

Golf Wizard Once Called Game "Tip ~ Cat"

George S. Lyon's
golfing face.

The Lyon grip.

Carrying.

Mr. Lyon putting.

The "follow through" stroke.

The end of a drive.

Royal and Ancient Pastime Was Held in Amused Contempt By the Veteran Canadian Golfer, George S. Lyon, Until He Took a Taste of the Sport to Humor a Friend and Won the National Amateur Championship Soon Afterwards, a Triumph He Has Scored on Eight Occasions in His Spectacular Career.

IT was a bit of good-natured banter that launched George S. Lyon upon his great golfing career. On an October evening in 1896, in the days when he was one of the foremost cricketers of Canada, he was practicing with the Rosedale eleven while his friend, John Dick, of Cobourg, was knocking a golf ball around an adjoining field, which was part of the Rosedale Golf Club course of those times. They exchanged some pleasantries, during which Mr. Lyon somewhat contemptuously compared Mr. Dick's pastime with "Tip-Cat," a game very popular with the juveniles. Mr. Dick retorted with a valiant defence of his sport and challenged Mr. Lyon to take a taste of it in order to be convinced. "Come on, George," he coaxed, "so I just went over to humor him," recalls Mr. Lyon to-day, "and I soon discovered that there was something in what John had said. We played nine holes and I got considerable exhilarating satisfaction out of the drives. The 'guttie' ball was used in those days and it could be sent soaring upon its way for a long distance. The science of golf had not developed here then as it has of late years, but the charm of the game, and its possibilities for intelligent and invigorating recreation appealed to me so effectively that I have been at it, more or less, ever since."

THE seed sown soon began to bear fruit, for in the following summer Mr. Lyon was a serious contender for the Canadian Amateur Championship, climbing so high as to be in the last four. Archie Kerr of the Blake law firm captured the honors that year by winning from Henderson, who had beaten Mr. Lyon in the semi-finals. In the next year victory perched upon the Lyon banner in an impressive manner, for he became Canadian champion in a final particularly noteworthy from the fact that he won by the wide margin of 12 up and 11 to go. That was in 1898 and the vanquished player was F. G. H. Patterson, a former Cambridge champion who was then representing the Hamilton Club. Thus was the name of Lyon first inscribed upon the Aberdeen Cup, a very handsome trophy presented by the Earl of Aberdeen as emblematic of the

Canadian Amateur Golf Championship, when that dignitary was Governor-General. Eventually Mr. Lyon won the championship three years in succession and under the terms of the gift became permanent possessor of the trophy, which now occupies a proud position among the seventy-five cups, big and little, each with its own story of a triumph at golf, or some other sport, which are all over the place at the Lyon residence in Rosedale. In twenty-three starts for the Canadian golf championship Mr. Lyon has emerged victorious on no less than eight occasions, a record which is likely to last for all time.

TO the intense surprise of everybody concerned, Mr. Lyon failed to qualify in the preliminary trial for the championship this year. Never before had such a thing happened to him, but his host of friends and admirers do

not lose sight of the fact that he will be sixty-six years of age on the 27th of this month, and the circumstance that he was a little off color in the first round was, on that account alone, scarcely to be wondered at. In his top form he is still up in the front ranks and apparently has years of good golf ahead of him. He was thirty-eight years old before he lifted his first golf ball. His skill, which for upwards of a quarter of a century has established him as a wizard with the club, has been displayed with much success in the Old Country and the United States. Where golf is known so is George Lyon of Toronto. He has participated in several hundreds of contests at home and abroad and one of his regrets to-day is that he neglected to keep a record of them all. His supremacy where age is considered is attested by the inscriptions on the Shaughnessy cup, which is among his collection. This trophy, emblematic of the Senior Amateur

Golf Championship of Canada was presented by Lord Shaughnessy to be competed for annually by players over fifty-five years of age. So far there have been six competitions for this cup and Mr. Lyon has won them all. The next one is scheduled for September and he is expected to repeat. In Montreal last summer there was a competition open to Canadians and Americans for the Individual Senior Championship of America, which Mr. Lyon won, with the Wilson brothers, Herbert and C. P., second and third respectively.

THE most elaborate trophy in Mr. Lyon's possession, in fact probably the finest ever given in the world for golf, is the Olympic Cup won at St. Louis twenty years ago, on which occasion he had the extreme satisfaction of defeating Chandler Egan, then American Amateur Champion, by 3 up and 2 to play in a 36-hole match. On

Versatility in Athletic Prowess Marks the Career of George Lyon

THE athletic career of George S. Lyon has many brilliant spots in it, in addition to those which have placed him in the Hall of Fame as a golfer. He has excelled in cricket, curling, football, baseball and at one time held a record for the high jump. As a cricketer his score of 238 (not out), made in four hours' batting away back in 1894, still stands as a shining mark in the annals of the game in Canada. It was made when he was playing with the Rosedale eleven against an eleven representing Toronto and Peterboro, the Rosedale eleven piling up the remarkable total of 381 for 8 wickets. One of the best batting averages known to Canadian cricket is Mr. Lyon's 54, covering a season of 27 innings. This included several centuries. His young son Fred has inherited the batting bee as demonstrated by a mark of 125 (not out) made recently while playing as captain of the St. Andrew's College eleven. As a curler Mr. Lyon was on the winning rink for the Walker Championship Trophy on four occasions. Among his trophies is a beautiful silver claret jug as a memento of his share in winning the single rink championship in 1900 and 1901. In football he excelled on Toronto teams of the first rank in both the Rugby and Association games. Baseball occupied much of his attention in the eighties, when he was captain of the Insurance team of the Commercial League and his nine won the championship of Toronto in 1886 and 1887. He starred as a second baseman. When he was eighteen years old he was active in field sports and was the first athlete in Canada to clear the bar at 10 feet 6 inches in the pole vault. That mark does not signify anything extraordinary now, but it was a Canadian record then. Mr. Lyon has played bowls with some of the best trundlers on the greens and held his own, but his out-door activities in other directions prevented him giving as much attention to that game as he would have liked. Of late years he has specialized in his business. Asked the other day if he considered golf was the best game of all he had followed he would not give it that distinction, maintaining that every game is a good game if the player enters it with the proper spirit. One great advantage golf had over cricket was in the fact that a golf match took up a couple of days. He has been a skilled and enthusiastic motorist for many years—had to be, to get to and from golf links.

the way to the final he had to conquer F. C. Newton, now of Brookline, who was then Pacific coast champion and has since been North and South champion. The cup is a majestic ornament about two and one-half feet in height, of sterling silver hand hammered into the pattern of the Scotch thistle, and the inscription it bears says: "Olympic Games, September, 1904, Golf Championship Trophy. Presented by the Glen Echo Country Club. Won by George S. Lyon," and on the opposite side there is a beautifully engraved picture of the Glen Echo club house.

MR. LYON says this stately cup is ever a reminder of about the hardest week at golf in his career, it being marked by some incidents he can never forget. There was a qualifying round on the opening day, about 87 contestants being entered, 32 to qualify. He qualified in seventh place, and then underwent a severe test which involved winning a 36-hole match every day against crack players, from Tuesday to Saturday night. The late Bert Austin and his father, A. W. Austin, were there and cheered him along. He made an auspicious start on Tuesday by winning the first hole in 3. It was 276 yards and he had the remarkable good fortune to make it in 4 four times in five matches, including the final game when Champion Egan faced him. Strange to relate he had not become acquainted with Egan before they met for the big match, although they had both been playing on the same course all week. While the game was close throughout, Mr. Lyon managed to maintain the lead he had secured at the outset, and by the time it was finished he was beginning to feel the strain of the exceedingly strenuous week. He believes that every player experiences a certain amount of nervousness in a tournament, not fear, but a high tension which in his own case he believes helps his game.

WHILE Mr. Lyon has nothing of the shrinking violet attitude about him when he is asked to talk of golf it is hard to draw him out in regard to his own triumphs on the links. Although it is ten years since he won the Canadian amateur championship for the eighth time he has maintained his standing in many important events since. One match he can be persuaded to refer to rather gleefully took place two years ago, when he was defending his title as Toronto and District Champion, and his opponent was his son, Seymour. The play-off of a tie at the Lambert course. Mr. Lyon led all the way after the 12th hole, and finished with a score of 77. Seymour's score was 79 at the 17th hole, and on the last hole he drove his ball into an unplayable position. Seymour had been in the lead up to the 9th hole, going out in 38, while Mr. Lyon took 40. Mrs. Lyon, who was the most interested member of the gallery, pulled hard for her son to win, and Mr. Lyon had to

show his whole bag of tricks in order to make victory sure. This is perhaps the only case in Canadian golf history in which father and son were the opponents in a play-off for championship honors. Obviously Seymour Lyon is a skillful golfer, and gives great promise of following in his illustrious father's footsteps. He got within hailing distance of the Canadian championship this year, being defeated in the semi-finals.

IN the competition for the American Championship of 1906 Mr. Lyon was the runner-up, being defeated in the final by Eben Byers of Pittsburgh. Byers won on the home green after a spirited contest which brought out some excellent play. One of the spectators was Alex. Smith, the famous Scotch-American professional, who was somewhat impressed by the good showing Mr. Lyon made. Years afterwards Smith was in Toronto with the renowned Jerry Travers, and the clever pair went down to defeat in a contest which was arranged at the Toronto Golf Club, their opponents being Mr. Lyon and George Cummings, the Toronto professional. The locals won the 36-hole match by 2 up and 1 to play. After the game Smith approached Mr. Lyon and in the richest of Scottish brogue declared: "Mr. Lyon, when I witnessed your play in that American championship final with Eben Byers I remarked that if I had the Good Lord with me and your caddy I could lick any living man on the links, for I thought it was a fluke, but I realize at the present that my judgment upon that momentous occasion was considerably astray, if not entirely and absolutely at variance with the facts. Yes, sir, at that time I thought your playing was a damn fluke! That I did! But now, sir, I am quite convinced that it was not."

WHEN Mr. Lyon defeated Chandler Egan in 1904 it did not require any great stretch of imagination to regard the victorious Canadian as the amateur golf champion of the world. In that year Walter Travis had returned from the Old Country with the title of Amateur Champion of Great Britain and was defeated for the American amateur championship by Egan. A few weeks later Lyon took Egan into camp in decisive fashion on an American course. That was the Olympic championship, open to all amateurs. But Mr. Lyon deprecates any contention that he was ever champion of the world.

In 1905 he went abroad after a British championship and played in the tournament at Prestwick, Ayrshire, where he was put out by a Watsonian in the 4th round. Again, in 1908, he crossed the big pond in quest of golfing laurels and played in the tournament on the Royal St. George Golf Club's course at Sandwich, where he was vanquished in the 5th round by Harry Colt, the internationally famous architect of golf courses and who laid out some of them in Toronto. Mr.

Lyon has played against some of the finest golfers in the world and they were not always the victors. Among the celebrities he met while abroad were Robert Maxwell, Harold Beveridge, Gordon Simpson, Jimmy Robb, Ted Blackwell, the long driver; Walter Blackwell, Harry Hilton, well known in Canada, and the late Norman Hunter, who met a soldier's death early in the Great War.

AMONG the American experts Mr. Lyon has played against are Bob Gardner, Walter and Jerry Travers, Clark and Warren Corcoran, Bill Fownes, Jr., and Chick Evans. In 1920 Evans won the American championship at the Engineers' Club, Rye, N.Y., and a month later Mr. Lyon scored a victory over him at the Thunder Bay Club in Port Arthur. During the year Mr. Lyon and Mr. Evans gave many exhibitions in behalf of the Red Cross and raised \$30,000 for the cause, Mr. Lyon meeting all his expenses for this worthy work out of his own pocket. At the Chevy Chase Invitation tournament, attended by the prominent golfers of the continent in Washington, Mr. Lyon was the winner of the coveted Taft Cup two years ago. He attended this tournament five times. Bill Thompson went with him one year and lost out in the finals. In another year Frank Thompson was with him. The Canadians always showed up well in that competition. A replica of the Taft Cup is one of the most treasured of Mr. Lyon's trophies. The Lambert Club gave him a dinner and a travelling bag in honor of his winning this classic. The hardest and closest game Mr. Lyon recollects having played was with the late Bert Austin on the Lambert course. It continued a tie until Mr. Lyon won on the fourth extra hole and might have gone on longer had not Mr. Austin been so unfortunate.

George Lyon is an Ontario Native With a Staunch Aberdeen Ancestry

GEORGE S. LYON was born in Richmond, Ontario, about twenty miles from Ottawa, July 27, 1858. His father, Robinson Lyon, was born there, too. His grandfather, Capt. George Lyon, after whom he was named, established the Lyon family in Canada, coming from Aberdeen. In response to an inquiry as to whether there was a connection with the Bowes-Lyon family, Mr. Lyon laughingly said it was quite likely that he was distantly related by marriage to Prince George, the Duke of York, but his Royal Highness had not yet claimed the relationship. "Would you believe it?" remarked Mr. Lyon. "It was not until I came to Toronto as a young fellow that I learned of the Duke of Richmond having established my birth-place, but history states that it is so, in fact the ill-fated Duke, who came to Canada from Aberdeen, was the guest of my grandfather just prior to leaving on the trip up the Goodwood River on the way to Ottawa, then Bytown, when his pet fox bit him and he died from hydrophobia in Mann's barn. The river was named after the Duke's estate at Aberdeen. He was lifting the fox out of a canoe when it bit him. My grandfather was engaged in the grist-mill business on an extensive scale. He had a large family of boys and sent them to college at Bytown, and in order that they might be certain of a plentiful supply of fresh milk, sent some cows to the college, too. My father had not been there long when he became so homesick that he took one of the cows and rode it back to Richmond. After that he was sent to the old Palace School in Toronto and eventually he took up law, but never practised his profession beyond looking after the business interests of the family. Surveyor General Ridway was his uncle. Judge Lyon, who before his elevation to the Bench was for a long time a member of Parliament, was my uncle. There are numerous branches of our Lyon family in old Carleton County. When I finished up my schooling I came to Toronto and went into the insurance business, at which I have been engaged continuously here for the past forty-four years. I worked hard and I played hard. Out-door sport has had a strong appeal to me since boyhood and it has been my proud privilege to have the association of some of the finest sportsmen in the world. Until I was nearly forty I did not have time to get married. I have always taken fairly good care of myself and in addition have been well taken care of, to which I attribute in a large extent the rugged health I appear to be in to-day, closely approaching the sixty-sixth milestone."

Above: Jack Cameron, famous
Olympic hockey goaler, acts as a tee
for George S. Lyon. Note the ball
placed on his eye.

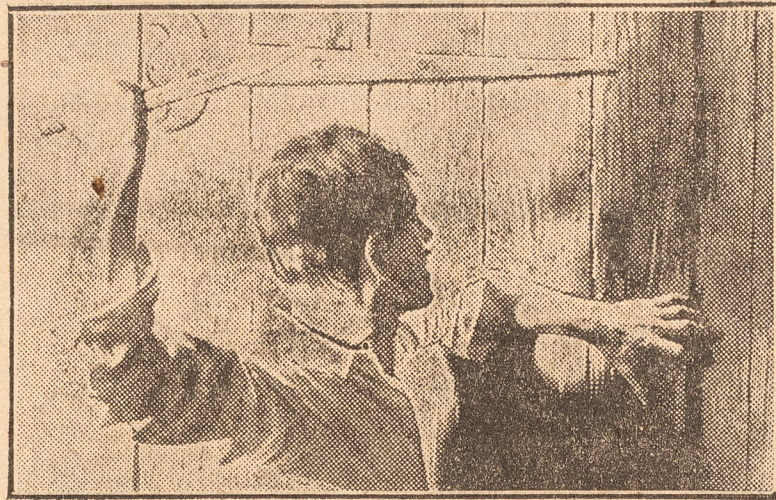
as to send his ball into a creek. Mr. Lyon says he thinks his easiest important game was when he defeated Mr. Patterson in the final for his first Canadian amateur championship. That gave him a confidence in his own game which has served him well ever since. He has never suffered an accident on the course, although on one occasion, when he was a spectator standing out of the line of play, he was struck on the hip by a ball which came along with the speed of a bullet and inflicted a bruise that was painful for a considerable time.

OF course, Mr. Lyon has a fund of stories picked off the links. One he tells on himself refers to a case of mistaken identity at Rosedale. "Chick Evans and I had been playing," he relates, "and after the match was over I was standing on the first tee taking practice swings and waiting for some fellows to get up before I drove. Parkyn Murray, chairman of the greens committee, was sitting on the bench with a stranger who had his eye on me and remarked to Parkyn, 'Look at that fellow on the first tee and notice the way he is swinging. That chap will never make a golfer.' Parkyn gazed in my direction and at once agreed with his friend remarking that I was George Lyon. The visitor blurted out, 'Oh, for Heaven's sake don't ever tell him what I said.' But Parkyn did."

MR. LYON observes that the rapidly extending popularity of golf is due in no small degree to the fact that a player of indifferent ability usually enjoys the sport just as much as the golfer who is pretty well up in the game. This is particularly true in relation to those of advanced age. One day the venerable Mr. Beverley Jones, then an octogenarian, was amusing himself on the links at Lambton, and turning to Mr. Lyon he said: "I had just as much fun out of it as you did." Mr. Lyon scoffs at the idea that golf is an old man's diversion, while admitting that at one time he might have so regarded it. That was before John Dick inveigled him into that first game. When he commenced to play, most of those one met on the links were middle-aged, or getting on. The game had but little of the general popularity it enjoys here now. Some of the early players he recalls at the old "Tip-Cat" links at Fern Hill, north of Small's Pond and in the neighborhood of Gerrard and Cottrell Streets, included W. A. H. Kerr, then one of the best players in the country. Continued on Page Thirty.

UNDER THE MIMOSAS

The New, Terrific Type of Theatrical Thriller Which Attracts Visitors in Paris and Latterly Has Become a Feature of the New York Season.



Jean seized his hunting knife and desperately pried and hacked at the heavy oaken door.

to be simply indifferent, but now I hate him, because—because, my Jean," her voice sank low, its warm tones full of tender sadness and humility, "because I feel that in his way he loves me more than you love me."

"DON'T say that, Eva!" cried Jean, crushing her violently in his arms. "Now you must listen to me. You are feverish, tired, nervous, overwrought. It will soon be dusk and I am going to take you home, or at least as far as the edge of the clearing, for we may as well avoid as much as possible the scandal of being seen together."

"I don't want to go home—not yet for a little while anyway. It rests me to be here. I am not quite right—my head is heavy and seems to turn round and round. Is it the heat or is it the mimosa flowers?"

Both, perhaps. I am afraid this is a dangerous game for you, my girl."

"I don't care. Tell me again that you love me. They can't take that from me. And yet my wife, who is obsessed with an almost insane fear of hydrophobia, persists in her habit of taking long walks alone, in these woods around the oasis."

"But nevertheless, doctor," retorted Jean with a touch of asperity, "I understand that you have a dog in your own house."

"Who told you that? My wife?"

"I believe—why, yes, it was Mme. Plassant herself who told me, come to think. It is true, then?"

"Oh, yes, we have a dog in our household," admitted the doctor, with a strange, sardonic laugh. "Well, I must be going on. But I came near forgetting the essential object of my visit. Do you expect to leave this lodge for another year? No? So I had understood. In that case I may take it myself. So while I am here I should like to have a look at the upstairs sleeping room, if you don't mind."

Jean shook his head.

"I'm sorry, doctor, but everything is in disorder up there just now."

"I understand," said the doctor coldly, turning to go. With these words, rather peculiarly emphasized, he took his departure.

Jean shut the door behind him, and at the same instant a pale, voluptuous-looking woman with burning eyes and rich, dishevelled hair appeared at the top of the stairs leading to the sleeping loft. She was Eva Plassant, the doctor's wife. She ran to Jean and they clasped hands excitedly as he exclaimed:

"You overheard? He suspects, he knows. If you could have seen the expression on his face you would feel sure, as I do, that he has confirmed his suspicions."

"So much the worse for him, then!" cried the woman, almost triumphantly. "That explains the stealthy footstep I heard following me in the woods as I came here. I could discover nothing, so I thought it must be a dog—and so it was! Show me, Jean—which was the glass he drank from? Give it to me."

She snatched up the liqueur glass which Jean indicated and dashed it to pieces on the tile floor, with an expression of disgust.

"What is the matter with you, Eva? I never saw you like this before."

"Does it surprise you, Jean, dear? Why should you care? Don't waste a moment's thought on such things. We have so little time together."

"But now we have gone so far, you must tell me of your life with the doctor. You don't love him, then?"

"It never was a question of love between him and me!" she cried passionately. "He knows that. I never could regard him as a husband, nor even as a man, you understand. But long ago, for appearance's sake, since we were obliged to live together, we made a formal agreement that each of us should be free, absolutely free and independent of the other. So I am accountable to no one but myself for whatever I do."

"And—how?"

The woman shrugged her white shoulders.

"He never was jealous before. I know why. He has hypnotized himself lately into a mad desire for what will never be realized. I used

with a heavy sigh and the murmuring of the woman's voice:—"Oh, I had such a frightful dream! How dark it is! Jean, speak to me."

"Eva, we must have fallen asleep!"

"I'm afraid it is awfully late. I must go now. Oh, dear! I feel so strange and dizzy."

"So do I," answered Jean, groping about to light the lamp. "Why, my watch has stopped at nine. It must be much later than that."

A dog howled dismally outside in the distance.

"I should be afraid, Jean, if you were not with me," said Eva shudderingly. "Give me my veil."

"Here's a strange thing—the door is locked and barred on the outside. The window blinds, too. We are prisoners."

"What does it mean?" asked Eva, scarcely able to control her nervous terror.

"Some poacher's trick probably. But—my cartridges are all gone! Somebody has been in here."

"Yes, that is it—that was my dream—I thought someone was moving about the room—that he came and stood beside us and leaned over!"

"Calm yourself, Eva. Some person is playing a trick on us, that's all."

"Oh, Jean, I am so thirsty."

He hastened to pour her a glass of water from the carafe, but it was empty.

The two lovers stared at one another blankly. Eva uttered a scream.

"I heard a scratching at the door!" she exclaimed.

"No, it's only the wind."

Then the lock sprung, the door was opened abruptly from outside and there stood Dr. Plassant, holding an electric flashlight in one hand, an automatic revolver clutched in the other.

Don't disturb yourselves," he

"Wretch! devil!" shrieked Jean. "It was you who maddened us. You are the real murderer!"

"No. You have killed a perfectly sane woman. And you yourself are as sane as I am. Guilty conscience and imagination did their work, and you stand before the bar of justice a self-convicted assassin!"

said, with diabolical coolness. "If you make a move I shall be under the necessity of firing. I have something to say to you."

"So, it was you who locked me up in my own house?" queried Jean. "What was the idea?"

"Because you are too dangerous to be allowed at large."

"You—or else she?"

"Enough of this, Plassant," said Eva, coming forward tragically. "What are you talking about? What have you done?"

"I found you two together, dead to the world—that was day before yesterday."

"You lie!" shouted Jean. "We have not been sleeping any such time as that!"

"As I was saying," continued Dr. Plassant with terrible deliberation, "the discovery upset me so that I lost my head, for a moment at least. I happened to have a needle with me—a needle infected with rabies—and I used it."

"You mean to say that you have inoculated us?"

"Not both of you, only one."

"Which one?"

"I don't know—you were so close together in the darkness—I just jabbed a hand at random."

"Save us!" cried Eva in a frenzy of fear, "or let us out of here. Jean, we must lose no time!"

"No! That's too horrible! Let me be the victim. But don't leave me, Jean! Oh, I am all trembling. And I'm so thirsty. If we could only get out."

Jean seized his hunting knife and desperately pried and hacked at the heavy oaken door. Eva

"Oh, it is too late, quite too late, now. The infection has done its work," interrupted the doctor.

"On which of us? Tell me!" demanded Jean.

"You will find that out for yourselves. The one who is infected must feel it by this time."

"For God's sake, doctor!"

"I have nothing more to say."

"Don't leave us this way. The one who goes mad will attack the other!"

"You have weapons," retorted the doctor, glancing at Jean's hunting knife, which lay on the table. "Defend yourselves."

WITH that he turned quickly and made his exit, walking backward, still covering the pair with his revolver. He slammed the door behind him, locked it from the outside and was gone.

"The fiend! The cowardly beast! He is even more dastardly than we could have imagined, because—"

"Because what?" moaned Eva. "Because he knows perfectly well which one of us it is whom he has poisoned, only he did not strike blindly—he had prepared his revenge and he had chosen his victim."

"And that victim—it is I!"

"Not necessarily, Eva. He hates me, but he loves you. He could destroy me, turn me into a mad dog."

"No! That's too horrible! Let me be the victim. But don't leave me, Jean! Oh, I am all trembling. And I'm so thirsty. If we could only get out."

Jean seized his hunting knife and desperately pried and hacked at the heavy oaken door. Eva

despairingly drew him back.

"It's no use. Don't break the knife, Jean—we may need it. Come near—let us be kind and gentle and not think of anything else—these may be our last moments!"

Jean seized her hand, kissed it and still held it, looking fixedly at a livid scratch on one of the dainty white fingers.

"What are you looking at?" she asked fearfully. "Oh, that is nothing but where I pricked my finger while I was sewing—some days ago. Don't look at me so, Jean. And give me that knife; I'll put it out of sight in the drawer. It gitters so! You know, dear, the one who is stricken is necessarily the more weak and nervous. In a moment of frenzy—who can tell—Oh, my throat is so dry! If I only had a drink of water!"

"My poor Eva! I'm going to break out of here, some way!" cried Jean, spring to his feet.

"No, don't leave me, Jean! And don't cry out like that. I'll be more calm, now. And—Jean, your knife—it is yours; you had better have it, after all—here, take it. Oh, what a terrible thing! Ah, the light!"

Jean, now frozen with fear, followed her gaze to the solitary oil lamp on the mantel. It flickered, gave one expiring spurt of flame and went out. In the sudden darkness that ensued, the agonizing woman's voice sounded harsh and unnatural.

"I am afraid! It is so dark and cold! Where are you, Jean? We must have the light. I feel as if I were going blind. Jean, where are you?"

"Here," he answered from the other side of the table. There was something like mad terror in his voice now.

"As he fell back over the table, under her straining embrace, his hand touched and closed upon the handle of the hunting knife. He raised it and struck with all the force of uncontrollable terror."

The woman sank back to the divan with one long, wailing cry, and then the silence of death closed around.

"I have killed her! Oh, God! is there no mercy, no help?"

As if in answer to his supplication the door flung open and a shaft of dazzling light penetrated the interior of the lodge, revealing Jean standing in stone-like horror over the lifeless body of Eva lying pathetically on the cushions under the mimosas.

"Yes you have killed her,"

"Wretch! devil!" shrieked Jean. "It was you who maddened us. You are the real murderer!"

"No. You have killed a perfectly sane woman. The inquest and autopsy will prove that. And you yourself are as sane as I am. The inoculation menace was all a fiction. Guilty conscience and imagination did their work, and you stand before the bar of justice a self-convicted assassin."

Dr. Plassant knelt on the floor beside the dead body of his wife and kissed her pallid, unresisting lips.

Here Are Last Week's Winners in Sunday World Observation Contest

Funny Incidents in By-play of Life Reported by Readers.

TORONTO seems to have a goodly number of people whose eyes are wide open to the little colorful incidents of every day life, judging by the answers that are coming in in the Sunday World Observation Contest.

"What was the funniest thing I saw last week?" Ask yourself this question, then write down the answer, in not more than 250 words, and address it to the Editor, Observation Contest, Toronto Sunday World. A prize of \$3 will be given for the funniest incident, and \$1 each for the second and third, or others it may be deemed desirable to publish.

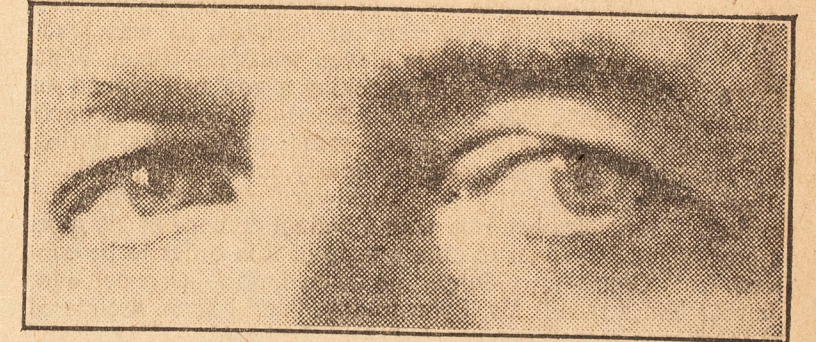
Each letter must bear name and address of sender, but if you do not wish this published, please add a pen name.

The funniest incident reported during the week ending July 12th, was from Mr. H. M. Suydam, to whom is awarded the first prize of \$3. The second and third best were sent in by J. K. McBride and G. W. Annette respectively, to each of whom is awarded \$1.

Winning stories appear hereunder in their proper order.

A YOUNG chap immaculately attired and accompanied by a pretty girl supplied the funniest incident I saw last week. They boarded one of those stumpy St. Clair cars at Yonge Street, and the escort was so busy attending to the seating of his fair companion that he forgot the queer lurches and bucking starts for which these old-time chariots are famous.

The result convulsed the entire



passenger list. Dropping his cane, the young fellow shot forward, lost his footing, grabbed the conductor about the knees, and brought him to the ground—or rather floor—as cleanly as you please.

It was about as neat a gridiron tackle as I have ever seen.

Of course, the young blade apologized and helped the conductor to his feet. But the passengers were still chuckling at Vaughan Road.

H. M. Suydam,
Lauder Avenue.

A SUDDENLY acquired thirst for knowledge, accentuated presumably by the heat, drew me to a Public Library in the west end of the city. On arrival there, to my dismay, I found the front door locked.

Seeking another avenue to the storehouse of knowledge, I went to a side entrance, where, to my great astonishment and amusement, I beheld an elderly man seated on a chair, with his boots and socks off, carefully cultivating his corns, which were evidently suffering from the heat.

This was the funniest thing I saw last week. Can you beat it?

J. K. McBride, (13 yrs.)
430 Durlie St.

LAST Sunday I took a trip through Riverdale Zoo and saw an elephant get its trunk packed with sweets. Next I saw a crane craning her neck after a drink, and the kingfisher fishing, and a mud turtle muddled, because as he would crawl, a young duckling would try to eat one of his feet, then I took a look at the lion, "lion" asleep.

But the funniest thing I saw was a monkey. Now just fancy for a moment that you are one of the spectators, outside the cage, of course, when someone with a sense of humor, but very little common sense, threw a vanity case into the monkeys' cage, where it was opened like one of our fair flappers (no reflection). But the monkey saw differently, and out came the powder puff, which was smelt, and in doing so, she powdered her nose, then started to tear it up, took a lick of the powder and, alas, saw herself in the looking glass. Then she made a monkey of herself, hopping around with the glass, turning her head from one side to the other. (And we all laughed.)

G. W. Annette,
687 Rhodes Avenue,
City.

By HENRY TYRRELL.
(From the French play by Alfred Savoir and Leopold Marchand.)

LANGUID, breathless afternoon, a solitary hunting lodge in a sub-tropical forest on the edge of the African desert, and two hearts beating close together in a sinister passion, a passion as far away from the polite, calm-pulsed mating of western civilization as this Algerian camp in the shadow of the Atlas Mountains was distant from the tame security of a Paris suburb. Here was breathed that miasmatic, spiritual atmosphere, that fever-stricken climate of the soul which men likewise find—

"Somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst, where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst."

JEAN GILDAS had been out shooting and he was still in his hunting clothes when, as the day declined, Dr. Plassant knocked at his cabin door. The door was locked, but Jean opened it promptly, asked the visitor in and made him comfortable on the shaded divan with a cigar and a glass of anisette.

"Doubtless you are wondering what brings me here," said the doctor, a furtive, restless little man past middle age, as he peered about the improvised sitting room, the furnishings of which showed a few touches of European refinement softening the austerity of a typical Arab interior.

"Oh, no. Between neighbors a visit should be quite the natural thing."

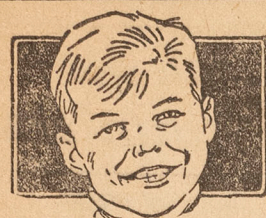
"Well, you seem comfortable enough, though I should think you would find it lonesome. What a lot of flowers! And I see that you too are fond of the mimosa," indicating some luxuriant specimens of this mystic-perfumed shrub, which transformed the window seat into a kind of bower.

"Ah, then it is your favorite?"

"No, not! On the contrary, I can't endure its heavy, drug-like odor. But my wife has a veritable craze for it. I have to humor her, for she is still unhappy in this Atlas desert, despite the years we have lived here. To see and chat with a Parisian like yourself makes it a red-letter day for her. By the way, what ever brought you to spend a season in this out-of-the-way corner of Northern Africa?"

"It is easy to guess—the hunting."

"Ah, yes. There is indeed plenty of game. And yet, the hunting season is a blight this year on account of the hydrophobia epidemic,



SPORTS GAMES PUZZLES

A PAGE FOR BOYS and GIRLS

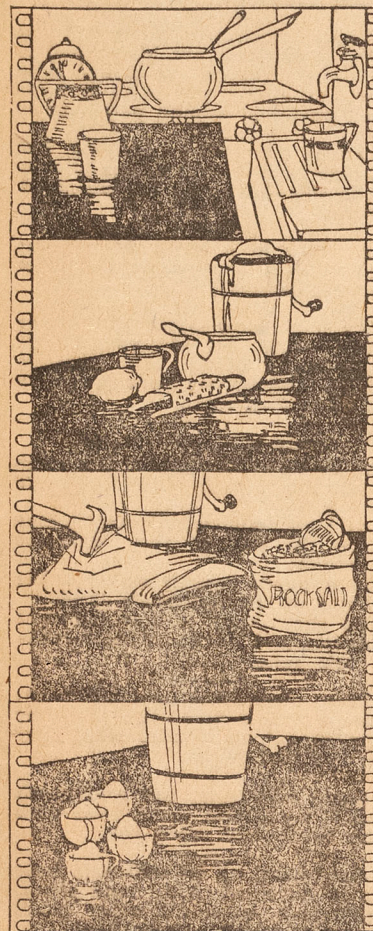
JOKES STORIES RIDDLES



A COMPANY DINNER MOVIE LESSON

THE perfect midsummer meal ends with a cool, dainty, frozen dessert, such as lemon ice you are shown below how to make. If you haven't an ice cream freezer you can surely borrow one when company comes, and perhaps you can persuade little brother to turn the dasher for you, if you promise to let him lick the pan in which you make the icing you'll learn about next week.

Mother won't be needed in the kitchen at all if you follow carefully the directions in the pictures below:



1. Make a syrup of 2½ cups sugar and 4 cups water and boil ten minutes. Be sure it is for ten minutes only.

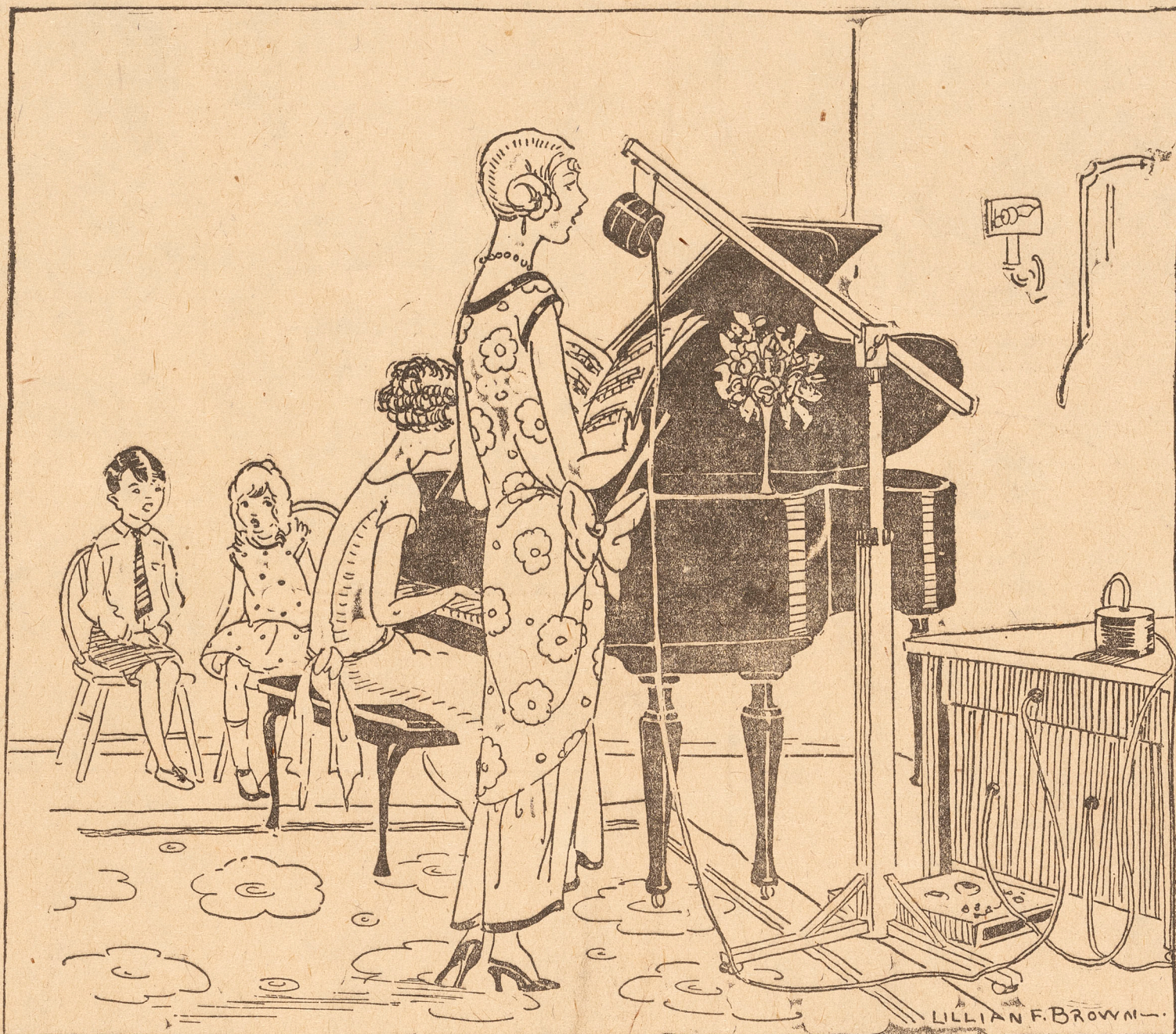
2. Add 1 cup lemon juice and the grated rind of one lemon and let stand until it is cool. Pour into can of ice cream freezer. Fasten the lid of the can down as tightly as possible.

3. Crack ice by pounding it in a canvas bag. Place it in freezer, putting in 3 parts ice to 1 part rock salt. The salt keeps the temperature of the ice down, preventing melting.

4. Turn dasher until ice is frozen. Serve it in sherbet glasses. Little sprigs of mint on the yellow ice will add to its attractiveness.

The last "movie lesson," which appears next week, will tell you how to make a delicious cake to serve with this ice.

A Little Visit To a Radio Broadcasting Station



A Chicago station each week, the station must change its call letters to their given experimental letters. These have a number in them. A radio message cannot be sent directly to a person, but an indirect message may be sent to a listening group at a particular place.

May Send Telephone Messages.

CONCERTS and speeches are often broadcast from distant places and cities by telephone wires from the microphone, which stands before the person broadcasting, to the station, however far away. When the telephone message reaches the station it is then amplified and put on the air. This method is called indirect control and is used for such purposes as broadcasting important speeches and great conventions and meetings.

Talks of all kinds, music, and plays are broadcast. Many stations have regular nights of the week for special hours of entertainment. Some are having school on the radio, broadcasting lectures on special school subjects for the people who have not time to study during the day. Many stations have plays which are broadcast with lines telling action and explaining every move by the changes of the voice, as the play cannot be seen. A piano and also an orchestra broadcast well.

High Voice Is Best.

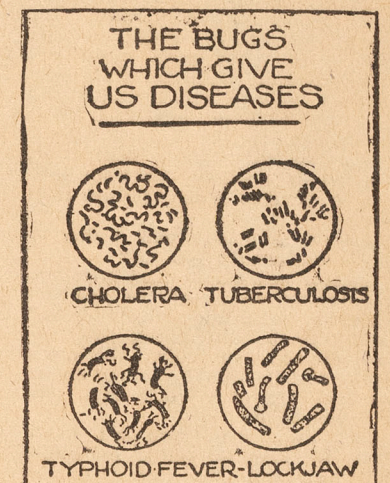
THE higher voice of a man or woman broadcasts better than a lower voice, as the vibrations of the higher voice reach the listener's ear more like the sound which is sent through the microphone than the lower voice with less number of vibrations.

There are hundreds of radio stations in North America to-day. Radio experiments and discoveries are just beginning. The programs at every station are different in many ways, but alike in form. If you have a station near your home, visit it some time with your parents or friends, and look to see the generator motor which brings the voice to you so that you can hear it from a thousand miles away, even though it is sent out in a soundproof room.

Some Troublemakers

HERE are four of the smallest and meanest animals in the world: the germs of cholera, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and lockjaw (tetanus). It is only fair to these small "bugs" to say that they are not intentionally harmful. They don't know any better, and they can't be taught—so they have to be killed or they will kill us.

Notice the funny little tails on the



typhoid germs—hairs which whip around madly in order to move from place to place. These pictures are greatly magnified, because it would be impossible to see the bugs with the naked eye.

Each one of these little bugs is distinctly alive, and can carry on all the functions of life. They eat, drink, play, work, have children, and die—just as people do. Of course, they haven't any intelligence and can't think, or maybe they wouldn't be so ruthless in killing folks. How do you like the looks of them? They don't look so vicious, but if you should happen to meet a couple of them coming down the street, get on the other side as quickly as possible.

LUCK OF WILL O' THE WISP

"WILL-o'-the-Wisp" the neighbors called him, with contempt in their voices. Some one, seeing his brilliant red hair against the setting sun as he crossed the moor, had nicknamed him that, and the name had stuck.

There was another reason why the name was suited to him. He was an odd boy who would not or could not make friends. He wandered off a great deal by himself across the black moor and through the forbidding hills beyond it, part of which belonged with the farm, and folks would often look up to see him perch little white came every month from a flame in the wind.

His mother, a hard-working, always-scolding woman, complained because Will wasn't more "steady." Will was quiet and obedient with his mother, but he paid little attention to her nagging. She had reason for being cross, he thought pityingly, what with his father having lost his mind and their only income being the little which came every month from the tenants who had leased part of this, his grandfather's estate, once a fairly well-kept farm, but now in very bad shape.

THERE was a strange sympathy between Will and his sad-faced father, who sat all day in his chair in the sun or by the fireplace. His father had been a gold miner in Alaska and there his health had been wrecked. He had returned to marry the girl who had waited for him, but soon after Will had been born the father's mind had gone the way of his health.

"Will," called his mother, hands on hips, "there, you're late for supper again. What do you do out in the dust and dirt all day? Just look at your clothes! I declare, sometimes



I think you're as daft as your father." Will winced but said nothing. He slid into his place at the table. "If you don't settle down," she went on, "you'll be crazy one of these days yourself. Will-o'-the-wisp they call you. A good name! Always chasing around after nothing the way your father did." For once Will couldn't keep silent. "It isn't as though he's feeble minded," he protested hotly. "You know Doctor Fisher says it's because of something pressing against his brain as the result of an accident when he was prospecting. And if we had enough money for an expensive operation he would be all right again." "Well, haven't," answered his mother shortly. "And what's more, by the way, I was down to see Mr. Smithers to-day and he's decided you're big enough to take into his store to work the rest of the summer. You'll have to quit fooling around with rocks the way you do.

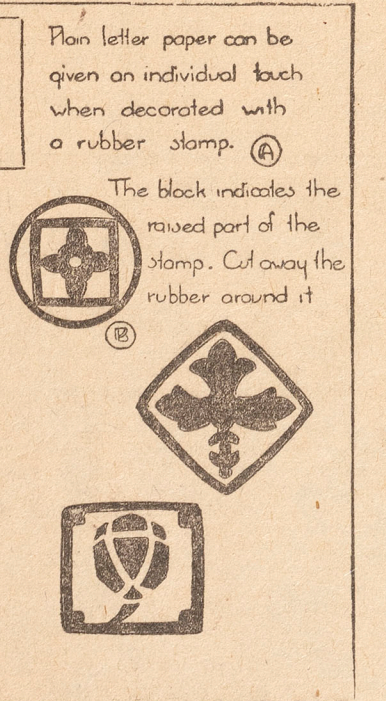
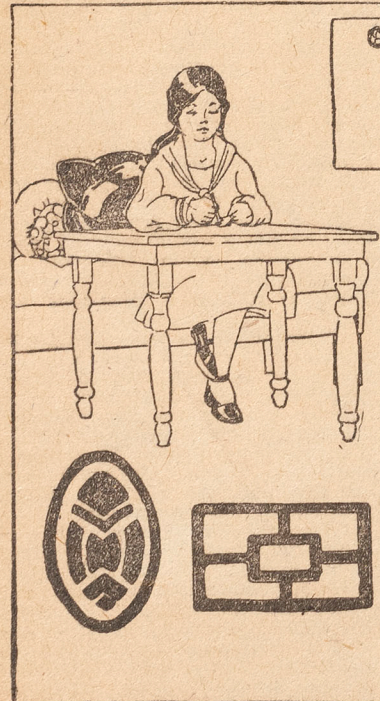
BLOCK PRINT WITH ERASERS

THE boy who has sat in school and whittled a picture in an eraser with his jackknife probably didn't realize that he was making something that could be used for a block print.

We hear a great deal about wood block printing and linoleum block printing, but stamps made from these two materials are more or less difficult to cut. An eraser, however, is a material which can readily be cut with a penknife so that a design stands out in relief on its surface. When ink is painted lightly on the pattern with a brush the stamp can be pressed on paper or cloth, with the result that the design is transferred to the object with which it comes in contact.

An eraser has an added advantage in being about the right size for a convenient stamp, and its cost is so very small. The designs shown here are examples of simple ones that can be drawn on an eraser and cut out. Remember that the part that is to print must be the raised part. Cut away to a depth of about ¼-inch everything that is not to print. Then the design will stand out in bold, clean-cut lines. Water color paint or writing ink can be used for the printer's ink.

Use may be made of such stamps for individual letter monograms or motifs, for borders which can be produced by a repetition of the printing shapes, or if India ink is used, small designs can be printed on towels or handkerchiefs for a laundry marker instead of initials. Every time that the stamp is used a fresh supply of paint must be applied before it can be used again.



Did you ever wonder just how radio messages are sent out? If there isn't any broadcasting station near your home, then take a trip with us to a big station and see just what goes on and how the radio talks and concerts come direct to your own set.

THE great radio stations of the country which broadcast the music you like to hear are made up of two parts—the studio, the pretty room in which the person who broadcasts to you and the piano or orchestra stands, and the operating room which has the machinery to manage the power to broadcast.

Studio is on Separate Floor. THE studio is generally on a separate floor and is easy to reach. Its walls are soundproof, covered with soft pretty colored hangings.

Why can't you collect stamps, if you must have a hobby? WILL had turned very pale. "I can't work in a store," he said in a low voice. "I'd hate it. I like to be outside."

His mother's voice almost rose to a shriek, the way it did when she was very angry. "Don't you say a word to me. You'll do as I say!" There was a knock at the door. Will got up to answer it. A tall man stood in the doorway and behind him Will could see a big automobile in front of the house. "Is this where Will Dalton lives?" asked the man.

"Yes," Will answered. "I'm he. Won't you come in?" "I'm from the geological survey," answered the man as he stepped inside. "I drove down myself to tell you that there is no doubt, from the specimens you sent me, but what you have found oil on this farm. I will be glad to do all I can to help you."

Will's eyes shone, while his mother gasped. "To-morrow I'll take you around and show you where I found the oil seeping up," he said. "Geologist I must be great to be a geologist I'm crazy about it. I'm going to be one myself some day. Now I can study it and everything, since we've struck it."

"Struck it rich!" cried his father from his chair in the corner. His dazed mind having caught those magic words of his youth. "No will-o'-the-wisp this time!"

Tornado Facts

MOST people get tornadoes and cyclones mixed up. Of course, either of them is a bad thing to get mixed up with.

In the first place, nearly every one has the idea that Summer time is tornado time, but this isn't true at all. On the contrary, the tornado season is mainly in March, April and May. April is the big month for tornadoes.

The tornado is an upright, revolving, roaring, destroying cloud. Typhoons and monsoons, also confused with tornadoes, are storms covering large areas, hundreds of miles in diameter, and they give rise to straight winds only. The winds of a tornado have a violent rotary motion. The word "cyclone" refers, correctly, to the great storm areas which pass week by week, across the United States.

There is a definite relationship between clouds and times of day, even. Different periods of the same day will produce different clouds. The tornado comes usually in the late afternoon or the early evening. The hours from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. will include all of them. The wreckage in the wake of a tornado is oftentimes very terrible. This is due to the tremendous wind, for the outer walls of the funnel may travel at from 300 to 500 miles per hour. In the very centre there is

Sometimes the walls are of glass so that outsiders can see the broadcaster even though he cannot hear him as he talks or sings.

The performer stands before a black circle about six inches across, which looks like a great black doughnut with smaller circles around its edge. Sometimes this circle, or microphone, as it is called, is covered by a pretty shade and looks for all the world like a floor lamp. A tiny red electric bulb flashes on when power is opened and the performer begins with everything in the room in silence.

In some stations the announcer stands at the same microphone with the performer and announces before the number, then stands aside for it, but in other stations, the announcer is in another room and presses a button to operate the flash of light which signals the studio to begin or turns it off when the number is ended. When the station broadcasts an orchestra, the operator flashes the bulb at the orchestra pit for them to begin.

Wire Towers For Current.

THE operating room of a radio station is usually on the roof of the building built in a small house for the machinery. On this roof are two high towers wired to direct the current. These towers form the aerials which, with the ground wires, help to send the electric current which takes the music to your radio set. These towers are placed on opposite ends of the roof and their height and the comparative height of the buildings make the broadcast clearer to you.

Voice Is Amplified.

THE voice comes through the microphone and is taken by wire up to the operating room. Then it is strengthened many times, which is called amplified, and the electric power sends this voice out on the air many times stronger than it is heard at the studio, and you hear it at your receiving set. It sounds to you just like the voice itself, but it is really strengthened many times, else you

would not be able to hear it any more than you can hear your teacher talk from a mile away. These amplifiers are worked by generators which make the current to send the voice out. When they say that a station is 500 watt or 1,000 watt, it means that the amount of current used to get that voice out to your receiving set is that many watts of electricity, which is the way electricity is measured. When the power is turned on and the station is ready to open its program, the operator turns the electric switch, opening the current into the ether, which fills every space in and around the air. It comes to you: "This is station ABC."

Each station has its broadcasting call letters. All stations newly licensed by the government, east of the Mississippi, begin with W and all west with K. Those already licensed did not change their call letters, however, with the new ruling, to signal or to talk to some experiments, or particular place such as the program broadcast to Donald McMillan near the north pole by

HIGH AND BROAD JUMP IN YARD

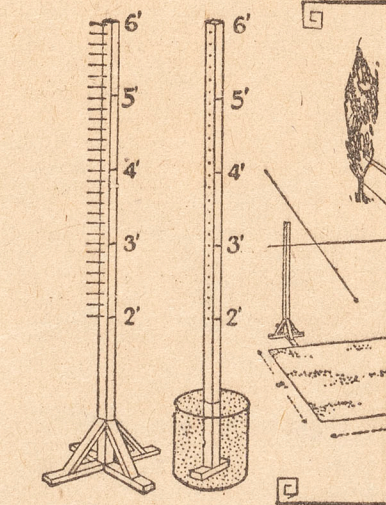
This is another of a series of articles on the construction and use of playground equipment adapted to the back yard.

By W. C. BATCHELOR.

JUMPING for either height or distance holds the interest of an athletically inclined boy or girl from an early age until maturity. These activities are of the more vigorous type, calling for accuracy, speed and maximum effort. The equipment is so simple that almost any boy of 12 or more can construct it. The cost is almost negligible. Here are two types of home-made high jump standards:

Material needed: Two pieces, 1½ by 1½ inches by 6 feet (uprights). One piece, 1 inch by 1½ inches by 6 feet (brace and base). Two pounds No. 8 casing nails.

A good standard can also be made by placing the upright in an old bucket filled with concrete. A five-gallon can cut through the middle will make ideal forms for a pair of standard



probably a vacuum which bursts open all objects which withstand the outer winds. A tornado at its largest will be less than one thousand feet wide at its base, so that the territory ruined by this monster may sometimes be a narrow one.

WOODEN FARE.

First Student—"Ugh! This cake tastes like sawdust." Second Student—"Yes, it's fine board we get around here."

Did You Know?

DID you ever believe that a scar on a tree grows upward with the tree? As a matter of fact, a blaze mark struck shoulder high by a trapper a hundred years ago will still be shoulder high to-day. A tree expands in girth with the seasons, but greater height is attained only by new growth at the top.

In Australia there are birds that actually build incubators, great mounds of decaying vegetable matter that, acted on by the rays of the sun, generate a heat sufficient to hatch the eggs.

Japan is famous as the home of the queer long-tailed woodpecker. This little bird, one of our least-known North American animals, is very gentle and tameable. It is seen at night. The snake is the friend of mankind. A single snake will eat 150 mice in a season, thus ridding us of rodents which do great damage to trees and crops.

The home of the flying squirrel is usually a hole in a stump excavated by one of the woodpeckers. This little bird, one of our least-known North American animals, is very gentle and tameable. It is seen at night. The snake is the friend of mankind. A single snake will eat 150 mice in a season, thus ridding us of rodents which do great damage to trees and crops.

(Copyright, 1924, by W. C. Batchelor.)

Under Water Blow

OFTEN you will read about or hear about a life-saving stunt in which the hero will say, "I went out after the man. KNOCKED HIM OUT and towed him ashore." Part of such a statement is bunk, because it is one of the most difficult things imaginable to deliver a knockout blow when in water over one's head.

Here's the reason. When you hit a person on land, all the shock of the blow goes into the body and it is easy to give a hard blow. In the water it is, in the first place, difficult to start a hard blow. Even though it is once started, the resistance of the water slows it up and when it is delivered the body of the person receiving the blow recoils in the water and the water absorbs much of the shock.

Take a rubber ball out into water over your head some time and try to hit it. It is, in the first place, difficult to start a hard blow. Even though it is once started, the resistance of the water slows it up and when it is delivered the body of the person receiving the blow recoils in the water and the water absorbs much of the shock. Take a rubber ball out into water over your head some time and try to hit it. It is, in the first place, difficult to start a hard blow. Even though it is once started, the resistance of the water slows it up and when it is delivered the body of the person receiving the blow recoils in the water and the water absorbs much of the shock.

LIVELY GAMES TO PLAY AT CAMP

HERE'S a game that's good for porch parties and the living-room on rainy days, as well as for outdoors.

The players are divided into three groups, each representing an army. They take their places in three corners of the room, one army in each. The fourth corner is the prison, while No Man's Land, where most of the battles are fought, is in the middle of the floor.

The battle starts when a few soldiers from each camp move into No Man's Land. Each army then attempts to throw the soldiers from the other two armies into prison. When a soldier has been forced so that one foot is inside the space marked off for the prison he must surrender. The soldier who captures him, however, must be carried inside.

Each army should have some sort of badge or flag to mark themselves putting their own men in prison in the excitement of battle. The war comes to an end when two entire armies have been imprisoned. The army, or part of an army, that is left has won the war.



IN SNOOPYQUO LAND

WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER

"A bank whereon a wild time grows."

THIS is Watchyourstep, the Father Time of Snoopyquopla, as he celebrates the finding of a bunch of forget-me-nots growing on the banks of the Wabash. He is having a Wild Time doing a sort of aesthetic-tick dance, you might say (if you are not ticklish). Of course Watchyourstep is more or less tied down, seeing how his nose grows into, or out of the ground. He'll get a nosegay, bye and bye, and the flowers that bloom in the spring (trala) will be nothing compared to those that bloom on his nose. (More tralas.)

If you know a bank whereon a wild time grows, why just take your bank book and run down with it to the bank and write in all the names of the minute men and story men and the night watchmen and Hour Marys that you see, and then you can put your bank book on the market, for it will not only be

timely, but there will be lots of interest in it. In this picture the old Grandfather Clock is picking up his heels with no little alarm, for he has taken all his Daylight savings from the bank and spent them in playing a garden of bird seed to grow a flock of cuckoo clocks.

DANGEROUS.

Bill—"The doctor tells me I have to cut out eating sugar." Mary—"How come?" Bill—"He tells me that it makes me lazy." Mary—"What kind of sugar do you use?" Bill—"Loaf sugar."

HIS BUSINESS.

Sutor—"I called to—er—talk—about—your daughter's hand." Father—"Marie, tell Miss Emma that the manicurist has arrived."

IN SUMMER SCHOOL.

Teacher—"What is an idiom?" Pupil—"It's the feminine of idiot."



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Why Not Keep Right On?

METROPOLITAN newspaper has been holding a contest on the best way to spend the last year of your life.

What would you do if you knew that you had only a year to live? Just as futile a question, that, as "What would you do if you had a million dollars?" Of course, if you had a million dollars you would do just about what other people do. You may think you would found hospitals and take care of widows and orphans and send poor, little, neglected girls to college. But you wouldn't, any more than many others do. You would probably set your million to work to make another million.

And if you only had a day to live, what would you do?

Tolstol was asked that question. His answer can never be improved upon. "I'd plow my furrow," said Tolstol. Ploughing the furrow seemed to him the day's work, and he would wish to do on his last day the work that was laid out to do.

The man who wouldn't keep right on keeping on if he knew that this was his last year on earth must be in the wrong place.

Leone and Work

TRICK definitions of the things that count most in life are seldom satisfactory.

Almost always they sacrifice the whole truth to brevity.

But just the same every attempt to simplify and clarify our ideas about the business of living has its certain value. Each time we try to reduce our problems to the simplest possible terms, we do gain a little in clear thinking.

Mary Alden Hopkins, in a current magazine, gives us two important things to think about—love and work.

"The two fundamentals of healthy living are the preservation of life and the preservation of the race," she says, "work and love-making."

She proves her point in a way, too, for she tells the story of numerous foreign peasants who come to America and defy a good many of the accepted rules of conduct, but who in spite of everything do prosper.

When a new world farmer yields to lax ways and indulges too freely in drink, the farm shows it. The roof gets leaky and the fences sag.

Not so with the Slavic farmer. Even if he permits himself the indiscretion of getting drunk his work never suffers.

"The peasant," this writer says, "does not sin against work."

How many of us are there who have that enviable record that we do not sin against work?

Almost always when you hear someone envying another his success and declaring that it is only chance which has brought one good fortune and the other meagre rewards, you will find that there is a record of solid, ceaseless work back of the man who has finally conquered.

Success isn't all luck, nor is it all genius. A lot of it, a great deal of it, is work.

The Luckless Millionaire

THE young man who killed himself recently because he was too happy was, of course, just plain crazy.

For it would be too bad not to believe that we are all supposed to be happy in this world, however much we bungle the job.

This young man explained in the note he left that he had everything that money could buy, and that there was nothing to live for. Of course he wasn't too happy; he was just too idle.

Poverty, doubtless, has its drawbacks. Extreme poverty, in fact, has very little to recommend it.

But the state of being "hard up," which a good many of us have been fortunate enough to experience, is more often than not a blessing in disguise. It leaves us a few thrills. It puts a little expectation and eagerness and some surprises into life.

A newspaperman prints a story about a wealthy man who received a telegram calling him to Europe for a couple of weeks. The wealthy man was playing bridge at his club at the time. He called for a telephone and put in three calls—one to his secretary to see about the passage, one to his tailor for some extra clothes and one to his valet to instruct him to pack—then he went on with his game—and that was that.

Just think of your trip to Europe, or if not to Europe, your last trip to some interesting spot in this country. The getting ready was almost more fun than the going. The poor rich man was robbed of all that enjoyment.

A newspaper reporter walked into a millionaire's office the other day with a package under his arm. He had stopped in to interview the man on his way home.

"What's that you have there?" the millionaire asked.

"Oh, it's just a little box of candy," said the reporter. "It's my wife's birthday, and I can't afford to get her anything else this year."

"You ought to be glad that you can't," said the capitalist, a little bitterly. "I used to take my wife candy and flowers, too, and how happy it made her. But there's nothing I can take her now. The houseman keeps the candy jar filled; fresh flowers are sent in every day from the green houses; if she wants jewelry she calls up the jeweler, and he sends out a selection. It's no fun."

The millionaires "have it all over us" when it comes to owning things. But we can beat them, hands down, when it comes to being able to enjoy the things we have.

THE MILL RUN

OUTSIDE ADVERTISING

When the Toronto Transportation Commission placed upon the streets of Toronto, little used to such stupendous sights, its gorgeous red cars, there arose a communal noise corresponding to that which accompanies the valedictory discharge of fireworks at the Exhibition. Here and there, on the part of taxpayers, was emitted what was understood to be a groan to the effect that they cost too much. But the cars were already bought and paid for, and it was obvious that the transaction having been completed, the commissioners could not make them any cheaper. Nevertheless, the criticism must have rankled, and the General Manager of the system, being unable to make the cars any cheaper, has done the next best thing. He has made them look cheaper.

He has achieved this effect by permitting the outside of the cars to be used as mobile billboards, and one must credit him with an error. It is unlikely that he will be permitted to continue his experiment until the cars are placarded like a London bus, for there is no public demand that the Toronto Transportation Commission shall enter the advertising field. There ought to be no objection to interior advertising, for if the cards there displayed do not improve the appearance of the car, they are at least more interesting to scan than the human countenances beneath them. A disenchanted passenger may allow his eye to rest favorably upon a beautiful girl demonstrating a new gum or a new method of masticating it. Upon a well-favored dame caught in the act of having no trouble whatever in keeping her shoulder strap or whatever they call it, in a position at once coy and secure, he can bestow a full-fledged ogle and feel that in doing so he is violating no city ordinance made and provided. In fact, his heart may warm to mural decorations while he remains coldly critical of the effort to turn the outside of the car into a work of art in the most unhappy vein of E. L. Ruddy.

What we mean to say is we oppose advertising except on special occasions, on the outside of our street cars. We do not, in this instance, take the conventional newspaper position, which is that there ought to be no advertising matter whatever displayed anywhere except in the columns of the daily press. This attitude is rarely avowed; in fact, we believe that it is herein admitted for the first time. Newspapers denounce billboards not as their rivals, but on aesthetic grounds. They are said to be blots on the landscape, affronts to the cultured eyes of the beholders (i.e., advertising solicitors for newspapers) and even as screens which permit and even invite the commission of dark and ghastly misdeeds. The truth is, and we are making our readers privy to it at no slight risk of discharge, disgrace and dismemberment, that newspapers feel themselves competent to do all the advertising that is to be done. We believe that, at heart, advertising managers, though kind to their own families and fair to outward seeming, believe it to be a mistake that street names are legally printed at intersections, that shop signs and door plates are tolerated and that one can find out the number of a man's house without looking it up in a newspaper.

POLITICIANS' ENGLISH.

We should regard it as a favor if any reader would point out to us an instance of any public man on this continent who uses precise English. So far as we know, there is no contemporary vote catcher who is content to make any speech using only the words that make clear his meaning. Invariably, our tribunes make mountains of words out of molehills of thought, for the reason, we suppose, that the people cannot face or swallow a bald idea. This is an illusion. The people in their daily intercourse, use few words. Their nouns are invariably concrete and their adjectives scant. Except in laborious efforts to make conversation, an ordeal that they generally avoid, they are not repetitious.

It is not beyond the power of the average navy to improve on this sentence from President Coolidge, who is, among other things, a college graduate:—"I have absolute confidence that if American womanhood will exercise the right of franchise after fair, considerate and mature deliberation, voting for what is right, as their best judgment shows the right, their will mightily prevail."

The word "deliberation" implies the adjectives he has strung in front of it; in fact "deliberation" and "consideration" are similes. Also voting what is right, as their best judgment shows the right is redundant and even in this superfluous clause he inserts what we might call the super-superfluous word "best," upon the sticks and square, the superfluous word "absolute" and inter on the unnecessary adverb "mightily." After we knock out the needless "right," we find that what he means is:

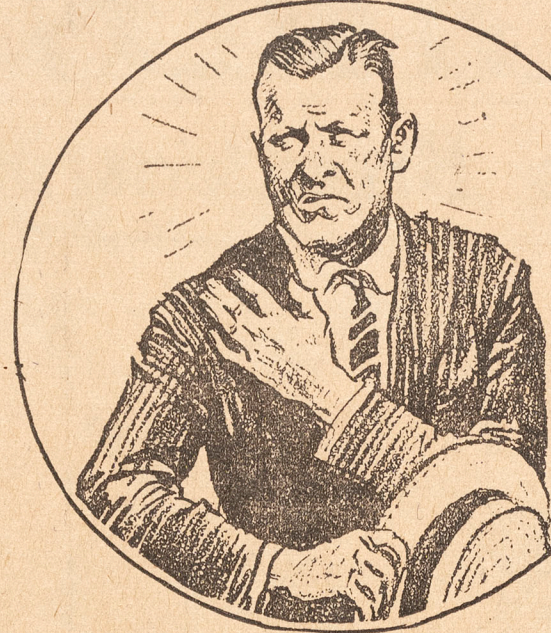
"If American women want right to prevail let them reflect before they vote." This is a saving of many words. The President's use of "deliberation" instead of "women" is a fatal revelation of either his own mentality or that of those whom he addressed.

We distrust politicians who say "open an apple board, frank, honest, candid, fair and square," those who say "up and up, out and out," and unless our memory is at fault they all do it.

—J. V. M.

AMONG US MORTALS By Richard Vincent Culter

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

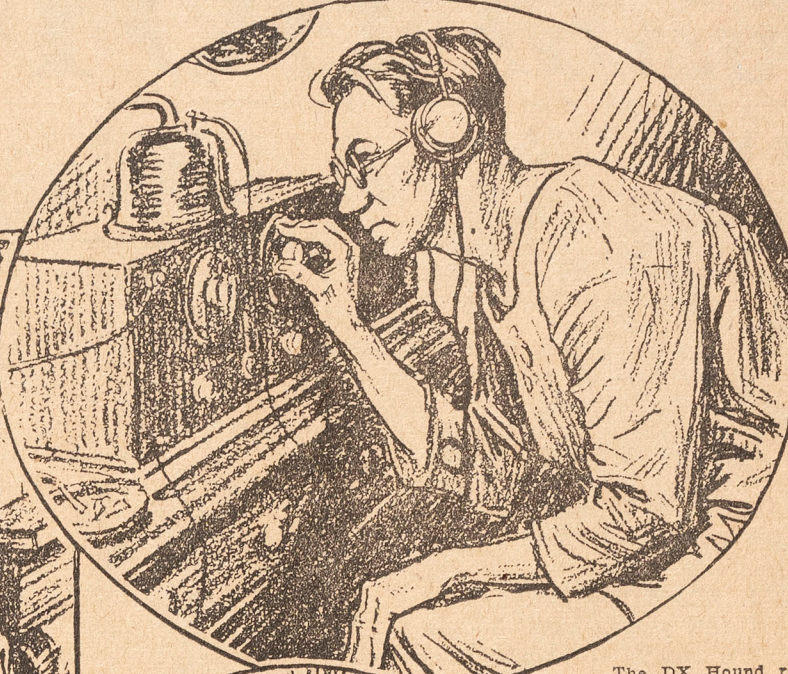


The usual end of the first perfect day on the beach—when you start out getting the season's tan a little too strenuously and the cute little water blisters begin to pizzle on your shoulders.



At the end of a perfect day's shopping—after six hours of steady walking, a four dollar and eighty cent lunch, two taxicabs, the help of about thirty sales girls in every department from Paris millinery to porch furniture, the triumphant shopper comes home with the total booty of two skeins of pink silk and some garter elastic.

The Mogul of the taxicab has decided to call it the end of a perfect day in his checkered career—he has smashed only five fenders, been given only three summonses and has just received a whole quarter tip from a lady passenger.



The DX Hound refuses to call it the end of a perfect radio day unless he has waited up until all the local stations have signed off so that he can try to get a few squeaks out of Los Angeles.



The end of a perfect picnic day—Tommy's final bee sting just as the family are ready to start home, which tops off a casualty list already including a fall into the creek, stinging on an anthill and a bad case of poison ivy.



"Good morning, Mr. Grade E!" And how are all the little moose cubs this morning? The debutant's custom of asking questions this time gives her an opportunity of meeting many people not listed in the Social Register.



The end of a perfect day of golf—the usual B. V. D. inquest in session in the locker room. "Whaddya mean I owe you fifty cents? Listen—I had you two down on the tenth, and then on the next you picked up—" "Yeah, but," etc., etc.



Close-up of a deserving young gentleman, on his way to his first million dollars, leaving the dressing room after wallowing the champion over the ropes and into the seats reserved solely for the "Press." "Iron Phiz" Callahan—our hero is fondly called—is trying to acknowledge the felicitations of his admirers with whatever parts of the aforesaid phiz are still intact.



The end of a perfect day's fishing—the big home of the family returning from the watery chase with about three hundred dollars' worth of paraphernalia, including cold, a million mosquito bites, a breath like a bootlegger's assistant and a superb specimen of Brook Trout which tips the scales—at a most conservative estimate—at least seven full ounces.

DOGS AND DOG DAYS :: By Albert Payson Terhune

It was a sickeningly hot day in mid summer. Old Man Negley paused several times to mop his bald forehead as he shoved the heavy lawnmower over the Denton's lumpy lawn, on Vine Street.

His slenderly compact little Doberman Pinscher dog—the old man's constant companion on his work-days—had found a loose slat in the trellis underpinning of the verandah, and had pushed the slat aside and crawled into the cool dark "cave" underneath the porch boards.

"I envy that dog," remarked Negley as he stood at the verandah edge to exchange a word or two with Mrs. Denton who sat in the shade of the trailing porch vines in a thin white dress fanning herself and sipping iced lemonade. "I envy him, not only because he's got sense enough to find a place to lie in where the cold earth will be under him and where this pesky hot sun can't hit him. But I envy him because he isn't giving a mortgage on later coolness by swallowing iced drinks. Ice cold lemonade or iced tea or any of these so-called cooling drinks—they taste mighty good on a day like this. But, a few minutes afterward, they make you all the hotter.

"You think dogs are wiser than we people are, then?" asked Mrs. Denton, amused by the comparison between the Pinscher and her lazy self.

"I know they are," was Negley's prompt answer. "We humans have only got reason to guide us. Dogs have plenty of reasoning powers, though some folks deny it. But they've got instinct, too. They know what's best for them. For instance, on a red-hot day, it wouldn't occur to us humans to snuggle down in the nice cool dirt, under a dark porch, would it?"

"Oh, dogs know how to take care of themselves in the dog days, if humans only wouldn't butt in and make them do silly things 'that harm them—like taking them out for walks in the sunshine, during the heat of the day, and all that; and tying them up, in the sun, where they can't get shade and cold water and o cool to lie on.

"If dogs were let alone, at such times, and allowed to go into some comfortable place to rest during the heat of the day, there'd be very few mad dog scares and few fits or convulsions.

"Speaking of the dog days: A science sharp told me once that they are called dog days, because that's the time of the year that the dog

star is shining brightest. I think he said the star's real name is 'Sirius' or something like that. It is the hot weather star and it is the star that ushers in the dog days.

"He told me why it is called the dog star, too. He said, in old times, that star's appearance in the sky was a sign that the River Nile was going to rise. It was the rising of the Nile that made Egypt fertile. If the Nile didn't rise all the crops would fail and people would starve.

"So the Egyptians got to looking for the appearance of Sirius as eagerly as your kids watch for Santa Claus. They called it the dog star, because they believed it watched over their interests and guarded their prosperity by making the Nile rise.

"Because it was so loyal and dependable, and helped in bringing them a livelihood, they called it after the most loyal and dependable animal on earth. And that animal is the dog.

"Lots of people think the dog days are called dog days because dogs go mad at that season. Well, that's the silliest of all the silly superstitions about dogs. Dogs don't go mad, or even get sick, in red hot weather any more than in blizzard weather. At least, they don't if humans treat them sanely and considerately.

"Don't plague them. Always have plenty of cold fresh water in their reach. Let them loaf in the coolest kind of place (but never in an ice house) throughout the hot hours of the day. Don't take them for any kind of a walk, except early in the morning and in the cool of the evening.

"Don't overfeed them; give them very much less meat than you give them in cold weather. Do all that and keep them free from excitement—and you needn't be afraid of the bad effects of the dog days on your dogs.

"Nature is trying to help them, too, at this season. She is making most of them shed the heavy winter coats that she puts on them in winter. You and I can change from our heavy clothes, when the weather gets hot. But a dog can't.

"He can't take off his own coat. So wise old Mrs. Nature takes it off for him. She is too wise to take it all off at once as we humans do, and she knows he might take cold that way—just as you and I do sometimes.

"So she loosens the dog's coat, hair by hair, little by little. It comes out so gradually that it doesn't harm him to lose it. And at the same time the first tiny hairs of his new winter coat are coming in, to take its place, by and by. He—"

"MRS. NATURE," as you call her, may be very wise in removing the dog's coat, hair by hair," interrupted Mrs. Denton, "but she is very inconsiderate in letting him shed most of those hairs on the rugs and rub them off against dresses and trousers—legs. If there is a worse nuisance I don't know it, than for a careless housewife to have her

carpets and rugs all littered up with dog-hairs at shedding time."

"My wife says the same thing, Ma'am," meekly assented the old man. "But I can tell you how to well maybe not how to prevent it altogether but how to cut down the nuisance about ninety per cent. It's very simple. Wait till I finish moving this last swathe; and I'll come back here and tell you about it."

(Copyright: 1924.)

SUMMER HEAT HARD ON BABY

No season of the year is so dangerous to the life of little ones as is the summer. The excessive heat throws the little stomach out of order so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand the baby may be beyond all human help before the mother realizes he is ill. Summer is the season when diarrhoea, cholera infantum, dysentery and colic are most prevalent. Any one of these troubles may prove deadly if not promptly treated. During the summer the mother's best friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and keep baby healthy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

With the Colymnists

By DON MARQUEE.

Every time a new physical doctrine (such as the evolutionary theory) comes along, certain people cry out that they are losing a god; and certain others that they have found a new god.

But little gods that are won and lost so easily are, perhaps, of no great consequence.

Frequently a man's actions surprise him more than himself—his intentions were so different that his deeds strike him as merely lies about his soul told by life.

The successful man can tell you truths of nothing but his specialty, as a rule. But the confirmed failure can advise you with a hundred wretched human pertinences.

About this time of year the Lounge Lizards and Parlor Snakes go to the beach and become Sand Sharks.

A child in a hurry to get out and play can sow a terrible crop of wild oatmeal.

As men grow older they relax their efforts, not always through depletion of power, but because success and failure have grown to look so much alike.

Summer Night Tragedy. The pulse of a golden madness throbs through the Bullfrog's brain.

And he bellows his wanton love in the ear of the Vampire Moon. And a black despair suffices the soul of the Bullfrog's Jane.

As she thinks of her innocent toddlers and harks to their father's tune.

Wars sometimes turn into revolutions when men stop fighting long enough to wonder what they are fighting about.

Slave and save, toil and pinch and along comes some wise gink who borrows it from you.

Octopuses, clams and eels take too much water with their meals, while ants, upon the other hand, dine too exclusively on sand.

The Anti-Saloon League's idea of hell—a place filled with publicans and cinders.

Most of us are quite stern and uncompromising about holding our neighbors up to their ideals.

I wish I had the wasted years I gave to toll and duty! I fain would spend them in pursuit of folly and of beauty! I was so wise when I was young, so careful and so prudent; I was a very virtuous youth, a staid old solemn student. I would I had, to speak again, the nights I spent in thinking—how I would give the razz to thought and concentrate on drinking! My wasted life! My wasted life! It makes me melancholy to think of all the sober years I might have spent in folly!

The monkeys in the Zoo are always chuckling. And they are chuckling at the thought of how men have to work and support them—they are too wise to evolve into humanity.

By F. P. A.

Here is Mrs. Clyde Clarke telling the American Woman's Association that man is a destroyer. Man the destroyer; women the weaker vessel. Woman the liner; man the lifeboat!

The Patient Listener.

(From "Plaster Saints," by Fred-eric Arnold Kumin.) "He listened . . . until the composition, the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert, had been completed.

For a book of editorials from the Emporia Gazette called "The Editor and His People," Miss Helen O. Mahin has collected a lot of William Allen White's pieces. To these, for they date back to 1895, Mr. White appends an occasional footnote. For example, in 1900 he wrote: "If the miracle of the loaves and fishes proved Christ's divinity, how surely does the miracle of the printing press prove the presence of some Divine force guiding man's destiny, some kindly master leading him on." And the footnote reads: "Maybe so. But twenty-three years later upon reflection, considering the Hearst press, the 'kept press,' the stupid labor propaganda press, and the growth of the comic strip and the sporting page, one is forced to doubt if the 'master hand' gets much help from the press."

But it isn't that footnote that we're going to sing. To an editorial reference to the French harp, this man White's footnote says, "The mouth-organ or harm—this first musical step above the Jew's-harp! Now we are willing to sit at the feet of Mr. White when he talks about politics—only Monday night we climbed upon his lap and said, 'Well, once upon a time, a long time ago, there was a Democratic Party'—but when he discusses music, when he handles the name of the heavenly maid about, nobody but a churl could remain mute. "The harmonica, a step above the Jew's-harp! Has this man White ever heard the harmonica played? Or can he not distinguish one from another? Does he not know a sackbut from a saxophone when the wind is southerly? Is a damsel with a dulcimer a yellow primrose to him?"

"A step! Between the Jew's-harp and the mouth-organ, when the night is beginning to lower, there are many flights of steps. On the way up are the psalttery, the piccolo flute, the xanophora, the monochord, the 12 o'clock whistle, the tabor, the ophicleide, the life, and, when played badly, the piano and the violin.

"A step! What does this man White, who, playing the same bass to everything, sits at the piano between convention sessions and Dreamland Faces and 'In the Gloaming,'—what can he, we repeat, know of music that only Kansas knows? What does he know about music?



Gloria Caruso, daughter of the late tenor (left), and Barbara Field, daughter of Marshal Field, of Chicago and New York, snapped on the sands of Southampton, where the Summer social season has just opened.



This is "Bum," a dog owned by one of the rangers of the El Dorado national forest—he is holding a cigarette, but he doesn't really like it, for he is trained to put them out when careless people drop them where they might cause a forest fire.



The rubber steed is the latest sea craft, and many English mermaids are holding races in the water. It stays afloat, but occasionally it turns over, and the bather gets wet, which isn't considered good form.



Wrestling alligators is an art, possessed by mighty few persons. J. V. Ellis, of Houston, Texas, is skilled in handling alligators, and he takes them on, big and small, for he is familiar with the best methods of attack, and he soon has them helpless.



Photo shows Jumper Alva F. Starr, winner of the parachute jump, landing rather abruptly, at the 27th Division Air Service Carnival.



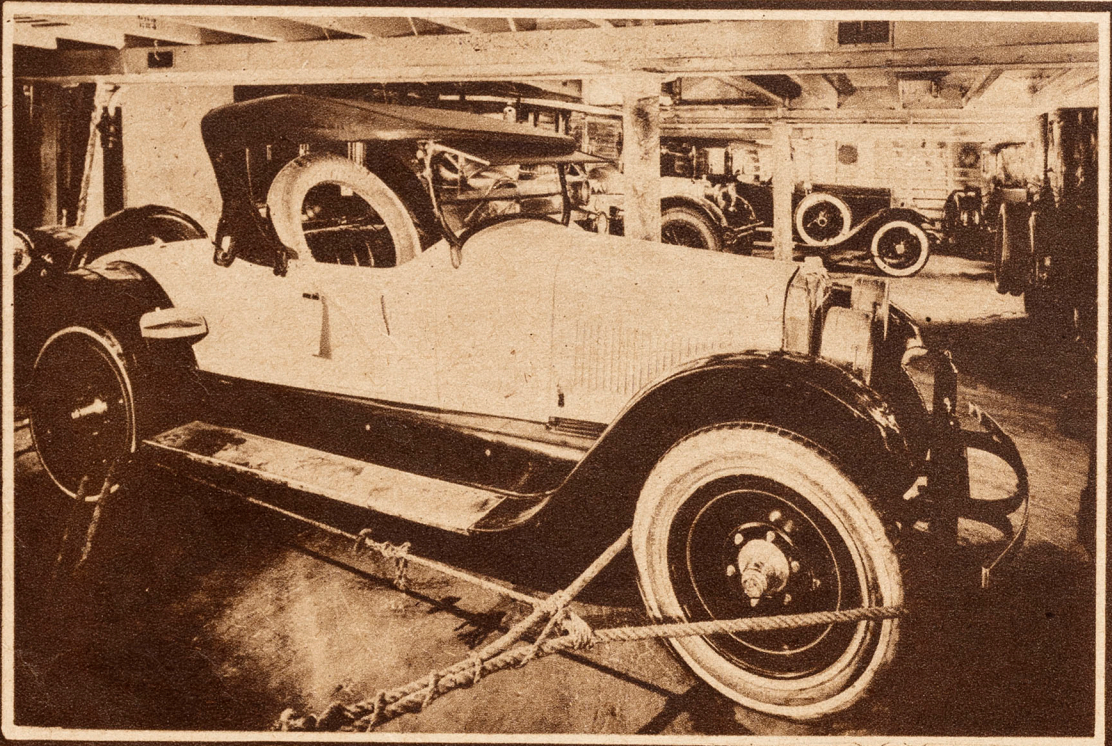
Walter Hagen, American golfer, who has just won for the second time the British open golf championship, a feat never before accomplished by an American. He is shown here taking a drink from the cup, which is the trophy that goes with the championship.



Firemen in Columbus, Ohio, had a hard fight on their hands when four 4,000-gallon tanks went up in flames, that burned for eight hours. They diverted the blaze from a quarter million gallons of oil nearby, that would have meant destruction for the whole section if it had caught on.



Photo shows street car on West Erie Street, Lorain, O., torn from rails and dumped on its side by force of tornado which swept the Lake Erie shore. Huge trees were uprooted and blown distances by the wind, as shown in the above picture.



Securely fastened where it may be inspected, the ocean going auto rests in these quarters below decks during the passage over. A half hour after docking abroad the owner is speeding away in his car once again.



The annual ten day carnival at Blackpool, England, was featured by a parade of very clever floats, this grotesque carriage being named "The Negro Joy Day."



Mrs. Charles Hopper, noted society woman and champion fencer, posed specially for this picture before sailing to take part in the Olympics.



Miss Mary Malone, charming Atlanta girl, who was wed to Bobby Jones, National Open Golf Champion of 1923. Bobby and Mary are childhood sweethearts. Mrs. Jones does not play golf.



It is naturally supposed that heavy intellect hangs behind shell rimmed spectacles, for otherwise it would not be so much the fashion. Even these Airedale pups, Harold and Lloyd, desirous of getting that "intellectual look" are wearing them.



Pearls from end to end. This is a striking costume designed for Leatrice Joy to wear in her new Paramount picture, "Changing Husbands."



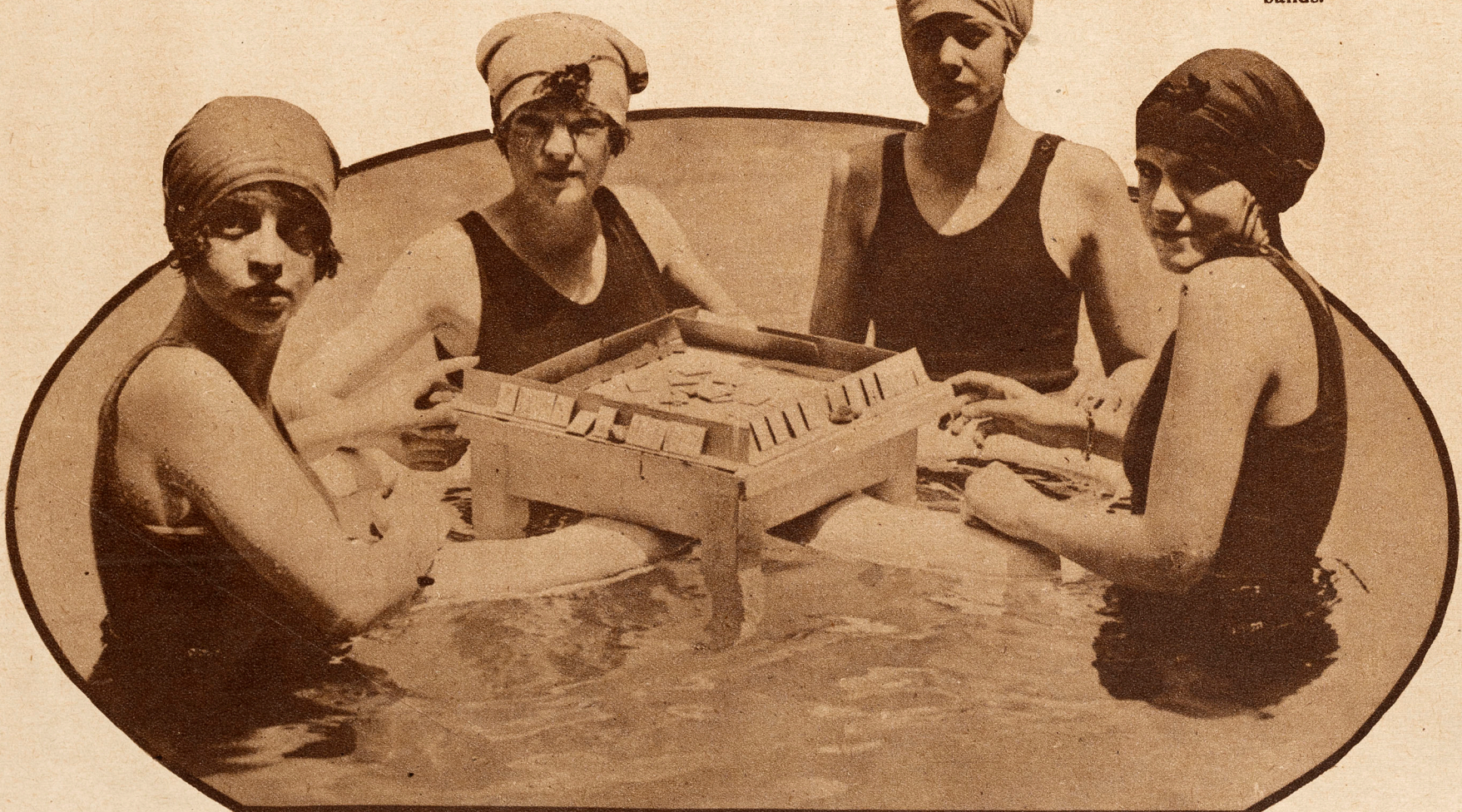
This fully equipped miniature railroad is on the estate of W. Cecil Gage at Fishkill, N.Y., and is called the Cecilwood Vest Pocket Railroad. The equipment consists of one locomotive, driven by a 12 horse power gasoline motor, three passenger cars, one baggage car, and four flat cars. The road is about two miles long.



Countess Thaan de Revel, who is considered Italy's most beautiful woman, is now in the United States, and, according to a prominent New York journal, she is "being feted by the 'social elite'."



Lieut. Ernest De Muyter, who piloted the balloon, Belgica, which sailed from Brussels, Belgium, and landed on the coast of England, after a thirty-four hour trip and having covered a distance of 120 kilometers.



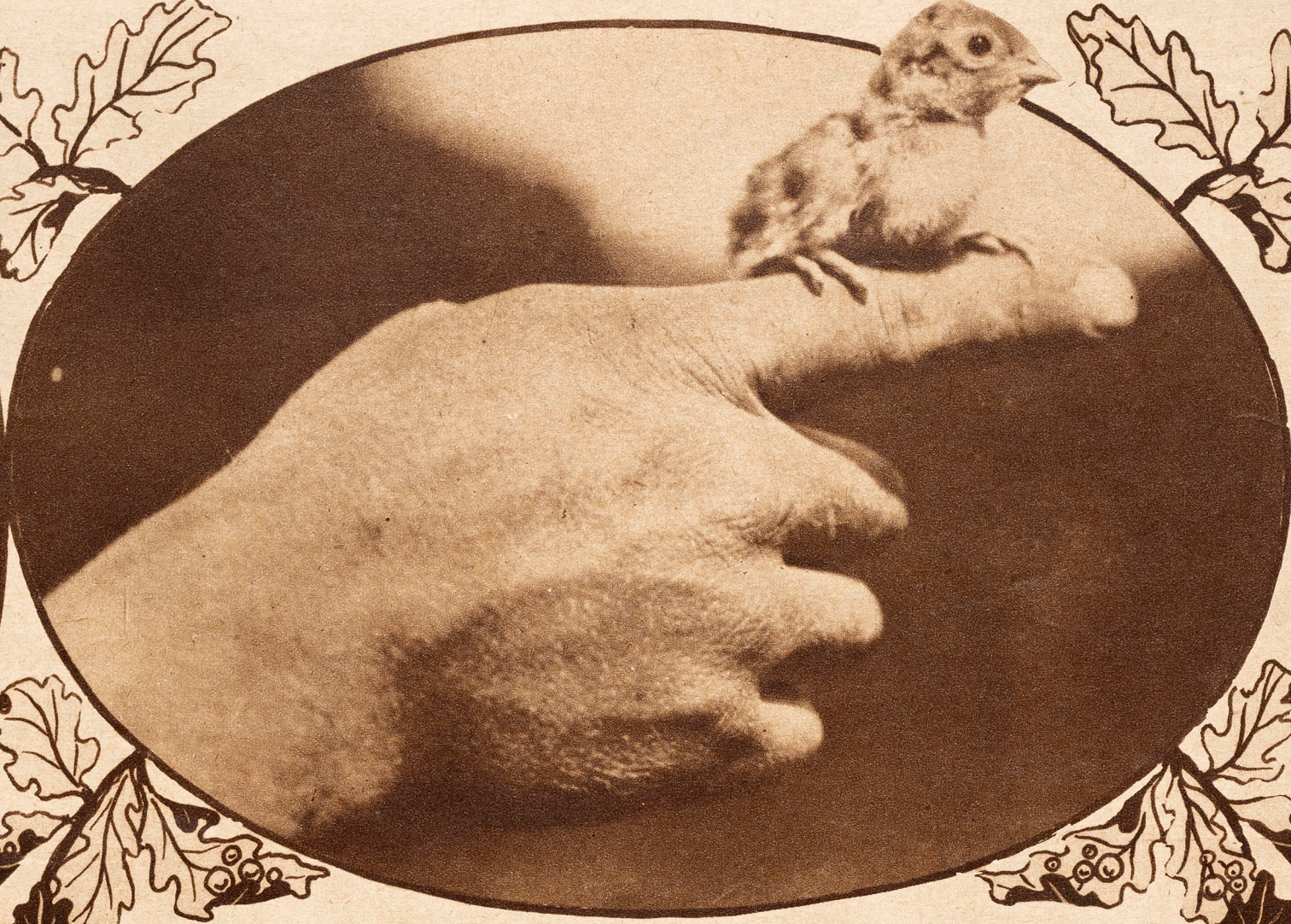
Here's a seasonable bathing hint which should keep Mah Jongg popular this summer.



The "Nereus," old time square rigged barkentine is soon to leave Boston for a two months cruise to the Azores. Its crew will be composed of college and business men. Many "fired business men" and young students will take passage but all must do their share of work aboard ship. Photograph shows group of some of the students who sail as members.



Miss Judith Anderson, now acting in "Cobra," wearing a fortune in jewelry—pearl necklace and earrings, diamond and emerald bracelets, besides some wonderful rings, help to gild the lily.



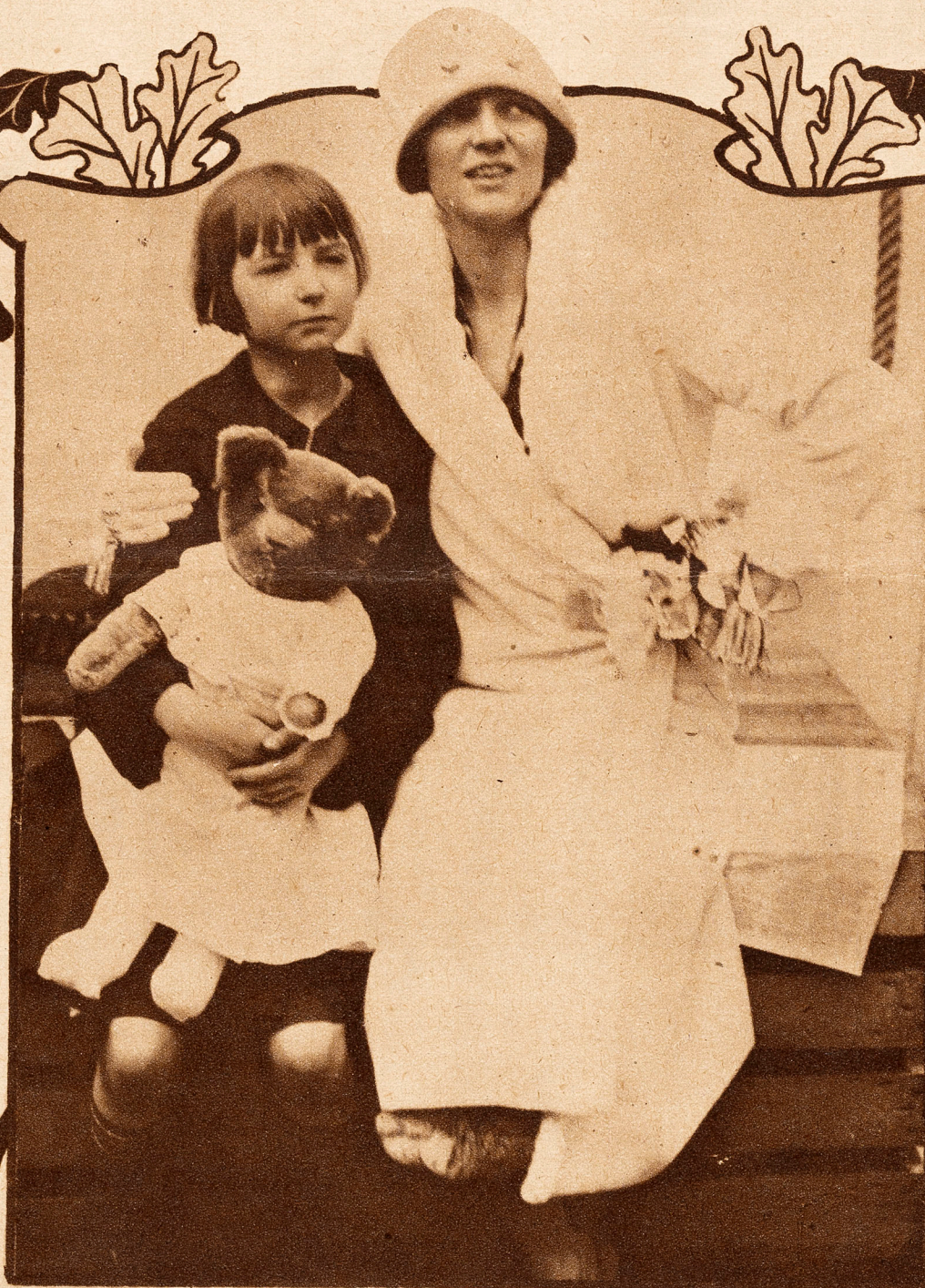
Baby ring pheasant, one hour old, perched on the finger of J. A. Torrey, superintendent of the State Pheasant Hatchery at East Sandwich, Mass. This youngster will be tame as a chick until about four weeks old when the wild instinct will assert itself. Massachusetts raises 15,000 ring neck pheasants and releases them in the woods of the State.



The face of this new gas mask is an improvement in many ways over the old. It is equipped with a diaphragm to permit easy conversation, improved non-fogging eye pieces of large dimensions.



Miss Marie Gross, University of Minnesota student, who's earning her next year's tuition by selling ice to residents of Hazel Park, near St. Paul.



Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin, famous dancer, with her little niece, Jane Bradford, photographed before sailing on the S.S. France.



The journal-box of a freight car wheel was the odd place chosen by a robin for its nest. Just how the mother kept track of its young is a problem, for this car had been frequently moved around.



Little Miss Yonezawa, who is perhaps the best known and most popular of all Japanese Geisha girls, the performers who correspond to our musical comedy dancing stars.



A whippet race meeting. The dogs, instead of chasing rabbits, as in coursing, race towards towels waved to attract their attention. The photo shows the "slippers" falling headlong, who fling their charges forward at the start of the races.



Miss Sair Rosin, the well-known South African contralto. Miss Rosin, before she left home to study music in London and Berlin, had traveled the jungles of the interior and is an expert rifle shot.



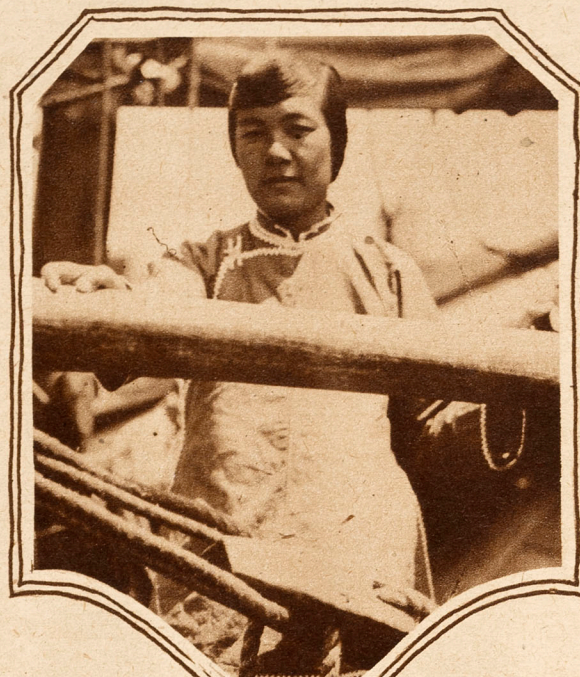
A group of Kurds on the march ready to terrorize travelers and townspeople. This is the type of well equipped, well mounted cavalry Sayed Tahah, the chieftain, is mustering north of Mosul. They are the dread of all West Persia.



For hundreds of years Chinese traders have navigated their home waters with tiny ships known as junks, always holding close to shore. Captain George Waard, a Canadian, proved that the junk needed only a master to show its seaworthiness.



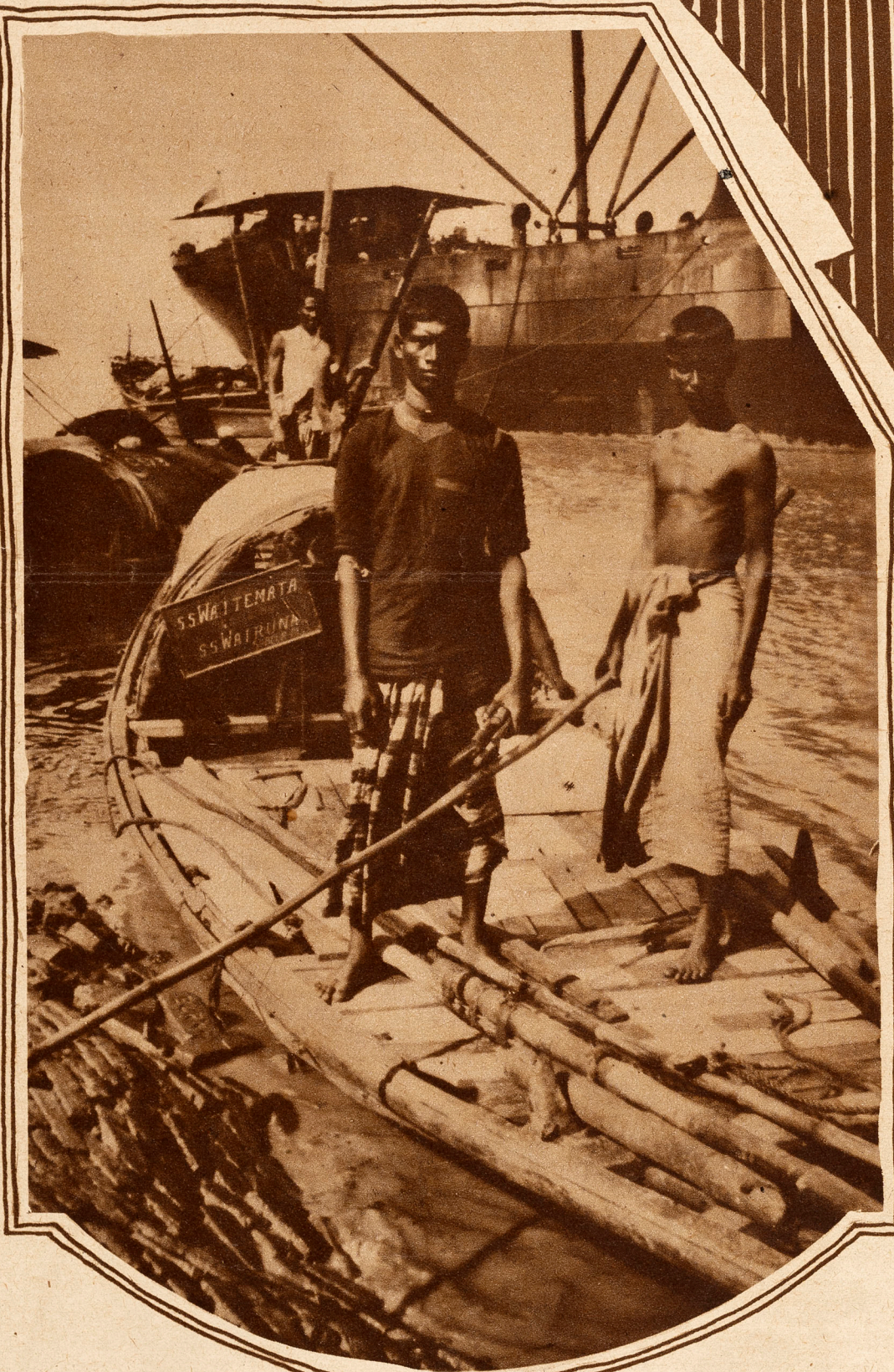
In May, 1922, Captain Waard, with his wife and their son, left China in this junk, The "Amoy", to sail to New York. After twice losing their rudder, passing through typhoons and hurricanes, and encountering Chinese pirates, they have arrived in New York after two years' sailing. This is the first junk ever seen in the Atlantic Ocean. Her length on the water line is only forty-four feet.



The native Chinese wife of the Canadian navigator, to whom he has been happily married nineteen years. Mrs. Waard was born aboard a junk herself, and knows every rope and spar as well as any seaman.



Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Morden, of Chicago, wound up their two year "round the world" hunting trip by a very successful tiger shoot in the Nepal jungle. The Morden party hunted tigers with the same elephants used by the Prince of Wales during his hunt in India.



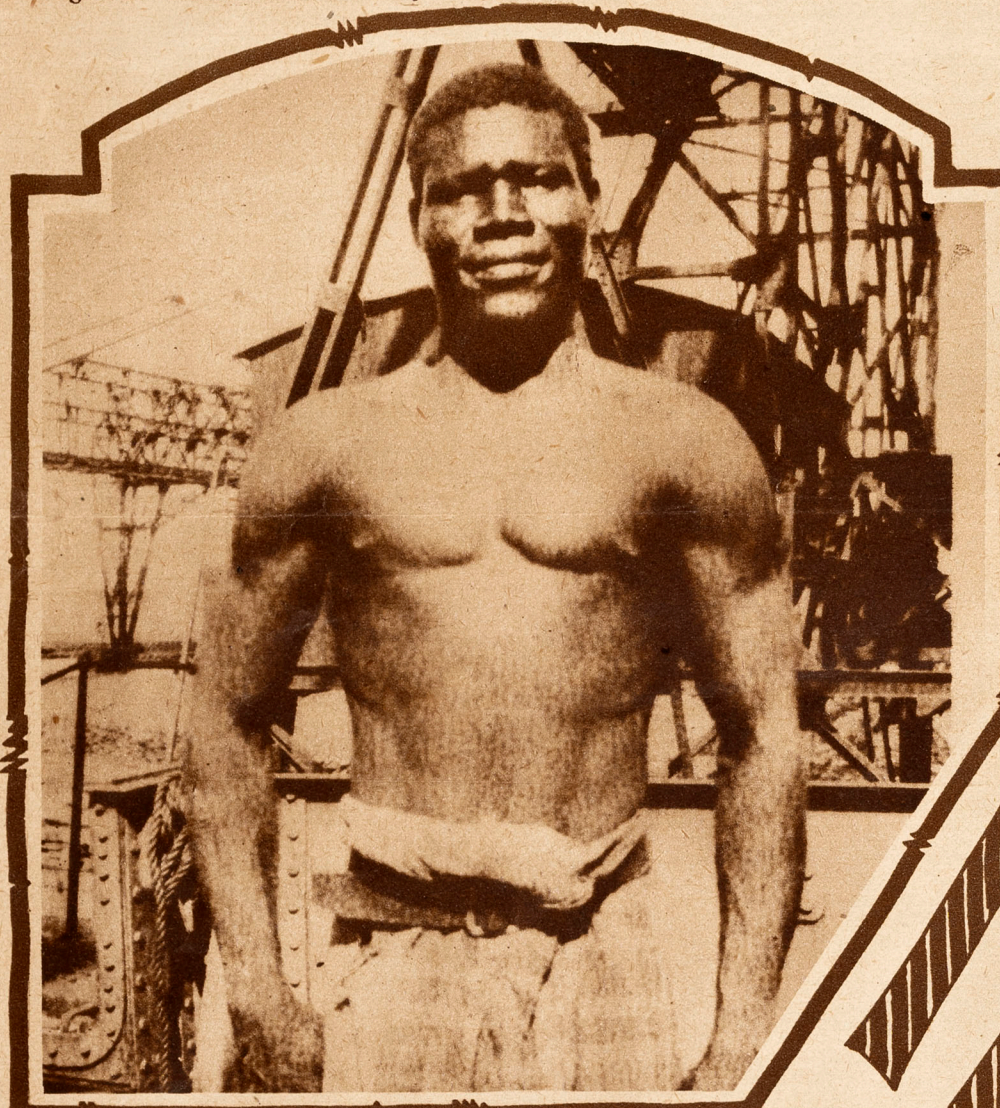
"Dinghy wallahs", or ferry-men, on the Hooghly River. These men make a precarious living conveying passengers from the shore to the great liners and merchant ships lying out in the stream.



On the road to Bagdad, Kurds of large estate frequently resort to the ease of a cadjvah on camel back for long journeys. It is a favorite mode of travel even where swifter methods are accessible.



Fuzzy-Wuzzy! A rare photograph of a Hatendoa tribesman of the Sudan—one of Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzies—the only natives who ever broke a British square. These men are fierce and warlike, and it is most difficult to persuade them to pose for the camera.



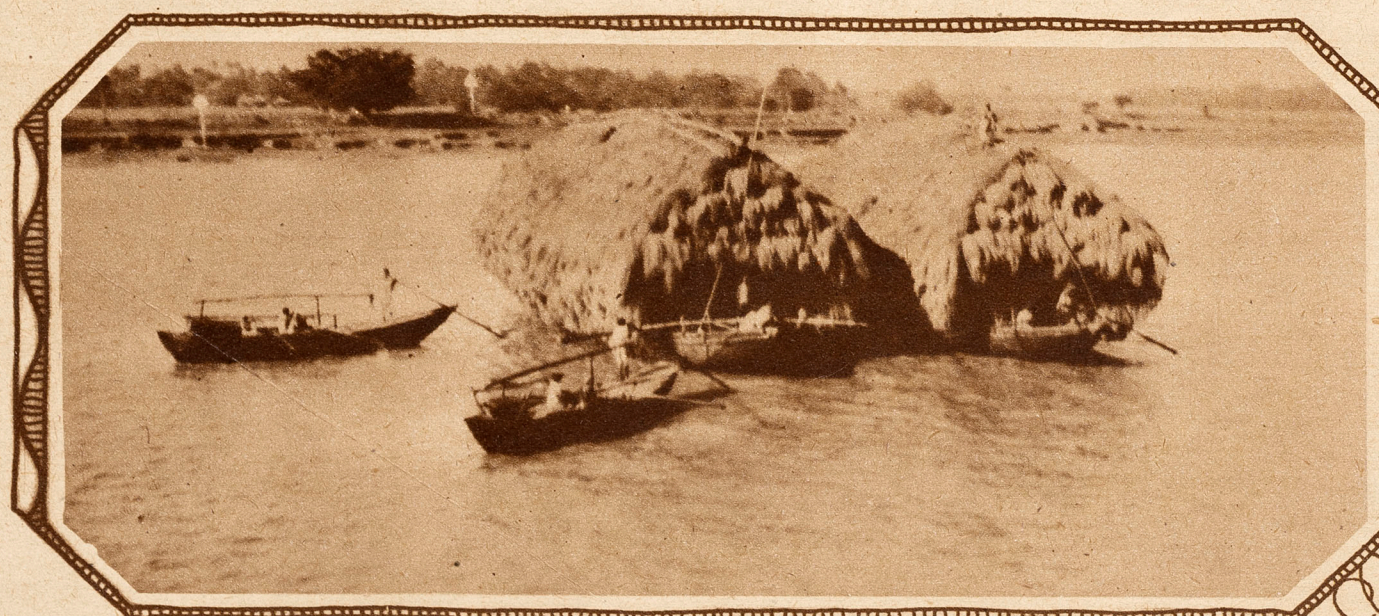
An Abyssinian boy liberated by British gunboat "Cornflower" from a slave "dhow" which was conveying him and thirty others across the Red Sea to the great slave markets in Arabia.



Mr. Morden, very hot but happy to be alive, after a thrilling adventure with a full grown tiger.



Japanese mendicant pilgrims. These people make long journeys on foot to the famous shrines at Nikko, gaining subsistence from the charity of those along the route.



Native boats in Bengal. These boats, heavily laden, but of light draught, are propelled with amazing ease by their native crews down hundreds of miles of river and swamp to the great markets of the sea coast. Some of these craft sometimes penetrate even into the interior of Burma in search of profitable cargoes.



A Real Sheik of the Desert—A Persian tribal leader and his harem crossing the hot sands of the desert. Accompanied by his guards and family, he is journeying to the City of Mosul to dispose of what British merchants describe simply as "caravan plunder".



This is an unusually fine picture of the actual killing, and shows the Morden party pouring lead into one of the scourges of India. Nine tigers were accounted for during the trip.



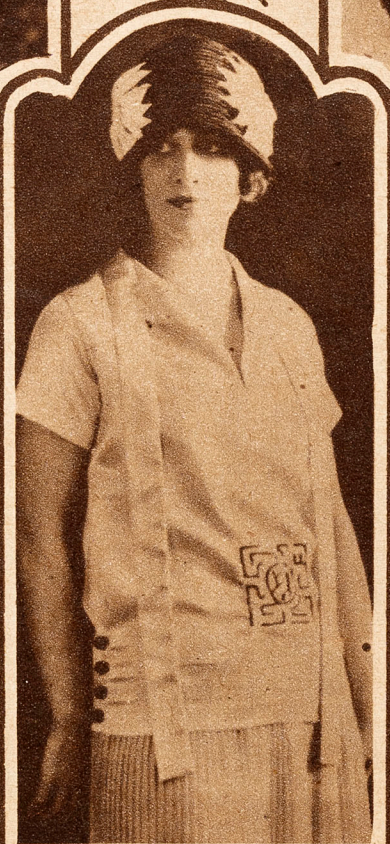
Typical Manchurian village near Darien. It is significant of the turbulent state of North China that each house is surrounded by a barricading wall of shale, and the village proper is protected in a similar manner. These precautions are necessary against the hordes of bandits who come from the bleak Manchurian hills to raid the peaceful valley dwellers.



Black georgette again claims a conquest when it allies itself with Roman stripes which mark the pleated skirt at hips and hemline. The vest effect proves its unfailing smartness by creating an ensemble which is most suitable for a street costume.



Plaids flaunt their smart vivacity in the face of fashion, and play the stellar role for sport togs. In this gown of white roshanara, they become successfully daring, and match their vivid stripes with a binding of black to emphasize the importance of the vogue.



White swears allegiance to the mode, and becomes brilliantly distinctive during the summer months. Here we find it in the overblouse cleverly combined with black in a button trimming and smart motif.



Crepe is starred with emphasis, and appears in many a summer frock. This time it follows the vagaries of style, and adorns itself with crystal buttons, confirming the attitude of the French designers by a gay galaxy of applied embroidery.



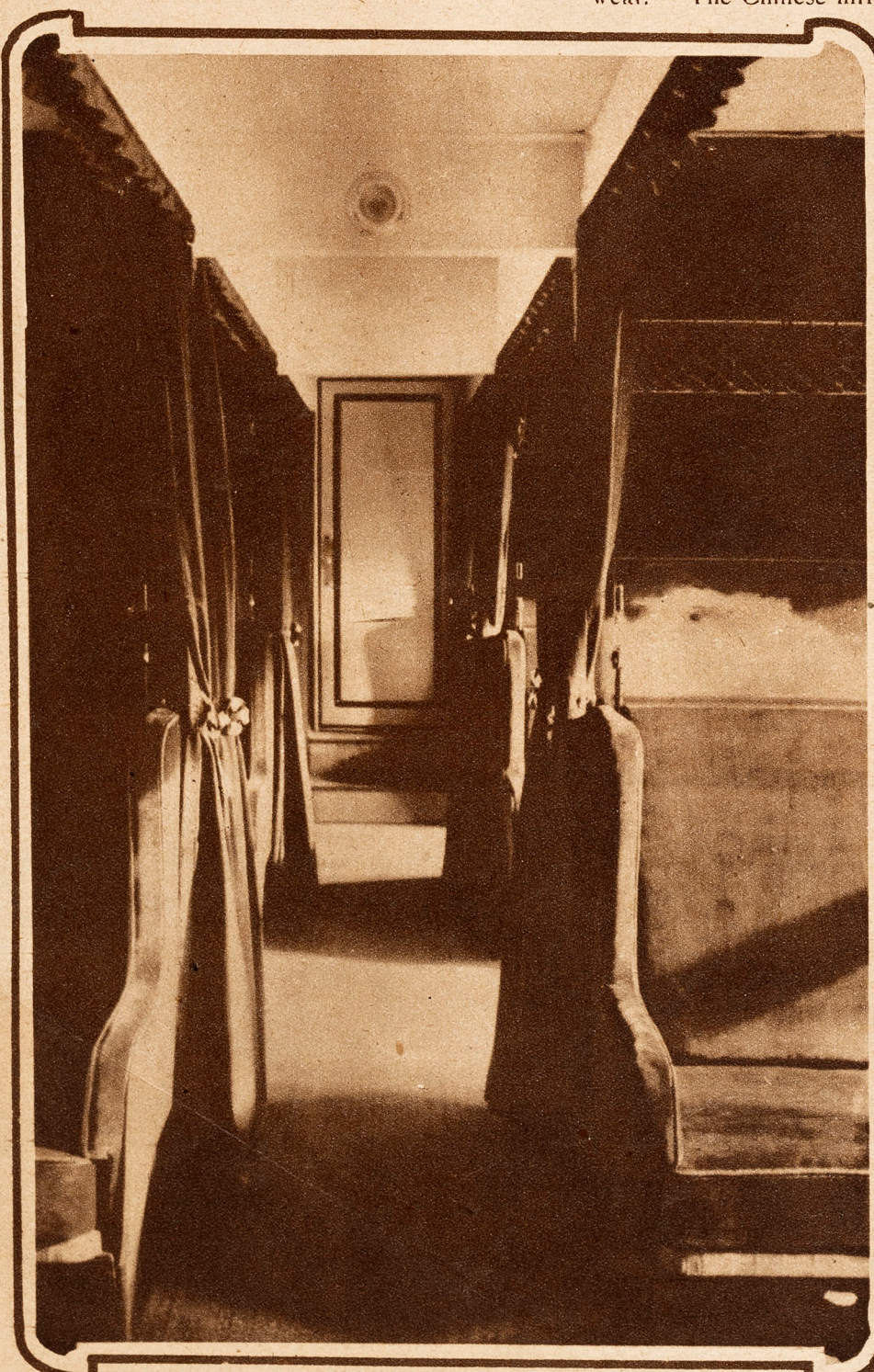
Pleats have taken the world by storm, and are shown in every guise of this season's mode. This model of white crepe de chine sponsors them for the tiered skirt, and following the theory of adaptation the blouse maintains them for the collar and side jabot, and borders them with black.

The black Milan hat decorated with simply draped satin ribbon, and a rhinestone pin, is a favorite with the smartly dressed woman. The tailored suit demands white gloves of the short variety, of one or two-button length. Sometimes this is varied with black stitching. The high-heeled French oxford of patent leather is put forth as one of the important factors for Fall footwear. Parasols, so Paris says, should be small, and made of mousseline or printed chiffon. Frills of black, white or beige lace trim the smartest effects. Maline scarfs trimmed with pink coral beads are used effectively with the evening gown. Fibre velvet, one of the new versions of vegetable silk, is showing a tendency to become popular for the elaborate Summer evening gown. Chanel shows a

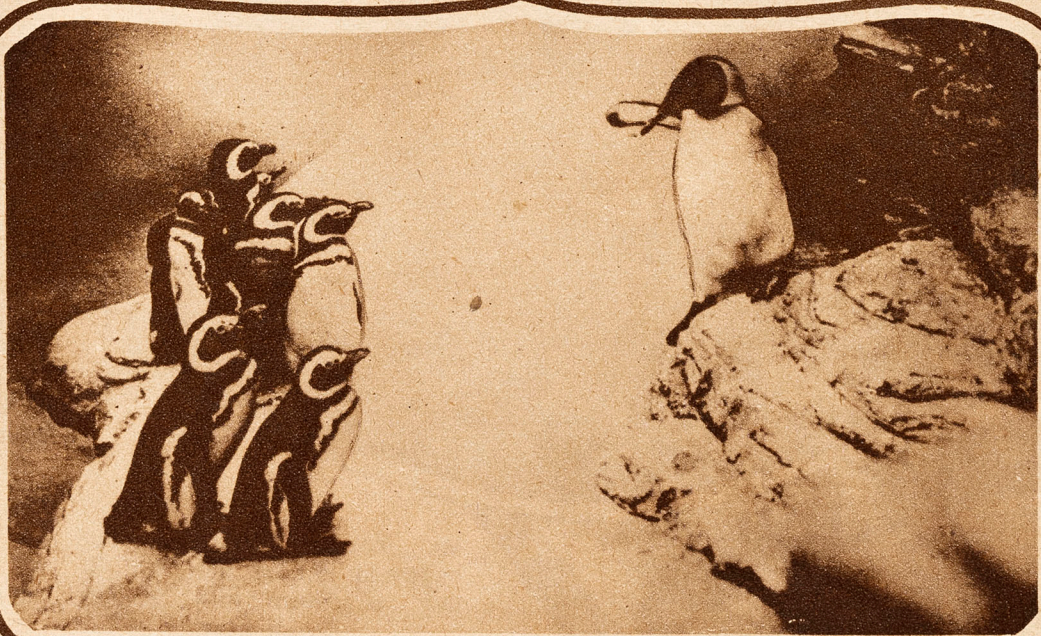
Informality Is Allied With Smartness For the Summer Season

decided preference for the redingote lines, for the gowns of the Fall season. The return of the black lace shawl is scheduled for evening wear. Playing card motifs are the latest innovation for millinery trimming. Fashion shows a sudden flare for the wrap-around skirt in preference to the pleated model, while the high colors are now giving place to white. Gunmetal hosiery is again returning, and will be strongly featured for Fall wear. The Chinese influence is still holding its own, and is expressed in tunic models which are highly decorative. Beige cape costumes are

smartly to the fore in London. Tea-rose is one of the new shades of hosiery shown by Fifth Ave. Rust color is prominent in the Fall collections. Dainty flower designs on white gowns appear at many garden fetes. Pansy and purple shades are prominent for the smartest millinery. Some of the more formal afternoon gowns are now trimmed with gold galon. Carved wooden flowers have made their appearance as a trimming for the smaller hats. Gowns of a combination of black and beige lace are noticeable for theatre wear in New York. The pongee overblouse is becoming "en vogue" for both the tourist and sport woman. Patou favors silver lace over pink for the evening gown. Tube beads are the preferred for embroidery.



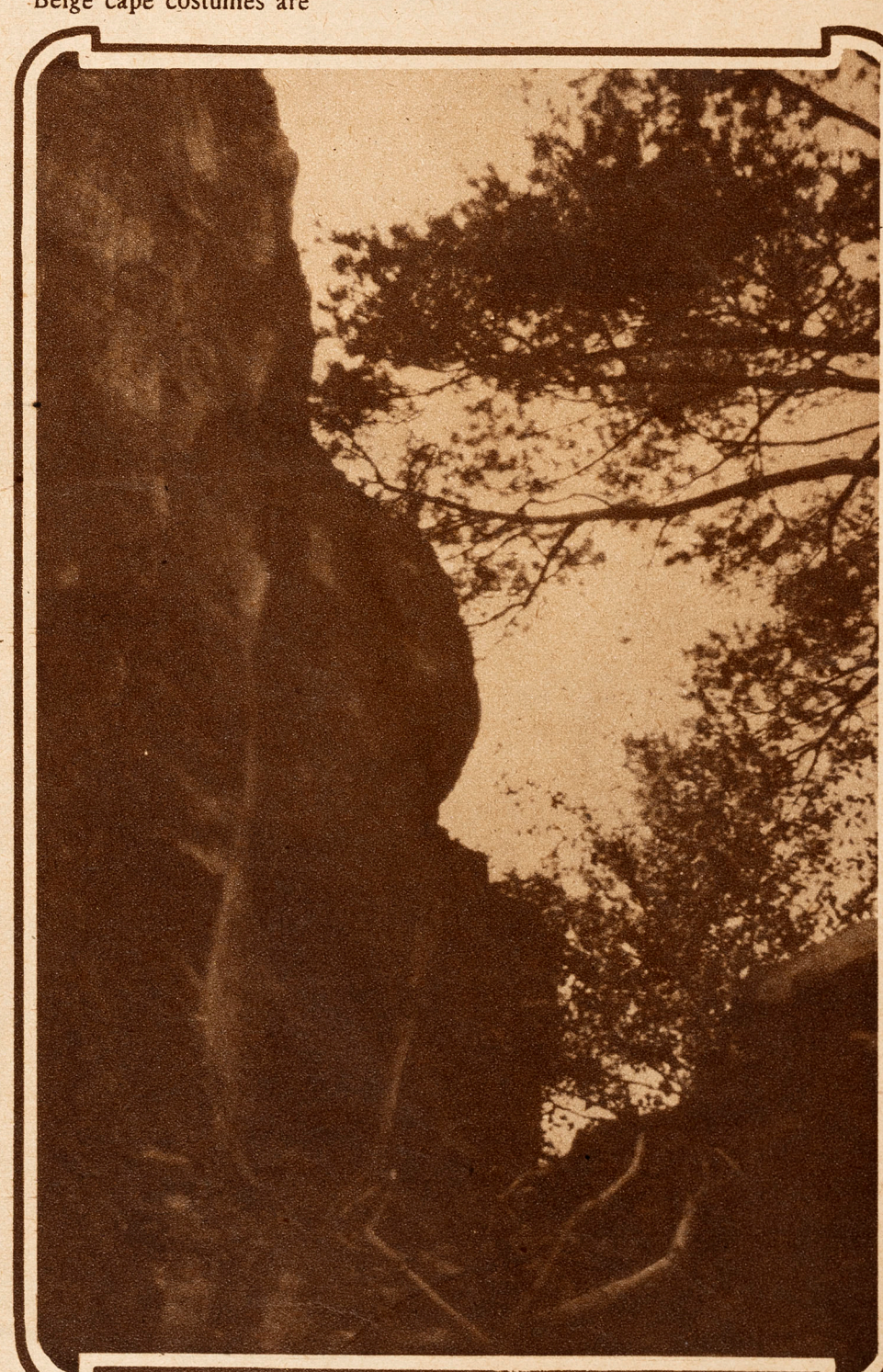
The passenger cabin aboard the new navy dirigible ZR-3 which is to be delivered to the navy some time this summer.



Papa Penguin making the keynote speech to the assembled delegates at a recent convention held at the London Zoo. The main point in their platform is "more fish to eat."



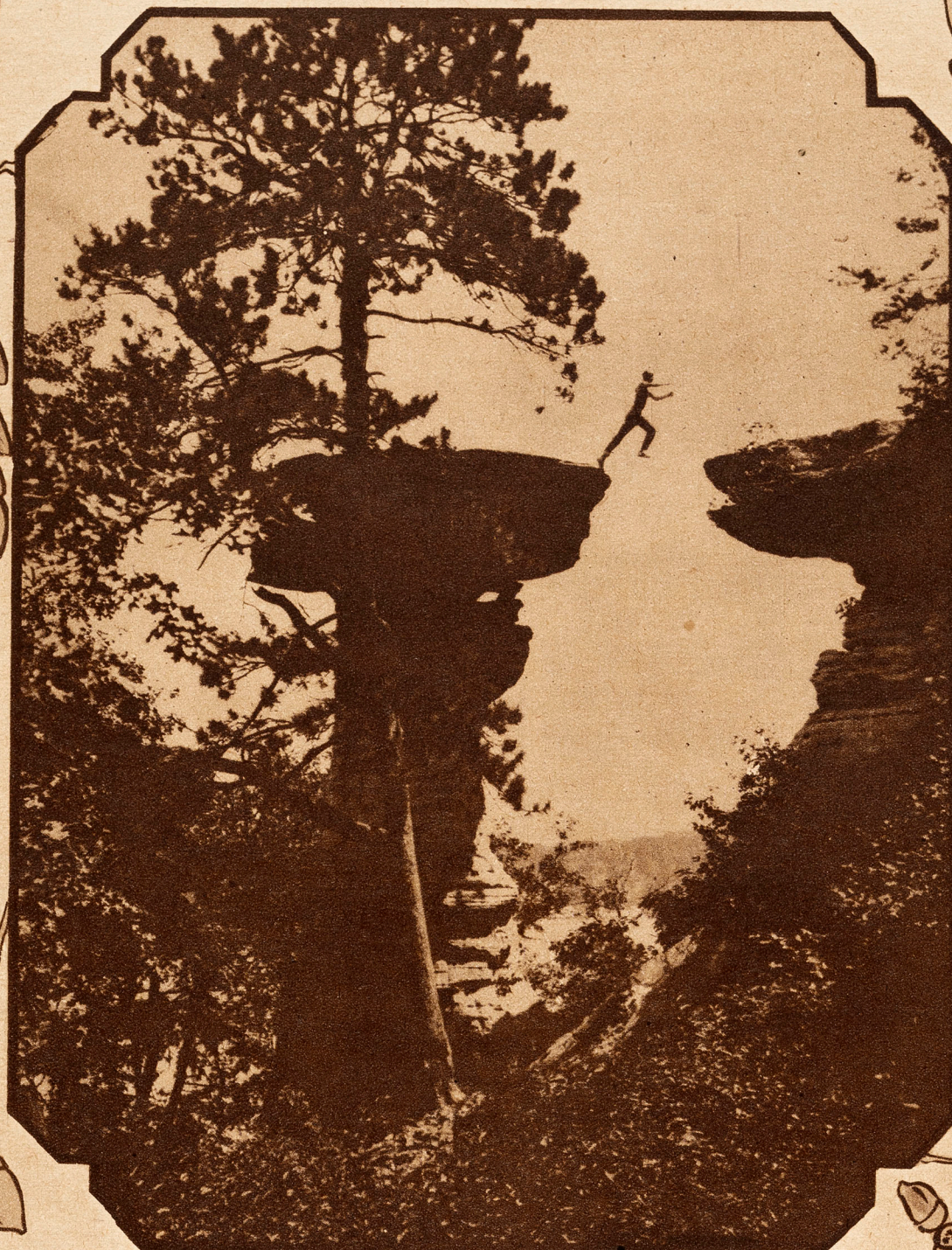
Landslide on river road between Brantford and Six Nations Indian Reserve, showing road running along brow of bluff cut in two by settling of large area. The picture on the right shows the extent of the fall in a graphic manner.



The picture is taken from the fallen portion looking up, and shows the face some thirty odd feet high, from which the landslide broke away.



Martha Bialek of Eastchester, Bronx, with her Great Dane, "Alexander Vom Zoptenberg", famous German dog, who was a prize winner at the North Westchester Kennel Club.



Persons placing too great a stress on the value of life, must not attempt to make this passage. It is only for those who can qualify for running broadjump honors on an Olympic team. The jump is being made between cliffs in Wisconsin, and it requires nerve, for a misstep, is the final mistake.



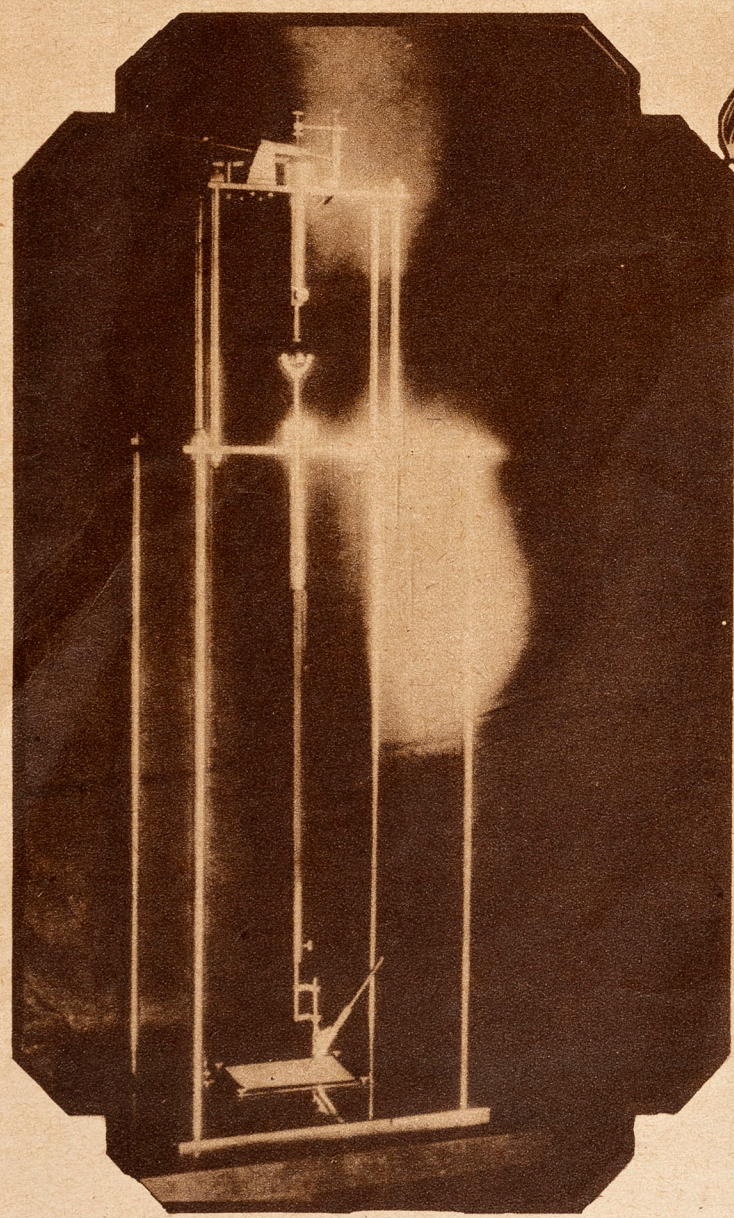
A snap shot of the nursery at Toronto Zoo.



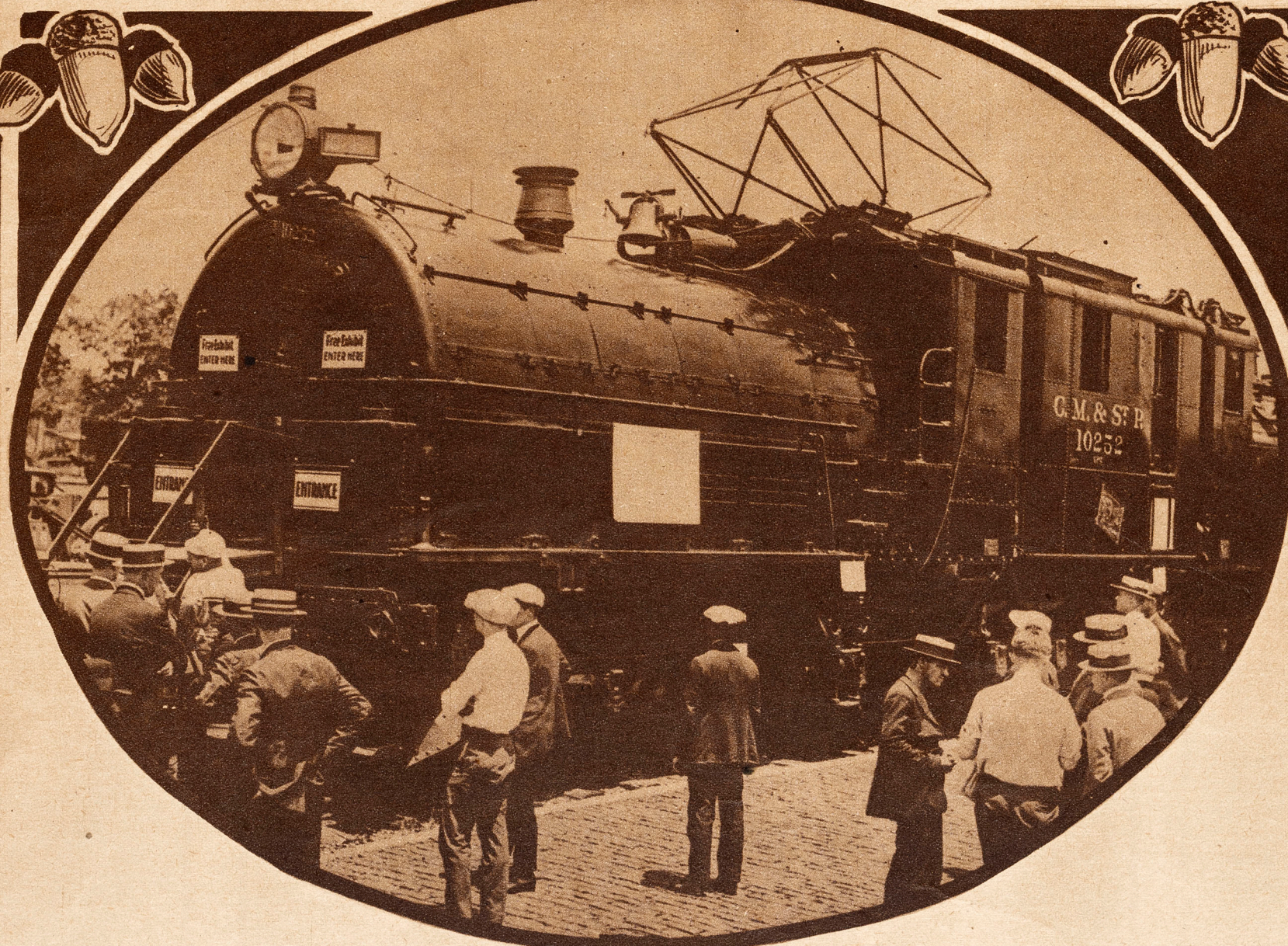
Professor Lewis is the only man in the world capable of playing billiards with his nose, almost as well as the stars of the game, are playing it with their cues. He also is well known for his great adeptness at playing billiards with his fingers.



If called upon to identify the scene, you'd just have to say that these maids were on a Hawaiian beach, but you'd be wrong. They are all American mermaids, putting a little excitement into the opening of the bathing season at Brighton Beach, N.Y. The bathing costumes would make a good model for 1924.



With this remarkable machine, known as the micro-pantograph, Alfred McEwen, of New York, has written letters so small that eighty copies of the bible could be engraved in one square inch. Putting the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin would be as big as a billboard in comparison.



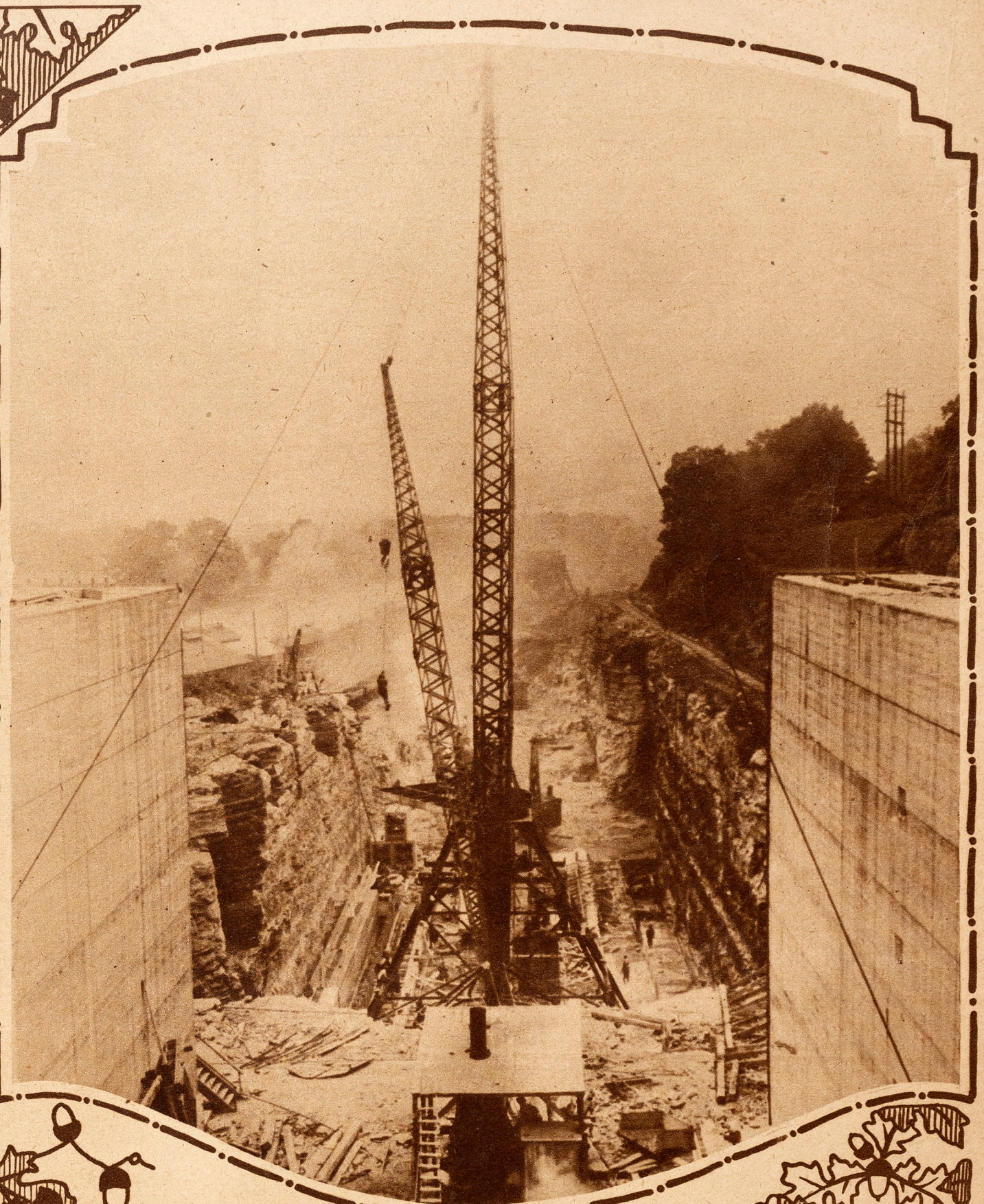
The "Leviathan of the Rails." The largest electric locomotive in the world is on exhibition at Washington, D.C. It is the greatest power plant in the world on wheels, developing 3,200 horse power. It measures 76 feet in length and weighs 265 tons. It is the prize exhibit of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad.



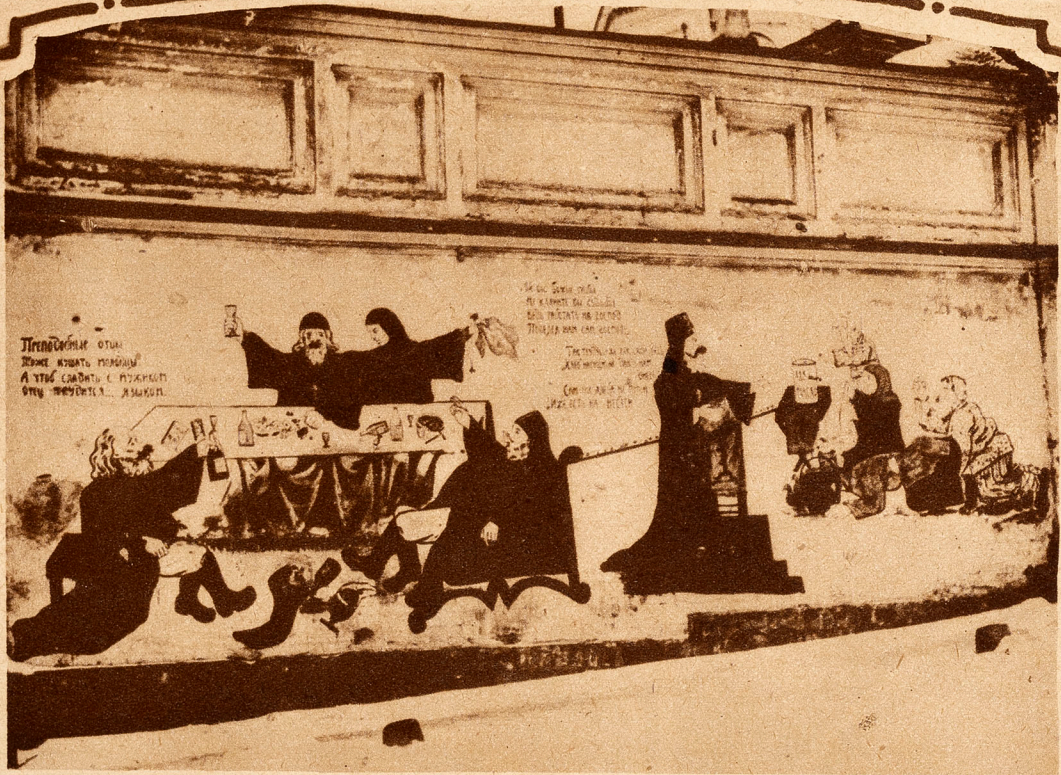
The man of the hour in France, Monsieur Herriot, arriving at Palais Bourbon, for the opening of the legislature.



Fifth Avenue, ordinarily fairly dark and deserted after sundown, is shown here in its new convention week garb as "The Avenue of the States" in a blaze of colored lights. Twenty-five thousand lamps, orange, blue and white,



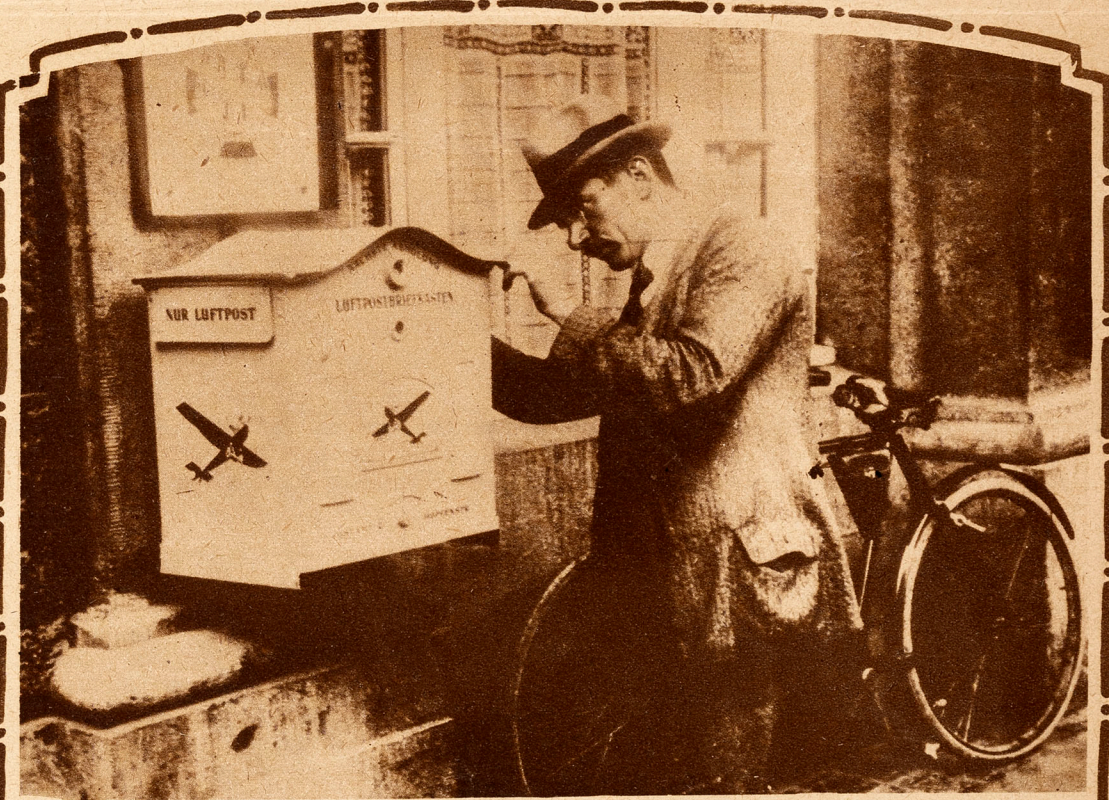
Looking into the locks at the north end of the great Wilson dam at Muscle Shoals is like peering into a big quarry, as the downstream approach channel is being cut from solid rock.



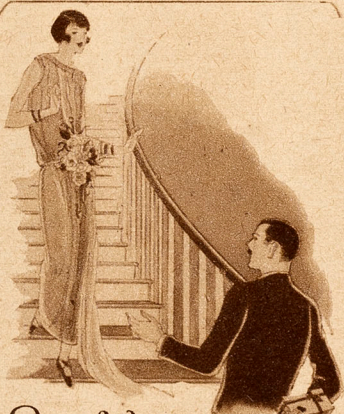
One of the many anti-religious posters with which the Soviet representatives have placarded the walls of one Moscow monastery. Those who will not now accept and recognize the "Living Church" are in constant danger of their lives.



Dusolina Giannini, an American-born girl of Italian parentage, who recently arrived in London, sang in Queen's Hall and took musical comedy by storm, scoring a most unusual triumph.



The installation of the first air mail box in Germany which recently took place in Berlin. Munich, Nurnberg and other prominent cities are included on the route of the flying letter carriers.



Slender Women are more popular ~

A graceful slender girl holds a fascination which only slender women have.

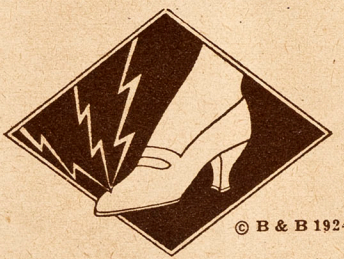
Men admire a youthful silhouette. Instinctively, they are drawn towards the woman whose figure is graceful and shapely. That's why slender girls are always popular.

But why worry about being overweight? It's easy to reduce. Use Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way). These tablets will make you slender again. Try them. No exercises or diets.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1700 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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Corns



Don't risk blood poisoning by paring a corn. Apply Blue-jay, the scientific corn tender. The pain will vanish instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Get Blue-jay today at your druggist.

Blue-jay



Phyllis Van den Berg, aged 7, daughter of Major Van den Berg, of Stanley Barracks and Mrs. Van den Berg yachting in the Round Pond, Hyde Park, London, England.



Tito Schipa, premier tenor of the Chicago Opera Company, with Mrs. Schipa, photographed just before sailing on the S.S. Conte Verdi. This will be their first visit to their native land in two years.

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beautiful colors & white,
washes and dyes
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"Never say dye—say RIT"