled from whale oil, and the spark he obtained from trained electric eels.

are insects
honester than men
or as the fellow said
are the facts vice versa
i have heard it argued
that man is the only
animal in existence
who is dishonest
and yet i have seen
a number of cats
with mighty sneaking
looks on their faces
archy

"There has been a wave of intemperance," says a news dispatch from Dublin, "and an extension of clubs where drink can be had." But we had supposed that clubs in Ireland were always extended where drink could be had.

By F. P. A.

If Noah's age was 64,800 years, as a recent "discovery" shows, the chances are that before long some Assyriologist will find an inscription made in Noah's note book when he was about 63,908 years and 3 months old. It will say that he is going to get down to work on his novel, "The Lover of Ararat," next week.

If that was Noah's age, he must have been a terrific old bore. Suppose, when he was just a slip of a 22,018-year-old boy, somebody said to him, merely to make conversation, "Looks like rain." "Rain?" Noah would say. "Did you say 'rain'? Speakfig of rain"—and then he'd be off.

Doubtless there is a girl who looks alluring in khaki knickers, but equally beyond peradventure these old eyes never have been gladdened by same.

"What," asks the minority report of the Methodist Episcopal Conference, "will the mothers say when their children go off to dance the 'Bunny Hug,' the 'Tango,' and the 'Shimmy'?" They will say—nay, they do say—"Good night, Elsie. If you're home before 1 a.m. leave the key under the mat."

In the announcement offering an annual prize of $1,000 for the best book of criticism by an American author, the P. E. N. Club says there are not enough good critics. The implication is that that is what's the matter with American literature. Another trouble is that there are not enough good writers.

"Conference" on "Values," Urge Sloganists.

Sir: We "check" with F. A. S. Jr. on "reaction" in business. His remarks about business becoming more scientific are true "in a measure," but we are convinced that his research on the subject has been somewhat limited. However, his "slant" is interesting, to say the least. It has been the experience of the writers that business is "sold" on a number of other things that have not come under his observation, and think it would be worth our while to "get together around the lunch table" and "iron out a few wrinkles." It is our opinion that this could only be done on a "give-and-take basis." It would also be well to get the seventh vice-president "in on the picture early" and "take the matter up in a big way." This would give him an opportunity to "tell his story" and prevent any "comeback" from that source. THE BABBITTS.

FEATURES Music ~ Theatrical ~ Automotive FEATURES

The Toronto Sunday World

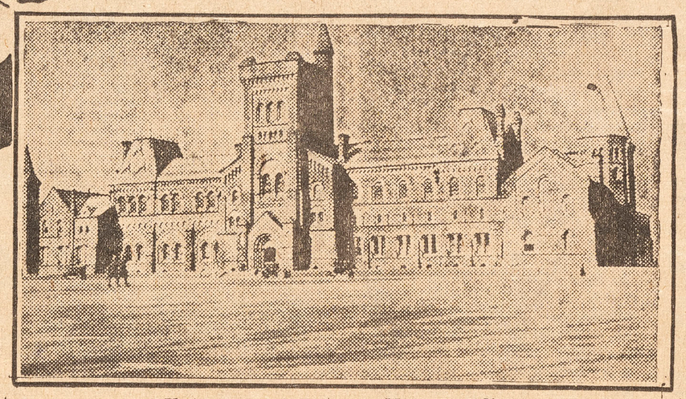
34TH YEAR—ISSUE NO, 14,925. TORONTO, SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1924 10 CENTS PER COPY—PAGES 33 TO 44.

Thousand Bid Good-Bye to Old — Grey Towers

Will Graduates, Faring Forth Into Workaday World, Make Better Showing Than Those of Ten Years Ago?---Co-Eds. Incline to Teaching as Profession---Undergrads in Annual Scramble for Jobs.



A group of last year's Co.-Eds.



University of Toronto, Main Building.

By I. L. KENEN.

DIGNIFIED, yet picturesque are the ceremonies at Convocation Hall when students of the University of Toronto receive their graduation diplomas.

After four and five years of extensive study, and intensive play, one thousand men and women were ready to reap their reward in the form of a degree at the time-honored, annual assembly on Friday. The University degree is an honorable discharge which the University hands out to those who have the courage and nerve to face the Registrar's playfulness each May, and who have come through unscathed on four or more occasions. It is the hall mark with which the University stamps its products, an indication to the world that those products have had sufficient refining to qualify them for a useful place in Society.

THE gravity of the moment is not lost on the graduate, roystering rah-rah boys turned into austere young men by the solemnity of the occasion, gay co-eds transformed into stately young ladies. All are leaving the shelter of the University—they are coming out into the open, prepared to begin life. And for most of them, as they take their degrees, bright memories of joyous undergraduate days, crammed full of dancing, athletics, rugby, hockey an occasional scrap—and an even more occasional lecture—are effaced by the consciousness of the new life that lies ahead of them.

Of course there are students who have no use for Convocation at all. And these range all the way from the man who stays away completely, to the man who deliberately expresses his contempt for the whole procedure by attending in a highly illuminated condition. Such a man took his degree last year, and it is said by those who were near, that the Chancellor perceptibly swayed, overcome by the powerful breath of the young man who knelt before him.

But such cases are rare. Most students see in Convocation the first turning point of their career, in fact, its very beginning. It is the consummation of many long years of work, and the degree that they receive is the weapon with which they go forth, armed, to fight the world.

WHAT does the future hold for the thousand men and women graduating this year?

Have the four years they spent at the University rendered them unfit to become useful citizens?

It is a problem that applies more especially to the Arts graduate. Here as nowhere else in the University is a man who has spent four years with the sole purpose of becoming educated, not trained. Unlike the doctor, engineer, dentist, the Arts graduate is a non-professional, he has been pursuing knowledge for its own sake, without any regard for its future utility, to him or to the world. There is no profession or walk of life to which his B. A. alone will admit him. It is he, more than any one else who must face the question, "Will I be able to come down to earth?"

What will happen then to the three hundred odd students who are graduating in Arts this year. Their B. A. degree merely certifies that they have absorbed a certain amount knowledge.

And the Arts graduate realizes this. He is quite conscious of the fact that in the old days when University men were scarce and, consequently respected, there was a demand much greater than there is to-day for the University graduate in all walks of life. To-day the Bachelor of Arts is a drug on the business market. Either an Arts graduate must go on with some kind of training, which will enable him to become a teacher, a minister, or a lawyer, or else he must go out into the world and try to make as much as he can in business, where he is not as much in demand as he was fifteen years ago.

THE days are gone when an Arts graduate could stroll into the office of a large corporation and hold up the manager for a salary of five thousand a year on the awful possibility of the graduate refusing to work altogether. To-day the average Arts graduate if he is content to go into commerce and sacrifice an academic or legal career, is modest in his demands—if he is bold enough to make any demands at all—and is willing to get a good position at a small salary, provided, of course that the position holds out some possibility of advancement. He is rare now, that individual, who expected to have the world at his feet cowering before the mighty fearfulness of a B. A. degree.

But if an Arts graduate elects a professional career, he must continue his studies. To become a lawyer he must go on to Osgoode for three years. To become a high school teacher he must take another year of work. To achieve academic distinction he must spend years of patient research. And to become a clergyman, he must pursue special theological studies. So that the three hundred graduates in Arts are all doing a good deal of thinking these days.

IT IS interesting to go back ten years, and trace the careers of one hundred and twenty-two graduates of University College in 1914. Of these, we find that 10 are deceased, mostly victims of the war; 12 have disappeared from view; 23 went to Osgoode, and are practicing at law; 18 went into divinity; 13 became teachers; 6 are doctors; 5 are in the Civil Service; 4 are in the bond business; 6 are accountants and actuaries; 1 is a farmer; 1 is a chemist; 2 are manufacturers; 5 are business executives; 3 are insurance and steamship agents; 2 are in social service—one of them in Geneva; 2 are journalists—one of them on Fleet Street; 1 is an author; 1 is a publisher; 1 is a research engineer; 1 is in the Mayo Clinic, Rochester; 1 is a professor at a University out West; 2 are doing research work in medicine in the Old Country; 2 are engaged in research work at the University of Toronto.

Most of these men went on with their education after they received their B. A. degree. And it is doubtful whether those who did not, would have achieved the success they did if they went out into the world to-day armed only with a B.A. Furthermore there are twelve in the above list who have never been heard from since graduation, so that it cannot be said that all were successful.

FEW of the Arts graduates plot out romantic careers. Most of them drift into prosaic occupations. Yet there are a few exceptions. Of last year's graduating class one is in South America with an oil firm, and another after applying for a job in a restaurant in this city, found himself transferred to a comparatively opulent situation in New York City with a company operating a chain of restaurants.

The teaching profession seems to be the goal of most of the co-eds at the University. More than half of the girls who are graduating in Arts this year expect to continue their academic careers teaching in high school. Some of the remainder will do secretarial work, others will become journalists, a few of them will go into advertising. Some are attracted by the secluded calm of a librarian's work, others anxious for a career, will go in for social service work. A few of them will go on to the College of Art, and one or two are interested in dramatic art. But no one seems to worry about the future of the co-ed. With the exception of the serious minded young ladies, who, actuated by a love for mankind, intend to devote their lives to the teaching profession, the co-ed is not taken seriously. Her talk of an independent career often does not materialize. And no one worries seriously about it, because in the last resort a co-ed can always marry and have some one else's career to interest her. And that many reach this last resort is shown by the fact that according to the records at the University about half of the co-eds marry sooner or later. Indeed many enter the University with that as their sole purpose, and last November the University was in the throes of an epidemic of engagement rings.

THE Arts man is not alone in his worries on Convocation Day. The professional man, the doctor, the dentist, and the engineer are also laying plans for the future. The first two must establish themselves in offices, build up practices, carve out a place for themselves in their respective professions. The engineer is wondering whether there is room for still another in a profession supposed to be overcrowded.

Yet of the 165 engineers who graduated this year—their convocation was held a few weeks ago—well over half have found positions. So that it is fairly safe to say that the engineering profession is not altogether congested. Many have already "dug themselves in". All the miners and metallurgists have been placed, between 75 and 90 per cent. of the mechanicals and electricals are already working and between 50 and 75 per cent. of the civils and chemicals have all found positions. One engineer who is well in touch with the employment situation, expressed the opinion that Canada's particular difficulty lay in the fact that this country did not know how to properly use her engineers with the result that she could not absorb all of them. The solution of the problem lay in the education of Canada's business men in the various uses to which engineers could be put. "The profession is not really overcrowded," he pointed out, and he referred to the success of this year's graduates in obtaining positions. But apart from this he considered that a training in engineering was as good a training for any branch of life, as could be had, and that even if graduates could not find jobs as engineers, they were well fitted to take other positions as business executives as a result of their training in S.P.S. This training he believed fitted one better for a place in the world than that gained in the Arts Colleges, a claim that no Arts man will dispute, since Arts College does not attempt to train, its aim, under ideal conditions, is to educate.

NOT all the engineers who have secured positions are satisfied with their present lot and intend to remain where they are. More than a few have taken jobs at the bottom of the scale where the practical training they will get will compensate them for their small pay checks and lowly station.

Though the dental profession would seem overcrowded from a mere survey of the brass plates that front so many of Toronto's homes, most of the students who graduate in dentistry this year are out of town men who intend to practice out of the city. And the same applies to the medical profession. Yet the number of Doctors and Dentists in the city seems to be multiplying at an alarming rate, causing many a young man to hesitate before he decides to enter the long courses that lead to diplomas in these professions.

An interesting fact about this year's graduating class is that it is the one that entered the University immediately after the conclusion of the war. For this reason, the year made up as it is of many war veterans has been called the unusual year. And this is evident from the fact that many of the graduates seem a good many more than four years older that most of the freshmen at the University.

MANY and varied are the summer occupations of the undergraduate, who seeks employment between academic sessions for the purpose of swelling his usually slender income. He is not as discriminating as the graduate, for he does not care what he does as long as it will bring him money. Most University graduates know exactly what they want to do, if they are venturing into the world of commerce, and do not jump at the first opportunity. The undergraduate, on the other hand, although he is always on the lookout to establish a connection which will serve him in good stead when he graduates, will seize the first opportunity to make money. For opportunities are scarce, and undergraduates seeking summer employment, are plentiful.

Indeed with employment conditions as they are it is an economic wonder now the country is able to absorb the five thousand students who are out looking for jobs, for in the space of a few weeks almost every undergraduate is employed in some way without resorting to unemployment parades and demonstrations. If there is no job available, the undergraduate by his ingenuity, will go out and make a job to fit him. Most of the novel summer employments originate in the fertile brain of the University student, and he stands not on his dignity while he is at it. In the scramble to get jobs, the results are incongruous. Dentists giving boxing instruction in a summer camp, philosophy students selling peanuts at the ball game, medicals playing the violin up at a summer hotel, divinity students on the boat, a forestry student owning a concession in a brightly lighted amusement park, far from his dark and sombre forests, a student in commerce and finance learning the intricacies of higher mathematics as he calculates the extraordinary vagaries of a taximeter. All these and many more are the positions that the students take when studies and examinations are over and they become ordinary mortals seeking the dollar.

Though the employment situation is even worse than it was last year, the students are not finding the hardships as great. Over half of the four hundred students who made application this year with the employment bureau conducted by the Alumni Federation at the University, were able to obtain jobs through the bureau which is higher than last year. And most of the remainder were satisfied in some other way. This is due largely to the fact that several new occupations are opened to the student. This year the Bell Telephone Company is using a large number to help in the installation of the new automatic phones, and in addition many students found jobs with the rubber neck wagons. And on the other hand many of the University students are giving up a summer's toil and making Wembley their goal, instead, thus decreasing the number of students seeking work.

CANADIAN students have no taste for selling. There are all kinds of opportunities offered in the summer by the sales departments of large firms, publishing and manufacturing, yet most students turn these down flatly. They would rather work as day laborers than sell magazines or brushes. And the result is that each summer sees a large immigration of American students to this country to take over the work that the Canadian students will not do. Canada never took kindly to Sam Slick and his methods, and this feeling is certainly reflected in the attitude of the student. One publishing house which employs a large summer selling force, after vainly trying to get Canadian students to sell magazines, was forced to import a large number of enterprising Americans with the result that over ninety per cent. of its selling staff is made up of non-Canadians.

The few Canadians who remain in the selling field find it difficult to compete with these American students. The story is told of one freshman from the University of Toronto who tried to do subscription soliciting in the City of Hamilton,—and, the story goes, at the conclusion of the day he found himself in jail, as a result, he thought of the machinations of the American crew working in the same territory, really because he had walked across an irate gentleman's lawn. Needles to say the freshman quit the selling game that day.

The selling methods these American students pursue are remarkably for their ingenuity. One Toronto home last summer was visited in one day by no less than six subscription and book agents, ranging in age from 17 to 35, and engaged in six different kinds of competitions for scholarships at six different universities.

ROMANCE and adventure is the lot of the enterprising student who takes to the sea and, with good Canadian cattle to doctor him should he contract sea sickness, makes his way to England and the continent. And equally adventurous are the students who go far into the north country and act as guides to tourists or tutors to the laborers in the far off lumber camps.

Even more than in previous years, the co-ed is this summer emulating the male of the species in her quest for employment. One summer hotel sending out a call for waitresses,—they needed ten—received seventy applications from University girls. The boats too, take their quota, and more than one romance has begun on these between the purser and the waitress, who, though they differ in station on sea, are equals when they return to the halls of University College in the fall.

Some of the students have extraordinary stories to tell when they get back to school in the fall. One such student, who happens to be the son of a minister, obtained a job last summer with a taxi-cab company. His employers soon discovered that their new chauffeur was a young man of very level morals, a man who could be trusted. And much to that student's disgust he found himself being sent out when ever any drunks called for a car. His car alone of the entire fleet, was the one always sent whenever a wild party was beginning or breaking up. The reason, of course, was that his employers believed that he could be trusted, that he would neither take advantage of the drunken stupors of his clients to commit theft nor himself become one of the roisterers. Their trust was not misplaced, the student will admit, although he says that he saw more of Toronto's night life in that summer than his father ever dreamed of, even when the latter's thunderings against sin were at their best.

FEW students actually are engaged in the summer in the work that they intend to follow after graduation. Most of the undergraduates in S.P.S. however, do follow some form of engineering work during the summer, and medical and dental students usually find it easy to obtain jobs on concessions at summer resorts because their professional knowledge is usually thrown in. But these are exceptions and what medical service these students dispense at summer resorts is usually of highly doubtful character.

The days when the University was the winter residences of rich men's sons are over. There are few at the University who can afford to spend the entire summer without swelling their incomes in some way. And certainly no student has ever come back to the University, pale and wan after a summer's labor, with the story that he augmented his fortunes by working hard clipping coupons off his father's bonds.

Will He Land on His Feet?

Did you ever see an aeronaut forced to leave his balloon without much deliberation on his part? In much the same manner does the graduate leave the lofty heights of learning. And just as the airman may have trembled with anxiety, as he entrusted himself to the slender parachute, so our graduate trembles as he wonders whether his parachute—his degree—will land him safely on his feet when he gets to earth. And that is the current of thought that runs deep beneath the show and ceremony of Convocation. Will the University graduate come down to earth on his feet? Will he come down to earth at all? Or will he remain soaring in the clouds, far above the practical life below him? That is the question that confronts most of the thousand students this year taking their degrees.

"CANADA FIRST" WELL KNOWN TO OLDER FOLKS

Incorrigible Booster of Canada and All It Contains Still on Job.

THE original "Canada First" McConnell, ardent booster of the Brightest Jewel in the Empire's crown at all sorts of local gatherings around a quarter of a century ago, is still hale and hearty and ever willing to recall with complacence his oratorical efforts directed towards making Canada a Nation, while he views proudly the position in which this Glorious Dominion of Ours stands Enthroned to-day among the Nations of the Earth.

Mr. McConnell put the soft pedal on when the Whitney Government came into power and he accepted a minor position in the civil service which precluded his spellbinding at political meetings. He fretted somewhat under the restrictions and eventually abandoned his Government job to become a city inspector of roadways, which allowed more personal liberty, but he never returned to the platform except on rare occasions, being satisfied to continue his boosting of Canada with less ostentation but equal conviction. He is still called "Canada First" by some of those who knew him well in other days.

One of these friends recalls a story of the late Hon. Edward Blake, having just returned from England, where he was accosted by Canada First McConnell on Church Street with a profuse line of welcome home stuff. "You don't know me, Mr. Blake," said McConnell, "but everybody in Canada knows you, and all of us who have Canada's well-being close to our hearts ought to know each other. Though we belong to different party faiths, what bodes it if we are sincere and have a common aim to elevate our country." Mr. Blake replied "Just so!" or something of the sort, and in the brief conversation which followed a friendship was established which McConnell boasts of to this day.

The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob

WEEK-END THOUGHTS OF A MONDAY NIGHTER

IT is an impossible task to sit down with a divining crystal and predict the future of stock companies in Toronto. Of course, everybody knows that there is a great demand just at the present time for popular priced stock during the Winter time. Not since the days of Ralph Stuart and Ralph Cummings has there existed as large a public in Toronto for that sort of entertainment as at the present time. It is rather odd how those things come and go. There is no doubt about the strong foundation upon which Vaughan Glaser has built his local vogue, and his return in the Autumn will be eagerly awaited by his following.

Much Less Certainty.

Regarding the future of the English stock company, there is no such certainty. Never in the history of local theatricals has an organization been so cordially received, and played ducks and drakes so recklessly with popular esteem. They opened here in February, 1923. Inside of three months, the most discriminating play-goers in Toronto were turning out regularly to see them. On account of the intellectual and artistic quality of their work, they secured a critical approval, and even editorial attention that a routine stock company cannot hope for. They were doing the best available English plays, and acting them more than competently. You never heard a word of criticism, except from people who liked "shows." It looked as though the English Company would become an institution, one of the few real repertoire organizations on the continent. Then, as though success had been too easy, and the approval of the most competent judges too unanimous, they set to work, as it were, to wreck themselves.

There is no use saying too much about the story of the quarrels and lawsuits. The mischief has been accomplished, and inside of a year the continuance of what had promised to be an institution has become problematical. The first lawsuit between the partners Matthews and Maurice, aired in the courts last May, was the beginning of the end. Shortly after the judgment had been given in favor of Mr. Maurice, we remember meeting him and dampening his satisfaction in his victory by telling him that in our opinion the lawsuit meant disaster for both of them. We think that we even ventured to be prophetic, and said that the lawsuit had ruined the prospects of one of the most promising theatrical undertakings of our time as a theatrical observer in Toronto. You did not have to be the seventh son of a seventh son to make such a forecast. All you needed was a little experience in the public attitude towards stock companies.

The Past Season.

Everybody concerned with the English stock companies seemed to consider that Toronto was a gold mine for such enterprises. So they went ahead and learned by experience what nobody could tell them. For the first months of the past season, there were two companies where there should have only been one. People did have money to spend last fall on playgoing, and one company might have prospered, but there was not enough for two. As the months wore on, less and less money was spent in the theatres. The situation became desperate, and at last the amalgamation was arranged that should never have been necessary. Common sense ought to have prevented the split and the rivalry in the first place. One good company could have made enough profit early in the season to offset the falling off in receipts when the months were reached in which only the popular priced theatrical undertakings enjoyed prosperity.

Now another split seems to have occurred, and nobody is handing out any authentic information about the future of the English companies. They are carrying on a summer season with a lower type of attraction than they used to use, and Cameron Matthews is on the outside looking in. It is announced that he will be back again in the fall, with a strong company and the best modern plays, but no one states whether the amalgamation will be continued, or whether the field will be cleared for Mr. Matthews by the departure of his opposition, or whether we are to have another war.

Value of Good Will.

It may be that this enterprise to give Toronto only the best modern dramas, presented by players who have some intellectual distinction and the bearing of well-bred men and women, will survive. All of us who like the best things of the theatres must hope so. But if they do, it will be a case of the play being the thing. The men in charge of the affairs have done everything possible to make the public antagonistic and indifferent. In order to succeed a stock company must build up for itself a peculiar backing of public good will. There has to be a sort of tradition around them like Percy Haswell's "dear matinee boys and girls". Mr. Matthews and Mr. Maurice might have studied the methods of Edward H. Robins and Vaughan Glaser in that respect. The public wishes to feel an atmosphere of geniality in the whole undertaking. They want to be able to indulge in a little hero worship. Don't you remember how the girls used to get down early to the Alexandra in hopes of seeing Mr. Robins pause in the lobby before going back to make-up? And how seldom they were disappointed. Mr. Glaser's family is just as loyal. His whole enterprise has an enormous insurance of good will.

The English Players, as a result of the bitterly opposed parties supporting them, lacked just that sort of thing. They had to depend upon the fact that they were offering a quality of acting seldom seen in stock. People went to see them because they did such good plays, and because really remarkable players like Leonard Mudie, Walter Kingsford, Dierdre Doyle, Montague Rutherford, Catherine Willard and Charles Warburton played in them. We mention only those regarding whom there was no difference of opinion. We admired Ernita Lascelles greatly, but others found her too coldly intellectual. Many persons enjoyed Edward Douglas much more than we do, as we find that he frequently over-acts for the sake of easy laughs. No more consistently good work has been done in the company than by Anne Carew, a natural actress, always faithful to the type she is presenting. Pauline Armitage improved greatly during her stay here, and everyone regretted her departure, and the same was true of clever young Barry Jones. Our own Nell Jefferis blossomed forth, like Miss Doyle, into an actress who was best in character roles, such as the gentle old woman in "Milestones." There were weak spots, of course. Phyllis Joyce is immature in her work, and Cameron Matthews is only acceptable in a limited range of mannered roles. Harry Green got steadily worse this year until he sank from view, and many regretted that Miss Bradshaw went down too. It was because the company gave the people such good value in their playing that they kept on going, in spite of everything. Artificial efforts to build up support were made, but the good-will necessary to make such an enterprise successful must be spontaneous. It is not created by lawsuits and wars and recriminations.

Many Good Plays.

We have seen several performances in stock this year that were just as enjoyable as any we ever hope to see in the theatre. Nobody who had taken part in a highbrow amateur theatricals could have failed to enjoy that brilliant satire on the little theatre movement, "The Torch Bearers." It was almost perfectly done, and Miss Armitage and Mr. Douglas were never so good. Two other high spots of the season were Arnold Bennett's, "The Great Adventure" and Shaw's "Pygmalian," the former done in Toronto for the first time. One of the best all-round performances was the interesting "Diana of Dobson's", and their performance of "You Never Can Tell" drew us back to see it a second time. The presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was one of the most interesting things ever done here in stock. Some of their performances were better than the original road-shows, and when Miss Doyle, with the Maurice Players did the prima donna in "Enter Madame." They made their mistakes of course, like "Sweet Lavender" and "The Marriage of Kitty," which are passe, and "The Liars," a type of play of which the public has tired, Also they should not have attempted Somerset Maugham's, "The Circle." It was done here so perfectly by a road company, that every detail of it suffered by comparison in stock. It was one of those mis-fit presentations that cannot do much good to any company.

However, the English Players gave us about half the performances of the season that we expect to remember, and that alone is sufficient to make us wish that all the quarrelsome past could be dropped into oblivion, leaving us with the company as a solidly established institution in Toronto. There is another stock enterprise that we hope is going to become an institution, and that is Vaughan Glaser's Christmas pantomime. It was a real inspiration to put that show on at the Uptown Theatre, modeled upon the English panto. Americans have never taken kindly to that form of entertainment, except in an occasional extravaganza like "The Babes in Toyland," so road companies do not bring them to us. But Toronto is sufficiently British to love a pantomime in the Christmas holidays, and Vaughan Glaser did it on a sufficiently elaborate scale. People flocked to it as they do to the circus, even though they had to make the usual circus-day excuse that they were doing it entirely for the enjoyment of the children.

ADA LEWIS

Ada Lewis, who usually prefers to have her humorous personality romp about in musical shows, intends to take a little flier in straight comedy in the near future. The play is called "Early to Bed," but it probably is not a dramatization of the Mother Goose rhyme for children.

By the way, a year or so ago it was said that Frank Craven was writing a comedy entitled "Early to Bed" for Chic Sale, who would love to break away, at least for an interval, from his vaudeville sketch. But apparently he wasn't.

BEAUTIFUL JEANNE EAGELS.



This drawing of the principal actress in "Rain" was made by the Duchess of Rutland.

Our Own Passing Show A New Undertaking

TORONTO has at last been offered its own passing show, or Follies, or whatever you may like to call it—anyway, its own survey of plays of the past season served up in the form of travesty. It is something that we have always wished that one of the community groups would undertake. Now, the Players' Club has broken the ice with their original revue "Plays in the Air," presented at the Hart House Theatre last week, and it turned out to be a sufficiently jolly romp to justify them in doing it again next year. True, the travesties were restricted to the plays presented during the season at Hart House, and for that reason much of the clever nonsense would have been missed by anyone who had not followed the season through in its entirety. We have encountered one person who saw it, but who had not seen half of the Hart House shows of the year. That person consequently missed about half of the point of the revue. However, that is a difficulty that the makers of travesty have to bear in mind. The better the burlesque the more highly sophisticated the audience must be.

Joshing the Syndics.

The review opened with the arrival of Mrs. Highbrow and Mr. Lowbrow, each with an individual theory of what will please people in the drama. They took points of vantage in the two pulpits, after the manner of the magician and the fairy in the Christmas show, "Castles in the Air," and kept up a running comment on the various pieces offered. These two characters were impersonated by Mrs. Erwin Higinbotham and Mr. Archibald Swan.

Then the plot of the review began to unfold, for this revue almost had a plot. The first scene showed a committee meeting of a little theatre group, modeled on the dinner party scene from "The Man From Blankley's." This group consisted largely of earnest highbrows, though one or two of them had brought along lowbrow husbands. One wife admitted that her husband had "laughed twice during Sir John Martin Harvey's Hamlet, and Ophelia was not on the stage either time."

However, in spite of these cheery trials, the group adopted for its motto the phrase, "Let us all be miserable together"—a motto that really has ruined many a little theatre—and then got down to business to select a bill of plays for the season. The cheerful lowbrow wanted to ask riddles, "When is an actor not an actor?" "When he is a star," but he got sat on. Then the director of the little theatre arrived. He had some plans which he hoped that they would consider. But he was reminded by the committee that he was only the director. "The fewer suggestions you make, young man, the better," they told him

The chairman drew up a list of plays to compose their next season's bill.

Only a few of them remain in the memory.

They planned to give—

"Oedipus Rex Ingram."

A double bill consisting of "The Man Who Came Back," followed by "A Pair of Silk Stockings."

A Canadian play entitled "Nobody Comes."

The director was left with this list of plays, and the assurance that 'No play is either good or bad, but producing makes it so."

After that he fell asleep, and like the small boy in "Castles in the Air," he dreamed an ideal season.

Two Clever Travesties.

Before the commencement of the plays, the critic, played by Mr. Henry Button, arrived. He made himself highly conspicuous, as critics ought not to do, but sometimes do. Then he left before the play started, and informed Mrs. Highbrow as he departed that "A good critic knows what he is going to say before he sees the play."

The first travesty was "The Toils of Yoshitoma," described as a "tale of gruesome Japan in the doubtful ages." The father and son of the drama, who had to fight against one another on account of the code of Japanese duty, although they were devotedly fond of one another, became two amateur Japanese actors whose rivalry was very bitter. One believed himself the best actor because he had won a contest "open to all the world and the United States." All the blood-curdling details of the original play were rehashed in a comic strain.

The second travesty was a clever piece of burlesque pantomime, in which "L'Enfant Prodigue" and "The Hostage" were all mixed up. It was danced to the delightful music of "L'Enfant Prodigue," with a number of up-to-date airs tacked on. The arrangement of the music, played by Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, was in itself amusing, and the rowdy dancing was very funny.

Ghosts of Plays.

In the last section of the revue the ghosts were seen of the plays that were to have been done at Hart House Theatre during the season and failed to materialize. Mr. H. E. Hitchman was "The Adding Machine," and boasted that he was a ghost because he was too shocking for the Hart House audiences. "The Romantic Young Lady," played by Miss Pearl Grey, had the complaint to make that she was to have been brought to Hart House, but Cameron Matthews secured the rights and had her stopped. As Mr. Matthews did not use her, she remains a ghost so far as Toronto is concerned. Then came Mr. Wallace House as "Figaro," the opera that was not sung. Miss Grace Webster gave a remarkably good impersonation of Miss Ruth Draper impersonating a child. Two of the best bits of comedy on the bill were provided by Mr. A. J. Rostance, first as an old man who tried to cure his stuttering by whistling, and then as Sarah Gamp, scrubbing the stage after the blood-shed of the Grand Guignol thriller.

A Fine Thriller.

It was a good idea to include in the revue a Grand Guignol play, "The Unexpected." Here is a story full of horror about a medium and her lover who had murdered her husband. They planned to throw the detective off the scent by means of a fake seance, in which the lover was to appear dressed as the husband and tell a false story of the crime. But the unexpected happened when the husband's ghost really materialized and told the story of his death. Then as the climax, the dead body of the lover fell from behind the door where he had secreted himself. This piece was played for all its dramatic worth by Miss Grace Feiro, Mr. Wallace House, Mr. Archibald Swan and Mr. Ivor Lewis. We have always thought that it would be a good idea to put a Grand Guignol thriller of the most horrible description into one of the big American revues, by way of contrast. After seeing this experiment, we still think so.

A clever comic stunt, one of the best of the program, brought the show to a close. It was a choral concert, with a visiting artist. All the music was supplied by a phonograph off-stage, and the choir and musicians merely went through the motions. Miss Grace Webster again scored by her humorous intensity as the prima donna soprano singing a coloratura aria, a remarkably good piece of pantomime.

Moments of beauty were added to the revue by the dancing divertissement of Miss Phyllis Strathy and Miss Winifred Fax, and the singing of Miss Florence Glenn, who rendered an aria from Mozart's "Magic Flute."

The people who took part in Toronto's first revue in the form of travesties should keep the program as an important souvenir. There are a great many persons who like this sort of nonsense when it is well done. One does not say that "Plays in the Air" was perfectt. The puns like "Ibsens makes the heart grow fonder," were a trifle over-done. But is was a mighty good show, nevertlless, presented with plenty of zest, and from year to year, we trust that they will be better and better. Perhaps it will become one of our Little Theatre institutions.

HAS LEFT MOSCOW PLAYERS.



It is not often that a member of the famous Moscow Art Theatre leaves the ranks of the organization, but when the players left recently for their own country Alla Tarasova remained behind to play the part of the nun in "The Miracle", which will run until the end of the present month in New York.

LONG DISTANCE GLIMPSES OF THE BROADWAY STAGES

By PERCY HAMMOND.

TWILIGHT and the evening bells are about to come upon the season's drama. The good shows and the bad give indication that spring is here and that the drama-lovers are now plucking other daffodils than those cultivated within the artificial precincts of Longacre Square.

They tell me that "The Swan" is dying even less gracefully than Pavlowa did, and that "Saint Joan" and "The Nervous Wreck," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Cobra," "The Potters," "The Goose Hangs High," "Expressing Willie," "Beggar on Horseback" and other masterpieces are now wondering where they ought to go from here. "All God's Chillun Got Wings," with its masterful publicity, is headed for Westminster Abbey, as is Mr. Samuel Shipman's "It's Cheaper to Marry," that pious outcry for less and better sex-life among the newer New Yorkers.

The recent Ziegfeld "Follies" and the Music Box Revue have vanished into oblivion, and in their place are the Four or less Marx Brothers in "I'll Say She Is," and "Keep Kool," a Woolworth revue in which Miss Hazel Dawn, the prima-donna, manages to keep cool, despite the heat of her surroundings.

Heywood Broun's Debut.

What else has the American drama done for us recently? Well, it bore "Round the Town," a revue, upon the Century Roof, in which Mr. Heywood Broun, the prominent dramatic critic, was the star. Mr. Broun, in his monologue, was very, very severe about the censorships—so severe, indeed, that he convinced me, a Presbyterian drama-lover, that hell's fire awaits those who do not think that Mr. Cabell's "Jurgen" is a pure book.

Mr. Broun's remarks on this volume abashed me and interfered with my enjoyment of his otherwise satisfactory discourse. I presume that I have the right to say, as any one else has, that I think "Jurgen" is the cheapest, slimiest, back-of -the-barn imitation of Anatole France's delicate romantic indelicacies that ever polluted minor American pornographies. It is to me a musical and an affected smut-book, insolent, sly, slinking and afraid. But who am I, a married N. Y. man-about-town, to judge what is wholesome and what is swampish literature?

"Round the Town" is an "intimate revue," more intimate, perhaps, than friendly. It is a sort of cabinet affair—a lot of funny fellows getting together and being not quite so funny as expected. It seemed to lack what is known among psychologists as "that something," Although containing such whimsical comedians—Mr. Tannen and Mr. Harry Fox—it fails, as the cooks say, to jell.

Other Summer Shows.

Other more lugubrious events of the week involve Mlle. Mistinguett in a big Shubert Street fair entitled "Innocent Eyes." The legs of Mistinguett are said to be invaluable, and so they have been insured in Paris for $50,000 each. Neither of them, so far as this cold acturary is concerned, deserves that estimation. There are, if I may be permitted to say so, one hundred legs in "Innocent Eyes" more importuning than those of Mlle. Mistinguett. It pays, however, to advertise. The commonplace legs of Mistinguett are hurrahed in the Winter Garden with loud N. Y. applause. The limbs of shapeller and younger American girls are passed by in silence, or worse.....However, Mistinguett is a quick woman in a large and leisurely show, built exclusively for the near New Yorkers and their hosts from out-of-town.....You will like it better than "The Right to Dream," the season's worst play.....But not so well, perhaps, as "Keep Kool," a slim, fleet, little burlesque revue in which Johnny Dooley sits on his straw hats, Hazel Dawn plays the violin and Charley King, who knows better, warbles real estate ballads entitled "Own Your Own Home" and "Out Where the Pavement Ends."

I still think that musical comedy ain't wonderful.

The Great American Drama.

Last week I told you something about the trouble over the selection of the best American play to receive the Pulitzer, and how some preferred "The Show-Off" and how Professor Brander Matthews over-ruled them. More disturbance has now been caused by another selection. An international organization of literary men and women who call themselves the P.E.N. Club has been meeting in New York, and Mary Austin, the novelist, and Carl Van Doren, the critic, were appointed a committee to select a play that would show their guests something of the blossoming of the American drama. They decided in favor of "Abie's Irish Rose."

From several angry protests against Miss Mary Austin for selecting "Abie's Irish Rose" as the American show to take the visiting cognoscenti to, I select the following mild communication: "Sir," writes Dorothy Hurst, "have Mary Austin and Carl Van Doren gone crazy? I read that they have selected that American epic, 'Abie's Irish Rose,' as the piece de resistance of the P.E.N. Club's allegedly literary program in New York. ....Was it lost? For years I have been reading the novels of Mrs. Austin and the criticisms of Mr. Van Doren and have never had anything against either of them until now. Maybe you can explain!"

The explanation is that Mrs. Austin and Mr. Van Doren are appealed to by "Abie's Irish Rose," as many of their equals are appealed to, in secret, by the works of Harold Bell Wright and Edgar A. Guest. They regard "Abie's Irish Rose" as a satisfactory and an ideal American drama. Mrs. Austin and Mr. Van Doren (both of them magazine people) enjoy themselves more thoroughly at "Abie's Irish Rose" than they do at Mr. Shaw's "St. Joan" or Mr. Shipman's "Cheaper to Marry," even as I do; and it is honest for them to recommend to the visiting esthetes the most Rotarian and Elk-like of our slices of life. I suspect that the imposing P. E. N. outfit had a better time at "Abie's Irish Rose" than they would have had at "The Miracle" or "Cyrano de Bergerac."

They Deserve Prizes.

Prizes for notable achievements are so plentiful these days that one wonders why no premium is awarded to the theatrical manager who best performs his duties. Surely Mr. Morris Gest, for instance, deserved a present for having produced "The Miracle." That feat, as well as Mr. Hampden's "Cyrano," Mr. Hopkins's Hamlet," the Selwyns' "Romeo and Juliet" and Mr. John D. William's "Rain," seems to have earned attention from thoughtless almoners. Since there is an absence of interest elsewhere in the prowess of the impresarios, this corner proposes to do a little independent anointing. It affixes, therefore, upon Mr. Gest's raven forelock the oddments and remainders halo for the most important and most influential adventure of the American theatre.

Few things of its kind have been less selfishly undertaken. Mr. Gest and his supporters in "The Miracle" knew at the beginning that there was no chance for them to recover their great expenditure of money and effort. Inspired by vanity, perhaps, or a passion for hopeless causes, they are as chivalrous a band of crusaders as ever had visions concerning the stage. The result is that hundreds of thousands of theatregoers have been provided with the means to exercise their flaccid and better emotions. "The Miracle," with its lovely legend, and the impressive manner of its recital—in its bells and choirs, its color, life and fantasy, its stimulus to pity and beauty, its gorgeous reverence of superstition and its recognition of reality, make it, I think, as worthy of a Pulitzer Blue Ribbon as "Hell Bent for Heaven" or "The Show-Off."

At "The Miracle."

Last Wednesday afternoon I went to see "The Miracle" for the fifth time because Mlle. Tarasova, of the Moscow Art Theatre, was having her debut as the troubled Nun. I am, like Mr. Woolcott, of "The Sun," a weeping critic. I shed tears almost as frequently as he does, and the noise of our combined sobs on first nights sometimes drowns out the mere handclapping of less briny drama-lovers. I thought that Miss Rosamond Pinchot as the Nun had drained my eyes of all their teardrops until I saw Mlle. Tarasova play the role last Wednesday. Miss Pinchot, as you know, is beautiful, and simple and colt-like as the vagrant, dreaming vestal, and Lady Diana is subtle and polite. But Tarasova is all of that and mysteriously much additional: Without a word she tells you everything a bit more vividly than either Miss Pinchot or Lady Diana. I wept more copiously at her performance than I had done hitherto at "The Miracle."

Moscow, it seems, is a trifle more expert in the art of acting than Philadelphia and London. Still, I think, the most perfect impersonation in all the theatre is that of Lady Diana Manners as the Madonna in "The Miracle."

How To Write a Play That Will Be a Hit

DRAMATISTS are always asking how to write a play that will be certain to make a hit on Broadway. Here is a suggestion that cannot fail. Every theatre-goer has heard lines on the stage to which the audiences invariably rose with enthusiasm. Why not collect all these lines and work them into a single play. The result would be electrical. Let me illustrate with a short scene, which we may call "The Climax of the Vowels."

The action takes place in the Emporium of a villainous meat vendor.

Characters.

Husband: Married to the wife.

Wife: Married to the husband.

Butcher: The creditor of the both of them.

Butcher (with cruel determination): Will you let me have the money for your bill.

Husband: It is the woman who pays and pays and pays.

Butcher (hissing between his teeth): So you proud beauty. At last, I have you in my power.

Wife (pleadingly): How could I know how much our meat was going to cost. I was young and innocent. I knew nothing of the world. And then you came.

Butcher: I was introduced by a reliable customer.

Husband: Oh, my prophetic soul. It was my uncle.

Butcher: I cannot allow you more credit.

Wife: Then we must do without meat.

Husband: If you don't want it. I want it. If you won't have it, I'll have it.

Wife (on her knees): Wont you give us more than half a pound of sausage.

Butcher: That's all there is. There isn't any more.

Husband: Must I go to work to earn a beef-steak—out into the great open spaces where a man's a man.

Wife: I'll set a light in the window, and wherever you are it will guide you safely home.

Butcher: I cannot wait that long for my money.

Wife: I can sell my fur coat to pay the bill.

Husband: Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake.

Wife: But first I will tell you who tempted me to eat meat after I had been raised on vegetable dinners.

Butcher: Don't tell him that.

Husband (dumfounded): Eh?

Wife (tragically): 'E.

Butcher (in terror): I?

Husband (threatingly): Oh!

Wife (pointing) You!

Curtain.

—From The Goblin.

At the Theatres -:- What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

Comedy Success At the Alexandra

Metropolitan Players Will Be Seen In "Merton of the Movies."

That the Metropolitan Players are leaving no stone unturned in their efforts to maintain the high standard of amusement that has been their effort and aim since opening their Summer season at the Royal Alexandra Theatre is evidenced in their selection of Harry Leon Wilson's comedy "Merton of the Movies," a story which first appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, and is to-day one of the best fiction sellers. At the Cort Theatre, New York, where the play was first produced, it ran for 49 straight weeks to capacity houses.

Harry Leon Wilson wrote "Merton of the Movies," using for the central figure of his tale a young clerk in a small town general store, who like many an American boy, bitten by the movie "bug" and itching to do "something bigger and finer" on the screen, arrives on a Hollywood lot and almost starves there before a friendly actress pushes him into success—a success far different from his dreams.

The story is a masterpiece of gentle, searching satire that will fill the Royal Alexandra Theatre nightly with gales of laughter and storms of applause.



FRANCES HOWARD
a member of the Metropolitan Players at the Alexandra Theatre, who will be seen this week in "Merton of the Movies."

English Farce Will Be Revived

Comedy Players to Repeat "A Pair of Silk Stockings".

It all happens when the dashing army captain misses his train and returns to the house party after everybody has retired, not knowing, of course, that a fascinating divorcee (whom he once adored) is in his room—at least, in the room he occupied before his departure. The lady tells him that he must go, and it is while he is securing the necessary clothing to spend the night—elsewhere—that they are discovered together, and by his jealous fiancee. But they have a perfectly proper, though unwilling, witness in the lady's former husband, who has come in order to attempt a reconciliation. Unfortunately, he is made up for an amateur theatrical play and is mistaken for a burglar by the military gentleman, tied up with his wife's silk stockings and forced to remain in the washroom.

Edward Douglas, who played in the London production, will be seen in his original role. Phyllis Joyce, Deirdre Doyle, Dorothy Fletcher, Walter Kingsford and the entire company will have splendid opportunities in this witty comedy by the well-known dramatist and actor, Cyril Harcourt.

AN ARTIST SPEAKS.

I am all on the side of labor—all! But I am not on the side of trade-unionizing the stage. Where art is concerned, I am in favor of Free Trade. Art knows no boundaries save its own. It must be open and free.—Sybil Thorndike in the London Telegraph.

Howard Carter Is To Lecture Here

Speaks of His Emotions When He Opened King Tut's Tomb.

"How did I feel and what were my emotions when the tomb was first disclosed to me?" replied Howard Carter to the question in a recent interview. "Ah, it was wonderful, of course. You can best imagine what my feelings were."

"Are there other tombs waiting to be discovered?" he was asked.

"I believe so, certainly," Mr. Carter replied. "It is much like fishing. There are always bigger fish in the sea than the ones caught. I may be wrong, but I would be just as incorrect to say no, as I may be in saying yes."

"Is there any likelihood of Canada ever seeing any of the treasures from the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen?"

"I think so," he said. "When the distribution is finally made Canada should get some of the archaeological specimens. One cannot estimate the value of the contents of the tomb. It would be impossible, not only from a scientific and historical standpoint, but for an intrinsic valuation. Gold was on the chairs, couches, and other articles of furniture, some of it rather thick and some of it thin, but unless we ripped this gold leaf off, weighed it how could we value it?"

"I expect to return some time, yes," he said, "but I have much work planned now in chronicling and writing the purely scientific aspects of the find. The book I published recently was more or less a popular story, but what I shall write after my lecture trip will be scientific.

"We had as many as 700 workers at the tomb at one time, paying them a shilling a day. No, none of them stumbled on the stairs and dropped any trays of antiques. The Egyptians have no compunction about digging up the sacred dead, that superstition is long past."

He has spent 34 years in archaeological research and is a fluent writer of hierogiyphics.

"Certainly, I can write my name in hieroglyphics," he smiled, as he took a pen and presented his autograph as it would have been written by him if he had lived contemporaneously with King Tut.

"Mr. Carter will give a thrilling lecture illustrated by magnificent lantern slides, as well as motion pictures, in Massey Hall Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 9th and 10th, and will tell a graphic story of how Tut-ankh-amen's tomb was discovered and what was found therein.

THE POOR PROVINCES!

Mr. William Harris, Jr., has definitely disbanded the remarkable cast assembled for "Outward Bound," notable play of the Winter and the Spring in New York. From it Messrs. Lunt, Howard and Kerrigan, Mmes. Gillmore and Mercer, have now gone their several ways. If the piece—"the play of the dead"—is vouchsafed to other cities next Autumn, another company will act it. Should the public, remembering the earlier players, prove unkind the usual lifting of managerial and booking eyebrows will be in order—the innocents!



EDWARD DOUGLAS
who plays his original role in the revival of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," at the Comedy Theatre.

THEATRICAL NOTES HERE AND THERE

TOM MOORE IN SPOKEN DRAMA.

After a promising road tour "Thieves in Clover," Eugene Walter's latest bit of artcraft, ran into a booking snarl and has been called off until the ensuing agitation has calmed down. Tom Moore, the movie star, who was leader of the gang, may get his third role since his return to the spoken drama in a new play, "What Women Want," in which he should feel quite at home, since it sounds like a film title.

This play is an outpouring from Roy Bryant, who has heretofore furnished vaudeville with regular consignments of sketches. This is his first full length or grown up play, and a new managerial shop, called the Miley Production Company, will answer for its conduct on the stage.

SHORT AS A PRODUCER.

Hassard Short hasn't changed his mind about going into the producing business on his own next Fall, it seems. By way of offering concrete evidence that he means business he has just purchased the English-speaking rights to "Ciboulette," Reynaldo Hahn's light opera, which is now in its second year at the Theatre Des Varieties in Paris. The French book and lyrics are by Francis de Ctoisset and Robert de Flers, and Anne Caldwell has been commissioned to adapt them to the American stage.

HAMPDEN'S PLANS.

It now seems pretty certain that Walter Hampden will not offer any more of his scheduled revivals this season, for "Cyrano" continues to be hugely profitable. "Cyrano" will probably be played in New York throughout June, to oblige the convention, and then Mr. Hampden will return to Broadway in November in "Othello." This, despite the fact that a "Cyrano" tour, in view of the reputation that the production has made for itself here, would unquestionably be a popular undertaking.

SPRING TRY-OUTS.

Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger have fallen heir to "All Alone Susie," the comedy by Lea D. Freeman, newspaper man, which Grace George tried out earlier in the season, subsequently deciding "Merry Wives of Gotham" needed her more. Miss Lawrence and Eddinger are rehearsing this play in Los Angeles, with the deliberate intention of appearing in it there.

Thomas Wilkes, partner of Sam Harris, who is presenting them, is getting very busy with his Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles, piling one try-out onto another and thus flouting the well known spring lassitude. He has already put Eddinger through his paces in "Pokey," a play by Robert Housum, which, judging by reports from the Pacific Coast, seems to be living up to its name, with a few golf jokes that Eddie Cantor overlooked in "Kid Boots."



HOWARD CARTER,
the celebrated English Egyptologist, discoverer of King Tut-ankh-amen's tomb, who will lecture in Massey Hall on Monday and Tuesday on "The Discoveries of Yesterday."

HOW ABOUT FARRAR.

The report that Geraldine Farrar is to appear in light opera under Charles Dillingham's management, probably in "Madame Pompadour," forged to the front again recently despite efforts to hold it back. It was said that the deal may be consummated in a few days, the grand opera diva having been given a taste of the salary and having liked it. So far Miss Farrar's concert dates are said to be the only obstacle to a period of rejoicing over her advent in the theatre.

A HUNGARIAN ARRIVES

Arpad Pasztor, Hungarian playwright, who wrote "Innocence," which was done on Broadway several years ago—just about the time that the age of innocence was passing on the stage—has arrived in New York from that dear Budapest, wearing a new play under his arm. It is being considered by one of New York's favorite sons among the managers.

POST, THE TRAVELLER.

Guy Gates Post, that Gulliver of the road who is regarded as a giant on tour, has now slid back to the stage, bringing new hope to the provinces. He is appearing in "The Climax," that hardy perennial first presented by Joe Weber over a decade ago, which has since gone on blooming, like Post, without a sign of let up. When last seen Post was circling through Pennsylvania, alighting frequently.

GUILD GET O'NEILL PLAY.

At last, the Theatre Guild in New York is to act a play by Eugene O'Neill. Mr. Hopkin's right to produce "The Fountain" has lapsed. The playwright has transferred the piece to the Guild for performance next season with Fritz Lieber as Ponce de Leon, adventurer—in poetic prose—from Spain to Florida.

MISS SANDERSON'S RETURN.

Julia Sanderson received a warm welcome upon her return to the musical comedy stage, when she took her place as the star of "Moonlight" in New York. It was her first appearnce in a production after many weeks in vaudeville, during which she played at Shea's Theatre.

"How do I like musical comedy after being away from it so long?" she said, when she was interviewed the night of her return. "Why, it's like a return back home. Vaudeville was very pleasant and not much work, inosmuch as it only required two appearances a day. But it doesn't give one the opportunity to do full justice to one's work. In 'Moonlight' I am off and on all the time, and that's the way I like it best."

PANTAGES
NOW PLAYING

Come on in!
The Water's Fine!

Get in the swim with Freddie, the galloping fish—Willie, the alligator—the diving Venuses—bathing beauties—the flirtatious newlywed—his jealous wife—and all the rest of this hilarious bunch—Ooh, what a splash! Ooh, What a Lark! Let's Go!

The Year's Big Laugh Buster!

Sequel to "The Hottentot". Just as hot and twice as funny.

Sidney Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Lucille Ricksen, Chester Conklin and the fish make the cast a humdinger.



Thos. H. Ince presents
GALLOPING FISH

CUNNINGHAM AND BENNETT'S
BROADWAY DREAMS
With an Exceptional Cast of Clever Artists and the
TRUMPET NOTES JAZZ BAND
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AN EXCELLENT PROGRAM OF VAUDEVILLE

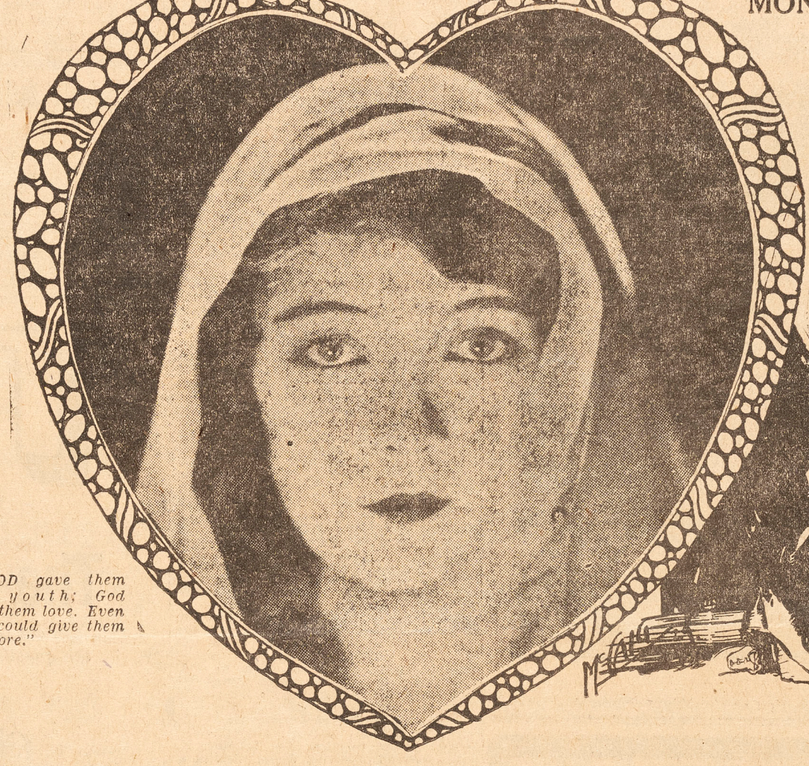
STARTING NEXT SATURDAY,
"BROADWAY AFTER DARK"

STARTS MONDAY

HIPPODROME
CITY HALL SQUARE
Direction Famous Players Canadian Corporation, Limited.

The Greatest Dramatic Star of Screendom!

Compared to Duse and Bernhardt by no less an authority than John Barrymore—in the supreme triumph of her career.



"GOD gave them youth; God gave them love. Even God could give them no more."



The Picture Without a Peer!

LILLIAN GISH

In a powerful, poignant story of undying love based on the romantic novel by Marion Crawford.

"THE WHITE SISTER"

Filmed in Italy, with awe-inspiring scenes that include the eruption of Vesuvius and an entire city wiped out.



Toronto Critics Say:

"THE 'White Sister' of Lillian Gish is a work of art. . . . It is a poignantly beautiful drama of youthful love and tragedy."
—**Edith G. Bayne, in the Star Weekly.**

"For the nobility that renunciation may attain and the heroism that may triumph in the face of overwhelming grief, the screen version of Marion Crawford's novel stands in a distinctly high class. Miss Gish adds laurels to those she has already won."—**Mail and Empire.**

"It is so realistically produced and excellently acted that it sends one away in a thinking mood."
—**Evening Telegram.**

PROGRAM DE LUXE

OVERTURE—"Merry Wives of Windsor."—Nicolai, by the Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra, John Arthur and Lloyd Collins conducting.
DIVERTISSEMENT—Prologue to the feature, "The White Sister," with Nellye Gill and Mary Bothwell.
PERCY BURRASTON—At the Wurlitzer.
HIPPODROME COMEDY CREATION HIPPODROME NEWS REVIEW
PROGRAM AND PRESENTATION BY JOHN ARTHUR.

Coming: THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Confidence Man"

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Basil King Wrote This Silent Drama

"Let Not Man Put Asunder" is Attraction at Tivoli.

Basil King, one of Canada's most distinguished writers, is one of the persons who has given the matter of divorce much thought. Mr. King has gone further. He has given us the opportunity of viewing some of his thoughts on the subject through his splendid story, "Let Not Man Put Asunder."

"Let Not Man Put Asunder" will be seen as the feature attraction of the screen at the Tivoli Theatre this week.

The two celebrated artists of the stage and screen, Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen, will, for the first time in their careers, be seen together, heading a cast that includes Leslie Austen, Helena D'Algy, Pauline Neff, Violet de Barros, Maurice Costello, Martha Petelle, Gladys Frazin, Clifton Webb and Homer Lynn.

Basil King's novel was selected by J. Stuart Blackton from scores of possibilities because in his opinion there has never been a greater, or more intense divorce story written than "Let No Man Put Asunder."

Petrina Faneuil and Harry Vassall, both wealthy and prominent socially, marry. It is a love match. Dick Lechmere, their friend, has his misgivings. He had married Felicia de Proney, an opera singer, only to be divorced after she had returned to the stage and a doubtful life. Vassal's sister, Emiliafi has been married several years to Sir Humphrey de Bohun and lives in London.

Later the Vassal's are in London on their honeymoon, Sir Humphrey and his wife are not getting along, as the wife has taken up questionable associates, including Felicia. Against the wishes of her husband, Petrina, also takes up with Felicia. Lady Emilia divorces Sir Humphrey and returns to Boston.

Time passes and things happen in these families, Felicia, now broken in health and penniless, goes to Boston seeking her former husband. She comes to Lechmere's home in a storm, but Petrina turns her from the door. Then she relents and takes Felicia in. Lechmere reaches home just before his former wife dies, and they are united. Later Lechmere kills himself and Harry Vassall returns to Petrina and they will remarry.

"THE FIGHT" IS NEW.

C. Gardner Sullivan, one of the ablest writers of scenarios now at work, has contrived another original story for the screen. It is called "The Fight." Miss Norma Talmadge will act in it, and Sidney Olcott will direct it as soon as he has completed "Monsieur Beaucaire" for Mr. Valentino.

"The White Sister" At the Hippodrome

Super-picture To Be Seen For First Time At Popular Prices.

Lillian Gish comes to the Hippodrome Theatre in "The White Sister" this week. This is one of the most important announcements to come from the management of the cinema house on Bay Street.

"For poignancy," said The Mail and Empire when the picture was here some time ago, "The White Sister,' Henry King's production, starring Lillian Gish, would be hard to beat. The same comment might be applied to its presentation— for the nobility that renunciation may attain and the heroism that may triumph in the face of overwhelming grief, the screen version of Marion Crawford's novel stands in a distinctly high class. Miss Gish adds laurels to those she has already won, and Mr. Ronald Colman, as Capt. Giovanni Severi, merits warm praise."

"It is so realistically produced and excellently acted," stated the Evening Telegram, "that it sends one away in a thinking mood. It is something to be remembered."

"The White Sister" was adapted from a novel by F. Marion Crawford. by one of the outstanding directors of screendom, Henry King. And to top all, Lillian Gish was selected to portray a role which outrivals her roles in "The Birth of a Nation," "Hearts of the World," "Broken Blossoms," "Orphans of the Storm," and "Way Down East." There is a strong cast. Beautiful Gail Kane is seen as the lovely but scheming Marchesa de Mola, while Barney Sherry fills the role of Monsignor Saracinesca. Others include Charles Lane, Juliette La Violette, Sig. Serena, Alfredo Bertone and Ramon Ibanez and Alfredo Martinelli by courtesy of Teatro Costanzi in Rome; also, by courtesy of Unione Cinematagrafica Italiana, Carloni Talli, Giovanni Barda, Giacomo D'Attinok, Michele Gualdi, Giuseppe Pavoni, Francesco Socinus, Sheik Mahomet, James Abbe and Duncan Mansfield.

Angela Chiarmonte is the youngest daughter of an Italian prince. She is in love with Giovanni Severi and because of this love, her older sister, the Marchesa, is jealous of her. During a hunt, Angela's father is killed and because of the machinations of her sister, Angela finds herself penniless, homeless, an outcast. She only has the love of Giovanni to sustain her. But Giovanni is suddenly called to military duty and sent to Africa where he is head of a small expedition sent to fight the Arabs. News reaches Angela, in Rome, that Giovanni has been killed. Her last hope for happiness is gone and only the encouragement of Mgr. Saracinesca keeps her up. A priest urges her to enter the convent of the White Sisters, where in a series of scenes, she is shown passing through her noviciate, and later, taking her vows. Shortly after she has become an eternal member of the White Sisters Giovanni returns from the Arabian captivity which detained him for three years, to Italy.

He calls at the hospital of the White Sisters to visit his brother, an Italian scientist, who had been experimenting in an effort to forecast volcanic eruptions. There he recognizes Angela in her nun's garb. She faints and afterwards is told that her marriage to the church is just as sacred as if she had married another man while Giovanni was missing and he must respect the veil she has taken.

Giovanni arranges for Angela to come to his brother's laboratory on the slope of Mt. Vesuvius. There he locks the door and tries to prevail upon her to sign a paper asking the Pope to free her. She admits she loves him, but tells him she must cling to her vows. Then he permits her to go.

Later Mt. Vesuvius bursts into eruption. Giovanni drives through the towns below to warn the inhabitants and succeeds in saving them. But in a flood caused by the bursting of a reservoir through which the volcanic eruption has flown, Giovanni is killed and the populace, lifting their faces to Heaven, thank God for the sacrifice the White Sister and her lover have made.



PAULINE FREDERICK,
Who is the co-star with Lou Tellegen in "Let Not Man Put Asunder" at the Tivoli.

RUDOLPH'S NEXT.

"A Sainted Devil" is to be Mr. Valentino's next photoplay after "Beaucaire." Joseph Henabery will guide him, and in a South American setting the actor will once more find opportunity to dance his notorious tango. Miss Naldi and George Seigman will share the action.

MARY AS PETER.

Reports continue to assure picture-goers that Miss Pickford will really act Peter Pan for the screen. It is even said that Mr. Lasky, who leaves shortly for Europe, will make final arrangements to this effect, and will invite Sir James Barrie to be present in Hollywood during the filming. In the meantime Mr. Chaplin, answering a cablegram from England, states that he himself, despite Cosmo Hamilton's enthusiasm on the point, will not essay Peter. Mr. Chaplin has three comedies on the ways: these are, after all, his serious business.

MANY RE-ISSUES.

During the slack summer months Paramount will depend upon a makeshift to hold many decreasing audiences in the picture-houses. Twenty "re-issues" stand on its advance list, none of them more pretentious or arresting than "Manslaughter," "The Sheik," and "Forbidden Fruit,' 'and the bulk of them far less formidable to a normal intelligence.



LOU TELLEGEN,
appearing in Basil King's "Let Not Man Put Asunder" at the Tivoli Theatre.

"Galloping Fish" Comedy Special

Syd. Chaplin Plays Leading Role in Picture at Pantages.

If you have laughs prepare to laugh them right now! There'll never be a better opportunity than Thomas H. Ince has afforded in his new comedy special, "The Galloping Fish," now running at the Pantages Theatre.

Remember "The Hottentot," Ince's hilariously, hysterically funny racing comedy that was the laugh hit of the past season? "The Galloping Fish" is faster and funnier and that's saying a lot.

There's a trained seal playing the title role of the new production. His name is "Freddie" and as a comedian he is second to none. That seal is so intelligent he is uncanny and the tricks he pulls on the screen are as funny as they are spectacular. The producer, not satisfied with a star who is a whole show in himself, surrounded him with a scintillating cast of the cleverest "comics." Louise Fazenda, playing the role of an innocently ensnaring "Diving Venus"; Syd Chaplin as a timid little newlywed who accidentally gets all entangled with "Venus"; Ford Sterling, trying to boss the whole show as the manager-fiance of "Venus"; Chester Conklin swelling the chorus of laughter as a dour-faced taxi driver rejoicing in the name of "Jonah"—they'll keep you laughing from start to finish and make you wish there were fourteen reels instead of seven.

BEL GEDDES IN FILMS.

Having turned his hand to theatrical productions so variously assorted as "The Miracle," "The Truth About Blayds," "Erminie," "Orange Blossoms" and "Will Shakespeare," and having projected on paper so stupendous a spectacle as "The Divine Comedy," Norman-Bel Geddes is at last ready to experiment for the films. He will cooperate with Mr. De Mille on the director's forthcoming picture, "Feet of Clay," and will be reponsible for two elaborate settings.

Movie From Novel Coming Shortly

Thomas Meighan Will Appear Here in "The Confidence Man".

Popular and handsome Thomas Meighan is coming soon to the Hippodrome in the kind of role that first brought him fame; the same kind of a role he had in that masterpiece, "The Miracle Man."

Tom will be seen as one of the confidence men in "The Confidence Man," from the story by L. Y. Erskine and Robert H. Davis. Virginia Valli, the beautiful and talented screen artist, will be seen opposite the star, heading a supporting cast which includes Laurence Wheat, Charles Dow Clark, Helen Lindroth, Jimmie Lapsley, Margaret Seddon. George Nash, Dorothy Walters and David Higgins.

"The Confidence Man" ran as a serial, and it is also to be published shortly as a novel. Now it has been translated to the screen. It might be added right now that no less a writer than the famous humorist, George Ade, wrote the titles for "The Confidence Man."

A romantic crook melodrama with touches of genuine humor, the picture deals with the doings of one Dan Corvan (Thomas Meighan) and Larry Maddox, salesmen for Wade, a fake promoter, who are sent to the little town of Fairfield to unload some worthless international oil stock on Godfrey Querrit, the town millionaire and miser. Corvan fails in his attempt to get Querrit, but by doing little acts of philanthropy, all with a selfish motive, he gets in right with everybody else in town. Querrit visits Corvan and is at first indignant at what he terms Corvan's presumption, but is won by the crook's suavity. But Wade spoils his chances to get anything from Corvan through the streak of crookedness in his own character, and incidentally is instrumental in helping Corvan (Tom) marry the greatest girl in the whole world.

"Code of the Sea" Is About Cowards

Star Thinks That Women Are Greatly Interested In Type.

Thousands of women unconsciously love cowards, according to Jacqueline Logan, popular Paramount player.

"These," she adds, "are largely moral cowards—the kind of men, who could right many wrongs but are restrained because they fear what the world will think of them." Shifting blame to someone else and assuming innocence is so much easier.

It is the second type of coward—the physical—which is portrayed in "Code of the Sea," a Victor Fleming Paramount production, in which Miss Logan is featured with Rod La Rocque.

This is the story of a young man with a yellow streak, a coward just as his father was before him.

There comes a night, when a violent storm at sea, with strong gusts of wind and driving rains arises. The yacht Neroid, with Jenny (Miss Logan) as a passenger, is trying to stagger to port against the fury of the demoniac elements. At the same time the passenger ship Northern, captained by Jenny's father (George Fawcett), has lost its propeller.

By wireless, McDow (La Rocque), commander of a lightship, learns of the plight of both. The Northern commands him to stay at his post so that it can bring its human cargo to shore, and simultaneously the Neroid flashes that it is sinking.

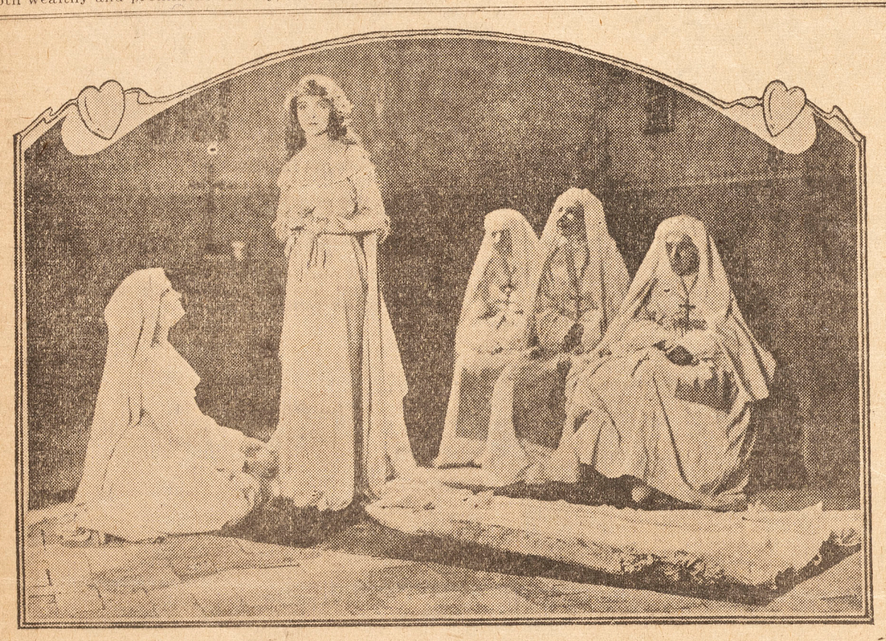
Duty requires McDow, the coward, to stay at his post. The code of the sea is that no lightship can leave its moorings until relieved. Jenny on the Neroid faces death. On the yacht only a handful are endangered, while on the Northern there are hundreds dependent upon his decision.

And it is this decision which supplies the smashing, spectacular climax of "Code of the Sea," which will be shown during the week of June 9 at Loew's Theatre.

The story was written for Paramount production by Byron Morgan.

VIRGINIA VALLI'S NEXT.

Virginia Valli is to be seen in "The Signal Tower," the scenario and continuity of which was written by James O. Spearing. It was directed by Clarence Brown. It is a story of duty and love in a railroad setting.



LILLIAN GISH,
in a dramatic scene from "The White Sister" which will be the attraction at the Hippodrome this week.

COMEDY PLAYERS

-WEEK OF JUNE 9-

PRESENT CYRIL HARCOURT'S FARCE COMEDY

"A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS"

AS PLAYED AT THE CRITERION THEATRE, LONDON

Performances 2.15 and 8.30
Evenings, 25c to $1.50
Matinees Thurs. and Sat., 25, 50, and 75c.

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THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN LOCAL PRODUCTION

WEEK OF JUNE 9



"LOEW'S AMATEUR SUMMER BATHING REVUE"

Conceived and Staged by VICTOR HYDE

A BREEZY CONGLOMERATION OF MELODY, YOUTH AND DANCE

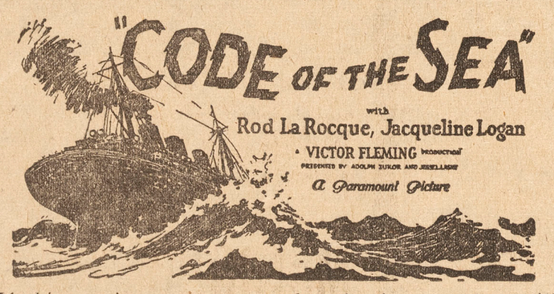
7-GORGEOUS SCENES-7

WITH A BIG CAST OF LOCAL BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SCREEN AND STAGE FAVORITE
ARTHUR ASHLEY LATE STAR "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"
IN A COMEDY PLAYLET "IN AND OUT OF THE MOVIES"
OTHER VAUDEVILLE ACTS

PICTURE PRESENTATION





If this roaring sea romance doesn't give you the thrill of your life you'll know you're thrill-proof! It's the leviathan of the sea "melodramas"—real entertainment.

LOEW'S

TIVOLI
RICHMOND AT VICTORIA

Starts Monday

Popular Prices

The Greatest Problem in the Home To-day!

Are old-fashioned marriages best? Does divorce bring happiness? Can a woman love twice? These are some of the questions answered for you in this thrilling screen drama. You Can't Afford To Miss It.



Divorce!

Is it a curse or is it a blessing?

Are a man and a woman morally compelled to remain husband and wife after love has deserted them?

Let Not Man Put Asunder

From the famous novel by Basil King

A picture for every man and every woman.

With an all-star cast, headed by the incomparable artists

PAULINE FREDERICK

-- AND --

LOU TELLEGEN

ADDED ATTRACTION
RUPERT LUCAS
BARITONE
Star of "Ponjones" and "The Geisha"

COMING -- "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

THE POTTERS

By J. P. McEVOY

PROLOGUE.

The Potter neighborhood is cluttered with excited conversation. . . . A great need has developed, a common cause has arisen. . . . the up-and-at-'em spirits of the community have decided to hold a meeting to discuss ways and means of providing the neighborhood with an athletic club and playground . . . as one of the leading citizens, Pa Potter has been invited to give them the benefit of his serious thought on the psychic, physical and fiscal aspects of the situation . . . it's an electric moment in Pa's life when he is asked for his opinion on anything . . . usually the only time Pa draws individual attention is when some driver bawls him out for sidestepping a violent death, or when an elevator stops for him.

SCENE I.

The customary tranquillity of the Potter menage is somewhat disturbed this evening, for Pa is in the throes of getting his vocabulary adjusted to his mental reactions . . . usually the thoughts and words mesh only in low speed, but to-night when he is called on Pa must be able to shift from low to high without stripping his gears . . . that noise in the living-room is Pa calling the roll of his ideas . . . most of them answer "absent."

MA (placidly):
I don't see what you're in such a stew about. They probably won't call on you to say anything, anyway.

PA (indignantly):
They won't, eh? They certainly will. I've got something to say about the way our money is going to be spent.

MA:
We haven't any money, and you know it.

PA:
Well, how it would be spent if we had it.
(Pa will undoubtedly be put on some committee . . . committees are like that—they don't care who is put on 'em . . . and Pa has one of those committee faces, anyway—the kind that says, "Let me do it if you don't want to.")

BILL (helpfully):
Be careful when you're making your speech to-night that your tonsils don't backfire on you.

MAMIE (scornfully):
You think you're so clever, don't you? The only time you'll ever be called on to say anything in public will be when the judge asks you if you have anything to say before sentence is passed.

BILL:
And when does our funny little sister make her public appearances, lined up against the wall waiting for someone to ask her for a dance?

MAMIE:
I'm particular who I dance with, while you're only too glad to dance with anything that won't holler for help the minute you come too near.

PA (heartily):
Say, can't you two settle your differences outside some place? (To Ma) How will this sound: "Ladies and gentleman: We are gathered together this evening to discuss a most important issue, one that will have incalc—incalcu—in—in——"

BILL:
Better say "important."

MA (absently):
What does incalcu—whatever it is—mean?

PA (ignoring question):
One that will have a most important effect on the future of this community." How's that for a beginning?

MA:
All right, I guess. Going to wear your black suit? I think you'd better.
(Then he probably will.)

MAMIE:
And for goodness' sake get yourself another tie.

PA (feverishly):
"Certainly it stands to reason that recreation is one of the most important things which the modern man needs in this busy, modern life, which is getting busier and busier all the time—"

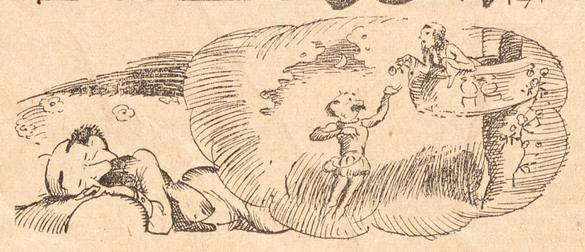
MA:
And you might try a little polish on those shoes.

PA:
"—in spite of the labor-saving machinery which has been developed to lighten the loads of those who work with their hands as well as those who toil with their brains. Speaking for myself, I—"

MA (bursting into Pa's ecstasy):
Lookit the time, Pa! Come on, we're going to be late.

MAMIE:
Yes, hurry up, Pa, we're going to be late.

BILL:
We're going to be late if you don't hurry, Pa.



Mr. Potter Is a Member of the Show Committee.

what it's all about complete his equipment . . . it seems they don't want to quiet down in the back of the room . . . they never do.

CHAIRMAN (pompously):
Now if everybody will come to order we'll proceed with the business of the meeting.

VOICES:
. . . it seems the better you are to them the worse they treat you and you simply can't get one that will cook . . . it goes for graft, that's where it goes . . . well, there I was on the green in two and an easy putt, and I says to myself here's where I cop, and then the caddy . . . no, I just got back and we had the loveliest time with the nicest people that you ever met . . . she dyed it, of course she dyed it, it used to be an ugly brown, perfectly hijous . . .

CHAIRMAN (through the din):
It seems we are all agreed that this community needs an athletic club and a community playground of some kind, and the question now is what kind and where are we going to get the funds to provide it. The meeting is now open and I would like to hear from anyone who has any ideas on the subject.

MR. WILKINS (golf-mad):
We ought to buy enough land for a golf course while we're at it.

MRS. WILKINS (brightly):
And how about the ladies? What are you going to have for them?

VOICES (all together):
And tennis courts . . . that'll cost too much . . . we don't need to go out so far . . . can't we have a swimming pool? . . . where's the money coming from for all this? . . . let's keep our children off the streets . . . that's right . . .

MA (to Pa):
Come on, Pa, why don't you speak up?

PA (scared stiff):
Keep still, will you?

CHAIRMAN (shouting them down):
One at a time, please; one at a time. Suppose we have a few words from Mr. Potter. What do you think about it?

PA (rising in sections, impelled from behind by Ma's vigorous wifely support):
It seems to me that exercise is one of the things that which we that is to say we should have I mean. (Fishes paper out of his pocket and holds it with trembling hands.) Ladies and gentlemen: We are gathered together this evening to discuss a most important issue.

VOICES:
Yes, yes . . . go on . . . go on. (One solitary handclap.)

PA (skipping feverishly):
. . . what I mean to say is that we should have a sort of a town and country club so to speak that is to say some place where the young people of our community could gather together you see and where the others could have recreation so to speak that is to say if we all got together it wouldn't be so hard to do but unless we pull together and put our shoulders to the wheel as you might say why then it won't be possible to do it as if we worked together one for all and all for one in a manner of speaking if you know what I mean. (Applause.) So you see it means that we've got to work together because it is for all of us and not for any one of us so let us get together for a bigger and a better community one that we can point with pride to and be proud of as we have a right to be proud and not be ashamed because we haven't, because we haven't, well if we haven't done what we should that is work together and stick together for the right thing at the right time and I think that this is the right thing at the right time and I am sure you will all agree with me that now is the time for us all to work together on this thing and put our shoulders to the wheel (stops suddenly and realizes he has somehow got back to where he started . . . chokes up) that is to say put yourself back to this thing and push it onward and upward in a manner of speaking if you know what I mean. (Sits down in a cold sweat to a scattering of handclaps.)

PA (to Ma):
How did it sound? Did it sound all right?

MA (sincerely):
I sounded just wonderful! Fine!

PA (earnestly):
You know, it wasn't half bad at that, but I could have done much better I think with a little more preparation. (Someone else is talking now, but Pa and Ma continue their own conversation just the same.)

MR. MILES (one of the community's leading spirits):
And now that we have all agreed on what we need, I would like to make a suggestion as to how we could raise part of the money.

VOICES:
Go ahead . . . that's right . . . yes, how are we going to do it?

MR. MILES:
It seems to me that one of the very best ways would be for all of us to get together and give a show of some kind—a sort of a Community Follies, so to speak.

VOICES:
That's a good idea . . . Let's . . . hurray for the Community Follies . . . oh, you Ziegfeld . . . he'll be jealous of us . . .

MRS. JORDAN (who has always wanted to go on the the stage, but has been prevented by the conspiracy of the Broadway managers and the jealousy of Elsie Ferguson, Maude Adams and the Moscow Art Players):
I think Mr. Miles has made a perfectly splendid suggestion, but I am sure the success of the entire thing will depend upon the hearty co-operation of those of us who have dramatic talent, and I would like to offer myself as the first volunteer for the benefit of this worthy cause.

MA (to Pa):
She'll want to be the whole show. You'll see.

PA (to Ma):
Why don't you volunteer to do something? You used to speak pieces, and very pretty, too, as I remember it.

MA (fussed but pleased):
Now, Pa be yourself. What in the world could I do in a show?

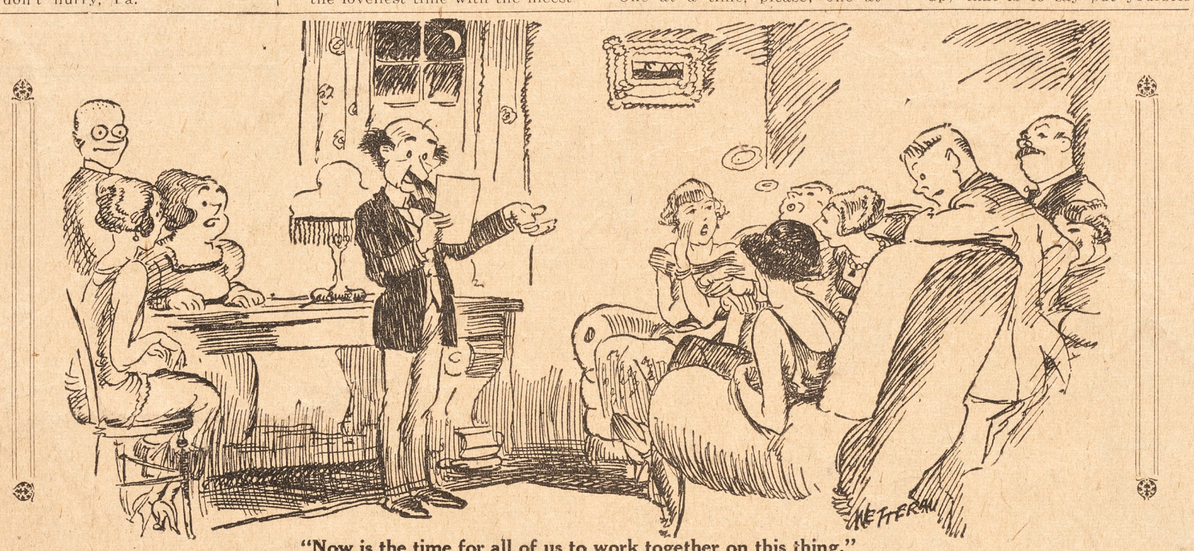
PA (gaily):
You watch me. I'm going to do something. I can act, even if I do get nervous when I make speeches.

CHAIRMAN (who has been talking all this time):
So I propose we hold another meeting some evening next week and plan just what kind of a show we shall put on and who is to go into it. Meanwhile I shall appoint some committees to investigate sites for our club and ways and means of financing the operations. (Pauses and regards himself with pride—that wasn't half bad; decides to repeat it.) Yes, we must plan ways and means of financing the operations, and so I propose that we have another meeting some night next week and meanwhile the committees can be working so that no time will be lost. Everybody in favor of this action say "aye."

(Everybody says "aye," although no one notices that there hasn't been any motion . . . the committees are named and Pa finds he is on two of them—the Financing Committee and the Show Committee . . . goes home proud as Punch with himself . . . he dosen't amount to much, eh? Well, he's on two committees, just the same. What do you think of that? We think it's silly, but we wouldn't tell Pa that for the world.)

And That's That—Until Next Sunday.

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"Now is the time for all of us to work together on this thing."

PA (exasperated):
Say, lay offa me, will you? How d'ye expect a fellow to think around here with all this racket going on?
(You're not supposed to do any thinking in this country, Pa . . . it's all being done along approved lines by organizations especially established for the purpose of relieving the citizenry from the futile extravagance of original thinking in a democracy.)

SCENE II.

The meeting has been called to order by the chairman, who qualified automatically, having the least to say and the loudest voice to say it with . . . a hammer, a foggy recollection of Robert's Rules of order and a fuddled notion of "One that will have a most important effect on the future of this community." How's that for a beginning?

MA:
All right, I guess. Going to wear your black suit? I think you'd better.
(Then he probably will.)

MAMIE:
And for goodness' sake get yourself another tie.

PA (feverishly):
"Certainly it stands to reason that recreation is one of the most important things which the modern man needs in this busy, modern life, which is getting busier and busier all the time—"

MA:
And you might try a little polish on those shoes.

PA:
"—in spite of the labor-saving machinery which has been developed to lighten the loads of those who work with their hands as well as those who toil with their brains. Speaking for myself, I—"

MA (bursting into Pa's ecstasy):
Lookit the time, Pa! Come on, we're going to be late.

MAMIE:
Yes, hurry up, Pa, we're going to be late.

BILL:
We're going to be late if you don't hurry, Pa.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES.

Twelve films of apparently divergent merits are announced by Universal for fall release. One, "The Turmoil," will derive from Booth Tarkington's celebrated novel of the expanding Middle West. George Hackathorne, for once relieved of "cripple" character parts, will act the chief figure of the story. A second, "UK—The Unknown," will follow the main lines of Mrs. Rinehart's novel of a few years back. Miss Virginia Valli will assume the lion's share in the action: Percy Marmont will be the mysterious doctor. A third, to be known as "The Gaiety Girl," will be a revision of I. A. R. Wylie's tale, "The Inheritors," enhanced by Mr. Carl Laemmle's notion of a swanky title. Miss Philbin will be the girl in question. Various lesser "vehicles" will serve the needs of such "stars" as Mr. Denny, Baby Peggy Montgomery, Charles De Roche and House Peters. To a casual observer, Universal's list of a year ago seemed much more nearly worthy the efforts of capable performers and aspiring directors.

to festoon it in the apex of the tent to where the feeble heat ascended. Frequently the top of a loop would be dry and the bottom frozen! My fingers split badly with the chemicals and cold—but it was worth while, for the fingers soon healed and the film stirred the whole British Empire, I became associated with Sir Ernest Shackelton under a strange circumstance. I had previously spent nearly two years in the Antarctic with Sir Douglas Mawson, where I carried my camera to the south magnetic pole and secured amazing films of the terrific south polar blizzards. These films were such a huge success throughout the British Empire and Europe that when Shackelton required finances for his expedition he had little difficulty in securing a large advance against the motion-picture rights—the condition being that the man who took the Mawson film should also take the new Shackelton series. I was leading an expedition into the heart of Australia at the time, and during one of the infrequent calls into a remote outpost for stores, was handed a letter. Upon opening it I found it to be a cable from London. I disbanded my expendition and hastened to march beneath Shackelton's banner into the white warfare of the South from which I had returned but six months previously!

4,000-Mile Flight.

Upon my return from the Shackelton expedition, the great war was at its height. I was appointed official war photographer to the Australian military forces in France and Palestine and produced many of the famous war propaganda films, including a series known as "With Allenby in Palestine."

After the war Sir Ross Smith successfully accomplished the great epoch-making aerial voyage from England to Australia in twenty-eight days. I participated in the concluding 4,000 miles of the flight and produced the famous aerial film "14,000 Miles Through Air." Though my cinema has made available to civilization many of the world's most outcast spots, my greatest difficulties were experienced when producing my recent New Guinea exploration film, "The Lost Tribe." Here all the hazards of the other adventurous enterprises were combined—the perils of the air, attack from hostile natives, and the ever-constant menace of tropical disease. The photo-mechanical problems far exceeded those of the Antarctic. While it was a comparatively simple matter to thaw out a few tons of ice and raise the solutions to workable temperature, it was an entirely different proposition to reduce the tropical temperatures, as we had no refrigerating plant. At midday the temperatures beneath our awnings in the heart of New Guinea rose to 109 degrees and contained as high as 90 per cent. humidity. The stagnant waters of the lake on which we sailed remained almost constant at 90 degrees. The steamy heat had such a deleterious effect on the film that unless it was developed a few hours after taking it stuck together or developed fungoid spots. Mosquitos were a plague and my developing lamp attracted them in countless myriads, so that developing became an ordeal and aggravating torture. In order to prevent the gelatine emulsion from running off the celluloid in a slimy mess I toughened it with formalin. After development, a preliminary washing was given by lowering the frames of developed negatives directly into the lake.

Crocodiles Eat Scenes.

One night there was a violent tug on the line, and upon hauling it up we discovered that a thrilling incident of the day had been snapped up and disappeared in the jaws of some hungry crocodile. When washing in the lake the frames of film had to be kept in violent agitation, or else millions of tiny shrimps fastened on to the gelatine and in a few minutes the best part of the picture would be eaten away. I was much gratified with the success of my first night's developing and hung the frames up to dry off. In the morning I was woefully disappointed. Myriads of minute May flys had shed their pupal cases on the damp films overnight, and to my disconsolate gaze my efforts reminded me of overstocked tanglefoot fly papers. Still it was all hard-earned experience, and henceforth the vessel was enveloped in closely woven cheesecloth. The unanimous laudatory criticisms concerning the beautiful photography of "The Lost Tribe" testify that my experiences and endeavors have won success, and the great enthusiasm with which "The Lost Tribe" films were received by the public has been an ample reward.

PHOTOPLAYS AND STARS

AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

WEEK OF JUNE 9

BLUE BELL, Parliament at Dundas East
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Big double bill. Buster Keaton in "SHERLOCK, JR." and "WIFE AGAINST WIFE". Star cast. Also Edna Murphy in "HER DANGEROUS PATH". Thurs., Fri., Sat., "THE ETERNAL CITY" with Barbara La Marr, Bert Lytell, Lionel Barrymore. Sat. matinee.

COLONIAL, Queen at Bay, opp. City Hall
Mon., Tues., Wed. — HAROLD LLOYD In "GIRL SHY." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"THE VIRGINIAN." Star Cast. Continuous. Vaudeville Fri. Night.

MADISON, Bloor at Bathurst
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"VIRTUOUS LIARS", with David Powell—Edith Allen. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Charles Ray in "THE GIRL I LOVED." Vaudeville—Tues. and Fri. Sat. Matinee.

PARK Lansdowne and Bloor
Mon., Tues, Wed.—"RENO", Star Cast. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Betty Balfour in "LOVE, LIFE AND LAUGHTER." Harold Lloyd in "Get Out and Get Under." Vaudeville Daily Matinee.

PRINCE OF WALES DANFORTH AT WOODBINE
Entire week of June 9.—Direct from England.
LONDON'S GREAT 8
Featuring Tom Copeland, Scotland's Premier Comedian, First Time in Toronto, No Advance in Prices.

RED MILL, 183 Yonge St., Opp. Eaton's
FIRST SHOWING IN TORONTO. Mon., Tues., Wed.—"WHY GET MARRIED?" Star cast. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"ONE LAW FOR THE WOMAN", with Cullen Landis, Mildred Harris. Continuous.

REVUE, Roncesvalles & Howard Park Ave.
Mon., Tues., Wed. — "SCARAMOUCHE", featuring Ramon Navarro, Alice Terry, Louis Stone. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"BOY OF MINE." Matinee Sat.

With the Vaudevillians

Attractions on Programmes of the Variety Theatres

Broadway Dreams On Pantages Bill

Other Variety Features Now to be Seen at That Theatre.

The vaudeville part of the program at Pantages is headed by Cunningham and Bennett's Broadway Dreams, an exceptional organization of clever metropolitan artists featuring the Trumpet Notes Jazz Band in a wonderful melody mixture of harmony, songs and instrumental syncopation, with many beautiful and gorgeous settings that are the last word in stage craft. Jimmy Smith and Charles Allman have a real comedy and musical hit in "Bits of This and That," a rare combination of comic songs, witty dialogue and some clever harmonica playing by the champion of New York City, Mr. Jimmy Smith. Another exceptional attraction is Strassell's Wonder Seal, known as the world's most versatile animal, in a program of contortion, hand stands, juggling, balancing and playing upon musical instruments; Irene Trevette, known internationally for her beautiful voice, in her latest vaudeville offering presents a repertoire of Italian, French and English songs, Miss Trevette is of very attractive appearance of the brunette type with a wonder personality and wears some very stunning gowns. Laura and Billy Drever are seen in their twentieth century dance revue, a very artistic offering of many original dance effects with beautiful costume changes and attractive scenic investiture.

Bathing Revue Is Coming To Loew's

Clever Local Amateurs Will Take Part In This Offering.

Rehearsals for Loew's Amateur Summer Bathing Revue have progressed so satisfactorily that Victor Hyde, New York producer, who has been in Toronto conducting the practice sessions for the past two weeks, has enthusiastically remarked that it will be the greatest achievement in Summer bathing revues he has yet produced.

Everything in this revue will be entirely different, and will be presented with a tremendous cast of local folk, who have been rehearsing strenuously for the past two weeks. Special costumes and gorgeous scenery have been made specially for this production. The entire cast are all local amateurs who have been awaiting an opportunity to appear on the stage and prove their ability. Nothing has been left undone to make this attraction a stupendous success.

Victor Hyde has really surpassed himself in staging and producing this offering. He has arranged musical and dancing numbers that will prove a sensation. He has trained the cast so carefully and diligently that many spectators will believe that many are really professional artists. However, we wish to assure everyone that only amateurs have been accepted.

See your friends perform. Encourage them in their work. Help them to choose their career. You're in for a most unusual treat when this act opens at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre week of June 9.

BY A CANADIAN.

Arthur Stringer has written a serial for Photoplay Magazine and called it "The Story Without a Name." Miss Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno are already at work on a film derived from it. Neither Mr. Stringer nor the magazine would seem to have bothered to thank one Barbey d' Aurevilly for their title.



LOUISE FAZENDA
in "The Galloping Fish", the comedy special at Pantages this week.

Arthur Ashley Was Famous in Movies

He Will Be Seen In Vaudeville At Loew's This Week.

Arthur Ashley, famous in the movies at the time of the John Bunny and Flora Finch comedies, many of which he directed and wrote, comes to Loew's Theatre week of June 9.

Thousands of followers of the silent drama will recognize Ashley by the different roles he played in "Rasputin, The Black Monk," "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds," "Forest Rivals," "Sealed Lips," "Million Bid," "The Christian" and a score of other screen successes. For the past year or two Ashley has toured the entire country, starring in "The Man Who Came Back."

Mr. Ashley's vaudeville experience is entirely new to him, but he has taken readily to the three-a-day, and seems to thrive on the menu. His offering is a pitter-patter of light songs, dances and imitations, with an entire scene from "The Man Who Came Back." Other acts are on the Vaudeville Program. Don't miss Loew's Amateur Summer Bathing Revue, playing here this week.

MUSICAL PROGRAM AT THE HIPPODROME

Jack Arthur's program deluxe includes the overture by the Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra, Nickolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," John Arthur and Lloyd Collins conducting; a divertissement; an atmospheric prologue to the feature picture, "The White Sister," with Nellye Gill and Mary Bothwell; Percy Burraston at the Wurlitzer; a Hippodrome comedy creation and a Hippodrome news review. Rupert Lucas, baritone, who played in "Tom Jones" and "The Geisha" will be an added feature of the program.

CLIFTON'S PLANS.

The word goes that Elmer Clifton has terminated his tasks for Mr. Fox. Within a fortnight he plans to sail for India, there to film in tropical waters two picture plays of the sea. A. G. Penrod, the camera-man who assisted him in the whaling sequences of "Down to the Sea in Ships," will accompany him.

REX INGRAM'S WORK.

More promise beckons in the list of pictures proposed by Mr. Ingram for presentation in the course of a twelvemonth or so. Having completed cutting on "The Arab," which he brought back from abroad this spring, Mr. Ingram will turn to "The World's Illusion," after Jacob Wasserman's story; "The Dead Command," from the work of Vicente Blasco Ibanez; "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," remembered pages by F. Marion Crawford; "The Toilers of the Sea," according to Hugo; and "The Goose Man," again suggested by Wasserman.

WORLD'S SMALLEST WOMAN



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Thrilling Exploits Of Man With Camera

By CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY.

Cinema Photographer with Sir Ernest Shackleton and Sir Ross Smith, Lecturer on "The Lost Tribe."

"WHAT the h—l are you two up to?"

This interrogatory reprimand was forcefully expressed by a grotesque human shape heavily encumbered with polar accoutrement that enveloped the entire form with bear-like bulkiness, displaying only a nose and a pair of Irish blue eyes, framed by an icy mask of frozen breath. The uncouth figure might have been any one of the expedition members—the voice was that of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton. One of those addressed was similarly clad; the other shivered violently, not by reason of the imperious voice but because his hair was matted with icy mush and his nude body was blotched blue with excessive cold. The former was Able Seaman Howe, the latter myself. Immediately in the background, groaning and creaking through the terrific squeeze of the pressure ice, lay the crushed fragments of the Shackleton expedition vessel, the ill-fated Endurance. The sides of the vessel had collapsed together like a folding camera and we were adrift in the heart of the ice packs 500 miles from the open sea and 400 miles from land!

In the hold of the derelict, beneath fifteen feet of pea-soupy ice, were two small, hermetically sealed cans of treasure worth a king's ransom. Nearly $100,000 had been advanced on the motion picture rights to help finance the expedition at the outset, and the two cans contained the picture negative representing the results of twelve months' labors. I had tossed up my mascot gold coin with Seaman Howe to determine who should dive into the black, icy waters of the wreck. The mascot had failed me on the spin, but rewarded the issue into which it precipitated me. Hence my unseasonable attire, my frost-bitten body and the two ice-encrusted cases that lay on the ice and indicated that the desperate chance had been rewarded.

Diving for Films.

It was a decidedly shivery situation diving into the "soupy," freezing water which filled the splintered hold of the wrecked vessel, held up from sinking into 1,000 fathoms by frail ice tongues forced through her side. Groping blindly and numbly about in the dark, freezing waters, directed only by the feel of familiar objects, it needed all my will power to prevent me from becoming "cold-footed" and giving up. It necessitated several dives to locate the cans of negative. The second can had just been passed up to Seaman Howe, when the eerie stillness was broken by the ice fields tightening their crushing grip on the wreck; to the warning of creaking and splintering timbers we dashed up from the bowls of the vessel to the safe outside almost into the arms of the leader. Thereafter those two cases and myself became inseparable. They drifted with the party on the ice floes for six months, survived a seven-day-and-night boat escape through the tempestuous Antarctic seas, and even when it became necessary to throw over the side part of our vital foodstuffs to lighten the boats from foundering I still clung to the films.

For five months they lay buried beneath the snows of Elephant Island until the rescue which carried the castaways back to civilization. No motion pictures ever taken were won under such dramatic and privatious circumstances as the Shackelton "Bottom of the World" films. They were entirely free from faking or acting. The expressions and incidents were actualities, and when it is taken into consideration that the camera man was just as susceptible to the physical agonies as the rest of the party, and still continued to crank his handle when most were so physically emaciated by starvation and hardship—although I say it personally—he accomplished something. Always under these severe extremes, I console myself by thinking and feeling that time will solve fate's decree; that sooner or later the hardships will become but memories and the film will yet live on as a tangible record. So I steel myself to the anguish of the present and look forward to the future, when the more harrowing times will become pleasant reminiscences on the screen of a luxurious picture palace. For three days and nights—it was daylight the entire twenty-four hours then—I shivered by the wrecked ship, alert at the handle waiting for the waves of pressure ice to complete the destruction of the vessel.

Thawed Water.

The unique film I scured was developed at once to avoid possible deterioration. I rigged up a tent darkroom near the wreck, kept up the temperature with a Primus kerosene stove and set to work to develop 1,000 feet of film in ten-feet lengths in a washbasin! Every drop of water had to be thawed from ice, and as the outside temperature was well below zero, the task was one that still brings shivers to my memory. In order to dry the film I had

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A real knockout.—New York News.
A delight in every way.—New York Times.
The most hilarious comedy in town.—New York Globe.
Merrier, brighter than the original story.—New York Post.
Stimulating and novel.—New York American.
One of the best seller plays.—New York Sun.
A big hit.—New York Telegraph.
A gorgeous burlesque of the films.—Evening Journal.

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MUSIC

MUSIC ELSEWHERE

Mr. Langford, the learned and practiced, yet sensitive and imaginative reviewer of music for The Manchester Guardian, will have it that Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" is a sea-music. In Manchester the piece is played as often as it is in Boston and once more, after a recent performance, Mr. Langford carresses his pet notion:

The "Appassionata" has always been famed as a sonata in which the genius of the composer breaks all the bounds and confines of normal music and enters into an ideal region where beauty becomes as the sea and fills all our sense of being. This work is Beethoven's "Tristan," and before "Tristan" there is no piece which gives us the same idea of genius in flood or of the romantic mood of ocean that we find in this music. The mind, as we contemplate its movement, suffers a sea change. There is an Olympian music whose stateliness is of buildings and whose revolutions are as those of worlds and suns. The movement of the "Appassionata" is something different. We are in the trough and currents of the seas. The winds play on it, and their coolness is one with the coolness of the waters. We have a sense of multitude which only the seas can give. We live in a sense of movement which is under us and around, and on which we are borne infinitely far. The formalist will come and lay his foot-rule and measure about it all, but that does not concern us.

Mr. Damrosch "ran over" from Paris to London recently to show the Britons just how they should set forth symphonic music in a concert for young people. Since he invented that desirable exercise for symphony orchestra, and since he excels in explanation that both engrosses and enlightens the youngsters, the Londoners heard him gladly. The Overture to "Oberon"; fragments from symphonies of Haydn and Beethoven; the Rakoczy March; and the "Blue Danube" waltz filled his program. Two thousand listeners sat under him.

Strauss, says in a letter from Vienna, is restless and deprecating under the music-festival and other ceremonies with which the city is celebrating his sixtieth birthday. By temperament he is shy of that sort of thing; while for the time the illness of his son, hardly recovered from typhoid, preoccupies him. If he must speak of his own work, he passes over it lightly while his uneasiness through the formalities and acclaim that made him honorary citizen, was both pathetic and amusing.

There is no doubt that Stravinsky is preparing himself diligently for his American tour next winter. Friends in Paris report him diligent as a student in piano-practice; while now and again he journeys to a small city that he may try his hand obscurely at conducting—an art in which he is not too well versed.

It is written that the Italian autocrat, Mussolini, has commanded the erection of a national opera house in Rome at the expense of the state and the city, that daring hands have revised the sacred text of "The Bohemian Girl" for revival in London by the Carl Rosa Company; and that a revival in Berlin of Lortzing's gay and songful, "Wildschutz" has proved the eighty-year-old piece anything but antiquated.

Since Bruckner is now firmly established and a generally admired composer in Central Europe, preparations already abound for the celebration, next September, of the centenary of his birth. Cycles of his nine symphonies are announced on every hand; while he is to be honored also as the obscure organist for many a year in little Austrian towns. Possibly in America one or another of his symphonies may be heard—as curiosity.

The Chicago Tribune lists amusingly four "primitive faiths" of the average audience: (1) that a violinist must play Bach's Chaconne often and arduously before he can be considered "a real artist"; (2) that a singer of songs must be clumsy in three foreign languages before she is fluent in her native English; (3) that on opera-singer is by that token a better singer; (4) that only elderly Brahmins enjoy chamber-music.

Skriabin's music and Skriabin's memory are still held in such honor in Moscow that the house in which he lived during his final years has been converted into a museum. It contains manuscripts, relics, pictures and other souvenirs, of the composer. His old aunt tends them; while a Skriabin Society provides the upkeep.

Mr. Ornstein has lately finished a Concerto for piano and orchestra, his largest symphonic piece thus far. Mr. Stokowski has received it for production next autumn by the Philadelphia Orchestra, with the composer playing the solo-part. Modernist music, there is not a doubt.

By official figures, the deficit in the treasury of the Chicago Opera Company for the season of 1923-24 was $326,759, or sixty-five per cent. of the Guarantee Fund. For the preceding operatic year, it was seventy per cent. Therefore, the directors report modest financial progress.

In its last days, the Boston Opera Company produced "The Blue Forest," fairy and folk-piece modelled upon "Hansel and Gretel" and clothed with music by Louis Aubert, the Parisian. Now, after ten years, during which the composer has grown in official grace, it is to be staged at the Opera-Comique before the end of the present season.

In the sixty-fourth year of her age, Mme. Melba is singing occasionally with the Italian opera company she has lately conveyed to Australia. Hearing her as Mimi in "La Boheme," the newspapers of Melbourne report her voice as worn and thin above and below, but in middle tones keeping the old silvery quality. Miss Toti del Monte, of whom great things are expected in the United States next season, has joined the company for florid parts in the elder Italian operas.

VAGRANT THOUGHTS ABOUT RECITALS

THE most trying month of the year to a musical observer is the one in which he has to go to a series of closings of the various institutions that teach music. He knows that about sixty young people are watching the papers eagerly next day to see the "write-ups," and he is aware that many of them are keenly disappointed, while others are resentful, if they do not find the praise for which they are so eager. Now no person likes deliberately to throw a wet blanket upon ambition or to do anything that will dash out flickering hopes, and yet we all know that only a small percentage of the star pupils of each term will ever do very much with the art that they have acquired by so great labor.

Let us state the situation quite candidly. There is a great deal of musical talent centred in Toronto, largely because our excellent institutions draw it from the surrounding province. But it must be remembered that there is a subtle something, just a little bit more, that lifts first-rate talents into the limited top notch group to which every student hopes to belong. One might remark in passing that the first-rate talents are the bane of the musical observer's existence. When these men and women give recitals after they have reached their maturity, you go to them and find yourself speechless. If they displayed snatches of genius here and there, how you would love to fasten upon them to sing your little song about. Or on the other hand, if they were hopelessly bad, there might be something definite to say. But no. They are so meticulously correct, so painstaking and so ploddingly uninspired that you wonder what on earth can be said of it. The only thing to write truthfully of the recital is "Miss Twiddle gave a recital last night in Forester's Hall. What of it?"

* * *

The reviewer would like to get all the star pupils together after each annual concert and say several things to them.

He would say, "You must remember first of all that it is impossible to judge a great deal about the talent of a student by hearing him or her do one carefully selected number in a mixed program. When a pianist has reached a condition at least bordering on maturity, he might show in the course of a recital program just the particular trend of his gifts. Allowing for the influence and the personality of the teacher, the young musician ought to begin to develop a certain amount of individuality. Is he a poet? Is he intellectual? Has he the God-given sense of perfect rhythm? And so on. But do not expect the reviewer to fortell your musical future after one brief hearing. Your teacher, if he or she has any insight, ought to be better able to tell after several terms if your talent appears to be exceptional. The write-up next morning passes on a single performance, not on your life-work."

Then he would say, "You should also bear in mind that an appearance at an annual concert does not mean that you are through. No matter how great your talents may be, you are only just beginning to mature them. It is the next few years that will show how fine an artist you are going to make of yourself. You have merely laid the foundation, and the superstructure is still to come. Music is one of the most exacting of the arts. You must be her slave for many, many moons before you have any chance of taking a place among her high priestesses."

Of course, there are a number of students who do not contemplate making a career in a large sense of that word of music. Perhaps they have acquired enough to serve their purpose. But even they must have a care. If they try to go along on a dead level, without improvement, they are headed for some bitter self-discovery, in course of time.

* * *

There are several suggestions that one should like to make regarding annual concerts.

In the first place, would it not be possible to do away with the custom of presenting bouquets? There is no good end to be served by that rushing of floral offerings to the stage after each number. If a young woman has well-to-do friends and relatives, she departs at last in a bower. It has nothing whatever to do with the music. There must be heart-burnings at times for the less fortunately situated young girl, who does not like to look out of things. Perhaps she even feels just a little troubled because she knows that her one bouquet is from a loyal friend who could not really afford it. Maybe the point is a little stretched in that contrast, but we have always felt that the flower habit at the annual concert can do no good, and it may do harm. Let them give sprays and wreaths and anchors and anything else that they like at the private recitals. But when the closing concerts come round, it would be an easy and wise policy to place all the performers on an equal footing, and to make a rule that there shall be no bouquets.

It seems to us that it is not a good policy to trot out children, unless they are really exceptional. It is rather dangerous to run the risk of developing undue precocity and self-assurance in a child. The poorer the child's gifts, the worse for them are these big affairs with their undue publicity. Once we heard a small girl of ten, with rattails and goggles inform a little friends in the street-car, "Oh, I have plenty of temperament, and I just have to perfect my technique a little". It is at such times that a bachelor thanks heaven that he has not shouldered the responsibility of fatherhood.

When discussing the point of weeding out thechildren from the annual concerts, one might add that the programs should not be too long. A limited number of the best performers ought to appear, and it is only fair to them that they should not be overwhelmed by the weight of inferiority.

IT IS BRAINS THAT COUNT.



The five leading women composers of this continent have been photographed together in this group. They are, left to right, front row—Harriet Ware, Mary Turner Salter and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Back row—Gena Branscombe and Ethel Glenn Hier.

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

Douglas Stanbury, the young Toronto baritone, has been engaged to sing leading roles with the Chicago Opera Company next season. It is decidedly exceptional for a singer who has studied only with teachers in Canada to achieve such an excellent engagement after as short a time before the public as Mr. Stanbury. For several years since leaving Toronto, the young baritone has been singing in concerts in New York and in the Capitol Theatre. He will make his first appearances in Chicago early next season when he will probably sing, among other roles, Pelleas in "Pelleas and Melisande," The success of Mr. Stanbury will be of great interest to Torontonians, especially those who watched the development of his exceptional voice under the guidance of Signor Otto Morando and Mme. Morando with whom he studied. He first attracted attention as a singer when he was a mere boy.

Mr. Victor Edmunds, the young tenor, who was so much in demand in Toronto for the two seasons before he went to Los Angeles, has been engaged to sing in special concerts with Miss Alice Gentle, the American dramatic soprano. Mr. Edmunds originally came from Western Canada to study with Signor Morando. His naturally beautiful voice made him very popular, and he made a great gap among our local male vocalists when he went to Los Angeles last Fall to be near his teacher.

The Hambourg Conservatory's thirteenth annual Forester's Hall recital took place last Saturday afternoon, when the young musicians played and sang to their enthusiastic friends. Violin, piano, song and dramatic art were the departments represented, in all of which a high average of talent and training was upheld. Those appearing were: Olive Churchhouse, Irene Stevenson, Cecile Hall, Ailsa Bridgewater, Audrey Nash, Alma Craw, Solly Gelman, Carl Goldner, Joe Levinson, Betty Brown, Marjory Stenhouse, the diminutive Norman Pasuk, Frances Irving, May Higgins, Barbara Roberts, Dorothea Metcalfe, Allan Halford and Olive McNaughton. The teachers of these students were: Mrs. Boris Hambourg, Madge Williamson, Hilda Alcock, Framka Morland Davies, Mrs. E. J. Clarke, Ruby Dennison, Eleanor Griffith, Mme. Montague Penley, Rachelle Copeland, Mme. Ruth Cross, and Winifred Cousins; Reginald Stewart, William Hardiman, Clement Hambourg, Maurice Turland, and Harold Brown.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the marriage of Mr. Carlos Buhler to Miss Dorothy Walker, daughter of the late Sir Edmund Walker, which took place in London during the past week. Mr. Buhler was widely known here when he taught music as a member of the Conservatory of Music staff. He belonged to the small group of local musicians who favored everything modern and unusual in the way of music, and he showed intense interest in the more radical composers.

The Associated Piano Studios (D. R. Piette Musical Director) gave a recital by the junior and intermediate students in Forester's Hall on May 29th. The results were very gratifying to the teachers of the performers and to the large audience of parents and friends, the general performance being particularly good considering the large number of players were mostly rendering their first public performance.

Those taking part were: Betty Whiteside, Estelle McKinley, Adelaide Clarke, Dorothy Shelton, Jacquiline Jolly, Ciceley Boddy, Charlie Patten, pupils of Elsie C. Bevington; Doreen Harrison, Margaret and Kathleen Taylor, Alice Carson, Kenneth Gray, Agnes Russell, Bernice Torres, Phyllis Chesney, pupils of Rheta Harrison; Mabel Serrurier, Louisa Mills, Hazel Feiney, Maud Stoneberg, Vera Gaw, Irene Harris, Tracey Powell, pupils of Monica L. Bainbridge; Gertrude Weir, May Prain, Beatrice King, Clara Mann, Brenda Payne, Winnie Hyde, pupils of A. W. Berry; Madge MacPhail, Mildred Ludwig, Margaret Cardwell, Frances Fine, Daisy Kauffman, Gladys Nurse, Lillian Miller, pupils of Murray Spaulding; Bella Altwerger, Mildred Gruber, Hilda Sinberg, Annie Cornfield, Kathleen Piette, Lily Lenchner pupils of D. R. Piette.

CRITICS MEASURE VICTOR HERBERT

HERBERT was one of the few popular American composers who had added study and training to his talent. As a 'cello soloist or an orchestral conductor he would have gained distinction if he had never written a line of music. With the "one-finger pianist" who has to employ a professional musician to orchestrate his productions he had little patience. Although he wrote more operettas than any man of his time, he was never careless in his work. His music was always popular, but it was never banal.—The New York Herald-Tribune.

It is to be said for Herbert that he never cheapened his art. He loved his popularity, but he would not court it—and proved that he did not have to court it—by bringing his compositions down to the level of a basket of musical tricks—The New York World.

His Skill.

As a musician, playing in more than one orchestra, and as a conductor Herbert acquired an unusual knowledge of instrumentation. It has been remarked that his light operas come off as well from the reduced orchestra of a small theatre as from the full band of more ample performances. This was only one proof of his mastery of technique—The New York Times.

Herbert's strongly marked melodic gift, his complete control of the secrets of orchestration, his ability to put humor into music, and his knowledge of styles, which was the result of his thorough musical education, qualified him for his widespread popularity as a composer of light music in any form. He was the nearest approach to a Sir Arthur Sullivan that this country has known.—The New York Sun.

His Gaiety.

Herbert had the gift of song. His music bubbled and sparkled and charmed, and he brought the precious gift of gaiety to an art that so often suffers from the pretentiousness and self-consciousness of the practitioners. Above all he had taste. Herbert's music could be trivial at times but he never wrote a vulgar measure. Now that he is gone, there is no one left who has quite his combination of effortless spontaneity and endearing light, heartedness.—Deems Taylor in The New York World.)

"ROMEO AND JULIET" IN ANOTHER OPERA

FOR the first time since the days of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" in the seventies, a composer of merit has drawn an opera from the tale of the fated lovers—the Italian, Riccardo Zandonai, known to the American stage. If not too clearly remembered, by his "Conchita," once produced by the Chicago Company, and his "Francesca," staged at the Metropolitan. Mr. Colles of the London Times, on his way to Milan and Boito's "Nero," heard this "Giulietta e Romeo" in Florence and sent the following account of it to his newspaper:

"Probably the most interesting thing about this latest operatic version of the story is that it does not follow the Shakespearean drama. (The source is a Parisian play, remotely derived from Shakespeare.) It is in three acts, with only three characters who can rightly be called principals: the two lovers, and Tebaldo, a Capulet who accuses Giulietta of giving herself to the unhallowed love of Romeo, and dies by the latter's rapier. Soprano, tenor, baritone, these three supply the requirements of conventional Italian opera, and, in addition, only a few lay figures are needed to group around them. Babella, chief of Giulietta's maidens, takes the place of the nurse, a singer whose pretty ballad in the last act tells Romeo of Giulietta's supposed death; and various subsidiary Capuletti and Montecchi help to dress the stage.

"Zandonai achieves an extraordinarily effective beginning. A long trill for full orchestra takes the curtain up, and there, under the archways of Verona, are the followers of the Capulets singing to the zither and the guitar. The touch of local sets the tone in which the action moves, and Zandonai, with his librettist to help him, is skilful in the management of such things—voices behind the scenes, scraps of songs and melody worked in around the main action, which otherwise is as direct as they can make it. In the first act the scuffle between the opposing houses, with plenty of musical realism, leads to the love-scene—Giulietta on her balcony, Romeo below it, and the first vocal climax. Romeo climbs up a rope ladder to the balcony, and the second vocal climax—a little spoiled musically by its likeness to the first, and dramatically by the fact that he climbs down the rope-ladder again before the curtain falls. In the second act Giulietta plays among her maidens. Tebaldo proffers his affront, and a second love scene ensues, of more musical distinction than the first. The duel between the Capulet and Romeo ends the act, and Romeo flees from vengeance. The third act shows Romeo at Mantua, where the news of Giulietta's death reaches him by the voice of a wandering singer. He calls for his horse to ride through the gathering storm to Verona, and here Zandonai has provided a piece of storm music of immense vehemence, in which the drums batter about the ears, and the brass blares a quasi-martial rhythm. When it subsides the curtain rises on the cloister scene with Giulietta on her bier.

"The part of Romeo is much the most effective from the lyrical point of view. He has two rich numbers in the final act, one as he faces the storm, the other as he enters the cloister and apostrophizes the inanimate Giulietta. But for all Zandonai's display of modernism in orchestration and his skill in manipulating details of musical stagecraft, the essential conventionality of his methods is evident throughout, and becomes baldly apparent in these lyrical numbers. He cannot write the great line which makes one forgive and forget operatic convention. No amount of declamatory phrases, however telling, can take the place of the great line. He is not a Verdi or even a Puccini. The last scene of all is necessarily weak, for the situation calls for a Liebestod and Zandonai is not the man to accomplish that. He has, however, given us an opera full of inventive energy and pictorial effect, and one which might well travel out of Italy and help to refresh the Puccini-ridden repertories of Covent Garden or the Metropolitan."

"JENUFA" IS OPERA HEADED FOR AMERICA

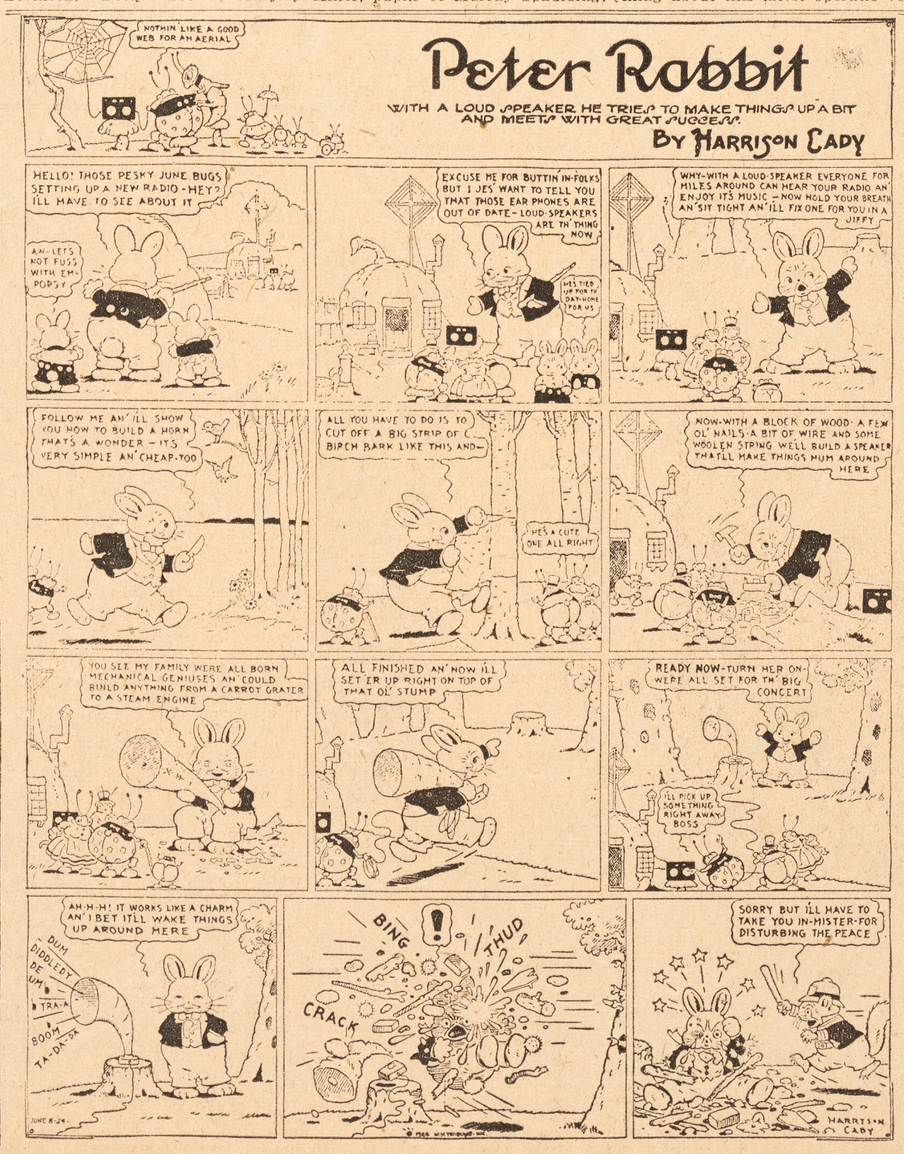
FROM Berlin, through a correspondent of the London Observer, comes some account of the remarkable new opera, "Jenufa," which the Metropolitan will undertake next winter. Twenty-three years ago Leos Janacek, obscure music teacher in the little city of Brunn, wrote it, as he had written other folk-operas, because to do so pleased and comforted him. Theatre after theatre returned the piece. In time the State Opera at Vienna heard of it through channels that it trusted; sent for the manuscript; scrutinized and staged it. Mme. Jeritza took the principal part, as she will in New York, and "Jenufa" won the public. From Vienna, it is now making round of German opera houses and, at seventy, Janacek, a timid, quiet old man, is receiving the applause of capitals of music. According to the Observer, the music teems with folk-melody; while the orchestral part is masterful on both the technical and the imaginative sides.

"The characters and action," the article continues, "are drawn from a novel by a Czech woman writer, Gabriele Preiss. The girl Jenufa, beautiful, rustic, passionate, is the daughter of an affectionate but austere and pious mother, custodian of the village chapel. The girl is courted by two brothers. The one, Stefa, is gay and careless; the other, Laca, heavy, slow and loyal. Jenufa prefers Stefa, upon which the earnest and sober Laca slashes her cheek with a knife. He has believed that all Stefa cares for is Jenufa's beauty; and is right in so far that Stefa deserts her at once. Time passes; Laca renews his suit in spite of Jenufa's melancholy. In secret Jenufa bears a child of which Stefa was the father. Stefa, fetched by the mother to the cradle, again repudiates her. Dreading the shame when the secret becomes known, the elder woman steals the baby from her daughter's bed and drowns it in the brook, telling Jenufa that it died while she slept. The little body is discovered during Jenufa's wedding feast at the very moment when the poor girl's unhappiness is brightened by growing affection for Laca. The new catastrophe is converted into a note of hope in the last scene, when Laca announces his intention of keeping faith with his bride and helping her to live down the tragedy.

"The dramatic figure of the mother and the beset and harrowed girl are two quite magnificent new parts for the German operatic stage. The setting, differing from the beetling crags and gloomy caverns of native operas during the past years, is one of great beauty—mountain scenery glowing with color and peasant cottages set among birch woods."

According to Le Figaro, the opera house at Monte Carlo has converted Schumann's choral "Faust" into a "veritable lyric drama," which puts the quality of the music "beyond debate" and which deserves to endure in the theatre. Of all thenotable music with which scenes and personages from Goethe's poem have been clothed, Schumann's is now the least often heard. Possibly this operatic version will also restore it to the concert-hall.

It is written that Strauss has promised his new operatic comedy, "Intermezzo," to the Vienna Music Festival next September; that with applause "Parsifal" has been restored to the widening Wagnerian repertory at the Opera in Paris; and that the State Opera House in Munich has shelved "Tosca" because audiences discovered in Scarpia a resemblance to a detested official and saluted him with hisses and other hateful cries.



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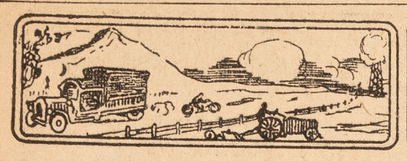
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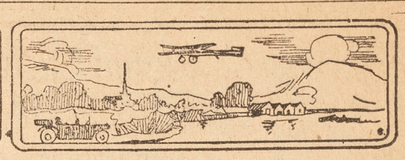
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AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

Will Be Largest Procession of Cars Ever Held in Canada

To Build a Highway From Hudson Bay to Cape Horn

Macaulay Declares That World is Merely at Genesis of Revolution in Transportation in Comprehensive Article on the Automobile as an Economic Factor in the Progress of Nations—How Wealth Has Been Augmented During the Period of Intensive Motorization—Other Contributions of the Motor Vehicle to the Public Weal.

By ALVAN MACAULEY.

The following article is by an U.S. business man of international repute, one who is master of his dreams and visions, who sees things steadily and in perspective. His introduction as president of the Packard Motor Car Co. is superfluous.—Ed. note.

All America looks forward to the time when broad, paved highways will extend from Halifax to Vancouver, from Hudson Bay to Tierra Del Fuego, with interconnecting arteries of travel and transport linking Alaska to the Argentine and making it as feasible to roam by motor from Winnipeg to Mexico City, Panama, Lima, Valparaiso, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, as it is to-day to traverse the United States.

When the sister republics from the Rio Grande to the Horn are thus tied together and to the United States and to Canada, this hemisphere will enter upon a new era of economic progress.

Let those who may look upon this picture as an impractical dream consider the devlopment of the past two decades in this country (the United States) and deny if they can that America's experience but heralds the dawn of a world-wide transportation evolution.

We are looking to the future, believing that the development of motor transport in the United States, far from having reached its zenith, is just well started. We have a ten to fifteen year national highway program under way which will provide us with 200,000 miles of additional improved roads, forming a system which, when completed, will link every community of 5,000 persons or over in the Union with every other like community. This system, supplemented by the state and county road system already well under way, will place every farm in the Union within a short travelling distance of an improved highway over which motor vehicles can be most economically operated.

It is trite to remind business men familiar with the fundamentals of political economy that transportation is a primary economic factor.

That the world to-day is better than the world our forefathers knew, that the average man to-day works less arduously, that he enjoys life more fully, that he possesses a greater opportunity for the development, utilization and enjoyment of his natural abilities, his proper aspirations and desires, than ever before, is fundamentally due to the progress the race has made in the improvement of transportation facilities.

This generation and the last have witnessed a greater political, social and economic development than could have been observed by Adam himself had he lived until 1850. Yet the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries inherited only what an hundred thousand centuries before had left. We have had, to work with, only what they had, namely, the world and the human mind. By and large the world to-day is prosperous beyond the most Utopian dreams of past ages. And the sine qua non of the world's present position is transportation.

"The machine," which has increasingly removed labor from flesh and blood and put it upon metals, which has utilized natural forces to do the work of man, which has made the powers of nature, whether wind or tide or fire or electricity, the servants of the race, has been the basic cause of our phenomenal progress, of course. But the greatest of all machines is the machine turned to the work of transportation; for without this all others become of relatively small usefulness. Man's conquest of the world has been made possible by man's access to the world. The wealth of nations remained largely potential until it could be found and moved.

Down through history the economic progress of any nation or people has been measured by its transportation development. Even conquest were valueless without transport, had conquest without transport been possible. The ownership of both America's enriched European powers by but a trifle at a time when machines for transportation had been improved but little in ten thousand years and were still at the mercy of natural forces.

A New Transportation Unit.

To emphasize these things is almost unnecessary. And yet if we are to consider the automobile as an economic factor in the progress of nations we must first have clearly in mind the primary importance of transportation as an economic factor. For the motor vehicle must be considered only as a new, but not the newest, development in the great field of transportation.

I would not wish to ignore or minimize the value of the motor vehicle for recreation, travel, education, outdoor life, health and the increased enjoyment of life in general which it makes possible to the individual. Also the civilizing influence of the automobile is to my mind one of its greatest values. Its wide use leavens and tends to standardize the population of a country, to break down narrow sectional lines and to give every class of people a better understanding of the problems of all the other classes. In this way it is greatly helpful in unifying a nation and in thereby forwarding national ambitions and aspirations.

Neither would I deny the tangible importance of these considerations in the political economy of any nation. But these are, perhaps, the imponderables. I mention them here only as a by-product of the new machine of transportation which, like most innovations, has been forced to prove its value largely on obviously practical grounds.

The United States is the most excellent place in which to study motor transportation—how it fits in economically with other forms—and with what results. For in the United States motor transport has developed more rapidly than anywhere else in the world. Every form of transportation as devised has been rapidly developed here. This not necessarily through an innate superior enterprise but through necessity. The United States necessarily leads the world in transportation for the Union of states, the cohesiveness and stability of the Nation, is founded upon and has its very being because of unexcelled transportation facilities. Without them 3,000,000 square miles of territory could never hold together under one government. Had the development and wide use of the automobile been sixty years earlier the civil war could never have occurred.

Our transportation structure is still far from perfect and in many respects suffers in comparison with those developed elsewhere. The very rapidity with which America has motorized itself indicates the crying need which existed for additional modes and avenues of transportation. I say "additional" because it is pertinent to point out that, as our thousands of miles of roads have become congested with motor vehicles carrying passengers and freight, the older agencies of transportation have continued to be utilized to their peak of capacity.

But with 88% of all the motor vehicles in the world owned and operated in the United States of America, surely our experiences here will serve as a pointed example of what other nations may expect from a greater expansion of the use of the automobile and the motor truck. What are the economic results of the expansion of a nation's use of motor transport? Let us see what a factor motor transport has been in the economic progress of the United States.

America Motorized.

In the United States to-day there is one motor vehicle to every seven persons. It is possible, if not practicable, to put the entire population into our motor vehicles at one time and move them over our highways—not one individual being left on foot! To those from overseas this statement may sound almost incredible. It would have been incredible here only five years ago, but so quickly has the motor vehicle become a part of our national life that to-day the fact occasions no surprise. Americans of all classes have come to look upon the motor vehicle as a necessary tool without which they would be less efficient and enormously handicapped in their economic competition with others so equipped.

It will, I believe, be a surprise to many of our foreign visitors to learn that it is quite customary in this country for our domestic help to run their own cars. For several years past each of the chauffeurs I have employed at my home to drive the family has arrived there in the morning in his own automobile, driven my family during the day in my car and at night returned to his home in his, usually then taking his folks somewhere on an outing. The gardener whom I employ for a portion of each day to do minor tasks about my home and grounds, drives up each morning in his motor car and in it quickly reaches his own home every evening after completing his tasks. We have had at least one laundress employed several days each week who came to work in her own car.

Continued on Page Forty.

150 FROM PETERBOROUGH TO LIVE IN MOTOR CAMP AT "EX."

One hundred and fifty Rotarians who will motor from Peterborough have arranged for model motor camping accommodation on the Exhibition Grounds through the Transportation Committee of the International Rotary Convention. It is reported that not a few of the United States delegates are bringing motor camping equipment with them. Rotarian Turner, of Peterborough, is in charge of that city's camping equipment and arrangements.

Ain't Nature Wonderful?



Tourist—I'm almost certain I must have run across your face sometime or other!
Sour Waiter—No sir. It's always been like this! —Judge.

Eighteen Miles of Cars in Rotary Convention Drive

Public-spirited Motorists of City and Environs Invited to Assist in Entertainment of Largest Convention Ever Held in the Dominion—Delegates Coming to World Convention Here From Nearly Every Civilized Country in the World—What the Convention Will Mean to Toronto Directly and Indirectly—Canada's Great and Growing Profit From Tourist Traffic.

The World Convention of International Rotary, to be held here next week, June 16-20, will be the largest convention ever held in the Dominion. Registrations of visiting delegates already number between eight and nine thousand, of which over four thousand are ladies. Not only is this the largest, but it is by far the wealthiest convention which any city in Canada has been privileged to entertain. The purchasing power of delegates will represent, in terms of money, many hundreds of millions of dollars.

Quite aside from the advertising value of the convention to Toronto directly and indirectly, and its value in leading to investments in this city and province—parties of delegates are going to visit various sections of Ontario, including the mining distrcits of the north—the city will immediately profit by expenditures during the convention. It is estimated that delegates will spend between one and two million dollars during the week. Any banker will tell you what a tremendous stimulus to business will be the addition of that sum of money to the currency in circulation in a city the size of this, in one week.

Therefore, it is of the utmost importance even from the most sordid standpoint, that the city prove a hospitable host to these guests—for the better the humor they are in the better spenders, and investors they are. A grateful and pleased prospect is a generous buyer, and a grateful and pleased buyer is a repeater, and the best of advertisers.

Now, of course, quite aside from mercenary considerations, Toronto has a reputation as a hospitable host to maintain. Treating well the guest within our gates is demanded by common courtesy and good fellowship, as well as common sense. Were the coming convention merely an average sized one, instead of a gigantic one, no appeal would be necessary on any grounds to ensure the proper reception and entertainment of delegates. But this is to be a gigantic convention. The hotels, university residences, every available suitable public billeting place, including boats and Pullmans, and, in addition, hundreds of select city homes have been enlisted to provide accommodation for delegates. Hundreds of people who never entertained strangers in their homes before, who, well-to-do and genteel, would scorn to do so for monetary reasons, actuated solely by motives of hospitality and civic and national patriotism, generously have opened them to Rotarian delegates to the convention.

There is one service practically every motorist in the city can render Toronto in particular, and this country in general—and him or herself indirectly—and that is in assisting to supply adequate motor transport for the visiting Rotarians.

The Rotary Host Club, with the generous co-operation of the Gyro, Kiwanis, Lions, Optimist, Progress and other service clubs; the motor clubs of the Grotto (Rani Ghar), the Knights of Columbus and Ramesis Shrine, the Pharmaceutical Association, the Young Men's Club of the Board of Trade, the Ontario Motor League, etc., are arranging to meet the trains and boats bringing in delegates on Sunday and Monday (June 15-16). Tuesday afternoon, June 17, over a thousand cars are required to transport the lady delegates on the drive from the Exhibition Grounds to the Garden Party being given them on the University Campus by the Kiwanis Club. Then, too, many cars will be required for special functions and to speed the departing guests. The local Transportation Committee of the Rotary International Convention will be very grateful to any who volunteer to assist in this great undertaking. If you can see your way clear to do so, drop a card to the committee at the King Edward Hotel, stating when your car will be available. Most need will be felt for cars Tuesday afternoon, June 17. Then the procession of cars will be eighteen miles long—the largest ever held in Canada.

Remember, tourist traffic ranks third among the Dominion's sources of revenue from natural resources, exceeding that of mines and fisheries. Here is an opportunity for every motorist to serve his city, his country and himself by helping to augment it.

GOOD ROADS ENHANCE LAND VALUES.

Road improvement means land improvement. Land improvement means added values. The farm increases in value when the farmer wants to realize on his holdings. A good road past the door of the farmer is the best booster for his pocket.

Geo. McLaughlin Retires From G.M.C.

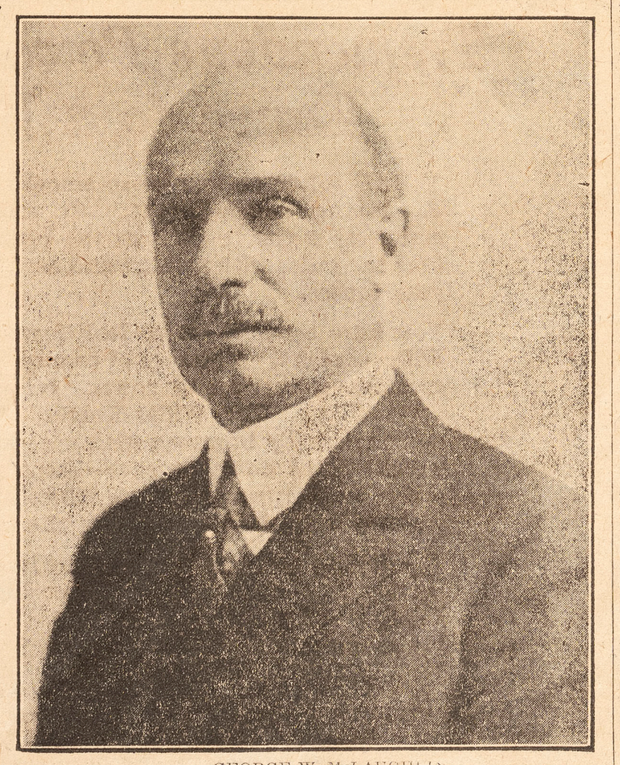
Is Recipient of Princely Presents at Meeting Convened in His Honor at Oshawa—Has Been Thirty-eight Years in Active Service.

By WARREN B. HASTINGS, M.S.A.E.

Just as the industrial and merchandising history of man dates from Satan's "sale" of the apple to Eve, according to the Biblical narrative, so the genesis of the business partnership of McLaughlin brothers, "Mr. Sam" and "Mr. George," dates from an apple episode, according to one of "Mr. Sam's" reminiscences that he related on the occasion of the presentation, made to Mr. George W. McLaughlin, on his retirement from an active leadership in the direction of General Motors of Canada, Limited, Monday evening, in Oshawa.

It was in their school days anterior to their joining the trimming shop staff of the McLaughlin Carriage Company, as apprentices that the two younger McLaughlin's "got square" with a workman in the blacksmith shop by a method made famous by one Lucretia Borgia. The workman in question was egregiously fond of apples. A particularly luscious looking "snow" was selected and shined. A small cube was carefully cut out of it. Into this aperature, 2 pills (potent purgatives) were inserted. Then the cube was carefully replaced and the apple presented, apparently sound and perfect, to said workman. It had, as the physicians are want to say, "the desired effect"—from the viewpoint of the young conspirators. Since then the McLaughlin brothers' heads have schemed—to what good effect Oshawa made cars the world round bear witness as do also a pay roll of over four thousand names and the mammoth General Motors plants in Oshawa and Walkerville, Elsewhere in these columns appears a brief outline of the evolution of General Motors in Canada.

It might not be out of place here to interpolate that this is not a report of the proceedings of Monday night as reports appeared in the daily papers. It is rather a chit-chat on some of the interesting features that we did not note in the reports.



GEORGE W. McLAUGHLIN.

The reminiscences of the two brothers were a unique treat—done in conversational, easy-chair, fireside style. They created a warm, friendly, even intimate atmosphere that is all too conspicuous by its absence in the vast majority of meetings of the kind. General Motors at Oshawa has this congenial atmosphere too, to a degree seldom met with in big and, for that matter, in many very much smaller plants. The personal touch has been maintained somehow, in the mammoth plant in Oshawa that is at once a surprise and a delight. Old employes, there were fifty on the platform Monday night who had been in the employ of the McLaughlin for a quarter of a century or more, greet the brothers as "Sam" or "George" in the plant. Those who have more recently entered the employ of the Canadian General Motors' Companies address them as "Mr. Sam" or "Mr. George."

Gathered at Oshawa for the presentation were many men prominent in the Dominions' automotivedom. Indeed, from Toronto alone, there were a goodly number: C. H. Carlisle of Goodyear; John Westren, of Dunlop; Oliver Hezzelwood, G. M. McWilliams, of Hyslop Brothers, Ltd.; Charles Ricketts, of McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited; Arthur Sharp, of British and American Motors, Limited; among many others were seen in the large gathering convened in honor of the man retiring after thirty-eight years of continuous service.

Twice in his address in acknowledgement of the princely gifts, bestowed on him by the various departments of General Motors, Mr. George McLaughlin gave evidence of no little emotion. Affluent, forceful, eloquent speaker and as a rule master of himself and any situation, his embarrassment in opening his address with hesitating, pulsating words of gratitude and appreciation bore witness to how profoundly he was moved. His peroration in which he paid tribute to his father as a man and as a builder of men and a mighty industry, was no less classic because delivered with such manifestly profound feeling. The undemonstrative, yet, virile affection that the brothers bear each other, sensed rather by what was not said than by what was said and in the method of the saying, is certainly one of the most pleasing recollections one has of the very pleasant and unusual evening.

The eulogistic addresses by Milton Bergey, George W. Hezzelwood, Jack H. Beaton, John Gibson, Norman McLean, Oliver Hezzelwood and Charley Ricketts, all gave evidence that the esteem in which Mr. George McLaughlin is held by the motor and lay world is shared by every branch of the great organization in which he has had so important a part in laying the foundation and rearing the imposing superstructure.

Milton Bergey's eloquent panegyric—its futile for such an unretentive memory as that of the writer to attempt to recall an address that was studded with as many illustrative quotations and apt classical allusions as—well, as one of Thomas Hardy's masterpieces, for instance. Bergey is an intimate of the Parnassians and Olympians—not so the scribe who can scarcely recall most of their names when confronted with them. That's a secret (sub rosa entre nous stuff so keep it dark.)

That "dark" recalls the very entertaining program provided by the darky ministrels of John Ross Robertson Lodge, Toronto, that enlivened the second half of the evening.

The following address made by Charley Ricketts on behalf of the branch managers in presenting a huge silver salver epitomizes the other addresses better than any generalization of mind could:

"Such an occasion as this renders weak and almost futile, the words we choose to express our sentiments. The great sense of loss which overwhelms us as we contemplate your withdrawal from the active guidance of our efforts, we can convey but imperfectly here, yet we know that you will realize and understand the deep measure of our regret.

"Years of close and happy relationship in business have given us a true insight into the strength of character—the singleness of purpose—the soundness of judgment—the wisdom and the courage that have enabled you to shape the policies and guide the destinies of this great organization. But, more than in all these worthy attributes of an outstanding leader, do we respect you as a man and a gentleman—whom we are the better for having known.

"If anything can slightly recompense us for your loss, it is the knowledge that you leave us as a conqueror, with every obstacle overcome, every goal attained, every ideal realized—and the organization for which you have planned and striven, bringing forth abundantly the fruits of your labor.

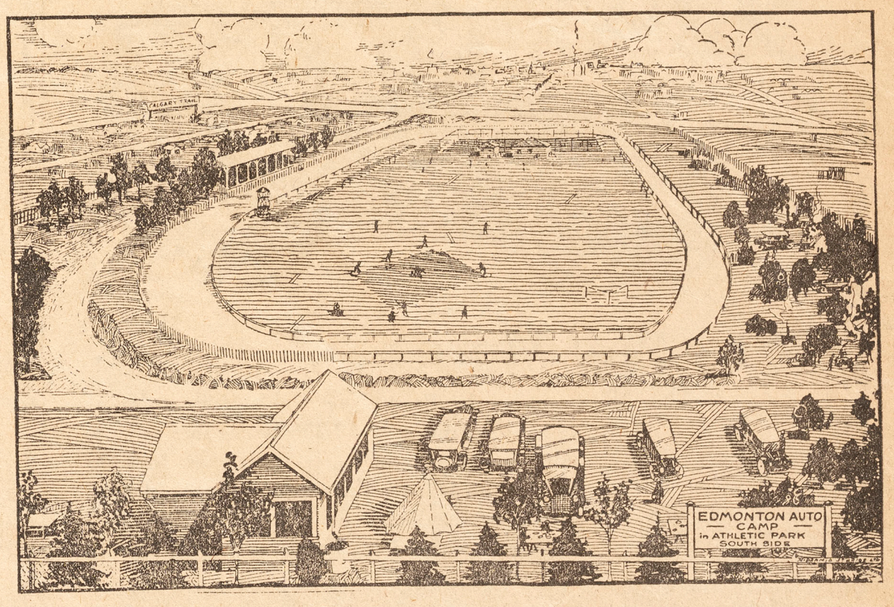
"To-night we wish to express our esteem for a leader we respect, a comrade we trust, and a friend we love. The token we bring is hopelessly inadequate. Of itself it would be nothing, but, fraught as it is with sentiment, perhaps it may prove an acceptable remembrance to one whose retirement from our midst we so deeply regret.

"We know that the example you have set us will be a source of inspiration and encouragement through the years to come—and we hope that you, too, may find something not unpleasant in the recollection of past association and the realization of our abiding love and respect."

IT CAN'T BE DONE

A mule cannot pull while he kicking, and he cannot kick while he is pulling. Neither can you.

Edmonton's Motor Campsite.



Edmonton is to have an automobile camp, thanks to the initiative and enterprise of the South Side Business Men of the Edmonton Automobile and Good Roads Association, and the co-operation of the City Council. The site selected is at the South Side Athletic Grounds, where part of the grounds on the south side of the site will be laid out as a motor camp.

The City Council has undertaken to bring in the sewer and water to the grounds. The Edmonton Automobile and Good Roads Association has agreed to finance the scheme up to fifty per cent. of its cost, such cost not to exceed $1,000, provided the business men of South Edmonton, the district which must get the first direct benefit, will subscribe a like sum.

It is proposed to erect an up-to-date building for the accommodation of incoming tourists and others journeying through Edmonton by car on the way to the rural districts of Northern Alberta. This building will have drop sides, made of glass, which can be opened in fine weather, so as to give lots of air which every tourist seeks while camping.

It will be equipped with tables and stove, electric light and running water, together with laundry tubs. It will have toilet and shower bath accommodation for both sexes, and eight brick fireplaces will be erected at various places on the grounds for outside use. The site will be improved horticulturally, and has a first class road running through its centre directly connecting with the Calgary Trail.

The coming improvements to the Calgary Trail, the contracts for which have already been let by the Provincial Government, will do much to induce the motor traffic that at present reaches Calgary each year from the States to extend its trip further north to Edmonton. This means that Edmonton should have an influx of cars this summer from the south, for in 1923 Calgary had a total of 1,433 cars carrying 4,945 passengers visit its camp. In addition many others visited Calgary who did not make use of the camp, preferring to stay at hotels or with friends. It is estimated that Calgary benefited to the extent of some $123,000 which it is also expected will be doubled in 1924. Sir Henry Thornton estimates the tourist traffic as being worth $20,000,000 to Alberta and Edmonton by providing the up-to-date facilities mentioned will, without a doubt, attract a portion of this traffic in 1924.

"The motor tourist camp is the meeting place of the critics of the various towns through which the tourist has occasion to pass on his holiday trip. It is common to hear the remark, 'Spokane? Yes, that town has a real camp,' or 'Keep away from Edmonton, their camp is a joke,'" says Good Roads.

"Edmonton cannot afford to let such remarks pass for the sake of its growth and business prosperity and with the action of the Business Men of Strathcona and the Motor Club in installing a camp that Edmonton can be proud of, such remarks will no longer be heard by Edmonton motorists who foregather at night in many a camp with fellow tourists from east, west and south."

"Canada As a Builder of Cars" An Informative Booklet

That Chevrolets Are 85 Per Cent. and McLaughlin-Buicks 65 Per Cent. Canadian Made Are Among the Many Interesting Revelations of the Profusely Illustrated and Attractively Compiled Booklet Just Issued by General Motors of Canada, Limited—Over Fifty Thousand Cars Made at Oshawa Last Year.

Canada as a Builder of Motor Cars is the title of a very attractive 56 page booklet just published by General Motors of Canada, Ltd. Profusely illustrated with drawing by Vernon Howe Bailey it is unusually attractive in make up, style and quality. It reads as follows:

"In a country where transportation is a prime essential to National unity and commercial development, it is but natural to look for industries created to supply means of transportation.

"So, in Canada are found huge industrial plants producing rolling stock for electric and steam lines, wagons, road-building machinery and motor vehicles.

The automotive industry is to-day one of the Dominion's leading industrial enterprises. General Motors of Canada, Limited, alone produced over 50,000 motor cars in 1923. Over $6,000,000 was paid in wages at their Oshawa and Walkerville factories. Over 27,000 automobiles were exported in 1923, all of which adds to Canada's growing prosperity.

How far this young Nation has gone in meeting, within her own borders, her needs for lake, rail and highway transportation, is not generally known—even to Canadians. Much of the pride that Canadians might feel at the sight of a fine sweeping car or beautiful sedan may be lost, because they do not know that these wonderful examples of luxurious travel are made by Canadians in Canada.

In transportation, Canada has shown initiative and courage which is reflected over the whole continent. Forty years ago, Canada built the first railway across the American Continent—an achievement in statecraft, engineering and financing which has never been paralleled.

How many people know that before there was such a thing as a Pullman car, a sleeping car was built at Brantford, Ont., for the use of the young Prince of Wales—later King Edward VII, on his tour of Canada? That was in 1859. A few years later an enterprising young Canadian, Robert McLaughlin launched forth on a business venture which was to bring him a national reputation in the field of "road transportation."

Canada has become a big producer of automobiles, tractors and trucks. And in this direction, too, her iniative has contributed materially to the progress of automotive development.

During the formative, or early days of the automobile industry, there was a marked difference between Canadian cars and their American prototypes.

While Canadian automotive engineers have not been slow to profit by the lessons they could learn from United States manufacturers in producing moderately priced, durable and economical motor cars, nevertheless, they have always realized that Canadian requirements were not identical with those of the United States. Canada is a new country and highway conditions in many places demand the most rugged construction—more rugged than is needed where paved roads are the rule, not the exception.

Moreover the Canadian buyer of a motor car has always shown a keen appreciation of extra refinements in design and finish, which are not deemed so essential in the United States. Special models have always out-sold standard cars in Canada while in the United States very few "Specials" are manufactured.

Canadian automobile manufacturers were alert to realize the tendencies of the Canadian market, and built up wonderful facilities for the production of the type of cars which Canada wants in the quantities the country could absorb. In the early days, prices were of necessity high, but as each succeeding year showed increased demand the prices dropped, although the quality of the product has showed a steady improvement.

In the rapid growth of the automobile industry, a true perspective of its place in the social and commercial life of the country is easily lost to view. It is difficult to realize that in a few short years the automobile has passed the old established railroad as a carrier of passengers; that the building of automobiles has become the third largest industry; that a new basic industry has come into being, almost over night.

Judge the extent of this basic industry in Canada by considering the activities of her premier manufacturers of fine cars—General Motors of Canada, Limited. But, first, a word about the ground work on which this industry rests.

The motor car industry is hardly out of its teens, but the vehicle industry is as old as the Dominion itself. In Canada McLaughlin vehicles, whether motor driven or horse drawn, have been known to the Canadian public since the third year of Confederation, Robert McLaughlin built carriages in 1869. More, he built a national business reaching into every corner of Canada. In this successful carriage business at Oshawa were trained R. S. and G. W. McLaughlin. In 1907 the McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited, was also formed and a contract made for the manufacturing of Buick Cars in Canada. The comparatively new idea in vehicles—the motor car—came to Canada sponsored by McLaughlin, and from the first the McLaughlin-Buick was looked upon as "Canada's Standard Car."

Through the vicissitudes of the early automobile days when each year brought new cars to replace the ones that faded from view, McLaughlin-Buick came to stand for stability—a reliable car, with a well-known firm back of it. Gradually the sales of carriages were replaced by the sales of automobiles, and in 1915 the old carriage factory was converted into an automobile plant for the manufacture of Chevrolet cars. The new venture gained quick impetus from the success of the well established McLaughlin-Buick.

In 1918 the two motor companies at Oshawa were merged into the General Motors of Canada, Limited, subsidiary of General Motors Corporation. At this point, Robert McLaughlin retired and the presidency and vice-presidency of the new company were assumed respectively by R. S. and G. W. McLaughlin.

So much for the foundation.

The superstructure is perhaps better known to Canadians by the names of General Motors' products—Buick, McLaughlin-Buick, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Oakland, Cadillac, G. M. C. trucks.

There is, perhaps, some excuse for the man who supposes that cars are not made in quantities in Canada—Speed characterizes the industry as well as the car, and who but an insider could know what is happening in motordom.

Vernon Howe Bailey has caught the spirit of the Canadian automobile industry in the sketches he made in General Motors, Oshawa and Walkerville plants, and which are reproduced in this book. He has visualized the giant that has entered Canadian industrial life.

There are two factories—or rather groups of factories—producing General Motors' cars in Canada. They have floor area of over 31 acres; one located at Walkerville, Ont., makes the "works," that is the motors, the axles and heavy parts of the car. The second group of factories is located at Oshawa, Ont. Here the cars are built and the process of manufacture, including woodworking, body building, machining, top building, manufacture of small parts, assembling, testing, upholstering, painting and enameling, boxing and shipping. The Fisher Body Corporation, which is a subsidiary of General Motors, manufacture the closed bodies for General Motors' cars in their Walkerville, Ont., plant.

Aside from the benefits the motor car and motor truck bring to the business community, the automobile industry contributes enormously to production in many varied industries. It has become a factor of incalculable value in national prosperity.

In 1923 General Motors built in Canada over 50,000 high quality cars. Of these 27,000 were exported, helping to swing the balance of trade Canada's way.

Four thousand Canadians were employed by General Motors of Canada, Limited, in 1923, and the annual pay roll exceeded $6,000,000.

The railways received $3,350,000 in freight charges. Fifty carloads of General Motors' freight came into and went out of Oshawa every working-day.

450 Canadian and British factories supply materials for Generals Motors' cars.

Operations on such a heroic scale have had their effect in reducing the price of cars to the public. A fine car can be purchased to-day at a figure which a few years ago would have seemed impossible.

Further reductions in prices may be looked for as Canada increases her population, and likewise her demand for motor cars.

To-day Canada has a small population, demanding a wide variety of cars—a few thousand of each. Production of any one car must be small compared with production in some of the United States factories.

A factor of far-reaching importance to Canada and the Empire is the export trade which General Motors of Canada, Limited, have developed.

English and Empire tastes run along the same lines as Canadian, and it was discovered that the Canadian-built General Motors' cars met with an instantaneous demand in England.

In 1921 General Motors of Canada began production of motor cars for the overseas market in order to supplement the General Motors' factories in the United States, and to provide the General Motors Export Company with an additional source of supply for the rapidly-expanding overseas business.

To take the fullest advantage of the reciprocal trade relations between Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada, it was arranged to manufacture in Canada for the export trade. General Motors, Limited, of London, England, are now supplied with cars manufactured in Oshawa, and they also receive motors, axles and other units from Canada for use in their new assembling plant at Hendon, where some of the General Motors' cars for distribution in Great Britain and Ireland are now assembled.

Thus was secured for the Dominion of Canada an additional volume of business for this tremendous industry, which brings millions of dollars annually to the Dominion for Canadian materials and Canadian workmen.

To-day over fifty per cent. of the production from the Oshawa plant goes overseas to Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Straits Settlements, South America and almost every country on the globe. Sales outlets have been established in every foreign country, and this volume of business, as foreign demand stabilizes itself, will undoubtedly aid in establishing lower manufacturing costs.

A recent Government survey shows that Canadian manufacturers as a whole are operating at a lower average profit on invested capital than that earned by American manufacturers—proof, surely, that Canadian manufacturers are earnestly building up Canada as an industrial nation.

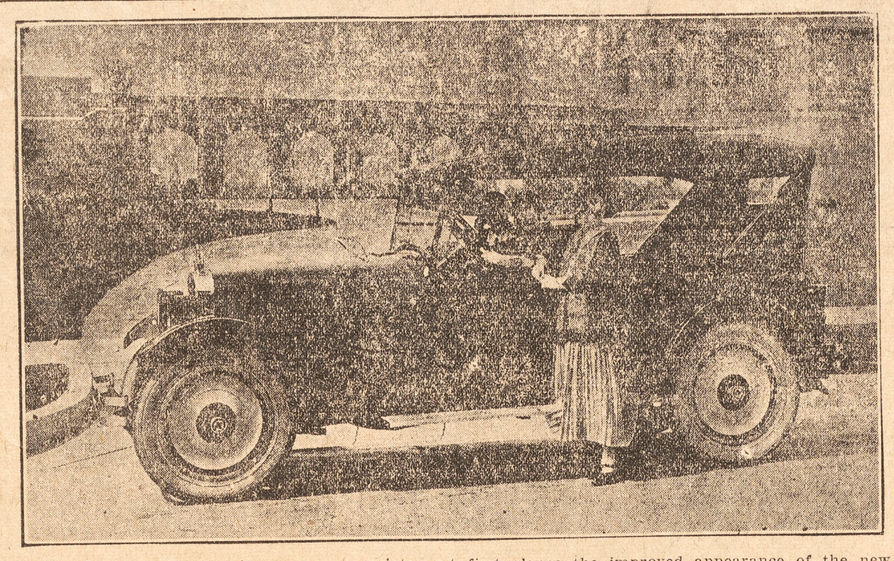
It is interesting to note the financial interest of Canadians and British investors in the automobile industry. General Motors of Canada, Limited, has an invested capital of $25,000,000. Over 485,000 shares of General Motors' stock is held in Canada, and over 935,000 shares are held by investors in Great Britain.

In his letter accompanying, a copy of the brochure forwarded to the editor, R. S. McLaughlin, president of General Motors of Canada, Limited, and vice-president of General Motors Corporation, declared:

"Our cars are manufactured in Canada, and not merely assembled. One of our products, the Chevrolet, is produced to the extent of eighty-five per cent. in the Dominion; The McLaughlin-Buick, sixty-five per cent., etc."

Other products of the great Oshawa plant include: Cadillac, Oakland and Oldsmobile cars, and G.M.C. trucks. The many illustrations graphically depict manufacturing processes.

The New Rickenbacker Touring Car



Despite the counter-attractions, one appreciates at first glance the improved appearance of the new Rickenbacker. The improvement is even more conspicuous in the car than is indicated by the above photo-engraving. Several structural refinements have been made, one of which is dealt with elsewhere in these columns.

TRADE IN

The auto dealer rends his beard, his eyes are wet, his thoughts are weird. He has new cars upon his floor, resplendent buses in his store. They stand there, glittering like stars, the latest thing in motor cars; they're built to save the precious gas, and they have windshields made of glass; the sills are formed of priceless steel, and there's a brake on every wheel. The auto dealer views his boats and sounds some sad discordant notes. "If I could sell my cars for mon," he sighs, "my business would be fun. But every prospect, every jake, has some old junk that I must take. I have to take in ancient carts that broke our rude forefathers' hearts, old chugmobiles of fierce design, that crossed the plains in '49. The man who buys a modern suit can't trade in rags not worth a hoot; the gent who buys a kelly dear can't trade in lids of yesteryear; the guy who buys cigars to-day can't trade in cabbage leaves or hay. In other avenues of trade men know the merchants must be paid in guilders, kopecks, marks or francs or coin accepted by the banks, but when man comes to buy a bus he makes a most unseemly fuss if I won't take the same as cash, his worn out van that's gone to smash. And this is why I sometimes tear my shirt, my whiskers and my hair."—Walt Mason in Daily News.

To Build a Highway From Hudson Bay to Cape Horn

Continued from Page Thirty-nine.

Perhaps these are startling rather than important facts, but they show the permeation of American life by the motor car, they indicate what a part and parcel of our daily existence the motor vehicle has become. That motor vehicles are comparatively inexpensive in America, and that the average American is comparatively affluent in contrast with many others of the same relative status elsewhere, may be cited as contributing reasons to the almost universal utilization of this form of transportation here. But why are motor vehicles comparatively cheap here? The enormous demand and the consequent enormous production permit it. The demand, potential or actual, had to exist before vast production schedules made inexpensive and efficient vehicles a possibility.

We may also, with reason, inquire whether the extensive use of the motor vehicle in this country is a cause or an effect of widely distributed prosperity.

Adding to the National Wealth.

If it were a contributing cause then yearly increasing usage of the motor vehicle for transportation would presage increased prosperity, widespread in its distribution. If it were an effect, the yearly increasing diversion of surplus, running into the billions, for the purpose of motor vehicle purchase and operation, would inevitably be reflected in a diminution of expenditures in other lines, in capital investment and in all forms of savings.

Let us examine into this. In 1913 there were 1,258,000 motor vehicles in use in the United States. In 1923 there were over 15,000,000, an increase of over 1100% in ten years. In 1915 the gross revenues of the railroads of the U. S. were $2,871,000,000. Last year they were in excess of six and one-half billion dollars. Our railroads in 1923 hauled 1,277,000,000 loaded freight cars and the wages paid to the employes totalled approximately $2,800,000,000, or an amount equal to the sum of the total gross receipts of the railroads in 1915.

During the ten years from the first of January, 1914, to the first of January, 1924, the American public invested or spent $17,000,000,000 for motor vehicles, an average of $1,700,000,000 a year. During the same period total deposits in all banks increased from $18,517,000,000 to $40,000,000,000, and savings banks deposits increased from $4,936,000,000 to $7,897,000,000. Building and loan associations' assets increased from $1,248,000 to $3,342,000,000, while life insurance in force, both ordinary and industrial, increased from $21,565,000,000 to $56,000,000,000.

Thus we note that while motor vehicle ownership was multiplied in ten years by more than eleven, assets of building and loan associations tripled, life insurance in force became more than two and one-half times as great, savings banks' deposits nearly doubled and total individual bank deposits more than doubled. New high records were made in 1923 not only in motor vehicle production, which exceeded 4,000,000 units, but in bank savings, in life insurance written, in rail carload shipments, in pig iron production and in residential building.

In the face of these facts can we say that the enormous expenditure made by the American public yearly, for motor transport, including last year, in addition to over $3,000,000,000 for vehicles and parts, over $1,000,000,000 for gasoline and over $900,000,000 for highway improvement, is merely the gratification of an extravagant impulse? Is it not more evidently the investment of capital in a form of transportation which means greater efficiency and which serves and saves rather than costs the nation money?

Increased individual efficiency is always reflected in greater national wealth and in economic progress.

Cutting Transportation Costs.

The ways in which the motor vehicle does increase the efficiency of the individual almost regardless of his vocation, are almost obvious.

We have a motto, "time is money", which is merely a terse way of expressing the thought that to take longer than is necessary to accomplish any useful purpose is wasteful. The motor vehicle cuts the time of travel or transport at least in half as compared with animal power. And this saving in productive time alone mounts to tremendous figures. But time is not the only element! The actual cost of transportation per ton mile or per person, is far less by motor power than by animal power. The exact figures cannot be given in this connection owing to the wide variations in cost of transporting different commodities over different types of road and in different sections of the country. But the loosest of accounting will indicate a large saving if applied to any specific instance, such as the transportation of cotton over a given distance from the gin to the railroad, or the delivery of mail or packages over a given route. The horse would not so quickly have become a curiosity in America were not his inefficiency as compared with the motor vehicle promptly and easily determined.

Probably no other class of American citizens has benefited so much from the development and use of the motor car and truck as has the farmer. Though the farmer's income is low, through the automobile he is getting more for his money and spending less time to make the same money than was the case twenty or ten years ago. There are now few farms in the United States without a motor vehicle. The Grange, one of our leading national farm organizations, says: "The automobile and the motor truck have become so necessary to agriculture and to reasonably agreeable life in the country, that the best figures now indicate that one-third of the automobiles in use are owned by farmers, while the light truck is becoming indispensable to agriculture."

New Life for the Farmer.

The 4,500,000 motor vehicles now on the farms of the United States are having a greater economic significance than is generally appreciated in making those farms more livable, in putting the farmer in closer contact with the centres of population, of education, amusement and community life in general. There has been a tendency for our population to leave our farms for industrial centres. This is not difficult to understand when the farm life of but a few years back, with its narrow horizon and inevitable partial isolation, is considered. Any factor which makes life on our farms more livable as well as more profitable and fends the nation against the depopulation has an ultimate economic importance far greater than is superficially apparent.

The efficiency of the individual, be he city-dweller or farmer, and his social value, is inevitably affected by his education. School facilities in our rural districts to-day are immeasurably better than ever before, because of the automobile. While twenty years ago the one-room school house was the best that a farming community could afford, because perhaps but eight or ten homes would be within traveling distance of each other and of a school, to-day through the motor bus it has become possible to eliminate the antiquated one-room school houses of the past with their limited curriculum and substitute what are termed "consolidated schools", supported by, and forming the educational centre of, a much greater area. There are over 13,000 such schools in this country to-day having buildings, equipment and facilities equal to the best our cities can provide.

Decentralizing Population.

Turning from the rural aspect of motor transport to its urban significance, for approximately one-half of America's motor vehicles are owned in communities of 5,000 population or over, we find city life in America revolutionized in the past ten years.

Notably there has been a large growth in home building outside of the strictly metropolitan districts. The population on Manhattan Island, which is the central part of New York City, has been steadily declining, but the growth of homes in the metropolitan area has been very much on the increase. In the suburban counties of Long Island, for example, which lie just outside the city limits, one finds that the number of new homes constructed annually has increased tenfold during the past seven years. It is significant that motor car and motor truck registrations are five times as great in this territory as they were six years ago.

The motor vehicle tends to decentralize population. It opens up for use by our cities vast areas of new land inaccessible by other modes of transportation, and which give to the city worker the advantages of country life, and thus prevents that pernicious increase in congestion which, with the rapid centralization of industry and trade during the early part of the twentieth century, so seriously threatened home ownership and a proper standard of living.

Here in Detroit, through bus lines, through jitney service, and particularly because of the almost unanimous ownership of private automobiles, we have found our city, despite the lack of adequate rapid transit facilities above or below ground, developing not into a community of slums and enormous apartments, but into a group of neighborhoods, linked together by motor transportation. The Detroit metropolitan area is in reality a city of thirty villages, each with its community centre, stores, motion picture theatres, churches, libraries and schools. As we come to understand the planning of modern cities better, we shall work out boulevard systems of improved adequacy and shall find that we have increasingly happy and contented municipalities, with plenty of light and air for everyone.

The Motor Vehicle in Business.

Millions in America use their cars for the direct, economic purpose of taking them to and from work, either part way or all the way. Many suburban dwellers come in to our larger cities by train, but have their homes several miles from the railroad, thereby saving in rent. The motor car in such cases serves as real estate insurance, for without it the home distant from the city worker's office or shop would be useless to him.

Surveys made by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce indicate that 60 per cent. of the mileage covered by automobiles in this country, yearly is for a business purpose. Ninety per cent. of all motor vehicles in the United States are used more or less for business. Checking over 100,000 registration cards taken at random, the Chamber found that fully 5 per cent. were owned by business houses. This percentage applied to the national registration would indicate the strictly business ownership of 750,000 vehicles. These, together with countless privately owned machines, are used to increase the daily business efficiency of salesmen, supervisors, bankers, school superintendents, contractors, surveyors, architects; those in every walk of life whose pursuits daily require outdoor travel. Notable in the professional use of automobiles are physicians. In America more than 90 per cent. are owners of motor cars. How much the motor vehicle has lightened the task and increased the usefulness of the country doctor would be hard to estimate. One hundred and forty-four thousand physicians in this country visit their patients by motor.

The business use of the 1,627,000 motor trucks in this country hardly needs discussion. It is enough to say that no industry or branch of retail trade here is not served by the commercial motor vehicle; the growth in truck registration indicates that American business is more fully realizing every year the part motor transport is playing in its increased efficiency and development.

Completing the Structure.

I trust that nothing I have said suggests that the motor truck or motor car can be expected to supplant the rail lines or the waterways. Motor transport, as we visualize it, is only one of a needed trinity of transportation facilities, each complementing and aiding the others to do its full part in serving the nation. There are, of course, railroads, both steam and electric, which are not now economically located. Their cost of operation is too high, perhaps, to meet the competition of buses or trucks. This, however, experience has shown, usually applies only to the short-haul rail lines. Many if not most of our steam and electric lines now make extensive use of buses and motor trucks as auxiliaries.

That country which is forward-looking in its transportation development will find that it needs its railroads and its boats and barges for the long hauls deep into the interior and that these forms of transportation are more economical for the long movement of large quantities of freight. But it will find also that only the surface of its wealth will be tapped unless it can develop intensively the outlying land along the rail lines and waterways, through the use of motor cars and trucks, and good highways as feeders.

While the ideal economic condition is to have rail lines and water transportation for the long freight and passenger hauls, supplemented by the car and truck, yet there are vast areas of land which have only motor vehicle transportation service, which alone is proving a great asset to the development of the community. Tremendously increased productive areas have been added in the neighborhood of all of our large centres and along our rail lines and waterways by motor vehicle transportation. Land values have arisen greatly, adding unto'd millions to the national wealth, crop values have increased, and more freight has been made available to the long distance carriers, with resulting good to all. As America's highways are further improved this process will continue and vast reservoirs of now untapped wealth will be made available, productive and profitable.

The Spare Tire.

The car owner who carries a spare tire—and a great many of them do—unprotected on the car, is laying up trouble for himself. Even if no more serious accident happens, dust collects on the inside of the spare casing, and is turned to mud by the first shower. Then, when the casing is called into service, the inner tube will be rubbed against the hard deposit of mud, with chafing and a speedy blowout as the result. Cases for the spare tire cost little, and they should always be used to protect and preserve the spare tire for its day of service.

Camels Displaced By Cars As Desert Ships

Cars Cut Camel Trip of Weeks Down To Just Two Days.

How the running time from London to Bagdad has been reduced to eight days, and how the Holy Land and the scenes of other ancient oriental civilizations have been opened to tourists by the motor car, was interestingly told by Coldwell S. Johnson of the General Motors Export Company, who has just made a short visit to Oshawa.

Camels, the ancient ships of the desert, which have held sway for more than 3,000 years, are being replaced by motor cars, which add many factors of safety to the advantages of immeasurably greater speed and comfort.

A route recently established across the Syrian desert from Haifa and Beirut to Bagdad for mail and transportation purposes, by the use of Cadillac cars reduces the running time for a distance of nearly 500 miles to two days. Prior to the establishment of the new mail route, the journey by camel travel consumed from seven to eight weeks. The motor route brings within quick and easy access to tourists the ancient ruins of Baalbek, Palmyra, Babylon and other ancient cities.

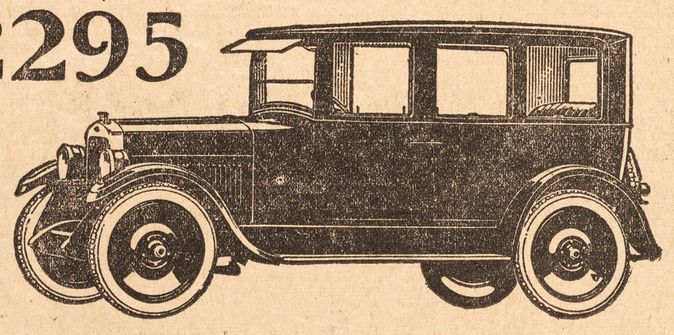
The drive is taken straight across the desert. Trails are frequently ignored and the hard surface of baked mud makes possible a speed as high as 70 miles per hour. At night direction is determined by the stars.

The cars carry a gasoline reserve of 75 gallons in tanks on the running boards. Arab bandits, mounted on fleet horses, are out-generaled by the high speed of the cars.

Plans are being made for extending the route eastward from Bagdad to Teheran, Persia, giving it a total extent more than equal to the distance from Oshawa to New York by road.

Oakland Six Sedan

$2295



Why Pay More?

Compare this Brand New Oakland Six sedan at its new low price of $2,295 with other sedans, both 4's and 6's, selling at from $100 to $300 more. You will see that nowhere in the rugged chassis or the luxurious Fisher-Built body has Oakland permitted any compromise with quality or completeness.

All we ask is that you drop in and examine the Brand New Oakland. The car itself, with its new engine, four-wheel brakes, centralized controls and remarkably low price, will amaze you—as it has thousands of others everywhere.

Roadster	$1595
Touring	1,595
Sport Touring	1775
Sport Roadster	1775
3-Pass. Coupe	1965
Coupe for Four	2255
Sedan	2295

Prices, F.O.B. Toronto, including spare tire, tire cover and bumper.

Oakland — PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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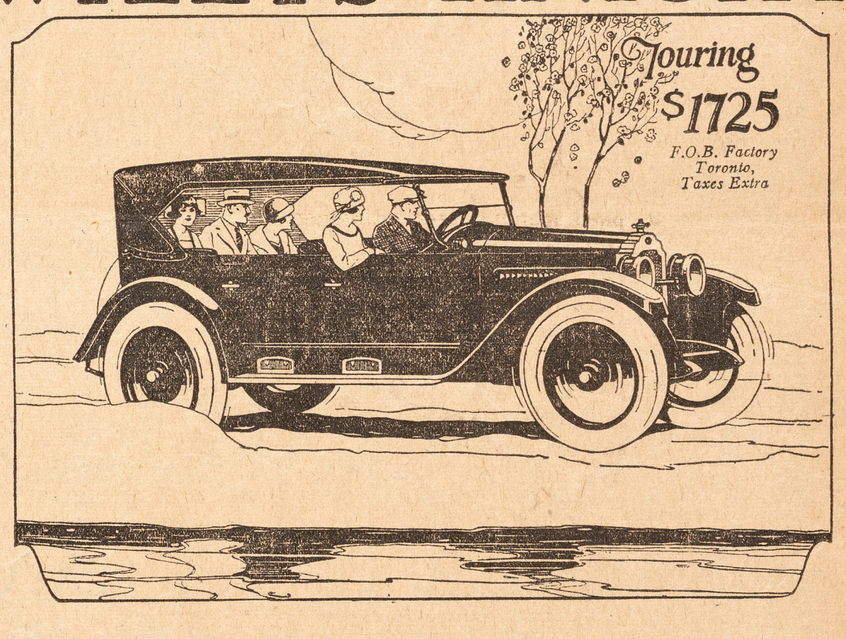
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Oa-1424

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Tremendous Power— Tuned to a Whisper

LIKE velvet on velvet—so smooth and quiet is the Willys-Knight. It whispers into action at a touch—off like the breeze—gliding over the miles with an ease and zest thrilling to your senses.

You have a whole lot to look forward to in a Willys-Knight. A picture of beauty—a cradle of comfort—a rhythm of power. Its silky power stays silky. The Willys-Knight sleeve valve engine actually improves with use—keeps up its youth—keeps down expense—keeps you happy and proud. Owners report 50,000 miles and more without a repairman touching the engine!

The day of the Knight is here—and it is a wonderful day for the enjoyment of motoring. See the Knight—today. Ride in it. Experience a new joy in motoring.

There are seven beautiful Willys-Knight models, ranging from the roadster with its long, graceful, sweeping lines to the sedans, distinctive and luxurious, each priced within reach of the man of moderate means.

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It pulled through Missouri mud, hub-deep, where other cars were stuck.

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It established the remarkable economy record of 33.3 miles per Imperial gallon of gasoline, for the entire 3,674 miles.

Arriving at Los Angeles—it proceeded at once to the Los Angeles Speedway and ran 68 miles an hour, under official observation.

Immediately thereafter, it negotiated the 452 miles from Los Angeles to San Francisco in 10 hours and 45 minutes!

And at no time during this tremendously trying trans-continental run, was the car's emergency kit opened!

Frankly, we know of no severer tests that have ever been applied to a motor car, regardless of size or price!

Yet—if you can think of a severer test, if there is anything else within reason we can do to demonstrate any feature or quality of this car—tell us what it is—AND WE'LL DO IT!

If you're in doubt about one single point—put your problem squarely up to us and we will demonstrate that this Oldsmobile Six offers all that the most exacting could ask of an automobile—and considerably more!

O-8324

Engine—Its six-cylinder engine represents the finest talent and work of Oldsmobile and General Motors engineers. It develops 42 H.P.—has full force-feed lubrication to all bearings—oversize crankshaft with main bearings almost as large as the cylinders—ample water circulating space between each cylinder—dome-head type cylinder head—interchangeable Chadwick bronze-backed bearings.

Coachwork—All Oldsmobile closed bodies are built by Fisher—a fact that in itself is complete guarantee of quality, refinement and comfort. The bodies of the open models are assembled from parts manufactured by Fisher.

Mechanical—Oldsmobile Six uses Delco starting, lighting and ignition system, the same system used on the finest cars generally. It has a Borg & Beck clutch—the best known. It has a Harrison radiator, Klaxon horn, Prest-O-Lite storage battery, Zenith carburetor, Alemite lubrication.

Equipment—High-grade, non-skid cord tires—oversize—are standard equipment. Also Oldsmobile's open models have every necessary feature that would contribute to satisfactory motoring—the closed models embody a wealth of added accessories and refinements.

Prices

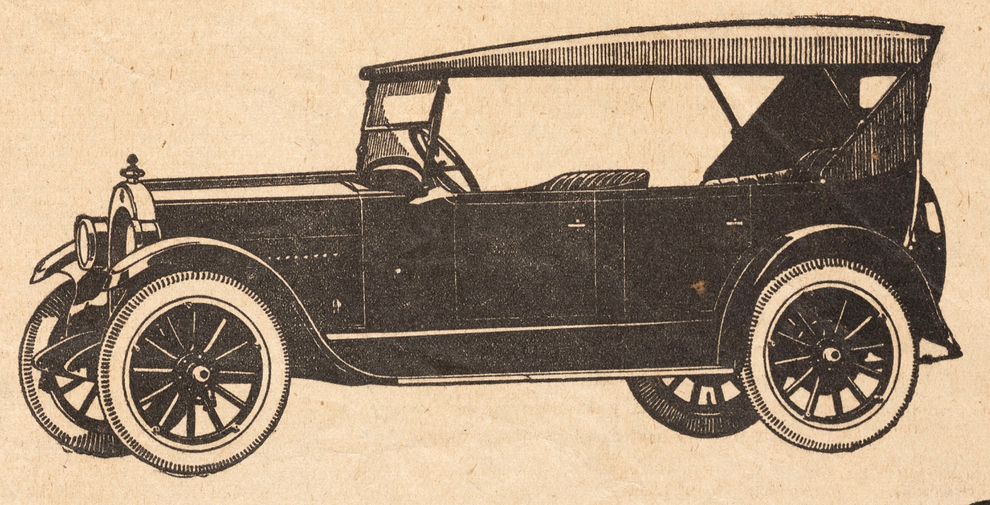
Roadster. - -	$1250	Cab. - - -	$1570
Touring - -	1280	Coupe - -	1680
Sport Roadster -	1350	Sedan - - -	1780
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Motor Trips For Road Meet Delegates

Among Various Entertainment Features Arranged — All Invited to Attend Convention.

The following self-explanatory letter has been received by the editor:

"A cordial invitation is extended to every citizen to be present at the 11th annual convention of the Canadian Good Roads Association, which will be held at the Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, N.B., June 24 to 27, inclusive, and we wish to emphasize the attendance of municipal men, county councilors, Government officials, road engineers, contractors, members of boards of trade, good roads associations and kindred organizations.

"A perusal of the tentative program will, we feel sure, prove of interest to you, and in connection with which we desire to draw your attention to a new feature in the arrangement of the program, viz., that each session will deal with a particular subject from several of its present-day phases. In addition to the various lectures and discussions, many features have been arranged for the entertainment of delegates and their wives, which include motor trips through scenic sections of the Province of New Brunswick, shore dinners, a sail on the river to St. Stephen, and a visit to Minister's Island. The meeting place itself, one of the most renowned watering places in Canada, provides golf, boating and bathing, and the whole combined offers a splendid opportunity of combining business with pleasure.

"Yours very truly,

"Executive Committee,

"S. L. Squire, Chairman; J. A. Duchastel; Wm. Findlay; Hon. J. L. Perron, K.C.; T. P. Regan, K.C.; and Geo. A. McNamee."

This Will Be Record Year For Touring

One Million Six Hundred Thousand U.S. Cars Entered Ontario Last Year.

In spite of the fact that the lateness of the season throughout the country migh tend to discourage thoughts of touring, indications are that 1924 will be the biggest automobile touring year the country has ever experienced, according to D. A. Burke, president and general manager of the Peerless Motor Car Company. Mr. Burke declares that the increased dependability of automobiles, coupled with the great improvement in road conditions throughout the country, has inspired many car owners to tour who never before considered the possibility of a long trip by automobile.

"Last year was easily the largest touring year up to the present," says Mr. Burke. "This is proved by figures in the possession of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

"For instance," he continues, "we know that almost 9,000,000 motorists visited the National Forests last year. This is more than two and a half times the number in 1922. A similar percentage increase is shown in the number of United States motorists who entered Canada—1,600,000 entered Ontario alone.

"We know that last year almost 40% more cars visited the National Parks than in any previous year. Just a few years ago, practically all of the visitors to these great Government reserves came by railroad. Automobile dependability had not reached the point where the average motorist had enough confidence in his car or his own engineering skill to attempt a long trip, especially through more or less isolated districts.

"In 1923, however, of the 1,280,000 visitors in the National Parks, almost a million came by motor car. Car dependability is nearing 100%. The owner of a good car can plan on a trip covering thousands of miles with the advance knowledge that his car will require little or no attention beyond the necessary gas, oil and water.

"Another big reason for this rapid increase in touring is in the fact that no matter what section of the continent the motorist selects for this trip he can rest assured that he will travel over fair to good roads. To-day, America has 430,000 miles of surfaced highways, federal, state, provincial and local, and each year the proportionate increase in the miles of good roads is growing greater.

"Since 1917 the United States Federal Government has paid out $264,000,000 for Federal Aid highway funds. This is 45% of the taxes on motor vehicles which the Government has collected since that date. Last year 8,379 miles were completed with Federal Aid. This year the budget calls for the construction of over 18,000 miles—more than twice as much as in 1923."

Williams Heads Nordyke and Marmon

Plans of Company Call For "Greatly Increased Activity and Expansion."

G. M. Williams, former president of the Wire Wheel Corporation of America, has just been announced as president of the Nordyke and Marmon Company, of Indianapolis, manufacturers of the Marmon car. Mr. Williams, for six years general manager of the Dayton-Wright plant of the General Motors Corporation, and who has to his credit many striking achievements in the industry, brings with him a strong financial backing and a comprehensive manufacturing experience.

Mr. Williams takes up the active reins of management in place of Walter C. Marmon, who becomes chairman of the board of directors. Howard C. Marmon, designer of the Marmon car, retains his active position as vice-president and chief engineer. Other executive heads, including A. R. Heiskell, E. S. Gorrell, H. L. Purdy and H. G. Shafer, remain in their present capacities.

"With the marked increase in the volume of our business we have realized the necessity of additions to our executive organization to handle the added burden," said W. C. Marmon, in announcing the change, "and we feel we are very fortunate in securing Mr. Williams. He is without doubt a strikingly successful executive. He comes with us at a time when we are enjoying a very comfortable business and our plans for the future call for greatly increased activity and expansion.

"In fact, the new development in the Marmon program follows the greatest period of sales success in the history of the company. Since the first of the year, the Marmon factory has not only operated on full schedule, but has been compelled to work nights, holidays and Sundays to keep production at a pace with sales. Even this overtime work now fnds Marmon far behind on its orders for shipment this Spring."

The Franklin Automobile Company recently laid off nearly 600 men. A cut from 3,500 to 1,100 employes in six weeks has been made. Only the office force and inventory crews are kept. The cars stored by the company have been reduced from 2,300 to 1,800.

Before the Flight That Failed.



Thorough appreciation of the speed which this diminutive Reo boasts is evidenced by the zest with which Major Frederick Martin entered into the business of photographing the little motor car beside the giant air cruiser in which he started to circle the globe. It will be recalled that Major L. Martin, commander of the United States Air Service World Flight expedition, narrowly escaped death in a crash with the side of a mountain while flying in a fog. This picture was taken on the day before the world flight was undertaken.

The 1905 Reo in which Major Martin was photographed belongs to H. G. Coleman, Company 10, Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles. The photo was made at Clover Field, a few miles from the Soldiers' Home, where Coleman had driven the little motor car, one of the first of its line, at a speed of thirty miles an hour.

Major Martin accepted an invitation to go for a spin in the old Reo, and at the close of the ride consented to have his picture taken in the little car drawn up beside the mighty airplane, "Seattle," in which he hopped off for his ill-fated world flight the following day, and in which he later crashed into a mountain top between Chignik and Dutch Harbor during a blinding storm.

Has Adjustable Wrist-Pin Bearing

Adjustment On New Rickenbacker So Simple Average Motorist Can Make It.

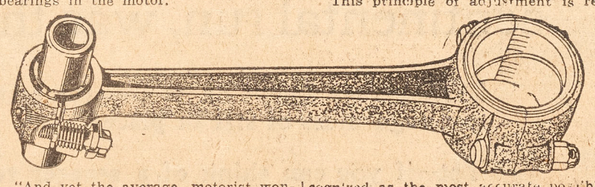
"A positive panacea for pistonpinitis," is the facetious term used by Col. Tichenor in describing the "8th Fundamental" improvement in a motor car just introduced by Rickenbacker—an adjustable wrist-pin bearing.

"It is a remarkable fact when you consider," says Colonial Tichenor, "that in all the 25 years we have been building automobiles, little attention, and just as little improvement has been made in this, which is the most vital point in the entire machine.

"The first severe shock of each impulse of the motor, and every shock, must be sustained by the wrist-pin and its bearings. (I refer, of course, to the bearing which attaches the upper end of the connecting rod to the piston.)

"The shock of each explosion comes on the piston-head, and is transmitted directly through the piston-pin bearing to connecting rod, thence to crank-shaft and finally to the driving wheels.

"With a car going at a rate of speed, say 25 to 35 miles per hour, an average of 750 sledge-hammer blows are delivered to each of the six piston-pin bearings in the motor.



"And yet the average motorist wonders whether his motor was properly made, and the materials of the best, when after a few thousand miles, a thousandth of an inch or so of play develops in this bearing.

"Of course he imagines from the sound, that the wear must amount to several thousands of an inch, but as a matter of fact, in this vital point a thousandth is a lot of wear and makes a lot of noise.

"In the production of Rickenbacker motors we use piston pins which are of the best quality case-hardened steel known to science. They are lapped to one quarter-thousandth inch accuracy and the most perfect polish.

"The bronze bushing is broached and then burnished to an equal degree of accuracy. In other words this bearing is the most finely made in the entire car, and the most closely fitted—just enough clearance being permitted to allow for a thin film of oil.

"Added to the millions of impulses, or hammer blows, this bearing must sustain, is the intense heat generated immediately above, in the combusion chamber.

"The wonder is not that these bearings need adjustment every two or three thousand miles, but that they stand up at all under the wicked punishment they receive.

"Metallurgy has done its utmost to develop steel and bronze of the proper consistency; but until recently, engineers had to be satisfied with a solid bushing, which, when sufficiently worn to become noisy, simply had to be replaced.

"This ran into considerable expense for new bushings and work of installing them.

"The new patented Rickenbacker bearing consists of a bronze bushing with rectangular slots milled at equidistant points, leaving at these points only a thin outer wall of bronze.

"A hollow bolt (or "distance thimble") running on a solid cap screw, serves to make and retain a very fine and absolutely accurate adjustment; and is so simple to do that any owner of a mechanical turn of mind can do it himself just about as well as the most skilled machinist.

"All the tools required are two standard wrenches—to fit heads of cap screw and hollow 'distance' bolt.

"In fact, for ordinary adjustment such as an owner himself might desire to make, only one socket wrench is necessary. Because, by simply backing both bolts off together—which can be done by leaving the lock-washer 'locked' and turning the larger bolt-head—both will back off. And, as the threads are different—(24 to the inch in the cap-screw and 20 to the inch in the distance-bolt)—the act of backing both off results in tightening the bearing. A one-sixteenth turn of both bolts contracts bushing a half-thousandth (.0005") inch which will usually be sufficient.

"This principle of adjustment is recognized as the most accurate possible for annular bearings, as evidence the fact that it is used in ring gauges, thread gauges and micrometers," says Col. Tichenor.

First Third Of Year Sets New Record

Output of Cars Largest in History of Industry Despite Bears Attack.

Mr. Harry M. Jewett, president of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, in announcing a 33 per cent. gain in sales of Paige and Jewett cars for the first four months of 1924 over 1923 states his belief that the motor car industry will keep right on "smashing records."

The statement follows:—

"Last year the automobile industry built and sold over four million motor vehicles. It was the biggest year the industry had ever known. Many persons said the ultimate had been reached, that this record could never be beaten or even equaled again.

"Yet so far this year motor car sales and deliveries have been ever greater than they were last year, despite reports from the financial sections of the daily press to the contrary. The nine largest manufacturers of automobiles, one of which is Paige, have maintained an average monthly production for the first four months of 1924, ten per cent. greater than the average production for the same period last year.

"And Paige and Jewett dealers have made an even better than average showing. They have handled 33 per cent. more Paige and Jewett cars in January, February, March and April of 1924 than they did in the first four months of 1923.

"This old motor car industry of ours keeps right on smashing records month after month and year after year. It more than holds its own with any of the other great industries of the world.

"The reason is plain. The motor car is efficient personal transportation. It creates wealth by increasing individual efficiency and speeding up business in general. The wealth of this continent continues to increase rapidly and the people need more automobiles and have the means with which to buy and operate them.

"J. Pierpont Morgan rightfully said that no one ever won in the long run by being a bear on America. The motor car is a part of America, and it is equally true that no one ever won by consistently being a bear on the automobile industry. I do not believe anyone ever will."

Need For Uniform Traffic Laws Urged

Rice Points Out Wide Divergence In Laws In Various Sections of Continent.

The need for fair and uniform legislation on the use and operation of motor vehicles throughout America, and an invitation for exchange of ideas on legislation between the National Motor Vehicle Conference committee and motor vehicle associations abroad were high points in the address of H. H. Rice, president of the Cadillac Motor Car Company and chairman of the Legislative Committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, at the World Motor Transport Congress in Detroit.

The congress was attended by 140 delegates from 42 foreign countries, besides many representatives of the industry in Canada and the United States.

Mr. Rice pointed out that up until 1904 there were practically no motor vehicle laws on this continent, and that since that time laws had been passed by the Legislatures of every province in the Dominion and state in the Union, covering both their taxation and operation.

In the matter of registration of license fees alone, he pointed out, there is so much lack of uniformity that the fee on a five-ton truck, for example, varies from $40 in one state to $300 in another. Indeed, five-ton trucks are not permitted in Quebec. He saw a need for uniformity in laws affecting the operation, particularly those relating to size, weight and speed, and traffic regulation.

"At the present time," states Mr. Rice, "there is so great a diversity in these laws that a driver going from one province to another or from a province to a state, or vice versa, or from one state to another, or even from one city to another in the same province or state, may be confronted with an entirely different set of traffic regulations. The condition makes it necessary for the driver to familiarize himself with the rules of all the different municipalities, etc., if he wants the assurance that he is driving properly, and that is well-nigh a psychological impossibility for the vast majority.

"It is hoped that public opinion, molded by experience in inter-city and interstate travel, will do much in the next few years to bring about greater uniformity of laws. The program which has been approved by the Motor Vehicles Conference committee and which is rapidly gaining popular support includes a basis for uniform taxation and provision for the use of the proceeds in the administration of governmental automptive departments and in the maintenance of improved highways. It also includes provisions for uniformity in the regulation of size, weight and speed, the use of common carriers, traffic rules and regulations, etc. The motor leagues and associations have been doing excellent work to this end. Lawmakers are beginning to realize the importance of the motor car as a great economic factor in the development of this country, and accordingly are more and more taking an intelligent and constructive stand on legislation affecting it. As a result we have hopes that the next few years will see regulations relating to the motor vehicles reaching a high plane of progress and uniformity."

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HUDSON 1700—WORK GUARANTEED

Excellent Fall Business Forecasted By Leaders

Automotive Industry Heads, While Cautious, Are Calmly Optimistic, Confident that Business Will be Good by the Time of Autumn's Advent—Congress and Weather Blamed for "Deferring of Business" in the United States as Bank Deposits Per Capita Are at Peak—General Automotive Industry and Trade News From the U. S.

By F. ED. SPOONER.

Special to The Sunday World.

Detroit, June 7.—In close association with the men of the automotive trades in attendance at the National Automotive Service Convention and the World Motor Transport Congress one could not but marvel at the entire lack of anything savoring of pessimism among the manufacturers. One and all accepted without question conditions as they exist to-day. All knew of the slowing down of business as a matter of course, yet none complained. None predicted any disaster. On all sides none but optimistic statements prevailed. The writer, asked for an opinion on the situation, simply stated that business might be placed in the category of "deferred business" and almost without exception this opinion was concurred in readily.

There is not a sign that does not back up the description of the situation "deferred business." For while business is slack not only in the automotive field, the outlook is so good that everyone is well satisfied with indications for the future. Surveys have been made by many business organizations and all concur in that one statement. "The Outlook is Good," and many lay the blame on the U. S. Congress and on the pre-convention period. Business men, members of the National Manufacturers' Association, state that a big revival of trade in the Fall is as certain as can be, that the slackening now is right in line with former presidential years, and that the failure to lower taxes has been a large and important contributing factor. The National Manufacturers' Association took a poll of over 30,000 individuals, firms and corporations in reaching its opinions. It states that the failure of Congress to reduce taxation, the mental attitude of the business men and the public who have been looking for a slump that has not really arrived, the backwardness of the season and other minor causes are responsible for the present situation. None of the manufacturers expressed the slightest alarm, finding no reason for any scare in these days of general prosperity. Of the 30,000 more than 84 per cent. predicted a grand Fall business.

Now what applies to the makers and individuals in general applies to the automotive business in general. People are making money, are using their cars right along and are deferring purchases of cars and equipment when their mental attitude takes on the phase of doubt regarding the future which seemingly is so general. Yet there is no real danger of any change if evidence and all reports are to be taken without a grain of salt. Therefore, that lack of pessimism. The writer recalls back in 1920 when a prominent maker said regarding his reduced output, "We are standing pat and will wait the situation out. They've got to buy sometime and meanwhile we are not making any strenuous efforts to force the market." The situation today, but in a different way, is something like that. The populace is going to want no fewer cars so the makers are reducing production, keeping inventories well balanced, making no committments that will prove burdensome and just waiting them out. Meanwhile the public is piling up the money. Bank deposits were never so heavy as now. Later, when all doubts have been dispelled, they will make the deferred purchases and the year is likely to go out in a blaze of glory. Meanwhile it is strongly probable that, under reduction of production and consequent increasing costs, the makers will have to increase the prices. In which case the public will pay for its hesitancy.

The nation is really passing through a period of economic readjustment and business is on a sounder basis than ever before. Savings bank deposits exceed all previous figures; over production is being curtailed generally in automotives and other lines; costly shut downs are being eliminated; unemployment is being overcome; stabilizing of farm production is gradually enabling the farmer to forecast the value of his crop as accurately as a workman now computes his daily wage; the people of the country generally are more prosperous to-day than at any time in history and regional statements are favorable. West of the Rocky Mountains things are picking up. The tourists are pouring into California in record breaking numbers with trains running in more sections than ever; the cattle foot and mouth disease of California has been checked; deferred buying is starting on the Coast in consequence. Down south there is only slight unemployment. In the east consistent good weather is awaited and every confidence is expressed that when real balmy sunkissed days finally arrive, buying will start briskly.

And anyway some of the automotive men state, records could not be broken all of the time. After last year's stupendous record of over 4,000,000 cars manufactured, and after the initial quarter of the present year with its record of over 1,000,000 cars manufactured it was to be expected that business would come down to a normal, rather than go up to a more abnormal basis. Out in California, for instance, dealers have a habit of saying that business is rotten just because they have not had at least a 30 per cent. gain over the previous year. So sales that are off eight per cent. over last year's abnormal gains, which ran up to 54 per cent., are looked upon as little short of disastrous. To hear the dealers talk a decrease spells ruin in spite of the great preceding year. That condition exists on the other side of the continent for in New York City they count records as big business and an even balance in business as disastrous. The automotive business cannot go on year after year making stupendous gains. This does not imply that the saturation point has been reached. Not by a long ways, for not a section of America but can have a greater numbe rof cars per capita than it has to-day. That does not exclude California, where one car to every three people is not called saturation. True, certain other sections cannot hope to have that proportion for the wealth of the people will not allow it, but whatever the per capita, motorization is, can and will be increased. But that increase will come gradually and not in big booms continued year after year.

Otto Kahn gratified President Coolidge some days ago when he told him personally that business is keeping perfectly sound, that there is some slowing up for future delivery "business deferred" (as the writer puts it rightly), and that adjustment of the tax question and readjustment of Europe would rapidly give to America big business once more.

Leading financial writers deplore the doleful and depressing news that some endeavor to put out. Every man jack in the automotive field reviles any expression that savors of pessimism. The business awaits, some of them state, and so stating, smile. It is not a forced smile. They are confident.

For the reasons for the extreme caution of to-day B. C. Forbes says "Look to Washington." He says that the ongoings there have been most disappointing, not to say disgusting, and that, instead of following a policy of economy they have revelled in trotting out bill after bill aimed "directly at your pocket and mine." He says that substantial tax relief had been counted on, and that only the veto power of the president stands "between us and a grave financial deficit." Forbes says, "The reckless disregard of the public by the politicians has, more than anything else, caused business and financial leaders to adopt a policy of extreme caution."

It is not improbable that the voters will have a word or two to say at the coming election and that many, who cowtowed to the bonus bill because of fear of consequences at home, will suffer these consequences never-the-less and at the hands of the very soldiers they aimed to placate because of their vote. Several ex-soldiers in the automotive field stated at the Detroit Athletic Club some days ago that they would return their bonus to the Government or would present it to some disabled veteran, if possible. They'll vote for Coolidge and against the very congressmen and senators who backed the bonus raid.

Forbes says: "Then the presidential conventions are near at hand and the national disposition is to await developments."

So it is, without a doubt, deferred business, and what is not sold now will be sold later. So that big business may be looked for when things have regulated themselves, and all doubts have been erased from the public mind. The strings of the great pocket-book of the public will be loosened. When the good time comes that old car will be replaced, the new car contemplated by the babies who have grown up will be purchased and the equipment desired will be bought, and so on. The year 1924 will go out in a blaze of glory and be satisfactory without a doubt. With the business skies lightened the entire country will once more bask in the sunshin of good business and prosperity.

Mere Nothings—Wot?



Model—That boy you saw me driving with last night is worth four million dollars!

Artist—Pooh! Got four dollars myself—only difference is a few naughts!—Judge.

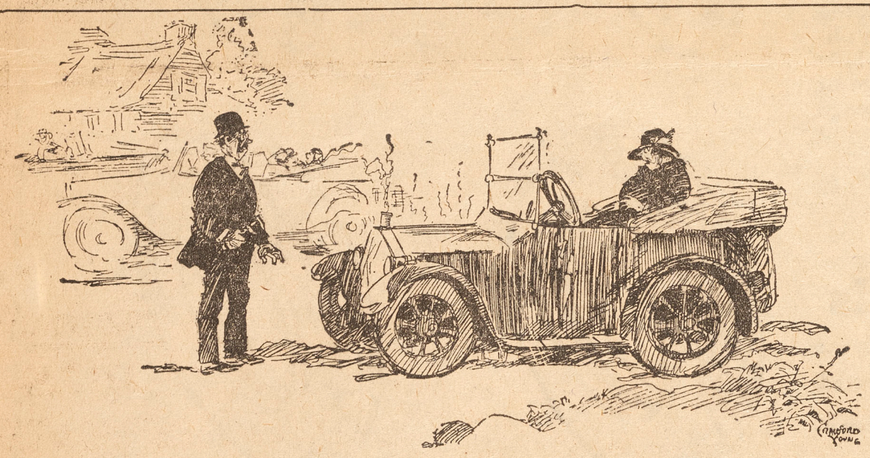
Many of the men of the automotive trades resent the overriding of the veto of President Coolidge of the bonus bill, and several tradesmen in a conversation at the Detroit Athletic Club, promised to either return the bonus to the Government or transfer to some disabled veteran. All united in stating that Coolidge would not lose the better class of the soldier vote, but would, in fact, gain votes from the soldiers of good standing in the business world, by his veto.

With the announcement of the Automobile Club of Southern California that tourists may no longer have any fear of trouble through the foot and mouth disease quarantine regulations, Easterners again started preparations for the proposed summer trip to the Coast. Drastic quarantine regulations have been discontinued; the disease has been confined to restricted areas and tourists have never been, nor will they be restricted from entering the state. All traces of the disease will be eliminated within a few weeks, and before the tourists can reach the Coast and outdoor life may be enjoyed by campers.

The next reduction in cubic-inch displacement in racing motors will, it is said, be to 83 cubic inches, since the 122-cubic-inch cars have already proved as fast as the 180-cubic-inch cars. Harry Miller of Los Angeles, who builds most of the United States racing motors and most of the racing cars, has been experimenting, it is said, for a year with a motor of 83 cubic inches.

Dr. Charles G. Percival of New York is preparing his touring outfit to take to the road at some time in the not-distant future. Mr. Percival will join the happy army of social tramps and travel the camps. He will photograph and write on his long journey, and plans to visit every camp in the country. His stories will be syndicated. When Dr. Percival made the more than 100,000-mile journey in the Abbott Bull Dog, his yarns gained wide circulation.

Discretion's The Better Part—Wot, Judge?



Husband—You scabby old false alarm—er—a—I'm talking to the engine, Emma!

Otis Cook, former vice-president of the Howe Rubber and Tire Company, whose nervous breakdown was almost fatal, is still confident that he is not out of business harness. Mr. Cook will be a long time getting well, but his friends have been surprised and pleased of late to receive from him personally-dictated and signed letters, in which he says that he hopes soon to be in business once more. Mr. Cook says there are still a few of the real old-timers left, and he found, much to his gratification, that they are all his friends. He has been kept in close touch with the outside world through the many letters written to him during his confinement at his home in Cleveland, and has appreciated the thoughtfulness of his friends.

Lewis G. Vogel, who was advertising manager of Motor Life for the western territory, and also a member of the firm of Frothingham, Inc., which had a $1,500,000 contract for poster advertising with Henry Ford, had just purchased a lot in the graveyard at Warsaw, his home town, and arranged for a stone marker, when he died. Mr. Vogel, who had a stroke about five years ago, had arranged to go to Hollywood, Cal., to a specialist in paralysis who had examined him in Detroit but recently. Mr. Vogel was to have joined the specialist in Hollywood in September. Mr. Vogel was entering the door of his home town Shrine for a meeting when he was attacked for the second time. He did not regain consciousness. Many Detroit friends attended his burial.

Through death and desertion of the automotive businesses old-timers are growing scarcer and scarcer in the automotive field, and by oldtimers in this instance is meant the men of 15 to 25 years standing in the business, in continuous and unbroken service. It is doubtful if there could ever be gotten together another such gathering as was organized by the Old Timers Club in Chicago or New York several years ago. Other industries are calling away the well-trained and prepared men of the automotive field to successess, and death is reaping a grim harvest.

Basil de Guichard, general manager of the A-C Spark Plug Company, of Flint, Mich., has sailed for Europe for a vacation of two months. Mr. de Guichard came from France to America to engage in paced cycle races at about the time Albert Champion, president of the A-C Company, was one of the stars, and was a competitor of Champion. The success of the two former pace followers has been phenomenal.

H. L. Pettingill, former district manager of the Lee Tire and Rubber Company, has been made assistant to Harry E. Field, general sales manager of the corporation. Mr. Pettingill has been associated with the Lee Company since 1912, except during the war period, when he was in the service.

Ease of Operation Appeals to Women

Chandler's Traffic Transmission Makes Gear Changing Easy and Clash Proof.

How the woman motorist, knowing nothing about the mechanism of an automobile, regards advances in mechanical construction is interestingly shown in prize-winning letters submitted to the Chandler distributor at San Francisco.

During Traffic Transmission Week, when Chandler's new clash-proof gearset was demonstrated to everyone who would accept the company's invitation to ride, the distributor offered cash prizes to the passengers who would best describe the merits of the device.

Most of the contestants were men; they went into the mechanical construction of the transmission in detail. Not so the women—they wrote of the effects of the new transmission, and their pleasure and comfort in driving a car free from the clashing and the uncertainties of the old-fashioned sliding gear transmission.

Mrs. John E. Carr, of Palo Alto, Cal., was adjudged the winner among the women contestants. "Being a woman, I do not know anything about a motor car's insides," wrote Mrs. Carr. "What is more, I do not want to have to learn. I do know this: I was not the least bit fussed when driving the Chandler with the traffic transmission. I just drove it, that's all. There is really nothing to it. The first thing I noticed was how easily it operated. Only a slight pressure was needed to move the lever. The simplicity of it was positively fascinating. Then the salesman told me to shift from high back to second. I did that, and then from second to low. It was just as easy as going up.

"Then we went down a long, steep hill, and I found that I could completely control the speed of the car by shifting gears and was not obliged to tire myself holding down a foot brake. I suppose that the men find the principle of this traffic transmisson very interesting. My husband and his father discussed it for an hour. What they said was all Greek to me.

"The thing that impressed me was this: That operating the new Chandler with the traffic transmission is so simple and easy and requires so little effort, either mental or physical, that a woman finds herself free to devote all her attention to the problems of the traffic. She is relieved of that feeling of suspense.

"With my present car I often go out of my way avoiding hills and traffic to escape the annoyance of shifting gears. Gear shifting makes me so nervous. Sometimes I do it all right and then for no apparent reason they grind and clash and make me feel that I am doing something terrible. But when I drove the Chandler, up hill and down looked the same to me and I was not the least bothered in the thick traffic, though it was the first time I had ever tried the Traffic Transmission. Somehow it gave me a new feeling of confidence.

"My husband is always threatening to buy me a car with a rubber set of gears in the transmission. I think I will ask for the Chandler instead." Metropolitan Motors Limited, are Chandler and Cleveland distributors in Toronto.

The Affair at Othman's

KENDALL FINDS THE JEWELS.

THE apartment contained a small sitting room, two smaller bedrooms, a miniature bath, and a kitchenette, all neatly but simply furnished. It occupied the rear half of the third floor of the building. The double doors in the north wall of the sitting room, now fastened with a stout bolt, evidently communicated with the apartment which occupied the front half of that floor, so that the two flats could be thrown together and used as one. That arrangement aroused Sergeant O'Rourke's curiosity. Listening at the double doors convinced him there was nobody in the front flat. He slipped the bolt; there was no fastening on the other side; the door swung open.

The searchers stepped into a bedroom quite twice as large as Mrs. Smith's sitting room and different in character. A beautiful silvery blue rug covered the floor. The walls were delicately papered. The canopied bed in the corner would have distinguished the show window of an antique shop. A luxurious and exacting lady might have claimed this room as it stood only it was badly in need of airing and seemed to have been long unoccupied. The small blue and white bathroom had the same air. One of the stories that Pat Cullen had told about Othman came to Kendall's mind. This might have been its scene; and such stories as that might account for Mrs. Josephine Smith's relations with Othman.

This intrusion into the front room came after they had thoroughly searched Mrs. Smith's apartment proper. They were still searching the front bedroom when Mrs. Smith appeared in the double doorway to her own sitting room. Kendall was aware of her before she spoke, by some change in the light and looked around. Marie Marsh stood in the sitting room behind her, round eyed with surprise.

"Looking for something?" Mrs. Smith inquired with mock politeness.

It was then past one o'clock. This expert, microscopical searching had been going on for more than three hours. They had found nothing. It was about the last throw. Kendall had been thinking a good deal about Mrs. Smith. He thought she was a crook and that one crook will always betray another for a price. And he was desperate, the last strands of precious time slipping through his fingers. He felt in his bones that to-morrow would be too late.

"I'd like to have a talk with you," he said.

Mrs. Smith turned back into the sitting room. Following her, Kendall pulled the door to behind them. Docile Marie Marsh slipped out of sight.

"Let's go back a little," the reporter began. "Frederic Othman had some valuable jewels. They were a part of the Russian crown jewels that Bolshevist agents carried to London. There was a lot about it in the London newspapers at the time. They were going to subsidize a radical newspaper and so on. But the best part of the game disappeared somehow, according to the newspaper accounts. They were smuggled over here and Othman bought them. A man whom the papers called Karoff was assassinated immediately after leaving Othman's house. That's what an advertisement in the Forum last Saturday meant."

Mrs. Smith was listening without a sign, her intelligent gray green eyes on the reporter's face. As he paused she observed, with a straight face, "Jewels are always interesting to a woman."

"Last Saturday night Jenks borrowed your typewriter. He carried it to Othman's house from here. I saw him."

"Typewriters are not so exciting," she remarked.

"Late yesterday afternoon he left Othman's house with the typewriter and came here. The jewels were in the typewriter case. That's what he borrowed the typewriter for—something he could carry out of the house without suspicion. You can stick a peck of unset diamonds around the typewriter in one of those cases."

"Jewels again," she murmured.

"Jenks is a thorough crook," the reporter went on. "He shot Othman. He isn't going to get out of town; I promise you that. The police have never taken the least stock in this jewel business. They're not looking for jewels or thinking of them. Give me Jenks and I'll forget the jewels, too."

THE intelligent gray green eyes rested steadily upon him for a moment; evidently a brisk activity was going on in the brain behind them. Then a slow, satirical smile spread over Mrs. Smith's sallow, unhandsome face.

"It's a generous offer," she said, "and I accept it. Jenks is yours. Forget the jewels. Forget your name if you want to. Treat Jenks kindly. He's always been used to a good home." She laughed outright.

But Kendall persisted earnestly: "It's the most generous offer you'll get. You know where those jewels are. Jenks came here with them in the typewriter case yesterday afternoon. I saw him take a southbound Madison Avenue car. Nobody except you and Jenks knows where they are. Give me Jenks. You can do it. I'll forget the jewels. When he's locked up for the murder of Othman, you can snap your fingers at him."

"I can do it now. See?" She snapped her fingers. The mocking smile spread over her homely face again. "I'd snap them at you, only you're such a nice young man. But if you want to save those blockheads a little more trouble, I'll tell you, man to man, there are no jewels here. If you'll promise not to tell anybody," she laughed, "I'll tell you something else about those jewels, in confidence. They're not anywhere except in your imagination."

He shut his jaw an glowered at her, repeating, "Jenks is not going to get away!"

When Kendall left the Forty-fifth Street building, Lawyer Edmund Hayes was talking with his client in the house of detention. The district attorney had declined to accept the confession of Nelson Barlow as a solution of the Othman murder; the discrepancies, as pointed out by Captain Welbasky, were too glaring. Nevertheless, for a short time, the law withheld its hand; no formal charge of murder had been entered against Flora. The law was not without a sense of dramatic values Barlow's suicide and confession were fresh from the press—a sufficient sensation for that day's public consumption. To charge Flora Marsden with murder immediately on the heels of that might look precipitate; and it would be sure to confuse the audience. Besides, the district attorney, like Welbasky, was quite willing to hold off a while in a confident feeling that she would soon confess and save further trouble.

Edmund Hayes, by this time, was thoroughly acquainted with the evidence in the case. His round, ill-drawn face, with its noble brow and nubbin chin, remained as nearly expressionless as possible, and nothing was to be made of his depthless light blue eyes; but he felt that he was dealing with an extraordinary and baffling client.

"Then you seem to remember, Miss Marsden, that you turned round and shut the door behind you," he said, coming back to that crucial point. "Your memory appears to be clear on that?"

SHE knew it was inexpedient for her to remember that, and thought it over again before answering with a certain helplessness: "All I can say, Mr. Hayes, is that I have that picture of it in my mind. I told Captain Welbasky so at first, and it still seems clear to me. I suppose I shall have to say that, as I remember it, I turned and shut the door behind me."

Mr. Hayes waited a moment and observed, "That statement from you, with the other discrepancy, would overthrow Barlow's confession, I fear."

She had a notion that this lawyer, whom she didn't much like, was putting her down for a wilful young person who deliberately threw away her chances.

Hayes proceeded with his surgical operation: "If you confirmed Mr. Barlow's confession in the matter of the door, I believe we could overcome the difficulty about the elevator." He smiled at her, but she did not care for his smile. "I needn't tell you that your presence in court is a host. Juries are human. When they see you and hear you they'll want to acquit you. But you must give them a fair chance to do it. So if you corroborate Mr. Barlow in the matter of the door, I think we can manage the elevator. But a flat contradiction about the door from your own lips, you see, would be hard to overcome. We pretend that these things go by dry rules laid down in the books; but in fact they go a great deal on sympathy and emotion—and prejudice. A contradiction of Barlow from you would count for a lot more than a contradiction from Welbasky. I want you to understand it as it is, Miss Marsden."

Again she murmured assent.

"To put it in one way, the only danger you are in comes from yourself. Othman attacked you, seized you, and so on. If you say on the witness stand that you then shot him in self-defence, you are in no danger; I'll guarantee that. Much the same way with Barlow's confession. It will be your denial that overthrows it. The danger is from you, you see. I think you will understand that as you think it over."

"Why, I'm no fanatic about it, Mr. Hayes, about telling the truth, I mean. I suppose I've told a million lies first and last. Everybody does. I'm no bigot about it. But it's all so dark and confused, this murder of Mr. Othman. I didn't tell Captain Welbasky the truth because I didn't want to bring Nelson Barlow into it, and I didn't want to tell about Mr. Othman grabbing me in his arms. So I didn't tell Captain Welbasky the truth at first; and he tripped me up in a minute. It's all so dark and uncertain, you see. I feel that if I begin telling anything but the truth I'll get tangled up and found out. As though I were lost in the dark, and if I start wandering round I'll break my neck. So all I can do is just stand in my tracks and tell the exact truth. That's the way I feel about it."

Mr. Hayes thought it incumbent upon him to make the appropriate gesture by saying: "Of course, I would have you tell nothing but the truth." However, it seemed to her he said it rather illnaturedly, as though the blunt way in which she brought up the point were ill-mannered. He added: "You must have seen this new woman witness when she identified you."

"There was a woman with Captain Welbasky and another police officer," Flora replied. "I noticed her as I walked through the room."

"Had you ever seen her before?"

"Not that I remember."

THAT was disappointing to the lawyer, because it corroborated the woman's statement that she had never seen Miss Marsden before Friday evening. All around that new woman witness looked like a tight stone wall. Hayes wished his client to understand just how tight and fatal she looked to him.

"As I see it now, it all hinges on her, Miss Marsden. Please make no further statements about the case to anybody, except to me. If you should—get any new light on it, you can send me word, at any time. Meanwhile we can't attack this new witness until the police disclose her, and they'll not do that until they lay a formal charge against you. I understand that will be done to-morrow. Of course, there would be no trouble if you shot in self-defence; and if you corroborated Nelson Barlow about the door, that would go a good way toward offsetting the woman witness. But, meanwhile, we must wait for a formal charge and a chance to look up this woman."

She knew the question was foolish, yet couldn't help asking it in a toneless sort of voice, "The charge would be murder?"

"No doubt," he replied. "It couldn't well be anything else. You will be permitted to send for me at any time; and I have their word that they will use you well."

When she was alone the lawyer's cool and dry "No doubt; it couldn't well be anything else," rang in her ears. And she tried to accustom herself to it by whispering the word "murder," a word of horror, that seemed to shut her out from life more inexorably than these walls did. She had an impression that Mr. Hayes regarded her as a sort of blockhead, who might save herself from danger, but wouldn't. There were moments when she suffered the painful illusion of having already been shut off from life and buried alive in stone walls for a long while. But in fact she had been alone hardly half an hour when a summons came to meet another caller.

Leaving Mrs. Josephine Smith's with a desperate feeling that this was near the last throw, and that it had missed fire, Kendall turned back to police headquarters. He knew that only a blockhead would do it, yet he must try—doggedly keep on trying as long as he had breath in his body. Steadfast Captain Welbasky admitted him to the small private office, and he threw himself into the attack:

"I didn't find anything, captain, I know you've been square with me all through—and with her. But I want you to take a straight look at it again. If you do that you'll know, as well as I do, that she's innocent. She's no fool. She can think as well as you or I. She knows what she's facing. She understands exactly what this new woman's evidence means to her. And she knows perfectly that if she says Othman attacked her and she shot in self-defence any jury will free her. She knows, too, that if she denies it and is still convicted it will go hard with her. She has everything to lose by denying it and nothing to gain. Only a lunatic would deny it if it was true. She must be innocent; her denial must be the truth. There's no other explanation of it."

WELBASKY considered the point, and gave a decisive little nod.

"No court will take that view of it. This evidence will convict her in spite of her denial."

"Exactly!" said Kendall. "And she knows it. That's the point. By denying it she sticks her head in a noose. They why would she deny it except that the denial is true? What a court will say and what a human being will say are two different things. I'm talking to you as a human being. What I ask is this: Don't put a formal charge of murder against her yet. You've got her now; you can hold her; justice can lose nothing. But murder's a terrible word, in a scandalous case of this kind, to stick to a young woman's name."

"The murder's been done," said Welbasky grimly.

"But she didn't do it. I know she didn't. You must know if you think it over; for why should she deny it and ruin herself? I know, and you know that a case like this doesn't happen just in a courtroom, or just in police headquarters. What counts most happens in the public mind. A hot enough public prejudice will as good as hang anybody. If millions of minds start painting a figure black, black it will be, no matter what a court says."

"I doubt it," the policeman growled.

"It's so," the reporter affirmed. "This is a play, a drama, staged for the whole city—why, yes, for the whole continent. It's got all the elements that would excite an audience over a stage play—Othman's wealth, a cloud about him, these scandals the papers are printing, then a beautiful young woman, belonging to an old, distinguished family; then the mystery about the murder itself; then Nelson Barlow's suicide and confession. Everybody is stirred up about it. Millions of dramatically excited minds, working together, will stamp a character upon her make her name a type. Why, after half a century the name of Josephine Mansfield has dramatic significance to a great many people who could hardly recall a single public man, except Grant, who was on the front pages with her when one of her lovers shot another. That's what I want to hold off from her, captain. Don't let it loose on her. Don't put the formal charge against her yet. There is some other explanation of this murder. There must be. Wait a while."

"You ought to know all that is out of my hands now and stop bothering me about it," said Welbasky. "In fact, the district attorney is going to lay a formal charge against her to-morrow, and I've nothing more to do with it!" And, having blustered, he added, as a sort of complaint: "She ought to confess and save herself."

Kendall took the sentence in silence for a moment, then said dully: "Well, let me see her again."

That was why Flora was summoned to meet a second caller.

To be Continued.

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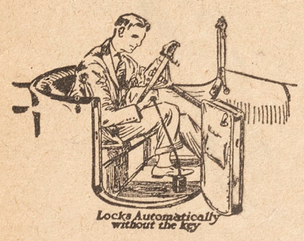
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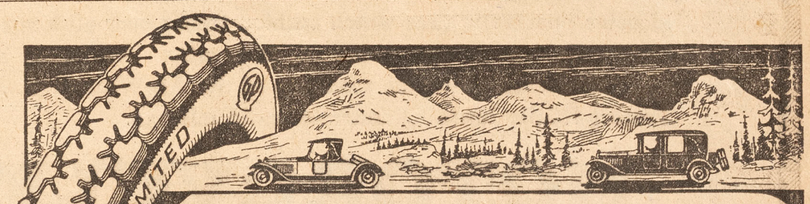
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GOODYEAR

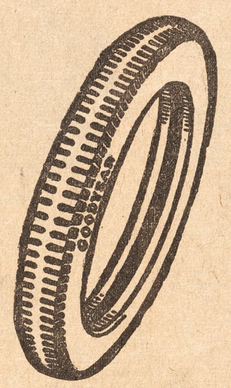
MADE IN CANADA

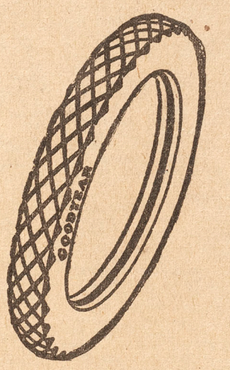
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Goodyear recognizes the definite need for a number of different types of tires.

Goodyear builds in the All-Weather Cord the acknowleged tire leader of the World in mileage, road-grip and beauty. Its price is lower than ever before.

But in order to have still less invested in your car you may want a tire at a still lower price. So with road-grip equal to any but the All-Weather Tread, Goodyear has produced other high-quality, low cost-per-mile tires bearing the Goodyear name.





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Wingfoot Fabric

An outstanding selection by the manufacturers of light cars. Heavily demanded the world over; guaranteed—bears the Goodyear name. Hundreds of thousands sold during past five years; only a fraction of 1% presented for adjustment.

Wingfoot Cord

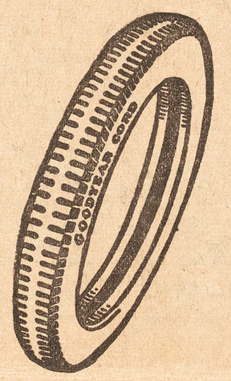
Goodyear's recognition of the fact that many people want to consider seriously the amount they invest in their cars. Excelled in road-grip by the All-Weather Tread only; excelled in mileage by no other.

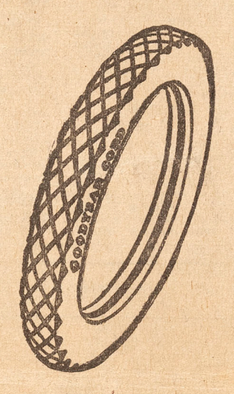
All-Weather Fabric

A tire which many years ago introduced the idea of, and proved the value of, Oversize and Road-grip. A popular and low cost-per-mile tire, especially for dirt roads or business cars where road-grip and cost-per-mile are more important than the riding quality of low air-pressure.

All-Weather Cord

The peak of road-grip and mileage combined. A great number of Canadian tire repairmen and car dealers say that its mileage exceeds by at least 25% the mileage of the next best cord tire. Its road-grip is apparent upon examination; more appreciated in use. Minor accidents—the result of stopping a few inches too late—cause most of the repair bills to fenders, lamps and radiators. Even collision insurance does not cover these small bills of less than $25.00—but these bills are a high percentage of annual tire cost. Road-grip combined with surplus mileage makes the All-Weather Cord the most widely-used cord tire in the world.





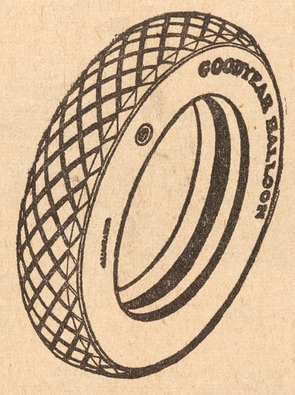
BALLOON TIRES

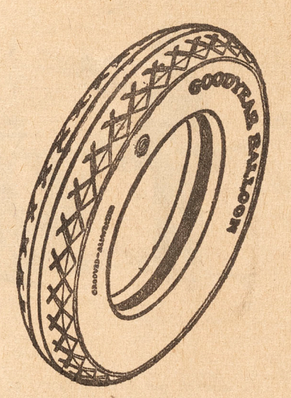
For Your Present Wheels

Flexible, low-pressure tires which act like pillows of air under your car. Developed by Goodyear so that you can have balloon tire advantages without change of wheels or rims. Go on most present cars—at relatively small increase over the price per tire which you have been paying. The Goodyear Selected Dealer can tell you what size of balloon tire replaces your present tires and can equip your car with two or four balloon tires as you wish.

For New, Smaller Wheels

Should your car not provide sufficient clearance for Goodyear Balloon Tires on your present rims, see your Goodyear Selected Dealer, your car dealer, or the nearest Goodyear branch, regarding new, smaller wheels, and Goodyear Balloon Tires to fit.





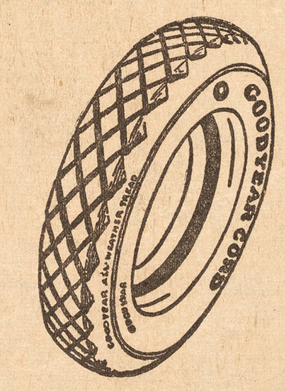
TRUCK TIRES

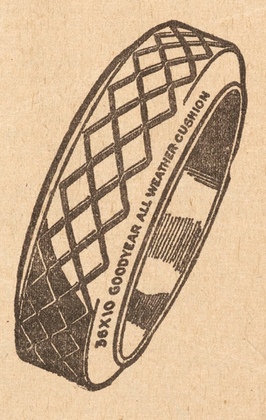
All-Weather Cord

Massive pneumatic tires which cushion trucks over all kinds of roads. Enlarge your trucking radius greatly. Add speed and so reduce costs. Give the road-grip of the All-Weather Tread. Protect fragile loads. Render splendid mileage.

All-Weather, All-Rubber Cushion

Cushioning and road-grip added to the all-rubber truck tire. Saves the truck and the load to a surprising extent. Resists skidding. Gives splendid traction—starts the truck off without "spinning" wheels. All-Weather Tread can be re-cut when the original blocks are worn down.



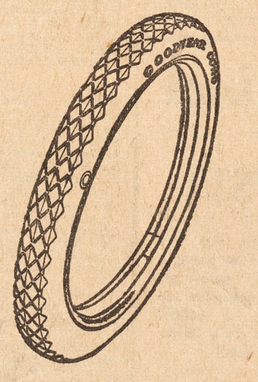


MOTORCYCLE TIRES

The All-Weather Tread protects the motorcyclist just as it does the motorist. Its great road-grip is needed even more in rounding corners and in travelling country roads. Just as famous for mileage as its bigger brothers.

BICYCLE TIRES

The smallest tire of the Goodyear line—but the same high quality as any Goodyear Tire. Has the sharp-edged blocks of the All-Weather Tread to protect against skidding. Tough tread stock resists punctures and gives very long mileage.





The Goodyear Selected Dealer

There are about 10,000 tire dealers in Canada—about four times too many. Too many profits, too much duplicating of effort, too many stocks of tires.

Now Goodyear sells through only 2,500 *selected* dealers. And because the Goodyear line is the leading line, these *selected* dealers in every community make it possible for you to get Goodyear Tires from the concern best fitted to give you heaping value and real service.

Let the Goodyear Selected Dealer show you his complete line, explain the advantages of each and tell you of the service they are giving your neighbors.

Goodyear means Good Wear

Eight Page Comic
SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1924

The Toronto Sunday World

Price, 10c
SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1924.

THE GUMPS.

LOOK AT THE NUTS AND THE RAISINS-

LET ME AT IT-

© 1924 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE

MITH

PAPA- CAN I HAVE SOME BREAD AND BUTTER?

NO- AND QUIT BOTHERING ME- YOU HAD YOUR LUNCH LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO-

CAN'T I HAVE JUST A TINY LITTLE PIECE? I'M NEARLY STARVED-

NO- YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR YOUR DINNER- EATING BETWEEN MEALS IS THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD FOR YOU- DO YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE A CHRONIC INVALID?

CAN'T I HAVE JUST ONE LITTLE TINY BITE? I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT ANYTHING- JUST ONE LITTLE TINY BITE-

IT'S NO USE TEASING NOW- YOU CAN'T HAVE A THING TO EAT TILL MEAL-TIME- RUN ALONG NOW AND PLAY-

RUN OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND PLAY- FIND YOUR HOOP OR SOMETHING-

BOO- HOO! HOO!!

THAT KID- ALL HE THINKS OF IS EATING - EAT- EAT- EAT- IF I ATE LIKE THAT KID I'D BE A WRECK-

OH BOY! MIN HAS BEEN PUTTING UP SOME FRESH STRAWBERRY PRESERVES- I'LL BET THEY TASTE SWEETER THAN THE ESSENCE OF NECTAR-

LOOK AT THE POOR LITTLE SUN-KISSED PRISONERS CRYING FOR HELP- THEY WANT TO COME OUT AND REST ON A NICE SLICE OF MIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD- WELL, I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE THE POOR LITTLE THINGS SUFFER-

OH BOY! AM I HUNGRY! RIGHT NOW I COULD EAT A TON OF HARD COAL- THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD SO HEALTHY FOR A FELLOW AS BREAD AND STRAWBERRIES, EXCEPT STRAWBERRIES AND BREAD-

TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE OR I'LL TURN INTO A STRAWBERRY PATCH- GOSH! I NEVER ATE SO MUCH IN MY LIFE- BUT WHEN A FELLOW FEELS HUNGRY THE ONLY REMEDY IS TO EAT SOMETHING- YUM- YUM-

BOO-HOO! I'LL GO SO FAR AWAY FROM HERE WHEN I GET BIG! I'LL---

?

POOR KID- I DO FEEL SORRY FOR HIM AT THAT- GOSH- AND I'VE EATEN EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE- I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO- I'LL SLIP HIM A HALF A DOLLAR AND LET HIM GET A SODA AND A COUPLE OF HOT-DOG SANDWICHES - THE POOR LITTLE KID-

OH CHESTER

WHAT?

SO(

PA'S SON-IN-LAW

By Wellington

I HOPE THAT SHE DON'T PINCH!

ISN'T THIS GLORIOUS, PA? DON'T YOU JUST ADORE HIKING?

ADORE IT MY EYE! BLAMED IF I CAN SEE ANY FUN IN WEARIN' OUT SHOE-LEATHER WALKIN' UP AN' DOWN THESE HILLS!

COINCREST INN 2 MILES.

WELL, EVERY BODY'S DOING IT UP HERE AT COINCREST, AND — MY NEW HIKING COSTUME IS THE VERY LATEST THING!

YEAH-THAT'S JUST IT! 'CAUSE YOU AN' TH' SAP WANTA SHOW OFF YOUR NEW HIKIN' DUDS, I HAVE T' HIKE MY FEET OFF WITH YA!

AW-MOTHAW-W! I SAY-MOTHAW-W?

WHY-DEAR ME-SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO CEDRIC! LOOK, HE'S SITTING DOWN!

IT'S BEEN PAINING ME TERRIBLY FOAH SOME TIME BUT I'VE TRIED TO GRIN AND BEAH IT!

PA! COME QUICK! IT'S HIS FOOT—THE POOR BOY CAN'T WALK ANOTHER STEP!

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK TO THE HOTEL—IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY HIM!

WHAT?

*!!!

CARRY HIM UP THE BACK WAY TO HIS ROOM, PA!

WELL, NOW I S'POSE YOU'LL BE WANTIN' A DOCTOR!

NO-O, THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY OLD THING — I SHALL BE TOP-HOLE IN A MOMENT OR TWO, NOW THAT I CAN GET THESE BEASTLY SHOES OFF! IT'S ONLY THAT THEY WERE TOO BALLY TIGHT!

WHAT? D' YA MEAN T' TELL ME THAT TIGHT SHOES IS ALL THAT'S TH' MATTER WITH YOUR FEET?

WELL, REALLY, THAT WAS QUITE ENUFF, OLD DEAH! THE PAIN WA'S MOST EXCRUCIATING!

WELL, WHY TH' SAM HILL DIDN'T YA TAKE YOUR SHOES OFF UP THERE AN' EASE YOUR DOGS, 'STEAD O' MAKIN' ME CARRY YA TWO MILES!

OH, THAT WAS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE, OLD CHAP! YOU SEE —

—I'D WORN A HOLE IN MY STOCKING AND WITH ALL THE PEOPLE PASSING ALONG THOSE PATHS, SOMEONE WOULD HAVE BEEN SUAH TO SEE IT AND I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORTIFIED TO DEATH!

AW-I SAY-DO CONTROL YOUAH SELF! I CAN SEE NO OCCASION FOAH YOU BECOMING INCENSED THIS WAY!

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Edith Wellington

COLOR SECTION

Sunday, June 8, 1924.

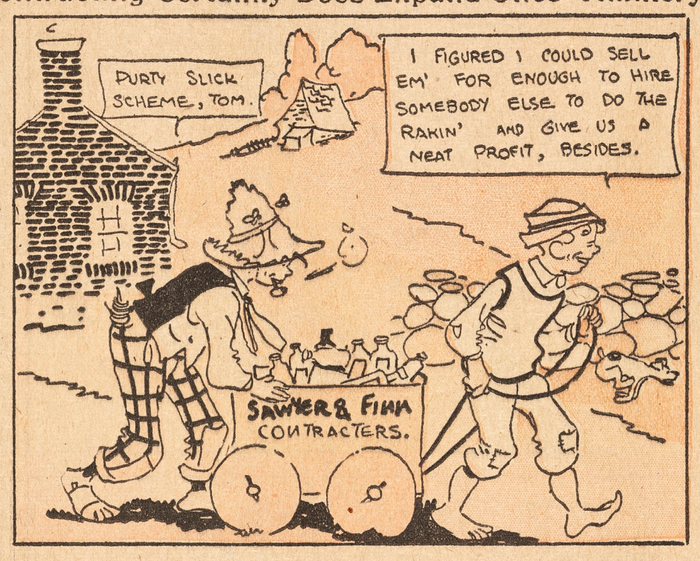
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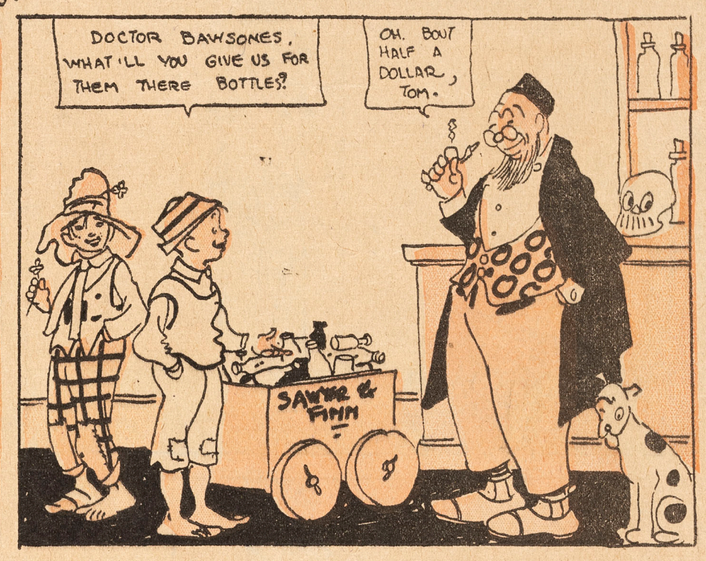
THE SCHOOL DAYS OF TOM SAWYER and HUCK FINN

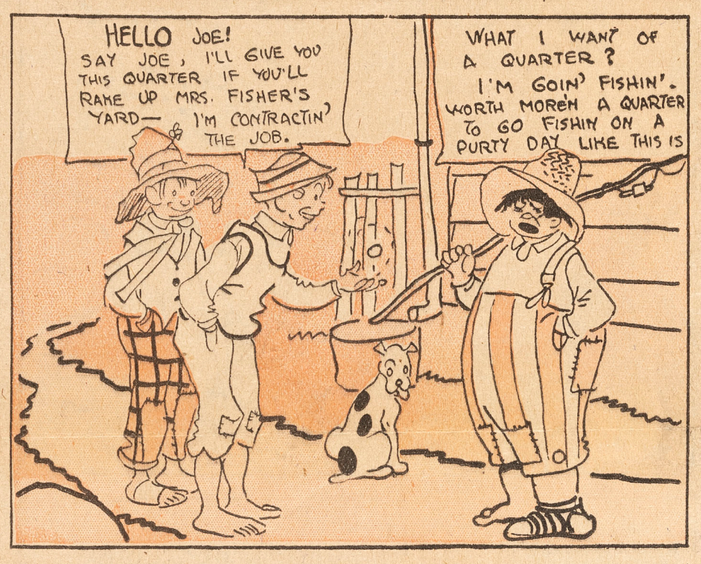
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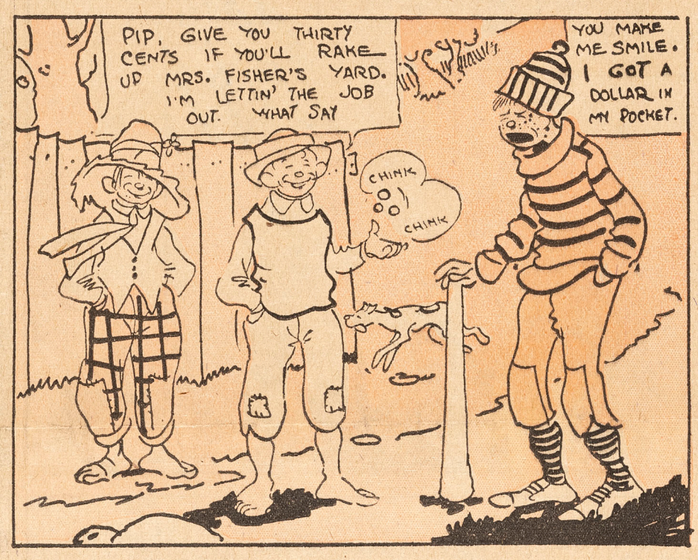
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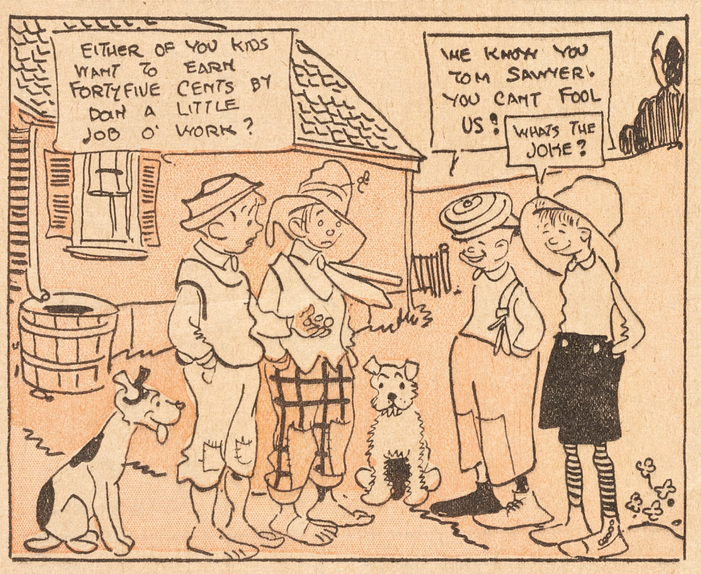


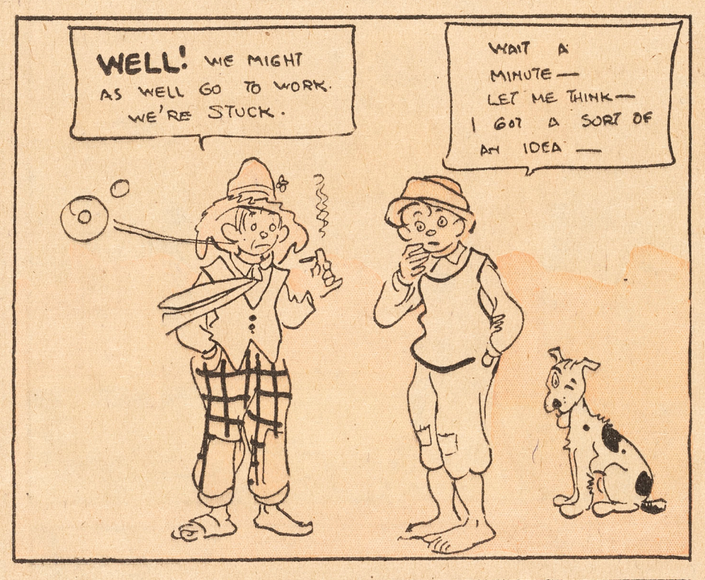


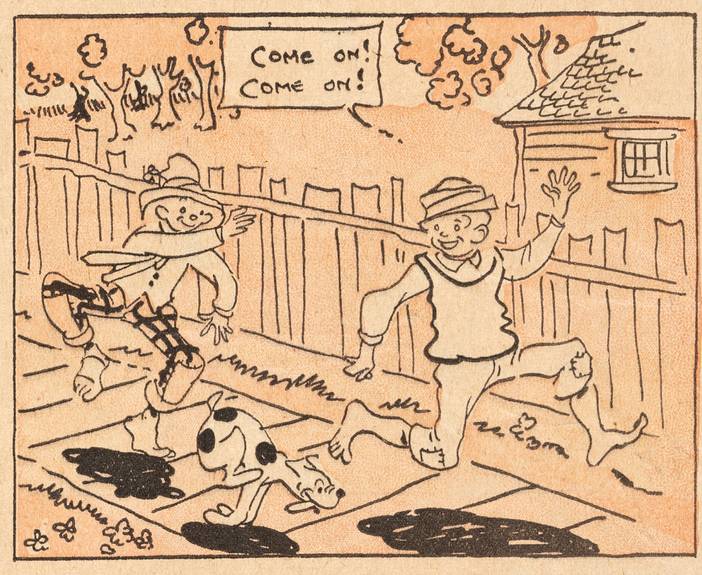






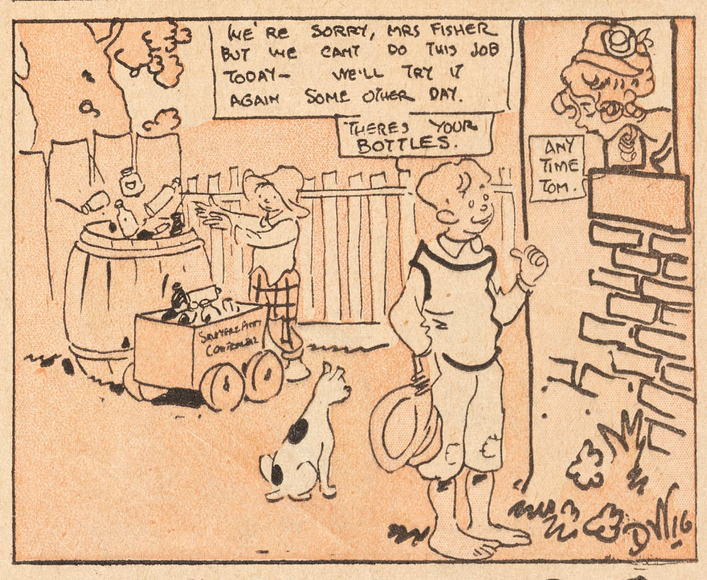














Mr. and Mrs.-

By Briggs

IF YOU ARE GOING TO DO SOME OF YOUR FAMOUS CARPENTER WORK KEEP OUT OF MY ROOM!

OH-! ZAT SO?

I WISH WHILE YOU'RE SO AMBITIOUS WITH YOUR TOOLS YOU WOULD FIX THE SCREEN ON THIS WINDOW--- IT RATTLES TERRIBLY

WELL VI- I CAN DO ONLY ONE THING AT A TIME

THERE'S SEVERAL THINGS AROUND THE HOUSE THAT NEED FIXING

I'VE GOT TO FIX THAT ATTIC FLOOR FOR ONE THING

THERE'S THOSE PANTRY SHELVES FOR ONE THING TOO

DON'T GET EXCITED! I'LL 'TEND TO EVERY-THING-- I CAN'T DO BUT ONE THING AT A TIME

DOGGONIT! A WOMAN THINKS A MAN HAS A DOZEN PAIR OF HANDS- YOU CAN'T DO MORE THAN ONE THING AT A TIME! TO SAVE YOUR SOUL

MY GOODNESS SAKES! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? YOU MAKE MORE NOISE THAN SIX CARPENTERS-

BANG- BANG BANG- BANG

JOE! STOP IT!! THE CEILING IS COMING DOWN!

CRASH

A PRETTY MESS YOU'VE MADE OF IT! LOOK AT THAT! - JUST LOOK AT THAT!

WELL THAT PLASTER MUST HAVE BEEN LOOSE-- MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING IT CAME DOWN NOW-

I DON'T THINK YOU'D BETTER DO ANYTHING MORE- YOU CAN'T BE TRUSTED-

I'LL FIX THAT SCREEN ANYWAY

HE IS ONE OF THE AWKWARDEST MEN I EVER KNEW-- HE'S LIKE ALL MEN I GUESS, THINKS HE'S A BORN EXPERT WITH TOOLS! AWFUL FUNNY!

JOE! WHAT IN THE NAME OF - - GET AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE!

CRASH!

OH-IS THAT ALL- WELL DON'T YOU DARE TRY DOING ANOTHER THING-

THE LADDER SLIPPED THAT'S ALL-

I SHALL HIDE THOSE TOOLS WHERE I'LL BET YOU'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!

PAPA LOVE MAMA?

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BRIGGS