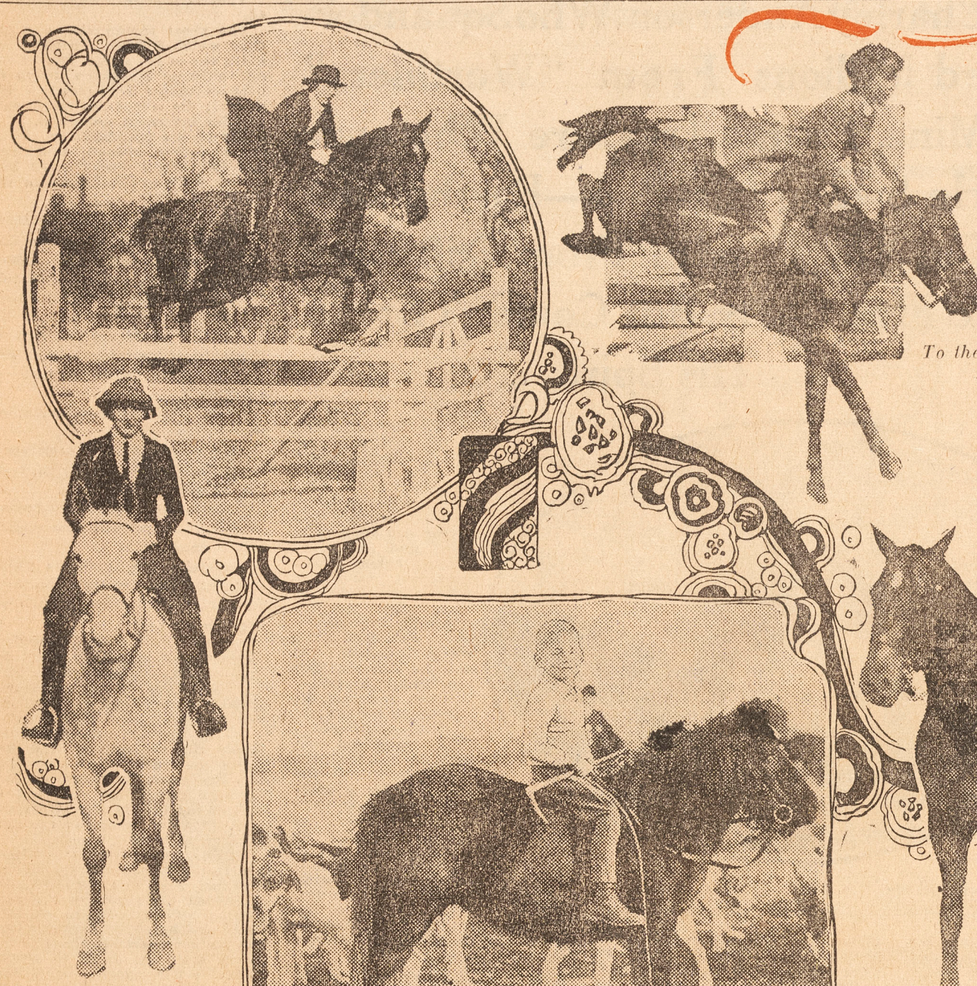
Magazine | The Toronto Sunday World | Section

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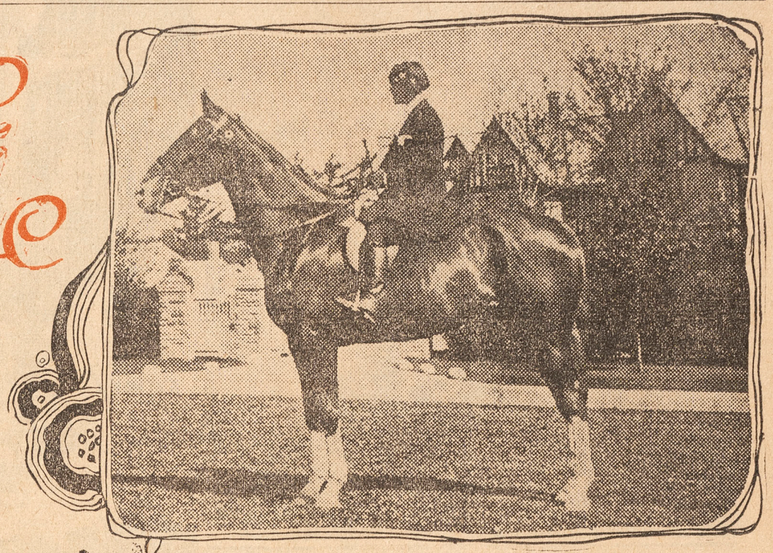
Back to the Side Saddle?



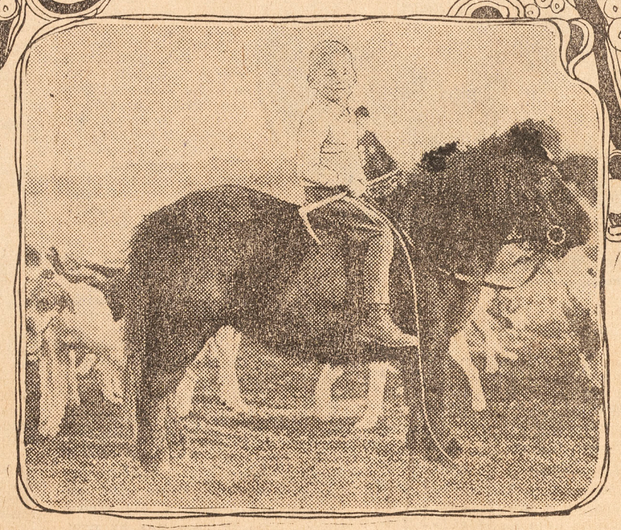
In circle, above—Miss Helen Templeton on Liskinnet, owned by R. W. Davies. Below, on left—Miss Templeton on another mount.

To the left—Miss Kitty Beardmore.

Below, at left—Mrs. W. W. Beardmore. Directly below—Miss Marie Carpenter.

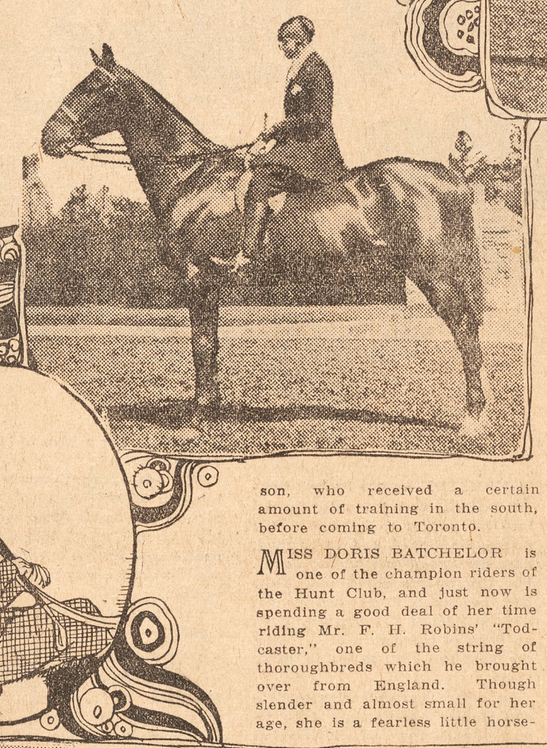


Miss Margaret Phippen.



Master Clifford Sifton, five years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sifton, on Puffney Bulger.





Return to Popularity of Old-Style Method Indicated By Members of Toronto's Smart Hunt Clubs---Children Engage in Horseback Riding on Scale Never Before Approached in City

By IRENE B. HARE.

"RIDE a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross." From the first years of their life, when they ride triumphantly upon their father's foot, through the stages of a hobby horse and its delights, the greatest joy of childhood has always been connected with their love of horses to ride. Lucky is the child who can enjoy each week, or oftener, the delights of cantering or galloping or trotting on the back of a pretty pony or a slim hunter.

TWO hundred of these fortunate little children are on the list of the Toronto Hunt Club members, and twice a week the arena, up at Eglinton Avenue, resounds to the thud of shod feet and the sound of happy laughter and chatter, as one small rider vies with another in performing clever "stunts" on the back of his or her mount.

They are very much in earnest, however, these small riders, in spite of their gayety, as the splendid showing which the little ones make at the various horse shows which have been held, proves conclusively. No less than four children under fourteen jumped over five feet at the Carnival this Spring, Miss Doris Batchellor, on "Radio," a pony under fourteen hands, making a record of 5 feet 6 inches.

Go up to the Hunt Club on one of those breezy days when there is a tang in the air, on a Wednesday afternoon, or a Saturday morning, and you will find a large number of boys and girls, mounted on bay, chestnut or grey, some little ones on brisk, little ponies, or ambling along on a well-behaved horse, with an excellent reputation for safety, while the older ones are on the more skittish mounts. Some of these use the horses belonging to the school, while others ride on their own animals. The big stables contain one hundred and fifty horses, of which about twenty-five belong to the riding school and the rest are privately owned.

THEY are very much petted, these beautiful animals, for it is very seldom that any little girl or boy misses bringing the customary lump of sugar to reward a favored mount. The trainer, Mr. Swan, is a very busy man, for horse shows are imminent, and all the small riders want to get in as much practice as possible before the events. Only so many are allowed to ride in the arena at one time, and a new and very strict rule has been made that no grown-up shall ride in the arena when the little ones are being taught. An excellent rule it is, too, for hard-ridden horses, and tiny tots on ponies, are not well placed together, in the same enclosed space.

When the practice first begins, the horses come out from the stables quite fresh, and many amusing incidents occur. One pretty bay of the name of "Babs," one of the best jumpers at the club is extremely popular among the small riders, and when she is fresh, little arms find it rather hard to hold her to a walk or a quiet canter, though she is as gentle as a lamb by nature. Off goes the cap of the young rider, as the gay little pony takes her head for a scamper around the ring, before settling down to be good.

FELT SAFER ON SIDE SADDLE.

SOME ten years ago, side saddles were much in vogue, but there was creeping in a decided tendency to use the cross saddle exclusively for women as well as men. The owners of horses seemed to feel that their pet animals might be injured if much side saddle riding was indulged in, and the young riders were particularly eager to join in this point of view. Though there are still very many who prefer the cross saddle, and almost without exception, the young girls and children use it exclusively there is a distinct revulsion of feeling coming, some of the best women riders say, towards the use of the side saddle.

"Personally I much prefer to use a side saddle for jumping," said one of the most prominent of the Hunt Club's women members, a rider who does a lot of hunting. "I feel safer that way, and much more graceful."

And this opinion seems to be held by a great many of the women riders. In some cases, where a good rider is in the habit of riding several horses for their owners, they yield to the well known prejudice of men and ride cross saddle for cross country riding, and adopt the older and more conventional dress for the Horse Show.

AMONG the best young riders of the club are the interesting daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Beardmore. Five young girls, in ages ranging from the eldest, about twelve or thirteen, down to little Nadine, who is just four, and who actually rides on a tiny, shaggy Shetland pony, form a charming picture not easily forgotten.

It would be very hard to say which of the three eldest, Betty, Patsy and Kitty, is the best rider, though Kitty, gamely hanging on to "Percy," one of the most determined little ponies at the club, is a very popular sight. Little Peggy, aged five and a half, has already in her the makings of an excellent rider. It is possible that the secret of their success lies in their inherent love of horses, for, either in straight riding, or in taking fearless jumps, they seem completely one with their horses.

Another pair of young girl riders who show excellent horsemanship are Mr. Jack Oakley's young daughters. They are ten and eight years of age.

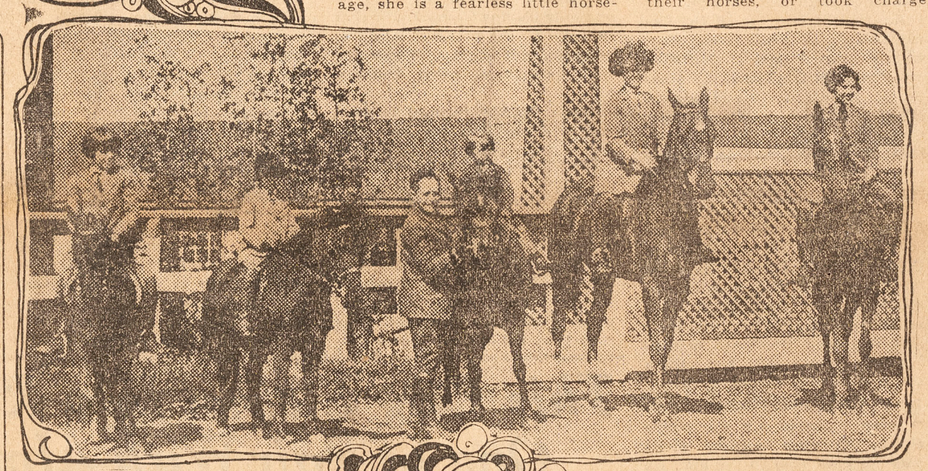
OF the very little ones, Nadine Beardmore is possibly the very youngest, but young Clifford Sifton, the five-and-a-half-year-old son of Mr. and Mr. Harry Sifton, runs her a very close second. This fearless young lad, who was the youngest jumper at the last horse show, also has inherent qualities of horsemanship, like his mother, who was Miss Mollie Maclean, and well known for her graceful riding, and who is at present one of the best of horsewomen.

Another young lad who is doing excellent work, both in riding and jumping, in the short year since he first bestrode a horse, is Nisbet Vale, a boy of thirteen, who is most favorably spoken of as a coming young horseman.

"Bill" Rogers and young "Jack" Eaton are excellent young riders, who spend a good deal of their time up at the Hunt Club, "Bill" generally rides "Jerry," and "Jack," a handsome bay with the euphonious name of "Blarney."

Another boy, who rides his own horse, a graceful grey, is Elliot Cotterell, while among the girl riders are Margaret Eaton and Betty Ellsworth. Frank and Paul Higgins are also among the good riders of the young folk.

Among the newcomers to the club are Deborah and Jack Coulson, children of Mr. Jack Coulson, who received a certain amount of training in the south, before coming to Toronto.



Left to right—Kitty, Peggy, Nadine, Betty and Patsy Beardmore, children of W. W. Beardmore.

MISS DORIS BATCHELOR is one of the champion riders of the Hunt Club, and just now is spending a good deal of her time riding Mr. F. H. Robins' "Todcaster," one of the string of thoroughbreds which he brought over from England. Though slender and almost small for her age, she is a fearless little horsewoman, and is often a surprise in the manner in which she handles a big mount, quite large and powerful enough to take the full time and strength of a grown man to control. These young girls seem to have a thorough understanding of the mind of their horses.

One and all, they love the horses, and their lessons, and are enthusiastic over their trainer, and even a headaache or a cold is not sufficient to keep them at home on riding days.

HORSEBACK riding is coming into its own in Toronto, and is fast becoming one of the most popular sports among the women and children.

In the past two years there has been a decided renaissance in this delightful sport, and it has become, not only a matter of practicing for the horse shows, but a daily pleasure in the lives of a great many horse lovers.

In the old days there were several important trainers, who possessed boarding stables of their own, and hired out their horses, or took charge of the animals belonging to those whose estates were not large enough to permit of stables of their own. Then there were the landed estates, whose owners each kept a large stud of horses, some for racing, and other for pleasure riding and hunting.

IN the mean time there was the Toronto Hunt Club, established down at the Kingston Road, and here the riding enthusiasts would gather for a hunt, ending in gaily little teas, or more formal dinner parties. As one ardent hunter said recently, "The social side of it was far the most important in those days. We would have a good turn-out for the meet, but as soon as we started hunting, a great many would turn back, and go home to the Hunt Club, and we would end up with about fifteen actually hunting."

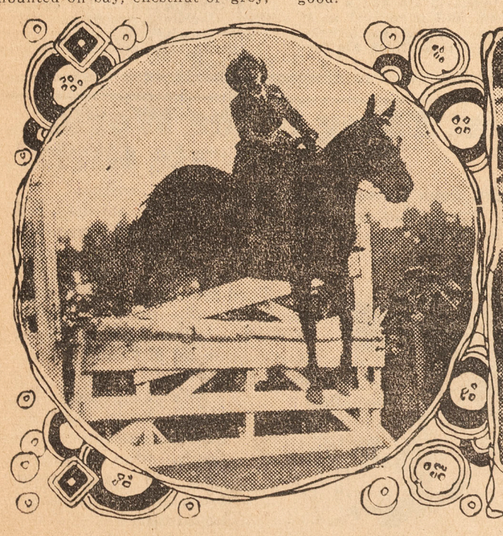
Those who were really fond of hunting, and who did not care so much for the gaities, began to grow a little tired of this sort of thing, and determined to start something more definite, in the way of a hunt club. So the Eglinton Avenue Club was started, about five years ago, and a group of splendid stables for the horses was built around the courtyard, in the English fashion. Even those with estates and stables of their own, have found it more convenient to keep their horses here. Later, the Arena was built, and is now one of the finest places in North America for an open air horse show.

THE pretty old fashioned house, fronting on Eglinton Ave., harbored the social side of hunting and pleasure riding, and those who did not care for tea parties" could very easily avoid them, while the socially inclined enjoyed many gay events.

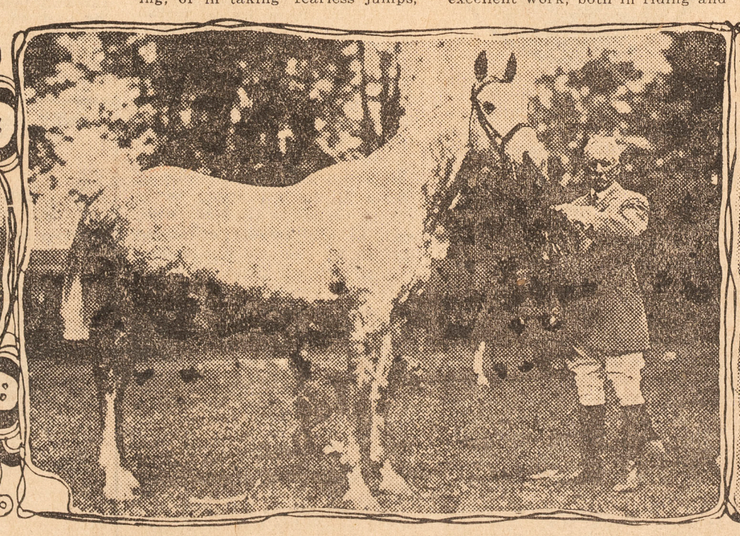
In the past year, other changes have come, for the pretty old house has been bought by one of the members, and is being changed and modernized into a spacious home. The adjoining land, which formerly belonged to the Hunt Club grounds, is rapidly being built up with other houses. This has pushed the whole activities of the club much farther back, around the stables, and in the near future a club house of ample proportions, will likely be built, to the west of the arena. In the meantime there is a very attractive lounge in the buildings, furnished in light oak, brightened with crimson rugs and hangings, and gay hunting pictures on the walls, where, on chilly days in the spring and autumn, the guests gather in the the inglenooks beside the two big fireplaces, for cosy teas, or dance on the well polished floor. The more formal entertaining, such as dinner and supper parties, take place up in the observation room above, which commands a fine view over the hills.

THE building of such fine stables, and an arena, such as the Hunt Club now possesses, makes Eglinton the centre of things equestrian. A great many possessors of fine horses keep them at the stables, where an excellent

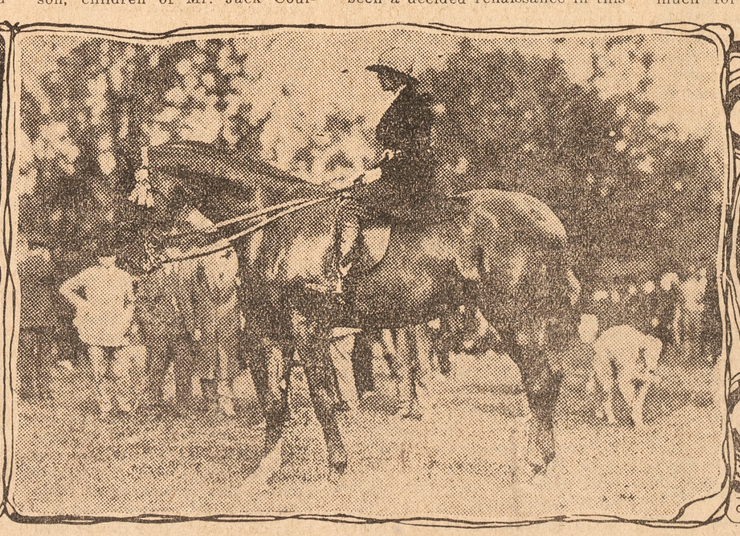
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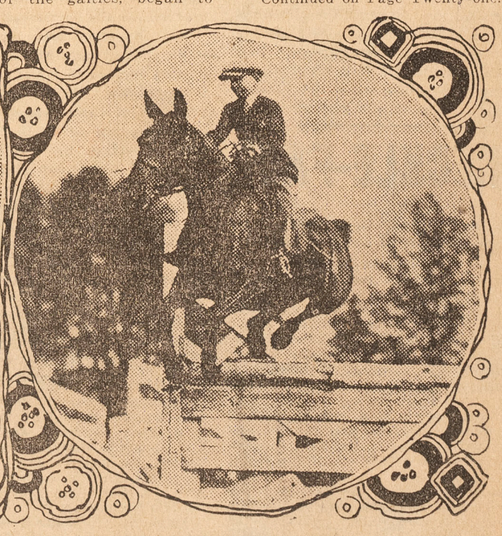
Miss Doris Batchelor, on Radio, taking the hurdles at the Aurora Horse Show.



Aemilius Jarvis with his imported horse New Castle at the Aurora Horse Show.



Mrs. Harry Sifton on Dalesman, owned by J. A. Panton, of Cleveland, at the Aurora Horse Show.



Master Jimmy Agar, son of T. J. Agar, K.C., on his horse Nancy at the Aurora Horse Show.

Klondyke's 'Lucky Swede' Now a Poor Farmer

Charley Anderson, Who Squandered Millions From "Worthless" Mine, Found Treasure Wherever He Swung His Pick---Earthquake Cut His Wealth From $600,000 to Five Cents, But Couldn't Break His Spirit



Charley Anderson, "The Lucky Swede," whose lavish spending startled Dawson's reckless spendthrifts when that city was young. Photo taken last March.



By NORMAN FRENCH.

ON Texada Island, off the coast of British Columbia, an old miner is struggling hard to make a living off his little fruit and poultry ranch, and not succeeding very well. Farming does not come natural to him; he started it too late in life.

He is a short, squat, square-headed Swede, bull-necked, heavy-muscled, broad of back. He escaped schooling in his youth, and his broken English strongly suggests the stage comedian. His deep-set, twinkling blue eyes look out on life most cheerily, for it was ever his nature to be an optimist. With cause!

CHARLES J. ANDERSON is his name.

"The Lucky Swede" they called him when the Klondyke excitement was at its maddest, for of all the strange freaks of fortune that crowded those hectic days, few were so spectacular as the exploits in which Charley Anderson played a leading part.

Hero of countless newspaper stories and magazine articles, celebrated in song, fictionized by Jack London, a dead-game sport who spent thousands of dollars in a single night, darling angel of a hundred dancing girls and vaudeville artistes, the easy mark of harpies, crooks, and gamblers, broke to-day, wealthy to-morrow; such was Charley Anderson, the miner with the Midas touch.

Fortune's Fool, if ever there was one! So long as he flung his gold broadcast in a way that made other reckless spendthrifts of Dawson gasp, Charley Anderson could go out into the hills and scoop up more of the precious dust.

Miners have a saying that "Gold is where you find it," but there came a time when this was amended to "Gold is where Charley Anderson swings his pick!" What had been a barren land to others became a fabulously rich mine to him: where others had never panned a color he had only to stoop to pick up nuggets. Luck seemed always with him.

"The Lucky Swede" he remained so long as he wasted his substance in riotous living. The more gold he spent, the more gold he found.

"The Lucky Swede" he ceased to be when he invested his fortune in first mortgages, gilt-edged securities, business blocks and apartment houses, and placed the balance in a savings-bank account.

CHARLEY ANDERSON was one of the first of the hardy pioneers to seek gold in the forbidding lands of Alaska and the Yukon. Until George Carmack made his fabulously rich strike in the Klondyke River in 1896, the outside world knew little of these remote territories, but Charley Anderson was already there, and had been there many years.

"The Lucky Swede" was one of the first men to essay the climb up the Chilkoot Pass, above Dyea, across the inlet from Skagway. This trail mounts all but perpendicularly to the blizzard-swept glacier cap of the mountain, and seems utterly devoid of foothold for man or dog. It broke the hearts of hundreds during the great rush, and hundreds of lives have been sacrificed in its perilous ascent. The bones of beasts of burden litter every inch of the way, and men who climbed it slowly and painfully in '98, helping each other, considered they had accomplished a marvellous feat.

Charley Anderson climbed the Chilkoot Pass, alone, in 1893!

Arriving at Bennett on the Canadian side of the boundary line, he built himself a boat, and drifted away in search of gold. He prospected at Caribou and around Whitehorse with indifferent success, then went on to Lake Labarge, later destined to become world-famous as the place where Sam Magee was cremated.

Anderson found colors on the marge of Lake Labarge, but not in sufficient quantity to induce him to stay. Three hundred miles north he rowed and drifted with the current of the Yukon River, until he reached Forty-Mile Creek. Here gold had been discovered in paying quantities in 1886, and quite a few miners were still at work.

FOR a year or so Charley Anderson panned on Forty-Mile Creek, but what satisfied others was not good enough for him. He disposed of his claim, spent the proceeds on a "good time" that lasted a week, then struck for the Miller and Glacier countries, where he became a member of the strangest syndicate ever formed in the north. His partners were Peter Kramos, a Greek, and Ali Youssof, an Arab, though how that thin-blooded son of the burning desert could endure that stabbing cold passes understanding. The three partners spoke the most broken English and had the greatest difficulty in understanding each other, but they got on very well and prospered.

While working on Bullion Creek word reached them that "Siwash George," as Carmack was known, had made a wonderful strike on the Klondyke River. At first they were not interested. Such tales were frequent. Every new discovery was magnified manifold in the telling, and the greater the distance the news travelled, the more marvellous the paystreak became.

But the story was repeated so often that at last the three placer miners decided to make a personal investigation. They divided the proceeds of their labors, and Anderson, being of little faith and feeling certain he would return, concealed his $7,000 share under the floor of the cabin.

The Swede-Greek-Arab partnership having been broken up, Anderson mushed down to Forty-Mile Creek. There he met two miners who had been to the new diggings, but were in a hurry to get outside. Ingenuous and communicative, Anderson soon let them know he had dust worth $780 in his pouch, whereupon they offered to sell him their claim for exactly that amount.

Charley Anderson refused. He was too experienced a miner to buy a prospect without examination. But to show that he was a good fellow, he would buy a drink. Then the miners bought a drink. And another. And another. They made a night of it.

In the morning the Swede awoke with a very sore head. The miners had his dust, and he held a deed of sale for Claim No. 16 El Dorado.

ANDERSON swore he had been robbed, and the deed slipped into his pocket to cover up the crime. He fumed and threatened, and demanded his money back, but the miners stood pat. They had thoroughly prospected No. 16, and considered it worthless. Even an offer of the return of the deed for half the cost failed to move them.

In after years Charley Anderson stoutly maintained that he was only playing 'possum, and that he knew all the time his claim was valuable. But those who saw the morning quarrel never believed him.

When Charley reached Dawson a few days later, his lower lip was still hanging, and he looked as if he had lost his last dollar and his last friend. He showed no disposition to go out and inspect his "moose pasture," but, urged by sympathetic friends, he finally made a move. He was broke, and could find nobody to grubstake him for a share in the "worthless" mine. Finally he borrowed some money, on the distinct understanding that it was a loan to him, and not to No. 16.

For many years thereafter there hung in a Dawson saloon a large picture of Charlie Anderson, looking sad and sorry, laden like a pack horse, setting out for El Dorado Creek. He was represented as saying:

"Ah tank Ah go anspact ma claim!"

IN THREE weeks he was back, one of the richest men in the Klondyke. A few blows with the pick, struck at random, had laid bare a nest of nuggets worth a fortune. In the five years in which Claim No. 16 was worked, it yielded nearly two million dollars, though the most spectacular pannings were of course in the early days of its history.

"It looked lak' dere vasn't nodding but gold in dat Creek," was the way the owner described conditions when he returned to Dawson City.

Instantly his amazing luck became the talk of the town. Everybody wanted to congratulate the lucky Swede, preferably in a barroom. Charley was agreeable. He was elated over his good fortune, and all who wished to drink his health had only to step up and name their pizen.

Champagne was selling at $25 a bottle, and Charley urged all his friends to try this sparkling beverage. He had a little himself, and didn't like it, but that didn't prevent him having a little more.

Charley started to go the pace. Prosperity went to his head like rich wine. As a gay spender, his largesse was equalled only by that of "Swiftwater Bill" and "Nigger Jim," the two other most famous characters of the early Klondyke days. And, as Anderson's fortune lasted longer, his fame outshone that of the others.

There was no extravagance too great for Charley Anderson, and naturally the harpies and the parasites fattened on his bounty. Even when poor the Swede was unusually generous for one of his race; when rich the resources of his famous claim formed the limit.

On one occasion, to satisfy the whim of a music hall entertainer who craved fresh-laid eggs, Anderson imported a flock of hens from Seattle. The hens laid possibly two dozen eggs before they froze to death, so that the cost of each egg came up to well over five dollars.



Modest little home where the former millionaire is raising poultry and fruit amid picturesque surroundings.

THE darling of all the Dawson girls, Charley Anderson could not long remain a bachelor. There is a story that his fate was finally decided by a poker game among those who were his chief favorites, and that the grand prize himself suggested this method of settling the question.

Certain it is that some time after this alleged poker party, Charley Anderson married Grace Drummond, a famous dancer and concert hall singer. All his earlier extravagances were eclipsed on this occasion, and the festivities are still spoken of with bated breath whenever old sourdoughs foregather. Wine flowed like water, the entire town was decorated as if for a royal visit, and the happy couple, seated in state, received the congratulations of thousands of friends at an "At Home" which lasted over a week.

"The Lucky Swede" was not lucky in love. Marriage with him was a failure, almost from the start. When Grace Drummond secured her freedom in 1901, and left for her old home in the east, she took with her a large share of what was left of Charley Anderson's once great fortune.

By this time Anderson had gone "outside," and was making his home in San Francisco. He was a little older, but not much wiser, for the following year found him entangled in a costly breach of promise suit that left him almost broke.

Quite cheerfully he hunted out the old frying pan, shouldered his pack, and set out once more for the frozen North. In the heydey of his prosperity he had never turned anyone away, so in his adversity he found many ready to stake him. He accepted help from a man who had once worked for him on El Dorado No. 16, at a time when Anderson was paying such high wages that it set the standard for all Alaska and the Yukon.

THIS time Charley went as far north as Nome. The Klondyke district had been systematically prospected, and most of the diggings were being worked by big companies. There was no chance of making a big strike there. Also Dawson was by now a settled, sedate city, and the Swede felt he had had enough civilization for a while.

Even at this date much of the territory back of Nome and north of the Yukon River is unexplored. Indians are few and rare. White men shun it, for most of them have found it as unprofitable as it is inhospitable.

Firm in the faith that luck would be his no matter where he went, Charley Anderson staked a claim on White River. That year the mosquitoes were terrible, but, wearing gauntleted gloves of caribou skin and a head harness of mosquito netting, the miner slaved and sweated all Summer, piling up an incredible quantity of gold. When Winter forced him to suspend operations, Charley holed in for a while, but as soon as the Spring thaws set in, he was again panning yellow dust from morning till night.

A little more than two years after he left San Francisco, Charley Anderson returned worth almost half a million dollars.

Once again he set out to celebrate his good fortune in the approved manner of the sourdough who has struck it rich, but he did not get the same "kick" out of it as in the mad days of '96. San Francisco was not Dawson, and the cold-blooded way in which he was being fleeced took all the joy out of life.

ACTING upon the advice of a Scandinavian banker, Anderson invested part of his fortune in gilt-edged securities. He loaned money on first-mortgages when those were approved by his banker. He built himself a fine residence on Nob Hill, a residence with a double garage, an unheard-of thing in those days, when autos were still a rarity in the west. The house was so beautifully furnished that Charley felt comfortable only in the kitchen.

Being by nature industrious, Anderson bought a four-story brick building at the corner of Paul and Ellice Streets, and went into the saloon business. He got his fair share of trade, and his bank account with his Scandinavian friend grew steadily.

On the morning of April 15, 1906, Charley Anderson was worth around $600,000. His capital was shrewdly invested. He had a paying business, and it seemed as if nothing short of an earthquake could jolt him loose from his fortune.

That is precisely what happened.

The great earthquake, and the fires which followed, wiped out every one of his assets. The houses and business blocks on which he held mortgages were razed to the ground; the companies which carried his insurance defaulted. The doors of his Scandinavian bank never again opened; the firms and individuals which owed him money were swallowed up in the confusion.

AFTER the fire had subsided somewhat in the business district, Charley Anderson, grimy, weary, hungry, but still gamely smiling, made his way through the fire lines to the site of his saloon. He could see his safe in the midst of the ruins, bulging and broken. He stepped forward to examine it.

"Halt!" cried a militiaman, on sentry duty.

"Ay bane Charley Anderson," explained the owner, "Ay vant go see my safe all right."

"Orders are to shoot all looters on sight," rapped out the soldier. "Get! Quick!"

Shrugging his shoulders philosophically, Charley Anderson retired in good order. There was no use arguing the point.

"Ay never see a man so anxious to shoot me in all my life," explained the Swede to friends later on. "An' all de tam' I tank maybe dere's not'ing in dat safe after all! She look prutty wal busted up!"

In the troubled period that followed the earthquake, Anderson could not re-establish himself in San Francisco. He tramped north by easy stages, and the end of May found him in New Westminster, with five cents as the sum total of his worldly wealth.

Charley registered at the Windsor Hotel, patronized chiefly by working men and farmers. He explained his plight to the proprietor, who agreed to furnish room and board on condition that the famous guest remained in the house evenings, so as to attract desirable bar custom. Mine host even offered him a job as bartender, but the Swede declined with thanks.

"Ay bane goin' back to Alaska," he explained, "an' Ay got to get me in shape for hard work. Ay tank Ay catch me a yob in de mills."

THE easy life of a saloon keeper leaves a man soft and flabby, and the pace at which he had lived had left its mark on Charley Anderson. Furthermore, he was no longer young, and he wanted to be sure he could stand the gruelling work of prospecting. So he got a job in the Small and Bucklin Lumber Mills, piling lumber nine hours a day for twelve dollars a week, working alongside Siwashes and Chinese and Japs, and holding up his end with the best of them, though with many a grunt and many a smile.

Charley remained in the lumber yards until he had accumulated a little stake; then he set forth once more for the country that had so lavishly poured riches into his lap.

Again he found gold, but never in sufficient quantities to pay him anything better than wages. The day of the small miner was over. Never again could there be another Claim No. 16 on an El Dorado Creek, with its million dollar treasure, in spite of that facetious notice scrawled in a rough hand by one who believed it barren and worthless;

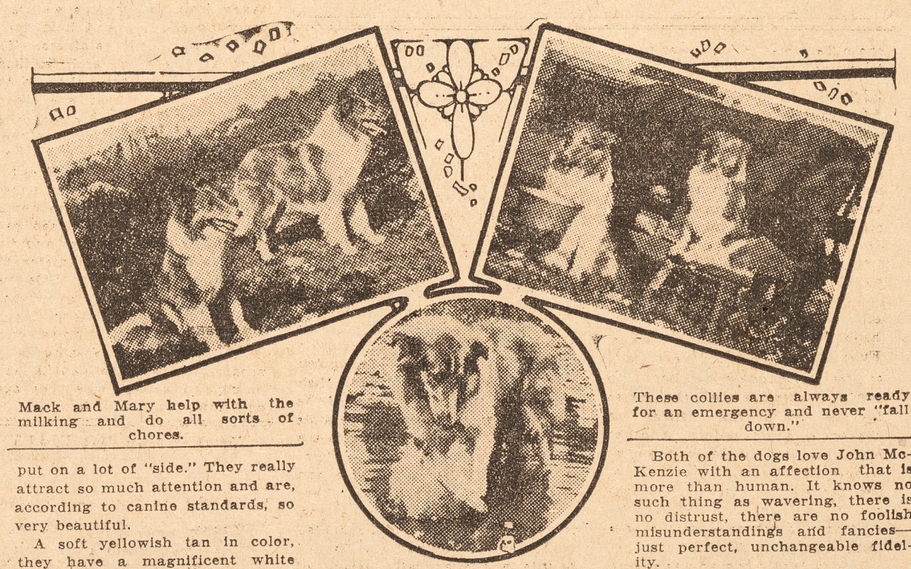
"This Creek reserved for Cheechakos and Swedes!"

SO Charley Anderson drifted south for the last time, away from the seventy below of the Tanana Hills to the milder clime of Texada Island. His mining days are definitely over. He tends his fruit trees as best he may. The eggs his chickens lay are more precious than those of that costly flock of hens he imported into Dawson nearly three decades ago, to please a pretty Pierrette.

Quite serene, he does not rail at Fate. He had his crowded hour of glorious life, and thinks it worth an age without a thrill. He achieved, if not world-wide fame, at least continental notoriety. His is a vivid page in the history of the Klondyke, and so long as there remains alive members of that hardy army of seekers of the Golden Fleece in the shadow of the Arctic Circle, his exploits, his squanderings, his generosity, and his cheerfulness, will not be forgotten.

In the evening of his eventful life, Charlie Anderson, "The Lucky Swede", is content with things as they are, and as they have been.

This Dog Swims Into River and Fills Pail; One of Pair With Almost Human Intelligence



Mack and Mary help with the milking and do all sorts of chores.

These collies are always ready for an emergency and never "fall down."

MACK and Mary are two beautiful collie dogs that were born and raised just outside of Owen Sound. They are not famous dogs; they have never been featured in contemporary canine literature—never saved any beautiful young woman's life, nor have they been starred in motion pictures.

Except for their good breeding and real beauty, there is not a great deal to be said about them; but their owner, John McKenzie, wouldn't take any amount of money for them, and no wonder—they constitute his entire household, and serve as his constant companions and friends.

Situated a few miles outside Owen Sound, at a spot which used to be famous as a summer resort, is the unpretentious farm house of John McKenzie. He and his dogs are the sole occupants of the house, but all summer they are visited by tourists and travellers who have heard of the beautiful collies and want to see them.

Mack, one day last summer, dashed into the water at his master's bidding, dipped a pail he was carrying in his mouth, into the water, filled it and returned to the shore, happy in rendering even this slight service to the superior humans he loves so much.

This feat sounds simple enough, and the so-called animal trainers, with their alleged ability to make dogs perform outrageous tricks at their bidding, would laugh at the idea of its being difficult. As a matter of fact, it is an exceptionally intelligent thing to do, and Mr. McKenzie is authority for the following statement: "Mack is the only dog in dogdom to-day that can swim into the river with an empty pail, fill it with water and bring it ashore full."

IF it were not a rather isolated spot, where they live, I am afraid Mack and Mary might grow a bit "swanky" and try to put on a lot of "side." They really attract so much attention and are, according to canine standards, so very beautiful.

A soft yellowish tan in color, they have a magnificent white breast with a white ruff extending in Elizabeth fashion about their graceful, aristocratic necks; When they wag their thick, bushy tails, they wave as proudly white as the famed plume of Navarre.

No wonder they are treasures. That their owner never has to worry when they are about is easily understood after seeing them under all sorts of circumstances. They are always ready for an emergency and have never fallen down at any task they have been set. They are watch dogs, guardians, servants and best of all, faithful friends.

WHEN you see them romping and scampering, playing for all that's in them, almost laughing with the joy of living, you can scarcely realize that this same pair conduct themselves at times with the greatest reserve and dignity; on occasion they can be even stern and forbidding.

Among their many duties are guarding and rounding up Mr. McKenzie's large flock of sheep, which are kept within bounds by the ever watchful collies; they help with the milking, and do all sorts of odd chores. No matter how many hours they work, they only require a shelter and a bite to eat—no fear of them striking for higher wages and shorter hours—their is a service of love.

TRAMPS have learned that it is unwise to venture too near the farmhouse, when they hear the loud warning bark of either one or both of the collies; from the gentlest of creatures, these two watchdogs are transformed in a twinkling by the approach of unwelcome or bold visitors into bristling, upstanding figures, menacing and threatening, ready to tackle anything or anybody if need be in defence of their home and master.

At milking time, they are gentle as the proverbial lamb; Mack always trots along with the kindly farmer, carries home the brimming pail of milk, and rarely spills a drop.

Both of the dogs love John McKenzie with an affection that is more than human. It knows no such thing as wavering, there is no distrust, there are no foolish misunderstandings and fancies—just perfect, unchangeable fidelity.

MR. McKENZIE is a great fisherman and he is known to have given away his last catch to save the face of some unsuccessful visitor who has gone out to fish and does not want to return to the city empty handed. He cannot be tempted however by any amount of money offered for his two fine collies, and at different times, he could have had rich presents had he consented to part with his friends.

The pictures on this page were taken by Mr. McKenzie himself. Many visitors have snapped Mack and Mary, always promising to send their owner pictures of them, but they forgot after the fashion of summer visitors, and one day Mr. McKenzie bought himself "one of the things you take pictures with" as he puts it, and secured some very fine photographs.

After all there's a good deal to the simple life and few households can boast such charming friendship, such perfect understanding as that of John McKenzie, Mary and Mack.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

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

Stenhouse, Ltd., 35 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal, Que.

"Best Thing in the World For Delicate Girls"

Mrs. John Bennett, Boggy Creek, Man., writes:

"My little girl had organic nervous trouble, could not sleep, had severe headaches and fainting spells. This went on for three years, and three doctors helped her very little. After reading of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food had done for others, I got some for her. She is now so well that she is like a different child. She is fourteen years old and looks the picture of health.

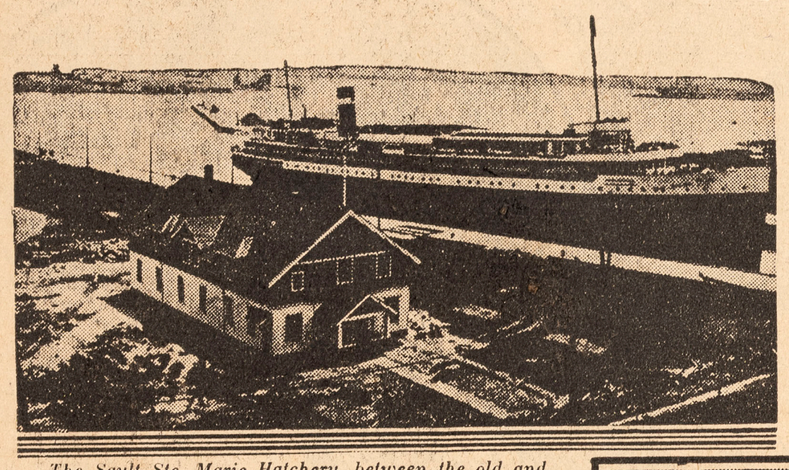


"We have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for different members of the family, when recovering from "flu" and scarlet fever, and it has always helped them."

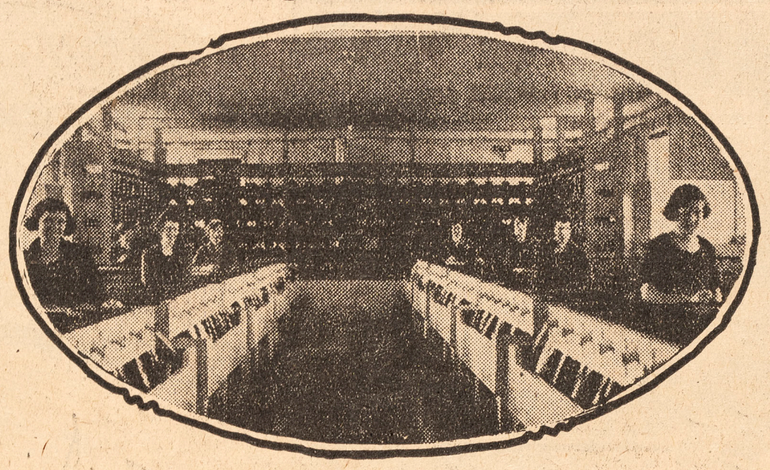
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

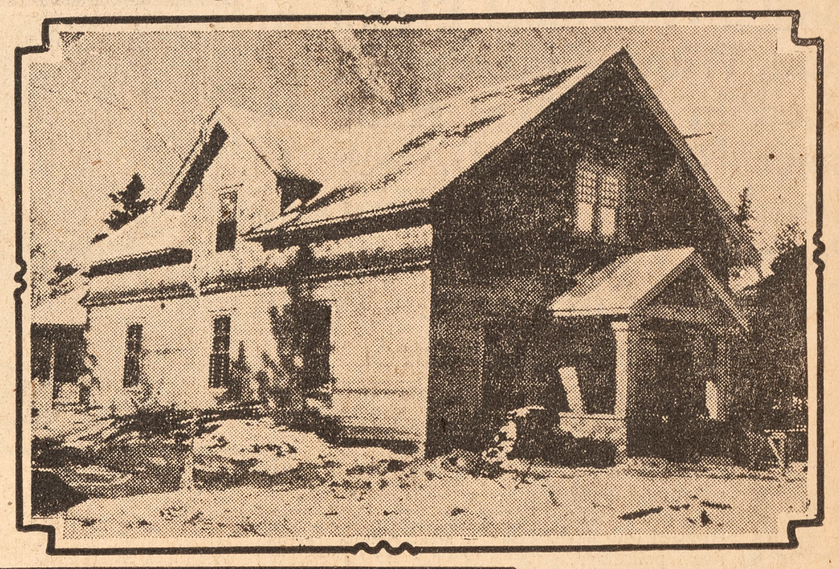
60 cts. a box of 60 pills, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Many Millions of Fishes for Ontario Waters



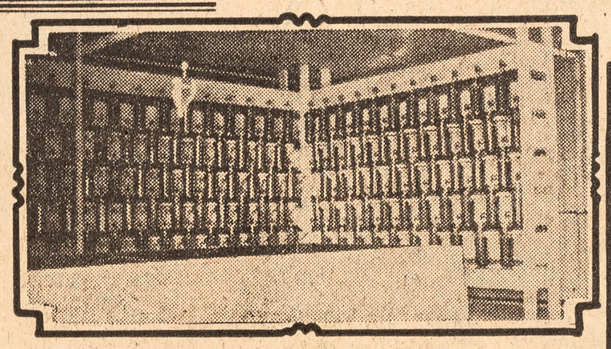
The Sault Ste. Marie Hatchery, between the old and new canals.





The Hatchery at Fort Frances, which is situated beside the Public Library.

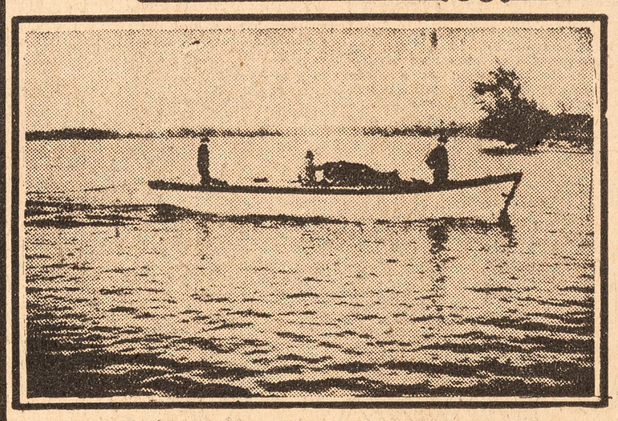
Nearly a Billion Distributed From the Provincial Hatcheries During the Past Twelve Years, and Half a Billion More to Be Placed This Year in the Lakes, Bays, Streams and Creeks for the Benefit of Commercial and Sporting Fishermen.



Interior at Fort Frances Hatchery showing hatching jars and battery with the fry tank below.



A corner of the Whitefish battery at Fort Frances Hatchery. Oval at top—Egg pickers removing unfertile eggs of salmon trout in the Soo Hatchery.



Pound-net boat engaged in hatchery operations on the Bay of Quinte.



Distributing parent bass by tank car at Kenora.

THE HATCHERIES.

The Ontario Government Fish Hatcheries are situated at:
Fort Francis.
Port Arthur.
Sault Ste. Marie.
Mount Pleasant (Brant County).
Normandale (Norfolk County).
Glenora (Prince Edward County).
Port Carling (small hatchery).

ONTARIO HATCHERIES FRY PLANTED IN 1923.

Black Bass Fingerlings and Fry	785,000
Speckled Trout Fingerlings and Fry	2,328,800
Salmon Trout Fry	12,410,100
Pickerel Fry	36,140,000
Whitefish Fry	204,400,000
Herring Fry	24,000,000
Rainbow Trout Fry	1,100
Parent Bass	997
Total	340,065,997

ONTARIO HATCHERIES OUTPUT IN 12 YEARS.

1912	150,000
1913	173,815
1914	598,630
1915	1,607,425
1916	1,570,450
1917	2,156,928
1918	58,356,631
1919	22,361,748
1920	77,783,360
1921	155,347,142
1922	270,174,812
1923	340,065,997
Total	930,436,938
1924 Estimated	500,000,000

HALF a billion young fishes will be added to the piscatorial population of Ontario waters this year from the Provincial Hatcheries, of which there are seven in various sections of the province.

Last year upwards of three hundred and forty millions of fish were hatched and deposited in the lakes and streams, and while the bulk of that large total was composed of whitefish, together with a substantial quantity of pickerel, herring and salmon trout, upwards of two millions of speckled trout and three-quarters of a million of bass helped to make up the impressive figures.

TO the lone fisherman who stands on a dock all day and gets nothing but a few nibbles, and anglers who are forced to the subterfuge of purchasing fish on the way home, the above will doubtless be regarded in the light of a fairy-story, or at least convince them that they went to the wrong place to fish.

Propagation of the fish under Ontario Government auspices commenced about fourteen years ago, the start being made with the game species, and it was four years later that the scheme was extended to include distribution for commercial fishing. Wonderful strides have been made within the past ten years, the distribution of fry and fingerlings having been greatly increased each year until the public waters are now showing the benefits of the expenditure involved, with gratification to the commercial fishermen and to the anglers, as well as those who are catering to the transportation and other needs of the tourist trade.

It was at a small pond in Mount Pleasant, about five miles from Brantford, that the Department of Game and Fisheries inaugurated its hatchery activities, specializing in black bass, and later in speckled and other trout, at the large pond hatchery now in operation a short distance from the original pond. The distribution as a result of the first year's work was 50,000 game fish. The benefits to be derived became so apparent that a year later the Department established a second hatchery at Normandale, on Lake Erie, about fourteen miles from the town of Simcoe, in Norfolk County, for the propagation of herring, whitefish, pickerel and speckled trout. For this hatchery the eggs are collected mostly from fish taken for commercial purposes in Lake Erie.

MUCH of the output of the Mount Pleasant hatchery had been going to the Muskoka Lakes when it was decided in 1918 to establish a subsidiary hatchery at Port Carling mainly for the purpose of providing pickerel for the northern waters. This hatchery has no resident officer in charge the eggs being sent there from other hatcheries when almost hatched.

The splendid hatchery in Current River Park, Port Arthur, was built in 1918. The building, 38 feet by 76 feet in dimension, is well constructed and fully equipped for the hatching of both speckled and lake trout, whitefish, herring and pickerel with ideal conditions as to the source of supply of pure water, and the hatchery, as a whole, is considered by the authorities to be as modern and efficient as any hatchery in the Dominion, having a capacity for 75,000,000 whitefish and 15,000,000 trout. In that year, for the first time, the department was successful in collecting 170,000 brook trout spawn for the Mount Pleasant hatchery and 1,500,000 speckled trout spawn from the famous Nepigon stock for the Port Arthur hatchery. The output of a new hatchery erected at Normandale consisted of 1,400,000 pickerel dore, 15,500,000 whitefish and 38,000,000 herring fry all planted in the waters of Lake Erie. Adding to these figures the hatch of 2,000,000 pickerel dore fry at the Port Carling hatchery, which were placed in the Muskoka waters, made a grant total of 56,900,000 as a total distribution by the Province. That was considered a remarkably good showing for the first year that the department had undertaken the propagation of fish other than the game species. Owing to unfavorable weather conditions for collecting spawn the output was much lower in the following year.

ENCOURAGED by the success being obtained by a progressive policy the department erected a modern hatchery at Fort Frances in 1919. This building has an artistic appearance in keeping with its location among other public buildings in the heart of the town. It has a capacity of 100,000,000 pickerel and a further capacity for speckled trout and lake trout. The pickerel stock is secured for this hatchery from Rainy Lake. Further improvements were made at the Normandale hatchery in 1920 including a dwelling house for the use of the officer in charge at that point. Another big jump was made in the distribution of fry and fingerlings of the various species in 1920, the grand total being 77,783,820, including over three quarters of a million of game fish.

That splendid output was practically doubled in 1921 when the grand total distribution climbed to 115,347,000, including nearly two millions of game fish. During that year another large hatchery was built and equipped by the department at Sault Ste. Marie and all the necessary arrangements made to fill it with whitefish, salmon trout and speckled trout spawn. The demand for a hatchery at this point had been insistent, as the location is the centre of very valuable commercial fisheries and also accessible to many waters that abound in game fish, but which would soon have become depleted without artificial propagation. The position of this hatchery also renders the collection of commercial and game fish spawn possible with a reasonable amount of energy and expense. It is situated on a slip of land between the old nad new canals and its water is drawn from Lake Superior by gravity.

IN spite of the increased deliveries the demand for fry and fingerlings greatly exceeded the available supply, making further extension of hatching activities imperative. In 1922 a most suitable site for a big hatchery was secured near the town of Picton, in Prince Edward County, and buildings up to the minute in all details of hatchery construction were erected. It is known as the Glenora hatchery, situated on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, and the property includes what is known as the Lake of the Mountain, from which it draws an ample and admirable water supply by gravity with a head of 170 feet. This hatchery has proved to be highly successful, having filled a long-felt need for the supply of game fish throughout the eastern part of the Province at the least possible transportation costs. The eggs are gathered in the immediate vicinity from the Bay of Quinte and Hay Bay districts, the hatchery specializing in whitefish, herring, pickerel, salmon trout and speckled trout. Ten years ago the Bay of Quinte was practically devoid of whitefish, but as a result of being stocked from the provincial hatcheries that portion of Lake Ontario is now producing double the quantity secured from Lake Erie and the most for its size of any of the waters of the Province. The total distribution from all the hatcheries in 1922 was 270,174,000, including well on to three millions of game fish, the increase recorded for the year being nearly one hundred and fourteen millions, while last year there was a further increase of about seventy millions.

ONE naturally wonders how a count is made of the new fish when the total runs into so many millions. A fish culturist explains that it is arrived at with fair accuracy in measuring the eggs of the various species by the liquid quart, the estimated number of eggs to make a quart for twelve different species being as follows:

Pickerel 150,000, Herring (Lake Superior) 124,000, Salmon Trout 7,500 to 8,000, Brook Trout, wild in streams, 16,000 to 18,000, Brook Trout, fed in pond, 14,000, Rainbow Trout 12,000, Steel Head Salmon 11,000, Loch Leaven Trout 12,000, Brown or German Trout 14,000 Black Mountain Trout, 12,000 Grayling, 28,000. The eggs from two good-sized pickerel will make a quart, but it takes about twenty-five ordinary grayback herring to provide a similar measure. Trout of the various species all produce about a thousand eggs per pound of fish; for instance, a trout weighing one pound would produce one thousand eggs. The number of eggs for all species varies to some extent according to the age of the fish, and the locality from which it is taken; a rocky bottom encourages a larger egg than the clay bottom.

The fish from which the eggs for the hatcheries are secured are taken from the various waters in large pound nets and held for a short time in net retainers. The eggs are spawned and fertilized at the net and then taken to the hatchery, where they are placed in hatching jars which are arranged in shelf fashion above a tank arrangement and the water filters through them. When the egg is hatched the juvenile fish passes through to the tank. The hatching jar is of a standardized pattern nineteen inches high and five and one-half inches diameter inside, with a pitcher lip a little over two inches long with a one-half inch drop. A great proportion of the eggs collected comes from where commercial fishing is in progress. If a fish is what is technically known as "ripe" the eggs will flow freely from it.

SEPARATING the eggs from the fish is a somewhat delicate task necessitating the skill of an expert who requires to be equipped wih a lot of practical knowledge. The fish is taken in the hands very carefully, one hand at the head and the other holding the tail, and while quiet with its muscles relaxed if it is ready to spawn the eggs will come away very easily. The eggs are then fertilized with the milk of the male fish which is taken in a similar manner.

Pickerel eggs are collected during April anad those of all other fish in October and November. Pickerel and muscallonge eggs will hatch in a period of from eighteen to twenty-five days but all the other species require approximately one hundred and fifty days—five months. Each hatchery provides regular employment for three or four male hands while special spawn takers are engaged for a brief period every fall and a staff of girls is employed at each hatchery to pick over the eggs and discard the bad ones which are identified because they have turned white. At a glance this sorting would not be considered a very pleasant occupation but it is not as objectionable as one would imagine. The girls readily become adept in eliminating the unfertile eggs and are fond of the work. The proportion of eggs haaching into live fish is sometimes as high as ninety per cent.

THE distribution of the fry and fingerlings takes places during April, May and June and it now covers practically all sections of the Provvince. This year the department is paying particular attention to inland waters. While the great bulk of the commercial fish such as whitefish and herring is distributed in the process of stocking the Great Lakes most of the pickerel is deposited in the smaller waters such as Rice Lake, Kawartha Lakes, Muskoka Lakes, Lake Simcoe and dozens of the litte lakes which abound throughout the Province. The salmon trout are planted in the larger of these inland waters. All the rainbow and speckled trout are deposited in scores of streams and creeks from one end of the province to the other, and the black bass goes to as many lakes and bays. For this extensive work of distribution the department has a private railway car with tank equipment from which the fish are removed in specially constructed cans, under the direction of one of the department experts, and planted in the waters selected for them. Simplicity marks this operation as the wee fish are all ready to swim around and grow up in their chosen home. The number of lakes, bays, streams and creeks which have been stocked by the department is in the neighborhood of one thousand, which conveys some idea of the great extent of the work.

WHEREVER the fish have been planted the results have with very few exceptions been favorable and it is remarkable that since the hatcheries were established there has never been a season which could be regarded as a failure in securing the eggs and obtaining the best output that could be expected. The cost of maintianing the hatcheries is in the neighborhood of $60,000 a year and the wisdom of this expenditure is reflected in the value of the annual yield of the fisheries of the province besides the advantages of the encouragement given to anglers which brings in so many tourists. Ontario is far in advance of all the other provinces in its fish hatchery activities. Quebec has some hatcheries but they are not to be at all compared with those of this province in number or efficiency, in fact Ontario has as many hatcheries as the Dominion Fisheries Department while the latter are operated exclusively for commercial fisheries particularly in the Great Lakes and the Lake of the Woods.

While this rapid development and progress has been made in the extension of the Provincial Hatcheries during the past few years, yet the field is far from being entirely covered and pressing demands are presented continuously by the residents of many districts for a much greater supply and distribuion of fry and fingerlings than the department has available.

OFFICIAL figures of the department dating back to 1912 show that since that time 930,436,938 young fishes have been hatched for the stocking of Ontario waters and distributed throughout the Province. The fact that during this year the department will possibly disous total coverirng twelve years conveys aan idea of the enthusiastic manner in which this branch of the public service has developed.



The new discovery. Results quick and amazing—nothing internal to take. Reduce any part of body desired without affecting other parts. No dieting or exercising. Be as slim as you wish. Acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, ungainly ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms and shoulders, large breasts or any superfluous fat on body. Sold direct to you by mail, postpaid, on a money-back guarantee. Price 50c a cake or three cakes for $1.00; one to three cakes usually accomplish its purpose. Send cash or money-order to-day. You'll be surprised at results. Address

LA-MAR LABORATORIES
Dept. 84-C Beckman Building, Cleveland, O.

TOO WEAK TO WALK

The Sad Condition of a Brandon Lady—How Relief Came.

"I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Annie Treherne, Brandon, Man., who tells of her new-found health as follows: "Some years ago I had an attack of pneumonia and it left me in a terribly weakened and run-down state. I was unable to walk for a long time, as I had practically lost the use of my legs, and had to be carried upstairs, for I had not the strength to go myself. I became despondent over my condition, for I had tried many remedies, which failed to help me. While in this wretched condition a lady friend urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and I procured a supply. After taking the pills for a while I could see that I was growing stronger, and I gladly continued their use until I had fully regained my old-time health and strength. Now if I feel at all run down at any time I at once take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never fail me. I can therefore warmly recommend them to others who may be run down."

There is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to improve the blood and bring back strength after acute diseases, such as fevers, pneumonia, influenze, etc. Given a fair trial they will not disappoint you. You can get the pills from your druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NATURE

By CALTHA

A FAIR June day, and the quietness of the Sabbath over all. And we have much to be thankful for, that in the heart of a large city, we can still keep the restfulness of a quiet Sunday. The sun shines and the waters of the big lake glitter as light puffs of wind call ripples into play. From afar comes the voice of the trainer, as he measures the stroke of the boys in shells, practising for the keen races to come. It is not disturbing—that voice—it only seems to mark more clearly the blissful quiet. Rising—growing louder—sinking into the distance, as the oarsmen speed along the shore.

So perfect a day calls to the heart to be out in the clear air, so I make a "voyage autour de mon Jardin" to see what the fairies have done since I looked last. A few rays from the sun god, and what marvels have happened! Springing up among the sphagnum moss scattered over their sleeping-place, are the spears of the orchids from a far off swamp brought in last fall. How my thoughts have centred on them through the long winter. Now to see them above ground, strong and lusty, has strengthened my faith—the "evidence of things unseen," and I know that the "substance of things hoped for"—their exquisite bloom is sure to follow. The Virginia blue-bells in great clusters nodding in greeting are neighbors to the orchids, and beside them are the green dragons, guarding the garden. These came from far Missouri, so one has to show them everything about the place to make them believe. Truly they are a crowd of doubting Thomases.

Across the way is a group of Globe flowers. No garden should be without them. The great golden balls, with the incurled petals, stand bravely out from above the much cut dark green leaves. Near them cluster those pretty children of the wood, the wild blue phlox, with their indescribable-blue flowers.

Across the way (ah! there is a touch of sadness here) tall tulips guard a little mound covered with forget-me-nots, and wild geranium. Beneath the flowers lies a little dog-friend—truer friend none ever had, who lost his life under a motor-car's wheels. Ah well!—he had a happy life while it lasted.

Further along a gray-leaved willow from Niagara Falls Park, sent years ago a tiny slip, rises over the broad yellow green leaves of the purple-flowering raspberry from the Lumber woods. Drooping over the rockery where the tall Turk's cap lily has started in its six-foot growth, is the high bush cranberry, also from the Humber, laden with bursting bloom to be followed later by its heavy clusters of berries so welcome to the winter birds. The lilacs are coming into bloom, as they hang over the lily-pools where the goldfish gleam and glance beneath the water, and shelter themselves under the water-lily pads. It is only a tiny, tiny spot of a garden, but 'tis mine own, and with the man in the old song I say:

"If there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart which is humble
May hope for it here."

Mrs. John Simpson



Do You Need Help? This Advice is Well Worth Reading!

Kirkton, Ont.—"I have found Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets to be an excellent medicine. I have been troubled with inflammation in the neck of my bladder for about eight years. I doctored but failed to get cured, so I decided to try Doctor Pierce's Anuric (anti-uric-acid) Tablets and they have relieved me greatly.

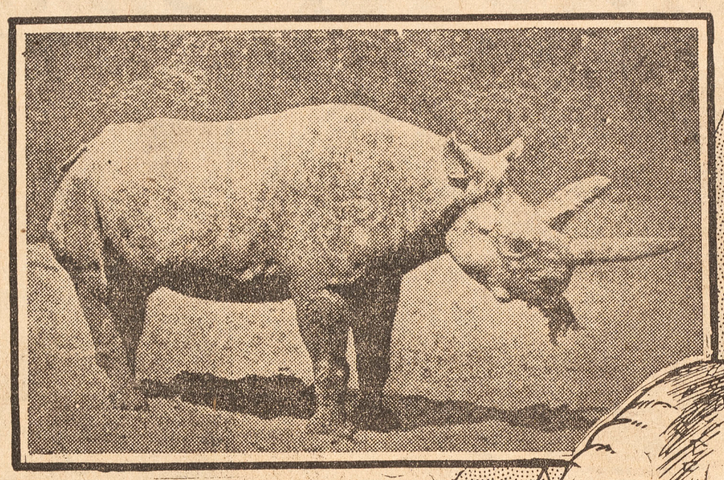
"I also can recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for expectant mothers. I have a fine, big baby boy. My nurse asked me what I ate to make him so strong. He looked like a child four or five months old when only three. I certainly would advise every prospective mother to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."—Mrs. John Simpson, R.R. 1.

Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ont., for trial pkg. of any of Doctor Pierce's remedies and write Doctor Pierce, President Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free, confidential medical advice.

Over the Roosevelt Big Game Trails

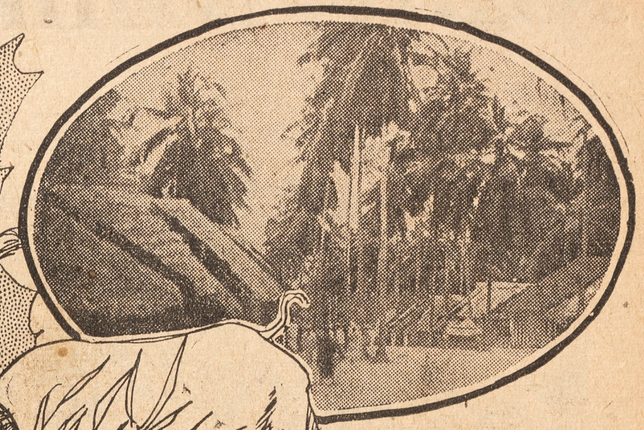
Double-Barrelled Elephant Gun, With a Heavy "Kick," Used in Mombasa Hunt Almost Results in Disaster to Sunday World Writer---Party's Volley Saves Life---Thrilling Encounter With African Rhinoceros

By H. WESTOBY.



Two-horned African rhinoceros.





Native quarters in Mombasa.

Through the forest on the way to Nairobi.

WE landed at a wretched old wharf and found the landing stage crowded with native policemen, and also about a score of Hindoo and Swahili motor drivers, who fought among themselves for the privilege of taking us to Mombasa.

Kilindini, which is the port of Mombasa, is on the other side of the island, for Mombasa is a small low lying island, close to the mainland. The good people of Mombasa never tire of telling you about the beauties of the harbor, and they are especially proud of the view from the entrance. A narrow channel, opening into a glorious stretch of green and blue water, with the white homes of Mombasa on the one side, amid palms and beautiful creepers as well as the old Portuguese fort, and on the other the slopes of the mainland, the water's edge of which is a living mass of dark green foliage, and at the back of all, in the dim distance, the great snow-capped Kenya Mountain, after which the colony is named.

MANY great sea captains have come to Mombasa, and its history may well be said to be the history of East Africa for more than a thousand years. Among those who have visited Mombasa was the great Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, in 1498, on his memorable voyage that had taken him around the Cape of Good Hope, and for the first time in history brought the European and the Moor face to face in the Indian Ocean, and was to start those bloody and cruel wars between these peoples that have continued almost down to our own time.

A vast trade was carried on in the Indian Ocean in those days, and this trade was wholly in the hands of the Moors or Arabs, who had held it for centuries. One can well imagine their astonishment to see lying outside the harbor a ship belonging to another nation, and no doubt there was great excitement among the Arabs on that day, and much palaver as what was to be done. The Arabs decided to invite the stranger into the harbor, but they sent off a pilot to whom they gave instructions to wreck the vessel on the narrow reef at the entrance. By a stroke of good fortune the plot was discovered, and da Gama, swift to act, promptly hanged the pilot from his yard arm, and then sailed boldly into the harbor with all guns in readiness, and threatened to pillage and destroy the entire city unless the inhabitants promptly paid over a huge sum of money for their treachery. This they did, and da Gama sailed away again, but soon afterwards the Portuguese came back once more and seized and held the island as an outpost for their Indian trade. Just then developing.

THE harbor of Kilindini is known as "the place of deep waters," and in it you can see steamers of many nations, as well as hundreds of Arab dhows, those picturesque little craft that have sailed these seas for hundreds of years, without the use of compass, carrying the trade of both the Indies and Africa, and much of it even to this day.

On landing we permitted the motor men to fight among themselves, and promptly backed the winner, a huge black-skinned Swahili, who grinned from ear to ear as he drove away amid a perfect howl of rage from the indignant losers. Our journey first took us along a fine asphalt road, without any gutters, a road lined on both sides with flowering gum trees, whose branches were one shining mass of beautiful scarlet blossoms.

After a drive of two miles we reached Mombasa, a flat, uninteresting city that has a history dating back to the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt. From its earth has been dug Egyptian idols, rare old Chinese and Persian coins, and much that proves it to have been a trading centre for many hundreds of years.

The Arabs occupied it after the Egyptians, and for centuries they alone held its great trade, and from its shores they fitted out and sent those long caravans that brought to its merchants much of the wealth of Central Africa. To show how important they considered it they had even erected at the entrance of the narrows a fort, which they garrisoned with soldiers, and which stood for many years until the Portuguese assaulted and destroyed it shortly after da Gama's visit. Traces of this fort are still to be found, only the times have greatly changed, as its site is now a golf links. Having destroyed the Arab fort the Portuguese in turn erected in 1593 a great fortress piously called by them "Fort Jesus," and this is still there, a huge pile of reddish brown stone, over which floats a blood red flag, the standard of the Sultan of Zanzibar. It is now used as a state prison, but in times gone by it has been the scene of more sanguinary fighting than perhaps any other spot in the world.

IN 1895 the British Foreign Office took over control of the British East African possessions, which included Mombasa, and since that time it has been administered by the Colonial Office. Mombasa has a population exceeding 36,000. This population is mixed, and includes whites, Indians, Arabs, Goanese, Swahili, Chinese, and a smattering of many other races. The city, however, is not impressive, neither is its climate favorable for white people at any time of the year.

With so many different nationalities making up its population you are not astonished to see many varieties of dress. The humble Swahili goes about in scanty loin cloth; the grave Hindoo in silk and turban; the Moslem women in black silk and yashmak; the grinning African belle, of voluptuous charms, in most gorgeous robes of brilliantly colored cottons, which they wind tightly around their bosoms, and let fall in loose folds to their bare feet, and the tall Arab in white gown and sandals. Nobody hurries in Mombasa, not even the ricksha boys. On the hot streets you see many herds of goats, and all the traffic is moved by slow going ox carts, or the centuries old hamali carts, drawn by sweating blacks who shout os they go, the name of the article being moved.

Our little party had lunch at the Manor House, a delightful hotel. Afterwards we again motored about the Island, visiting the market place, the great fort, and other places. At 4 p.m. we were back in Kilindini, and abroad one of the coaches bound for Nairobi, some 328 miles inland. The coaches of the Uganda Railway are not exactly palaces on wheels, neither are the engines of the latest type. In front are the coaches for natives, crowded with black humanity, and behind these the cars for white passengers. Each car contains several compartments, with four persons generally assigned to each compartment.

ON the Uganda Railway you make up your own berth, and likewise bring your own pillows, sheets, blankets, towels and soap; There is no dining car service on the train, but stops are made at regular intervals, and you obtain excellent meals at very moderate rates. The windows of the train do not contain glass, but are provided with blinds. The first part of the journey takes you over a desert, and should any wind be blowing you get well covered with a fine red dust. If it isn't blowing you get the dust just the same. The seats are hard and they somehow seem to grow harder as you proceed, but in Equatorial Africa one must not expect the luxuries of Canada in the way of railroad travelling. The train strains and puffs and gives off a great deal of steam as it climbs, and, as you go to Nairobi, which is 5450 feet above sea level, somehow you are always climbing. In the early morning as you look out of the windows you notice a great change in the scenery. The red dust has given place to beautiful forest land, magnificent plains, and a wonderful variety of trees and bushes, many being of the flowering variety. Herds of zebra appear from time to time, and with a hasty glance at the puffing engine, flee away among the trees; giraffe in great numbers, often seventeen and eigtheen feet in height are to be seen towering above the bushes and scampering in all directions, hartebeeste, brown grey in color with vertical markings are everywhere about, and keep racing by in large herds, a constant source of interest and delight. All kinds of antelopes abound, and many of these are the most graceful creatures imaginable, notably the impala which with a great flourish will suddenly leap over the low bushes near the railroad track and in an inkling has disappeared from sight. Among the trees of the forests we saw the monkeys in scores leaping from tree to tree, the very embodiment of activity and mischief, while great bands of ostriches, as we again came into an opening, would race alongside the train as if determined to prove their speed, or else with a flourish of the wings seek safety among the trees.

WE WERE not fortunate enough to see any lions, or bigger game, but they are all there, and very often are sighted by passengers. To preserve the game, the Government has proclaimed the entire area between Mombasa and Nairobi a secluded game area, and a wise move it is, as otherwise many of these wonderful animals would disappear before the hunter, and the whole world would be the loser. During the construction of the railway a great number of lives were taken by wild animals, and lions especially took such a toll of the coolie laborers imported from India, that at last they refused to work at all, and for weeks all construction was stopped, and the Government was forced to send troops to protect the workers who were not even safe behind great hedges of wild thorn, many yards in thickness, so keen were the lions for their prey.

Occasionally an elephant will give trouble by standing on the railroad track, and apparently daring the engine to come forward, but these incidents are becoming very infrequent, as the bigger game now takes to the bush and stays there.

A very amusing incident is said to have happened two years ago. A train was standing beside one of the tiny stations when suddenly a huge elephant appeared. In an instant both engineer and fireman had climbed to the protection of a water tank, whilst the passengers all raced to the station, where they locked themselves in, and called for outside help. In the meantime the elephant had approached the engine, and then had lumbered away as suddenly as it had come.

We had a very interesting morning watching the game. In the early afternoon our train arrived at Nairobi, a fine city of about 25,000 people. It is well lighted by electricity, has excellent stores, beautiful homes, numerous parks, a large Indian colony who claim to have the finest bazaar south of Cairo, and a picturesque native quarter. All kinds of sport is indulged in, but horseracing and golf and football have the largest number of followers.

NAIROBI is the administrative centre and capital of British East Africa, as well as the headquarters of the railway departments, and its population includes most of the white officials of the colony.

At the Stanley Hotel we found excellent quarters, and some congenial fellowship, and nightfall saw our little party eagerly enquiring about the possibilities of preparing a hunting expedition, or "safari," as they call it in those parts. This introduced us to Big Jack McGregor, the elephant hunter, a regular mountain of a man, who was all smiles, and who seemed to ooze good nature from every pore.

We gently broached the subject of a "safari," and suggested that he lead our little party. McGregor merely smiled at our eagerness and promised to consider the matter. Of course if we were going to spend some months there it could be arranged, but a matter of days, well, he would consider it. In reply, we told him that go hunting we would, if it were only for monkeys in the public parks. Again McGregor laughed, and somehow when he laughed his laugh was quite infectious, and he was really quite an interesting man. One of our party suggested a "sundowner" or two with him, and after these he expanded most jovially, but it was only after an excellent dinner that he agreed to do what we desired, and our "safari" looked like becoming a reality.

In a couple of days all was ready, and sunrise on a delightfully cool and promising day found us starting on our journey, the first part by motor, and later on in the day when we had reached the spot where our headman and his party of porters were waiting we took to nature's limbs, and began our delightful tramp into the blue, with the headman and McGregor well in front, and the rest of our party following, and the porters bringing up the rear, their heads piled high with all our portable material.

It gave us a sense of elation to be thus tramping along, with the world and its cares quite forgotten, and ahead of us the great unknown. Whenever we came to high ground we could see glorious Mount Kenya, with its three ragged peaks, the central one rising over 17,000 feet above the sea level and covered with perpetual snow. To one from Canada it gave a sense of pleasure to see that white capped mountain, and after the great heat we had passed through up the east coast of Africa, that snow looked somehow to me like a touch of home.

FOR about two hours we had steadily tramped over hill and valley, and through forest land and plain, when suddenly one of the native "boys" hurried to McGregor's side and whispered something in his ear. It was our "cook boy", a tall Masai, and he informed our leader that by some unexplainable mishap he had overlooked bringing the cookpot. Here, then, was a pretty mess, for one must eat, even on safari, and McGregor dealt with the crisis just as we might have expected of him. He first cursed the boy himself, then his unfortunate parents, and finally his ancestors for generations back. They were all a bad lot, a very bad lot indeed, but the worst was that ungrateful, impossible, miserable, scroundrelly, degraded boy himself. All this in Masai language until, finally even tiring of his own eloquence, McGregor sternly ordered the boy to return to our starting place, and secure a partly emptied kerosene tin that had been left there pending our return. Relieved, no doubt, to have got off so easily, the boy raced back, and there was nothing left for us to do but to prepare our camp, and await the runner's return.

In the meantime the seven white members of our party wandered off to try our hands at a possible shot or two, and in this we were fortunate as a fine gazelle that was considered excellent eating fell to the rifle of McGregor. It was quickly trussed up, and we returned in triumph to our camp just as the cook boy was swinging over the opposite hill, with the kerosene tin balanced on his head in the manner all these people carry things. McGregor cut off the top, and then poured off the oil, handing the tin to the cook telling him to hurry up and prepare something for us to eat which he promptly started to do. Shortly afterwards, and much to our satisfaction, for we were frightfully hungry after our long tramp and the splendid open air we had been out in all day, dinner was announced, and we sat down on the grass, where a blanket had been spread by way of a table cloth, and soon the "boys" brought to us great platesful of what looked like a fine Irish stew. I say it looked like Irish stew, for one taste revealed the fact that that wretched boy had quite overlooked the necessity of cleaning out the tin, and there we were, presented with Irish stew, a la kerosene.

MCGREGOR'S face was truly a picture to see. He first called the boy to him, and enquired what it was he had prepared for us, and then, his quick temper getting the better of him, he outdid even his wild outburst of the morning, winding up by seizing hold of the offending tin, and hurling it, stew and all, at the shins of the cook boy. Now a black's shins are generally considered his tenderest parts, and as that tin struck the poor lad, he fairly howled with pain. Just how much of this was put on I don't know, but McGregor soon repented of his act, and bade the boy be gone and clean out the tin, and thus peace was once more restored.

That night our boys built a great bonfire from wood they had collected, and as we sat for the first night beneath those brilliantly shining tropical stars, with the planet Venus shining like a huge lamp almost directly overhead, even McGregor, who was used to such things, caught the spell, and he yarned away about leopards and lions, until we almost began to imagine that every tree or bush nearby concealed some savage animal which was just awaiting an opportunity to sneak up and attack the camp.

ONE of his stories dealt with a friend of his with whom he had gone hunting for elephants, and McGregor explained that while it was not an uncommon sight in Kenya to see herds of elephants from ten to forty and more, that the ivory is what hunters are really after, hence they search for an old tusker who has been driven from the herd. This is brought about, he said, by a young bull gathering about him a number of cows, thus forming another new herd. The calves which are born gradually grow to maturity, and they are always testing their strength against each other in playful combat, until finally one of these is recognized as the leader of the younger party. The inevitable happens. There comes a time when the young bull even tests his growing strength against the father of the herd, and should he be successful, as is often the case, the parent is driven away from his family, and thereafter roams the world alone, a vicious, dangerous creature, which in addition to his other troubles, becomes the special target for the hunters by reason of his splendid ivory. McGregor and his friend, with a number of porters, were pushing their way through a great thicket of bamboo, when quite unexpectedly his friend, who was in the lead, had come face to face with a huge bull elephant, about 11 feet in height, which was standing there calmly awaiting their coming, having got their scent several hundred yards away. There was no time for his friend to fire, and all he could do was to fall prone on the ground, and trust in some miraculous manner that he might escape being impaled on those great tusks in the blind mad rush that was sure to follow.

He was too late. The elephant smashed through the few yards that separated them in a trice, and in an instant had seized hold of his friend in his great trunk, and began to hurl him round and round previous to dashing him with fearful violence on the ground. McGregor hurried forward but was afraid to fire for fear of injuring his friend, and it was not until the maddened animal had hurled him from him, and was preparing to stamp upon him that he aimed, shooting the beast through the heart and instantly killing it. Hastening to his friend's side he found the poor fellow dreadfully injured, and although he was tenderly hurried to a hospital, he died shortly afterwards of his injuries.

SOMEHOW elephant hunting didn't have quite such a glamour after we heard McGregor's story, but he assured us he feared buffalo more than elephants, because, being so much smaller they could conceal themselves easier, and moreover they were very vicious creatures. As he spoke we heard a deep throated roar that sounded suspiciously near, and we were somewhat startled when McGregor complacently informed us that this was a lion calling to his mate. Joyce remarked that it sounded as if he were calling for his meat, but somehow the joke fell rather flat. With such creatures nearby it was very comforting to have that bright fire burning, but nevertheless as we retired to our tents to sleep, or try to sleep, with loaded rifles at our sides, the knowledge that man-eating lions were close at hand wasn't particularly reassuring.

On the morrow at the first streak of dawn, the birds began to chatter in the tree tops, and soon the whole world awoke to the glory of a wonderful sunrise. Our headman hurried about among our sleepy porters, and while they were preparing to strike our camp, and to cook our breakfast, we sallied out to hunt for any signs of our visitor of the night previous. In this we were not successful, and we soon returned to an excellent breakfast, that was much appreciated after that brisk walk in the cool and bracing early morning air.

After breakfast at a sign from McGregor, the headman marshalled his men and we set off through a delightful country, that embraced forest land, and deep grassed plain, and often skirted delightful little streams on the banks of which grew clumps of bamboo, banana, and many very pretty flowering creepers. Soon we traversed soft, clayey ground, and there were many foot marks of animals about, among which McGregor pointed out "put" marks made by lions who had stalked their prey to the water courses. The whir of wings as a great flock of vultures took flight from the ground startled us for a moment, and we watched them wheel away, in circular flight, ghoulish birds that we knew always gathered to pick the bones of dead animals, the remains of those left by lions, or man. A large carcase was lying nearby, virtually stripped of flesh, and McGregor thought that this animal had furnished food for the lion we heard on the previous night.

PASSING on we came to a big krail, or native village, the inhabitants of which appeared much astonished at our sudden appearance, although they were friendly and gladly furnished us with information regarding game, which they stated was quite plentiful in that district. These natives belonged to the Wa Kikuyu tribe, and they seldom are armed with rifles or guns; their principal weapon being the bow and poisoned arrow. The krall looked like a big cluster of beehives, and we noticed the natives kept herds of cattle and grew sugar cane, sweet potatoes, bananas and tobacco, as well as corn, which is their principal diet. The women do all the work in the fields as well as any housewold work that is necessary, and we saw a number of young women who were pounding corn with a wooden club in a hollowed out piece or tree. The men consider themselves warriors, and all manual work is much beneath their dignity to attend to. The custom of these people is to buy wives, earning the money by working for the whites, or the Government, and the richer the man is in wives the more workers he has to plant and look after his fields.

As a rule the ordinary native has but one, or two wives at the most, but the chiefs frequently have ten and more, and the chief of the particular krall we visited had no less than fourteen. Their dress is very primitive, sometimes consisting of a piece of cloth tied round one or other of the shoulders and handing loosely to just below the knees, or more often than not of a simple girdle tied by a string, and dangling much like a sporan. The women are very fond of beads, and wear many strings of these around their necks, and they cover their arms with copper wire until both upper arm and forearm is one mass of it.

They are all people of splendid physique, and viewed our little party with curiosity. The women were especially curious, and appeared to note with interest any special piece of clothing worn by any of us. The askari man, or policeman, in his neat khaki uniform, topped off with a red turban and red sash, seemed to especially take their eye, and I have no doubt he was considered a very fine individual indeed by those admiring belles. The little children, or totos, were particularly interesting, as they played around the huts, all laughter and merriment, or stayed near their mothers looking at us with wide open eyes of astonishment. These totos grow amazingly fat on corn, or "mealies", and their little stomachs projected in a most astonishing manner. None of the children wear any kind of clothing until they approach about the tenth year, and then they are clothed much as their parents, and as described above. At this krall we received as a present some excellent honey, and we learned that the natives are very fond of honey, which they gather in the forests, and which is a great luxury to them.

SHORTLY after lunch our headman who was in the van of our party returned quietly to McGregor's side and whispered something in his ear. Our party was at once halted, and McGregor sent the headman to reconnoitre. We enquired what it was all about and he whispered the magic word "elephant". In a very few minutes the headman came back and reported that a huge bull elephant was in the clearing directly ahead of us, apparently totally unconscious of our presence. McGregor ordered the boys to put down their loads, the rifles were all got ready, and we all made for the clearing, with McGregor and the headman in the lead, our little party quite thrilled to think we were at last going to see in a wild state one of Africa's largest animals.

Keeping well to the windward of the beast, we soon came to where we could see him, a splendid sight, about ten feet high, standing among the long grasses, and gently fanning himself with his huge ears.

Notwithstanding our stealthy approach McGregor continued to be very wary, as elephants although short sighted, are blessed with an unusually keen scent, and moreover, their hearing is also very acute, whilst they are ever dangerous customers in the open.

WE kept well to the windward of the animal, and took cover as much as we could until we had approached within about five hundered yards of our quarry. "Now is your chance," whispered McGregor to me, "shoot on a level with the eye right near the ear."

One of the boys then handed to me an elephant gun, a great double barrelled affair that fired a bullet big enough to stop almost anything. With one hasty glance at the elephant, I knelt on one knee, carefully sighted the weapon, and then pulled the trigger. To be exact, I, by mistake, pulled both triggers, and there was a blinding flash and a great roar, and I was conscious of a terrible blow and of being hurled backward over and over, until a tree, doubtless placed there by a kind providence, suddenly stopped my flight. I had lost both the gun and my helmet in the excitement, and as I sat up I found blood running down my face, but from whatever cause I did not know until I was pulled to my feet by two of the boys, who enquired if I was hurt. A hurried examination revealed the fact that that wretched gun had knocked out a tooth, and otherwise bruised me, but I was quite alright otherwise, and my white companions greeted me with a perfect shriek of laughter as I came forward.

They said I looked very comical rolling over and over among the bushes and apparently they had somewhat enjoyed the spectacle. I looked for the elephant and saw it lying on its side less than two hundred yards from where I stood. It seems I had missed the animal altogether, and at the flash and roar of the gun it had charged our entire party, screaming and trumpeting with rage as it did so. All those having guns had fired, and the great beast, as if halted by an unseen hand had suddenly stopped, and pitched forward with its forelegs spread wide open, stone dead. It lay there, a huge affair, among the grass, and already the vultures were gathering in great numbers for the expected feast. It was a very fortunate thing for me that I was not alone at the time, and I was most thankful to my good friends for thus saving my life. The tusks were very fine, and McGregor estimated they were worth about £50 apiece. Our boys soon cut them out, and also certain parts for eating, and they simply loaded themselves down with meat, which is something they greatly like. The rest we left to the vultures, and before we had got well away from the place we could hear them screaming and fighting over the spoil.

ON THE following day we again rose early, and were well on our way as the sun's rays were tinting the tree tops with gold. That morning we had capital sport. First, Joyce shot a very handsome reedbuck, and shortly after this an impala trotted out less than forty yards from where we stood, and, before it could take one of its furious leaps to safety, Walker had bagged it, and a beautiful trophy it was, its horns making a delightful souvenir, of the trip. In addition to these, an onyx and a great black ostrich were shot and killed, and although we saw giraffe on the plains, they scampered away before we could get within shooting distance of them. Finally, as the sun's rays grew warm at noon, we gladly pitched our camp under a great spreading mangoe tree, and we were more than thankful to sit there and indulge in a long rest. To the left of us was a magnificent valley, a valley deep and well wooded, that somehow suggested to us adventurous possibilities, and we determined to explore that valley, just as soon as we had rested.

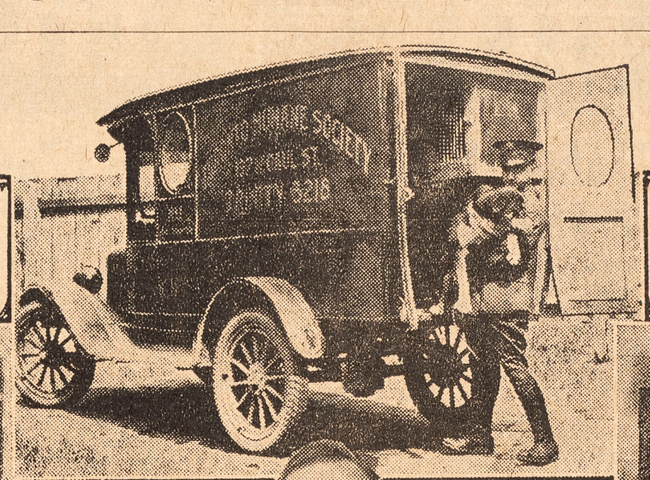
To while away the time, an old box was placed in position, and cards being produced, four of us proceeded to indulge in a game of bridge, for a shilling a hundred. Two of our party, Joyce and Stone, refused to play, and they gathered up their rifles, and,

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.

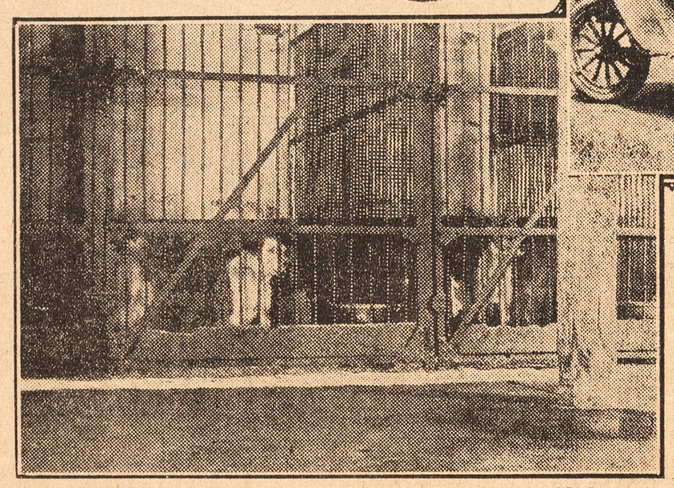
Dog Problems Beset Toronto As Mercury Climbs

Sunday World Survey Shows Dozen Vexed Questions Calling For Attention --- Mayor Promises Conference to Discuss More Modern Regulations.

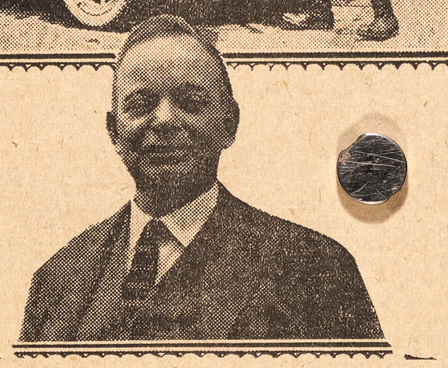






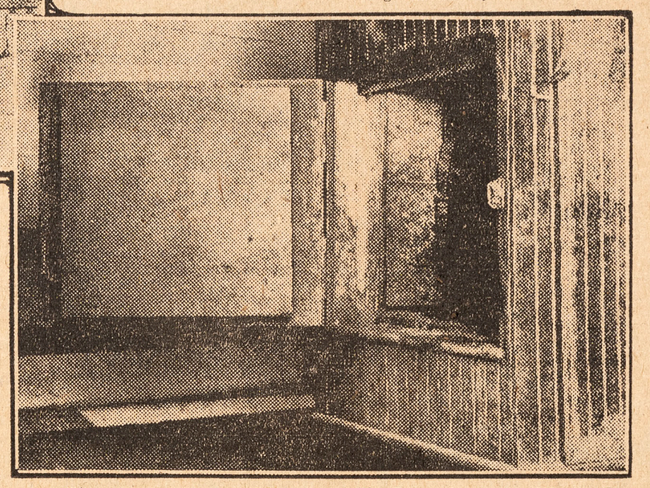


Where the dogs are kept at the Humane Society's establishment. Above, in oval—Charles Topping, city yard superintendent, in charge of the pound.



Manager J. M. Wilson, of the Toronto Humane Society.

Above—A Humane Society inspector with a truck full of animals.



Electric death chamber of the Humane Society. The collar shown just inside the door hangs on a flexible spring. The floor is of metal.

Above, in oval—Sam Asbury, poundkeeper.

By A. K.

FEWER and better dogs!

Toronto would appear to be in a happy position as regards the quantity and quality of its canine population, if official figures may be believed.

But, in point of fact, figures seemingly tell only part of the story, since in these early Summer weeks the dog has been the centre of almost unparalleled controversy. No one has seemed satisfied with the dog regulations. The discussion hinges on a dozen questions, some of which are:

Do mad dogs menace the lives of Toronto's children? Do playful dogs destroy lawns and flower-beds and "disturb the peace?"

Should dogs be allowed on the streets only when secured by leash and muzzle, as is the case in many American cities?

Should restrictions be put upon the sale of dogs within the city limits, and should measures be taken to prevent the breeding of other than thoroughbred dogs, or those whose progeny might be especially valued?

Should severe penalties be handed out to dog-owners who neglect their pets, or carelessly allow them to make other people uncomfortable?

And on the other hand is enough consideration at present shown to dog-lovers and their pets?

Should the dog-license law be more strictly enforced, and protection and care given to those dogs whose owners have gone to the expense and trouble of taking out city licenses?

Should the dog-catcher and his "wagon" be supplanted by some other system?

Should dog-owners whose licensed pets are taken to the pound expect to be notified before these pets are gassed to death?

Can better methods, more satisfactory to all concerned, be devised to meet the summer dog problem in its many phases?

Believing such improvement possible The Sunday World gathered information and expressions of opinion from interested individuals and organizations.

WITH the information contained in this article in hand, the Sunday world called upon Mayor Hiltz. His Worship was aware of the problem; had been made keenly so by scores of letters urging one thing or another.

"Just as soon as Judge Denton's recovery makes it possible to hold a meeting of the Police Commissioners, we will take the matter up," he said, "and decide what is to be done this Summer, and from now on. It is most probable that a general conference will be called to represent all bodies of opinion. The Humane Society would be invited to such a conference."

MAYOR HILTZ is not in favor of harsh or unfair restrictions in the matter. In fact, he declared himself a dog-lover, but one who realizes that people have rights in the city prior to those of their pets—or other people's pets.

"One of the greatest complaints that dog-owners make is that the city's dog license tag is no protection," it was suggested to his Worship. "If a licensed dog is taken to the pound, and unclaimed, it is said that it may be gassed without any effort being made to find its owner. It is suggested that the license numbers should be looked up, just as the number of an offending auto, and the owner notified."

"An excellent suggestion," replied the Mayor. "I will take it up before the meeting of the commission. I think we may look for some change in that."

POLICE CHIEF DICKSON declared that Toronto is behind the times in its dog restrictions.

"I had a dog for years myself," said he, "but got rid of him when he became a nuisance to my neighbors." In many of the American cities, he declared, no dog is allowed on the streets at all, excepting he be on a lead, and fitted with a muzzle. The Chief received many complaints against dogs, he added, but no formal letter of protest against dog-catchers.

INTERVIEWED by the Sunday World, Dr. H. A. Beatty, of Toronto, a dog lover, and a member of the Board of Governors of the Humane Society, who has provided a home on his farm in the County of Halton for some thirty of this city's lost dogs, gave interesting data on some phases of the dog problem of Toronto.

"Toronto has a very real and very pathetic dog problem," said Dr. Beatty. "Many dogs are given no sensible or humane care by their owners are allowed to roam the streets, to be injured, or stolen, or to get lost. The civic authorities have been careless, the police methods crude. The Humane Society, inadequately supported, has tried with little financial encouragement in this city of church-goers to meet most depressing conditions. You know, Albert Payson Terhune, eminent author and dog-lover, who writes weekly articles for the Sunday World, has said that there is no more pathetic sight than to see a lost dog on the crowded streets of a city. A lost child is at once surrounded by a score of men and women, ready to comfort and protect it. But a lost dog can stand in the shelter of a tall building, or run tired and dejected through careless crowds seeking in vain with pleading eyes for the face of a friend.

"It must be apparent that Toronto has too many dogs — too many that have no definite homes, and too many that are not welcome in the homes they occupy. That is what gives the Humane Society so much pathetic work. The Society works under a great handicap, and is able to find homes for only a comparatively small number of the dogs brought to its quarters, so that most of the unfortunates brought there have to be put to death after a brief stay. Cruel as such an end seems, it is not so hard as roaming the city streets in bitter weather, or passing miserable days in harsh homes.

"Yet Toronto is a city containing thousands of genuine dog-lovers. Surely, these at least, must know that there is some method of dealing with the problem more sensible, reasonable and humane than periodically sending out a wagon with men and nets to catch all dogs found unleashed on the streets. I do not say that the men who do this work are unnecessarily cruel, although complaints of cruelty have more than once been received. But what inducement is there for citizens to secure dog licenses when a dog, 'protected' by a license is taken from before his own home, bundled into a wagon, carried to the city pound, and gassed to death without any effort being made to find his owner by telephoning the city license department and thus ensuring a prompt rescue. The method hitherto followed by the police is clumsy and crude in the extreme, and has often occasioned widespread — perhaps in many cases unfair—indignation. It is certain at least that if it is continued, it will lead to much less revenue from the dog license tax.

"IT seems to me that the solution to all this is not so hard to find as many think. To be decently careful of one's own dog, and decently kind to one's neighbor's, is at the very root of the business, of course. But there are three ways in which progress could be made at once. Most important is the sterilization of female dogs.

"Another source of Toronto's over-population of dogs lies in the immunity from real supervision or control of the various dog shops and of the vendors who do business at the market and elsewhere. Some of these 'businesses' are founded on fraud and deception. Incidents associated with their methods, well-known to the Humane Society, show that some of them should be put out of business by the police. In fact, one or two have been in serious trouble so often that their continued existence is a real disgrace.

"Finally, a uniformed policeman should call twice a year at every home, could give out small printed cards, bearing the city's regulations and instructions about the care of dogs and cats. Such a notice could be prepared in friendly conference with the Humane Society. I believe that the application of such methods as these would materially lessen Toronto's Summer dog problem."

MANAGER J. M. WILSON, of the Toronto Humane Society, expressed some decided views upon the subject.

"We acknowledge that there are far too many dogs. But we do not agree that the Summer problem can be solved by such antiquated methods as those of the Toronto police. The dog catching methods of the Toronto police are inadequate.

"The truth of the matter is this: that the present system is pitifully inadequate. That has been proven to the hilt. Why, such a storm of complaints was sent to the mayor and other officials that the dog catchers have been called in. Why should they not be called in? Look at the record for last season, when they were out virtually all summer. They captured 1,800 odd dogs, while the Society, without specializing in dogs at all, brought in and attended to 4,629. During that same period of one year, just one of our other activities was looking after 11,380 cats.

If properly backed up the Society could handle the matter with ease. We would not have to meet the tremendous moral resistance that confronts the dog-catchers. People know that we are here to help animals, and dog-owners would co-operate with us. Why, even now we work about 80 cases ahead in our dog-work. And many cases have to be refused, simply because we haven't the resources to handle them.

"WHAT is really at the root of the problem?" Mr. Wilson was asked.

"The rabies scare, and the flower-bed. And let me tell you this. I have never in all my life seen a case of rabies—either canine or human—and my experience extends over 18 years. Almost all the dogs that reach this establishment as 'mad' dogs are suffering from convulsions or worms. They haven't the rabies at all.

"It is illegal to keep a dog without a license. Now, why shouldn't a man who breaks that law be fined just as relentlessly as a man who fails to shovel the winter snow off his sidewalks? If that innovation were to be adopted, there would be a noticeable drop in our dog population, since there are hundreds of people now keeping dogs who would get rid of them rather than pay license fees. Then by providing ample drinking facilities, the 'mad' dog scare that comes up every summer, would be laid for good.

"But the very root of the problem is the need for adequate care of female dogs, with greater attention to sterilization in necessary cases."

SUPERVISION of the dog-catchers is just one of Inspector M. Tripp's many duties. Inspector Tripp has charge of the extensive signal and transportation systems of Toronto's police force. Interviewed, he stated that the dog-catchers and their wagon had been temporarily called in. The "wagon" is a truck with a demountable body.

The Inspector stated that he has received fully as many complaints against dogs as against dog-catchers. People were always telephoning requests that dogs be removed from their premises. He was extremely indignant about a story of stunning dogs with the iron ring of the net.

"Can you imagine stunning or injuring a dog with that?" he asked, holding up the net. "Feel that hoop yourself." The hoop was made of hosepipe, bound with electric tape.

"Of course," the Inspector continued, "there is an iron hoop there, but it is inside the hose. People who complain about that show very little judgment. Then they object to the way we scoop the dogs into the net. How else could they possibly be caught?"

"Are dogs enticed from the sidewalks and then captured?"

"Emphatically no. The two dog-catchers operate under the instructions of a policeman, who drives the truck. He is there to see there is no breach of the peace, and he wouldn't dream of allowing such a thing to be done. And if a dog is taken in front of his master's house, and that individual comes out and asks for him, he gets him back with a warning. We are neither out to harass dog-owners, nor to collect pound-fees. We are conscientiously trying to solve the city's dog problem. But it is remarkable how false stories spread. I'll tell you about one.

"A woman telephoned to Chief Dickson some time ago to complain that her dog had been taken right off her own lawn. She was very indignant, and demanded its immediate return. She had seen the dog taken—had caught the dog-catchers, so to speak. Now, the Chief had passed the dog-catchers at work on the street that day, and when he inquired about the case, found that the woman's dog was one that he had seen them take. He had actually seen them net this particular animal two or three hundreds yards from the owner's house."

"It is said that you never attempt to find the owner of a dog even though it carry a license?"

"We haven't the facilities for doing that all the time. But when a valuable dog is taken, we make every effort to find the owner. Whenever a name or address is found on a dog collar, we get into touch with that address at once. And we keep the dogs at the pound as long as possible, rather than kill them. We keep a valuable dog indefinitely. When a person seeks to reclaim a dog, he must pay $2 pound fee. If the dog has no license, one must be produced. During the dog's stay in the pound he is given decent, humane treatment and kept clean. The dogs that are destroyed are put out of the way painlessly in the gas chamber.

THE SUNDAY WORLD called at the pound on King Street west. As the dog-catchers have not been operating for some time, there were no dogs there. The compartments for dogs were found well-swept, airy, very clean and odorless. The only criticism that could be made, is that they are a bit small, if the poundkeeper's estimate of 80 inmates on the average season is correct.

Superintendent Charles Topping of the city yards, and Poundkeeper Sam Asbury corroborated Inspector Tripp's statement that no valuable dog is ever destroyed.

"When anybody telephones here about a dog, we always tell them as much as we can. Nobody likes to think that his pet is going to be destroyed, and it's a sure thing that we would rather see the dogs leave here on a leash than to have to kill them."

REGARDING any suggestion of cruelty, Mr. Topping was scornful.

"Sam Asbury takes almost all of those dogs out of the wagon with his bare hands," he said. "Only once in a while he has to use a loop. Let people who are afraid of rabies think of that for a minute. And he stays down here week days and holidays and Sundays to see that they are properly fed, watered and looked after. We never kill a dog unless we have to. And when we do, it is done humanely, in the gas-chamber."

ENJOYS TERHUNE DOG STORIES

When Dr. H. A. Beatty, well known dog lover, was asked to talk about Toronto's dog problem, he referred to Albert Payson Terhune, noted author and dog lover, one of the greatest authorities at present writing about dogs.

"I read his article every week in The Sunday World," said the doctor. "I think it is an excellent feature, and one that dog lovers and others can read with profit. Terhune certainly knows dogs, and knows just how to give people the sort of information they need to have about their pets."

Toronto's Official Dog Population 8,000; Increase in "Fancy" Canines Is Shown

THE civic by-law dealing with dogs provides that no person shall allow his dog to run at large in the city unless constantly muzzled with an effective metallic muzzle. A dog is deemed to be running at large when found in a street or other public place, and not under the control of any person. Any dog running at large contrary to the provisions of the by-law may be captured, killed or otherwise disposed of by such person as may be duly authorized to do so, which means the presiding official at the dog pound who is designated as the Poundkeeper. The fact that the dog has been duly licensed and is decorated with the tag thus procured does not give the animal immunity from capture if it is roaming around without a guardian. It is the duty of the pound-keeper to keep a record of all dogs impounded and how the animals are disposed of, showing the amount of money collected for dogs redeemed and the proceeds of the sales of dogs.

WHEN a dog is impounded the owner has the right to redeem it within forty-eight hours from the time of capture by paying two dollars and procuring a license, in case one had not been previously obtained. Dogs not redeemed within three days may be sold for not less than two dollars and for such higher price as the authorities may think proper. All dogs not so redeemed, or sold, are put to death in humane fashion after five clear days from the time of the disastrous interview with the dog catchers.

The license fee is the same for a little dog as it is for a big dog, two dollars for the male persuasion and five dollars for a lady dog. Pups are exempt until the age of six months is reached. Dog owners who neglect to obtain a license are subject to prosecution in the police court and liable to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars, exclusive of costs, at the discretion of the convicting magistrate. Under the by-law which prohibits dogs running at large on the streets there is a similar penalty provided which may be levied by distress and sale of the goods and chattels of the offender and if it cannot be collected in that manner the offender may be sent to the common jail, with or without hard labor, for any period not exceeding six months unless the penalty and costs are sooner paid.

THE official dog population of Toronto is less than eight thousand which may be considered small for so large a city. License Issuer George Stretton stated that the dog license fees which became due on May 1 have come in fairly well. Tags were issued last year for 6,724 dogs and 1,044 "lady" dogs, a total of 7,768 and in addition licenses were issued for 50 kennels which would add about 250. In 1922, tags were bought for 5,992 dogs and 1,075 "lady" dogs, a total of 7,067. Some years ago there were more dogs in the city in proportion to population but restrictions established in regard to them caused many citizens to refrain from getting another dog after the old dog died. The dog population decreased about a dozen years ago after a rabies scare which stirred up the city considerably and for a long time all dogs had to wear muzzles, even the toy varieties that do not look like dogs. Then for a time all dogs on the streets had to be kept on a leash. The license returns indicate that before the suburban districts were annexed Torontonians were dog lovers to a greater extent than now, although at present there are many more fancy dogs than formerly.

While the muzzling provision in the dog by-law is not being enforced, that relating to dogs running at large has secured considerable attention from the authorities. Prosecutions under the dog laws are few and when they occur the rule is that only a nominal fine is imposed except in the case of complaints against vicious dogs. Then the custom is to order the destruction of the bad dog.

BACK TO THE SIDE SADDLE

Continued from Front Page.

trainer is now employed. A riding school has also been established where the children, from four to fourteen are taught to become good horsemen or horsewomen, on certain days reserved for them. The result of all this activity at Eglinton has caused the Kingston Road property to become a great deal of a Country Club, where golf and tennis is enjoyed, much more than riding. In fact, only about thirty horses are kept at the Kingston Road property, of which about fifteen or twenty belong to the M. F. H.'s stud, a few polo ponies, making up the rest of the group.

The hunts were held regularly on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons last year from September until Christmas. The meets were at various large estates, including Sunnybrook Farm, Mr. Kilgour's place, York Mills; "Stathrobyn", Mr. F. H. Robins' estate; "Donlands," Mr. W. F. Maclean's place, and Mr. Dunlap's home, "Don-Alda". These were mostly "drag hunts", but several fox hunts were held at Aurora. Since then the Master of Fox Hounds, Mr. Beardmore, has purchased a large farm at Aurora, and expects to establish kennels and stables up there. At present the kennels are at Kingston Road, while the majority of the horses are at Eglinton.

COMMENTING on the developments in connection with the remarkable recent revival of interest in horseback riding, a prominent horseman pointed out to The Sunday World that it seems to be a great pleasure to owners to have some girl rider who knows how to handle a horse to perfection, ride their thoroughbreds. They say that these horsewomen are never hard on their mounts, can control them perfectly, and use a gentle rein, which does not harden the horse's mouth.

An outstanding example of this is Miss Helen Templeton, whose graceful riding is much admired, and who jumps equally well on "Liskinnet" and "Panoring," owned by Leigh McCarthy. Up at "Strathrobyn", two of the string of thoroughbreds, which Mr. Robins brought over from England recently, are to be ridden by young horsewomen at the horse show. One is the game little steeplechaser, which was formerly owned by the Prince of Wales, and which goes by the name of "The Bun", and which will be ridden by Miss Mary Carpenter, while "Middleton", another fine jumper, will carry on his back, Miss Margaret Phippen, daughter of Judge Phippen. If their practice jumping is any indication of their prowess, the horses and their riders should give a good account of themselves. It is undecided as yet who will ride "Nigel", the big hunter, who has the record of jumping seven feet six inches.

Mrs. W. W. Beardmore and her cousin, Miss Scott Griffin, are a graceful pair of horsewomen, who are some of the most prominent figures at the various horse shows, besides joining in almost every hunt of the season. Mrs. Beardmore rides "Sunshine", and "Sunlight", two of the M.F.H.'s hunters, a great deal.

MRS. HARRY SIFTON, (Miss Mollie Maclean), is as delightful a rider as ever, and as enthusiastic over the sport of hunting as her father.

Miss Katherine Christie, is another enthusiastic rider, who gives an unqualified recommendation for the side saddle, and is to be met many a morning on a cross country ride.

Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, wife of Col. Gibson, and Mrs. R. W. Davies, also ride a great deal, both mornings and afternoons.

Miss Dorothy Cassells, daughter of Mr. Robert Cassells, is often to be seen at the Hunt Club, and at the meets. She rides her own horse, by the name of "Silver-heels", and expects to ride him in the forthcoming Horse Show. She much prefers cross saddle in all her riding.

One of the most ardent riders among the younger girls is Miss Edith Northgrave, daughter of Mr. W. Northgrave. Miss Northgrave is only sixteen, but has developed into a graceful and intrepid horsewoman, and takes part in all the horse shows.

Mrs. Geo. Leacock is one of those matrons who ride their husband's hunter, and is very enthusiastic over the delights of horseback-riding and its benefits as a sport for women. Though she rides as a rule cross saddle, she forsees a very definite return to the side-saddle in the future, and expects to ride that way a good deal herself in the coming season. She will not be riding in the Horse Show as usual this year, as she leaves for England a day or two beforehand. She feels that the Eglinton Club and its proximity to town is responsible for a much greater activity in riding and hunting than there has been for years.

ALMOST a hunt club of their own is formed by several of the estate owners in North Toronto, who have many delightful and informal hunts, besides joining in the large meets held by the Hunt Club. In this small group are the Barry Hayes, who use their three fine hunters, "Donnybrook", which Mr. Hayes rides; "Kismet", which is Miss Doris Hayes' pet horse; and "Algar", which her brother rides both at "Donnybrook", at the meets, and in the Horse Show. Miss Hayes is a little uncertain whether she will enter in the Horse Show this year or not, as she has been away all winter. With them on their informal hunts are Col. Sanford Smith and his wife and daughter, Miss Betty Smith, whose hunter goes by the name of "Tick", and Mr. and Mrs. Robins and their hunters.

Mrs. E. S. King and Mrs. Allen Case are some of the best riders who belong to the Hunt Club.

Miss Louise McDonald and Miss Helen McGregor also ride and hunt a great deal, and another rider who finds the Hunt Club an attractive spot is Miss Denise Phelan, daughter of Mr. H. Phelan.

But though the picture of all these, and many more graceful women riders is very attractive, the activity among the children is even more fascinating to the onlooker.

AT the Aurora Horse Show this week, the well-known horsewomen, as usual and the small children on ponies, attracted the greatest attention. Mrs. Harry Sifton was there, riding her own horse, "Pardon", as well as the hunter, "Half-leaf", belonging to her father-in-law, Sir Clifford Sifton, and came in for rounds of applause. Particularly popular also was her win in the "Hunters under saddle" class, in which she rode on "Dalesman," the horse brought over by its owner, John Penton, of Cleveland, Ohio.

The hunters were shown in English fashion, of walk, trot, and gallop, Mrs. Sifton and her imported mount were enthusiastically acclaimed as the red ribbon was tied on. In the same class rode Miss Dorothy Cassells, on Aemilius Jarvis's "Tantillus," and she also came in for a large share of applause.

In the Sweepstakes, "Touch and Out", Miss Margaret Phippen won the red ribbon, on F. W. Robins' attractive little hunter, "The Bun", while on the same popular little horse, Miss Mary Carpenter carried off the blue ribbon in the jumping class. Little Miss Doris Batchelor, on "Radio," belonging to Miss Alice Stinson, and on "Todcaster", belonging to F. W. Robins, came in for a great deal of applause for her clever performances.

In the pony class, the red ribbon was captured by Master Frank Higgins on his own horse, "Lady Byng", which is the first "win" this young rider has made. Master. Howard Johnston came in second on "Max Sensation."

EDISON'S DOG NOT WHAT IT APPEARED

A RECENT visitor to Mr. Thomas Edison's laboratory thought to win some slight favor by making friends with his dog.

On approaching the front porch he caught sight of a great shaggy mass under a tree beside the house, so he thrust out his hand to pat the animal. The next instant he was rushing up the stairs. He burst into the laboratory hatless and panting, for the animal under the tree was a brown bear!

Mr. Edison laughed heartily when he looked apprehensively behind him for the beast which he felt must be at his heels, and it was not till later that he found that the bear was chained.



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You will never forget a vacation spent amid some of the most superb scenery in the world. Extremely low fares. Open top observation car will add to your pleasure. Unusually high standard dining and sleeping car service. Ask any Canadian Pacific Agent for full information.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

It Spans the World

All Around The Town

City Life in Pen and Pencil

Eighty Complete Copies of the Bible Can Be Engraved on One Square Inch Toronto Man's Feat Far Outclassed

Sufficient Space On Soldier's Coat Button To Write Orders For A Whole Army—And By Use of Ordinary Magnifying Glass This Minute Script Becomes Easily Readable.

THE achievement of a Toronto man in inscribing the Lord's Prayer, containing fifty-six words, on a space measuring 1-36th of a square inch, has been greatly outclassed by Alfred McEwen through the use of the Micropantograph, a reducing apparatus invented some years ago by a London banker.

Mr. McEwen has actually written seventy copies of the Lord's Prayer in a space measuring 1-10,000th of a square inch. That is, the space occupied by a single copy of the Prayer is only 1-700,000th part of a square inch.

In the space of a full square inch Mr. McEwen has engraved eighty complete copies of the Bible.

Incredible as this may sound, it has been confirmed by the United States Bureau of Standards at Washington, where tests were made at Mr. McEwen's request.

Mr. McEwen intends his efforts to perfect the process of microscopic engraving to be applied particularly to the transmission of secret documents or mesages during wartime. A suspected messenger could carry written communications of unlimited length engraved on the surface of a button, or hidden in a tiny corner of his eyeglasses—perhaps covered by the attachment of the nosepiece. It would be literally impossible for the keenest enemy officer, unless he were an expert micrographist and knew exactly where to look, to find a trace of the message that was passing right under his nose.

Imagine a metal button composed of two parts soldered together. On the inside of one of those parts, using a comparatively large size of engraving, a message longer than the complete works of Shakespeare could be engraved. Or a messenger could carry the complete financial records of some secret transaction on a space smaller than the eye of a needle.

Another use suggested by Mr. McEwen is the making of permanent records on some such material as the new rustless steel. These records would occupy such a small compass that whole volumes of valuable data could be kept in a small safe deposit box.

In order to gain some conception of the tiny space into which it is possible to crowd written words, consider the letter "I" on this page. If you took two of those letters and crossed them at right angles, the point where they intersected would be about 1-100 of an inch square: that is, the space is about equal to 1-10,000 of a square inch. In that space about seventy copies of the Lord's Prayer could be written, and there would still be room left over!

THE smallest specimen sent to the Bureau of Standards to be measured was reported on as follows:

"Indentification No. 241. The total area covered by the writing of the Lord's Prayer (fifty-six words) on the above described slide has been measured and found to be 0.0016 inch wide by 0.0008 inch high. Test number T. W. L. 34374.

(Signed)
S. W. STRATTON, Director.
June 1, 1922."

These dimensions multiplied give a total area of 128 hundred millionths of a square inch, or the 781,250th part of a space one inch wide by one inch deep. That is equal to the 78th part of a 10,000th part of a square inch, so that seventy-eight prayers, 4,368 words, could be accommodated where the two letters "I" cross.

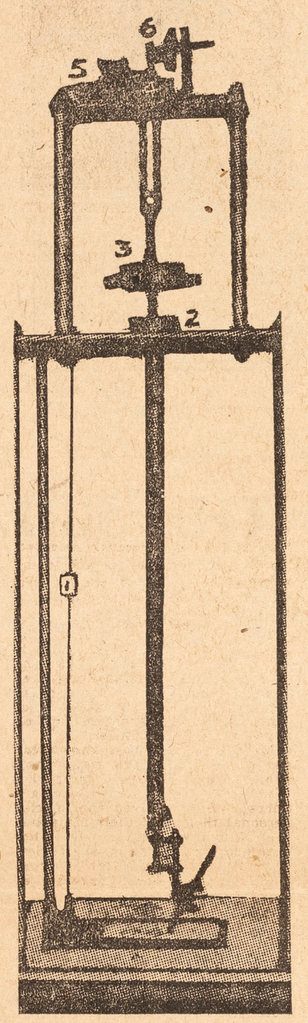
The machine by which these wonderful writings are accomplished is complicated in detail but really simple in principle. It is based on the action of the lever, with which every student of physics is familiar. If you take a rod ten inches long and pivot it so that it will move freely at a point an inch from one end, you have a simple lever, The parts of the rod on each side of the pivot are called the arms. If you move the long arm in a circle, for example, the short arm will also describe a circle, of course in the opposite direction. But because the long arm is nine inches long and the short arm only one, the small arm reproduces the movements of the other at a reduction of nine to one.

OF COURSE, a lever of this class would write backward with the short arm whatever you might write with the long one; but this difficulty is overcome simply by adding another lever to the first one. This is attached to the short arm; as the sort arm of the first writes backward, so does the long arm of the second, so that the short arm of the second, writes correctly. This also allows further reduction, for we can also make the second lever, a nine-to-one reducer, giving us a reduction of eighty-one to one at the short end of the second lever.

In practice the two operating levers which are long and heavy, are connected to another pair, called the recording levers. The one which does the actual writing contains at its end a tiny chip of diamond, selected with the greatest care.

When nature made the diamond she endowed it with certain planes of cleavage—natural planes along which the stone will split. In mathematics, the meeting place of three planes is a theoretical point—having no dimensions at all. In ordinary material the juncture of three planes looks like a point, but under the microscope can be seen to be a relatively large area—far too blunt for such fine work as is done on the micropantograph. The diamond, however, on account of its extreme hardness, comes nearest to making a mathematical point at the juncture of three of its planes of cleavage, and so is chosen for the work.

In order to get the actual effect of writing it is necessary to raise the diamond point when starting a new line, crossing a "t" or dotting an "i," and writing punctuation marks. This is accomplished by the use of a key, somewhat like an ordinary telegraph key, placed handy to the writer's left hand. This key operates a wire which is attached to the recording arm so that when the key is depressed the diamond is brought down on the slide to be engraved, and raised when the key is raised.



THE MICROPANTOGRAPH.

This shows the simplicity of the device which can perform such wonders. 1, release wire. 2, fulcrum of writing lever; 3, universal joint; 4, slide holder; 5, releasing apparatus; 6, stylus.

PLAIN WRITING IN SIGNATURES HARD TO FORGE

But Flourishes and Fancy Script Are "Pie" To The Copyist.

THE extreme difficulty of detecting a forged cheque, and the responsibility involved in the declaration of the forgery, is not apparent to most people.

It is a curious fact that those depositors who adopt peculiar signatures, accompanied by quaint flourishes, in the hope of minimizing the risk of forgery, defeat their own ends because of the comparative ease with which a skilled forger can imitate such originals.

The plain, straightforward signature, devoid of unnecessary flourishes or additions, is the hardest to forge; any slight deviation from the usual script springs to the eye at once.

Where flourishes and ornaments exist, the forger concentrates on making an exact copy of these, knowing that the cashier looks to them for indentification purposes, because every signature is bound to vary slightly from its fellows.

Forgers, like most law-breakers, usually betray themselves by a careless slip after expending the whole of their energies upon the actual name.

Only a few days ago a forged cheque was detected at a local bank, not on account of the signature, but because the word "forty" in the body of the cheque was spelt correctly, while the customer whose signature the cheque purported to bear invariably wrote "fourty."

Tips To Canoeists

Inexperienced Canoeists Usually Turn a Deaf Ear to Good Advice, but Here Are Some "Tips" Along a Different Line.

By R. K. HALL.



THE canoeing season is with us again—the season when novices attempt to board the graceful but treacherous craft as they would step jauntily onto an ocean liner; when courteous gentlemen offer to exchange seats with their fair companions and, abruptly changing their minds, suddenly depart from the canoe without even the formality of an apology; when young girls drop their paddles and impulsively reach out for water-lilies which they never pick. It is a season particularly lucrative for undertakers and men who are skilled in the use of grappling irons.

Above all, it is the season when serious advice is in order for those who, although inexperienced, intend to use the frail barks. But unfortunately every year whole bales of advice are handed out on the subject without any appreciable diminution in the list of fatalities. There is not a single case on record where an inexperienced canoeist lent an attentive ear to sensible suggestions. In fact no paddling tyro has ever felt the need of gratuitous advice until he found himself nosing around a lake or river bottom wondering how to breathe with ten feet of water above him.

Hence it is natural to conclude that what an aspiring canoeist wants is not advice on how to avoid accidents but on the best, quickest, and most spectacular methods of transferring himself from canoe to water. He is anxious to know how he can get his name and picture into the summer casualty columns of the newspapers without wasting a season or two merely ruining his clothes or giving spectators along the beach cold chills that later prove to be groundless fears.

IN THE first place, if you intend to try canoeing, do not learn to swim. It is true that good swimmers occasionally have been drowned in canoeing accidents. On the other hand many have been able to save themselves. If you cannot swim a foot, however, you are dead certain to drown unless somebody is meddlesome enough to pull you out. But if you learn to swim, there is always the danger that in the excitement of the moment you may forget that it was your intention to drown. Instinctively you will strike out for shore; and then the whole messy business will have to be done over again.

As good a way as any to vacate a canoe is to pay no attention to passing motorboats and launches. Indeed, if you paddle close to one of these and wait, broadside on, for the swell, your chances of ending up—or down—in the water are exceedingly good. A ferry-boat is better still. Just neglect to turn your bow toward the wash as the craft passes and provided you cannot swim, the chances are that inside five minutes the fish will be exploring your pockets and you will not have to worry any longer about that income tax report you forgot to fill out.

Another excellent idea is to overload your canoe. Persuade at least two other people aggregating somewhere around 350 pounds to go out with you. Select, preferably, persons who know absolutely nothing about canoeing. After you have got them half a mile or so from land, tell a few of your best jokes and encourage your passengers to be genuinely hilarious. A little roughness on the part of the lake will add the finishing touch. The authorities will do the rest.

SUBMERGED rocks are of invaluable assistance to the embryo canoeist in search of an accident. By keeping fairly close to the shore and paddling swiftly, he is sure to encounter one sooner or later. The Muskoka Lakes are ideal in this respect. Almost any of them will oblige a careless canoeist with a spill inside of ten minutes if he follows the directions just given. It is such a sure thing that the paddler, before leaving the city, could safely be measured by his undertaker and leave full instructions as to the disposition of his body.

If no hidden rocks are available, it does not signify that all resources have been exhausted. Not in the least. There still remains that old stand-by of the nit-wit canoeist—rocking the boat. The beauty of this method is that you can employ it in any kind of water—river, pond, lake or ocean. It is always advisable to have a full canoe, because the more involved in the accident, the greater the resultant newspaper publicity.

Two timid girls constitute an excellent cargo for the consummation of this stunt. They will shriek so amusingly when you begin to wiggle the canoe. Give just a little rock at first, gradually increasing it until suddenly the water pours over the gunwale and the girls' cries are stilled by the engulfing water. Great sport! Your bereaved relations, and the girls', will certainly have the pleasure of seeing your photographs reproduced on the front page of the papers.

The fellow who is determined to have a canoe accident often prefers to accomplish it in a less obvious fashion. This, too, is dead easy. All he needs to do is to persuade some friend to take him out for a paddle, say, on the Humber. By scrutinizing passing canoes closely, he is almost certain eventually to sight an acquaintance. Here is his opportunity. Hailing the acquaintance, he begs him to come alongside. Then he rises and steps quickly from one canoe to the other, or at least tries to do it. If a triple drowning does not result, it will not be his fault.

ON A crowded river like the Humber, a collision, too, is very easily managed. All a canoeist has to do is to steer erratically here and there, keeping no definite course. It will be only a matter of time until he blunders into some other craft and achieves his purpose. Unless he is incredibly slovenly in his work, he ought to be able to involve at least one or two others with him in his last plunge.

Should all other means fail, it is always possible to rent a canoe, put off in it, and when a comfortable distance out, lie down and go to sleep. For a man with a sensitive conscience, it would be hard to conceive a better plan. It puts the onus for any mishap on somebody else's shoulders. Yet, drifting aimlessly about, he is bound to be upset in due course either by rough water or some speeding craft.

To anyone who is contemplating having a canoe accident this season, the foregoing suggestions are offered in the hopes that one of them may prove efficacious. The writer, however, refuses to be held responsible in any way for the failure of any or all of them. In that event it will be up to the reader to exercise his own ingenuity and devise some plan that has not already been tried.

HUMOR SPICES PROSY ADS. IN ALIEN PRESS

Canada's Foreign Population Treated to Many Rare Gems.

STUFF THAT SELLS

"New Canadian" Editors Have Large Circle of Readers.

By BERENICE BOUCK.

TORONTO is the home of a large number of papers published in alien tongues but it is out West on the prairie where they really flourish. Out there the "Spieleger" or "Tageblatt" or "Sondag Anzieger" or "Nordwestern" or "Nachrichten" would be acutely missed should any of these luminaries suddenly suspend publication.

One Polish paper particularly has a large following. Its journalism is first-class, its editor a man of remarkable ability, a sort of incipient, Joseph Conrad, in fact. The Polish is a beautiful and a graceful language, lending itself to flexible expression and the euphonious charm of prose-verse. It has been called the French of Slav tongues.

In Winnipeg are several Icelandic papers and Regina has a celebrated Ukrainian organ, while dotted all over the plains and foothills in every sizeable town there will be found one or more periodicals devoted to the enlightenment of the stranger in our midst. These may take merely the form of a small single-folded sheet but the zeal and industry and sincerity of its sponsors cannot be doubted.

MOREOVER, these papers live. When many a fat, well-backed publication in English is gasping its life out or being merged with another the very thinnest and most anaemic-looking of the foreign papers is prospering and occasionally even waxing "sassy," its editor chuckling as he gloats over his advertising copy and subscription list. For, no matter how naive or grotesque the syntax, the circulation remains strong and healthy.

If you are fortunate enough to be able to translate roughly, or have some good interpreter do so for you, many gems of purest ray serene in the way of humor will be your reward. Here are some culled from the advertising columns of a Polish paper:

"To Rent—A room for a single women 8x10 feet."

"Wanted—A strong young man for retail store, partly outdoors and partly behind the counter."

"Wanted—Competent druggist to undertake sale of a new patent remedy. Will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

"To Let—Bed and sitting-room for young business or professional man with folding-doors."

FROM a German sheet comes this characteristic piece of psychology: "Notice—If Johann Weitz, supposed to be in the West will communicate with us he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

Another German paper recently had several interesting items in its want-ad column. The first was: "Ladies who have old feathers can be re-dyed and made as good as new." Another called for: "A tall strong woman able to lift. To take care of a young man a little out of his mind." Still another required: "A purchaser for a beautiful upright piano the property of a lady about to travel in a walnut case." And a big display ad. announced "Mr. A. ———, will make coats, muffs, caps, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

It takes the German to conduct a cold-blooded, business-like matrimonial bureau, however. This is where he may be said to shine. Listen to this:

"Wanted—By a young, wealthy, handsome and agreeable young farmer, a wife with similar qualities. Must have thoroughly rested herself and be not afraid of farm work. Send photo and state whether maid or widow, also exact age, weight and height."

ANOTHER Teuton with a large idea of himself advertised for "a wife who can sew and do all kinds of light-fingered work, as well as cook and take care of a worthy young man with a brilliant mind."

Sometimes the lady takes a whack at it herself. This was a recent sample: "Well-educated German lady very musical and a fine cook desires to correspond with a German business or professional man. Object matrimony. Will marry at once if agreeable."

But what does this mean? "Wanted—A man to look after a German-Lutheran horse."

Has Marriage An Effect On Increase of Cancer?

Special Committee of League of Nations in England Seeking Light on This Problem.

WHAT is the effect of marriage on cancer?

This is one of the problems which is being investigated by public health experts of Great Britain, the Netherlands and Italy, who, at the instance of the Health Organization of the League of Nations, are at present engaged on a vast study of the cancer mortality statistics of the three countries.

A preliminary examination of these statistics has revealed the striking fact that in England there are twice as many deaths from cancer of the breast as in the Netherlands or Italy.

At the instance of the British member of the League Committee, Sir George Buchanan, C.B., Senior Medical Officer of Health, it was decided to begin an exhaustive study of the vital statistics of the three countries, covering a period of several years, in order to discover the cause of this difference.

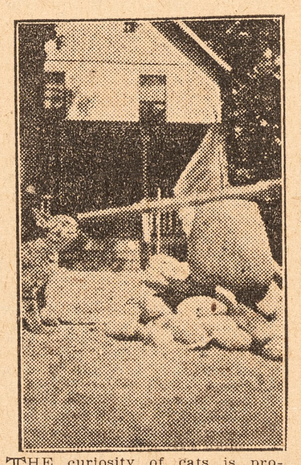
Special attention is being paid to profesional, industrial, climate, or other outside influences which might have effect on the disease. The magnitude of the task undertaken will be realized when it is known that in Italy alone more than 2,000,000 death certificates have so far been examined.

Interesting facts are already appearing. Results so far obtained tend to support a theory that the fact of having borne children is important in relation to the origin and cause of the disease.

A comparison in the Netherlands between married and unmarried women shows that the mortality below forty years of age is 50 per cent. higher among married women. Above forty the mortality among married women is lower than among unmarried women.

It is expected that a report on these investigations will be available before the end of the year. While the problem is admittedly a difficult one, it is to be hoped that this international effort on the part of England, the Netherlands and Italy will throw new light on this terrible scourage.

A Curious Cat



THE curiosity of cats is proverbial, as is the old democratic saying "a cat may look at a king," but whoever dreamed that a cat would be interested in emulating Copernicus and taking up astronomy! But one cat at least is interested in making telescopic observations as shown in the accompanying photograph where pussy studies the heavens with gravest air of interest. The picture was not posed. The telescope stood in front of the house for some days, and the cat of its own accord squinted through the telescope. Cats have always been noted as having occult powers. This interest in the heavens would seem to prove it.

Cascade of Tea

LARGE quantities of hot tea poured from a blazing warehouse at Tower Bridge, during a fire which raged for many hours recently.

The tea was produced by water being poured on the huge quantities of burning tea leaves in the building.

Hundreds of tons of tea were destroyed in the warehouse, which is seven storeys high and one of the largest in London.

Nearly 40 pumps were at work at one time, and water was poured into the building from two floats on the river.

The adjacent gutters were several inches deep in hot tea, which had been brewed by the water being pumped on to the burning leaves.

AGED CLOWN PAINTS CRUCIFIXION PICTURE

AS well as being the oldest clown and actor in England, Mr. George Lupino, is also an accomplished artist. Recently he painted a wonderful picture of the Crucifixion, which is a remarkable piece of work for an amateur. Mr. Lupino is the father of Mr. Stanley Lupino, the popular comedian.

Man's Jaw Sagged Half Inch Since Prehistoric Days

MAN'S jaw had dropped half an inch since prehistoric days, owing to contraction of the palate and alteration in the setting of the teeth.

Sir Arthur Keith, the world famous anatomist described in a lecture recently how he had found this tot be so after many minute experiments with skulls ancient and modern.

"The precise reason for this change," said Sir Arthur, "is not yet apparent. I believe it is due to the industrial system. Lack of light and modern diet may be responsible, but soft food, which is often stated to be the cause, is not."

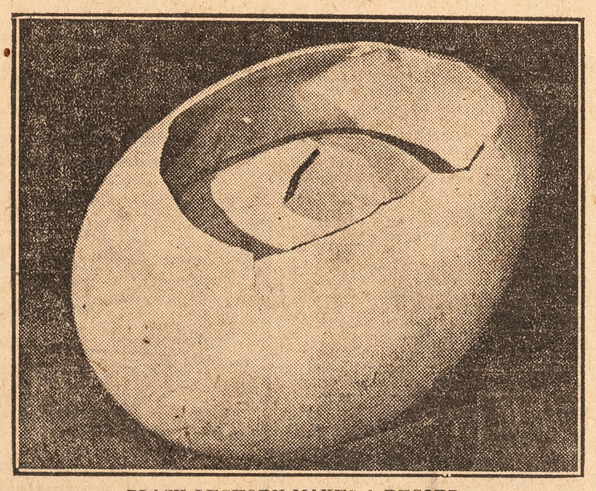
Sir Arthur explained how he came to make his experiments.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "a group of pigmies landed from West Africa. I was asked to investigate their mental and physical characteristics. I took pieces of Bristol board prepared especially with parafin wax and took an impression of each man's teeth.

"For purposes of comparison I made the same experiment with the mouths of tweny young men students at the London Hospital. Most of these students, however, had misplaced teeth, and I arrived at the conclusion that they were abnormal specimens. Later experiments proved that this was not the case." Sir Arthur said he then examined the teeth of early races. He discovered that neolithic man had perfect teeth, and that contracted palate first appeared in the mouths of the early Romans.

"I then took fifty early Norman skulls," he said, "and fifty belonging to London men and women who lived in the eighteenth cenury. In no ancient skulls was there a pathological degree of contracted palate, but four out of the twenty-five modern malo skulls and nine out of every twenty-five modern femals skulls showed a recognizable degree of narrowing or contraction.

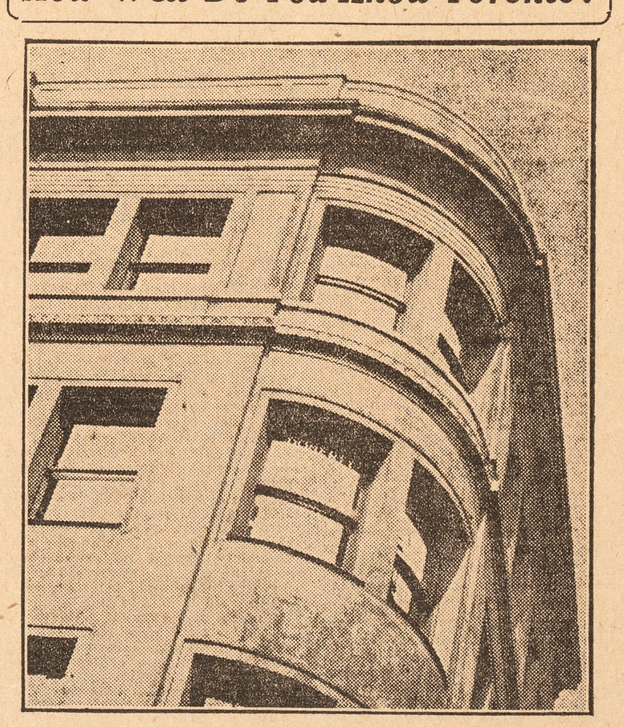
An Egg Within An Egg



BLACK LEGHORN MAKES A RECORD.

This unusual double egg—as the photograph shows it is an egg within an egg—was laid by a Black Leghorn hen owned by Mrs. C. Stevens, 297 Delaware Avenue, Toronto. The exterior shell was exceptionally large, measuring eight and one-eighth inches in length and six and five-eighths inches in breadth and weighed four ounces. The inside egg was of the ordinary size. Previously the hen had laid a few double-yoked eggs, but otherwise its product has been in conformity with that of the normal hen of its class.

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.

HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

SIDELIGHTS ON PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES

Radio, Gowns, Bobbed Hair, Judge Morson Has Formed Opinion About Them All

Justice While You Wait Motto of This Keen-eyed Arbiter.

By GLADYS PREWETT.

WHY is Justice represented as a silent, blindfolded lady in a white robe? She is not. Drop into the Tenth Division Court on the second floor of the City Hall some Thursday and you will see Justice as a talkative black-robed gentleman with eyes that are so far from being blindfolded that they dart at one like a thrust from the sword of D'Artagnan or the lance of Sir Lancelot, and a voice that snaps like a sergeant-major's.

You will see Frederick M. Morson, judge for nearly 33 years and king of all he surveys. A thin-faced grey-moustached man with shaggy grey eyebrows overhanging dark, piercing eyes.

You will see a judge who can settle a score of cases in an hour. A judge who conducts his own cross-examinations, has opinions on every subject beneath the sun, including feminine styles and bobbed hair, who "will not wait one second" if a lawyer is not ready to proceed with his case, who has a rare stock of common sense and delights in an argument either on or off the Bench. A judge who linguistically flays the young lawyers who come before him, who lays the lash of criticism across their backs, and, like the dog of Bill Sikes, they love him for it.

ONE morning court had just got under way, a laborer was suing his employer for an unpaid amount of wages. The judge sat, the picture of absolute boredom, his head on the desk, his eyes closed and apparently oblivious to what was going on about him. The door opened squeekily and the judge looked up. A young lawyer fresh from the graduation class in immaculate black silk gown and stand-up collar advanced nervously to the counsel's table. He carried a black brief case and a musty-looking volume.

The piercing eyes were on him like a searchlight. "What's that you have in your hand?" leaped the voice. "A book—a law book." "Has it anything to do with a case here?" "Yes." "Then you had better take it outside again. I never like to see a man bringing a book in here, it shows he doesn't know his job. It shows he has to rely on what somebody else said about his case a half century ago; besides," and a merry twinkle crept into the dark eyes, "there might be something in that book I don't know, and I wouldn't like that."

Judge Morson is not a chancery judge, his is not a chancery court, it has no Jarndyce and Jarndyce case. The attendants do not carry swords and plumed hats. The lawyers do not doddle and drawl long pleadings, and statements of claim, they need not wear gowns, although most of them do.

Jarndyce and Jarndyce took generations to dispose of, Judge Morson would have been imitating the barber and calling "next" after five minutes. His is a motto of "justice while you wait." Not in his court will ever be heard the stern rebuke, "I do not see the gentleman," as comes from a High Court Bench should a non-graduated or ungowned student attempt to say a word.

JUDGE MORSON is past seventy years of age. He was formerly an enthusiastic cyclist, while now he goes after speckled trout and the black beauties found in shaded pools, and sometimes they put up more fight than his young lawyers. He enjoys an afternoon at the race track, plays a good hand at whist and is careful of his personal appearance.

He could retire on full salary if he wished, but not Morson. He would be lost without his court, and the court would be lost without him. He may be past three score and ten, but sitting on the Bench he looks 20 years younger than that. Seeing him on the street dressed in a neat-fitting blue topcoat with bowler hat and carrying a light swagger cane you would take him for 40.

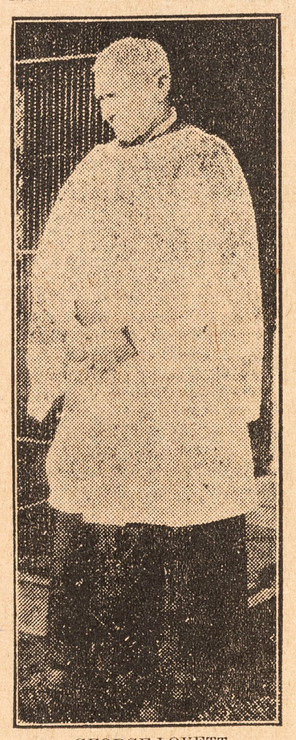
Ask him about anything from Mah Jongg to the Einstein theory and he will have an answer.

Almost daily some poor man or woman is hailed to court by the bailiff for not paying a bill. They have no defence, they just didn't have the money, so the bill had to fall behind. They cannot afford a lawyer. What happens? Judge Morson is their lawyer, he pleads their case before himself openly. He argues with and against himself, then gives judgment in such a way that no one is offended and somehow the bill is paid.

What happens when a dress does not fit and the owner thereof refuses to pay for it? A suit follows, a suit over a dress, but not a suit made of textiles. And how would King Solomon have decided whether a dress fits or does not fit? No one knows, but Judge Morson adopts the practice of having the dress worn in court, then as arch dictator of fashion he decrees whether or not the dress is satisfactory. Men's clothes are seldom the cause of legal action, but when they are the same process follows.

Within the past month Judge Morson has settled two hundred cases, has expressed opinions on everything from radio to when a girl can afford a fur coat, and offered sufficient advice to young lawyers to fill a volume. Some day he will have to retire and when he does there will be a void at the City Hall, but until that time, which is far in the distance, there is one bright spot of original opinion still remaining in Toronto.

Half a Century In One Church



GEORGE LOVETT,
of Horstead, Norfolk, England, who holds a record for loyal service. For more than sixty years he has been a church chorister, and during the forty-eight years he has sung nearly every sunday in the village church of Horstead. In spite of his advancing years he still performs his duties as the rector's gardener.

Ancient Estimate Of Shaw's Work

When George Bernard Shaw was a young man, he once persuaded the late William Terriss to hear him read a play.

Shaw began to read, and after ten minutes, Terriss fell asleep. Shaw stopped, and the silence was so intense that Terriss awoke.

Terriss, not knowing how long he had been asleep, did his best to suggest that he had not been to sleep at all.

"No, Shaw, no," he said, "I'm afraid it won't do. I don't like the end."

"I have not yet read the end," replied Shaw, "and I am not going to."

The play was "The Devil's Disciple," which was afterwards played in England by Forbes-Robertson and in America by the late Richard Mansfield.

PAID SOLDIER TO READ WHILE HE SHINED KIT

Sir William Robertson Tells of Ambitions of His Youth.

LIFE in the ranks of the British Army 47 years ago was described in amusing fashion by Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson at the Working Men's College, St. Pancras, England.

Sir William said he joined the Army in 1877. He had a stroke of bad luck, as the Colonel, a fat old Crimean veteran, took an intense dislike to him.

"I can't say that I cared a lot about him," said Sir William, "and he didn't mind that at all. I was not alone in my feeling about the Colonel, there were others that did not like him very much. His wife left him, and she ought to know."

"I soon began wondering," continued Sir William, "whether I had not made a mistake in enlisting, and was nearly putting on my civilian clothes again and deserting. Fortunately, another occupant of the room removed all temptation by getting up in the night, putting on my clothes, and himself deserting."

"I JOINED the Army," said Sir William, "before I was 18, but the sergeant said I looked a big boy, and he put my age down as 18 years and two months. To this day I receive telegrams congratulating me on my birthday in November, while it really doesn't occur until the following January."

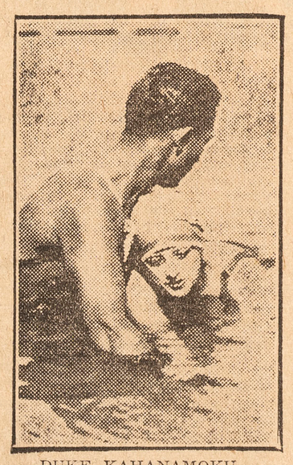
Sir William confessed that his first "crime" in the Army was letting a prisoner go, his second was letting a horse go, and then at Brighton, at a Volunteer review, a man who was under his charge refreshed himself too freely, and his horse ran away with him.

The Colonel said to him: "I am getting sick of you. First you let a man go, then you let a horse go, now you let a man and horse go."

Imprisoned in an Aldershot guard-room, the Field-Marshal told how he revisited it as Chief of the Staff.

That success did not come his way by family influence or educational advantages in boyhood, the Field-Marshal made clear by the story of his studies between 4 and 8 in the morning. General Maurice added that Sir William had at one time to pay an old soldier 2d. an hour to read to him while he cleaned his kit for duty.

Making Mermaids



DUKE KAHANAMOKU,
Famous Hawaiian swimming champion, takes to instructing fair prospective mermaids. Estelle Taylor, movie star, has to learn how to swim for her next picture, so she has asked Duke for proper instruction. With Duke for an instructor, Estelle ought to be shooting for records before long.

Close-ups of Toronto's Women Artists.

NO. 4—MISS ESTELLE KERR.



By IRENE B. HARE.

SUNSHINE, light, and air—that is the first and instant impression that one receives on entering the new studio flat which Mr. George Kerr has recently built for his artist daughter, Miss Estelle Kerr, over the large garage of the family home on Spadina Road. From each of the large windows, spreads, just now, a vista of budding flowers in the old garden, of a soft spread of emerald grass, and, peeping in through the gray curtains, gay branches covered with pink blossoms.

The color note is not all in the out of doors either. Even on grey days, the studio will be charming, for in the furnishings of her home, Miss Kerr has managed to blend lovely colors of old blue, copper, amber and orange, in a way that lights up delightfully the restful grey of the walls, against which are hung many sunny landscapes, as well as bright sketches of children at play. For, if Miss Kerr has any hobby, it is sketching children. Many is the book in de luxe edition, written for the little ones, that she has delightfully illustrated, and the children eagerly look for her work, both in book form and at the exhibitions, where you will often see them standing entranced before a picture of a child in a garden or in a poppy field, as fancy has led the artist. Miss Kerr has been taking a good deal of pleasure lately in illustrating some old-time stories, dressing her models in crinoline. As a writer also, Miss Kerr must not be forgotten, as she has written many charming stories both for the children and their elders.

PORTRAITS in various mediums occupy a great deal of her time also, and it is easy to understand that it will be hard to attract the graceful artist away from her charming surroundings and her work this Summer, though she plans a number of short trips, to be taken with her car, to nearby beauty spots, to sketch, as she became an enthusiastic driver during her war time work overseas.

This studio is a very practical place, for, out of the big sunny room itself, open other rooms, making an attractive flat, and a very delightful residence for the artist herself. The furnishings have been very carefully chosen, many beautiful pieces of old furniture adding to the artistic aspect of the studio, for instance, a well-designed sofa colorfully upholstered in robin's egg blue and blending in with the tints of the Persian rug in front of the big fireplace, above which is hung a painting of childish figures dancing in the sunlight. Very beautiful also is an old Sheraton chest of drawers—while a carved box chest of ancient design holds quaint candelabra with candles of the same soft blue.

A RAISED dais on which her models pose, an easel with a half finished portrait of a choir boy in robes—a palette and a low copper pot full of brushes standing on an old-fashioned round table near by give an interesting impression of work. Splendid lighting for her painting has been afforded by the immense window of small panes which occupies a large part of the north side of the studio against which hangs heavy curtains of soft grey which may be drawn across in the evening to make the interior cosy. Another very pleasant feature of the flat is a charming balcony opening out of the studio.

80, BUT DOESN'T PREACH SOBRIETY

Almost, If Not Quite Unique, Is This Logical Old Chap.

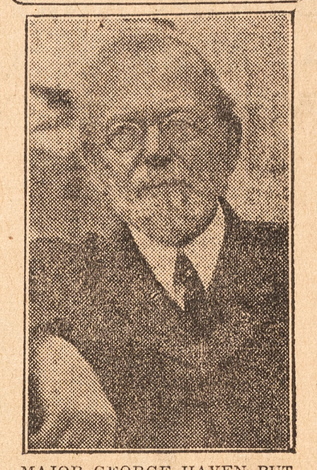
AT last comes an Octogenarian who attributes his comfortaby long life to something other than strict sobriety. This interesting old man is Max Peterdorf, of New York, whose eightieth birthday was celebrated recently.

"Every once in a while I see a man who attains the age of eighty or so fling into the public prints and tell the anxious waiting public that their health and vigor is due to the fact that they never smoked, never drank and went to bed early," says Max.

"In the parlance of the lodge room, which was for years my second home, I respectfully disagree with this ruling. I have been a heavy smoker all my life, and the minute my cigar leaves me for any length of time there must be something wrong with me. The cigar in my mouth is the barometer of my health. If I smoke brisk I am young, if I smoke slower I feel I am not quite as young any more, and if I let the cigar go out, it's time for me to see the doctor.

"THE same holds true from A drink in moderation. If all those of my days would have lived to see this time Prohibition would be an unknown experiment. I like a drink once in a while, and I cannot see how it can harm the average person. There are those who overdo things in every walk of life, but is it fair to punish the clean with the guilty?

80, Crosses Ocean For 265th Time



MAJOR GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM,
noted publisher, who only recently celebrated his 80th birthday, photographed before sailing on the S. S. Majestic, starting on his 133rd round trip across the Atlantic, which means this is his 265th trip across the ocean.

It is generally credited that Major Putnam has made more trips across the ocean, other than sea-faring men, than any other person.

FORD TRAVELS 400 MILES FOR OLD TEXT BOOK

His Search For School Reader He Used As Boy One of Many Whims.

THE richest man in the world left his home secretly and alone. He boarded a train with his coat collar turned up so that no one could recognize him. He was departing on an important mission—one that he could trust to no one else.

He traveled 400 miles to another city. When he stepped from the train he was recognized; attempts were made to interview him, speculations were rife as to the object of his visit. Some said he had come to buy a railroad.

He eluded pursuers and entered a store. The salesman smiled and shook his head when the rich man told him what he wanted, and directed him to another store.

From store to store he went to meet only incredulous denials. Then, finally, in a shop smaller than the others, he found what he wanted.

"But there are only two in existence," said the owner. "I have one, the other is in the east. I won't sell mine."

The richest man in the world argued, but to no avail. In desperation he concluded: "I'm Henry Ford. I'm able and willing to pay any price you set. I just must have that copy of McGuffey's First Reader. Why, Man, when I was a youngster and went to the little red schoolhouse that book gave me most of my education! It's dear to me."

Then the bookseller capitulated and sold him the book.

This is a Ford story that has nothing to do with tin Elizabeths. It's true, too. The miracle man of the motor cars actually did leave his billion dollar plant at Dearborn, near Detroit, and journey all the way to Cincinnati just to buy a cheap little old-fashioned school reader bound in boards.

THIS adventure in search of "McGuffey's First" was only one recent disclosure of the millionaire's odd hobbies. His friends are still gasping over his purchase the other day of several quaint Colonial hand-carved dolls at fabulous prices; his whimsical (but expensive) acquisition of the Wayside Inn is fresh in the public mind. Dating further back was his experiment with the Peace ship and other Messianic stirrings.

Rockefeller loves his golf, the late J. Pierpont Morgan made a fad of collecting works of art. One of the wealthy Rothschilds collected fleas. Andrew Carnegie was devoted to libraries. But the hobbies of Henry Ford are many and various. Here is only a partial list of them:

He has bought three Colonial homesteads in New England with the avowed purpose of restoring them to the state they held in Revolutionary days. On one of these—the Wayside Inn made famous by Longfellow's poem—he is said to have spent $1,000,000 in buying back pieces of furniture that once graced the rooms of the famous hostelry, but later were scattered to all parts of New England.

He has purchased the farm of his celebrated friend, the late John Burroughs, the naturalist, to be made into a shrine.

He has purchased his own boyhood home and had it remodeled to conform with its appearance when he was a boy.

He has bought an island for camping purposes, to be shared with his famous friends, Thomas Edison and Harvey Firestone. John Burroughs and President Harding used to accompany the trio on many camping trips.

He offered $50,000 for the Oldroyd collection of Lincoln relics now in Washington, said to be the largest collection of its kind.

He purchased the little red school house near Detroit which he attended as a child.

He is keenly interested in old-fashioned square and country dances, such as lancers, Virginia reel and schottische, and he will travel miles to attend one.

He has established a hospital in Detroit.

He is interested in helping boys and has established a trade school for them near Detroit.

He chartered the Oscar II. his famous peace ship, during the war filled it with students, business men, idealists, cranks, adventurers—almost anyone who wanted to go—and sailed for Europe with a plan to end the conflict and "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas."

He has formulated a plan for creating cowless milk.

He has a deep interest in and affection for old-fashioned homely things that are not quite old enough to be called antiques. For instance, he found a great deal of pleasure recently in buying old crazy quilts, a sugar bowl, and some ladder-back chairs of the kind his mother used to use.

SO one might elaborate still further on the fads, whimsies and fantasies that distinguish the paradoxical car magnate.

His wealth tops that of Rockefeller, his nearest rival in worldly possessions, by several millions. His holdings could be capitalized and sold for a billion dollars, and his fortune has been approximately estimated at from $500,000,000 to $750,000,000.

"Tinged With Atmosphere Of Corn Belt"---Writings Of Essex County Man

Raymond Knister, For Whom Native Fame is Predicted and Who Has Already Gained Honor Away From His Own Country, is a Remarkable Poet.

AMONG the latest to acquire new fame for Canada in the world of letters is Raymond Knister, poet, essayist, and short-story writer, who; though now associated with United States publications, is a native of Essex County and was for many years resident at Cedar Springs. Mr. Knister is a son of R. W. Knister, recently president of the Ontario Corn Grower's Association, and while his ambitions were not stirred in the direction of agriculture, his long residence in the corn-belt of Ontario tinged his writings with the atmosphere of Canadian rural life. Mr. Knister was born at Ruscomb, Essex County, and lived for many years at Cedar Springs, Kent County. He was for a time literary editor of the Border Cities Star, and some of his work has appeared in the better known Canadian magazines, including the Canadian Bookman.

WITH Mr. Knister's poems appearing in "Poetry," a magazine of recognized high standard in the literary firmament, and several of his short stories selected for the volumes of "best stories" published annually in the United States, it may be taken for granted that he has "arrived." Victor Lauriston of Chatham predicts that Mr. Knister in ten years will be known as one of the best native Canadian writers. At present he is associate editor of the Midland Magazine, published in Iowa, and much of his work appears in that publication. One of his poems, which may be quoted from the April issue of Poetry, gives an idea of his capacity as a writer of verse:

The Hawk.

Across the bristled and sallow fields,
The speckled stubble of cut clover,
Wades your shadow.
Or against a grimy and tattered Sky
You plunge.
Or you shear a swath
From trembling tiny forests
With the steel of your wings—
Or make a row of waves
By the heat of your flight
Along the soundless horizon.

Has "Dual Soul" And Imagination

MARGARETA SOSEN, noted as a writer of fairy stories, pleaded that she possessed two souls when tried recently for swindling.

Margareta told the judge that one soul was that of a nun, and the other that of a criminal. The nun's soul, she said, dwelt in her left side and the criminal's in her right side. Both frequently struggled for mastery.

"It is a curious fact," she added, "That my right side is streaked with scars. But the judge didn't seem to have any soul at all and had no taste for fairy stories, so he sentenced her to nine months' in the "pen".

ONE LEGGED MODEL UNDER A HANDICAP

GEORGE BELCHER, the comic artist, unlike some other comic artists, has a real sense of humor.

Many of the incidents he illustrates are founded on fact. In a certain picture of his Belcher depicts himself talking to a one-legged model.

Says Belcher:

"I had a model up here the other day, and when my back was turned he took two pounds of mine. I suppose you wouldn't do anything like that?"

Replies the one-legged model: "No, sir. Yer see, I ain't got the speed!"

Selected Beauties For Wembley Fair

MRS. ARTHUR CROXTON, M.B.E., who recently selected the British beauties for the great Palace of Beauty at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, has done many things in her time. For a period she was editor for "Fashions and Fancies"; she is also a prolific writer on fashions and designer of dresses, and created some excitement some years ago by a series of cartoons of contemporary characters which appeared in "The Tatler."

Mrs. Croxton is best known for her work during the war, when she assisted in the organization of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. She received the special personal thanks of their Majesties the King and Queen for her organization of the great review of members of the Women's Army and Women's War Workers, at Buckingham Palace in 1918.

She is the wife of Mr. Arthur Croxton, the manager of the London Coliseum, who, in answer to a question put to him by the Queen on some work done by Mrs. Croxton, replied:

"I am merely Mrs. Croxton's husband, your Majesty."

For a time Mrs. Croxton did much to keep the League of Nations Union in the public eye. She also arranged with her husband a great scheme of entertainment for women workers throughout the whole of the country. Her greatest designing feat was, at the invitation of Sir Oswald Stoll, the decoration of the London Coliseum on the occasion of a Royal performance in 1913, when millions of golden leaves and thousands of electric lights were employed.

His 24 Hours a Day Still Profitably Spent



ARNOLD BENNETT,
Novelist, journalist and scientific user of 24 hours a day, who continues to wield a prolific pen and to illuminate for the world the real romance of hum-drum everyday life. This is from his most recent portrait, just taken.

Once Indian Warrior on Plains Chief Paul Now Religious Leader

CHIEF PAUL LITTLE WALKER of the Blackfoot tribe of Southern Alberta and his sweet faced wife, Naomi, had their first trip on a steamship just recently when they crossed from Vancouver to Victoria on the Canadian Pacific S.S. Victoria. For several weeks they were the guests in British Columbia's capital city of Canon Stocken, under whose leadership as a missionary among the famous Blackfoot tribes Chief Paul and his wife became Christians. They have since returned to the prosperous reserve of this tribe just east of Calgary, delighted with their first trip through the Rocky Mountains and across the water.

This stalwart Indian has seen many changes among his own people during his lifetime. As a young man he took part in their flesh tearing sun dances and the various other barbaric rituals followed in the name of their queer gods; as a baby he was dedicated to the sun by his mother and as a mark of his allegiance sacrificed the first joint of one of his little fingers; as a young warrior he fought against the Crees and the Sioux.

To-day this Indian's home among his people is a modern house. The reserve yields magnificent crops and grain grown there carries off annual prizes at country fairs. The reserve boasts a very fine hospital which cost $20,000, two fine schools, one erected by the Church of England and the other by the Roman Catholics, each costing about $75,000. This prosperity was brought about by a sale of a strip of the Indian's land about 65 miles east of Calgary for about $2,000,000, which amount was invested for them by the Canadian Government and returns to them ample interest to maintain living conditions of a very high standard.

And Chief Paul, once one of the most troublesome of the Blackfoots, is to-day a judge among his people, a defender of the weak against the strong, a leader and a Christian teacher, following in the footsteps of Canon Stocken, whose work among the Blackfoot Indians is part of history in Western Canada.

The OUTLINE of SCIENCE

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

Pigeon Not Stupid Bird, Though It Fails to Retrieve Eggs Only Two Inches Away --Studying the Mind of a Minnow

A PLAIN STORY SIMPLY TOLD --- THE DAWN OF MIND

IN THE story of evolution there is no chapter more interesting than the emergence of mind in the animal kingdom. But it is a difficult chapter to read, partly because mind cannot be seen or measured, only inferred from the behavior of the creature, and partly because it is almost impossible to avoid reading ourselves into the much simpler animals.

The one extreme is that of uncritical generosity which credits every animal, like Brer Rabbit—who, by the way, was the hare—with human qualities. The other extreme is that of thinking of the animal as if it were an automatic machine, in the working of which there is no place or use for mind. Both these extremes are to be avoided.

When Prof. Whitman took the eggs of the passenger pigeon (which became extinct not long ago with startling rapidity) and placed them a few inches to one side of the nest, the bird looked a little uneasy and put her beak under her body, as if to feel for something that was not there. But she did not try to retrieve her eggs, close at hand as they were. In a short time she flew away altogether. This shows that the mind of the pigeon is in some respects very different from the mind of man. On the other hand, when a certain clever dog, carrying a basket of eggs, with the handle in his mouth, came to a stile which had to be negotiated, he laid the basket on the ground, pushed it gently through a low gap to the other side, and then took a running leap over. We dare not talk of this dog as an automatic machine.

A Caution in Regard to Instinct.

IN studying the behavior of animals, which is the only way of getting at their mind, for it is only of our own mind that we have direct knowledge, it is essential to give prominence to the fact that there has been throughout the evolution of living creatures a strong tendency to enregister or engrain capacities of doing things effectively. Thus certain abilities come to be inborn; they are parts of the inheritance, which will express themselves whenever the appropriate trigger is pulled. The newly born child does not require to learn its breathing movements as it afterwards requires to learn its walking movements. The ability to go through the breathing movements is inborn, engrained, enregistered.

In other words, there are hereditary prearrangements of nerve cells and muscle cells which come into activity almost as easily as the beating of the heart. In a minute of two the new born pigling creeps close to its mother and sucks milk. It has not to learn how to do this any more than we have to learn to cough or sneeze. Thus animals have many useful ready made or almost ready made capacities of doing apparently clever things. In simple cases of these inborn prearrangements we speak of reflex actions; in more complicated cases, of instinctive behavior. Now the caution is this, that while these inborn capacities usually work well in natural conditions, they sometimes work badly when the ordinary routine is disturbed.

WE SEE this when a pigeon continues sitting for many days on an empty nest, or when it fails to retrieve its eggs only two inches away. But it would be a mistake to call the pigeon, because of this, an unutterably stupid bird. We have only to think of the achievements of homing pigeons to know that this cannot be true. We must not judge animals in regard to those kinds of behavior which have been handed over to instinct and go badly agee when the normal routine is disturbed. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the enregistered instinctive capacities work well, and the advantage of their becoming stereotyped was to leave the animal more free for adventures at a higher level. Being a slave of instinct may give the animal a security that enables it to discover some new home or new food or new joy. Somewhat in the same way a man of methodical habits which he has himself established may gain leisure to make some new departure of racial profit.

Instinctive Action.

WHEN we draw back our finger from something hot, or shut our eye to avoid a blow from a rebounding branch, we do not will the action; and this is more or less the case, probably, when a young mammal sucks its mother for the first time. Some mound birds of Celebes lay their eggs in warm volcanic ash by the shore of the sea, others in a great mass of fermenting vegetation; it is inborn in the newly-hatched bird to struggle out as quickly as it can from such a strange nest, else it will suffocate. If it stops struggling too soon, it perishes, for it seems that the trigger of the instinct cannot be pulled twice. Similarly, when the eggs of the turtle that have been laid in the sand of the shore hatch out, the young ones make instinctively for the sea. Some of the crocodiles bury their eggs two feet or so below the surface, among sand and decaying vegetation—an awkward situation for a birthplace. When the young crocodile is ready to break out of the eggshell, just as a chick does at the end of the three weeks of brooding, it utters instinctively a piping cry. On hearing this the watchful mother digs away the heavy blankets, otherwise the young crocodile would be buried alive at birth.



A female stickleback enters the nest which the male has made, lays the eggs inside, and then departs.—In many cases two or three females use the same nest, the stickleback being polygamous. Above the nest the male, who mounts guard, is seen driving away an intruder.

Now, there is no warrant for believing that the young mound birds, young crocodiles, and young turtles have an intelligent appreciation of what they do when they are hatched. They act instinctively, "as to the manner born." But this is not to say that their activity is not backed by endeavor or even suffused with a certain amount of awareness. Of course, it is necessarily difficult for man, who is so much a creature of intelligence, to get even an inkling of the mental side of instinctive behavior.

IN many of the higher reaches of animal instinct, as in courtship or nest building, in hunting or preparing the food, it looks as if the starting of the routine activity also "rang up" the higher centres of the brain and put the intelligence on the qui vive, ready to interpose when needed. So the two-fold caution is this: (1) We must not depreciate the creature too much if in unusual circumstances it acts in an ineffective way along lines of behavior which are normally handed over to instinct; and (2) we must leave open the possibility that even routine instinctive behavior may be suffused with awareness and backed by endeavor.

BUT how are we to know when to credit the animal with intelligence and when with something less spontaneous? Above all, how are we to know when the effective action, like opening the mouth the instant it is touched by food in the mother's beak, is just a physiological action like coughing or sneezing, and when there is behind it—a mind at work? The answer to this question is no doubt that given by Prof. Lloyd Morgan, who may be called the founder of comparative psychology, that we must describe the piece of behavior carefully, just as it occurred, without reading anything into it, and that we must not ascribe it to a higher faculty if it can be satisfactorily accounted for in terms of a lower one. In following this principle we may be sometimes niggardly, for the behavior may have a mental subtlety that we have missed; but in nine cases out of ten our conclusions are likely to be sound. It is the critical, scientific way.

Bearing this law in mind, let us take a survey of the emergence of mind among back-boned animals.

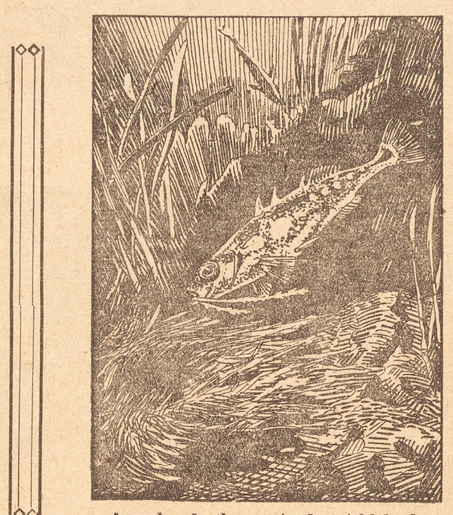
Senses of Fishes.

FISHES cannot shut their eyes, having no true lids; but the eyes themselves are well developed and the vision is acute, especially for moving objects. Except in gristly fishes, the external opening to the ear has been lost, so that sound waves and coarser vibrations must influence the inner ear, which is well developed, through the surrounding flesh and bones. It seems that the main use of the ear in fishes is in connection with balancing, not with hearing. In many cases, however, the sense of hearing has been demonstrated; thus fishes will come to the side of a pond to be fed when a bell is rung or when a whistle is blown by some one not visible from the water. The fact that many fishes pay no attention at all to loud noises does not prove that they are deaf, for an animal may hear a sound and yet remain quite indifferent or irresponsive. This merely means that the sound has no vital interest for the animal.

Some fishes, such as bullhead and dogfish, have a true sense of smell, detecting by their nostrils dilute substances permeating the water from a distance. Others, such as members of the cod family, perceive their food in part at least by the sense of taste, which is susceptible to substances near at hand and present in considerable quantity. This sense of taste may be located on the fins as well as about the mouth. At this low level the senses of smell and taste do not seem to be readily separated. The chief use of the sensitive or lateral line seen on each side of a bony fish is to make the animal aware of slow vibrations and changes of pressure in the water. The skin responds to pressures, the ear to vibrations of high frequency; the lateral line is between the two in its function.

Interesting Ways of Fishes.

THE brain of the ordinary bony fish is at a low level. Thus the cerebral hemispheres, destined to become more and more the seat of intelligence, are poorly developed. In gristly fishes, like skates and sharks, the brain is much more promising. But although the state of the brain does not lead one to expect much from a bony fish like trout or eel, haddock or herring, illustrations are not wanting of what might be called pieces of behavior. Let us select a few cases.



A male of three-spined stickleback, making a nest of water weed, glued together by viscid threads secreted from the kidneys at the breeding season.

The Stickleback's Nest.

THE three spined and two spined sticklebacks live equally well in fresh or salt water, the larger fifteen spined stickleback is entirely marine. In all three species the male fish makes a nest, in fresh or brackish water in the first two cases, in shore pools in the third case. The little species use the leaves and stems of water plants; the larger species use seaweed and zoophyte. The leaves or fronds are entangled together and fastened by gluelike threads, secreted, strange to say, by the kidneys. It is just as if a temporary diseased condition had been regularized and turned to good purpose. Going through the nest several times, the male makes a little room in the midde. Partly by coercion and partly by coaxing he induces a female—first one and then another—to pass through the nest with two doors, depositing eggs during her short sojourn. The females go their way, and the male mounts guard over the nest. He drives off intruding fishes much bigger than himself. When the young are hatched, the male has for a time much to do, keeping his charges within bounds until they are able to move about with agility. It seems that sticklebacks are short lived fishes, probably breeding only once; and it is reasonable to suppose that their success as a race depends to some extent on the paternal care.

Now, if we could believe that the nesting behavior had appeared suddenly in its present form, we should be inclined to credit the fish with considerable mental ability. But we are less likely to be so generous if we reflect that the routine has been in all likelihood the outcome of a long racial process of slight improvements and critical testings. The secretion of the glue probably came about as a pathological variation; its utilization was perhaps discovered by accident; the types that had wit enough to take advantage of this were most successful; the routine became enregistered hereditarily. The stickleback is not so clever as it looks.

The Mind of a Minnow.

TO find solid ground on which to base an appreciation of the behavior of fishes, it is necessary to experiment, and we may refer to Miss Gertrude White's interesting work on American minnows and sticklebacks. After the fishes had become quite at home in their artificial surroundings, their lessons began. Cloth packets, one of which contained meat and the other cotton, were suspended at opposite ends of the aquarium. The mud minnows did not show that they perceived either packet, though they swam close by them; the sticklebacks were intrigued at once. Those that went towards the packet containing meat darted furiously upon it and pulled at it with great excitement. Those that went towards the cotton packet turned sharply away when they were within about two inches off. They then perceived what those at the other end were after and joined them—a common habit amongst fishes. Although the minnows were not interested in the tiny "bags of mystery," they were even more alert than the sticklebacks in perceiving moving objects in or on the water, and there is no doubt that both these shallow water species discover their food largely by sense of sight.

THE next set of lessons had to do with color associations. The fishes were fed on minced snail, chopped earthworm, fragments of liver, and the like, and the food was given to them from the end of forceps held above the surface of the water, so that the fishes could not be influenced by smell. They hada tot leap out of the water to take the food from the forceps. Discs of colored cardboard were slipped over the end of the forceps, so that what the fishes saw was a morsel of food in the centre of a color disc. After a week or so of preliminary training, they were so well accustomed to the colored discs that the presentation of one served as a signal for the fishes to dart to the surface and spring out of the water. When baits of paper were substituted for the food, the fish continued to jump at the discs. When, however, a blue disc was persistently used for the paper bait and a red disc for the real food, or vice versa, some of the minnows learned to discriminate infallibly between shadow and substance, both when these were presented alternately and when they were presented simultaneously. This is not far from the dawn of mind.

Food and Color.

IN the course of a few lessons, both minnows and sticklebacks learned to associate particular colors with food, and other associations were also formed. A kind of larva that a minnow could make nothing of after repeated trials was subsequently ignored. The approach of the experimenter or any one else soon began to serve as a food signal. There can be no doubt that in the ordinary life of fishes there is a process of forming useful associations and suppressing useless responses. Given an inborn repertory of profitable movements that require no training, given the power of forming associations such as those we have illustrated, and given a considerable degree of sensory alertness along certain lines, fishes do not require much more. And in truth they have not got it. Moving with great freedom in three dimensions in a medium that supports them and is uniform and constant, able in most cases to get plenty of food without fatiguing exertions, and to dispense with it for considerable periods if it is scarce, multiplying usually in great abundance so that huge infantile mortality hardly counts, rarely dying a natural death but usually coming with their strength unabated to a violent end, fishes hold their own in the struggle for existence without much in the way of mental endowment. Their brain has more to do with motion than with mentality, and they have remained at a low psychical level.

Yet just as we should greatly misjudge our own race if we confined our attention to everyday routine, so in our total, as distinguished from our average, estimate of fishes, we must remember the salmon surmounting the falls, the wary trout eluding the angler's skill, the common mudskipper (Periophthalmus) of many tropical shores which climbs on the rocks and the roots of the mangrove trees, or actively hunts small shore animals. We must remember the adventurous life history of the eel, and the quaint ways in which some fishes, males especially, look after their family. The male sea horse puts the eggs in his breast pocket; the male Kurtus carries them on the top of his head; the cobaidle or lumpsucker guards them and aerates them in a corner of a shore pool.

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Another instalment of "The Outline of Science" will be published next Sunday.)

Animals Not Like Brer Rabbit, Endowed With Human Qualities, Nor Are They Mere Automatic Machines

THE MEN WHO HAVE LOVED ME

The Tragic Episode of the Man Who Would Not Let Himself Love or Be Loved—Continuation of the Story, Told in Her Own Words, of Marguerite D'Alvarez, World Famous Grand Opera Star.

By MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ.



ON an evening early in the summer of 1914 I sang in a performance of "Aida" at Covent Garden. It was a gala affair. The pick of the British nobility congregated in the audience and the King and Queen were in the royal box. As the opera went on the applause became a prodigious ovation.

THE performance was very fine, Destinn and Martinelli, who were respectively the soprano and tenor, were in superb voice and were magnificently cheered. Amneris is one of my best roles, and with its opulence and beauty of costume, action and music, is one of the roles of opera most calculated to catch the tumultuous favor of an audience. I think I gave one of the best performances of my life that evening. I was so inspired by the mood of festive triumph that filled the theatre. At any rate, I am certain that I have never received more uproarious applause. By the time the last curtain had fallen I was aflame with the feeling of victory and elation. It did not seem possible that my mood could rise higher. It did, though.

I WENT out of the stage door to my automobile. A great crowd was in the street. The upper parts of the house had been crowded with London Italians who had got themselves into a furor of Italian enthusiasm. Now they were milling outside of the stage door waiting to see the artists and do them homage. When I stepped out of the door a yelling of "brava" arose, and the crowd surged around me. Men cried out rapturous Italian phrases about my singing in the opera. Some touched my clothing reverently as though I were a saint. Theatre attendants pushed their way before me and opened a path through the throng.

As I stepped into the car a man seized the hem of my skirt and kissed it, and others followed his example. I stood in the automobile for a moment and faced the crowd. They shouted louder and pushed against the sides of the tonneau. I bowed and laughed. There is something deliriously gladdening in the splendid flame and spirit of Latin applause. It simply transports a singer on wings of intoxicated jubilance and pride. As I stood there in the automobile facing those ecstatic people, my spirit was carried aloft to a giddy platform of elation. I felt myself a brilliant adored Queen, a creature of transcendent magnificence and glory.

WHILE my jubilant glance passed and repassed across the scores of eager, worshipful faces, I saw a tall figure striding along the edge of the people grouped about me. It was a man of the audience who was going to his car. He wore a silk hat, dress clothes and one of those ample black capes that well dressed men of London favored. There was something haughty and aloof in his stride and bearing that held my attention. Then his head turned and his glance caught mine. I could see his face clearly in the light of the street lamps. He had a long, intellectual and most aristocratic countenance, fair, pale. It seemed to me that I could feel rather than clearly see the dark violet of his eyes.

The mood of his features as we first saw each other was that of indifference. Then as our gaze remained fixed for a moment his expression changed to one of frightful arrogance. It was as of defiance, the defiance of a prodigiously virile and indomitable spirit. It seemed the man was saying to me that his was a soul that could with powerful will resist the enslavement exerted by woman. I felt that he glanced in scorn of me, in scorn of all women.

I STRAIGHTENED up as though an arrogant blow had been struck me. Here I was, wild with pride and jubilation, radiant on the height of a splendorous triumph, with rapturous worshippers thronging about me, and in the moment of my glory this handsome, extraordinary man walked in front of me and threw me a glance of aloof, imperial disdain.

"Marguerite," I said to myself, "you cannot submit to this sort of thing," and chagrin caught me. With it came a curious and thrilling sensation of humility. It seemed to me if my spirit was rebelling with a desperate futility against the majesty of this man.

He passed into his automobile, which drove away, but not before I had noticed that he had a companion, a British official with whom I had a slight acquaintance, I could easily find out who this lofty person was.

The episode disturbed me profoundly. I felt that I had been challenged, challenged with the utmost insolence. All the flashing pride of a woman arose in me. No man is as proud as a woman. There is a vivid impulse gayly to push a defiant fellow from his high, serene perch. I was full of curiosity too. There had been something singular in the man's expression, something that had told me of an extraordinary condition of the soul. What strange cause lay behind the arrogant glance that he had cast at me so conspicuously, so impertinently?



Marguerite D'Alvarez in a mood of relaxation from her strenuous operatic career.

A LITTLE while aterwards I encountered the man I had seen in his company. This gentleman, in response to my inquiry, told me of Prince Serge Zbuira, one of the important magnates of Russia. He was a personage of great excellence, brilliant, able, wealthy and of noble disposition. He was a student, a talented connoisseur of the arts, a vigorous devotee of the sports. He was the owner of the finest stable of blooded horses in Russia. The Czar, desiring a pair of perfect horses, had gone to Prince Zbuira for them. My informant mentioned that the Prince would be present at a certain distinguished reception that would be held in the near future. I knew that I could have an invitation to this function if I wanted one. I determined to attend it.

On the appointed evening I stood receiving my hostess's welcome. The large drawing room was radiant with light, brilliant pictures on the walls and handsomely garbed women and men. The butler was calling the names of arriving guests.

"Prince Serge Zbuira!" The name made me start and turn.

AGAIN I saw the tall, handsome man, with his pale, thoughtful face and violet eyes, and again his expression became one of extreme pride and reserve as his glance caught mine. He came forward and greeted the hostess with a manner of grave and exquisite courtesy.

"Allow me to make my deference to you as an artist," he said, and I detected the sublest possible inflection of the phrase, "as an artist."

"Only as an artist?" I laughed. We were alone now and I was in a mood for banter.

"I make no deference to any woman," he responded with a tone of severe austerity, and his white face and violet eyes turned to me with a mood of one who boasts of a perfect self-mastery, self-restraint.

"Marguerite," I said to myself, "be careful. You are in love."

I WAS quickly to understand that he had been moved by my performance at the opera, and, when he had seen me outside of the theatre, had been impelled by a sudden rebellion against the notion that had come into him that he might b eattracted to me a little in any save in the way of music. Of course, I tried to pry deftly and circumspectly into his strange state of mind. There was no need for deftness and circumspection. He understood the drift of my inquiries perfectly and responded with an articulate frankness.

"I want to know you well," he said, "want to know you with a cordial friendship, a deep friendship. But I don't want you to think me ever caught even in the least by love. Love is impossible for me. Woman is too attractive to me. A woman would enslave my soul if I allowed her to take the smallest hold of it. Love, in the way that I should be fated to love, would be destructive for me. I have my work, my ambitions. I can achieve a great height in politics and statesmanship. I cannot allow the immense passion that lies deep in me to divert me. I have placed myself under the most rigorous self-mastery. I have taken, by disciplined effort, full command over the utmost recesses of my spirit. I can resist woman."

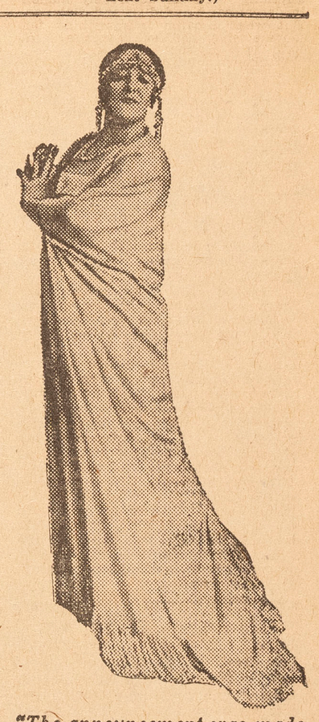
WE SAT on chairs near each other while he spoke. His tone was that of the deepest mood and philosophic clearness. His discourse stirred sympathetically one of the characteristic strains of my own nature. I too felt, the fear of love. My ancestry is mingled French, Spanish and Peruvian Inca. I have inherited the vivid, ardent mood of my native country, Peru. My temperament is one of ever flaming feeling. I am prone to mad extremes of affection, which fill me with an infatuate desire to sacrifice myself to the cherished one. The spell of impassioned devotion, when I have felt it, has hindered my progress. No other influence have I had to guard against so warily. I could well understand the doctrine of this brilliant Russian when he said that he felt compelled to turn his soul into iron against all love.

But other impulses than this sympathy came into me. Here was a man who consciously and deliberately defied the entire race of women, who was moulding his life on the thesis that he could remain immune from the captivations of women.

BUT more important than all of these reasonings, I found myself in love; abjectly in love. There was only one decision that could catch hold of my mind. I determined to conquer this unconquerable Russian. How? He offered me his brotherly friendship. I accepted it. We saw each other constantly, encouraged and aided each other in a comradely way. I kept my feelings carefully hidden from him. That was part of the game.

It was part of my pride also. I shrank wildly from the thought of my infatuation being suspected by him when he was indif-

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.



"The announcement was made —Prince Serge Zbuira!' The name made me start and turn."

The Improbable Success of Mr. Owen Hood

Of a Somewhat Unlegal Lawyer, Who Liked to Angle Beside a Quiet Stream; and of the Case He Pleaded for Fish

By G. K. CHESTERTON

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE



HEROES who have endured the heavy labor of reading to the end the story of "The Unpresentable Appearance of Colonel Crane" are aware that his achievement was the first of a series of things counted impossible, like the quests of the Arthurian knights. For the purpose of this tale, in which the colonel is but a secondary figure, it is enough to say that he was long known and respected, before his last escapade, as a respectable and retired military man in a residential part of Surrey, with a sunburnt complexion and an interest in savage mythology. As a fact, however, he had gathered the sunburn and the savage myths some time before he had managed to collect the respectability and the suburban residence. In his early youth he had been a traveler of the adventurous and even restless sort; and he only concerns this story because he was a member of a sort of club or clique of young men whose adventurousness verged on extravagance. They were all eccentrics of one kind or another; some professing extreme revolutionary and some extreme reactionary opinions, and some both. Among the latter may be classed Mr. Robert Owen Hood, the somewhat unlegal lawyer who is the hero of this tale.

Robert Owen Hood was Crane's most intimate and incongruous friend. Hood was from the first as sedentary as Crane was adventurous. Hood was to the end as casual as Crane was conventional. The prefix of Robert Owen was a relic of vague revolutionary tradition in his family. But he inherited along with it a little money that allowed him to neglect the law and cultivate a taste for liberty, and especially for drifting and dreaming in lost corners of the country, especially in the little hills between the Severn and the Thames. In the upper reaches of the latter river is an islet in which he loved especially to sit fishing, a shabby but not commonplace figure clad in grey, with a mane of rust-colored hair and a long face with a large chin rather like Napoleon. Beside him, on the occasion now in question, stood the striking contrast of his alert military friend in full traveling kit, being on the point of starting for one of his Odysseys in the South Seas.

"Well," demanded the impatient traveler in a tone of remonstrance, "have you caught anything?"

"You once asked me," replied the angler placidly, "what I meant by calling you a materialist. That is what I mean by calling you a materialist."

"If one must be a materialist or a madman," snorted the soldier, "give me materialism."

"On the contrary," replied his friend, "your fad is far madder than mine. And I doubt if it's any more fruitful. The moment men like you see a man sitting by a river with a rod, they are insanely impelled to ask him what he has caught. But when you go off to shoot big game, as you call it, nobody asks you what you have caught. Nobody expects you to bring home a hippopotamus for supper. Nobody has ever seen you walking up Pall Mell followed respectfully by a captive giraffe. Your bag of elephants, though enormous, seems singularly unobstrusive; left in the cloak room, no doubt. Personally, I doubt if you ever catch anything. It's all decorously hidden in desert sand and dust and distance. But what I catch is something far more elusive, and as slippery as any fish. It is the soul of England.

"I should think you'd catch a cold if not a fish," answered Crane, "sitting dangling your feet in a pool like that. I like to move about a little more. Dreaming is all very well in its way."

AT this point a symbolic cloud ought to have come across the sun and a certain shadow of mystery and silence must rest for a moment upon the narrative. For it was at this moment that James Crane, being blind with inspiration, uttered his celebrated prophecy upon which this improbable narrative turns. As was commonly the case with men uttering omens, he was utterly unconscious of anything ominous about what he said. A moment after he would probably not know that he had said it. A moment after, it was as if a cloud of strange shape had indeed passed from the face of the sun.

The prophecy had taken the form of a proverb. In due time the patient, the all suffering reader may learn what proverb. But as it happened, indeed, the conversation had largely consisted of proverbs; as is often the case with men like Hood, whose hearts are with that old English country life from which all the proverbs came.

But it was Crane who had said, in a momentary irritation: "It's all very well to be fond of England; but a man who wants to help England mustn't let the grass grow under his feet."

"And that's just what I want to do," answered Hood. "That's exactly what even your poor tired people in the big towns really want to do. When a wretched clerk walks down Threadneedle Street, wouldn't he really be delighted if he could look down and see the grass growing under his feet; a magic green carpet in the middle of the pavement? It would be like a fairy tale."

"Well, but he wouldn't sit like a stone as you do," replied the other. "A man might let the grass grow under his feet without actually letting the ivy grow up his legs. That sounds like a fairy tale, too, if you like, but there's no proverb to recommend it."

"O, there are proverbs on my side, if you come to that," answered Hood laughing. "I might remind you about the rolling stone that gathers no moss."

"Well, who wants to gather moss, except a few fussy old ladies?" demanded Crane.

"Yes, I'm a rolling stone, I suppose and I go rolling round the earth as the earth goes rolling round the sun. But I'll tell you what; there's one kind of stone that does really gather moss.

"And what is that, my rambling geologist?"

"A gravestone," said Crane.

There was a silence, and Hood sat gazing with his owlish face at the dim pools in which the dark woods were mirrored.

At last he said: "Moss isn't the only thing found on that. Sometimes there is the word "Resurgam."

"Well, I hope you will," said Crane genially, "but the trumpet will have to be pretty loud to wake you up. It's my opinion you'll be late for the day of judgment."

"Now, if this were a true dramatic dialogue," remarked Hood, "I should answer that it would be better for you if you were. But it hardly seems a Christian sentiment for a parting. Are you really off to-day?"

"Yes, to-night," replied his friend. "Sure you won't come with me to the Cannibal islands?"

"I prefer my own island," said Mr. Owen Hood.

WHEN his friend had gone, he continued to gaze abstractedly at the green reflections under the bank above it; nor did he change his posture, and hardly moved his head. This might be partly explained by the still habits of an angler; but, to tell the truth, it was not easy to discover whether the solitary lawyer really wanted to catch any fish. He often carried a volume of Izaak Walton in his pocket, having a love of the old English literature as of the old English landscape. But if he was an angler, he certainly was not a very complete angler.

But the truth is that Owen Hood had not been quite candid with his friend about the spell that held him to that particular islet in the upper Thames. If he had said, as he was quite capable of saying, that he expected to catch the miraculous draught of fishes or the whale that swallowed Jonah, or even the great sea serpent, his expressions would have been merely symbolical. But they would have been the symbol of something as unique and unattainable. For Mr. Owen Hood was really fishing for something that few fishermen ever catch, and that was a dream of his boyhood, and something that had happened on that lonely spot long ago.

Years before, when he was a very young man, he had sat fishing on that island one evening as the twilight turned to dark, and two or three broad bands of silver were all that was left of the sunset behind the darkening trees. The birds were dropping out of the sky, and there was no sound except the soft noises of the river. Suddenly, and without a sound, as comes a veritable vision, a girl had come out of the woods opposite. She spoke to him across the stream, asking him he hardly knew what, which he answered he hardly knew how. She was dressed in white and carried a bunch of bluebells loose in her hand; her hair, that looked like gold, was low on her forehead; she was pale, like ivory, and her pale eyelids had a sort of flutter, as of nervous emotion.

There came on him a strangling sense of stupidity; but he must have managed to speak civilly, for she lingered; and he must have said something to amuse her, for she laughed. Then followed the incident he could never analyze, though he was an introspective person. Making a gesture towards something, she managed to drop her loose blue flowers into the water. He knew not what sort of whirlwind was in his head, but it seemed to him that prodigious things were happening, as in an epic of the gods, of which all visible things were but the small signs. Before he knew where he was, he was standing dripping on the other bank; for he had splashed in somehow and saved the bunch as if it had been a baby drowning. Of all the things she said he could only recall the sentence that repeated itself perpetually in his mind: "You'll catch your death of cold."

HE only caught the cold, not the death; yet even the notion of the latter did not somehow seem disproportionate. The doctor, to whom he was forced to give some sort of explanation of his immersion, was much interested in the story, or what he heard of it, having a pleasure in working out the pedigrees of the county families and the relationships of the best houses in the neighborhood. By some rich process of elimination, he deduced that the lady must be Miss Elizabeth Seymour, from Marley Court. The doctor spoke with a respectful relish of such things; he was a rising young practitioner named Hunter, afterwards a neighbor of Colonel Crane. He shared Hood's admiration for the local landscape, and said it was owing to the beautiful way in which Marley Court was kept up.

"It's land-owners like that," he said, "who have made England. It's all very well for radicals to talk, but where should we be without the land-owners?"

"O, I'm all for land-owners," said Hood, rather wearily. "I like them so much I should like more of them. More and more land-owners. Hundreds and thousands of them."

It is doubtful whether Dr. Hunter quite followed his enthusiasm, or even his meaning; but Hood had reason later to remember this little conversation; so far as he was in a mood to remember any conversations except one.

Anyhow, it were vain to disguise from the intelligent though exhausted reader that this was probably the true origin of Mr. Hood's habit of sitting solidly on that island and gazing abstractedly at that bank. All through the years when he felt his first youth was passing, and even when he seemed to be drifting towards middle-age, he haunted that valley like a ghost, waiting for something that never came again. It is by no means certain, in the last and most subtle analysis, that he even expected it to come again. Somehow it seemed too like a miracle for that. Only this place had become the shrine of the miracle, and he felt that if anything ever did happen there, he must be there to see. And so it came about that he was there to see when things did happen, and rather queer things had happened before the end.

ONE morning he saw an extraordinary thing. That indeed would not have seemed extraordinary to most people; but it was quite apocalyptic to him. A dusty man came out of the woods carrying what looked like dusty pieces of timber, and proceeded to erect on the bank what turned out to be a sort of boarding, a large wooden notice board on which was written in enormous letters: "To Be Sold," with remarks in smaller letters about the land and the name of the land agents. For the first time for years Owen Hood stood up in his place and left his fishing; and shouted questions across the river. The man answered with the greatest patience and good humor; but it is probable that he went away convinced that he had been talking to a wandering lunatic.

"Is that Dr. Hunter?" she asked with commonplace curiosity. "Is he standing for parliament?"

That was the beginning of what was for Owen Hood a crawling nightmare. The change advanced slowly, but it seemed to him all the time that he was helpless and paralyzed in its presence precisely as a man is paralyzed in an actual nightmare. He laughed with an almost horrible laughter to think that a man in a modern society is supposed to be master of his fate and free to pursue his pleasures; when he has not power to prevent the daylight he looks on from behind darkened, or the air he breathes from being turned to poison, or the silence that is his full possession from being shaken with the cacophony of a bell. There was something, he thought grimly, in Dr. Hunter's simple admiration for agricultural aristocracy. There was something in quite primitive and even barbarous aristocracy. Feudal lords went in fitfully for fights and forays; they put collars round the necks of some serfs; they occasionally put halters round the necks of a few of them. But they did not wage war day and night against the five senses of man.

There had appeared first on the river bank small sheds and shanties, for workmen who seemed to be rather lengthily occupied in putting up larger sheds and shanties. To the last, when the factory was finished, it was not easy for a traditional eye to distinguish between what was temporary and what was permanent. It did not look as if any of it could be permanent, if there were anything natural in the nature of things, so to speak. But whatever was the name and nature of that amorphous thing, it swelled and increased and even multiplied without clear division; until there stood on the river bank a great black patchwork block of buildings terminating in a tall brick factory chimney from which a stream of smoke mounted into the silent sky. A heap of some sort of debris, scrapped iron and similar things, lay in the foreground; and a broken bar red with rust had fallen on the spot where the girl had been standing when she brought bluebells out of the wood.

HE DID not leave his island. Rural and romantic and sedentary as he may have seemed, he was not the son of an old revolutionist for nothing. It was not altogether in vain that his father had called him Robert Owen or that his friends had sometimes called him Robin Hood. Sometimes, indeed, his soul sank within him with a mortal sickness that was near to suicide, but more often he marched up and down in a militant fashion, being delighted to see the tall wild flowers waving on the banks like flags within a stone's throw of all he hated, and muttering "Throw out the banners on the outer wall." He had already, when the estate of Marley court was broken up for building, taken some steps to establish himself on the island, had built a sort of hut there in which it was possible to picnic for considerable periods. In front of this he would stand, his Napoleonic chin resting on his chest and seeming to lengthen with everlasting obstinacy as he watched the opposite shore. And as he watched he saw something else.

One morning when dawn was still radiant behind the dark factory and light lay in a satin sheen upon the water, there crept out upon that satin something like a thickening thread of a different color and material. It was a thin ribbon of some other liquid that did not mingle with the water but lay on top of it wavering like a worm; and Owen Hood watched it as a man watches a snake. It looked like a snake, having opalescent colors not without intrinsic beauty; but to him it was a symbolic snake; like the serpent that destroyed Eden. A few days afterwards there were a score of snakes covering the surface, little crawling rivers that moved on the river but, did not mix with it, being as alien as witch's oils. Later there came darker liquids with no pretensions to beauty, black and brown flakes of grease that floated heavily; and it seemed to Hood that the color of the water underneath was slowly changing to a dull, inky indigo.

It was highly characteristic of Hood that to the last he was rather hazy about the nature and purposes of the factory; and therefore about the ingredients of the chemicals that were flowing into the river; beyond the fact that they were mostly of the oily sort and floated on the water in flakes and lumps, and that something resembling petrol seemed to predominate, used perhaps rather for power than raw materal. He had heard a rustic rumor that the enterprise was devoted to hair dye. It smelt rather like a soap factory. So far as he ever understood it, he gathered that it was devoted to what might be considered as a golden mean between hair dye and soap, some kind of new and highly hygienic cosmetics.

There had been a yet more feverish fashion in these things since Professor Hake had written his great book proving that cosmetics were of all things the most hygienic. And Hood had seen many of the meadows of his childhood now brightened and adorned by large notices inscribed, "Why Grow Old?" with the portrait of a young woman grinning in a regrettable manner. The appropriate name on the notices was Bliss, and he gathered that it all had something to do with the great factory.

RESOLVED to know a little more than this about the matter, he began to make inquiries and complaints, and engaged in a correspondence which ended in an actual interview with some of the principal persons involved. The correspondence had gone on for a long time before it came anywhere near to anything so natural as that. Indeed, the correspondence for a long time was entirely on his side. For the big businesses are quite as unbusinesslike as the government departments; they are no better in efficiency and much worse in manners.

But he obtained his interview at last; and it was with a sense of sour amusement that he presented himself at the factory and came face to face with four people whom he wanted to meet. One was Sir Samuel Bliss, for he had not yet performed those party services which led to his being known to us as Lord Normantowers. He was a small, alert man like a ferret, with bristles of grey beard and hair, and active or even agitated movements. The second was his manager, Mr. Low, a stout, dark man with a thick nose and heavy rings, who eyed strangers with a curious heavy suspicion like a congested sense of injury. It is believed that he expected to be persecuted. The third man was something of a surprise, for he was no other than his old friend, Dr. Horace Hunter, as healthy and hearty as ever, but even better dressed, as he now had a great official appointment as some kind of medical inspector of the sanitary conditions of the district. But the fourth man was the greatest surprise of all. For it appeared that their conference was honored by so great a figure in the scientific world as Professor Hake himself, who had revolutionized the modern mind with his new discoveries about the complexion in relation to health. When Hood realized who he was, a light of somewhat sinister understanding dawned on his long face.

On this occasion the professor advanced an even more interesting theory. He was a big blonde man with blinking eyes and bull neck; and doubtless there was more in him than met the eye, as is the way with great men. He spoke last, and his theory was expounded with a certain air of finality. The manager had already stated that it was quite impossible for large quantities of petrol to have escaped, as only a given amount was used in the factory. Sir Samuel had explained, in what seemed an irascible and even irrelevant manner, that he had presented several parks to the public, and had the dormitories of his work people decorated in the simplest and best taste, and nobody could accuse him of vandalism or not caring for beauty and all that. Then it was that Professor Hake explained the theory of the Protective Screen. Even if it were possible, he said, for some thin film of petrol to appear on the water, as it would not mix with the water, the latter would actually be kept in a clearer condition. It would act, as it were, as a cap; as does the gelatinous cap upon certain preserved foods.

"THAT is a very interesting view," observed Hood. "I suppose you will write another book about that?"

"I think we are all the more privileged," remarked Bliss, "in hearing of the discovery in this personal fashion before our expert has laid it before the public."

"Yes," said Hood, "your expert in books?"

Sir Samuel Bliss stiffened in all his muscles. "I trust," he said, "you are not implying any doubt that our expert is an expert."

"I have no doubt of your expert," answered Hood gravely. "I do not doubt either that he is expert or that he is yours."

"Really, gentlemen," cried Bliss in a sort of radiance of protest, "I think such an insinuation about a man in Professor Hake's position——"

"Not at all, not at all," said Hood soothingly. "I'm sure it's a most comfortable position."

The professor blinked at him, but a light burned in the eyeballs under the heavy eyelids.

"If you come here talking like that——" he began, when Hood cut off his speech by speaking across him to somebody else, with a cheerful rudeness that was like a kick in its contempt.

"And what do you say, my dear doctor," he observed, addressing Hunter. "You used to be almost as romantic as myself about the amenities of this place. Do you remember how much you admired the landlords for keeping the place quiet and select; and how you said the old families preserved the beauty of old England?"

There was a silence, and then the young doctor spoke; he spoke loudly because he hardly knew how to speak otherwise, but the loudness was heavy with something like sulks.

"Well, it doesn't follow a fellow can't believe in progress. That's what's the matter with you, Hood, you don't believe in progress. We must move with the times; and somebody always has to suffer. Besides, it doesn't matter so much about the main water supply. When the new bill is passed, people will be obliged to use the Bulton filter in any case."

"I see," said Hood reflectively. "You first make a mess of the water for money, and then make a virtue of forcing people to clean it themselves."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Hunter angrily.

"Well, I was thinking at the moment," said Hood in his rather cryptic way, "I was thinking about Mr. Bulton. The man who owns the filters. I was wondering whether he might join us. We seem such a happy family party."

"I cannot see the use of prolonging this preposterous conversation," said Sir Samuel.

"Don't call the poor professor's theory preposterous," remonstrated Hood. "A little fanciful, perhaps. And as for the doctor's view, surely there's nothing preposterous in that. You don't think the chemicals will poison all the fish I catch, do you doctor?"

"No, of course not," replied Hunter curtly.

"They will adapt themselves by natural selection," said Hood dreamily. "They will develop organs suitable to an oily environment. They will learn to love petrol."

"Oh, I have no time for this nonsense," said Hunter, and was turning to go, when Hood stepped in front of him and looked at him steadily.

"You mustn't call natural selection nonsense," he said. "I know all about that, at any rate. I can't tell whether liquids tipped off the shore will fall into the river, because I don't understand hydraulics. I don't know whether your machinery makes a hell of a noise every morning, for I've never studied acoustics. I don't know whether it stinks or not, because I haven't read your expert's new book on the nose. But I know all about adaptation to environment. I know that some of the lower organisms do really change with their changing conditions. I know there are creatures so low that they do survive by surrendering to every succession of mud and slime; and when things are slow they are slow, and when things are fast they are fast, and when things are filthy they are filthy. I thank you for convincing me of that."

HE did not wait for a reply, but walked out of the room, after bowing curtly to the rest; and that was the end of the great conference on the question of riparian rights and Thames Conservancy in those parts.

The general public never heard much about it; at least, until one catastrophic scene which was to follow. There was some faint ripple of the question some months later, when Dr. Horace Hunter was standing for Parliament in that division. One or two questions were asked about his duties in relation to river pollution; but it was soon apparent that no party particularly wished to force the issue against the best opinions advanced on the other side. The greatest living authority on hygiene, Professor Hake, had actually written to the Times in the interests of science, to say that in such a hypothetical case as that mentioned, a medical man could only do what Dr. Hunter had apparently done. It so happened that the chief captain of industry in that part of the Thames Valley, Sir Samuel Bliss, had himself, after gravely weighing the rival policies, decided to vote for Hunter. The great organizer's own mind was detached and philosophical in the matter; but it seems that his manager, a Mr. Low, was of the same politics and a more practical and pushful spirit; warmly urging the claims of Hunter on his work people; pointing out the many practical advantages they would gain by voting for that physician, and the still more practical disadvantage they might suffer by not doing so. Hence, it followed that the blue ribbons, which were the local badges of the Hunterians, were not only to be found attached to the iron railings and wooden posts of the factory, but to various human figures, known as "hands", which moved to and fro in it.

Hood took no interest in the election; but while it was proceeding he followed the matter a little farther in another form. He was a lawyer, a lazy, but in some ways a learned one; for his tastes being studious, he had originally learned the trade he had never used. More in defiance than in hope, he once carried the matter into the courts, pleading his own cause on the basis of a law of Henry the Third against frightening the fish of the King's liege subjects in the Thames valley. The judge, in giving judgment, complimented him on the ability and plausibility of his contention, but ultimately rejected it on grounds equally historic and remote.

His lordship argued that no test seemed to be provided for ascertaining the degree of fear in the fish, or whether it amounted to that bodily fear of which the law took cognizance. But the learned judge pointed out the precedent of a law of Richard the Second against certain witches who had frightened children, which had been interpreted by so great an authority as Coke in the sense that the child "must return and of his own free will testify to his fear." It did not seem to be alleged that anyone of the fish in question had returned and laid any such testimony before any proper authority; and he, therefore, gave judgment for the defendants. And when the learned judge happened to meet Lord Normantowers (as he was by this time) out at dinner that evening, he was gayly rallied and congratulated by that new nobleman on the lucidity and finality of his judgment. Indeed, the learned judge had really relished the logic both of his own and Hood's contention; but the conclusion was what he would have come to in any case. For our judges are not hampered by any hidebound code; they are progressive, like Dr. Hunter, and ally themselves on principle with the progressive forces of the age., especially those they are likely to meet out at dinner.

BUT it was this abortive law case that led up to something that altogether obliterated it in a blaze of glory, so far as Mr. Owen Hood was concerned. He had just left the courts, and turning down the streets that led in the direction of the station, he made his way thither in something of a brown study, as was his wont. The streets were filled with faces; it struck him for the first time that there were thousands and thousands of people in the world. There were more faces at the railway station; and then, when he glanced idly at four or five of them, he saw one that was to him as incredible as the face of the dead.

She was coming out of the tea-room, carrying a handbag, just like anybody else. That mystical perversity of his mind, which had insisted on sealing up the sacred memory like something hardly to be sought in mere curiosity, had fixed it in its original colors and setting, like something of which no detail could be changed without the vision dis-

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ECZEMA IN RED PIMPLES

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R12

The Home Woman

Marriage and Career Both Possible For Women

A Devoted Wife and Mother Can Also Play an Important Role in Business or Professional Life, Says Famous Opera Singer, From Her Own Experience.

The Business Girl

Alma Gluck Has Proven Women Can Have Happy Home And Big Job Outside, Too

Purposeful and Busy Life Brings Most Happiness To Wedded Couples, She Finds.

MARRIAGE, that familiar but to some of the moderns incredible institution, received a few hearty props from Alma Gluck, opera singer and wife of Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, who is about to celebrate her tenth wedding anniversary. The Gluck-Zimbalist family boasts two children and both carry on highly successful careers, which makes the disclosures of still more interest, especially since the problem of a new marriage relationship, such as separate apartments and year-long vacation periods have recently been propounded publicly by couples who have not the crucial complication of a few youngsters, or even one interfering child.

"Marriage and a career is hard," said Alma Gluck. "It looks like an entirely new thing coupling marriage with careers, but it isn't. The terms we use for such an arduous undertaking are different, but the actual result is to demand of women an application and intensity of living such as only pioneer women knew. We take our stand on a high eminence of personal freedom and the right to self-expression, and that is quite right.

"It is best to talk in contemporary terms, but what women are really taking back to themselves is the transporting creed of a life of work. This seems to me the chief significance of the turmoil in marriage. Home, husband, career and children require something of a superwoman, and its arrival is accompanied by thunderbolts.

"BUT I do not believe that the exciting experiments tried by some new women in regard to marriage will ultimately harm marriage as an institution. Marriage and a career is hard; that is why these experiments are being tried at all. But I think they will only exist until women become more accustomed to the double burden which their intelligence tells them is the right roadway to a full existence. Very simply, it seems to me that all that the modern women is doing is to reaccept the old Puritan or Emersonian ideal that work is happiness.

"Personally, I do not believe in divided households and prolonged vacations between husbands and wives, except as a transitory expression of restlessness and accommodation. In a serious marriage with children it has no place. I believe it would work to the detriment of husband, wife and children. Marriage is a close relationship and one cannot ruminate far afield without destroying it. And, also, to toy with its duties is to attack its basic responsibilities. And on this point you can hold even the most advanced moderns who, whatever they will not admit, usually are willing to concede an inability to escape life altogether."

AFTER ten years is the "dew still on the rose?"

"Well," countered Alma Gluck, "if one cannot always depend on the dew one can pretty well bank on the sun coming out shining."

Then again there are the children. "It is very hard," said Alma Gluck, reflectively, "to teach a young child the extraneous ideas of its parents. Children know what is good for them, and that is what they want. They like mother and father both around, and uncles and aunts visiting and themselves the centre of the stage. The old fashioned idea of home seems to make pretty good soil for them in which to grow.

ALMA GLUCK stands solidly on this. A decade from now when careers and marriage will be still better grounded into the social fabric the idea of liquidating marriage into halves will be looked upon as one of the extravagances of the times, she said.

"If the aim of both husband and wife is for a life of service and self expression," she explained, "and if it is not self license which is wanted then there is little danger of the wife and husband boring each other or crippling the ambitions of the other. I see very little jealousy of the other person's personality among married artists who are seriously married, and many of the small irritations that accompany marriage ordinarily have no place in their lives. When it is purposeful, life becomes keyed up and serious of its own volition.

"Also one does not tire of seeing one's best friend no matter how often and one does not really tire of one's husband, or wife, if both are in earnest about some thing."

"BESIDES," Alma Gluck went on to say, "an artist or any true worker leads a double life anyway. Half of the time he is away in spirit. His work is one dominant interest and then comes his private life. And if a man or woman truly works, his expectations of marriage are pretty sure to be normal. He wants above all else tenderness and peace for his background. But if men and women expect to find everything there is to be had in life, in love and marriage alone, then there ensues no end of trouble. Marriage cannot sustain such a burden and



ALMA GLUCK.

neither can live for very long."

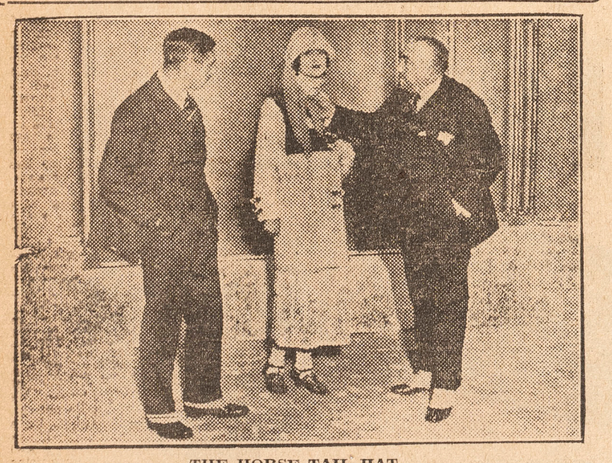
Alma Gluck took off the last two years from concert work to rest and play with the children and she explained: "As I see it, I undertook a responsibility and now I have to consider the children in my plans, but then if there were no children there would probably be other complications. Human beings are that way. If there are no complications they go out and make them.

"One of the underlying troubles of the current dissatisfaction with marriage," continued Alma Gluck, "is that women for several generations have become accustomed to more and more excitement and men also. We all have had an increasing amount of leisure and little training on how to use it. We chase excitement as some cure-all for psychic ills and yearnings.

"BUT a life of excitement is no better for the creative artist than a quiet existence and usually the latter has the advantage of affording more time for work and thought. With my own children I am more interested in their leisure than in their schooling. I see that they have music and sports and happy occupation and, even in a little child, such a daily conduct brings about something equable and fine."

But Alma Gluck wanted it understood that she was not minimizing the problem. "Sometimes I think that the burden of being an artist, a mother and a wife all at the same time, is a sort of grand opera," she said. "A little fine music can be had, a little fine singing, a little good acting, but it is exceedingly difficult to make each of the component arts superlatively fine in ensemble. But then, what is difficult is also possible."

Latest Paris Fashion Novelty



THE HORSE TAIL HAT.

Paul Poiret, well known French designer, is showing Mr. Gilbert Frankau, noted novelist, one of the latest creations in hats trimmed with a horse's tail.

Etta's Bed

By Fannie Hurst

The World's Highest Paid Short Story Writer



No institution, be it ever so pleasant, is like a real home.

When Etta's husband died, she had her hands about full with her own five youngsters and the boarders she had to take to keep things running.

So even Etta had to admit that her brothers and sisters were right when they decided Father must go to the home for the aged.

A lovely old place.

A kind, white, starched matron. Airy corridors. Clean, airy rooms. PEACEFUL, QUIET. No buzzing children. No confusion. No Clutter.

"It's certainly a pleasant place, daughter," says the brave old voice.

And then—The AGONY OF AN OLD MAN'S HYSTERIA. And Etta's way out.

Well, ETTA MADE HER BED. She made it on the carpet sofa in the dining-room.

THERE wasn't much new about the situation the Knapps were up against.

Now that Jim was dead and Etta had to rent out three of the rooms in the nice old Colonial house, her own five youngsters in their first childhood were about as much as she could handle without the addition of a more difficult babe in his second childhood. Father.

Besides, in order to remain in the house at all, Etta just had to realize forty dollars a month on father's room and boarders would naturally object to a palsied old man sleeping on the sofa in the dining-room.

Even Etta had to admit the of the brothers and sisters. obviousness of the decision of the brothers and sisters.

Father couldn't live with Walter. It was pretty stiff on Walter as it was, maintaining an extravagant wife in one of the most extravagant suites in one of the most extravagant family hotels in town. An additional room to that suite would have cost Walter a cool one hundred and fifty a month.

Walter was willing to contribute twenty dollars a month toward father.

Jim was married and in the reindeer-meat business in Nome, Alaska. Father weathering those rigors was unthinkable.

Jim sent his check for one hundred and twenty dollars for a year of advance monthly payments.

Leda, of course, had a two-room apartment on Sedgwick Street, but Leda was a buyer for a large department store and gone all day and absent for long periods in New York.

Leda's contribution was five dollars a month.

Oh, it was undoubtedly best for father.

As a paying guest in Bethesda Home for the Aged, father would have more comfort and care than any one of his children could give him.

Why, with the youngsters growing up there hadn't been much peace and quiet at Etta's for father, and precious little time, what with Etta waiting on a sick husband and five youngsters, to give father half the attentions he should have had.

Etta knew, along with the other Knapps, the rightness of the decision.

Of course the brothers and sisters would take alternate weeks for visiting father, and Etta resolved to throw in a few extra Sundays and surprise father by bringing out all five of the youngsters.

Walter, who was teller in the Civic Trust Company, and had pull through one of the directors, made the arrangements with Bethesda Home and on the day appointed, Etta took father out.

BETHESDA Home for the Aged stood on a knoll that overlooked the Mississippi River and there was a warm green old flush over its walls and, down at the edge of the wide lawn, a summer house had been erected where some of the old folks were sunning themselves when Etta and father arrived.

It helped the ache in her heart, right off. Father could sit out there in the peaceful mornings, probably with a crony or two. Better than having to sit out in the worm-ridden old arbor, mornings, while Etta was sweeping and dusting, with the children buzzing about him. Just the sight of that arbor with the peaceful old inmates freed one more and more of the prejudice against institutions.

"See, father, how perfectly lovely!"

"Yes, daughter, it's a fine big place."

"See, father dear, the long quiet terrace for sun baths."

"Splendid, daughter."

The corridors were long and clean.

"Mercy, father, no wonder you decided to change boarding houses. Compared to this, our house looks as cluttered as a chicken coop!"

"It certainly is a fine, big, quiet place, daughter."

"Just see in there, father. That must be the chapel! And, well, well, look at the dining room, dear. All the places set in a row and each one with his name written right on his own cup.

"That IS an idea, daughter."

The matron was kind. She creaked with starch and clinked with keys and, when she talked, it was as if some one had turned on a music box with a repertoire of one tune.

Father's room was just fine. Ever so much airier than his one had been at home. A clean square of room with a window that looked over the sweep of Mississippi and a good white iron bed and an oak dresser and a rocking chair and the homey touch of an orange-colored glass dish on the window sill.

"See, father, there's a little ash receiver and you can sit by the window and smoke some of the tobacco that Walter sent you."

"No smoking allowed in the rooms. That's a water dish to keep the air moist."

"Of course. But you can sit on the terrace father—"

"Yes, daughter, just you watch me get on the outside of that tobacco."

"Here, father—let me unpack your things for you. See, I put in plenty of warm things in case—"

"Lunch is served at twelve sharp. The bell will ring."

"Yes, thank you, matron. That's one time this old man is spry, when he hears the lunch bell."

Creak of starch and clink of keys. But it was more comfortable with the matron gone and just being alone with father. Getting him settled.

"WELL, daughter, you'd better be off now. It's a long trip and the children will be coming home from school."

"Father, I just feel that everything here is going to be splendid for you."

"It's certainly a pleasant place, daughter."

"We'll come out regularly to see you and if there is anything you want—"

"Now, just don't you children worry about me. I'm as set up as a king here."

"Father—father dearest—you do understand—don't you—since Jim's death and my having to rent out the rooms—there wasn't any other way, dear—unless you were to sleep on that carpet couch in the dining-room and that wouldn't be nice on account of the boarders having to eat in a room that had been slept in."

"I'm fine, daughter, right here. Never better off, as the saying is."

"Father—"

"Now, now, daughter, run along—I'll be going down to lunch now—"

"I know it's the best place for you — considering—but, father—dearest—"

"Now, now, daughter—no water-works."

"Father—I—it's — I can't bear to leave you here! Don't you think I can see your eyes? Your eyes, father, looking as if they had been stabbed!"

"Now—"

"Father—I can't put it over. I can't hypnotize myself. I cannot leave you here. I'LL sleep on the couch in the dining-room, father. I'm up so early mornings not one of them will ever know it. You can have my bed in the room with the children—"

"Daughter!"

"This place isn't home, father. Not even as much home as sleeping on the sofa in the dining-room."

"Daughter — would you — could you—daughter—"

The agony of seeing father crumple up into hysteria. The hysteria of relief. Crying there in the ruins of all his poor bravado.

"Daughter—take me back—I'd rather sleep on the floor—in the shed—anywhere—not here, daughter. Strange. Alone. Cold. Take me back with you, daughter. Home WITH YOU—please—"

"Well," said the Knapps, who had all been willing to contribute handsomely, "Etta's made her bed. Let her lie on it."

Etta did. Made up her bed peacefully at night, with the ache out of her heart; made it up on the carpet sofa in the dining-room and father's in the room with the children.

FANNIE HURST.

FRECKLES

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Don't Give Up the Ship, Girls.

Dorothy Dix

Advises jealous wives to fight for their possessions.

If Jealous Wives Would Add Personal Attractiveness and Good Humor to Their Knowledge of Hubby's Tastes and Habits, They Need Never Fear the "Other Woman," and the Battle Would Be Won Before Begun.

A JEALOUS wife was telling me her troubles the other day. She sobbed out that her husband was a philanderer, with a roving eye for every pretty face, and that he actually boasted to her of his conquests among the fair sex.



"He is so h-h-h-andsome, and he has such a w-w-w-ay with w-w-w-omen," she sobbed out "he just fas-s-cinates them. They flirt with him on the street and he is always telling me how the girls where he works make eyes at him, and about a rich woman who is a lot older than I am, and who has grown children, who is just crazy about him. And it just breaks my heart. I am desperate, and what would you do about it."

"Well," I replied, "if he is the poor fish that you say he is, I would be so glad to be rid of him that I would hand him over to any lady who would take him and throw in a chromo with him for good measure."

"But I love him. I would rather die than give him up," wailed the wife.

"THEN," quoth I, "I would brace up, and make a fight for my own property. I would not lie down and quit without making a single struggle to hold my own. I would do my darndest to hobble a husband with the wandering foot, and I would give any woman who got him away from me at least a run for her money.

"But the trouble with you women with flirtatious husbands is that you have no sporting blood. Maybe that is the reason why your husbands hunt up women with more pep to them. But, anyway, the first time you see your John casting sheep's eyes at another woman you get into a blind panic of fear and just throw up your hands and surrender instead of turning around, and putting up the battle of your lives.

"GO LOOK at yourself in the mirror. You have wept and worried until you have added ten years to your age. You have gotten stringy and washed-out looking. You are bedraggled and ill-dressed. You have quit marcelling your hair and putting on your complexion. Not much of a rival, are you, for young girls who are dolled up to the minute? Yet you would think that an idiot woman would have sense enough to know that she should try to make herself as easy on her husband's eyes as possible if he is one of the sort who considers himself a connoisseur in peaches.

"YOU want to keep your husband at home. How are you trying to do it? By tears, by reproaches, by scenes, by making everything as uncomfortable as possible. Fat chance you have of nailing a man to his own fireside by upbraiding him for his sins! Listening to a curtain lecture is no husband's idea of spending a pleasant evening! Vinegar never catches flies, especially the male of the species!

"NOW the first piece of advice that I give you, and all other jealous wives, is to try to use a little common sense and give the man you are so green-eyed about the 'once over,' calmly and dispassionately. That will convince you that in about nine cases out of ten your jealousy is absolutely without foundation.

"The man who looks like a Greek god to you is a very ordinary appearing individual to other women. No other woman is trying to take him away from you. No other woman wants him. You think that his secretary is madly in love with him and is trying to vamp him because she treats his slightest utterance with awe and respect, and jollies him. That is simply her professional manner, put on to keep her job. In reality, she thinks him a funny, fussy, fat old man, not to be compared to some slim young squirt in the outer office.

"YOU are jealous of the young girls with whom he dances at parties and believe they have designs upon him. They would as soon think of falling in love with their grandfathers. They laugh among themselves at the way he pants after a two-step, and they account it unto themselves for merit that they have done a kindly act in amusing an aged man by being nice to him.

"BELIEVE me, most of the miserable jealous wives shed barrels of unnecessary tears and lie awake eating out their hearts with groundless fears. Other women do not see their husbands through their eyes, nor want the poor possessions they cherish so tenderly.

"HERE also is comfort for you jealous wives. Not every husband is the devil among women that he represents himself to be to his wife. A man likes his wife to think that he is a fascinator and that he can make any woman sit up and take notice, and so he boasts to her of conquests that are purely imaginary.

DEAR MISS DIX—What would you do if you went out with a young man who always lets some one else foot the bills? FLAPPER.

Answer:

I would certainly never marry such a man, for he has shown that he is miserly, and a husband can have no worse fault than this. Indeed between a good, moral, upright man who is stingy, and one who is a rounder and generous, the rounder makes the better husband, and is the more lovable and more pleasant to live with.

The wife of the tightwad lives a life of perpetual mortification and humiliation, nagging and discord. She never has a penny of her own to spend as she pleases, but she has to go like a beggar to her husband for every cent, and then endure the insult of being questioned about what she did with the quarter that he gave her week before last.

This outrages a woman's sense of justice because she knows that the work she does in the home is worth far more pay than her board and clothes, which is all she gets out of matrimony.

Niggardliness about money will kill love quicker than anything else in the world, and I have never known a tightwad's wife who loved him, nor a tightwad's widow who didn't wear a look of ineffable relief and peace under her mourning bonnet. DOROTHY DIX.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to a splendid young man, who has very high ideals and who believes the best of everybody. But my trouble is this: My mother is a wonderful mother to her children, and always has been, but she is not faithful to my father. Sooner or later my fiance is bound to find this out, and the question is, Shall I tell him before we are married. Telling him may make a difference in our lives, as he might think that I would be like my mother. But God only knows how much I grieve over her, or how dreadful it is to me that she has a lover. What shall I do? MABEL.

Answer:

Ordinarily, I am for keeping the family skeleton closet locked tight and fast. But if the door is bound to be opened, it is better for you to do it than for a stranger. You can at least shape the grisly figure within it in whatever excuses and extenuating circumstances that your affection for your mother can conjure up.

And it will be better to do it before you are married than afterward, because it will show the young man that you gave him a square deal. If he finds it impossible to overlook your mother's conduct and it shakes his faith in you, it will be less sorrow for you to give him up now than it would to live with his continual reproaches and suspicions. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—While in college I fell in love with a co-ed. She returned my affection and we became engaged, and for a while we were very happy.

But, later on, she broke the engagement because she decided that we were temperamentally unsuited to each other. She said that she was too highly idealistic to marry a man who was as practical as I am. Personally, I think that most girls are idealistic by nature, and that men are more practical, don't you? And, inasmuch as we have the same tastes in books, and amusements, and many other things, this should not separate us. What do you think! J. O. F.

Answer:

I think the young lady is kidding herself. Lots of women like to think that they are All Soul, and that they yearn after the Whatness of the What, and the Aintness of the Tis, and they affect to despise as materialists every one whose feet are on the ground instead of dangling from the clouds.

But it is all tommyrot. Just a pose. When you come down to brass tacks, these transcendentalists hanker after the fleshpots just as much as the balance of us. They come down out of the ether for three square meals a day and are just as keen about good clothes, and good cars, and good houses as the go-getters who are expected to supply them. DOROTHY DIX.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Household Suggestions

A Neater Kitchen.

One woman whose stationary tubs are in her kitchen utilizes one for a hiding place for her brushes, ammonia, cleansers, etc. They are handy but out of sight.

Laundering Silks.

Never sprinkle silks. Most of them will spot and remain spotted until laundered again. After washing, wrap in a Turkish towel and let stand until proper wetness to iron.

The Improbable Success of Mr. Owen Hood

Continued from Page Twenty-five.

solving. He would have conceived it almost impossible that she could appear in anything but white or out of anything but a wood. And he found himself turned topsy-turvy by an old and common incredulity of men in his condition; being startled by the coincidence that blue suited her as well as white; and that in what he remembered of that woodland was something else; something to be said even for teashops and railway stations.

She stopped in front of him, and her pale, fluttering eyelids lifted from her blue gray eyes. With a sort of incongruous incredulity, he knew that she knew him.

"Why," she said, "you are the boy that jumped in the river."

"I'm no longer a boy," answered Hood, "but I'm ready to jump in the river again."

"Well, don't jump on the railway line," she said, as he turned with a swiftness suggestive of something of the kind; she was herself moving towards one of the less crowded platforms.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I was thinking of jumping into a railway train. Do you mind if I jump into your railway train?"

"Well, I'm going to Birkstead," she said rather doubtfully.

Mr. Owen Hood did not in the least care where she was going, as he had resolved to go there; but as a matter of fact, he remembered a wayside station on that line that lay very near to what he had in view; so he tumbled into the carriage if possible with more alacrity; and landscapes shot by them as they sat looking in a dazed and almost foolish fashion at each other. At last the girl smiled with a sense of the absurdity of the thing.

"I heard about you from a friend of yours," she said. "He came to call on us soon after it happened; at least, that was when he first came. You know Dr. Hunter, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Owen, a shadow coming over his shining hour, "do you—do you know him well?"

"I know him pretty well now," said Miss Elizabeth Seymour.

THE shadow on his spirit blackened swiftly; he suspected something quite suddenly and savagely. Hunter, in Crane's old phrase, was not a man who let the grass grow under his feet. It was so like him to have somehow used the incident as an introduction to the Seymours. Things were always stepping stones for Hunter, and the little rock in the river had been a stepping stone to the country house. But was the country house a stepping stone to something else? Suddenly Hood realized that all his angers had been abstract angers. He had never hated a man before.

At that moment the train stopped at the station of Cowford. It was seemingly a secluded country station, but Hood knew it was within half a mile of the things round which his indignant imagination had brooded so long.

"I wish you'd get out here with me," he said abruptly. "Only for a little—and it might be the last time. I want you to do something."

She looked at him with a curious expression, and said in a rather low voice, "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to come and pick bluebells," he said harshly.

She stepped out of the train, and they went up a winding country road without a word. They both had the air of beings that were blind like somnambulists; what was in her mind may never be known, but what was in his was a kind of fury. The little white road curled over the gray-green down that shut out the landscape behind like a wall.

"I remember!" she said suddenly. "When you get to the top of this hill you see the wood where the bluebells were, and your little island beyond."

"Come on and see it," said Owen Hood.

They stepped on to the crest of the hill and stood. Below them the black factory belched its livid smoke into the air; and where the wood had been were rows of little houses like boxes, built of dirty yellow brick.

Hood spoke. "And when you shall see the abomination of desolation sitting in the Holy of Holies—Isn't that when the world is supposed to end? I wish the world would end now, with you and me standing on a hill."

She was staring at the place with parted lips and more than her ordinary pallor; he knew she understood something monstrous and symbolic in the scene; yet her first remark was jerky and trivial. On the nearest of the yellow brick boxes were visible the cheap colors of various advertisements, and larger than the rest a blue poster proclaiming "Vote for Hunter." With a final touch of tragic pathos, Hood remembered that it was the last and most sensational day of the election. But the girl had already found her voice.

"Is that Dr. Hunter?" she asked with commonplace curiosity. "Is he standing for parliament?"

A LOAD that lay on Hood's mind like a rock suddenly rose like an eagle, and he felt as if the hill he stood on were higher than Everest. By the insight of his own insanity, he knew well enough that she would have known well enough whether Hunter was standing, if—if there had been anything like what he supposed. The removal of the steadying weight staggered him, and he had said something quite indefensible.

"I thought you would know, I thought you and he were probably—well, the truth is, I thought you were engaged, though I really don't know why."

"I can't imagine why," said Elizabeth Seymour. "I heard he was engaged to Lord Normantower's daughter. They've got our place now, you know.

There was a silence, and then Hood spoke suddenly in a loud and cheerful voice.

"Well, what I say is 'Vote for Hunter,'" he said heartily. "After all, why not vote for Hunter? Good old Hunter! I hope he'll be a member of parliament. I hope he'll be prime minister. I hope he'll be president of the world state that Wells talks about. By George, he deserves to be emperor of the polar system."

"But why," she protested, "why should he deserve all that?"

"For not being engaged to you, of course," he replied. "I'd like to chair him round the town and give him a torchlight procession."

Even as he spoke he started and stared across at the river island; for his own words had fallen with the significance of a falling star. He stamped and made a gesture as of snapping his fingers.

"A torchlight procession," he cried. "I believe it would work. I believe it could be done. Yes, the hour has come and the prophecy shall be fulfilled. By stars and blazes, I will give him a torchlight procession."

He had been almost dancing with excitement on the top of the ridge; now he suddenly went bounding down it, calling to the girl to follow as carelessly as if they had been two children playing hide and seek. Strangely enough, perhaps, she did follow; more strangely still, when we consider the extravagant scenes through which she allowed herself to be led. There was nothing particularly new about all the noisy nonsense of an election; but the Hunterian party seemed a good deal bewildered by the new enthusiasm of Hood for Hunter. She never could have described that saturnalia; she only felt that through all the sense that it was a harlequinade at the end of a pantomime there was still a faint undercurrent of Hood's phrase about the end of the world, as if a bank holiday could also be a day of judgment.

Hood dominated all the demagogy of the day, was received everywhere with roars of mingled derision and admiration. Bliss and Hunter and the rest watched him with rather pale and puzzled faces, lest he should turn the thing into too much of a joke; but they could not deny that their new recruit was preposterously popular. By nightfall he had actually organized his torchlight procession, escorting the triumphant Hunter, covered with blue ribbons, to the riverside, rather as if the worthy doctor were to be baptized like a convert or drowned like a witch. For that matter Hood might possibly intend to burn the witch, for he brandished the blazing torch he carried so as to make a sort of halo round Hunter's astonished countenance. Then, springing on the scrap heap by the brink of the river, he addressed the crowd for the last time.

"Fellow citizens, we meet upon the shore of the Thames; the Thames which is to Englishmen all that the Tiber ever was to Romans. We meet in a valley which has been almost as much the haunt of English poets as of English birds. Never was there an art so native to our island as our old national tradition of landscape painting in water colors, never was that water color so luminous or so delicate as when dedicated to these holy waters. It was in such a scene that one of the most exquisite of our elder poets repeated as a burden to his meditations the single line, 'Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song.'

"Rumors have been heard of some intention to trouble these waters, but we have been amply reassured. Names that now stand as high as those of our national poets and painters are a warrant that the stream is still as clear and pure and beneficent as of old. We all know the beautiful work Mr. Bulton has done in the matter of filters. Dr. Hunter supports Mr. Bulton. I mean Mr. Bulton supports Dr. Hunter. I may also mention no less a man than Mr. Low. 'Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song.'

"But, then, for that matter, we all support Dr. Hunter. I myself have always found him quite supportable; I should say quite satisfactory. He is truly a progressive, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than to watch him progress. Sometimes I lie awake at night; and, in the silence of the whole universe, I seem to hear him climbing, climbing, climbing. All the numerous patients among whom he has labored so successfully in this locality will join in a heartfelt expression of joy if he passes to the higher world of Westminster. I trust I shall not be misunderstood, 'Sweet Thames, run softly while I end my song.'

"My only purpose to-night is to express that unanimity. There may have been times when I differed from Dr. Hunter; but I am glad to say that all that is past, and I have now nothing but the most friendly feelings towards him, for reasons which I will not mention, though I have plenty to say. In token of this reconciliation I here solemnly cast from me this torch. As that firebrand is quenched in the cool silver waters of that sacred stream, so shall all such feuds perish in the healing pool of universal peace."

BEFORE anybody knew what he was doing he had whirled his flambeau in a flaming wheel round his head and sent it flying like a meteor out into the dim eddies of the river. The next moment a short sharp cry was uttered, and every face in that crowd was staring at the river. All the faces were visibly staring, for they were all lit up as by a ghastly firelight by a great pale lambent flame that leaped up for a moment from the surface of the stream; a flame that the crowd watched as it might have watched a comet.

"There," cried Owen Hood, turning suddenly on the girl and seizing her arm as if demanding congratulations, "so much for old Crane's prophecy."

"Who in the world is old Crane?" she asked, "and what did he prophesy? Is he something like old Moore?"

"Only an old friend," said Hood, hastily, "only an old friend of mine. It's what he said that's so important. He didn't like my moping about with books and a fishing rod, and he said, standing on that very island, 'You may know a lot, but I don't think you'll ever set the Thames on fire. I'll eat my hat if you do.'"

But the story of how old Crane ate his hat is one upon which some readers at least can now look back as on labor and suffering bravely endured. And if it be possible for any of them to desire to know any more either about Mr. Crane or Mr. Hood, then must they gird themselves for the grinding ordeal of reading the story of "The Unobtrusive Traffic of Captain Pierce," and their trials are for a time deferred.

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CUTTING The CORNERS

Some Theories of Betting Which Indicate That it is Easy to Lose Money, but More Conducive to Self-respect to Lose in a Systematic Manner.

By J. V. McAREE.

WE WERE talking over the King's Plate race with a man who is considered extremely astute generally and who particularly prides himself on his turf wisdom. It is true that he does not win any oftener than others who bet as frequently, but it is emphatically not true that his subsequent explanations and justifications of his vitiated judgment are not impressive. Before the race he had no particular choice. He was looking for something to beat Seagram, at odds of about .50 to 1. After a careful and dispassionate survey of the field he bet on Isoletta. He lost his money but the victory of Maternal Pride, stupefying to everybody else, he seemed to regard as the indication of a theory he had originally advanced and consistently promulgated.

"I ought to be kicked," he exclaimed. "If I'd only remembered that the sire of Maternal Pride was also the sire of St. Paul, I'd sure have had a nice bet on him."

"Now that you do remember it," we answered, "having read it in all the papers, you will no doubt continue to bet on Maternal Pride as long as he remains the son of Plaudmore?"

Like the luckless companions of the Ancient Mariner he cursed us with his eye as he left.

THERE are, of course, men who never go near a race track or a handbook who will never admit that they are completely in the wrong who never make a mistake so gross that careful post-mortem will not yield some balm for their feelings, but we believe the type is more common on the turf than elsewhere. Our own association, like that of most other people, has been with losers, but we have yet to hear anybody admit that his unsuccess is due to his mental deficiencies. Practically everybody thinks himself intelligent enough to pick a majority of winners. Those who notoriously lack intelligence will ascribe their supposed superiority at the track to a gift which in other spheres would be called genius, but which at Dufferin goes as "hunches." As a matter of fact it would appear that as betting is now carried on the the man of superior brain power would be able to make a lot of money betting. With the mutuel machines he is not betting, as he was in the old days, against the bookmaker, the trained expert with sources of information not generally accessible. He can pit his judgment against the average judgment of the other bettors. It is true that the masses have accessible the opinions of the experts who handicap the horses. There is much literature available, a perusal of which is supposed to tone up the mentality for hoi polloi. But the man of superior intelligence has this at his disposal, too. He has everything that the man of lower intelligence has, plus a better brain. It's odd that he cannot turn this advantage into cash at the track.

IT IS a popular custom, to which we conform, to visit the paddock after each race and we contend that we have never been in any saloon, foyer, board room, sweat box or laboratory where so much sound, indisputable information was so happily yoked with so much brilliant theorizing. But it has been born in us that all this valuable wisdom and scintillating cerebration is devoted to the race that has just been run. It forms a masterpiece of exposition concerning the past, but is wholly unable to project itself into the future to the extent of even twenty minutes. Everyone can tell you precisely what happened, and why it was inevitable that it should have happened. Nobody knows what's next. There is hardly a day of racing that does not shatter and does not verify every possible system yet devised to beat the game. A favorite wins and you are told that year in and year out the safest plan is to back the favorites. You are told that the wisest bettors are the men who pick out the horse that ought to win, the class of the race, and bet him for third. By so doing they have practically eliminated the adversity that might descend on them in the form of racing luck. Only a convulsion of nature could prevent the real "classy" horse from being in the money. If you remonstrate at being obliged to risk $10 to win $2, you are told that it is not really a risk at all. It is nothing more or less than a sound business investment, and thus regarded, interest of 20 per cent. per minute is exorbitant. You can't make it from any other sound securities like Government bonds.

ANOTHER favorite pastime, also extremely enriching, is to bet the horse that ran second the last time out. The conditions are ideal if the time before he ran third. This shows that he is "coming," that for the third attempt he is right on edge. The previous efforts have served to round him into form. He is now right. You may point out that this horse is again meeting the horse that beat him twice before, and that there is to be taken into account, the faint presupposition that he will beat him again, that he, too, is obviously right, even though not in capital letters. Then you are told that the previous winner will no doubt be the favorite; that there's no sense in BUYING your money, and that there has been a slight readjustment of the weights which vastly accrues to the interest of the other horse. There seems to be some unconscious association of ideas of a merry-go-round and a race track, which makes it incumbent on a horse that is first now to be last the next time round, with each starter improving his position by one. The horse that was second becomes inevitably first, while there is no position but last to be filled by the horse that was first. It happens sometimes that the theory of betting the favorite coincides with the theory of betting the horse that has shown by recent efforts that he is improving. Quite frequently it is possible to disable if not to kill two birds of theories with one race.

THERE was once a theory prevalent in the early days of racing that the best bred horse was the horse to bet on. Since all horses are becoming more and more related with each new generation it would require a real expert to express an intelligent opinion upon relative merits in this respect. We do not suppose anybody ever got rich by betting upon the full brothers and sisters of champion racers. Exterminator had several brothers and sisters that were mere selling platers, and Man o' War's full brother, Playfellow, was of no account. Moreover, it is not an infrequent thing to see two or three horses by the same sire in the same race. A bettor who fancies the sire might have some difficulty in making his selections in this case, and he would certainly pause if invited to put his theory to the acid test and bet the three horses one, two, three. Nobody can handicap as closely as this except rarely. And speaking of handicapping it is to be remembered that the official handicapper is supposed to be the shrewdest judge of horseflesh in the country, and we believe he is liklier to be right than anyone else. His problem is to make the profoundest study of the merits of all the horses in the race, and then by distributing weights, work out the problem so that they all finish on a line so that it is impossible to declare a winner. That this never happened in history in any race in which more than three horses were engaged shows the extreme difficulty, if not the utter impossibility, of rating horses with mathematical precision. But if one must follow some system our idea that is that the most rational is that indicated by the weights, the best horse being asked to carry the heaviest burden.

The Sportswoman's Section

GOLF TOURNEY WAS GOOD, SAYS ADA MACKENZIE

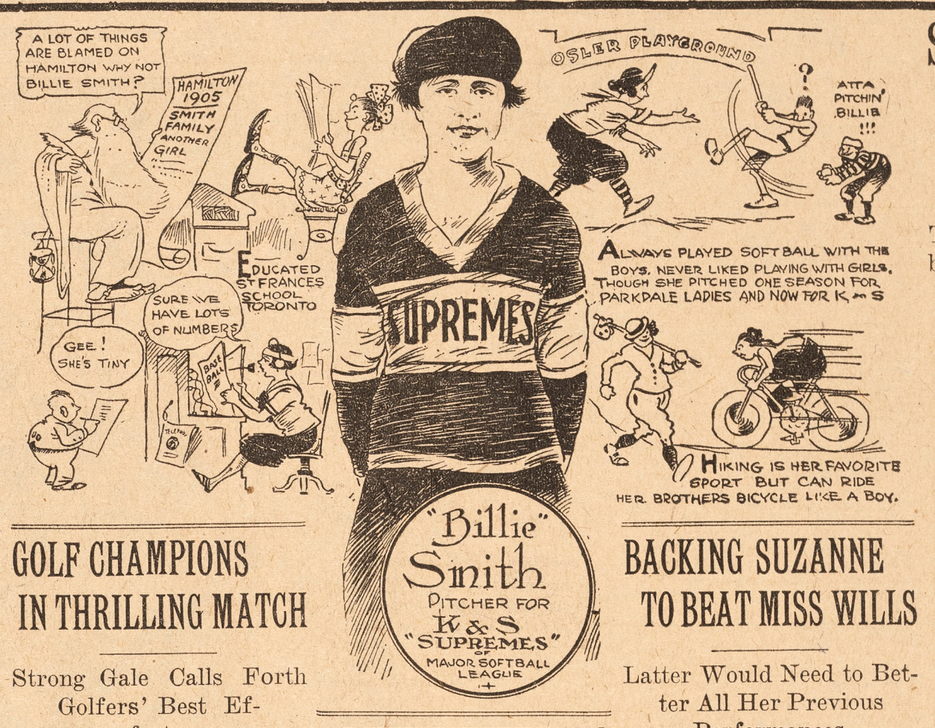
New Players Numerous, Several Outstanding, and Greens Excellent.

By ALEXANDRINE GIBB.

"It was a very interesting championship," said Miss Ada MacKenzie, who interviewed by The Sunday World on her return from Welland and the Ontario Golf Championships. "There were a lot of new players and they made an excellent showing. While the entry was not as big from the low handicap players as usual, the new players were numerous and they obtained excellent experience which will prove of great benefit to them in the coming golf tourneys. The finals in the different flights were all keenly contested and the players as well as the galleries enjoyed it very much."

"Were there any of the newer players outstanding in their play?" asked The Sunday World. "Yes, indeed, a number of them—Mrs. Phillips, of Oshawa, is certainly playing very good golf. She has been down in the States all Winter and should find a place in the Championships very soon. Mrs. F. Agar, of Mississauga is another. While it is practically her first year she did very well, only losing out to Mrs. Phillips in the Championship Consolation. Mrs. Murdoch, of Humber Valley, is an excellent player and is always to be reckoned with. She found the course, unfortunately, a little too strenuous for her. She is a very finished player.

"The course at Welland is A1 golf—it could not be better. The layout is perfect and it is about the most interesting course in Ontario. In about two years' time their fairways will be improved. The greens are true but difficult because they are rolling. Another feature of it is the beauty. Itis the highest point in the Niagara Peninsula, and on clear days, you can see Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. Unfortunately last week we did not have a clear day, it was very hazy. The club house at the Lookout course is just a temporary affair, being the original farm house, but there is a palatial barn outfitted wonderfully, containing a caddie house, women's rest room and locker room, which was very comfortable."



GOLF CHAMPIONS IN THRILLING MATCH

Strong Gale Calls Forth Golfers' Best Efforts.

By ALEXANDRINE GIBB.

Miss Ada MacKenzie and Mrs. Hope Gibson, of Hamilton, in the final game of the Ontario Ladies' Golf Championships played at Welland last week, provided great thrills for the large gallery which followed the players. It was a very close match and proved even more exciting for the onlookers than the players.

It was difficult golf. The wind was exceedingly strong, blowing almost a gale and the players had to make allowances for this on certain approach shots, and if the gale blew harder or died down a little, they found the traps, and practically every shot known to the golfers was used. Mrs. Hope Gibson played good golf, but unfortunately neither she nor Miss MacKenzie took advantage of any slip on the part of the other. Miss MacKenzie appeared slightly careless with her putting on the 16th hole and this proved the turning point of the match. Mrs. Gibson holed two beautiful putts on the last two greens, which gave her the championship and match.

SAYS PATIENCE MAIN ASSET IN TEACHING GOLF

Talbot Forrest, Cedarbrook "Pro", Says Women More Adaptable.

"PATIENCE" is the watchword which Mr. Talbot Forrest, professional at the Cedarbrook Golf and Country Club, applies to teaching golf.

"In teaching women the game of golf," said Mr. Forrest, "I find them more adaptable than men. They have not the same strength to put in their strokes and the style of play is more easily moulded. They are usually keen to learn and with patience develop concentration, rhythm and control. It is sometimes difficult to make women realize that it will take them more strokes each hole than the average man, but consistent practice and adherence to the professional's instructions brings about accurate timing and adds the much desired length to their drives.

"PLAYING around the course with the club professional after a series of lessons enables the professional to correct any faults which might develop. Golf differs to so many games," he added. "Absolute concentration is a necessity if one wish to play a good game, and good play results only from correct teaching, patience and practice without limit, and with faithful practice the beginner will improve steadily.

"There is no royal road to golf."

Helen Meany, Diver, American Olympian

ONE of the young girls counted on to fittingly, competently represent the United States in the women's Olympic diving competition at Paris is Miss Helen Meany of the Women's Swimming Association of New York.

She is the present national A.A.U. champion in high fancy diving and she has held the title for three years in succession. Moreover, she rates with the foremost fair springboard artists in this country, as shown by the fact that she has earned national title laurels more than once in diving from the four and ten foot boards in recent years.

Under the circumstances it will not be surprising to see her figure prominently in both the international diving events listed for women.

For the rest, Miss Meany is not new to Olympic competition. Four years ago, when tryouts were held for the games in Antwerp, she qualified brilliantly in the high plain diving and springboard tests, winning a place on the overseas team.

THE SPORTSWOMAN

(Title registered)

Teacher Who "Made" Helen Wills Tells of Her Methods and Predicts Coming Champions—It's Never Too Late to Take Up Sport.

By NITA HOWARD.

MRS. GEORGE W. WIGHTMAN it is, who is credited with having made Helen Wills, Lillian Scharman, Leslie Bancroft and others. She modifies this. Mrs. Wightman, who left recently with the Olympic team, is recognized as the greatest woman authority on tennis.

"There isn't a 'made' champion to-day," she explains. "I taught Helen Wills little about court generalship and volleying before Marion Zinderstein moved away from Brookline and became Mrs. Jessup we played tennis three or four times a week; and I've helped the others you mention, but I didn't make them.

"Every tennis champion of the present, man or woman, got there through his or her own merit, although training helped to develop an instinctive quality. It's easy to tell at a glance who will be a champion. Spirit, timing and grace are evident from the very start."

Right now Mrs. Wightman is helping a number of her young neighbors, girls of 11 to 14. She teaches only those who show a marked determination to learn.

TIMING and grace may be combined in the single word rhythm. A first rate tennis player must have that. I really feel that a good tennis player would make a good dancer because the basic requirement is the same—that sense of rhythm. You can see from the way they move whether or not they have it."

To-morrow's tennis stars will be made stars, better than those of to-day, Mrs. Wightman says. The coming generation will have the benefit of professional training in early youth when it does the most good. She suggests a practical plan on how and when to start a girl playing.

"Give her a tennis racquet, a short one that she can handle, when she is about eight years old. Let her bang the ball around as much as she pleases. By the time she is ten, she will be ready and willing to learn. Then for about two years let her have expert concentrated instruction. She will learn more that way than she can pick up in six years of ordinary playing. That's the course I am pursuing with my eleven year old boy and my girl of ten. The boy show real promise, but the girl doesn't exhibit any startling tendencies.

"Women must be taught to think on the courts. The few who do, think too slowly. Watch the game between a couple of average women players and see how all their energies are bent on one thing—swatting the ball. As for placing that's quite beyond their power.

"I work for accuracy with the youngsters, teach them to put their shots where they want them to go. I do it in this way. When I play with them, I shoot the ball to the place they least expect it. That makes them think fast, not only for themselves, but for me, so that they can anticipate my next move. When they know how to play, I arrange tournament matches for them, grouping the children according to their age: one group from 9 to 14, another from 15 to 17, and so on."

Although she has been spending some time with older women, Mrs. Wightman declares that the future of the game lies with the children. The women she is coaching have always been interested in tennis, though they have never played it seriously.

Under her wing, Dean Wightman has half a dozen remarkable little girls who she thinks are championship material — Ruth Wellington, a thirteen year old, Mary Lee Hutchins, Sara and Lee Palfrey, Fannie Curtis, all living near the Wightman home, and the California child marvel, Helen Jacobs, a young lady with whom Mrs. Wightman plays whenever she returns to her birthplace in Berkeley.

"HERE I am at the no longer tender age of 23, interested in sports, but not playing at any of them," Blanche R. writes.

"I didn't have the opportunity, for one reason or another, to get started when I was younger, and now I feel kind of hopeless. I've been told that a girl who doesn't start in her 'teens will never be a shining light if she begins in her twenties. Is that a fact?"

Why should it be? We may agree that a girl who starts her golf, tennis or any other sport in youth is more likely to be a leader. Helen Wills started at 13, Gertrude Ederle at 15, Aileen Riggin at 11, and Glenna Collett while she was still in school. The tendency is undeniably for sport and youth to go hand in hand.

But, after all, how many champions are there? A girl starting at the age of 23 may not play a great game, but with some regular practice she can develop a good game. And a sport is indulged in more for its own sake than for its championship possibilities.

By all means get started! If no one sport has attracted you up to the age of 23, we advise tennis or golf. Don't worry about form. You may even look a bit foolish at first but it will be fun. Get out on a golf course or a tennis court and make a few stabs at the game. After a while, you won't pass a week without it.



Tennis Queries Answered

By Capt. Innes-Taylor

F. G.—When do the Junior championships of Canada start?

Ans.—The Junior singles start at the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club on July 9th. Entries close July 2nd. Send your entry to G. H. Meldrum, 44 Price Street, Toronto. C. W. Leslie of Montreal won it last year.

Miss W.—Was A. Wilding, the tennis player, an Australian or an Englishman by birth?

Ans.—Neither. A. F. Wilding was born in Christchurch, New Zealand. He was killed in the first year of the Great War. He won the world's championship title 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913.

B. V.—How old is W. T. Tilden, 2nd?

Ans.—He was born in Germantown, Pa., Feb. 10th, 1893.

T. K.—Is is best to lay a tennis court north and south, or west and east?

Ans.—North and South.

A. F.—At what times may one change receiving courts in a doubles?

Ans.—At the end of each set.

ANNIE MILLER, PITCHER, SAYS 'CONCENTRATE'

"Be Always in Game and 'Place' Ball," Says Miss Miller.

Annie Miller, pitcher for Hinde and Dauch's team, the Major Softball League, has been called the leading girl softball pitcher in Toronto. Certainly she is among the foremost twirlers, and several aspiring young ladies have taken her for their model, in studying the correct methods of putting the ball where the batter can't see it, nor the umpire call it a "ball."

"It's all in the placing of the ball, of course," said Miss Miller. "And yet, that is not so simple as it sounds. There are few girl pitchers around the city that really try to figure out just where the batter can't hit their offerings. Most of them make a try to get it over the plate, putting lots of energy into it, and trust to luck to get it where the bat isn't.

"I watch very closely when I throw the first ball over. I usually can tell where a batter doesn't want it, by the way she treats that first one. When I find that out, I rely principally upon the swiftness of my ball, and the knack of placing properly.

"One thing that cannot be overestimated. There are girls in Toronto, several of them, who would be good pitchers, if they didn't let the crowd rattle them, or didn't pose, or didn't play to the crowd instead of playing the game. These three mistakes can be all summed up by 'swelled head.' Never play to the spectators. I owe any success I have to the fact that I am always in the game.

"Often friends of mine have asked me why I didn't recognize them when I stood out in front of them and pitched. The truth is, I didn't see them. I never do. I never know who's in the crowd, when I pitch."

BACKING SUZANNE TO BEAT MISS WILLS

Latter Would Need to Better All Her Previous Performances.

By CAPT. R. INNES-TAYLOR.

THE temperamental Suzanne now says she is going to play in the Olympic lawn tennis contests, having fully recovered from her recent illness, and she will probably play also at Wimbledon and defend her title there. Personally, I think, she will win comfortably both in the Olympic games and in England, as the opposition she will meet is not nearly as formidable as the Americans make out. Miss Helen Wills has the advantage of being quite young, and she undoubtedly plays lovely tennis. I know she has been steadily practicing all Winter with some of the strongest men players in California, and she should show lots of improvement over her form of last year. But she will have to play much better than she did when she defeated Mrs. Mallory in the American championships last year. Mrs. Mallory is purely a base-line player, and held the American championship for several years against weak opposition, as neither Miss Mary Brown or Mrs. May Sutton Bundy played except in 1922, when they both took part, but were away off their usual form from want of practice. Mrs. Mallory never plays well in Europe and was recently easily beaten by Miss Elizabeth Ryan in England. Miss Kitty McKane is engaged to be married to Devlin, the famous Badminton player, and although she will likely take part in the Olympics, she too will have to show better form than in 1923 to stand a chance.

Outdoor Swimming Holds Great Promise

By VIOLET BAUER.

OUTDOOR swimming for women in and around Toronto promises this year to be more popular than ever and undoubtedly the number of devotees of the sport will be increased to a considerable extent. The swimming instructors at the different indoor tanks report larger classes than ever before. Although swimming is indulged in all the year around, Summer is the long distance swimmer's own special time.

It is quite true that long distance swimming can be practiced indoors, but it is rather monotonous to swim up and down a small tank several hundred times and count the number of lengths you swim. Ten years ago the number of girls who went in for distance swimming was comparatively small, and the majority who could swim a little, wore the absurd old-fashioned bathing suits of silk or lustre, with long cumbersome skirts.

The best-known long distance swimmer among the girls of Toronto at that time was Miss Elizabeth Wilson, a Scotch girl, who entered the "across the bay" swim of the Toronto Swimming Club, and usually finished well up among the best-ranked men swimmers of that time.



ANNIE MILLER.

She was practically the only girl then to go in for distance swimming and was considered a marvel.

Miss Edith Hartley, a little 16-year-old girl, swam across the bay to Ward's Island in 1916, and it was considered quite a feat for one so young. In 1917 several girls, including Olive Bettle, Margaret Bouttell, Evelyn Wilson and Margaret Pickard (now Mrs. Slater) swam from the Yonge Street Wharf to Ward's Island. This was not a race, as the girls were anxious to know just how difficult it was, and they did the distance in less than an hour and were not one bit fatigued. The next year Margaret Pickard arranged a swim from the Yonge Street Wharf to Ward's Island, such well-known swimmers as Claire E. Semple, Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Ethel Fowler, Muriel Payne, Emma Carrol, Essie Garrow and Isobel Bain going the distance in good time and finishing strong. That year Margaret Bouttell (now of Winnipeg) swam a distance of over five miles up at Lake Rosseau, and the Summer residents thought this such a remarkable feat that they presented her with a gold wrist watch, suitably engraved. Several years later, Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Claire E. Semple and Essie Garrow swam from Port Perry to an island in Lake Scugog, a distance of over nine miles, and the same year Claire E. Semple brought fame to this city by winning the endurance test in Chicago, swimming continuously for 15 hours.

When the girls knew they could easily swim these distances such a large number entered the across-the-Bay swim that a cup was donated for the winner of the girls' section, and medals given to all who finished in less than an hour. Such well-known swimmers as Madeline Forster, Marjorie Jackson and Alice Hardy have at different times won this cup. In 1922 Hamilton B. Wills, a well-known sportsman, donated a cup for the Gap-to-Gap swim, Kathleen Norgate, one of the stars of the Toronto Ladies' Swimming Club having won this cup for two years. Several years ago the High Park Swimming Club inaugurated the Humber swim, a distance of nearly five miles. Miss Norgate also won this race two years ago and Molly Bailey, then nine years old, surprised everybody by easily swimming this distance.

Wonderful progress has been made in the last ten years and it is felt that still greater progress will be made in the next few years, when such good junior swimmers as Gladys Arnold, Dorothy Prior, Molly and Peggy Baily, Peggy Wood, Helen and Vivian McCormick, Molly Stansfield, Doris Ogilvie and others will have grown to mature strength. These girls are all swimming a good crawl stroke and are having opportunities in competition never heard of years ago. It is to these juniors we must look for our future champions and they will not fail us.

BROADWAY'S CURRENT STAGE SUCCESS

FATA MORGANA

By ERNST VAJDA

A young woman who could not love her husband and a young man who had his life-time of love ahead—when these two met under romantic circumstances what could hapen but the inevitable? But the joker in the plot was the fact that the young man was eighteen.

"Fata Morgana" can be considered an European rendition of "Seventeen." The emotions are deeper, more colorful than an American author would give to a "teen" character, but the pathetically amusing qualities are the same. This play has been produced in nearly every European country except Hungary, and the reason for that omission is a little satisfactory revenge on the author's part. When Ernst Vajda wrote "Fata Morgana" it was turned down by every Hungarian producer and the playwright himself laughed at. After the play achieved success in foreign lands Vajda swore that no Hungarian would ever have a chance to make money with it.

"Fata Morgana" was recently produced in New York by The Theatre Guild, and the principal parts are played by Emily Stevens (Mathilde); Morgan Farley (George), who became celebrated overnight for his performance of this difficult role; Helen Westley (Rosalie); and Orlando Daly (Gabriel Fay). The direction was by Philip Moeller and the costume and scenic investiture by Lee Simonson, both of the Theatre Guild.

• • •

"THE man who first gave expression to philosophic thought in the Hungarian language," droned George, as he levelled unfriendly eyes on the history book before him and fidgeted restlessly in his chair, "he who first dared state that Magyarism, if it were to exist, must strive for a real national culture, was John Czery, of Apaca, a poor, misunderstood, despised professor, who died young."

George coughed, shifted around, rubbed his eyes and reiterated painfully: "The man who first gave . . ."

That patriotic Hungarian who first gave expression to philosophic thought in native Magyar, was on this evening particularly unpopular with at least one student in the country, he died for. George, of all his family, remained at home instead of going into town for the annual ball, and he did not relish it, though he had stubbornly refused to do the one thing that could have avoided this unpleasant evening.

For the two previous days and nights, the young man, who was eighteen, had decided to throw off the shackles of childhood which his unsympathetic parents still insisted on burdening him with, and had absented himself on a hunting trip with boon comrades. When he came home the storm descended. After tempers and temperament had subsided, George proudly agreed to abide by his father's orders to put in twice as much time on his lessons in order to make up for the lost time. His father would have permitted him in the end to go to the ball, but George refused to unbend from the heroic dignity of the position he had taken. His father had raged and scolded—very well; George would be a martyr to dense parenthood. Let them go and have a joyous time at the ball; he would be miserable at home.

There was not another human being within miles of the farmhouse that was George's home. The nearest neighbor family had also gone to the ball. There remained only the station master at the little wayside railroad station, and the station was a long ride off. And the last train had left half an hour ago.

BACK of the house was the Pusta, that interminable stretch of desolate land of which the only redeeming feature was that on certain very hot days one could see a mirage—the Fata Morgana, an illusion of sea and ships, which was thrilling and unforgetable to the beholder who saw it for the first time.

The evening was deepening into night and even the satisfaction of the self-imposed torture began to wane on George. Restlessly he sought refuge in a novel, then determinedly went back to his studies, then he took to thinking of the ball, then—

Suddenly the dogs in the kennels set up a fearful howling. A moment later the door burst open and a young woman in a traveling gown staggered in.

Quieting the dogs with a shout and a crack of his whip, George hurried over to the stranger and helped her into a chair. She was panting from the exertion of running and her face was pale with fright.

"The dogs——" she gasped. "Oh! those dogs!"

George endeavored to quiet her. He succeeded quickly. There was really nothing the matter with his unexpected visitor but fright and his eager assurances soon dissipated that. Then he found she was neither a stranger nor unexpected. She introduced herself as Counsellor Fay's wife, Mathilde, and therefore his cousin. Invited to attend the ball she had missed the earlier train and come on the late one, got lost on the way, and finally arrived at the house only to be terrified by the dogs.

It was an overwhelming reception, she admitted sarcastically. It proved to be more overwhelming. There was no way, but fly, to get to the ball, said George. The family would not be back until morning; there were no more trains into town, no trolleys, no horses—she was marooned in a lonely cottage in the midst of that terrible Pusta. A cheerful prospect for the impatient Budapest belle!

II.

ANGER and vexation gradually gave way to resignation and when Mathilde reached that mood she began to notice George. The latter was in a whirl. The suddenness with which this person of beauty and fascination had burst in upon him was distracting enough to his eighteen years; the ensuing exhibition of temperament only colored the impression more deeply.

"What sort of monster," murmured Mathilde softly, appraising George's stalwart figure and handsome face with interest, "will you take me for? I burst in here—dusty, rusty—and then I rave—and rage—and you really can't help it. You are a dear, good boy—I can see it in your eyes—you don't think badly of me, do you?"

George—(warmly) "No—certainly not—I couldn't think anything bad of you."

Mathilde—"Really not?"

George—(with naive candor, remembering the family gossip about the gay city relative) "Before I had even seen you I didn't believe what they said about you."

Mathilde—"What? You have already heard about me? Where? From whom?

George—"Here, at home. All sorts of bad things."

Mathilde — (laughing) "Nice relations!"

George—"No, no—don't think that. Mother and father always praise you. But there is one relative here—who has an evil tongue—she saw you in a theatre box in Budapest—and she said—"

Mathilde — (with curiosity) "What?" (Bending over him, greatly amused) "Well, what? You can tell me. I won't be angry."

George—(breaks out into a boyish laugh) "That a count made love to you—that your hair is dyed—even your teeth are false."

Mathilde—(begins to laugh) "What? . . . Oh! . . . the old gossip! And you . . . you didn't believe it?"

George—"I couldn't believe anything bad about you."

Mathilde—"And you tell me that right to my face?"

George—(earnestly) "I'll tell you anything — whatever you want."

Mathilde—(delightfully) "How kind you are. . . . How old are you?"

George—"Eighteen."

Mathilde—"George . . . George. . . . I'm not a bit sorry about that ball."

George—(beaming) "No?"

Mathilde—"No; it's nice here. This great, beautiful peace . . . . and you . . . you are so kind . . . so young . . . so different from the others . . . I feel almost like a student."

THE minutes passed in this charming tete-a-tete. There would of course have been a lot of dancing at the ball, and people to meet; but here was someone who was frankly dazzled, bewildered, transported by Mathilde's personality. Indeed, under the circumstances, the loss of a ball had its compensations for her.

The unwelcome intrusion of the neighbor's man-servant, who happened to have been left at home, interrupted them. However, George made use of him by sending him for Mathilde's bags at the station and when he had brought them the lady retired to change her traveling costume.

Shortly after she reappeared in a frock that radiated glory and charm. George rose in ecstasy.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "How perfectly beautiful you are!"

Mathilde—"Really? Do I look well? And my hair" (she moved past him with a coquettish tilt of her head) "is it dyed?"

George—"Your hair? . . . . Your hair? . . . . I never in my life saw anything like it . . . . I never dreamed there could be such a miracle as you. . . . ."

Mathilde—(looking out of the window at the desert) "George, you're talking foolishness . . . . And I ought not to listen to you at all. . . ." (She is about to leave the window) "but this night. . . . and this air. . . . it is so hot. . . . and smells so strongly of flowers . . . . I have no idea what it is . . . . it is quite benumbing . . . . I don't recognize myself any more . . . ." (She turns back). "Tell me George, what is it? This warmth as if I were on fire?"

George—(with bowed head, quietly) "It is the Pusta . . . . It was very hot to-day . . . . to-morrow there will be a mirage."

Mathilde—(suddenly) "George . . . . Aren't you sorry?"

George—"For what?"

Mathilde—"Because you must stay at home? Because they didn't take you to the ball?"

George—"No, even if you didn't come . . . . But this way . . . ." (He stops).

Mathilde—"But this way—go on . . . . but this way—"

George—"No one in the world is so happy. . . ."

Mathilde—"The happiest man in the world! . . . . Oh! now I—"

George — "You — aren't you happy?"

Mathilde—(bitterly) "I . . . . with my empty life . . . . at the side of a man who— But we'll let that be . . . ." (suddenly) "Didn't anyone expect you at the ball?"

George—"Who should expect me?"

Mathilde—"A beautiful girl. . . . or perhaps a beautiful woman, whom you wanted to dance with?"

George—"No one expected me."

MATHILDE—"Look here, George, we're comrades . . . now come here . . . . be frank," (threatens him with a finger) "there is a 'She,' isn't there? With whom you secretly exchange kisses. . . ."

George—"I have never kissed."

Mathilde—"George! So you have never been in love?"

George—"Till now—never."

Mathilde — "Till now? . . . . Now?"

George—"Now."

Mathilde—(in a sudden impulse) "Don't be afraid of me, George."

George—"I love you!"

Mathilde—"You love me? . . . . You love me? . . . . So suddenly . . . . You saw me to-day for the first time and you love me!"

George—"I love you. I should like to die for you."

Mathilde—Die? . . . . Ah! they all say that."

George—"You don't believe me?'i (he seizes a hunting gun from the table and aims the muzzle at his temple). "One word! Just say one word—and I'll pull the trigger—if you wish it. . . . I'll die this minute—at a word from you . . . . For you . . . . I will, will be happy!"

Mathilde—(trembling) "George, put that gun away at once! George," (a sudden wave of emotion sweeps over her) "George —I love you. . . . (George is dazed by her words, then sinks on his knees before her) "This dear, beautiful head . . . ." (She kisses him).

George—(embracing her in ecstasy) "Is this true? Am I dreaming?"

Mathilde—"Yes; we're dreaming—both of us."

III.

THE next day was, for innumerable people, like the one that had preceded it, but not so for George. For him the world had changed. Mountains were levelled, cataracts stilled, oceans dried—he was in love and was loved.

That his beloved was married complicated matters somewhat and doubtless would give rise to an annoying situation with the husband. That was true. Still, it was merely one of the incidentals. As far as Counsellor Fay was concerned he had mapped out a complete course of action; there would be a brief explanation and then a divorce. If Fay was stupid enough to refuse—well, it would be his, George's unpleasant duty to convince him?

Gabriel Fay, lawyer, man of the world, politician, forty-five and a blase Budapestian, had arrived late that afternoon. His wife had been inclined to greet him coldly, first because it was through him that she had missed the train the previous day, and secondly because of certain private matters, principally among them being the fact that all the other women of her set were already at the summer watering places and she was still in town—plain evidence of Gabriel's lack of money-making abilities. Gabriel, however, had brought a surprise with him, A successful settlement of a difficult Government case had just netted him a fee of ten thousand crowns. The obvious sequel to this windfall, then, was, Ostende—and, well, also perhaps that diamond necklace which had been the dream of Mathilde's heart.



"I never dreamed there could be such a miracle as you."

Mathilde was overcome.

"Gabriel!" she cried. "Gabriel —is this a joke? . . . You say here before witnesses that I can go to Ostende?"

"Whenever you want," her husband assured her genially.

WHILE George stood staring at Mathilde with unbelieving eyes, she decided at once to leave the next day in order to have enough time for the sessions with her dressmaker—but a sudden recollection made her pause. Covering up her joyous outburst quickly she relapsed into a mood of intense weariness which she ascribed to the travelling and excitement of the surprising news, and retired.

It was nearing night and the entire household was tired from the exertions at the ball. The living room quickly cleared, leaving only George and Fay, who was working on some papers. It was an opportunity George had been waiting impatiently for. He approached the lawyer with a decisive step.

"I have been waiting," he began, in a firm, cold, authority-laden voice, "for this moment since you arrived. For . . . I . . . have something serious to . . . to say to you."

"Well, George, my boy," Fay answered amiably without looking up from his papers, "what can I do for you?"

George—"Well, first of all—(roughly) "don't speak to me in that way."

Gabriel—(surprised) "What do you mean by speaking in that tone?"

George—"I fear that we will soon speak to each other in quite a different tone. But that depends entirely on you. If you submit without protest, there will be no bad results—for you."

Gabriel—(too amazed to be angry) "But what is it—what are you driving at?"

George—(calmly) "You will get a divorce from Mathilde."

Gabriel—(his mouth open loosely in astonishment, gazing at the youth incredulously) "What? . . . I . . . from Tila."

George—(passionately) "Don't say 'Tila!' I despise that Budapest nickname!"

Gabriel— hardly able to speak) "What . . . what . . . but . . ." (enraged) "How do you dare! I'll call my wife what I please."

George—"My fiancee is not your wife!"

Gabriel—"Of course not! What's your fiancee to me?"

George—"Your wife is my fiancee!"

Gabriel—(passing his hand across his forehead and staring at George) "Your fiancee is not my wife . . . and my wife . . . and my wife . . . is your fiancee? My young friend, you seem to have a screw loose!"

George—(after a fierce warning to Gabriel to guard his words, says with contempt) "Mathilde is my fiancee and will get a divorce from you. Then I will marry her."

Gabriel—"Tila! My wife?"

George—Mathilde, my fiancee!, Do you understand that at last? Mathilde loves me and despises you. So you will get a divorce and Mathilde will be mine. There! You must submit. But if you don't want to submit that suits me, too. Swords or pistols . . . or whatever you want."

THIS was the last straw. This boy might be mad, but there seemed to be too much order in his ravings. Gabriel went purple in the face and suddenly yelled at the top of his lungs, "Mathilde, Mathilde!"

There was a sudden commotion in the other rooms as Gabriel's shouts startled the household.

Mathilde came running in, anxious and agitated, followed by the other members of the family.

"What's the matter, Gabriel?" she cried. "Has anything happened. Don't shout so—we're not at home!"

"I'll shout—I'll shout as much as I like!" yelled her husband. "I'll bawl—I'll bellow——"

He bawled and he bellowed.

George waited calmly with folded arms for the answer he knew would come from those dear lips. This scene was unpleasant—poor Gabriel! But it had to be.

Mathilde stood as if struck by lightning. Then she spoke:

"A lie! A low trick! Everything he has said is a lie . . . I—my heavens, this is an insane asylum! . . . Gabriel — you believed it!"

"Don't bawl any nonsense now," shouted Gabriel unfeelingly. "And don't fall in a faint — that doesn't impress me any longer. But answer me—how did he dare do this if he wasn't authorized? . . . How dared this fellow——"

"I don't know," Mathilde cried, hysterically, "how do I know? He's mad! The wretch! Oh——, my heart . . . . I can't stand it . . . . I'm dying . . . Oh-h-h!"

"Faint away!" snapped Gabriel roughly. "You can faint as far as I am concerned!"

Mathilde was led away by sympathetic kinswomen who did not believe there was anything in what George had told Gabriel; the latter was convinced that George had spoken at least partial truth; and for George the world was in cataclysmic upheaval again. His beloved had denied him.

IV.

THE agony that George passed through that night was terrible. To this sudden love that had come to him he had given his whole soul. The torture of the disillusionment seared him unbearably. She preferred Ostende to him! She preferred the man she did not love to the one to whom she had said "I love you!"

—more, she had denied him, denied their love—in a craven denial!

George appeared in the early hours, haggard and worn. During the sleepless night the thought of suicide had been most welcome to his mind. But his mother had thoughtfully locked him in his room. Now it was too late. After all this time had passed suicide would be a ridiculous epilogue.

What should he do? Agitatedly he paced about in the garden, avoiding the sight of everyone.

Towards eight o'clock Rosalie, the gossip who had spoken of Mathilde before her arrival, and who now elected herself her comforter, confidante and agent, approached George and begged him to see Mathilde who was anxious to speak with him. Refusing at first, he went eventually and stood with lowered eyes before the heroine and villainness of this two-day adventure.

Mathilde looked at him with melancholy, reproachful eyes.

"Tell me, George," she said in a low tone, "tell me just this one thing—how could you possibly do that—how could anything so terrible occur to you?"

George — (deeply embittered) "And you—even you! (breaking out) I told him! I spoke as I felt —sincerely—with my whole heart. For I told you that I love you—adore you—that I'd die for you—that I'd marry you! Of course I told him."

Mathilde—"Yes, yes—but. . .

George—"And you promised that you'd get a divorce. . . . You swore it!"

Mathilde—"Listen, George. In such a case one promises — and swears lots of things, but I'd never have thought that you were so—wonderfully naive. Oh, George, you are still very, very young—and don't know, astounding as it is, that promises in such a case—yes, they can't be taken with such holy seriousness—they can't be taken seriously at all!"

This was the theme of Mathilde's lecture. She explained much that passed in and out of George's ears, for the madness of love was still in him and when eighteen is feverish with love what availeth enlightenment?

But eighteen is chivalrous. Eighteen still rides in armour on a white horse, and George agreed to lie publicly to save his lady fair.

AN hour later, before his father, before his mother and sisters, before the relatives, before Gabriel, he acknowledged haltingly that the weariness of his illicit hunting trip and the heat of the desert had affected him — had made him mistake words, see things that were not so. Perhaps he had seen a mirage. At any rate, what he had said to Mr. Fay was all untrue. Mathilde was entirely innocent.

In the state he was in his words could well be believed. And so Counsellor Fay was reconciled with his wife, and they left to catch the ten o'clock train. The sudden tempest that had shaken the lonely farm house quickly abated and vanished.

As the family left George mercifully alone, he sat down slowly at the table and opened the history book over which he had poured two days ago. His fingers wandered through the pages and came to a halt. He lowered unseeing eyes to the page.

"She is now at the station," he whispered, "now she is getting on——."

His head fell into his arms and his body shook with violent sobs.

In the distance the faint puffing of a train could be heard; then a whistle, a rumble of wheels becoming less and less distinct.

George raised his head and dried his eyes. One word forced itself from between his lips:

"Mirage!"

The history book fell from his hands. For some moments he sat thus as if in a trance, then suddenly he shivered. He pressed his elbows on the table, gripped his head between his fists, and began in a grim voice:

"The man who first gave expression to philosophic thought in the Hungarian language, the first who dared to state that. . . ."

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Nothing creates domestic discord quicker than an attack of indigestion, and nothing gets rid of indigestion quicker than Bisurated Magnesia. No man can be sweet tempered, good natured or even fair minded when his stomach is constantly sick, sour, gassy, and upset with after-eating distress. If your husband has stomach trouble neither scold nor pity him, but help him by seeing that he has a supply of Bisurated Magnesia (either powder or tablets) constantly at hand. A teaspoonful of powder or two tablets taken in a little water after meals will instantly neutralize the acids in his stomach that are causing his trouble and he can enjoy his meals with no more fear of indigestion. Bisurated Magnesia is the special form of Magnesia used by thousands to neutralize stomach acidity and quickly overcome Indigestion—do not confuse with Milk, Carbonate, Block or Citrate of Magnesia. Insist on Bisurated. Its action is safe, prompt and sure and it can be obtained at small cost from any reliable drug store.

HEART WAS SO BAD HAD TO SIT UP IN BED

Mrs. O. E. Fitzgerald, 106 Ross St., St Thomas, Ont., writes: "In the Fall of 1921, I was taken ill with my heart, but I did not pay much attention to it. I kept on with my household duties, but seemed to become worse and worse, and finally had to call in a doctor. He said I was all run down and was a nervous wreck. I had a severe pain in my chest which would move over to my heart and it became so bad I could not lie down, as when I did I had such a smothering feeling I would have to sit up in bed till it passed away.

I tried several remedies, but with no good results. Finally, I was induced to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took 7 boxes, and I am now as well as I was 30 years ago, and I am now 65 years old."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Refreshes Weary Eyes

When your eyes feel dull and heavy, use Murine. It instantly relieves that tired feeling—makes them clear, bright and sparkling. Harmless. Sold and recommended by all druggists.



MURINE for Your EYES!

NEW THEATRICAL HITS IN STORY FORM

THE MEN WHO HAVE LOVED ME

Continued from Page Twenty-four.

ferent toward me. It required a heroic struggle to retain concealment. In every gesture, every glance of my eyes, every tone of my voice lurked the betrayal of my secret. Whenever I was in the presence of Serge, I had to hold myself as in an iron vise. Sometimes I felt that I could hold this sisterly mask no longer, and I longed for the wretchedness and comfort of breaking down, throwing off my mask, gazing at him with insensate eyes and telling him abjectly how greatly I was in love with him. But always my pride arose, and I kept up my pretence.

MONTHS passed and this comradeship, so frightful to me, still continued. Serge proved to be as doughty an antagonist as I thought him to be. Sometimes I fell into despair and thought I could never bring him down. I persevered. I was frantically determined to capture him. I knew that he liked me a great deal and I understood the philosophy that propinquity and a manner of amiable indifference are an eminent way to captivate a man. In addition, I had become the close familiar of my Russian's every mood, the intimate of his spirit. Such an association is certain to strike fire. So I kept methodically at my plan with the certainty of eventual success. Still I said to myself with some grimness that once I did bring a confession of love from his lips, it would be my most triumphant moment.

It was.

The day came when, long months after I had met him, he said to me with a tone of resignation and self-mockery:

"I told you that I could not be captivated by a woman. I have been."

I concealed my incredible agitation with a simulation of astonishment.

"By you," His voice became distorted.

His whole person seemed to be transformed and convulsed with an outburst of passion, but he stood immobile, staring at me. I nearly laughed outright, as I saw that he was palsied with timorous doubt over the way that I might take his uncontrollable cry. He imagined with a torment of fear that I would give him mocking coldness. In my delirious elation of victory I spoke a phrase of the gentlest tenderness.

IT HAD been a strange contest —a contest between two stubborn wills, two great prides. On the one hand was Serge, with his heart steeled against women—armored by his own fear lest he yield and, giving in to his passion, be swept away; on the other was the whole strength of my being expressed in my love for him. I was determined that this glorious man should love me; I made up my mind that my will should conquer his, that his heart should melt in the ardor of my own heart. A strange contest, truly!

And all the stranger because of the restraint which, as I have said, I was forced to exercise upon myself. In most battles of the world the masks are thrown off when the issue is joined; the contestants face each other with the clear knowledge of the issue involved and come to grips, each hoping to win by strength or skill.

Serge had continued to call on me. He had delighted in my companionship. We would on the occasion of his visits discuss music, pictures, books—anything but the subject that lay nearest my heart. Ever the temptation to confess my love for him had haunted me and ever I fought it down. It was a game like chess; it had been my part by making a number of purposeless moves, moves that showed no definite plan to bring about a situation where the forces opposed to me would capitulate. But, unlike chess, my opponent must never know that my purpose was to beat him. It was more like an idle moving of the pieces on the board so that Serge had not known even that a game was being played till the moment when he himself admitted himself beaten.

IN ALL the strain and tenseness of the contest I had never once forgotten my part. That was the essence of my triumph. I had played a long and difficult game and earned my victory. I think that few women have faced such a strange and torturing combination of circumstances. But the sense of victory and the glorious acknowledgment of my love fully repaid me.

I had won. I engaged myself to marry Serge. We planned that he should take me to Russia. We would live in the supremest happiness of love that ever opened itself before me.

A month later the war broke out. Serge went to joint his regiment. He was killed in the early fighting.

(To be continued.)

This Week's Great Day

Memorable Events in the history of the Empire.

By Charles Conway

JUNE 18—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

ONE hundred and nine years ago, on the 18th of June, 1815, the military genius of Napoleon Bonaparte, which had been a menace to the peace of Europe for many years, was finally crushed on the battlefield of Waterloo.

After ten years' reign as French Emperor, Napoleon abdicated in April, 1814, and was exiled to the island of Elba, where he remained until the following February, when he escaped. On the 1st March he landed in France with 1,000 men, and at once commenced a triumphal march to Paris, gathering an army on the way. By the 1st June he had raised a force of 360,000 men to combat the mighty host which Great Britain and her allies were prepared to put in the field against him. Having decided to first attack the combined British and Prussian armies, which were massed in Belgium under the respective commands of the Duke of Wellington and General Blucher, he crossed the frontier at dawn on the 15th of June, with a picked force of 124,000 men.

Wellington and Blucher made no movement until they saw in which direction Napoleon proposed to advance on Brussels, and then acted accordingly. On the 16th and 17th of June there were minor engagements between small bodies of the two armies, and at Ligny Blucher suffered a somewhat severe reverse, which left Napoleon free to concentrate his entire force against Wellington, who decided to fall back towards Brussels and take up his position on the elevated ground to the south of the little village of Waterloo, where it was arranged he should hold Napoleon in check until Blucher could reach him.

At dawn on the morning of the 18th of June the two forces faced each other ready for the conflict, but a heavy storm during the night had soaked the ground with water, which rendered the movement of troops almost impossible until after 11 o'clock, when the eventful battle commenced. Napoleon had an advantage, both in men and guns, having 72,000 men, the flower of the French army, and 246 guns, while Wellington's guns numbered only 156, and his force was a mixed one. His army numbered 68,000, of which only 24,000 were British soldiers, the remainder consisting of about 21,000 Germans, Hanoverians and Brunswickers, who were all tried and reliable troops, and 23,000 Nassauers, Belgians and Dutchmen, whose valor and loyalty were extremely doubtful.

Waterloo was essentially a soldier's battle, and there was but little attempt at manoeuvring. Napoleon's object was to force Wellington from his position before Blucher could come up with reinforcements, while it was Wellington's task to maintain his ground until the arrival of his ally. The conflict, therefore, consisted mainly of a series of furious onslaughts by the French and a succession of stubborn and successful efforts by the British commander to beat off the attacks.

It was late in the afternoon before Blucher appeared on the scene, and Napoleon, after vainly awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, made his last great effort at 7 in the evening, when he ordered the infantry of his famous Old Guard, which had been held in reserve during the day, to advance. The invincible veterans made a gallant charge, but when they had reached within 50 yards of the British line they suddenly reeled and wavered before the terrible storm of fire which greeted them, and Wellington, taking advantage of their momentary check, ordered a general advance. As his army moved down from the heights it had held throughout the day, the whole French force broke up in hopeless confusion and fled, and were pursued through the night by the Prussians.

The losses on both sides were tremendous. Wellington and Blucher's fatalities exceeded 22,000, while the French losses, which were never made known, must have been considerably higher.

Napoleon reached Paris in safety, but speedily surrendered to the British Government, and he was banished to St. Helena, where he died in 1821.

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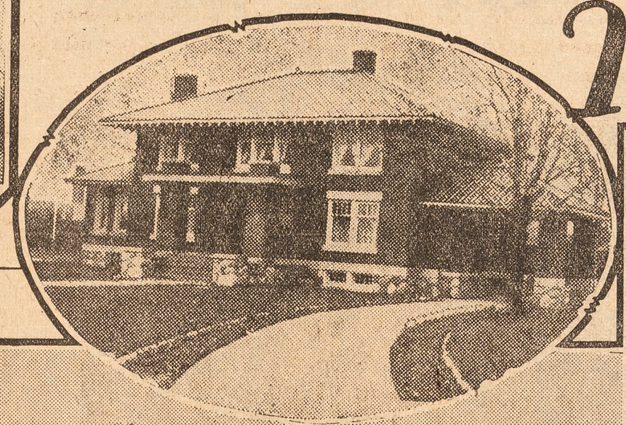
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How You May Change Your Face Completely

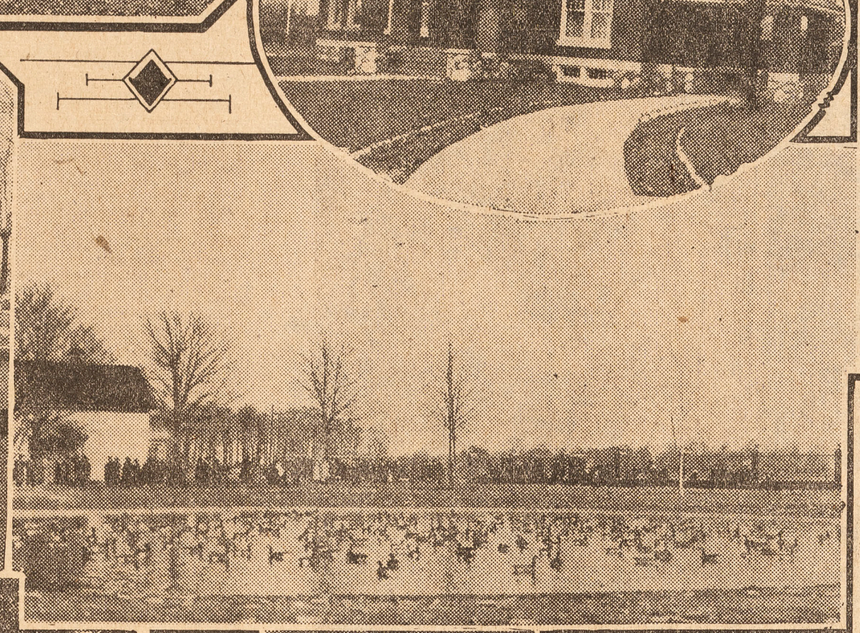
Any woman not satisfied with her complexion can easily remove it and have a new one. The thin veil of stifling half-dead cuticle in an encumbrance and should be removed to give the fresh, vigorous, young skin underneath a chance to show itself and to breathe. There's a simple old-fashioned remedy which will always do the work. Get an ounce of pure mercolized wax from your druggist and apply at night like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. The wax gently absorbs all the lifeless skin, leaving a healthy, beautiful complexion, fresh as a child's Naturally it takes with it all such blemishes as freckles, moth patches, sallowness, liver spots, pimples. It is pleasant to use, and economical. The face so treated soon looks years younger.

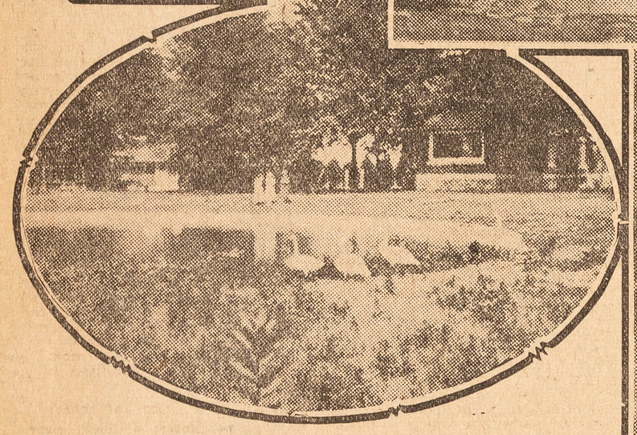
Do Trees Grow In Winter? No, Says Jack Miner







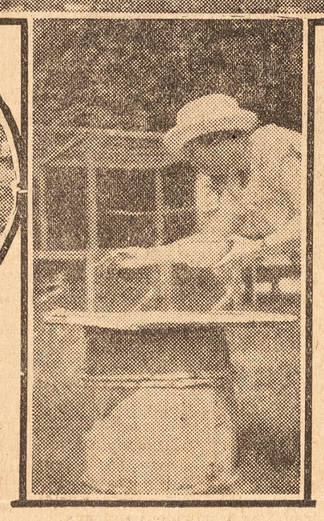




A view of Jack Miner's home nestled in among the trees. Notice the large window in his observation room overlooking his little pond where the geese make their headquarters during March and April. Rain or shine, he has a good view of his feathered friends.

Top—Most recent photo of Jack Miner in his maple grove which were only seedlings like whip stocks eight years ago. Photo taken by Dr. R. D. Sloan early in spring before leaves started to come out.

Below—Tyrus R. Cobb, the great baseball player, and Jack Miner. Photograph taken on a corner of Jack Miner's private community baseball diamond. Jack Miner's new home is seen in the background.—Photograph by Dr. R. D. Sloane.



Robins are not any more frightened of strangers than of the Miner family.



Jack Miner among his Scotch pines looking at their growths. Note the large pair of field glasses about his neck. They are the most powerful of their kind in Canada. Also note cobs of corn on ground where he feeds the quail during a blizzard when they can't get out for other food—Photograph by Dr. R. D. Sloane.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miner in their rose garden. No matter when you visit the Miner farm usually wherever you find Jack Miner Mrs. Miner will be with him. They employ no gardener. As Jack Miner says, "If it were not for flowers, music, birds and children I would have no desire to carry on."—Photograph by Dr. R. D. Sloane, Leamington.



Jack Miner feeding one of his pet robins. Birds know their friends as well as their enemies.

Jack Miner's old home, "The house by the side of the road." People flocked by thousands from near and far to see the unique sight. Many people have asked why he made it private on Sundays, and he answered in this way: "Sunday is the Lord's Day not a day at Jack Miner's." Also he has said: "What would you think if you had as high as 5,000 visitors in your back yard on your private property at one time?"

Top—Jack Miner's newly constructed residence. Photograph taken this spring by Dr. R. D. Sloane. Note the tulips on each side of walk and driveway. Jack recently said to a newspaper reporter who was admiring it, "It isn't the house that makes a home, and H-o-u-s-e doesn't spell home.

Kingsville Bird Lover Devotes Much Time to Study of Trees and Flowers---Interesting Experiments With Fruit-Bearing Shrubs Which Furnish Food For Feathered Tribe

THE name "Jack Miner" makes one think of wild ducks and geese. Jack Miner's activities with these winged migrants have made him internationally famous, and his bird sanctuary at Kingsville a centre of interest for bipeds of the human and feathered varieties. But there is another Jack Miner—a Jack Miner whom the public as a whole has never discovered.

THIS hidden Jack Miner is he who shuts his grounds to visitors on Sundays because, he says, "Sunday is the Lord's Day, and not a day at Jack Miner's." He is the man whose sole regret, as he stands in the midst of one of the most gorgeous gardens in all Canada—his own—that his old mother is not with him to enjoy the colors and the fragrance of the very sorts of blooms that she used to grow with such care and fondness years ago.

Jack Miner has many interests beside ducks and geese—indeed, beside birds of any kind. Yet most of these are out-of-door interests, and bear directly or otherwise upon the ruling passion of his life. Not only have the ducks and geese been an attraction at the Miner sanctuary, but vast number and great variety of insectivorous birds of all American species find food and shelter there.

THE whole of the Miner estate covers two hundred acres of land, while the actual residence and bird sanctuary only comprises some forty acres. The sanctuary is given government protection for two miles around. Of the 40 acres enclosed for the birds and Mr. Miner's home, three acres are taken up by ponds for the water fowl. The remainder of the land is reforested with virtually every variety of tree and shrub to be found in the Dominion. Thus it is unique in its way, and distinguished visitors from all over the country have found it one of the beauty spots of Canada.

Scotch pines predominate among the great range of individual species. There are about 20,000 of these trees in the grove. As these have been planted extremely close together, they are growing very straight into the air, and they form a wind-break for the whole property. And as they are, of course, green the year round, the grove makes an excellent resting place and shelter for birds in time of storm, especially in spring and fall.

IT IS principally song birds that take advantage of this shelter, and these are mostly insectivorous. As it is well known, in the two-thousand-odd square miles that make up Essex and Kent counties there are hardly any evergreen trees of nature's planting. The only considerable natural growth of evergreens is on Point Pelee. So it is easily understood that the birds in this section of Canada find the evergreen grove on the Miner premises an admirable sanctuary.

It is interesting to walk through this grove with Jack Miner and notice the study he has devoted to the growth of trees. He has studied all kinds of trees—evergreens, hardwoods, especially maples. Records of growth have been kept. The lengths and diameters of certain specimens have been measured, from month to month during the course of a year.

One tree, especially, of the poplar (or cotton-wood) variety, has been measured every month for twelve years, and an exact record of its growth kept from the time when it was a seedling.

Such experiments have satisfied Mr. Miner that one theory entertained by certain eminent authorities is false. That is regarding the growth of trees in the winter. It has been asserted that trees grow during the winter time. Mr. Miner's experiments have shown him that they grow only from the time the buds start in the spring, until the leaves fall in the autumn. During the winter, they are dormant.

A PHASE of Mr. Miner's research which bears directly upon bird life, is his experiment with fruit-bearing shrubs, and the trees that grow bird-food. Several hundred red cedar are planted on the premises. Any one familiar with this variety of evergreen knows the little round blue berry which comes on its branches in late fall and remain until spring. These berries contain small seeds that form the greatest winter food for all varieties of birds. To provide this food for winter-birds was Jack Miner's principal reason for planting the trees, and throughout the entire winter, no matter how deep the snow settles, the birds can find food. Such birds as the Cedar Maxwings, Crossbills, Red Birds and now and then even robins spend the entire winter in and around this thicket. On the coldest days of the winter, one can find them nestled in the thick cedars, eating the little berries.

Several walks, covered with square frameworks, lead from one grove to the other. This framework is covered with wild frost grapes. In Western Ontario these wild frost grapes are the best food for quail.

IN any section of the country that quail may be found, they feed on weed seeds and bugs until the snow covers the ground. Then they start on the wild grapes. Hundreds of quail have found the way to the Miner Sanctuary, and the farmers around have awakened to a new appreciation of them. It was not hard to realize the value of a few hundred quail in a locality, when these live on weed seeds and such toothsome morsels as potato bugs. Jack Miner believes that the time will come when the Government will take the quail off the game bird list and class it among the insectivorous birds, thus protecting it the year round.

The mulberry and elderberry trees are other good fruit-bearing trees. These, as well as the choke cherry, are among Mr. Miner's specialties, and he raises several acres of each variety. When their fruit is in season, robins come and perch upon the bushes in multitudes.

It has taken Jack Miner a good many years to find out just exactly what kinds of food the birds like best. He finally learned this by the simplest and most direct method on earth. He examined a few bird stomachs. Finding out what the birds liked, he planted it.

BUt horticulture on the Miner estate has not been restricted by bird taste. Mr. Miner has developed a rare fondness for flowers. One newspaper has recently termed him the "plant wizard" of Canada. Although Mr. Miner modestly asserts that this is going it a little strong, it is true that his knowledge of plants is great—of flowers in particular.

Entwining about the whole bird sanctuary, even leading from the public highway to the residence, are paths which are arched over with Dorothy Perkins ramblers, and bordered with perennial flowers of many varieties. Botanists and professors from the leading universities of Canada and the United States have said that Mr. Miner has one of the most interesting flower gardens in the Dominion.

A newspaper reporter asked Jack Miner how he became interested in plant life. He answered that he had inherited the love of it from his mother. His parents moved to Ontario from Ohio forty-six years ago, when he was only thirteen. In Ohio, his mother had had one of the most beautiful gardens in the State, and upon setting out for Canada, she packed a barrel of roots and brought them along with the furniture. The new home seemed to appeal to the plants just as strongly as to the Miners, for they thrived lustily. And every moment that could be spared, Mrs. Miner spent among her flowers. It was not until later years, however, that Jack Miner could see the beauty of flowers the way his mother could, so he explained. But of late he has grown increasingly fond of their bloom and fragrance, and the fruits of his interest can be seen around his home.

HIS garden alone during the latter part of June and the first week of July is of sufficient attraction to draw swarms of visitors. Sir William Mulock, Tyrus Cobb, Eddie Rickenbacker, Henry Ford, Henry M. Leland, W. K. Kellogg, Taylor Statten, Ralph Gordon and W. E. Saunders—these are a few names, drawn at random from Jack Miner's remembrance of the great range of his visitors. All kinds of people go there, and they are always welcome.

That is, nearly always. There is just one distinction, and it is characteristic of Jack Miner. Of course, the property is all his own. Visitors are welcome on week-days. But no one may go there to see the sights on Sunday. Because (says Mr. Miner), "Sunday is the Lord's day, and not a day at Jack Miner's."

OVER THE ROOSEVELT BIG GAME TRAILS

Continued from Page Twenty.

taking five of our boys with them, pushed off along a narrow path to again try their luck at hunting. The rest of us languidly watched them go, for the midday sun in those parts is very hot and sultry, and we soon settled down in real earnest to a rattling good game. All at once we heard rifle shots, and counted five of these, after which all was still once more. Kicking over the box, McGregor seized his rifle and at once hurried in the direction of the shots, followed by the rest of us, who were all wondering what had happened.

A QUICK run brought us out on the large, grassy plain, and there in the middle stood both our friends, unharmed and well, and waving at us with their helmets in great excitement as we came forward. We noticed something black and big among the grass, and a nearer approach showed it to be a huge black rhinoceros, dead.

It appears our friends had suddenly come on what Stone had taken for a warthog, lying among the deep grass, and they decided to add it to our trophies. To their amazement, as they approached still nearer, the creature leaped to its feet and was also followed by no less than four others, all rhinoceroses, and the whole herd instanly scenting the hunters, for these beasts have a very keen sense of smell, made for them in one wild charge, with their heads well down, an awesome sight, as Joyce said.

Both men promptly obeyed McGregor's previously given instructions, which were to separate, and lie prone on the earth. As the herd came plunging forward they had fired almost together, and by a happy coincidence had both aimed at the big bull who was leading the charge. they had shot at the hollow between the neck and the shoulder, the most vulnerable spot of a rhino, and luckily their shots were effective, and down came the leader with a crash, whilst to their astonishment and relief the other four wheeled to the right and disappeared among the forest land. At first the hunters were afraid to move lest it bring back any of the herd, and it was only when we reached the place that they had risen to their feet, and shouted to us to advance.

THE trophy was a very fine one, one horn measuring thirty-nine inches, and the rear one twenty inches in length. We measured the creature and it was eleven feet from the nose to the base of the tail, and about the same measurement around its belly. The skin was very thick, and it is greatly prized for making walking sticks, and is also useful for many other purposes. On returning to our camp we held a special dinner for the lucky hunters, who certainly were most modest, each declaring it was the other who had brought the beast down. That night old Mac was in a very reminiscent mood, and he told us many stories of his experiences in the jungle, and as we sat under that starlit sky, with Sirius, Orion, Venus, and the whole sky a mass of starry gems, we listened to him with the eagerness of little children.

THERE is something very wonderful in an African night, and the camp fire, with its crackle of burning logs, the mystery and magic of that dark forest so near at hand, and the knowledge that at any moment something out of the way might happen to you makes you wonderfully alert, keenly eager, and quite enthralled with the glamour and charm of the whole thing.

One of his stories was about an Englishman, fresh out from the old land, who had come to shoot lions, and they had suddenly come across a splendid pair right in the open. Before this McGregor had explained the habits of lions to the hunter, and had especially warned him in case they met a male and female together never to fire at the male first, but to concentrate their efforts on the lioness. The reason for this is that the female will, the moment her mate is hurt or killed, attack without a moment's hesitancy, the hunter, and what is more, she will die if necessary to avenge him, while the lion, if the female is shot will, in all probability, place his tail between his legs and slink away. The female of the species, as far as lions are concerned, is certainly more deadly than the male.

Unfortunately the hunter either forgot in the excitement of the moment or he was too flustered at the sudden appearance of the beasts, for he promptly fired at the male, breaking its legs, and causing it to roar in pain and fury. In an instant, and before McGregor could interfere, the lioness had leaped on the hunter's back ,tearing him frightfully with its claws and mouth, and endeavoring to seize hold of his throat. McGregor had fired, killing the lioness, and then following up the badly wounded lion, he killed it also. The result of this adventure was, that the Englishman lost an arm, as well as suffering other painful injuries, and, on recovering, he promptly returned to England, no doubt avoiding the society of the so-called weaker sex for the rest of his life.

ANOTHER of Mac's stories was about two boys, fresh from England, who had been attracted to Nairobi by the lure of the tropics, and who worked in a bank there. They had gone crocodile hunting, using the dug-out canoe that you see in those parts to get to the mud banks, on which these creatures love to bask in the warm sunshine. They had shot a fine specimen, about fourteen feet in length, and boy-like had decided to take the carcass back to secure pieces of the skin to have cured and sent as souvenirs to their friends in England. With their rifles they had managed to turn the body over into the canoe, and they were joyfully paddling back, when in the middle of the stream the boy at the stern of the canoe was horrified to notice that the crocodile was coming back to life, as it was wriggling about and opening and closing its great jaws in a very lively manner. Luckily, he was a boy of quick decision, and at once called on his friend to cease paddling and to keep perfectly still, whilst he promptly opened fire with his repeating rifle, sending shot after shot into the reptile, and also through the bottom of the canoe, which promptly started to sink.

Knowing the river was full of crocodiles, both boys paddled for life to the bank, and managed to reach it in safety, just as the canoe filled up and turned over with its now dead crocodile. The boys decided to call it a day, and returned to Niarobi, having had quite enough of crocodile hunting for the time being.

WE heard many hunting stories from McGregor, who had spent virtually all his life in Africa, and who loved the jungle far better than the city, and appeared to have many friends among all of the natives we met. These natives are much addicted to ornamentation of the person, not always by means of clothing, for in many parts both sexes go about absolutely naked. Beads, wire, chains, and anklets, pieces of wood, old tins and horns are thrust through the distorted lobes of their ears, which at times are made to embrace a grooved ring several inches in diameter. The hair is often thickly soaked in grease and red earth, done up in various set fashions, according to the tribe, at the back of the head, and twisted into little wisps in front and bound with wire. The most dashing of the natives are the Masai tribe, and a warrior properly smeared from head to foot, his legs below the knee ornamented with patterns drawn in yellow ochre, and his neck, arms, legs, and body decorated in shining and colored ornaments, is a strange and picturesque sight to behold. The women of this tribe shave their heads and wear great brass bangles and heavy metal collars, and as you see them trudging into the various villages and towns they invariably all are carrying great loads by means of straps passed across their forehead. Many of these natives file their teeth, and McGregor stated he had come across some who even wore great rings in their tongues. We spent several more days travelling about the countryside, and in visiting native villages or kralls.

OUR party had some excellent shooting, and our bag at the end proved to be very good indeed. The whole of that vast country contains game of various kinds, although the bigger animals are beginning to take to the bush to escape the hunters, and every year they will undoubtedly get more and more scarce, until ultimately they will all be killed off, except those in the big game reserve between Mombasa and Nairobi.

There is an immense future ahead of Kenya Colony, and it is rapidly attracting settlers, who go on the land and produce wonderful crops of sugar cane, coffee, cotton, sisal and rubber. There is a plentiful supply of cheap black labor, and the only difficulty at present seems to be the Indian question, and this, undoubtedly, soon will be settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

Her Ticket Lost, Destination Forgotten, She Faces Dilemma

Penniless Old Woman Being Sent Back to Town Where She Was Born.

By FRED WILLIAMS.

"OH, my! Oh, my! I've lost my ticket and I don't know where I'm going!"

So wailed an old woman on the platform of the old Canadian National depot at Hamilton. She had come in from Niagara Falls on a train which ended its run at Hamilton, and had been put in the waiting-room by the conductor, who had then checked off and gone to his home. The aged traveler had been told to wait for the Toronto train, and also told that she would have to change again when she reached the Queen City.

She had sat huddled in a corner for a long time, the object of curiosity by travelers and station hands, seemingly unconscious of their glances, and repeating over and over some words which were indistinguishable. Suddenly she began fumbling amongst her clothing and then, in a shriek, which resounded throughout the waiting-room and out on to the platform, she emitted the words at the beginning of this story. She kept on repeating them and was soon the centre of a crowd who wanted to know what the trouble was about. But nobody could make out anything more than that she had lost her ticket.

ONE good lady from Toronto, noticing the poor creature's distress, thought of the representative of the Travellers' Aid, and promptly found her. She dispersed the crowd, sat down beside the old woman and started questioning her. Bit by bit the story came out. She was born in some place east of Toronto, but she could not remember the name. It was, however, the same as that of the station to which the lost ticket was to take her. Her family had gone out to the Dakotas in the seventies, had taken up land and prospered. She had married and raised a family; but they had all married and drifted away from home. Her husband had died quite suddenly and then it was found that there was just enough money to send her back to Ontario. It did not matter to the officials in the Dakota township that all her people back east might have died. Their chief objective was to get rid of her. So she was bought a ticket for her birthplace, put on a train, with a little travelling money, in charge of the conductor and started back home. Transferred from one conductor to another, she passed through St. Paul, Chicago, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and so to Hamilton. That was all she knew. The name of her destination had been erased from her memory by one of those tricks which old age has the habit of doing, and she wound up her story, as she began, by repeating:

"Oh, my! Oh, my! I've lost my ticket and don't know where I'm going!".

THE Good Samaritan of the Travellers' Aid was frankly puzzled. She was up against it in truth; but there was always one source of information which she could tap. So, going on to the platform, she got hold of the big station constable, told him the story and took him into the waiting room, where the old lady was continuing her refrain.

A smile came over the weather-beaten features of the announcer.

"Why, that's easy," he said. "She's going to Omemee!"

And he was right, for the minute the name was spoken the old woman said: "That's it. Omemee; that's where I was born and where I'm going back to die."

The Travellers' Aid lady at once got busy arranging for another ticket to Omemee and for the comfort of the poor old soul on the last lap of her journey. But just as she came back with the new transportation the traveller rose from her seat and there, beside her on the bench, was the missing ticket, the much punched remnant of the long strip ticket from the Dakota town to old Omemee. It had slipped out of her pocket.

The Toronto train came in: the old woman was handed over to the conductor to be in turn confided to the care of the Travellers' Aid at the Union depot until her train for the east was ready and she started on the last leg of her journey "home".

But those interested never heard what happened to her when she got "home", whether there were any surviving relatives or whether her final destination was the Old People's Home of Victoria and Haliburton.

HAILSTONES FORM ONLY IN SUMMER

IT is during summer-time that hailstones occur most frequently. One might expect that these balls of ice would fall from the sky on the cold days of winter, but it is the heat of summer that gives rise to them, for they can be formed only in thundery weather.

When there is thunder about there are always very strong upward draughts of air. As raindrops begin to fall they are caught by these currents and carried to great heights, where they freeze solid. If they now fall to earth they arrive in the form of the small hailstones that are usually seen.

Sometimes, however, after falling through the clouds and receiving a coating of moisture, they are carried up again by other currents. The moisture freezes upon them, increasing their size.

The process may go on for some time, in which case the hailstone receives coating after coating of ice until it becomes as large as a marble or even an egg. Then it falls with millions of others, destroying crops, tearing fruit off the trees, and even killing cattle in the fields.

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, but in spite of this she defends him when he is attacked by her uncle and aunt.

MR. AND MRS. MARCH, who also live at Tudor Green. They are Elaine's only other relatives. They are poor and live in a little house near

THE ESDAILES, a noisy, vulgar family, that have deteriorated. They had once been gentlefolk. Pearl Esdaile is carrying on a flirtation with Arnold Thorne.



"O, you couldn't do such a thing—to leave us. The church!"

INSTALMENT III.

Mr. Awdrey in Possession.

THE war knocked down Sir Geoffrey's great speculation and then knocked down Sir Geoffrey himself. He was stricken with paralysis, and died in the second year.

Elaine spoke of him and his son to Captain Ford. Captain Ford was an old sailor, a privileged person, downright, even explosive. He had always made much of Elaine, and she knew that he was immensely fond of Arnold. After a while she talked of Sir Geoffrey's having forgiven Arnold.

"Rubbish! Humbug! Rot!" And Captain Ford exploded, blazing at her wrathfully, almost as if he meant to hit her; but Elaine sat firm in her chair, looking at him with meek yet attentive eyes.

"Don't you talk a lot of nonsense," shouted Captain Ford. "Don't you be a silly girl, carrying about the tittle tattle of these dashed fools. Forgive Arnold, indeed! It was Arnold who forgave his father—not his father him. So there." And he glared at Elaine.

"I'm sorry," she murmured, "if I spoke without sufficient knowledge."

"You did, said Captain Ford, mollified, but still threatening; "and don't you do it again. At least not to me. I love that boy." And he breathed hard.

Elaine accepted the reproof with a quite extraordinary meekness. Almost one might have thought that she liked being bullied in this fashion by her white bearded, red faced, explosive old friend.

He then told her the true facts with regard to that family quarrel, in which, he said, Lady Adela was altogether on her son's side. It was all about the builder called Yates. He said Sir Geoffrey had treated Yates infamously; yes, had cheated him, backing out of a guarantee that he had given, saddling the poor wretch with a prodigious loss that he ought to have borne himself. Arnold and his mother had both pleaded for Yates—a married man, the father of a family, a humble soul, too, with a blind faith in gentlemen and gentlemanly ways of doing business. Arnold, after the vain pleading, protested, and Sir Geoffrey, obdurate and conscienceless, had banished his son. It was this, if anything, that had brought Lady Adela in sorrow to the grave.

Then Arnold had taken his inheritance of twelve thousand pounds and given the whole of it to Yates in order to redress the wrong.

"What d'you say to that, miss? Twelve thousand pounds—every penny he possessed. I don't say it was right—or wise—or anything but quixotic. But I do say it was a fine action.

"I say, so, too," murmured Elaine.

And the captain, a little boisterous again, continued to praise his absent young friend. "Don't you make any mistake—Arnold is a fine fellow, one in a thousand. He has a noble and chivalrous nature, with a high sense of honor—too high a sense. That's his only fault."

SHE went away from Captain Ford's old house by the river feeling as happy as any high minded person could feel in this dreadful time of almost universal grief. She might love her Arnold again, and every day her love became purer and nobler. It seemed to her that if God were kind and let him live, she would feel contented with a bond of calm, brave friendship. That was all she wanted—to go back to the untroubled thoughts of childhood, to be to him his friend, his sister. Something of this she tried to tell him in her letters. Then in the last war year he sent a letter that seemed to imply that if he survived he intended to ask her to be his wife.

She was elated. She had reached the heights. Nothing mattered, to oneself.

Then came his lapse, his second fall. He was home on leave in London, "playing the fool," as people said; dancing through the night; dancing with women.

Then she heard whispers about Pearl Esdaile. And soon there had come to her this new unbearable anguish of jealousy—so that as she slowly paced the stone terrace to and fro, now in the darkness by shuttered windows, now in the gentle glow of lighted rooms, she struggled impotently against its force; and with all her strength torn from her, all the war spirit burned out of her, she knew herself at last as a passionate, despairing woman, still noble and pure of mind, but ravaged by primeval, elemental pain, succumbing to the senses instead of fighting thought and defeating it.

It was dreadful, this violent struggle in such a peaceful scene. Silent, full of summer richness, the night was so lovely. And poor Elaine was lovely, too; outwardly calm as the night itself, passing through the lamp-light proud and severe, looking statuesque, splendid, like a goddess carved in stone as she paused and stood motionless with the lamplight full upon her.

At this same hour, in that ugly room at the top of St. Luke's Road, the three ladies of the Esdaile family were all together—and only one of them making a noise. This was big Millicent, who sprawled with her arms across her little card table and sobbed convulsively.

Mrs. Esdaile and Pearl seemed to be deprecating her grief or wrath, but at intervals she howled at them so loudly that no voice except hers could be heard. She denounced her young sister's cattish spite, and her wicked interference with regard to Clarence, the horsey cousin, called by them Bingo.

"After all I've done for you,' sobbed Millicent. "But you were always my enemy."

"O, rats! It isn't my fault. You can't saddle it on me, Milly, old thing. Bingo is a free agent."

"He was mine—till you went for him, and took him away."

"I never went for him."

"Lies. You never stopped going for him. You came between us. He belonged to me—it was agreed—everyone knew it. And he would have married me—in the end. I'd waited for him. It was agreed." And Millicent with a howl flung herself still further across the small table, sobbed and uttered inarticulate words of despair.

Mrs. Esdaile, seated on the sofa, gently remonstrated, urging that Clarence or Bingo was not worth a tear; saying, too, that in her opinion this shabby cousin was a mere nuisance hanging about the place. They had encouraged him too long. As to any sensible girl wanting to marry such a rotter.

"I did want it," howled Millicent. "It was all my life—all my hope."

She did not speak again, but remained for some time sprawling and weeping. Then she slowly rose, and, still sobbing, went in the direction of the door.

HER sister moved toward her and addressed her not unkindly. "You know, I'm awfully sorry, Millikins."

The other said nothing; but at the door she turned and, gathering herself together, smacked Pearl's face—a formidable, sounding smack.

"Ow!" said the pounger Miss Esdaile in a little squeal of pain; and without a word Millicent went from the room, shutting the door behind her.

It was astounding, unbelieveable; so common, so unrestrained. It could only have happened in Tudor Green—only in this room, perhaps, with its essential ugliness, its trite ornaments, its total freedom from selective taste. The room did not seem surprised.

And, incredible, too, this was just the attitude of the large, untidy lady on the sofa and of the graceful, slim young lady now ruefully rubbing her reddened cheek.

"She resents your conduct," said Mrs. Esdaile, in an explanatory but grumbling tone; and she went on, with this note of a grumble in her voice that made it so different from its usual maundering cheerfulness. "Why can't you leave Bingo alone? If you aren't careful, he'll get you into mischief. I begin to hate the sight of him. He's always taking liberties—as well as trying to borrow money. You just drop him, Pearl—do you hear me? Specially just now—when you've got such a chance with Arnold Thorne. And you know you like Arnold."

"Yes, I like him—but it's no chance."

"Why not? It seems to me a good chance."

"He hasn't a bob—he's dead broke."

"I'm not so sure. There must be something left for him—if only a few hundreds a year. And he has good connections to help him and push him along."

Pearl had ceased to touch that smarting cheek; she shrugged her shoulders and laughed lightly.

"No go, mums. I tell you, nothing doing. Arnoldo isn't the marrying sort, any more than Bingo."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"That was his nonsense," said Mrs. Esdaile, grumblingly. "If he had meant it, he wouldn't have said it. No, it would have been downright rude."

Pearl went up to what she spoke of facetiously as her virginal cot; while Mrs. Esdaile turned out the lights below. On the upper landing one could hear from behind some closed door the noise of those hysterical sobs that might continue half the night. In another room the Child of Wrath was innocently snoring. Pearl shrugged her shoulders again, and whistled softly as she undressed herself.

Miss Berwick, at the house opposite, would have described it all as worse than vulgar and objectionable—sinister.

Summer ripened, the hot, bright days passed by, and Elaine was drinking her bitter cup to the dregs.

Pearl's case with Arnold Thorne had rapidly developed itself. Mr. Thorne and the younger Miss Esdaile were to be seen in public places, and presently it became known that for a long week-end they had been included among the guests of the tame profiteer, Mr. Mellings, on his enormous houseboat at Pangbourne.

This seemed to Elaine the most degrading fact in relation to the whole disgraceful affair.

Then unexpectedly relief came to her, a complete slackening of the strain, something that in comparison with her recent torture seemed like peace.

The case ended.

"And nobody knows," said a neighbor, "when he is coming back—if at all. I ask Mrs. Esdaile whenever I see her. She doesn't know. She tries to put a good face on it, but she can't. But I must say, Pearl carries it off all right. She laughs and cracks her jokes. Of course—between you and me—that girl has got the cheek of the devil, and is bound to turn out badly. I mean really badly."

He was gone; and Elaine said to herself, in import: "If only he will keep away, I can find strength to be true to my vow. It shall be to me soon as though he were dead or had never lived, if only I can be spared the unbearable outrage, the soul-destroying anguish of having him here quite near to me and knowing he is with that girl."

THE pushing away of the greater trouble gave room for the lesser trouble. Elaine, too much preoccupied of late to observe a progressive peril, now began to worry herself about Mrs. Castleton's still persistent infatuation. The Reverend Mark Awdrey was asked to dinner at least twice a week, and came perhaps half as often.

Although earnestly bidden, he rigorously refused to come either to luncheon or to tea; but at odd annoying hours of the day he passed through the house rather than visiting it in the ordinary sense of the word. Suddenly, as Elaine looked over the balustrade of the staircase, she would see his head; or his face would meet her in half-dark corridor; or through an open doorway his voice sounded harsh and loud, startlingly, as if at her elbow.

"Hi, you—Temple — that's your name, isn't it?" He was calling to Aunt Edith's elderly maid, the faithful and highly respected Temple, whom no one addressed in this unceremonious style. "Where's your mistress? O, in her sitting room? All right. I'll find my way."

When he opened the sitting room door Elaine heard Aunt Edith's little cry of rapture and perhaps a few words of conversation before the door closed on them.

"Hope I'm not de trop," said Mark Awdrey, with his hideous French accent.

"You can never be de trop," said Mrs. Castleton. "If you don't know that by now, it's not my fault."

No, thought the unwilling listener, it was not Aunt Edith's fault if he fancied that his frayed collar and shabby unbrushed coat could ever form an unwelcome sight to this gentle, kindly lady of whom he had taken possession. That phrase was continually in Elaine's mind, together with her uncle's warning. "He takes possession of people. Be on your guard, Elaine." But what could she do? She was studiously rude to him; but it was like shooting darts from a toy gun at a rhinoceros. He did not mind, he did not even notice her incivility.

Again and again she was on the point of remonstrating with her aunt but every time her courage failed her.

Then one evening she made an accidental discovery. She had gone up to Mrs. Castleton's bedroom to fetch the embroidery work and she found it where her aunt had said it would be, lying among letters and books on the opened flap of the pretty bureau between the two central windows. But she found something else as well. It was a miniature in a gold case—the brightly colored picture of a young man with strong clear features and shining black hair—the portrait of Mark Awdrey, an unmistakable likeness, although painted at least twenty years ago.

She went downstairs with the miniature, leaving the embroidery work where it lay, and plunged at the long postponed remonstrance abruptly and unsparingly.

"I suppose he lent you this to look at," she said. "Well, don't you think it would be wise to send it back to him?"

"No," said Mrs. Castleton, "he did not lend it; he has made a present of it. I am proud and glad to possess so charming a souvenir of his youth." She was fluttered, distressed and she held out a shaky hand to take the miniature. "Give it me. Give it me at once, Elaine."

"O, there you are," said Elaine, thrusting it into her hand, but looking as if she would much rather have thrown it on the floor and trampled upon it. "Really, Aunt Edith, I am surprised that you—I am more surprised than I know how to say."

"Why surprised? There's nothing to surprise. Elaine, what do you mean, why are you angry?"

"I'm not angry—I'm sorry."

"It is that you don't like him, Elaine. You can't deny you don't."

"No, I don't, Aunt Edith, I hate saying it, because I know it may give you pain. I dislike him more than any one I have ever met."

"It does give me pain—great pain," said Mrs. Castleton, almost whimpering. "But what have you against him?"

THEN everything had to pour out. All the barriers were broken. With a dreadful over honest directness that people fatally use against those they love most when once reticence has been abandoned, Elaine said her greatest reason for dislike of Mr. Awdrey was that because of him her aunt was making herself ridiculous in the eyes of all the world; beyond this she said she disliked his attitude toward women, and she abominated his way of encouraging his admirers to muddle their religious duties with sheer sentimental foolishness.

Mrs. Castleton uttered one of her little cries.

"Elaine, you are cruel—and unjust, too. Answer me this. Has he ever said anything to you that you could possibly object to?"

"No, certainly not," said Elaine hotly.

"Yet you are a young and attractive girl. I ask again—has he ever paid you a compliment, or made a single remark of a gallant character?"

"No—of course not."

"No, indeed—neither before your face nor behind your back, notwithstanding—as I say—that you have the freshness of youth—your good health—and natural charm. For all the notice—of that kind—that he has ever given you, you might have been a boy in knickerbockers. You are unjust, Elaine. He cares for no woman that ever lived. Women are nothing to him. He has no room in his mind for them."

And Elaine felt that this was really true. She remained silent. She could have said, but would not, that the indifference of Mr. Awdrey was one side of the question and the silliness of her aunt another.

"Nevertheless, you say people pretend—that they suppose that I—that I, who am so much older—old enough to be his mother—if I had married at seventeen or eighteen—"

"Aunt Edith, don't—don't go on."

But now Mrs. Castleton really whimpered. "O, O, O—Elaine—my dearest girl!" and for a little while she would not be comforted.

"Darling Aunt Edith, don't—I implore you."

Elaine was kneeling by her side, with her arms round her; and, stirred by an immense tenderness, she used that had not been murmured in this room for years. They mingled their tears.

Then Mrs. Castleton, after having her eyes dried with Elaine's pretty but inadequate handkerchief, returned to the main subject of being talked about. "How dreadful!" And she hid her face in her hands, as if overwhelmed with shame. "O, something must be done. Some step must be taken."

Elaine said now, and in the greatest sincerity, that she wished she had held her tongue.

"No, you were quite right to tell me," said Mrs. Castleton eagerly. "I shall think things out—I shall find means," and there was another outburst of affection, during which she clung to Elaine and kissed her forehead. "I have loved you so, from the first. My little Elaine, that came into my life when I was so sad and lonely. I couldn't bear it if I was lowered in your opinion."

"You never will be."

"But what can I do about this gossip? At my age!"

ELAINE got up from her knees. In spite of all the love and tenderness, she was again irritated. Her aunt's tone jarred upon the ear, it was indignant, yet with a subtle complacency in it. Moreover, as Mrs. Castleton continued to dwell upon the annoyance and embarrassment caused by the chatter of the neighborhood, there was a devastating suggestion that she felt secretly proud and battered. This was most of all discernible in her repetition of the words, "At my age!" Saying them for the last time, she almost had a simper.

Elaine was about to say, unpardonably, "You won't be talked about if you will only be a little more circumspect," but she just succeeded in stopping herself.

"What does it matter?" she said, instead, briskly and cheerfully. "Of course, people talk here — about everything. They have nothing else to do."

A few days later Mr. Awdrey dined with them again. He kept them waiting and then hurried them through their meal, because, as he said, he had a piece of startling information to impart and for this purpose he preferred that they should be alone.

They went into the drawing-room, and the now familiar scene once more repeated itself. Mrs. Castleton played with her embroidery, while the dark, tall guest stood in his favorite commanding position on the hearth rug, and Elaine, at a little distance sat and fumed and fretted.

"Don't keep us on tender hooks any longer," said Mrs. Castleton. "What are the exciting tidings?"

He did not answer.

Elaine looked at the thin, delicate face that seemed, in the shaded lamp light, as if made of faintly tinted wax, and she felt the blood rising to give deep color to her own cheeks.

Then jerking her head, she looked at Mark Awdrey, and the hostility that his every smallest attribute was able to arouse filled her to overflowing. He had rumpled that straight hair of his, and a long mesh, half black, half gray, hung down over his low forehead; those straight wrinkles at each side of his mouth seemed dark and deep as wounds; his head was thrown back so that he looked at the ceiling instead of at Mrs. Castleton, during the long pause in which he did not trouble to answer her question.

Then he spoke, brutally tearing the lamp-lit atmosphere of the quiet room. His description of what he had to say as startling, was correct enough. If he had pulled out a revolver and fired it he would have produced less disturbing effect.

"I am leaving Tudor Green."

"Leaving Tudor Green! I don't understand."

"I have told no one. You are the first to hear it. I only made the decision this afternoon."

"For a holiday?"

"No, for work. But it will be like a holiday, too," he said with enthusiasm. "A real lark."

"When do you propose to go?"

In a fortnight. I am to sail on the eleventh."

"And where are you going?"

"To the Argentine Republic, and then to Brazil."

Mrs. Castleton gave a moaning cry. She was trembling from head to feet. She held one hand against her bodice, and Elaine, who had gone to her and now sat beside her, took the other hand and pressed it with all her strength, while she whispered to her.

MARK AWDREY went on talking gaily, even joyously; saying how he had been gratified by the invitation to do this preaching tour in the Argentine, and that after visiting Brazil he proposed to cross to Peru.

"O, no," cried Mrs. Castleton. "I won't believe it. O, you couldn't do such a thing—to leave us. The church! You can't leave your church—if you can bring yourself to abandon us."

"I know of a clinking good chap to take my place while I'm away." He went on cheerfully, enthusiastically, laughing, and rubbing his hands together, as if altogether unconscious of the distress he had occasioned, really as if talking to himself. "I have done my work here—all the usetul work. Yes, any one can carry on now. Entre vous et moi et le poteau, I'm played out here," and he laughed. "I never care to stay in one place too long. I've always been a bit of a rolling stone. I require fresh fields and pastures new."

"When will you return?"

"Ah, that's not easy to say."

It was pitiable. Mrs. Castleton was weeping; the tears ran down her cheeks; she lay right back in the easy chair and breathed with difficulty.

Elaine sprang up and rushed to a side table.

"Aunt Edith, your smelling salts."

"No dear—no. Only give me a minute."

Then Mark Awdrey saw and understood. His whole manner changed, he grew contrite and apologetic; taking Elaine's vacated chair, he sat beside his sorrowful old friend and endeavored to console her. Elaine, standing by the windows, watched and listened until it became too much for her, and then, unable to support any more, she plunged headlong into the darkness of the terrace.

Those two seemed now exactly like a mother and son—a doting, indulgent mother and a selfish heart-breaking son who pleads that the whim of the moment is wise and right, the best thing for him to do, the only thing worth doing. He held both her hands in his, and when she drew one of them away she put it on his shoulder and continued to shake her head at him sadly and reproachfully as he urged her to agree with his arguments.

"I agree," she answered, "that the voyage will do you good; and the rest, too. O, no, I cannot think you are justified. No, dear boy, no."

"It was the "dear boy" that sent Elaine through the nearest window.

When she came back into the room he had somehow or other achieved his object. Aunt Edith appeared to be calm and resigned; she was working her needle, and she murmured now of business matters. "You will want a complete outfit for those countries . . It will be very hot out there. . . . O, do beware of sunstroke. . . . I must make a list. . . . Time is so short. . . . I must set about everything to-morrow morning. . . . I will have a chat with your housekeeper."

"You're too good—far too good," he said, as if suddenly losing all interest and feeling bored.

He soon told them he must bid them good-night.

Mrs. Castleton put down her work and was about to rise in order to follow him as usual, but he authoritatively refused her escort and she meekly submitted.

Then to the amazement of Elaine he made a sign as if inviting her to go with him instead of her aunt. She ignored the sign. But when he had passed through the doorway he turned and beckoned to her. He stood waiting, beckoning. If anything could have added to her anger and disgust it was this action of his and its manner; for the gesture had become a command rather than an invitation; he was like a schoolmaster summoning one of his smaller schoolboys.

SLOWLY and disdainfully, but whether she wished it or not, Elaine crossed the room and went out into the hall.

"Well?"

She saw that he now looked worried, anxious, and, staring at her, he rubbed his stubby chin with the back of his hand. When he spoke, it was contritely and deprecatingly.

"Elaine, this is awful, isn't it?"

The totally unexpected use of her Christian name made her heart beat in wild rage; yet she kept her voice low as she told him never to take such a liberty again.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Miss Fletcher then—the Countess Fletcher—your Royal Highness," and he laughed gratingly. "What does it signify what I call you? I am thinking of her—of that good kind soul. She seems so horribly upset at my going."

"O, she'll get over it. We all shall. Don't worry."

"You think there's no occasion. You know, I'd do anything to make it easier for her—anything in the world." And again he rubbed his chin, looking at Elaine anxiously and searchingly. "Perhaps you didn't notice how she seemed ready to go off into a faint. Yes, you did, though—you offered her the salts. Tell me without reserve you don't think there's anything wrong with her? These headaches, you know! Her health?"

Her health is all right, thank you."

"Truly, I hope so. You know, I, personally, am a bad judge. I never gave it a thought till just now. I deal with the spirits of men and women—I know nothing of their bodies. Is her doctor—McGrigor—to be trusted?"

"Yes. Please don't trouble yourself with——"

"Look here. In the utmost loyalty, I would do anything for her. But I'm puzzled to know what would be best. I'd like your advice. I'd like to discuss it with you—from every point of view."

"I certainly decline to discuss it."

"Why."

"There is nothing to discuss."

"O, but there is—and once I am gone it would be too late. No, stay, please. What does that mean? Do you refuse all confidence?"

"Yes, absolutely."

He shrugged his shoulders again. "Very good. But you make a mistake. Two heads are always better than one."

They had been speaking fast, both of them, but still in quiet, low tones. Now he looked at her gloomily, as if disappointed, and when he next spoke it was with his most arrogantly authoritative manner.

To be continued.

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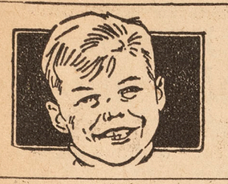
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SPORTS GAMES PUZZLES

A PAGE FOR BOYS and GIRLS

JOKES STORIES RIDDLES



A Boy's First Big Game Hunt

(The story thus far: 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 death in an elephant stempede. Two of the mammoth tuskers are killed and also a cheetah which attacks. Sandy goes out on the plains alone and is accosted by an animal he cannot see. He fears it is a tiger, but it turns out to be a harmless warthog. The travelers break camp and go for a float down a river, and on the way shoot a hippopotamus. It sinks but they do not know whether they have killed it.)

* * *

THE hippopotamus rose to the surface of the water after a period of time, as all the hunters felt sure it would, for Mr. Halliday was an expert shot and rarely lost his prey. The problem was to get word to the natives, who were on the march back some miles, to come down to help in cutting up the animal. Such things



"Evidently it had pounced without warning."

have to be done almost immediately and the men were not likely to see any of their helpers for several hours.

"I know nothing about preservation," said Allan Smith, "and I don't believe Sandy does. Now if he's willing, I think we two might start tramping back to meet the porters while you fellows begin work on the beast."

"'Course I'll go!" spoke up Sandy, reaching for his rifle. It was decided to do as Smith said. The naturalists set to work at skinning the big water animal which weighed about two tons, and the younger men set off on foot.

THERE was a good trail and the boys walked rapidly, realizing the value of making haste. They reminded each other at the end of two hours that they should soon be meeting their porters. Sandy stopped once to watch a group of young monkeys playing like kittens, and Allan got several yards ahead of him. When he started to run to catch up, some pebbles in one of his shoes pained his toes so that he stopped again to remove them. When he looked up, Allan had passed from sight in a bend of the path. Sandy was rising when a cry from Allan suddenly broke the forest quiet. Sandy fairly tore down the road. The sight that met his eyes was worse than he had feared. Allan lay in the path, a male lion pawing him mercilessly. Evidently it had pounced without warning.

Sandy lost not a moment in firing. It occurred to him that the bullet was as likely to hit Allan as the beast, for they were a struggling, rolling mass. But the bullet struck the lion in the neck through the thick mane. The creature leaped in pain, reared, and then, spying Sandy, came raging forward as if to do away with the new foe. Sandy reloaded and shot again. He missed. On came the lion. He shot again and the second shot went wild. The lion was upon him, its hot breath was flung into Sandy's face as the animal crouched to leap upon him. The boy, using every ounce of power in his body, flung his gun upon the lion's head. At that instant a shot tore the air. The lion stood rigid a moment, then dropped over dead.

SANDY broke into nervous sobs. Allan, his shoulders dripping blood, was sinking back on the ground, weak from his effort. Wounded though he was he had fired in time to save Sandy.

Sandy ran weeping to his comrade's side. Allan had fainted and was bleeding profusely. The younger boy hastily tore off his own shirt, washed the deep clawed spots on Sandy's body with water from his canteen, bound them with strips from the shirt and fanned the wounded man back to consciousness.

Allan was suffering greatly. He groaned now and then, too faint to talk. Sandy did not know what to do. He could not leave his pal and go ahead for help, for the hyenas and mountain leopards would creep down to feed upon the body of the dead lion and Allan would fall prey to them. There was nothing to do but sit by and wait. For the first time since he had reached Africa he longed for the safety of home. He called aloud several times, but only the monkeys chattered back to him.

IT WAS perhaps twenty minutes later that the sound of chanting reached Sandy. He leaped up, breaking into halloos of help. Some natives ran forward and Sandy almost wept ahew with relief at seeing they were his father's porters. The black men grasped the situation at a glance. Quickly some of them made a litter on which to carry Smith. Others took charge of the lion. Sandy felt a great stream of gratitude well up in his heart for those barbaric men with their queer headdresses and chains and beads. Before long they had the wounded man comfortable and were ready to start forward on the march to their masters.

When Mr. Halliday and his companions were reached, the men pitched camp. One of the runners went for a native doctor who lived in a nearby village, and later he came to dress Allan's wounds. When Sandy at last went to bed that night, he did so with a feeling of great thankfulness that his friend who had saved his life would recover.

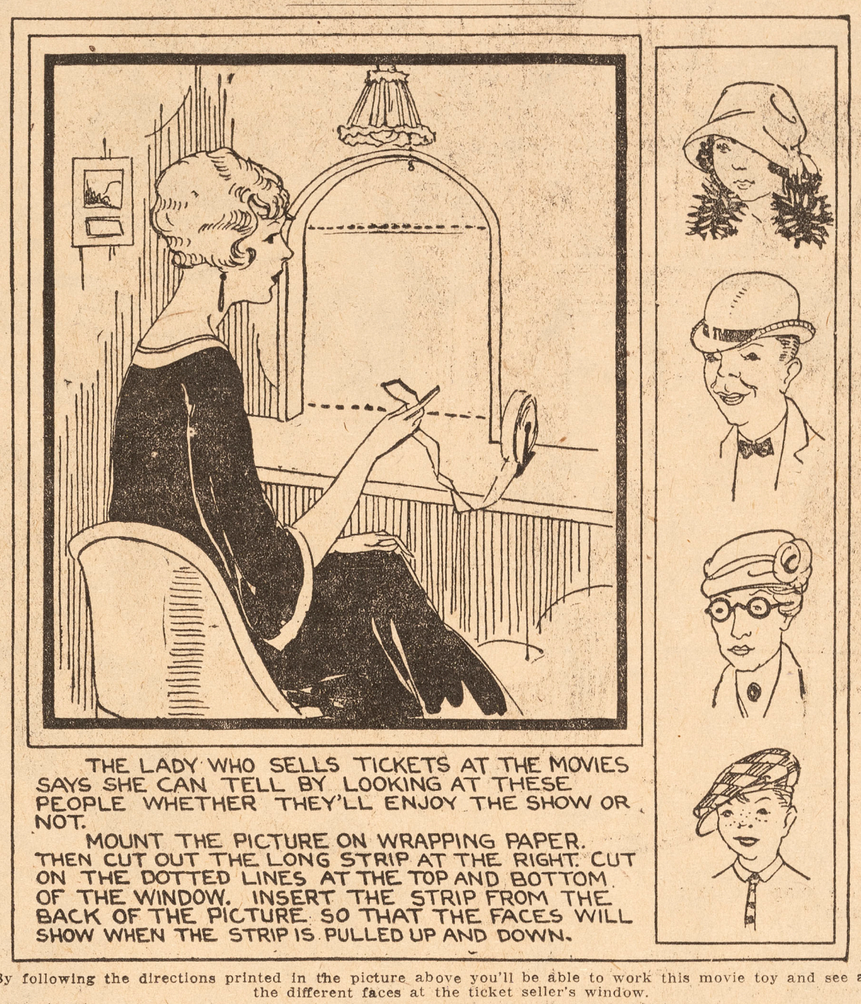
The attack upon Allan Smith was the last event of the Game Hunt. The next day Mr. Halliday announced that he had obtained all his specimens and was ready to return to civilization. Every member of the party agreed heartily with him that they were willing to leave the jungle as soon as possible. A week later the hunters mounted the gangplank of a steamer in the harbor of Mombasa, Allan, able to be up, leaning on Sandy's arm.

"It's been a dangerous trip," said Allan with a smile at Sandy, as the steamer slipped her moorings, "but I guess it was worth it."

"Yep," agreed Sandy, smiling back, "I believe it was."

(The End.)

PEEK THROUGH A TICKET WINDOW



By following the directions printed in the picture above you'll be able to work this movie toy and see all the different faces at the ticket seller's window.

Eddie Collins Answers Boys' Baseball Questions

(Written by Eddie Collins Exclusively for This Page.)

Is the Game Any Different Now From What It Was When You Broke In.

AS far as the game itself is concerned, I would say it had not changed greatly. At least it is not any faster or better. As I look back sixteen or seventeen years I see the Cubs and Athletics standing out. Following down the line the Red Socks of 1915 and 1916 deserve consideration. For smart, intelligent baseball, I think they outclass the present-day champions. For sheer power, no one questions the ability of the present world's champions. But in days I speak of, that power was not there. Versatility of play was more of a prerequisite than it is to-day. Runs were harder to get then than now. Commercially, the game has advanced tremendously, but this is out of my discussion, so I will omit it. Keeping step with it commercially, an advance in salaries occurred all along the line. Players take the game seriously, but I think more philosophically. The rivalry and bitterness that used to be so evident between teams is noticeable by its absence to-day.

However, better department exists, more college men predominate, substitutes and extra men are more numerous, and it is more a survival of the fittest. Someone is ever ready to take your place, if the occasion presents itself.

Do You Enjoy Playing Ball?

DUE in a measure to the extensive commercial atmosphere that has prevailed about major league baseball in the last few years, I don't wonder that many people ask whether the game has a fascination and is the pleasure to its participants that was evidenced more in the past than in the present age. The money end of the game is more emphasized to-day than fifteen years ago, but you can never make me believe any of us will ever live to see the day when baseball is played for dollars alone. It never can be and the standard and quality of ball now played be maintained. It always has been and always will be a sport, and I cannot understand how anyone can play at it and play well enough to hold a job and not like it.



One night a few years ago two masked men shot a policeman at the door of the hotel where Eddie Collins and his team were staying and rushed in upon a meeting of the players. Many of them had large sums of money on their persons. They were forced to put up their hands while the bandits relieved them of a total of $10,000 and escaped. Eddie Collins lost several hundred dollars himself, but saved his very valuable diamond tie pin because, when he saw those robbers coming, he slipped it in the neckband of his shirt!

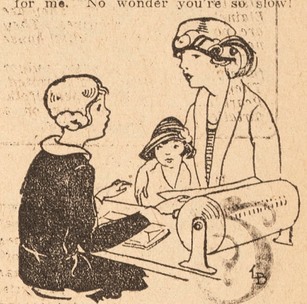
So, you see, the fellows who talk about Collins' quick action on the diamond are saying more than they know!

HOW A CASH GIRL BECAME A DESIGNER

Martha Martin was a little cash girl in a big city store. Her duty was to carry the materials that people bought at the dress goods counter back to the main desk, in the centre aisle to be wrapped and to obtain their change for them. It made Martha very sad sometimes to look at all the lovely colors in the bolts of material, the pinks and lavenders and soft greens and blues which could be made up into such beautiful dresses. She had to wear a black dress herself. It was the store uniform. And even if she had been allowed to wear gayer colors, she had little money with which to buy fancy dresses.

"Even if I can't have dresses myself of these pretty pieces of goods," confided Martha to the head clerk at the linen counter, "I like to plan how I'd make them up if I could have them. Why, I've even drawn little pictures of the ways I'd trim them!" Martha drew a notebook from her pocket. It was full of pictures of dresses for girls like herself. Even though the drawings were poor, the designs were very clever.

But the head clerk, who had a grouch on everybody in the world, and was only waiting to find some one on whom to display her temper, snatched the book from Martha and cried, "So that's what you've been doing instead of running errands for me. No wonder you're so slow!



I'll just take these to the floorwalker and then I guess we'll see what'll happen to you!" And the woman marched off.

"Gee, I'll probably get fired," said Martha sadly. "I didn't mean to take the store's time, but I couldn't help putting down ideas when I got them." Just then she saw a woman and a little girl stop before the brown linen. The girl was telling her mother she would like to have a dress of the material, but she didn't know how to have it made up. Forgetting herself, Martha cried, "Oh, it would make the prettiest middy suit with white braid and a red stripe on the sleeve! I could draw you a picture—"

She stopped, her heart in her shoes. There stood not only the floorwalker with her book in his hand, but the manager of the store himself. It was the manager who spoke.

"I've been looking at your sketches," he said. "It seems to me if we had an expert in this department who could design dresses for the people who do not know how to make up the materials, it would be a fine advertising feature. If you would like to go to night classes at the art school and study costume designing, I will be glad to pay your tuition for the service you will do the store."

BRITAIN'S FISHPOND.

The North Sea may fitly be called Britain's fishpond, because, although fish are caught all round her coasts, the North Sea is the happy hunting-ground of the trawler and herring-drifter.

For instance, from May until October, 1,000 miles of herring-nets are shot every night. A single drifter will have three or four miles of nets down, and the annual catch aggregates some three thousand million herrings.

Few people realize how big this sea is. It is 200,000 square miles in extent, and is fished by 6,000 boats, big, medium-sized and small. Not all of this vast area is trawled, however, although the herring boats follow the shoals everywhere. There are special areas which attract the trawlers, who know the fishes' favorite haunts as intimately as huntsmen know the spinneys where the fox is likely to lark.

The Dogger Bank, which lies midway between England and Jutland, is the most important of these areas. Plaice and soles are taken in vast quantities from deep depressions along its edge. Similarly, though much farther north, the Viking Banks are another happy hunting-ground.

BOOKS AN' SUCH

YOU know, it's a big job to try to pick out books and recommend them to a bunch of fellows, because some folks are sure not to like some of them and other fellows will have read them, and all that sort of thing.

They used to tell me that a fellow couldn't know what a real American boy was until he had read "Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain. Read it and see what you think of it.

"Stalky and Co.," by Kipling, is the story of three English fellows at school. It is one of those books which you want to get your Dad to read to you. Both of you will like it.

Now, there's nothing new about "The Three Musketeers." I s'pose many of you saw it in the movies. It's just as peppy to read as it was to see, so take a fling at it and you'll have all kinds of adventures with those musketeers.

CAP'N ZYB.

Or Go Without.

Waiter: "What will you have to drink, sir?"

Customer: "Coffee, without cream."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, but we have no cream. Will you take it without milk?"

Queer.

"This match won't light."

"What's the matter with it?"

"I dunno—it lit all right a minute ago."

Weather man (about to depart for his office): "Dear, I wonder if I'd better take my umbrella."

Kind of Him.

He: "I passed your house last night."

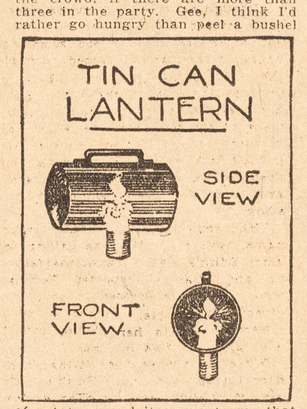
She: "Thanks."

A TIN LANTERN

This thing is so simple to make that all I'm going to say about it is to get a tin can, punch a hole in it for the candle, stick a tin handle on it by driving in a couple of nails for rivets and you are all set.

It won't be long until camping trips get under way and a thing like this tin lantern will come in pretty handy. How much camping have you fellows done? I hope you like it as well as I do, although I hate like the dickens to have to put up a tent when the rain is just slushing all around.

Another thing I hate to do when on a camping trip is to have to cook for the crowd, if there are more than three in the party. Gee, I think I'd rather go hungry than peel a bushel



of potatoes, and it seems to me that three people on a camping trip can eat just about that many every day.

CAP'N ZYB.

LIVELY GAMES TO PLAY AT CAMP



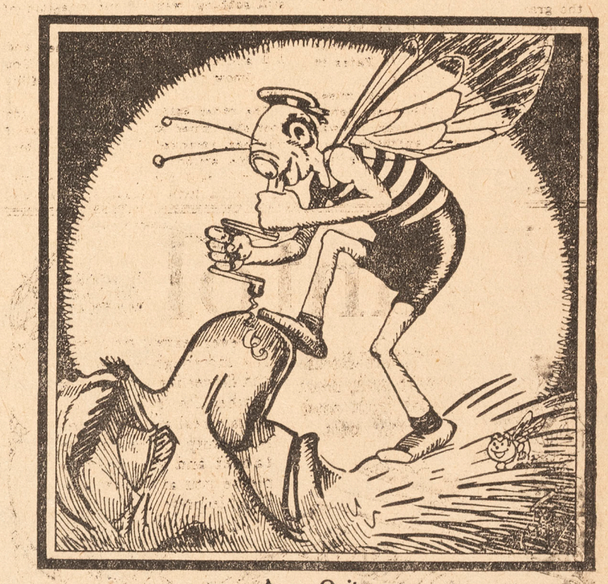
Buck Buck Is a Real Boys' Game

"BUCK, Buck, How Many Fingers Up," is a game for regular boys. It is played with two equal sides, three or more boys on a side. One side takes "down," which means that the boys on that side form a line with one man at their head, called the "lamppost," upon whom the whole line depends. The boys following the first one place their heads between the legs of the boy in front of them, grasping his legs with their hands in order to steady themselves and thus form a strong bridge-like line.

After the boys have taken their positions, the boys on the other side, standing back of them about ten feet or more, one after another run and leap upon the line as in leap frog. When they have all leaped, the first man holds a certain number of fingers on the hand up, calling out, "Buck, Buck, How Many Fingers Up?" The last man of the side that is down calls out the number which he thinks the man on top is holding up. If he guesses correctly, then the side that was down gets to leap. If he fails to guess, however, then his side stays down, and the same side gets to leap again.

If any member of the side that is leaping touches the ground in any manner when he jumps, then that places his side down. Each jumper must hold the position he is in when he strikes the line. Also, if the side that is down does not hold up the other side, then they are not allowed to guess how many fingers are up, but have to take their place down again.

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER



Amos Quito

THIS is a Quebec buzzard boring a well in the middle of the night and Farmer Jones' nose. Amos is always ready to do his brace and bit, but "the sight of him," as Barrie Payne says, "augurs ill for tender noses." (You guessed it—one of Amos' friends once presented his Bill to Barrie, giving him a good dose of his last name.)

"Bzz-zz," sings little Quito in his own quaint way. "Bzz-zz," snores Farmer Jones. Suddenly something happened—Amos struck oil, and Jones struck Amos. The result was quite an alteration in the shape of to-day's Snoppyquop. "What did you have against me, you brute?" cried the poor little buzzard as he picked himself up and stood on the bridge of Farmer Jones' nose—it was at midnight).

"Only my hand," laconically the farmer, "you nearly bored me to death."

A PUZZLE CORNER TO TEST YOUR WITS

A PICTURE PUZZLE

Try to solve the puzzle as explained in the top figure of the picture, before you look at the answer, which is shown just below it.

Peter Puzzle Says—

There is a word which means "in a jovial manner" which contains the vowels a, e, i, o, u and y in the order named. Can you guess it?

Solve this four-letter word square: 1. Weapons. 2. Part of a fishing rod. 3. A fairy pool or lake. 4. A wagon on runners.

Randy Riddle Says—

If a father gave nineteen cents to one son and six to the other, what time would it be?

Peter Puzzle Says—

Take two from five and leave four.

Randy Riddle Says—

What is the oldest plant in the world?

Answers to puzzles and riddles: 1. The word meaning "in a jovial manner" is "facetiously." 2. The words in the four-letter word square are "arms, reel, mere and sled." 3. The time would be a quarter to two. 4. To take two from five and leave four is accomplished by taking two letters, F and E, from the word FIVE, leaving the Roman letters IV. 5. The oldest plant in the world is thyme.

A PICTURE PUZZLE

This poor old man has lost his dog, but it's hidden in the picture. You can find it for him by turning the paper this way and that until you see his wandering "Rover."

DON'T PEEK

Below you will find the answers to the three puzzles pictured at the left. Now don't give up! Just keep your eyes off these answers until you get some sort of answer to every one of the puzzles. Then you can look at the answers and check up. Did you get all three of them?

ANSWERS

1. CARAWAY
BANANAS
PANAMAS
CARAVAN

2. PUT THE LAST PENNY IN ROW-B-ON TOP OF THE CENTER ONE

3.

Bobby: "Can't I change my name to-day, ma?"

Mother: "What in the world do you want to change your name for?"

"'Cause pa said he will whip me when he gets home, as sure as my name's Robert."

These Three Puzzles Will Set You Thinking

1. HERE ARE FOUR WORDS EACH CONTAINING SEVEN LETTERS. THE 2nd-4th- AND 6th LETTER OF EACH WORD IS "A". THE 16 MISSING LETTERS APPEAR IN THE CORNERS OF THE DRAWING. REPLACE EACH STAR WITH A LETTER AND YOU CAN FORM THE FOUR WORDS IF YOU PUT THE RIGHT LETTERS IN THE CORRECT PLACES.

BCCN MNNN
PRRS SVWY

2.

ARRANGE THESE 4 PENNIES SO THERE WILL BE 3 IN ROW "A" AND 3 IN ROW "B" WITHOUT ADDING MORE PENNIES

3.

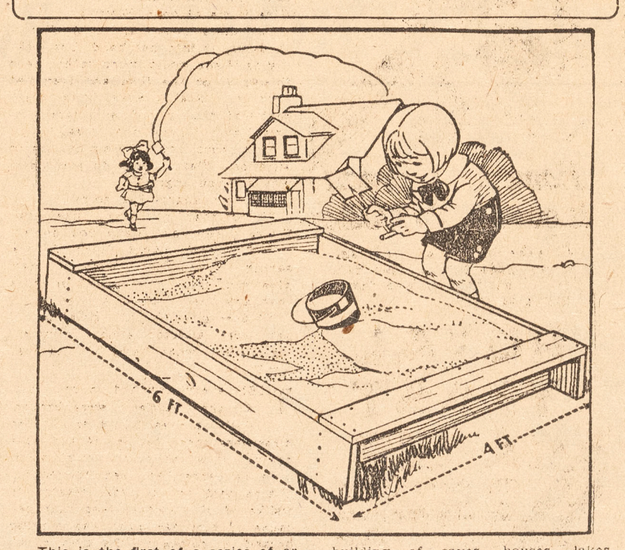
IF A FATHER LEAVES 4 SONS THIS TRIANGULAR SHAPED TRACT OF LAND, HOW SHALL THEY DIVIDE IT SO EACH HAS AN EQUAL SHARE

Here are three puzzles that you can't work in just a minute, for they need a lot of figuring and thinking. Have a contest and see which one in the family can get all three of them first.

Try working these puzzles yourself first, and then if you fail, look at the small picture in the next column for the answers.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Backyard Playgrounds
BUILD THIS SAND BOX FOR YOUR CHILDREN



This is the first of a series of articles on the construction and use of playground equipment adapted to the back yard.

* * *

BY W. C. BATCHELOR.

THE sand pile is without doubt the most popular play facility of childhood. Every boy and girl enjoys the unparalleled opportunity for play of the imagination in the building of caves, houses, lakes, rivers, highways, railroads, farms, villages, and the like, in sand.

Not only does the attraction of the sand box keep the child in his own yard, but at the same time engages him in a highly educational activity.

The cost of a sand box is so slight that no child need be denied this precious opportunity. The accompanying sketch indicates a practical method of construction. The size, 4 by 6 feet, is large enough for two or even more children.

Material needed:

Two pieces, 2 inches by 12 inches by 8 feet.

Two pieces, 2 inches by 12 inches by 4 feet.

Two pieces, 2 inches by 10 inches by 4 feet.

One pound nails.

One load (1 yard) clean sand.

The shelf provides a seat as well as a "counter" on which to turn out moulds and from which to "sell" cakes, pies, etc.

A dozen blocks the size of bricks (8 inches long), cut from a 2 by 4-inch board, are a valuable addition, being useful for walls and roofs of buildings, fences, bridges, etc. Small garden tools, or a large spoon, should be a part of the equipment. Dampen the sand occasionally and keep bottles or other articles of glass out of the box.

In choosing the location for the sand box seek for any natural shade. Too, a canvas canopy can be built over the box at a small additional expense. An old army "pup" tent is just the right size for a shelter of this kind.

(Copyright, 1924, by W. C. Batchelor.)

Sounded That Way.

Flapper: "Did you see 'Oliver Twist', Aunty?"

Aunt: "Hush, child, you know I never attend these modern dances."

Teacher: "Why does a dog hang out its tongue when running? Yes, Tommy, why is it?"

Tommy: "To balance its tail!"

Teacher: "Johnny, what are the two genders?"

Johnny: "Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid."

Niece: "Thank you for the presents, auntie."

Auntie: "Oh, they are nothing to thank me for."

"That's what I thought, but mother told me to thank you all the same."

Woman: "Do you charge for children?"

Conductor: "Under five, we do not."

"Well, I have only three."

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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.

Improvement.

IN select circles, the art of being a good listener is regarded as a mark of refinement. The widespread vogue of the radio should improve popular manners, since many thousands of people in every city spend a good part of every night listening. Unfortunately, however, some of the stuff to which they are content to listen cannot help them to improve.

Moving On.

THE world seems smaller, as round-the-globe aviators flutter gaily from country to country. It is worth much to find something trickling into the front page news about aviation other than tragic accidents.

Thousands of aviators "hop off" everyday and, in times when traffic tragedies are so familiar, it seems strange how ready people are to gasp over every new crash. Sophisticated Europeans long since began to smile over the timid manner in which people on this side of the Atlantic regard flying.

Genius for Export.

THE proposal that a Canadian statesman head a commission to settle some dispute in Ireland did not lead to anything, but there is no telling when other demands will be made upon the political talent at Ottawa for world service. Canada's contribution to the League of Nations annually amounts to quite a financial item, and it is only fair that the country should be called on to settle disputes as well as bills.

The Dominion is often spoken of as a difficult country to govern, so those who have been engaged on the task over a period of years may well have developed qualities well worth trying out by European peoples who get into jams.

Unconquerable.

A CELEBRATED English musician declares that very few people learn to play the oboe. Beginners on this interesting instrument, he says, make such frightful noises at first that they soon give it up in despair.

Unfortunately for the neighbors, beginners on most musical instruments are not driven away from them by early discords. Inability to produce harmony seems only to madden them and lead to still more strenuous efforts. Numberless hard smokers were made ill by the first pipe, yet they returned to it, and the same is true of saxaphone performers.

Not Merely Gastronomic.

PICNIC time is here again. However long and lafe the winter chill lingers there comes a day of blue skies and sunshine, when baskets are packed, little sweaters and rubbers pulled on, and we go picnicking.

And what do we do on these rambles? Lug the baskets, the extra scarves and cushions and umbrellas, give a preliminary sandwich to each child and think how good Susie's cake and Martha's potato salad are going to taste at the end of the walk. We rather pride ourselves on the big appetites we are getting in "this glorious air".

No harm in that, unless that is all that the outing means. A nature lover, pleading for the training of children in the knowledge of the outdoor world, said to a big audience of mothers and grandmothers the other day, "Why should our chief sensation at a picnic be gastronomic?"

He would have all the birds named "without a gun," as Emerson puts it. The wild rose loved and left on its stalk, as the same poet urged. Every foot of a walk, spring, summer and autumn, when the picnic claims us, should be full of interest because of the "wonder and beauty of common things."

Wild flowers and ferns dragged up by the roots and left to wither, eggs plundered from songbird's nests, tiny creatures frightened away from the haunts of men, will be impossible to any child who is taken early and taught to reverence nature, this speaker argued.

"Put nature study in its right place in the schools," was the plea of the speaker just quoted. "If the school board tells you there isn't time or isn't money enough, tell them that a child has as much right to be taught how to interpret a road as how to interpret a book."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND

Mrs. David Gagne, St. Godfroy, Que., writes:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my three little ones and have found them such an excellent medicine that I always keep them on hand and would strongly advise all other mothers to do the same thing." The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which quickly relieve constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and promote that healthful, refreshing sleep which makes the baby thrive. They are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE MILL RUN

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

The eighteen-eighties were freely strewn with, among other things, Vicky's children. The halcyon period for children had not yet set in: did not, in fact, set in until well on in the twentieth century. In the eighteen-eighties and nineties children were still thwarted, still disciplined, still suppressed, though with an abatement of mid-Victorian savagery. The idea had not yet started that they were interesting little creatures who should be permitted, even encouraged, to lift their voices in public and interrupt the conversation of their elders. On the whole, the bringing up of children (at best a poor business) was perhaps less badly done during the last fifteen years of the nineteenth century than before or since. It may safely be said that it is always pretty badly done, since most parents and all children are very stupid and uncivilized, and anyhow to "bring up" (queer phrase!) the unfortunate raw material that human nature is, to bring it up to any semblance of virtue or intelligence (the parents, probably, having but small acquaintance with either), is a gargantuan task almost beyond human powers. Some children do indeed grow up as well as can, in the circumstances, be expected, but this is, as a rule, in spite of, rather than on account of, the misguided efforts of their parents. And most children do not grow up well at all, but quite otherwise, which is why the world is as we see it—"Told by an Idiot" by Rose Macaulay.

For many generations while brewers were practicing their pious offices they sought to eliminate the sediment from their product. That was the only blemish upon their work, which was acknowledged otherwise to have been perfect. But the hops defied them, and a sediment however slight, would be precipitated at the bottom of a bottle of ale if left standing, and would cloud the liquor when poured into a glass.

* * *

A few years are supposed to have elapsed. Prohibition raging and imagining a vain thing in the material. Now what do we find? Well, for one thing we find our old brewers, or as we rather hope, their degenerate descendants, turning out an aetherealized beer, as clear as an amethyst, with the sediment entirely eliminated. This great improvement has been brought about by the simple but previously unheard of expedient of eliminating the hops.

REFLECTIONS UPON FOLLY.

It is because a man knows himself better than anyone else can, presumably, that he treats himself more leniently. As Bill Nye said of John L. Sullivan, he is generous to a fault, particularly his own. The bitterest cry of self-reproach that can be wrung from a man is "Oh, what a fool I've been!" Never in any circumstances does he groan, "What a criminal I've been!" or "What an infernal scoundrel I am!" In moments of spiritual abasement when he feels himself in danger of hell fire his charges against himself are couched in language which would impress his neighbors as extremely moderate. He moans, "I am a lost soul," or "I'm but a worm," or "Lo, what a wretched sinner am I." But these terms are vague abstractions, deficient in punch. The cry that comes from a man's heart in his hour of agony, brought about by his own conduct condemns folly alone.

A man does not wail, "O, what a drunkard I am!" He moans "What a fool I am to get drunk." He says "What a fool I was to take a cheque," not "How criminal of me to steal." We believe that preachers might perform a useful public service if they were to expound the many texts in the Bible in which folly is denounced as the chief enemy to man and the cause of most of his avoidable suffering. Their exhortations on "sin" are beside the point, for "sin" is merely a theological term and if it has any meaning at all it can only be defined as folly that has had unhappy consequences. Preachers might justifiably point out that their expositions, exhortations, warnings and denunciations have the fatal tendency of occuring at only two points in a man's career, the first being when he is prone to disregard them and the other being when it is too late. But suppose they do point it out? What of it? Surely they may regard as velvet anything they can point out that meets with general agreement.

* * *

A QUIXOTIC MOTORIST.

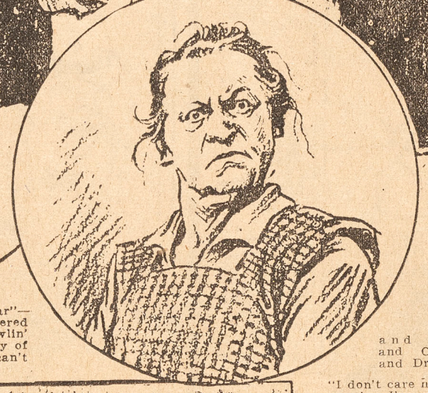
We have received from T. C. Shiels a very sensible letter, approving our almost equally sensible remarks on the driving of automobiles. He points out that much of the testimony given before coroners' juries in the case of street fatalities, blossoming in the acquital of accused persons, is really condemnatory. For instance, bad street lighting, slippery pavements, and the glaring lights of parked cars have all been cited successfully to prove car drivers innocent. Those pleas should only succeed if the street lighting had suddenly failed; if the pavement had become unexpectedly slippery, and if the parked motor had abruptly turned on its lights, knowing in advance of the accident that the lights were dim, or the pavement wet. The responsibility rests upon the motorist to exercise unusual care because he realizes the additional risk. Mr. Shiels mentions the case of an accident being narrowly averted when a child dashed into the street, and a commentator asked: "Would the driver have been to blame had the child been killed?" He observes: "The writer answers so emphatically in the negative that there is almost the breath of a suggestion that the driver overstepped his duty in stopping so soon."

—J. V. M.

AMONG US MORTALS By Richard Vincent Culter



Felt kinda devilish when you took up the "Grizzly Bear"—thought you were pretty ultra modern when you mastered the "Kitchen Sink" and the "Lame Duck" and "Bawlin' the Jack"—well, say, Old Timer—don't try to pull any of that early Victorian stuff now—No, Sir—If you can't shake the "Flipo Tango," better get off the floor—



OFF WITH THE OLD, ON WITH THE NEW

Copyright, 1924.



"Oh, but my dear, Bridge is so passe these days! You really must learn Mah Jong or you won't be asked anywhere—so hock the family jewels for the tool box and a book and settle down to the intricacies of Winds and Woos, Pungs and Chows, Kongs and Dragons."

"I don't care how you like your eggs! I've worked for some of the best people and I don't have to take any back talk from the likes of you." It looks as if Delia isn't going to let this job get old before she's off it. But then if Delia really stayed five months in one job she would feel that she ought to be pensioned.



Off with the old hallowed theory about the lost personality of the wife in the holy bonds of matrimony and on with the Emancipated Woman. Our sketch shows Erick Spurious and his bride, who was—and still is, if you please—Miss Maksha Batty, of Bohemia.



Off with the flowing tresses or you won't be able to get on the new hats! And it's a cinch that after most of the Poor Dears have had it bobbed Dame Fashion will "switch" and the makers of "rats" and "transformations" will begin to roll around in Rolls-Royces.

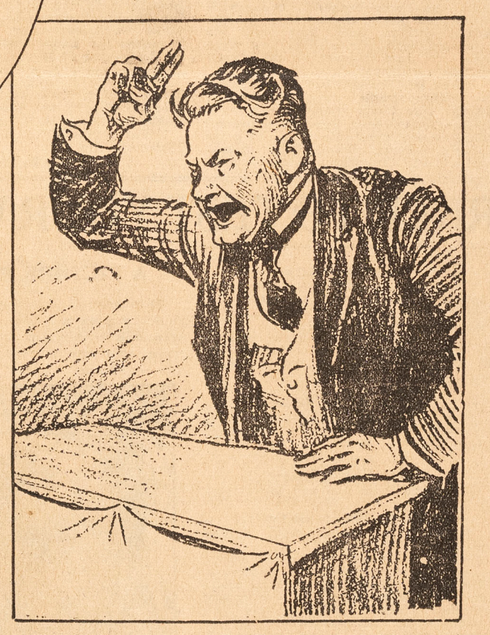


Ever notice a man pick up a discarded newspaper? He will immediately glance at the date line, and if it is not the very latest edition he will chuck it in disgust, whether he has read it or not. Somehow there is nothing quite so old as yesterday's news.



Is your husband a bore? Well, never mind, there's just as good "poor fish" in the matrimonial sea as ever was caught, so the next move in this case is to see a lawyer and maybe try another.

If you would be up to the minute in Radio you must be continually scrapping the old and hooking up the new. The Super Ultra Heterodyne of yesterday must be replaced with the new Supreme Super Reflex Monocilating non-regenerative iodyne of to-day, which not only gets station FOOEY in Cheko-Slovakia on the loud squawker, but automatically translates what they say into English.



This is the open season for "The Rock Ribbed Coasts of Nova Scotia" and the "Sunny Lands of Alberta," and soap boxes are at a premium at the Summer picnics for the leather-lunged advocates of the theory of off with the old inadequates and on with some new ones.

SPEED AND EXERCISE By Albert Payson Terhune

THE car was spinning along Vine Street at twenty miles an hour.

On the sidewalk racing merrily with it, was Ben Joice's big greyhound. The car's driver noticed the dog running alongside and easily keeping up with the machine. He speeded up to thirty miles an hour, for the hundred feet or so before cross-traffic compelled him to reduce his pace to a crawl.

During that hundred feet the greyhound kept abreast of the machine, at its new speed, with the same apparent ease he had maintained when it was at its twenty-mile gait. As the dog neared the cross-traffic his young master whistled him back. Obediently the greyhound wheeled and ran to Ben's side.

"I'll bet he could travel a mile a minute if he had something to pace him," bragged young Joice to Old Man Negley who had watched the race. "I wish there was some way to time a greyhound."

"There is," was Old Man Negley's unexpected answer. "It has been done a thousand times. At the greyhound races down at Hialeah, Florida, and at Tulsa, Ohlahoma, the dogs run on a regulation quartermile track, and they are timed as acurately as if they were racehorses.

"The dogs are put in a crate, six of them, with a compartment in the crate for each of them; and with glass or wire sides to the crate and a glass door. Then a stuffed rabbit is started around the track, on a trolley; and as it passes the crate the glass door is opened. The dogs have seen the rabbit through the glass and they dash out after him. It is one of the prettiest sights a sportsman can care to see. The rabbit isn't alive, of course. It's part of the machinery.

THE fastest race I ever saw a greyhound run, at one of these meets, was a quarter-mile in just twenty-seven seconds. That's, let's see, that's at the rate of a mile a minute and forty-eight seconds (if he could keep it up for a mile, at that rate which of course he can't), and it is almost as fast as a racehorse can run. That isn't the world's record for a quarter-mile, for greyhounds, either. The record is forever being chipped down. But I have seen them run a quarter-mile much faster than a thirty-mile-an-hour average.

"Of course, a greyhound is the fleetest-footed dog in the world. And next to the greyhound and his little brother, the whippet, the fastest dog I know anything about is a collie. It is said (and I've reason to believe it) that no dog but a greyhound can overtake a speeding collie. Here are some records that have been compiled by a man who goes in for such statistics. I learned them by heart. They're interesting.

Eskimo dogs have traveled forty-five miles in five hours, with a sledge behind them. One musher claims he has proof that an Eskimo dog-team of his traveled seven miles in a half hour. That would be at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. Not every horse can do it.

"The average domestic dog, in good shape, can travel anywhere from thirty-three to forty-nine feet a second, for a very short distance. That is mighty good speed, by the way. Much faster than the fastest hundred-yard-dash collegiate sprinter can move. And the average domestic dog can keep up his top speed longer than a man.

"Setters and pointers, in prime condition, have been known to run from eighteen-and-a-half to twenty-one miles an hour; and to keep it up for more than an hour. It is claimed that one mixed brace, pointer and setter, traveled for two hours at the rate of more than nineteen miles an hour. If so, it was a cruel strain to put on any dog's heart.

NOT so long ago there was a match made between a foxhound and a hunting horse. The foxhound won. He covered four miles without pause and came in well ahead. But I can't see how any man with a spark of kindness or consideration can force his dog or horse to maintain full speed for four miles without any let-up. That is not sport. It is cruelty.

"I knew a man who went to some elephant races in India; and he held a stop-watch on the elephants. He told me the best speed that day was a mile in five minutes. That would mean a rate of twelve miles an hour. According to those figures, a dog ought not to have any trouble in keeping out of the elephant's way, I should think.

"Now that this greyhound of yours has had his morning run, I suppose you are going to tie him up, as usual? I wonder if you realize that it is as cruel to tie up a dog as to tie up a boy. And it is almost as unnecessary.

ANYONE with a back yard can rig up a chicken-wire run, around his dog's kennel, even if it has to be a run that doesn't give the dog much more room to move about in than a chain would. He is free that way; and he won't yank all his muscles when he jumps forward, as he does when a collar and chain pulls him back at every jump.

"Of course, the bigger the wire yard around his kennel, the better. But any sort of yard is better than a chain. Thousands of puppies and young dogs have had their shoulders thrown out of shape and their forelegs bowed, ty tugging at a chain. Think it over. That greyhound of yours is worth too much to be injured and made miserable by a chain.

"Next best to a yard-run is a chain with a ring that is passed around some rope or wire that stretches from one tree to another. This makes a trolley for the dog to run along; and it gives nim exercise without harming him or wrenching his muscles. A taut wire nailed from one side-fence of a city yard, to another is long enough. Then have a ring around this wire and fasten the dog's cnain to the ring. It's worth fifty of tying him to a kennel.

"People tie dogs to kennels, now, because it was done two thousand years ago. We might just as sensibly make our journeys in bumpy springless chariots instead of easy motorcars and trains because it was done two thousand years ago. We've done a lot, in that time, for our own comfort. Why not do a little more for our dogs."

(Copyright, 1924.)

EYES EXAMINED

AND GLASSES GROUND TO FIT
McARTHUR OPTICIAN TWO STORES
86 YONGE ST. (West Side at King)
692 DANFORTH (North Side at Pape)
Glasses $2.50 up. Examination No Charge.

HEMORRHOIDS

Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample Box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

With the Colyumnists

By F. P. A.

Owing to the deadly quality of much of the hodiernal ales, wines and liquors, a young woman confides that she always takes two escorts with her these evenings, owing to the possibility of a temporarily expiring. "I always carry a spare," she says.

The 1924 record in left-handed compliments is attained by the Gloversville Herald in "The dinner was under the personal supervision of Mrs. Gill, and it would be putting it mildly to say that the meal could be excelled."

Entered for the Favorite Quatrain Cup.

(From the Retail Baker.)

What is so good as a nice, fresh loaf
Bought from the neighborhood baker?
It's made from materials best to be had,
And made by the baker—your neighbor.

There are limitless possibilities in this thing of telephoning photographs. A young woman, for example, telephones her photograph to a suitor. "How do you like it?" she asks. "Terrible," he says. "Excuse it please," she says.

Lines on the Meaning of Patriotic Holidays.

A bunch of pictures for the Sunday graphic;
Golf; and parades that interfere with traffic.

"One shy look is worth a thousand bare legs," says a Journal editorial. But the gifted Mr. Percy Hammond, many years ago in Chicago, stated it better. "Some day," he said, "the Messrs. Shubert may realize that the human knee is a joint, and not an entertainment."

As to the Journal's Shy Look, one is tempted to inquire "Was that the look that beat a thousand legs?"

BY DON MARQUIS.

And now they have monkey-skin shoes for women in Paris . . Between the ladies and the gentlemen we will be using the whole animal before long.

Aunt Prudence Hecklebury
Has a beetly mind and bugly,
She never showed her legs because
She knows her legs are ugly.

Parenthood.

I have no sons to run and leap and shout,
Nor daughters fair, with pure and trusting eyes;
But I have bred clean thoughts and sent them out
To fight base greed and tyranny and lies!

A young friend of our acquaintance said recently to his uncle: "Uncle Jack, I think you're an awfully nice man—and I'm going to count up to 100 for you!"

A lot of us would be more reconciled to going to heaven if we weren't afraid of finding some of our nimbly-mouthed cousins and relations there.

Well, the world is full of woe!
Virgil—or was it Ovid?—sums it all up:
I've never seen a jumping bean
Go hurtling through the Dawn
But that I've thought: "Some soup toureen
Will weep to find it gone!"

The Latest Design.

The navy's nonfrigid dirigible J-1 to-day will make its test flight to Philadelphia . . . —N. Y. Sun.

Obviously this is the machine to send to the pole.

The Formal Touch

Mr. Dago Giuseppe Marini
Accepts With Pleasure
the Kind Invitation of
The Dominion
to Spend Twenty Years
in
Kingston.

By N. H.

If Noah was 64,800 years old, as researchers claim, what a peach of a risk he must have been for the Assyrian Mutual Life Insurance Company.

But maybe he took out, say at the age of 30,000 years, a 20,000-year Endowment Policy, and sat pretty for the remaining 14,800 years of his life.

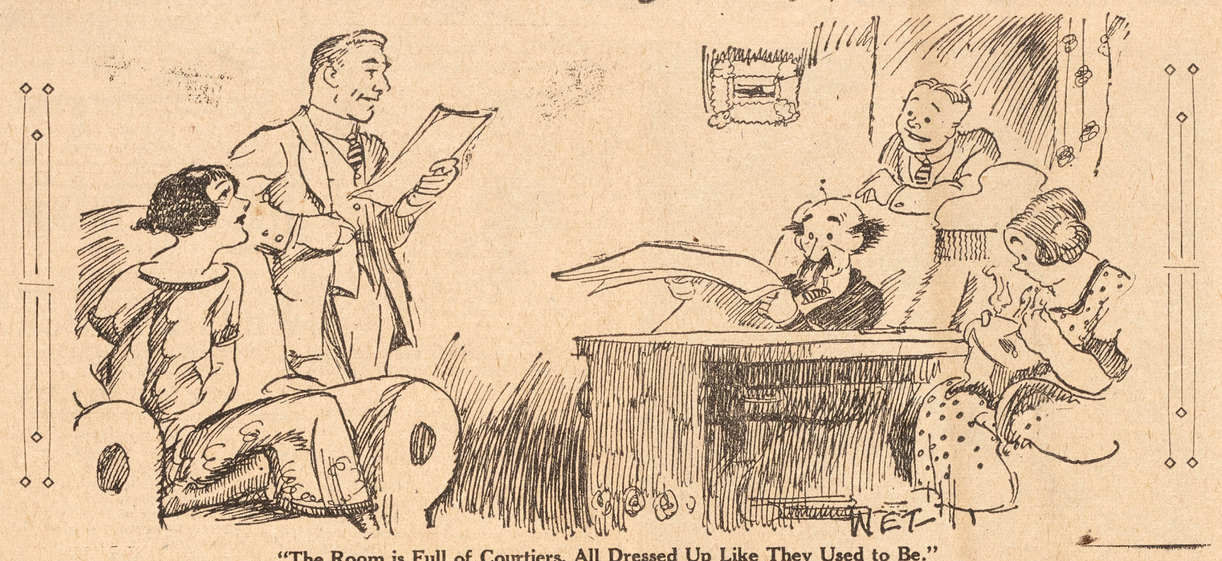
The Insurance Agent of that day had to have some head for figures if he could demonstrate, even with his brick tables, just how much Noah could borrow on his policy, say, at the end of 19,702 years.

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THE POTTERS By J. P. McEVOY



"The Room is Full of Courtiers, All Dressed Up Like They Used to Be."

PROLOGUE.

NOTHING can be done in the Potter community without an immense amount of chatter . . . you can hardly go anywhere without tripping over a conference . . . the modern music is not jazz—it is chin music . . . the soft drone of the adenoid is abroad in the land . . . and now that the Potter community has decided to establish a Community Centre and raise funds for clubhouse and tennis courts, committees can be found sitting almost anywhere you go in the tall grass, and the static of unaccustomed thought filtrating through inadequate vocabularies fills the air with a sour sound . . . well, such is life, with wholesome merriment and clean fun for all.

SCENE I.

A MEETING of the Finance Committee in the Potter home . . . Pa has been named chairman—he will be called a lot of other things before it is finished—and a great love for humanity surges through his bosom and overflows in a pool of disjointed syllables . . . the meeting has been called to order.

PA:
The object of our meeting to-day is to have a meeting where we can talk about ways and means of raising enough money to finance the Community Centre which we are going to finance—I mean build. Let us have some suggestions. (Looks around inquiringly.) Anybody got any suggestions?

HORACE TUBER (the go-getting sales manager of the Acme Curled Hair Mattress Company):
It seems to me what we need in this project is the application of business principles, the injection, if I may say so, of sound, economic principles, so that the whole proposition will be built upon a strong financial foundation. (Mentally he strokes himself on the back and purrs . . . Pa nods in earnest agreement.) Now it seems to me that one of the fundamental principles of a sound economic substructure, if I may speak of the foundation as such, is a wide distribution of the financial obligation involved. (There is a murmur of baffled approval . . . Horace Tuber sits down.)

PA (a bit groggy):
I am sure we all agree with what Mr. Tuber has just said, and now let us hear from someone else with something to say.

VOICE:
May I say something?

PA:
Certainly; this is an open meeting.

VOICE (It is Principal Wigglesworth, of the adjacent High School, speaking):
I would like to draw the attention of the gentlemen present to a self-evident truth involved in any proposition such as the one now under discussion at present. I would like to ask you gentlemen, any one of you, if you think it is fair for us in the planning of this communal recreational centre to envisage only the needs of the present generation? I ask you, can we as representative citizens of our community and this great Dominion betray our obligations to posterity by building only for the present generation and leaving generations yet unborn to shift for themselves in the stress of economic conditions, growing infinitely more complex as civilization advances? I would like to have our chairman lead us in the discussion of this important proposition. (Sits down in the glow of moral pride.)

PA (helplessly):
I think perhaps . . . that is, I believe . . . rather, it seems to me there is a great deal in what Principal Wigglesworth just said, and I am sure we all agree with Principal Wigglesworth in . . . in . . . in . . . in what he has just said.

VOICE (a vibrant, breezy, up-and-at-em voice):
I want to say there's something you're losing sight of. I want to say . . .

PA (gratefully):
Mr. Gibson has the floor.

MR. GIBSON (the dynamic manager of one hundred and thirty-three house-to-house salesmen):
Gentlemen: It seems to me this is the question: Can we sell recreation to our community? Can we sell clean living and wholesome habits and sunshine and fresh air and the glow of clean joy and God's great outdoors to each and every one of us? Can we go out and say, "Listen, fellows; we're not selling a house and land; we're selling wholesome minds and sturdy bodies; we're selling the hearty handclasps of strong men, the gaiety and sunny cheer of our young folks, and the innocent, merry laughter of our little children." (Strikes out with Selling Gesture No. 6.) The merry laughter of our little children. Gentlemen, think of it; think of what we have to sell. Shares of happiness. Stock in Clean Minds and Sound Bodies, Incorporated. (Sits down overcome with internal applause.)

PA (uplifted, but buzzing somewhat in the ears):
I am sure we all agree with what Mr. Gibson has just said—Yes, Mr. Greene.

MR. GREENE (a bond salesman):
It seems to me that if the proposition was incorporated and a holding company formed to hold all deeds and other collateral in trust, an issue of preferred and common could be underwritten and subcribed to when, as and if issued. (A murmur of approval sweeps through the gathering as Mr. Greene seats himself.)

PA (desperately):
We've just had a proposition submitted by Mr. Greene, and it seems that now as it's getting so late—Yes, Mr. Wigglesworth.

MR. WIGGLESWORTH:
I was touched by what Mr. Gibson just said about the merry laughter of our little children. I was touched and reminded of a passage in Ingersoll which I would like to recite for you, gentlemen, with your kind permission. (The gentlemen sag back on their collective spines as he chants feelingly) Strike with hands of fire, O weird muscian, thy harp, strung with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vineclad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy! O, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all tears of grief." (Pause.) I thank you. (Seats himself modestly in a pool of pulsing emotion.)

PA (glancing nervously at his watch):
I am sure we all agree with what Mr. Wigglesworth has just said, and now that it is getting so late I move we adjourn and have another meeting in a few days to continue our plans. (A rush for the door signifies the motion has been seconded.)

VOICES:
Well, that was a nice meeting . . . when do we meet again . . . that was a nice talk you made . . . some chairman, Potter, old boy. . . .

PA (modestly):
Oh, that's nothing.
(Quite so.)

SCENE II.

EVENING in the Potters household and Pa is resting after his arduous afternoon with the Finance Committee . . . he is loath to discuss the meeting with Ma, primarily because women don't understand such things, and, besides, periods of great mental effort should be followed by periods of contemplative calm, during which the energies can pool themselves once more to be tapped in future sessions of intellectual stress.

MA:
Did you have a good meeting? Did you get anything done?

PA:
Yeh, we got a lot done; discussed the financial arrangement and everything. (A bit loftily) But you wouldn't understand it.

MA (hurt):
Oh, I wouldn't, eh?

PA (soothingly):
No. I'm sorry. But what would you know about preferred and common and holding companies and things like that? it's very deep.

MA:
Oh, very well. Red has written a sketch for our show, hasn't he Mamie?

MAMIE (at the window):
Yes, he is coming with it now. We'll get him to read it.

MA:
The show ought to make a lot of money for the clubhouse. How much is it going to cost?

PA:
We didn't get around to that point. (Optimistically) It won't cost much.
(At least not until they begin to build it . . . door bell . . . ah, Red with the flush of authorship on his tall brow.)

RED (after a suitable pause with Mamie in the vestibule):
Hello, folks! Listen to the sketch I wrote for our Community Follies. It's a wow, said the young man, bowing modestly to the deafening applause.

THE POTTERS (all together):
Let's hear it!

RED (reading):
The scene is a judgment room of Solomon's court. The room is full of courtiers, all dressed up like they used to be. This gives a swell chance for costume. We could have the entrance of the Queen of Sheba, which will be a good stunt and give everybody a chance to have a part. But this scene is where the two mothers are scrapping over the baby. One of them says she owns it and the other says she owns it, and Solomon is called on to decide the bet. First he makes sure that it isn't his own. Mistakes are liable to happen in a big family like Solomon's. And now the trial is on.

FIRST MOTHER:
He's mine, I tell you.

SOLOMON:
Vat you say?

SECOND MOTHER:
Hers, your grandmother! She's my kid. I oughta know my own kid, oughtn't I?

SOLOMON:
E'en so.

FIRST MOTHER:
Don't you think I oughta know mine just as good as her? She don't even know it's a he.

SOLOMON:
Is he?

FIRST MOTHER:
No, not Izzy—Jacob.

SOLOMON:
All right, all right. Don't fight. Take him.

SECOND MOTHER (screaming):
No, no.

FIRST MOTHER (screaming):
Yes, yes.

COURT (screaming):
Oi, oi.

SOLOMON:
It there a doctor in the house? No? Anybody got a sharp knife, then?

VOICE:
Here's a swell sword, your gracious Majesty.

SOLOMON (holding baby up by hind leg):
I have it an idea. I split it and give each half. How's that? I call it pretty good. Are the photographers all ready?

SECOND MOTHER:
Atta King!

FIRST MOTHER:
Stop! Schlemiel!

SOLOMON:
I beg your pardon.

FIRST MOTHER:
Don't spoil the child. I'd rather give it to her.

SOLOMON:
You would?

FIRST MOTHER:
Absolutely, Mr. Solomon.

SOLOMON:
Then take it, it's yours. You must be the mother, you're so keen to shove it off on somebody else.

VOICES:
What a brain . . . oh, wise judge! . . . atta Sol . . .
And then the Courtiers all join hands and sing "I Got the Queen of Sheba Blues!")

RED (to the Potters):
I haven't written the words of it yet, but I've got the tune. It goes: I Got the Tum Tiddy Bum Bum Queen of Sheba Blue-woo-wooes.

MAMIE (thrilled):
Oh, Red, you're so wonderful!

And That's That—Until Next Sunday.

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The Caldron of Death --

by S. Ten Eyck Bourke and Charles Francis Bourke



A great burst of smoke belched from the vat and a sheet of flame fell on them.

"THE Caldron of Death—whoever nicknamed Powder Valley knew what he was talking about," Sutton said. "And this new nitro stuff in the tubs sounds like the slithering of death's wings."

"I never was one to make a fuss about feathers," Hazard answered between strokes of his paddle in the tank of glutinous, electric-lighted nitroglycerine over which he was working.

The two teammates spoke in the even tones of the professional nitro workers without looking up from the valves and paddles which they used to keep the dangerous stuff cooled and in motion.

In Powder Valley—otherwise known as the Caldron of Death—even the outside workers spoke in whispers; men in woollen clothing and rubber-soled shoes, trundling from one death's residence to another cars of liquid annihilation, cold or hot to suit the most fastidious tastes.

In those little glass-sided houses, wide scattered throughout the hills, where men work always in pairs, so that none shall go to the great unknown alone, it is hardly less dangerous to draw a quick breath than it would be to throw stones in the manner of the proverb.

Therefore, what sometimes happens to men left for a time alone is a thing to be considered with charity, for all human frailties crop out in Powder Valley.

Of them all, Hazard and Sutton had most cause for caution, having chosen of all defiance to destruction — the most treacherous — the testing of a new formula for reducing nitro compound to a solid mass which would explode under electrical impulsion—this, the latest discovery of the company's new chemist, a professor of annihilation of note.

In fact, Hazard and Sutton both knew that a valuable Government contract depended upon the successful issue of this new explosive within a given time—now almost expired—which would sweep the company's principal rival in this powder manufacture from the field.

Theirs was work that few men cared to be engaged in unless they possessed iron nerve or had some strong incentive.

BIG blonde Jack Hazard and black Jim Sutton, physically unalike as they were in other respects, at least possessed the first attribute in perfection—or, at least, so Hazard had hitherto always thought of his more or less silent team mate.

For the rest, the two men had grown from boys in Powder Valley, where the business of making powerful explosives descends from father to son—sometimes of the suddenest.

So far the tests of the new powder had been attended with disastrous conditions of weather and luck.

Both men were on edge with the strain, and the last week of vicious electrical storms—the one thing the professor did not want—culminating in an equally vicious "earthshake," as the powder men called the disturbance which had been instrumental in wiping out a house at one end of the valley row.

"I hope it won't take us in rotations, 'cause we're next out one," Hazard said in a pause in the work. "We're cogs in the wheel, Jim. What counts is to get the work done without getting wheels."

"A man can afford to be a cog for a while and get wheels, too," Sutton said, scowling at the thermometer that marked the temperature of the twin tank to Hazard's that he was working over, "when he knows that he's working for a grub-stake like—Gawd!—that gave me a snapped nerve, too!"

In the irritation of the moment he had jerked his paddle from the mixing-tank, just missing the thermometer.

Strained silence followed, with the slight fluttering of a bubbling mixture, as though death's wings had, indeed, grazed them in passing.

For friction or the merest shock in that place meant — extermination. Hazard drew a deep breath.

"If I thought you were trying to rattle my nerve with those careless tricks of yours, Jim Sutton—" he said, and stopped. The nitro-room was no place even for verbal quarrels.

But Sutton gave a snarling laugh that was worse than the scare he had plainly shown.

"What a snap for those Hill Powder people if something did happen to us here in the valley," he said. "They wouldn't shed tears over our lost Government contract, that's sure. Say, there's money in that idea," he said, suddenly giving the rein to his ill temper. "We're not all pulling down a bonus from the professor and matrimony into his family. If another powder company wants to play odd man out down here for a little delay and pay well for it—"

He pulled up, conscious that he was going a little too far even with his old chum, who was winning out with the girl that is always at the bottom of broken friendships.

WOMEN were scarce in Powder Valley, but Miss Lucille, the professor's daughter, had dipped her pretty fingers in the pie of this particular friendship when she first came to Powder Valley with her father, the chemist.

Now, with Hazard naturally taking precedence over him and in line for further benefits in lucre and love if they succeeded in their common work of peril, Jim Sutton knew there wasn't much of a show for him.

And he was of the men who turn to the next best thing, even to taking a long chance in the feathering of their own nest.

Hazard knew his mate's temper so well he was not even listening.

He had stepped to the door to greet a burly, red-bearded man, the professor himself, who stood, with the superintendent beside him, screwing up his calm blue eyes in approval at what seemed the orderly and safe aspect of the room. Both men moved softly inside, treading always on the smooth rubber matting with carefully lifted feet.

"So!" the chemist smiled, his glance flitting from the cool young men to the tanks with their sighing mixture, "so, all is well yet?" I see those little thunder heads we have been having have left a mark on your faces—it will pass! And the powder that will not harden as I wish, how goes it with that?"

With catlike tread he moved about the tanks, comparing the relative thermometers, fixtures, everything.

There were places in that vaporizing mass where a spider's web might hang undetected—but here, with his picked men, everything was right.

"Pipe cool, connecting the tubs, so that the mixtures may mix while you mix, good. Valve free, to dump the contents of the tubs into the drowning vat in case of need—that's well! You are twins, working at the Siamese twin tubs—and have you any complaint?"

"Why, it's this way, professor," Hazard said, speaking his mind as to one of safe sympathy. "There are times when one ... is left alone here, and too much depends on the work of us to afford to have anything happen, from inside or out. Now that we are getting near the end, I suggest that two be always together—and there be a watcher at off times. It's dangerous, you know, and then, the Government tests are so near ——"

HE was not even thinking of what Sutton had said, but his fellow-mate scowled. The professor nodded.

"Good! It shall be done. The work must go forward—if this devilish thunder weather permit. For the powder, that would be only dangerous when it begins to solidify, and so far that has not happened. Then, a spark anything—might set it off. We shall see."

"Well, nitro will burn, and do it mighty quick, at the best," Hazard insisted, "and there's all this prepared metal, and the imported fixings that we couldn't replace—not in time, anyway."

He was fighting for his chance at a safe and happy future, when this dangerous work should be over, and he cared neither for the professor's knowing smile nor Sutton's scowl. Every man for himself in Powder Valley.

"That is all it will do, now—unless a wire with a proper current be dropped in the thickening mass. Even that now would merely shock the mixture into fire. So fear nothing."

The big chemist was familiar with the whims of nitro workers, and for their sake often saw no danger where danger by common consent existed. But Hazard had spoken because, as Sutton said, he was interested in the success of the experiment.

As for Sutton himself, no man but himself knew what his snarling nerves were saying to his own dissatisfied outlook on life.

He had taken himself to the open doorway, gazing out on the Valley of Death while the men within talked over its details.

No one consulted him, he reflected bitterly—always Hazard had the lead, with the girl's favor, the professor's success, everything.

And what was this "Professor's Powder," after all, but food for great warships' guns, to annihilate lives and property, even as it threatened to annihilate the men who were forced to tend it in its infancy of conception?

A man wouldn't be blamed for delaying such a work, Sutton pondered, gazing out where men in silence went their daily rounds of calls at death's houses.

Suppose one of these ominous houses burned down, as might happen to this very mixing shack should anything go wrong with the powder in its present stage. That would not endanger life. It would make one threat less.

IN the back of his head Sutton kept harping on the sophistry of the princely reward that could be claimed from the rival powder company as the price of a good deed, though he did not figure how he should collect it.

"It's on the cards that another would give those Hill people a hand up if I didn't," he argued with the temptation, not stopping to analyze it any more than he had his own obliquity. "And I'd be doing a favor to the poor devils that might get shot up with the powder—there's enough devilish stuff loose now, Heaven knows!"

Nerves it might be, with Jim Sutton, "nitro-worker's nerves"—that make all things easy and confuse the good with the evil once a man surrenders to their mastery. But they had mastered Jim Sutton.

The chime of the mid-day gong was calling the nitro workers to the big hotel on the hill—the one break in the day's routine of perils—when the telephone tinkled.

Hazard took down the receiver, then turned to the professor with a little smile:

"Miss Lucille calling you, sir," he said.

Operative Sutton's face was not good to see as he listened.

"Yes, I will fetch Friend Hazard to dinner with us—with this storm grumbling in the valley he will be safer," the professor was saying. "Providence is a great hand with wireless explosives such as mine."

Sutton glanced at the black band of clouds over the valley.

He had not thought of the storm, except as it meant a layoff for the nitro workers when it broke.

"We may give Providence a chance, eh?"

But nobody thought of him. As the men passed him going out he had to grip himself to keep from laughing at the opportunity they were giving him.

"They'll have to start building when they get back," he muttered.

THE plan that sprang full-fledged in his brain was simplicity itself, now that he had the house to himself.

His tools of destruction were all at hand—the telephone, the nitro tanks and the coming storm.

The connecting link he formed with a bit of wire, imperceptible where he wound it round a coil in the tank. The other end he twisted around the telephone wire on the wall beyond the tank and back of it.

This finished, he could wait for the electric storm to do the rest.

"The telephone wire will carry the electricity into the mixture just like a lightning rod," he said. "It will help out this Providence game."

Sutton had no certainty of what might happen once the wire carried the electric fluid into the nitro tank. But the storm had the whole length of the valley wire to play upon, and the lightning at least, with such a conductor, should set the stuff on fire.

That was what the professor thought would happen, and Sutton's mind was willing to believe anything just then—even that he himself contemplated no great harm.

"I'm only delaying the manufacture of a great destructive force and diverting a few dollars to myself," he argued with himself. "It will be safer for us all here with this place gone— What was that?"

The first low rumbling came from the hills, followed by a flicker of lightning searching for some nearer opening for the storm.

Sutton knew that was the signal for the workers to lay off, and he drew a deep breath.

The impulse seized him to go, too, but he shook it off.

"I'm taking all the risk—if there is any. The stuff won't explode; we've proved that. I'll stay till the fire starts to make sure I haven't missed connections; mustn't waste this chance," he muttered. He sank into a chair, his head heavy and strangely numb with the heavily-charged atmosphere. "I don't want to fall off here, though. I've got—to go soon."

It was pouring rain when he awoke. He heard voices, and before he could move in the fear that held him in the chair three men hurried into the shack—the professor and Hazard and another man in the uniform of an army officer.

"Heavens!" the professor was saying, "we got ourselves soaking by accident, but now we are here we will get good and dry again."

STARING dumbly, Sutton gathered they had come, with the breakup of the storm, with the officer to test the powder once more, and had been caught in a sudden squall — "out of a clear sky."

He must have slept for hours, and the other men were back at their work—as he should have been.

"Let us see if harm has come to my mixture that this sleepy fool has neglected—" The professor's voice reached him like the knell of doom.

"No! It seems safe enough, since it is not solidifying."

Sutton, better than any one, knew he had neglected his work as he watched the sticky mass surge slowly before the wooden paddle the professor carefully wielded. Solidifying? The stuff was solid compared to what it had been when he dropped the little wire into it!

His culminating horror came with the professor's words, spoken slowly and with great satisfaction.

"I am mistaken, gentlemen! The nitro is thicker, truly, but that could happen. And the temperature is quite right.

"There is no great danger of this man's neglect, but the explosive is more dangerous. It is thickened, because it has stood at rest, and that is the secret I have been trying to find."

"You mean you have been trying

Continued on Page Sixty-seven.

Toronto's Publicity At Empire Fair

Permit Refused by Ottawa for Booth, Says Mr. Yeomans.

Toronto is not represented at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley because the representative of the Mackenzie King Government in England declined to permit the City or rather the Toronto Publicity Bureau for the city, to have a booth in the Canadian building, according to R. M. Yeomans, manager of the Bureau. Although a request was made by the Directors of the Bureau, in ample time to make arrangements for the distribution of literature and such other publicity material as might attract British capital, manufacturers and prospective home-seekers to this city, they received a notice that the matter could not be considered, especially on the ground that to allow Toronto to do so would open the way for other municipalities.

"This objection", said Mr. Yeomans, to the Sunday World, "was met by an offer from the Toronto Publicity Bureau, to erect and equip a booth in the Canadian Building, and we undertook, if this permission was given, to allow any other Canadian municipality to come in with us and make use of the facilities which were thus provided.

"It is not a fact," continued Mr. Yeomans, "that some effort has not been made to place Toronto before the visitors at Wembley. In the Canadian Building, R. A. Donald is distributing Toronto literature. Already 10,000 pieces have been sent him, 3,000 more are on the ocean, and we are sending as required from three to five thousand pieces a month. In addition to this we have supplied the Canadian Trade Commissioner with literature."

Hung around a portion of the Canadian Building are large photographs of Toronto, this being the only concession granted the city. A large illuminated billboard has been erected on the grounds of the Exhibition, this advertisement sets out in concise language the industrial advantages of our city in a forceful yet dignified way.

"These facts should be placed before the public," declared Mr. Yeomans, "in order that they might know that we were anxious to proclaim the name of Toronto in England, but were hindered by the refusal of the Dominion Government officials to allow us to do so.

"The official refusal to give us space in the Canadian Building did not deter us from going ahead as far as we were able, but it was unfortunate that Toronto cannot get treatment which is accorded through the Government's representative to Halifax, Quebec, Montreal and other Canadian cities."

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MUSIC

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

The New Symphony Orchestra will carry on for another year. That fact is now assured. Their program will consist of ten twilight concerts to be given next season, just half the number that were arranged during the past winter, and each player in the band will be guaranteed a minimum of $12 per concert, including rehearsals, by the general committee, consisting of prominent business men, in conjunction with the Women's Orchestral Association. There is also a probability that three or, perhaps, five extra concerts, not included in the regular series, will be given. The manager, Mr. H. C. Wotherspoon, is to be retained for the present.

A new committee of the members, who will continue on the co-operative plan, a self-governing organization, profit-sharing, has been elected, including besides Luigi von Kunits, the conductor, the concert-master, Messrs. E. Johnson, H. J. Elton, Frank Converse Smith and W. Dudley.

The programs will be on the same lines as the past season, the soloists to be recruited mostly from our prominent local musicians, with a few others, the classical alternating with lighter music. Schubert's great C Major Symphony, and the second, seventh and eighth of Beethoven, are under consideration, and are already being rehearsed. Contemporary British composers will be introduced and novelties are promised from local composers, notably, Dr. Albert Ham, Dr. Healy Willan, Leo Smith and Horace Lapp.

Bertha Crawford, the Toronto coloratura soprano, has gone to Europe for the summer, and will fill operatic and concert engagements in Poland, where she enjoyed so much success when studying abroad several years ago. It will be remembered that when Miss Crawford returned to Toronto a few seasons ago, the enthusiasm of Polish critics for her singing figured much in her publicity. Miss Crawford returns to America in the autumn, and will fill engagements in both Canada and the United States next autumn.

Evelyn Tierney sang at the British Empire Exhibition on June 2nd, and her appearance there was a great success. Miss Tierney has been attracting a great deal of flattering critical attention in England in recent months.

Dalton Baker has rejoined the vocal staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Just a year ago Mr. Baker left Toronto to establish a studio in New York, but a very severe illness interfered with his plans there. He was forced to return to Toronto for an operation, and after a lengthy convalescence he has decided to remain here.

Reginald Stewart has been appointed conductor of the Eaton Choral Society. This organization is planning an ambitious program for next season, which will probably include one choral night, with the importation of a celebrated Canadian soloist. Mr. Stewart is the pianist of the Hambourg Trio, musical director of the Canadian Operatic Society, and, until this year when he was obliged to resign owing to the pressure of other activities, musical director of Hart House Theatre.

Viggo Kihl is touring the West in connection with the Toronto Conservatory of Music piano examinations. His trip will take him as far as Vancouver and Victoria, B.C.

Another Canadian soprano who has been enjoying considerable success in Europe is Amy Robsart Jaffray, who sang in Italy during the past season.

Mme. Ella Montague Penley gave a most successful recital by her pupils last week at the Hambourg Conservatory, the comprehensive program of which extended from the most elementary grade to advanced work. Those who took part were; Yvette Poulin, who played two contrasting works by Mozart and Chaminade very artistically; Dorothy Boddington, Margaret Pyke, Dorothy Sivers, Jean Greig, Harold Dowdell and Sylvia Horne, who made a real little sensation at Massey Hall recently. A duet by Betty Brown and Marjory Stenhouse had to be repeated. Others taking part were Lorraine Lavery, Helen Sivers, Bertha Shelton, Wilson Tugman, Marie Dobie, Eileen Baker and Carl Burton. A splendid conclusion was afforded by Mr. Cecil Burgess' playing of the Sinding Rustlings of Spring. Pleasing variety was contributed by Blanche Burton, soprano, pupil of M. Murray-Davey, who sang several songs.

The Hon. Secretary of the Tuesday Nine O'Clocks announces for next season three recitals of song and a matinee for children in the Margaret Eaton Hall. The dates provisionally fixed and programs are Tuesday, October 14th—traditional "Folk Songs of All Nations"; November 11th—a revival of song, reviewing the "Songs of Our Grandparents; December 9th—a program of "Modern Songs".

The "Children's Matinee" on December 13th will comprise songs and special features to be announced later, for nonage and dotage.

Mr. J. Campbell-McInnes will sing the song programs with Dr. Healey Willan at the Pianoforte, and Mr. Bertram Forsyth, director of Hart House Theatre, will assist at the Children's Matinee.

A number of piano pupils of Norah Drewett gave an interesting recital last week at the Hambourg Conservatory, when a program, particularly notable for its fine selections, was rendered. The performers were; Ida Krehm, Elizabeth McPhedran, Edith Richardson, Katie Salkovitch, Grace Charlton, Mary Baker, Frieda Cross, Sheila Munroe and Harold Brown. Three pupils of Mabel Prestwich Harrison, assistant to Nora Drewett, namely Joan Harrison, Reva Baker and Doris Whitcomb, also contributed to the success. A further feature was the Schubert Sonatina for Piano and Violin by Mrs. Grace Charlton and William Hardiman, assistant to Professor Geza de Kresz.

A program of unusual excellence was given at a musicale in the studio of Hubert S. Martindale, last Saturday, by two of his artist-pupils, Marion White and Florence McLean. Miss White revealed a dramatic soprana voice in "Vissi D'Arle", from "Tosca" and "Pourquoi", by Chaminade. Her command of rhythm and phrasing was shown in Brahm's, "In Spring", and Branscombe's, "In Granada", as well as in other numbers, by Beethoven, Ronald, O'Hara and Burleigh, Miss McLean, who has a soprano voice of lighter quality was most happy in "Chanson Provencale" by Del Acqua and "Nymphs and Shepherds", by Purcell, in which she displayed a coloratura technique. She also sang "Depuis le jour," from Louise, with intensity. Lena Wagner, a young pianist, pupil of Jessie McAlpine, charmed everyone, with her playing of numbers by Moszkowski, Grieg and Schumann.



A CLEVER TORONTO PIANIST.

Miss Madge Williamson will render Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante" as the chief musical feature of the Hippodrome program this week. This brilliant young artist has pleased audiences in all parts of Canada, having accompanied Boris Hambourg as a member of his concert company on several occasions.

EZRA POUND HAS TRIED COMPOSING

THE versatile and self-complacent Mr. Ezra Pound, who is everything in the arts by turn and nothing long, has lately fancied himself as composer. He has even persuaded a violinist, Miss Rudge, to play his pieces in public. She did so in London, the other day, in the company of young Mr. George Antheil, that mysterious American prodigy of the piano and in composition about whom rumors have skurried westward, now from Berlin and now from Paris. The reviewer for the times heard both Mr. Pound and Mr. Anthiel with patience and also with amusement. The plan, he writes of Mr. Pound's Suite and "Sujet" "seems to be to string pleasing bits of tunes together and punctuate them with occasional double stops after the manner of the old Irish harpers. Mr. Pound has, like primitive man, a preference for perfect fourths, and like him again, augments them now and then for a change. We did not notice any other structural device, and, of course, your true primitive simply goes on till he or the listener is tired, without feeling the need of a close. But the music is quite negligible really, being only a fumbling with the notes of C major and not a glorious adventure among the cave-men at all.

"Mr. George Antheil looks at things from another angle. To him, music is only rhythm, and the piano a good percussion-instrument. He is wrong about the first, but right about the second. It has, no doubt, great resources. It has a top, bottom and middle, and the pianist has his fingers (seldom used as such), wrist, palm and arm, besides two forms of glissando (black and white keys) in both directions. Every now and then a distinct point is made by the deliberate choice of the context, as a rule, to deprive them of definite meaning, so that attention shall concentrate on rhythm. There are the usual jazz variants with ingeniously interpolated bars. Of course, all this comes nowhere near Hindu, or even Bantu, drumming, but it has an inspiring effect. The only definite principle of unity is the repetition of a single bar from ten to thirty times. The continuous tones of the violin offer effective relief to the rhythmical variety. Mr. Antheil displayed astonishing virtuosity and one quite understood the necessity for long intervals between the pieces."

MUSIC ELSEWHERE

Mme. Easton, Miss Bori, Mr. Martinelli, Mr. Danise, Mr. Rothier, and Mr. Lazzari, able and well-reputed singers are all to grace the summer opera that flourishes annually at Ravinia, the suburb of Chicago. They will be heard in condensed versions, minus chorus and spectacle, of "standard pieces."

On the operatic stages of England and France the German war has receded, by common and sensible consent, into a negligible past. Londoners of all social and musical degrees are flocking to the operas of Strauss and Wagner sung by German singers, led by a German conductor. Royalty listens and blesses, the public waxes warm; the "old days" are returned at Covent Garden. Across the channel, the Opera in Paris adds music-drama after music-drama to its Wagnerian repertory; while from the State Theatre in Vienna comes a German troupe with Mozart. "Don Juan," "Figaro's Wedding," and "The Elopement from the Harem" ("Il Seraglio") are its three operas.

The British Opera Company, which is to tenant His Majesty's Theatre in London, this summer, is promising a revival of Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande"—of a sudden become a fashionable music-drama again—and of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Golden Cockerel." It will also produce Vaughan Williams's homely folk-piece, "Hugh the Drover."

The State opera houses in Berlin have laid the sharp hand of discipline upon a few "patriotic" singers, who, if the occasion prompted, interlarded texts with verses of their own, fashioned to suit the times and sung with exceeding clearness of diction. Even the Soldier's Chorus in "Faust" has been so "enriched." Now fines check any renewal of the offence.

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Local Museum Contains Many Relics Of Ancient Egyptian Civilizations

Continued from Front Page.

the face is small and refined. There is pride in those features, and an expression of pathetic protest; pitiful, useless protest, for Hatasis has been the victim of many indignities. She is a lady not only of great age but of many ages. First, her little age of life by the slow waters of the Nile; her day of womanly vanity, plying her antimony eye-paste and henna stain with the same romantic dreams that many a modern girl finds in her vanishing cream and rouge pot! Her age of love, with prayers whispered to the silent image of Isis, in her bedchamber!

Had Great Faith.

Next, the centuries in the dark, lonely tomb. No Hatasis was not afraid of this, for, properly embalmed, and according to her faith, she knew that some day she would rise from the dead and travel among the living. This hope was granted but in a manner different from what she had expected.

In 1850, Lachlan Taylor, a well-known Methodist minister brought her to Canada, the first mummy ever seen here. Thus Hatasis commenced her third age, the last one, probably, for exposure to 20th century Canadian weather is slowly wearing her away. Seventy-four years of Canadian winter and summer she would now have to confess to the census taker, and what stories she could tell. The railway from Montreal ended at Brockville when she was young, that is to say, young in Canadian years. She was shipped from town to town in freight cars; she was trundled along country roads in bumpy carts. Her withering features were exposed to the amazed gaze of thousands of rustics, who crowded to hear Dr. Taylor lecture on this voiceless daughter of Egypt.

Grave of Primitive Man.

A low glass case is labelled "Grave of Primitive Man, about 5,000 B.C." It contains a dried brown figure, huddled into a curve, and half covered with a decayed rush mat. This is a "Pre-dynastic mummy,"—really not a mummy at all, but the body of a man who lived before any of the known Egyptian kings lived, and before the art of embalming had been invented. His "Executors" merely buried him in the hot, dry sands of the desert, where his body was quickly dried and so remained for us to wonder over.

This man had been dead 2500 years before the Pyramids or the Sphinx were built; 3500 years before even Hatasis had lived and plied her arts of feminine vanity. Even in those days the idea persisted that earthly possessions could be carried into the next life, for there are several clay jars and other utensils placed handy to the figure so that the soul can use them when it wakes. Despite their being 7000 years old, these pots are unbroken. Apparently ancient crockery was not used, like the modern rolling pin or flat iron, as effective arguments in settling domestic disputes!

Lived In Tut's Time.

In air-tight cases arranged about Hatasis are the mummies of several other ancient people, some of whom, according to the inscriptions and ornamentation on the caskets, lived at about the same time as Tutankhamen. Perhaps they were persons of some importance about the court of that famous king, or at least had watched the boy monarch dashing through the streets of Thebes in his golden chariot.

Now they lie silent through the years and beside them the several mummy cases in which they were buried.

Queer figures and characters in bright colors are painted all over the white cases. Here a jackal headed figure stands beneath a thing that looks like a pair of scales, while a gruesome beast with a crocodile head crouches, at one side, its jaws open hungrily.

Professor S. A. B. Mercer, of Trinity University, explained to a Sunday World representative: "That is the scene of the weighing of the heart, against the feather of truth. You see the Egyptians believed that if the heart were sinful it would be heavier than truth. So Anubis, the jackal-headed god, superintended the ceremony; then if the heart was sinful, Tuart, the crocodile-lion ate up the guilty soul." The professor smiled, "Tuart, you will observe, is noticeably fat; doubtless he was well fed."

The outer face of the mummy case is gold covered and calm. This moulded face is very life-like and different from the faces on the other mummy cases. Professor Mercer stated that doubtless the face is a careful likeness of the man within, a fact which indicates that the figure must have been that of a wealthy man in his day, perhaps a nobleman, or a priest of one of the temples. Only the rich could afford to have mummy cases made especially for them with the face on the case moulded like a portrait. Poor people must be content with one of the stock caskets always kept ready by the priests, who were the official undertakers.

Mummified Pets.

Another glass case holds mummified hawks, cats and crocodiles. The ancient Egyptians revered their animals. After all, is the ancient practice of mummifying their pets any more to be wondered at, than the modern cat cemetery in New York, where dead felines are presumed to rest more easily under fancy headstones. The Egyptian was embalmed, in order that his spirit might pass through the purgatory and terrors of the underworld to the Halls of Amenti and the Pools of Peace. As he could hardly expect to enjoy life in Amenti without his pets, he very naturally saw to it that his dogs, cats and hawks were embalmed so that they could live with him in the spirit world.

The great cast on the south wall of the room containing the main Egyptological collection, it a triumph for Professor Currelly, the creator of the museum. It is a replica of the carving on the wall of the temple of Der-El-Bahri in the Valley of the Kings. Queen Hatshepsut, a great grandmother of Tutankhamen, has here depicted the triumph of her fleet in its famous expedition to the land of Punt.

Rival of Elizabeth.

Hatshepsut reigned as Queen and Pharaoh of Egypt, 1500 B.C., and historians credit her as being the equal of Elizabeth of England, if not the greatest queen that ever lived. Her expedition to Punt was a triumph of navigation and peaceful diplomacy. It was incidentally immensely profitable. Gold, jewels, incense and slaves were brought back to Egypt as well as full-size trees and shrubs.

This carving on her temple walls tells the story of that famous voyage. Several full rigged ships are seen. These are representations of the earliest ships of which we have knowledge. Laughing sailors crowd the decks and climb the rigging. Fish swim in the waters about the ships, and are so accurately carved as to make an ardent angler long for hook and line.

Toronto has cause to be proud of this cast for to the scholarly labors of Professor Currelly we owe much that we know of this period of Egyptian history—of this amazing Queen and her wonderful voyage.

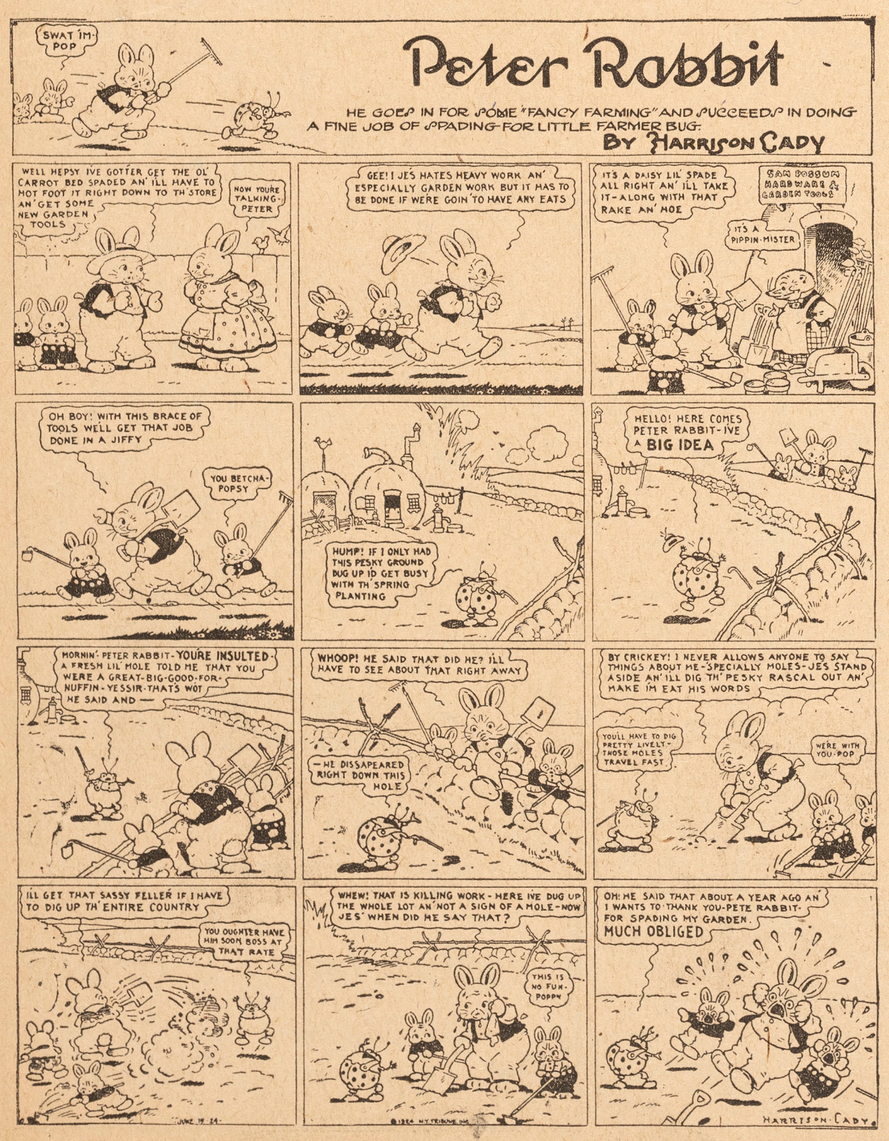
Beads and Rings.

Personal vanity and a desire to adorn ourselves with jewelry and other jim-cracks, is not by any means only a modern passion. Some dozen or more glass cases contain hundreds of rings, necklaces, beads and other ornaments saved from the dust of Egypt to show us what her people wore. Beads of glass and stone, beads of amethyst, carnelian and lapis lazuli yes, even mud beads, they are all shown here. They are quite bright and fresh.

There are some well made blue beads dating from the time of the pyramid builders, which could well be worn by a gay debutante in 1924 and occasion no surprise other than admiration of their rich coloring. But the crown of gold leaves, each delicately shaped, would create a stir. The ornament doubtless once graced the black, plaited hair of some ancient princess. She, perhaps, thought little of it for gold was common in Egypt, but now, hallowed by the passing of centuries, the fragile diadem is positively priceless.

The tools in another case arouse wonder. Worn wooden mallets, such as are used to this day, are there as are also copper chisels, green and corroded.

There are other interesting exhibits, and one who is interested in Egyptology can spend many profitable hours in observing them.



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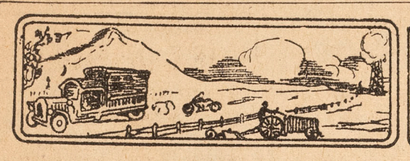
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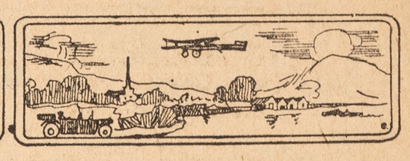
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AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

Every Toronto Motorist a Rotarian For a Week

Local Motorists Invited to Take Part in City's Greatest Convention

Hundreds of Additional Cars Needed to Make This the Greatest Service Club Convention Ever Held Anywhere in the World — What Volunteers Should Do and What Toronto Motorists Can Do to Make Toronto Prosperous—Greatest Opportunity of Kind in City's History—Whole World Will Read During This Week What Kind of a Convention City Toronto is—Do Your Bit Well.

A number of the leading stores and service organizations in Toronto, including several in no way but in spirit connected with Rotary International, have addressed communications to employes urging them to treat the delegates they meet with cordial courtesy. The following letter is typical:

"For the next ten or twelve days Toronto will entertain approximately ten thousand Rotarians, with their families, who are to be the guests of our city during the sessions of the fifteenth annual convention of Rotary International. The spirit of Rotary is service and the spirit of this company is service. I would like every employe of this establishment to consider him or herself ex-officio Rotarians at least for the period of this convention in extending to our visitors any service asked of them, in giving them any information they might request and in making them feel repaid for coming, in many instances thousands of miles over land and sea, to be our guests.

"If an enquiry is made for the address of some local resident or some place of interest, get the telephone book or the city directory, obtain the information and give it to the visitor. If the visitor wishes to telephone someone, get the number on the 'phone, ask for the person the visitor wishes to speak with and then turn the 'phone over to the visitor. If the visitor wishes directions as to some place of interest, call a taxicab for him, or should he wish to go by street car, direct him to the proper car line or one that transfers to that line. When possible place him on the car.

"This expression of service is imperative among Rotarians, and I would like our employes to feel that we are all Rotarians in spirit, obligated to give our best service in whatever way it may be asked or occasion may suggest we volunteer it.

(Signed) JOHN P. PATTERSON,
President Norris-Patterson, Ltd."

During this week Toronto is to be the Rotary capital of the world. Rotarians from every civilized country on the globe will swell the population. Toronto for a week should exemplify the spirit of Rotary, and that means the translation into action of the Rotary slogan, "Service above self."

As was pointed out in these columns last week, there is a way motorists can assist in improving Toronto's reputation for cordial hospitality, and in so doing improve their lot, and that of this city and country, for if the Rotarian delegates are "sold" on Toronto they will prosper it. They represent the leading industrial and commercial organizations of the world. The way motorists can assist is by turning out with their cars and reporting to the captains of the Local Transportation Committee at or after 8.30 a.m. Sunday (to-day) up to midnight and Monday during the same hours (8.30 a.m. till midnight) in front of the Union Station (Front Street entrance) to serve as long as they can. Tuesday afternoon their services will be especially appreciated for the drive from the Exhibition Grounds, starting at or about 1.30 p.m. through the city to the Kiwanis' garden party on the University campus. Fifteen hundred cars are required for this drive, or nearly double the number available from the various service clubs and fraternal motor clubs, so the assistance of motorists who can possibly spare the time or their cars with drivers is urgently needed. Tourist traffic is already a great source of revenue to this city and bids fair to be a tremendous one, for Toronto is the gateway to the greatest summer playgrounds on the continent, within easy touring distance of the homes of the vast majority of United States motorists. If the Rotarian delegates are not well looked after while here the convention will prove a liability instead of one of the most profitable investments this city has ever made. Needless to say the Local Transportation Committee of the Rotary International Convention has done, is doing and will do its darndest. Its members have been working indefatigably night and day—some have even curtailed their sleeping hours. It needs your help. For your city's, for your country's, for your own sake turn out and do your bit. This is sure: without the voluntary assistance of the individual motorists the Local Transportation Committee cannot succeed in providing adequate or anything like adequate motor transport for delegates. Believing in the public spirit of Toronto motorists the committee was requested by the Host (Toronto) Club to provide this transportation. At the time this is written only about half the requisite number of cars has been promised—and promises have a habit of shrinking. It is clearly up to hundreds of Toronto motorists to volunteer. Toronto motorists during the war in the transportation of "invalided home" men, in Red Cross, Victory Loans and other patriotic drives made and maintained an enviable record of public service. They never failed. Will they now? Come on! Tuesday's drive will be the largest motor procession ever held in the Dominion. Don't forget: 1.30 p.m., Horticultural Building at the Exhibition Grounds. Monday morning, too, there is a serious shortage of cars threatened. Report at the Union Station, Front Street entrance, at 8.30 a.m. or after.

Here is a brief formal outline of the task set the Local Transportation Committee, which it has faith in you and your friends to help it handle creditably to Toronto and to Canada:

"Chief among the responsibilities of the Local Transportation Committee, is the organization of a voluntary corps of upwards of fifteen hundrd automobile owners, so that all delegates arriving by train or boat may be hospitably conveyed to their place of residence during the convention. On the afternoon of Tuesday, June 16th, the ladies are to be taken for an automobile tour of the city, and at the close of the convention, delegates will be taken in private motors to points of departure by rail or water.

Arrangements have been made with the Toronto Transportation Commission for an adequate special street car service to and from the Exhibition Grounds each day of the convention.

"Motor touring information has been widely distributed among the Rotary Clubs of the United States, and it is estimated that fully five hundred automobiles will be driven to the convention.

Reservation of garage accommodation for those cars has been made by the committee, as well as provision for those motor tourists bringing trailers with camping equipment who wish to pitch their tents on the Exhibition Grounds.

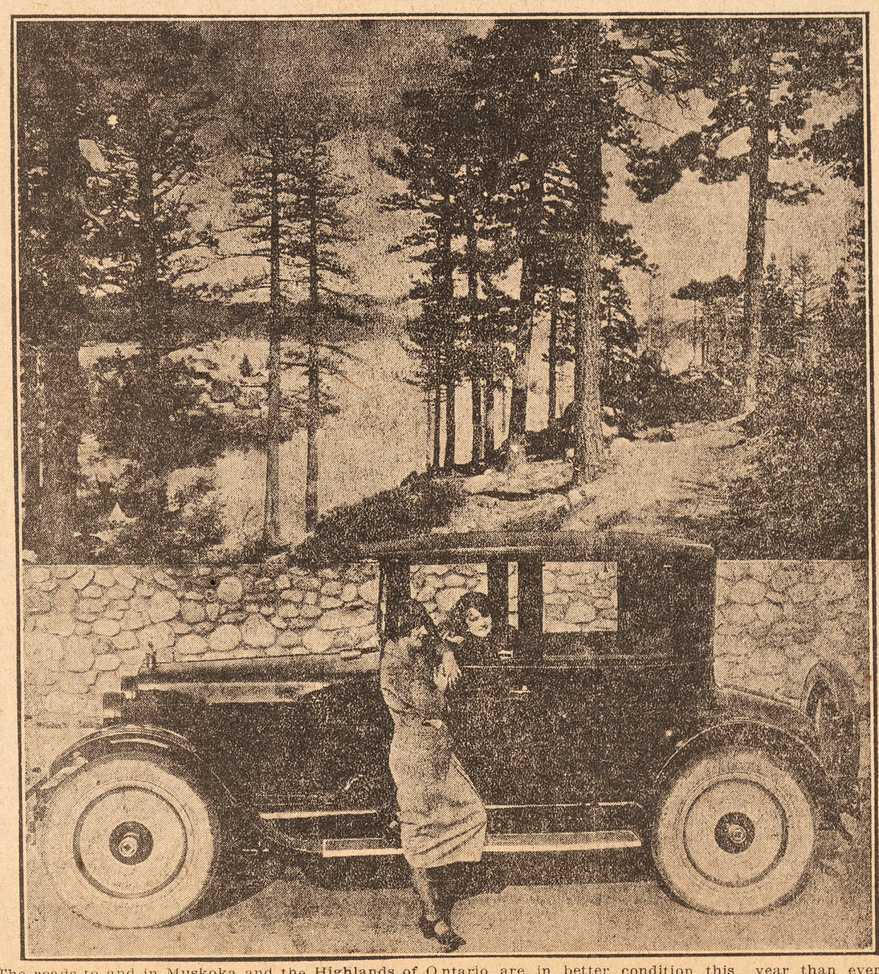
"The committee has charge of all arrangements respecting control and direction of sight-seeing cars and taxi cabs from convention headquarters. It will provide motors for the use of International Officers at all times, and will also have at its command a sufficient number of motorcycles with drivers to act as messengers to and from the Convention Grounds during the five days of the Convention."

It is working day and night. It needs your help. Come on!

H. H. RICE TO FLY TO CONVENTION HERE

H. H. Rice, president of the Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, is coming to the World Convention of International Rotary here by airplane.

Answering The Call Of Muskoka.



The roads to and in Muskoka and the Highlands of Ontario are in better condition this year than ever before.

Lieut.-Gov. Todd to Open Roads Meet at St. Andrew's

Accepts Invitation of Canadian Goods Roads' Association to Formally Inaugurate Convention June 24—Ten Thousand Invited to Convention—Gathering at St. Andrews-By-The-Sea, New Brunswick, Already an Assured Success—Many Delegates to Motor to Convention From Ontario and Points in Eastern Canada—Comprehensive Program Arranged.

The eleventh annual convention of the Canadian Good Roads Association at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea will be formally opened on June 24 by the Lieutenant-Governer of New Brunswick, the Hon. W. F. Todd. Notification to this effect has just been received from his Honor by the secretary of the association, together with the intimation that the Lieutenant-Governor will also give an address to the delegates.

The large number of acceptances from Federal, provincial and municipal bodies to the convention, which will last from June 24 to June 27 next, assures that this year's gathering will be an undoubted success. From all parts of Canada have come notifications to the headquarters of the association that delegates are being appointed and arrangements are going forward rapidly for the accommodation of what will be the most representative gathering of people interested in highway construction and maintenance held in years.

Ten thousand invitations to attend the convention have been sent out by the association, whose objects are to disseminate information relative to the best methods of constructing and maintaining improved highways throughout the Dominion. Federal and Provincial Governments, municipal councils, good roads and automobile organizations, boards of trade and kindred bodies, highway engineers, contractors and the public generally have been invited to attend, and because of the practical character of the convention program, the time selected for the gathering, and the delightful location chosen for the meeting, the opportunity of combining business and pleasure is being taken advantage of to an exceptional degree. Many delegates are motoring to St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, while special Pullman cars are being arranged for from Toronto, Montreal and other centres, and intending delegates are advised to notify the secretary, George A. McNamee, New Birks Building, Montreal, necessary hotel and other reservations.

The tentative program of the convention which has been sent out shows that each session will be devoted to a special subject, which will be discussed from various angles, these being divided under the heading of finance, administration, construction, maintenance, and traffic. Fully qualified speakers from all parts of the North American continent will set before the delegates the latest available information on these subjects, and ample time will be provided for general discussion of the various problems arising in connection with them. Members of the executive of the association have left for New Brunswick this week to complete the final arrangements for the convention, and everything possible is being done by the local reception committees to ensure that the delegates and their wives will be well looked after.

In addition to the general convention there will be two special conferences held in conjunction with it. The interprovincial conference of Government officials and highway engineers will meet for the further discussion of the important matters brought up at the special Winnipeg conference. These include such questions as uniformity in construction and preparation of cost data, systems of tendering, co-operative purchasing of road supplies, reciprocity in regard to provincia motor licenses, inter-provincial numbering of provincial routes to facilitate tourist travel, automatic signals at railroad crossings, and general safety and protective measures. Federal aid and kindred subjects.

There will also be a special conference of representatives of the various

Continued on Page Sixty-six.

INTERNATIONAL RECIPROCITY IN SPECIAL SERVICE ARRANGED.

The New York State Automobile Association in annual convention at Warwick, N.Y., unanimously passed a resolution, Tuesday, agreeing to reciprocate with the Ontario Motor League in emergency road service for members en tour. This is one of the most important international arrangements made for motorists since the Ontario Motor League secured license exchange in 1916. The New York State Automobile Association has motor clubs in all the cities and many of the towns of the Empire State.

Toronto Motorists Should Drive Exemplarily This Week

During the week cars bearing the license plates of practically every state in the Union and province in the Dominion will conspicuously swell the streams of motor traffic on our streets, for this week Toronto is the greatest touring objective in the world, as the capital and Mecca of Rotary International.

Hundreds of these motoring delegates to the world convention of Rotary International come from sections where the traffic laws and regulations differ from ours. Because of this, and the inevitable increase in congestion, W. G. Robertson, secretary of the Ontario Motor League and chairman of the local Transportation Committee of the convention, has issued an especial appeal to the motorists of Toronto to punctilliously observe the letter and spirit of our traffic laws and regulations and to exercise extraordinary care and courtesy in driving.

"Rotary places 'service above self,'" says Mr. Robertson, "and therefore stands for compliance with the law in spirit and letter. It seems, therefore, superfluous to request Rotarians to drive carefully, courteously and in accordance with the intent and letter of the laws governing the use of motor vehicles. We are asking Rotarians to do more than this: to be extraordinarily cautious, extraordinarily courteous, extraordinarily law-abiding in the use of their cars, and in asking this of Rotarians we want every Toronto motorist to regard the request as a personal one, for it is our hope that in spirit and at heart every Toronto motorist will be a Rotarian, practising the precept, 'Service above self,' during this week at least.

"So under no circumstance violate traffic regulations. Take no chances. Observe the etiquette of driving as well as the laws. Drive like a gentleman as well as a law-abiding citizen. Place 'service above self' all the time, and especially when you are at the wheel. We know that no appeal is necessary to the members of the Gyro, Kiwanis, Lions, Optimist, Progress and other service clubs or the Grotto. Knights of Columbus or Shrine motor clubs (that are so generously co-operating with members of the Host Club in the entertainment of its guests this week) in the matter of driving carefully, legally and politely, for the spirit of these affiliated organizations is that of Rotary. Our appeal to them and to all Toronto motorists is to 'lean over backwards,' as our American cousins say, in the observance of traffic regulations and driving etiquette."

FARMER "PULLS DOWN" $7.50 FOR TOtowing CAR

(Manhattan, Mont., American)
Give such a farmer mud enough and eventually he can afford to move to a region where they have decent roads.

Motor Men Agree to Serve With Hoover

Chas. F. Kettering Heads Committee on Safety Mechanical Equipment.

Washington, D.C.—To determine ways in which mechanical equipment of motor vehicles can be made to lessen highway accidents, a group of experts has accepted the invitation of Secretary of Commerce Hoover to serve on a committee to undertake this phase of the general subject of highway traffic safety. This committee, the chairman of which is C. F. Kettering of the General Motors Research Corporation, Dayton, Ohio, consists of C. R. Alling, of the casualty depart of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Chicago; H. M. Crane, president of the Society of Automotive Engineers, New York City; D. C. Fenner, of the Motor Vehicle Conference Committee, New York City; C. E. Pettibone, of the American Mutual Liability Insurance Company, Boston; A. T. Goldbeck, chief of the Division of Tests of the Bureau of Public Roads, Department of Agriculture; H. S. Dickinson, of the automotive section of the United States Bureau of Standards, and Dr. C. H. Sharp, technical director of the Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York City.

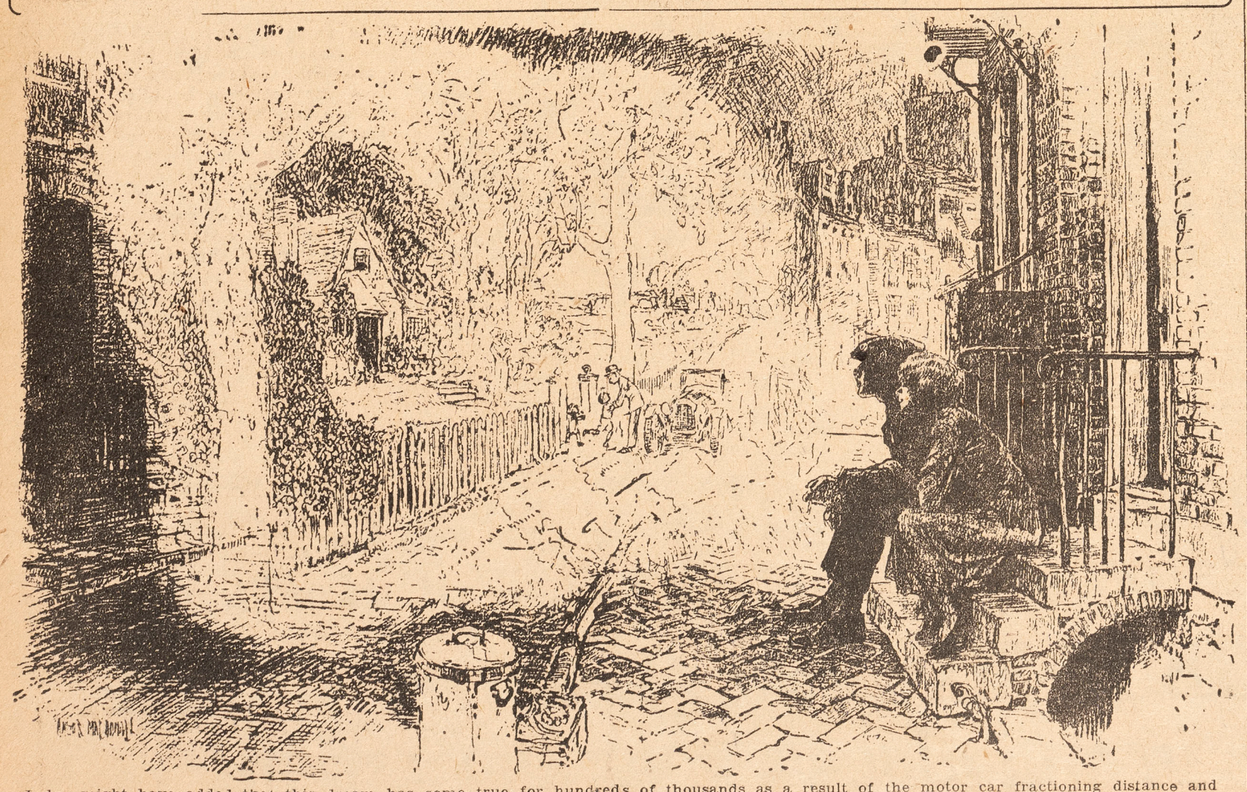
The problem which the committee will undertake will deal with brakes, lights, steering gear, safety equipment, weight limitations of commercial vehicles, periodical inspections, and similar matters. Efforts will be made to show how the automobile equipment may be improved or standardized to help in reducing street and highway accidents.

This is the second of seven committees to accept Mr. Hoover's invitation to cooperate in a thorough study, the first having been the Statistical Committee, under the chairmanship of W. M. Stewart, director of the United States Census Bureau, which includes in its membership some of the leading statistical experts of the country. Studies by the other committees will include: City planning and zoning, the chairman of this committee being F. A. Delano, chairman of the Washington Federal City Committee; Insurance, the chairman of which is Prof. S. S. Huebner of the University of Pennsylvania; Traffic Control, Major Roy F. Britton, president of the Automobile Club of Missouri, being chairman of this committee; Highway Engineering and Construction, with Frank Page, Highway Commissioner of North Carolina, as chairman, and Education, the chairman of this committee being A. W. Whitney of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters.

These committees will have the cooperation of a number of national organizations which have been carrying on safety campaigns in various fields, and which, under Secretary Hoover's leadership, have agreed to undertake the co-ordination of safety work. The committees will make use of information gathered by such organizations as the National Safety Council, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, American Automobile Association, American Railway Association, American Engineering Council, National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, the American Mutual Alliance, and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. With fullest information in hand, plans will be developed for presentation at a meeting to be held in the hall, to which all organizations interested in highway safety will be invited.

The work of the Motor Vehicle Committee will be of vital importance in the safety studies, particularly in view of the wide variance of regulatory laws in the several states, which affect the manufacturer and owner.

A Remarkable View From a City Tenement



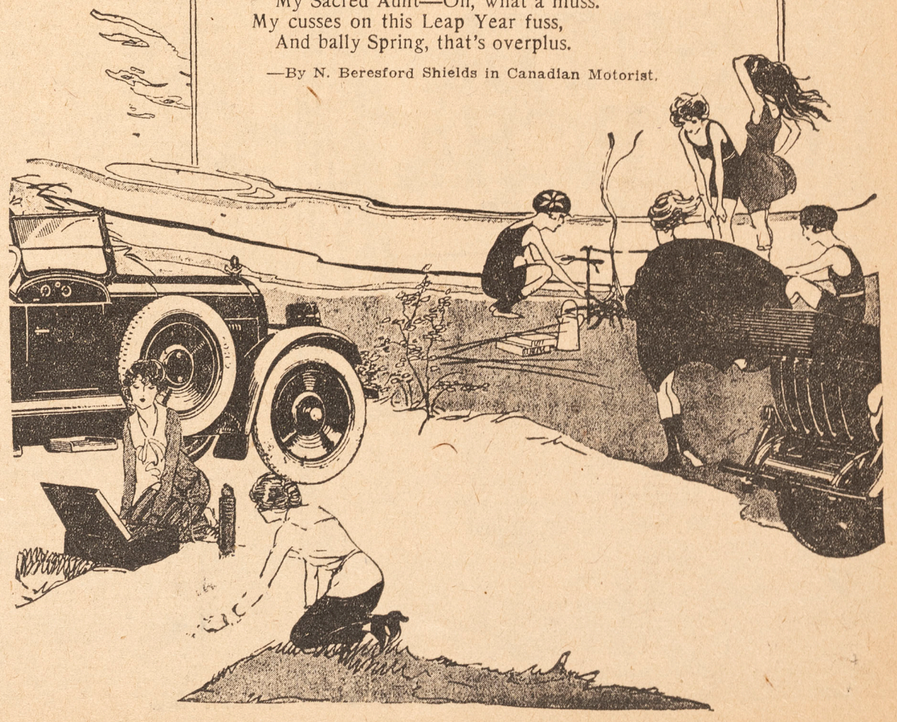
Judge might have added that this dream has come true for hundreds of thousands as a result of the motor car fractioning distance and solving the problem of individual transportation.

Wanted, A Bus!

I say, old top, er—this is June,
My head is in a whirl;
I see a memo—Honeymoon,
With some dashed clever girl,
Who popped the question one fine night,
My heart was feeling rather light,
So I accepted her on sight;
Bally clever of her—Oh, quite!

But here, old stick, this is the rub—
I have no beastly car;
It seems I told her of a tub
Which I had driven far.
And now she thinks I own a bus;
My Sacred Aunt—Oh, what a muss.
My cusses on this Leap Year fuss,
And bally Spring, that's overplus.

—By N. Beresford Shields in Canadian Motorist.



Record Summer Sale of Motor Cars Now Predicted

Many of the "Weak Sisters" Among Car Manufacturers to be Eliminated Before End of Year by Unprecedentedly Keen Competition—Conditions Far From as Bad as Bears Have Painted—Centralization of Industry to be Increasingly Marked—While General Business is Still Hesitant Pessimism is Declining.

By F. ED. SPOONER.

Special to The Sunday World.

Detroit, June 14.—Automotives go serenely on with no doubts regarding the future. News from the factories is not bad news by any means. True that outputs are still being curtailed pending a change in conditions. True also that in all other lines of business the same condition prevails. So why should automotives worry? Conditions are really not as bad as painted. Production is not far enough off to cause alarm and every time weather conditions improve business jumps. May saw 17 days of rain, 30 days of clouds and only one all bright Spring day. That is not whether conducive to motor enthusiasm. People delay buying a car for better weather conditions. The dealers have the cars and the people know it and buyers realize they can have fairly prompt delivery when they do buy. Thus June this year promises to be a "May" as a sales month. Conditions are talked about in the papers and people read. The public has hesitated, holding its money, thus swelling the great army which will ultimately buy. That is "Business Deferred." That sort of business is sure. As Ned Jordan says, "A Little While" and they will be the buyers.

Business is likely to be big, late in June and relatively big in the Summer. Many in Detroit are of the opinion that this will be a Summer business year. The business is there and will come forth sooner or later, that's sure. Who is there to guess correctly the real time? Not the writer, although one guess is as good as another. The makers are not guessing. They are placing stop orders whenever in doubt. That is to say they are stopping shipments of material from the parts and equipment makers. No maker is plunging. So conditions are safe. The parts and equipment makers are not plunging. They are likewise putting "stop" orders on the raw material. The makers of steel report a big falling off in unfilled orders. Everyone is playing safe. They are manufacturing to the needs of the public.

Successful makers are advertising strong and others are cutting. The successful makers are the ones who advertise when things are good and advertise when things are not so good. They believe that advertising pays at all times. It does. Those makers who use printers ink now will benefit when conditions improve. They are going to improve.

Yes, conditions are going to improve. Everyone knows that. The makers know it and new models are being announced to help the improvement. The new models overcome the objections of the people to balloon tires. Cars are designed now for these tires. That will bring in the great army of buyers who awaited public opinion on the tires. That will make for late year business and bring back the factory activities fast.

Meanwhile wise men are working at last on the used car situation. Returning travellers in motor cars report a terrible congestion in city after city and town after town throughout the United States. Used cars clutter empty lots and fill storage houses and are even lined along the curbs with signs on them. The used car situation was never as serious in the States as right now. Remember that. The buyer who wants a car cheap can have it at his own price. Flivvers can be found at $25 to $75 and will run. Henry Ford is trying to remedy the situation, it is reported, as far as his car is concerned. It is said that Mr. Ford has ordered his United States dealers to take in all cars of over five years of age and junk them, salvaging good parts. That is to rid the fields of the old models. If that be true the same plan might be adopted by other makers. But the others change their models so often that like action to that, reported to have been taken by Ford, would hardly prove profitable.

Business is reacting favorably to the final action on the tax question. With Congress out of the way, with the presidential nominees known and other matters settled there will come a sure improvement in general business. That condition will reflect to the advantage of the automotive business promptly.

"Business awaits in the middle West on tax action." The heads are from a prominent New York paper which states also that some of the retarded business is due to the late season. Crops have been put in the ground and have rotted and caused a new planting. Everything is behind, business and farming. That makes the difference. Farmers suffering from a late season are darn bad buyers. They are not buyers at all in many instances. They do not know about the future.

"Business men blame the inertia on politicians." The coming elections are likely to see many political changes. The public knows and is likely to resent what has been going on or rather what has not been going on, at Washington.

"Business remains hesitant, but pessimism is declining." Again head from a Metropolitan daily paper. The writer has called attention to the almost entire lack of pessimism in the automotive business right along. In fact, to-day, none talk pessimistically. General summarizing of the situation by financial writers gives little reason for skepticism regarding the future.

In other lines of business there have arisen pessimists but many things predicted by them have refused to happen. Many have seen trouble straight ahead but that trouble has really never been caught up to and it will never be caught either. Calamities are not in the air. Facts do not support them.

Europe is going to help solve the used car problem of America. It is going to buy and ship used cars by boat loads. Money is not plentiful in Europe and the used car at "whittled down" prices is attractive. Unloading of used cars abroad will be a good thing for Europe, as Arthur Brisbane says, for Europe needs economy. The United States will benefit.

The prediction is that trade reaction will end in June. Let us hope so. Relative stability for the Summer is predicted.

The United States can stand a "lot of ruining" and it will take more than bonus legislation or even the bungling on tax relief to do it. Congress did its worst. The reaction is at hand.

The June issue of the Industrial Digest points out that steel production in the United States has fluctuated more rapidly since the beginning of the present year than ever before. From 114,531 tons per day in December the rate of ingot production soared to a new high record of 161,075 tons per day in March, and then dropped back to 130,241 tons per day in April. These figures represent an increase of over 40 per cent. within three months and then a slump of 19 per cent. in a single month. Pig iron followed a less erratic course, the daily rate having risen gradually from 94,225 tons in December to 111,809 tons in March, a gain of approximately 19 per cent., and then dropped 3.6 per cent. to the April rate of 107,781 tons per day. Curtailment of operations continued through the first half of May, but in the second week of that month the rate of reduction was materially lessened and the market began to show signs of recovery. Buying was extremely light, but showed some improvement as May progressed and there was a general feeling that steel consumers would soon be obliged to come back into the market for larger quantities. Pig iron prices again declined and finished steel gave ground slightly.

While other basic industries have slowed down somewhat, the building trades are still engaged to their full capacity in most parts of the country. In fact, recent reports on general business conditions by the various federal reserve banks and other observers cite the continued demand for building labor and materials as one of the most favorable features of the present situation. Too rapid an increase in building projects involves well known dangers, but those in position to know apparently regard the present situation as less dangerous than it was a year ago. The American Construction Council, which last year sent out a warning to owners and builders to curtail building operations, decided at a meeting late in April that no such warning is necessary this year. The council did, however, decide to urge the public to erect better structures and to advise against the continued practice of unsound financing of speculative ventures.

With thirteen automobile producing organizations (this considers the Durant, Ford-Lincoln, General Motors, etc., groups each as a unit) producing something like 95 per cent. of the cars manufactured on this continent the current keenly competitive year will see a number of the smaller and weaker companies follow the thirty odd that "passed out" last year. With the exception of a few quality makers the mammoth producers alone bid fair to survive. To-day despite the multiplied output of the industry there are only about one quarter the number of car manufacturers there were a decade and a half ago. Indeed on this continent in actual production there are considerably fewer than one hundred makes this year. As the Industrial Digest declares: "In a seller's market, such as was experienced during the latter part of the world war period when prices advanced practically without interruption, the rise in prices does not directly wield a very strong influence toward business mortality; nevertheless, the wind is blowing out of the quarter from which whirlwinds are to be expected.

"Concerns spring up with little or no margin of protection in the form of capital, hoping to make profits out of inventory-appreciation. Moreover, a great many of them do make money out of price advances on goods they have bought. There was a saying current during the last boom period that 'You can't help making money, for everything increases in value in your hands the minute after you buy it.' The difficulty here is that a great many firms which formerly made a legitimate profit out of manufacturing or distribution, i. e., a contribution to the common good, are tempted to let their organization and equipment 'go to the dogs' because they are making a good profit out of the increasing price level.

"During the years of large and easy profits, with credit conditions favorable, the general appearance is one of great prosperity; experience is not necessary, for the continuing advance of prices makes almost every commercial gambler's lottery ticket bear a winning number. But with the passing of the boom period the extraordinary demand for materials disappears and previously necessary reserve stocks are transformed into menacing surpluses. Public consumption is then discovered to be rapidly diminishing, and it quickly becomes evident that the seller's market has vanished and that a buyer's market is a very different thing indeed.

"With the first fall in prices failures begin, striking the commercial gamblers first; and as the wave gains momentum through further drops in prices, with credit restrictions becoming increasingly severe, little by little old-line concerns of previously ample resources are drawn into the maelstrom." So many car manufacturers and dealers have passed out and more will follow.

Ralph Allen, president of the Duratex Company, Newark, N.J., has been ill for a month past with rheumatism of the eye contracted in the war of 1898 against Spain. Mr. Allen was in the U.S. Navy. He has improved so much that he will shortly return to his desk.

Now the factory equipment makers want to hold a show, and they may hold it in connection with the S.A.E. production meeting in Detroit. Success of the maintenance exhibition encourages them in the belief that a show would benefit them.

Huff, the inventor, has sued Henry Ford for $11,000,000. Now Henry is not worried. What is $11,000,000 to a billionaire. For Henry is being hailed now as America's first billionaire, with sufficient resources to lay a path around the world five dollar bills wide and in dollar bills and with sufficient to spare to continue his manufacturing and salary payments.

Alfred Reeves, general manager of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce will sail for Europe June 28 to make an extended study of the manufacture, sale and operation of automobiles. He says nothing about pushing along the proposed market for American used cars in Europe, but will undoubtedly aid that cause. He will visit manufacturers, bankers, dealers, associations of owners, consuls and other officials in England, France, Belgium, Switzerland and Holland. He will also visit Germany.

Barney Oldfield is going to manufacture automobiles. That was to be expected at some time. Oldfield knows a car. It was his destiny to make and name a car after himself. Back in the days of the bicycle Zimmerman, Windle and other champions entered into the manufacture of bicycles carrying their name, and Sanger started making a handle bar. But all went broke and Sanger is to-day a car washer, Zimmerman a hotel man and Windle an evangelist. All made fortunes in racing. Oldfield may prove more successful. His will be a good car. Of that there can be no doubt.

Automobile space on New York ferry boats is to be doubled. This also applies to Seattle ferry boats. The tunnel under the Hudson River is rapidly nearing completion. That will relieve the ferry boats. They are now talking of a bridge over the Hudson to Jersey at 186th Street, with the longest span in the world. Th country is truly being made over to fit the motor car. It is the age of motor transportation. All improved conditions make for greater sale of cars and trucks. Let the good work go on.

O. L. Weaver, former vice-president of the Star Rubber Co., is now nicely located in a furnished bungalo at Los Angeles and will remain in that city indefinately. He will enter business there and may remain for all time.

W. J. Drumplemann, former sales manager of the Rickenbacker Motor Motor Car Company and now a distributor of the Rickenbacker car at Cleveland, and Mrs. Drumplemann plan to take up their residence at some not very distant date in California. Their children are all married and their dream of living in the Sunny South at some time in their lives is about to be realized. Some day all these men of the automotive industry who have taken up Florida and California residence will form associations for mutual benefit and enjoyment. There are a lot of them. There is work for all men with brains and average ability in business. The drone will never succeed anywhere and might as well starve in the East as try it in the South, although the process would be more pleasant there, at any rate.

Defective brains are responsible for quite as many automobile accidents as are defective brakes. But brakes can be adjusted!

There comes a time in the life of everybody when the difference between earth and heaven is only the thickness of a brake lining.

FARMERS CHIEF CLASS BUYERS OF CARS.

A recent analysis of car registrations showed that car ownership was divided among classes in the following proportions:—

Farmers	37%
Salesmen and travellers	16
Business men, brokers, etc.	16
Professional men	8
Gentlemen of no occupation stated	7
Laborers	4
Contractors	3
Liverymen	3
Miscellaneous	6

Run Cars 20 Hours A Day in Tire Tests

Test Cars Travel as Far in a Year as Avérage Car Would in Ten Years.

Night and day for twenty out of every twenty-four hours and 365 days a year automobiles are pounded over the highways of Ohio testing tires produced in the Akron tire factories. On some of the cars mileage that in normal driving would represent ten years of service is piled up in less than a year. More than a year's driving is done in a month.

Three Packard Six cars operated by one of the larger tire companies have been given 302,000 miles with an average of 440 miles a day. One Packard Six has averaged 470 miles a day for five months. The company operating these cars has selected Packards exclusively for the testing of larger sized tires and recently purchased its fifty-third Packard for the work. Each car is treated like any other piece of tire-making or testing machinery. It has a complete cost record and its selection was based on an ability to perform its work with the maximum of economy.

After having been driven 12,000 miles, another Packard Six was turned over to the tire testers and driven 124,000 miles in eleven months. After this 136,000 miles had been piled up, the car was sold to an employe of the tire company at a price which made a depreciation cost to the tire company of less than $100 for each 10,000 miles, or year of driving. It is still traveling.

Still another Packard which had 101,000 miles to its credit was sold to the foreman of a tire company garage for sufficient money to reduce the cost of the car for each 10,000 miles of service to $70. The present owner of the car says he plans running it for ten years more.

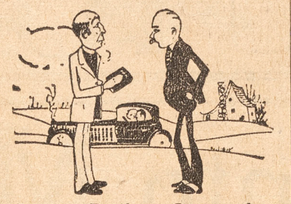
Records of tire-testing Packard Sixes show that in the hundreds of thousands of miles they have traveled an average of over 19 miles to the gallon of gasoline has been obtained.

Each car operated in tire testing has a relay of drivers and practically half of the driving is done at night when, because of reduced visibility, a car receives the hardest road shocks. Fully 30 per cent. of the driving is done over roads selected for their bad condition, to give the most severe tests possible to tires. The worst roads in the state are searched out much of the time and during the Winter they are oftentimes believed to be impassable for normal driving. Sand bags are used as ballast so that each car always is travelling under the same conditions as if it contained a full load of passengers.

Coffin linings cost more now than they did before the war. As a matter of economy, one should pay more attention to brake linings.

It is peculiar but true that the motorist who is a careless driver is also careless about his brakes and everything else. He is responsible for the passage of so many laws that annoy careful motorists.

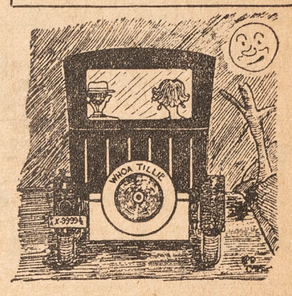
MANIFEST WOT?



Parson—Brother Jones, does your daughter trust in heaven?

Brother J.—She must—judging from the speed fiends she lets drive her.—Utah Humbug.

CORRECT THIS



What's the matter with this picture?—Lehigh Burr.

Here are the Reasons Why
OLDSMOBILE ~ SIX
meets every test of motoring!

LAST week, Oldsmobile asked the public to suggest some new test—further to prove the stamina and all-round merit of this wonderful car.

Olds Motor Works has done everything conceivable to demonstrate the quality and performance of Oldsmobile Six—and it agrees to do everthing else within reason that any prospective buyer might suggest.

It may sound like an extravagant offer—this plan of letting the public choose the tests—but we cannot possibly lose. The car has literally *done everything* any reasonable motorist could ask of it. Moreover we know what's in the car—finest materials, bought at advantageous General Motors prices, and manufactured into cars with all the combined experience and skill of Oldsmobile and General Motors.

a SIX — PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

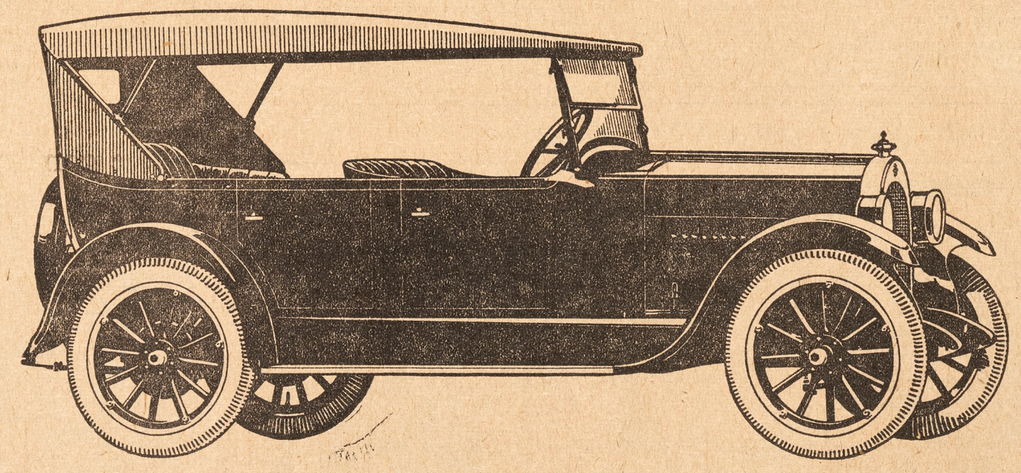
Here are a few of the reasons for our Confidence in Oldsmobile Six

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—water circulating space between each cylinder—cylinder heads with dome-shaped combustion chambers—interchangeable Chadwick bronze-backed bearings.

Coachwork —All Oldsmobile closed bodies are built by Fisher—a fact that in itself is a complete guarantee of quality, refinement and comfort. The bodies of the open models are assembled from parts manufactured by Fisher.

Chassis —Oldsmobile Six uses Delco starting, lighting and ignition system—popular with the finest cars. It has a Borg & Beck clutch—the best known. It has a Harrison radiator, Klaxon horn, Prest-O-Lite storage battery, Zenith carburetor, Alemite chassis lubrication.

Equipment —High-grade, non-skid, oversize cord tires are standard equipment. All Oldsmobile open models have every necessary feature that would contribute to satisfactory motoring—the closed models embody a wealth of added accessories and refinements.



This amazing car traveled from coast to coast in high gear—with low, second and reverse gears removed. It pulled through hub-deep mud where other cars were stalled—crossing the highest mountains—and established an economy record of 33.3 miles per Imperial gallon of gasoline, throughout the entire 3,674 miles of the trip. Arriving at Los Angeles—it ran 68 miles an hour on the Los Angeles Speedway, under official observation!

PRICES

Roadster,	$1250	Touring,	$1280	Sport Roadster,	$1350	Sport Touring,	$1480
Cab,	1570	Coupe,	1680	Sedan,	1780	De Luxe Sedan,	1980

The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices include taxes, spare tire and tube.

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OLDSMOBILE-SIX is looking for new tests to conquer

Come in and give us your suggestion!

