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What is the Money Value of a Human Life ??

Plaintiffs Who Sue Parties Through Whose Negligence a Loved One Has Been Killed Often Find Out Courts Place a Very Low Estimate on the Economic Worth of Deceased to His Family.

By J. D. PEARLSTEIN.

AS dear as life itself, one often hears, and yet, life is really cheap, as valued by our highest civil courts. In the book of Job we read, "All that a man hath will he give for his life," but when constituted authority is assessing damages, as allowed by law, the life of a human being commands but a small price.

Juries always allow more for the negligent taking of life than do judges sitting alone, or in a body as a court of appeal. This is probably so because all that bereaved plaintiffs in what are always sad cases, can hope for, is pure law, minus sentiment. Parents of children who meet death through the negligence of others cannot recover what may be called sentimental damages. That is, the law does not allow anything for the mental anguish occasioned by the violent death of a near relative. Nevertheless, juries are prone to be sympathetic and generous in cases of this kind, with the result that the Court of Appeal is often kept busy reviewing judgments, frequently reducing damages. The seasoned judges appear to incline to John Morley's estimate that "the great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart."

OUR courts place a comparitively low price on human life because the law takes into consideration only the actual pecuniary loss of each of the relatives who may have a claim for damages. The right to claim damages is given under the Fatal Accidents Act. enacted in Ontario over 75 years ago.

Under the more recent Workmen's Compensation Act the average compensation awarded in Ontario for death claims during the year 1923 was $3,755, while the amount awarded by judges and juries in a large number of recent Canadian cases did not average more than $2,000, as may be seen from the actual cases to be referred to presently.

The economic value of the average human life has been estimated at $5,500. That is, the net money value of the average earning capacity for life, after deduction of ordinary personal living expenses, would be $5,500. But even juries seldom award over $5,000 for the loss of a human life.

IN a recent case tried at Welland by Mr. Justice Logie without a jury, the wife of a Polish laborer brought action against the Michigan Central Railway for damages for the death of her husband. The deceased was 38 years of age and was earning $33.75 per week. An actuary calculated for the benefit of the court that the net money value of the deceased laborer to his family was $14,000 at the time of his death.

Upon the medical evidence adduced it was assumed that the deceased might have lived to the age of 70; that his wages would not have fallen until the age of 60, after which his earning capacity would have been reduced by $5 per week until the age of 65 and by $10 per week between the ages of 65 and 70; and that his personal expenses would have amounted to 25 percent of his wages. Character evidence showed that the deceased had at various times been an intemperate drinking man and his Lordship, giving a verdict against the railway company for $2,000, remarked. "I don't think this man would ever have amounted to very much." The case has a moral.

As a guide to court and jury in cases of this kind, counsel invariable call experts who will calculate the economic value of any human being. The experts' valuations are always high since they are not charged with the duty of estimating the value of the life under consideration to the particular plaintiff or plaintiffs before the court. It is for the expert to value the life itself; it is for the jury to estimate the actual pecuniary interest of the plaintiff or plaintiffs in that life.

The expert valuators of human life will tell the jury to within one month how long any individual could have been expected to live and how much his actual income would have amounted to had he lived; that a laborer at 35, earning $21 per week, is economically worth $18,000; that a professional man whose income is $100 per week is worth at 45 at least $75,000 to his family; that merchants and proprietors of business places are the most normal people; that the longevity of the average clergyman is 25 percent better than the average man; that doctors and lawyers are 10 percent above the average, while the laborer's chance of prolonged life is nearly 40 percent less than the average. that a child of 10 is expected to live another 49 years; at 12 another 48 years; at 25 another 38 years at 33 another 33 years, and so on.

IT must not be supposed that the courts always value life cheaply. Not many months ago an Ontario jury awarded $15,000 damages in a case where the experts' highest valuation of the life in question was $18,000. But verdicts of this size are very much the exception rather than the rule.

In another Ontario case a lad of 20, employed as a brakeman by the Grand Trunk, was killed by reason, as the jury found, of the negligence of the company's servants. The evidence showed that the deceased was unmarried, had been about four years in Canada, and about one month in the service of the railway company. He had corresponded with his mother, but had sent his parents no money. He had received a good and rather expensive education at his father's expense, and the father swore to an understanding between son and parents that the son would, in consideration of the large sum so expended on him, assist the parents financially in their old age.

The jury assessed the damages due to the father and mother at $1,800, estimating the earnings of a person in the same grade as the deceased, and in like employment for three years allowed by the Workmen's Compensation For Injuries Act. But the Court of Appeal believed the award to be excessive and extravagant, and, therefore, unreasonable, and ordered a new assessment, suggesting that the parties agree on some lesser amount.

In a recent case against the C. P. R. for the death of an employe, though negligence was proved, the aged mother of the deceased could not recover damages. The evidence showed she owned a house and lot, and that an unmarried son and daughter lived with her. She had no means of support, excepting what she received from her children. Several other sons and daughters, all married, were living away from her. The deceased was 30, unmarried, and earning around $100 per month. The mother swore she received money from her son from time to time, and that she looked to him more than to any other for her support.

About three months before his death her son had sent her $25, remarking that he wanted to send her $35, but times were bad. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff mother of $1,500 damages, but the company appealed, and the Court of Appeal reversed the decision, holding that the jury had no proper evidence on which to estimate the damages, and, further, that there was no proper evidence of any reasonable espectation of pecuniary benefit to support a verdict of even nominal damages.

IN a New Brunswick case against the Star Line Steamship Company a brass founder, aged 70, brought action for the death of his 26-year-old son, who, as the evidence showed, had always lived with his father, paying various sums as high as $30 a month for lodgings, though there was no evidence to show what such lodgings he received were worth; that for 15 months immediately before his death he had ceased paying anything because, having gone into business on his own account, his father wished him to keep the money to put into the business; that the son was sober, industrious, a good business man, affectionate to his father.

When the son went into business his father advanced him $700. After his death the business was sold and realized $400 net with which to satisfy the father's claim of $700. The jury brought in a verdict for $3,500. The learned Chief Justice who tried the case, leaving it entirely to the jury in general terms to estimate the damages, if any. On appeal, the court ordered a new tral on the ground that the jury had misunderstood the principle upon which damages should be assessed in cases of this kind.

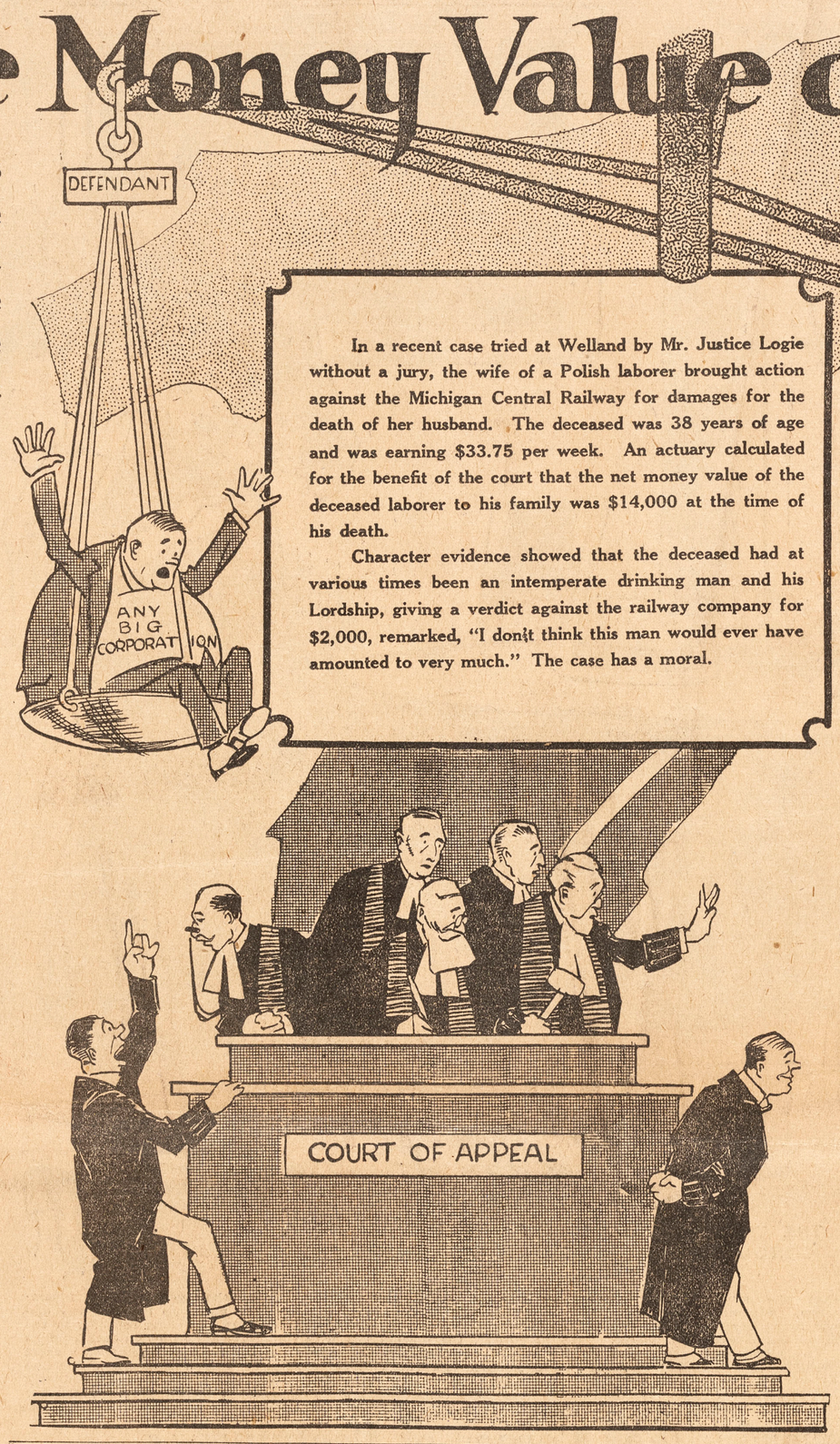
In another case where the mother of a girl aged 17 had recovered a verdict of $3,000 from an Ontario jury for the death of her daughter who had been killed by a street car, the Court of Appeal held the damages to be excessive, and suggested the acceptance of $1500, otherwise the defendant company was to have the right to a new trial.

DAMAGES to the amount of $2,100 were awarded to a plaintiff father, whose 22 year old son bad been killed by a Toronto street car. The deceased's occupation had been principally that of a laborer. The highest wages received by him were $35 in one month. His mother was dead and his father had married again. He lived with a widowed sister but was on good terms with his father and stepmother whom he visited once or twice a month, on such occasions giving his father two to four dollars, and once five dollars. His habits were good and he was of a generous disposition. Evidence was received of his intention of helping his father to build a house; of assisting hm to pay off a mortgage of $650 on his home, as well as an amount of $400 for which his father had given notes to another son.

Upon the jury bringing in a verdict for $2,100, the company appealed and the Appellate Court held that, while the evidence showing the son's favorable disposition towards his father was properly received by the jury, the amount awarded to the plaintiff for damages was clearly excessive and a new trial was ordered, unless the parties would agree to a reduction of the judgment to $500.

In every case actual pecuniary damages must be proved by the plaintiff. The maintenance and education of a minor son or daughter being obligations of law imposed upon a father, he cannot recover the amounts so paid during the son's or daughter's life time.

One of the lowest verdicts for the death of a child was recorded not long ago when the parents of a 4-year-old tot who was killed in a street car accident were awarded only $300. Though it appeared that the child was healthy, intelligent, and hand a good prospect of a long life, the sum of $300 was supposed to represent the pecuniary benefit or advantage which the parents could have reasonably expected had the child lived.



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Monte Carlo To Be Twice As Wicked

Its Gambling Hell Being Doubled in Size Despite Pretty Duchess' Protest



Sir Basil Zaharoff, the "mystery millionaire," who helped the Duchess close one gambling palace, but refuses to shut up the one he controls.

WHEN another Winter rolls around and thousands of pleasure seekers from all over the world begin flocking to Monte Carlo, they will find that surpassingly beautiful city on the Riviera just about twice as wicked a place as it ever was before.

The past Winter and Spring were the most prosperous in the history of Monte Carlo. The resort was so thronged with visitors that the Casino, the most notorious gambling hell in the world and the place whose shameful profits pay the running expenses of the little principality of Monaco, was unable to begin to accommodate all those who were eager to risk the contents of their pocketbooks on its roulette wheels and faro tables and other games of chance.

So the management of the Casino is enlarging this magnificent building. The size of the old gambling rooms is being greatly increased and several spacious new ones added. By next Winter the remodelled Casino will be able to accommodate at one time at least 100 per cent. more victims. Its capacity for wrecking the lives and fortunes of men and women will be doubled.

THIS news is a sad disappointment to all those who regard Monte Carlo's gambling hell as one of the worst blots on the world's civilization and who have been earnestly hoping that the pretty young Duchess of Valentinois would win her brave fight to wipe it out of existence.

The Duchess is the "love child" who finally healed the breach between her father and his father, the late Prince of Monaco, and enabled the former to succeed to the rulership of the principality on the death of the old Prince.

From the time when she was able to realize what an appalling toll of human happiness and life the Casino is continually taking it has been a thing of horror to the Duchess. Even the fact that its profits support the rulers of Monaco and pay the running expenses of the little nation of which Monte Carlo forms the principal part, could not reconcile her to the existence of this gambling hell under the full protection of the law.

As soon as the Duchess' father came into power she set out to make Monte Carlo free from the taint of gambling. And for a time it looked as if she were going to be successful.

AT that time there was another gambling den in Monte Carlo whose profits were even larger than the Casino's—the notorious Sporting Club. The Duchess made this the object of her first crusade.

The people of Monaco looked on with amazement while the determined Duchess drove the Sporting Club out of existence. They could not believe their eyes and ears.

And when they learned that Sir Basil Zaharoff, the "mystery multi-millionaire" and controlling stockholder of the corporation that owns and operates the Casino, was backing the Duchess in her fight on the gamblers, they were still more amazed and dismayed

With the Sporting Club out of the way the Duchess turned her attentions against Camille Blanc, the uncrowned king of Monte Carlo, who ruled the Casino with an iron hand. And in her attack Sir Basil, the mystery man, again took the side of the Duchess.

The name of Blanc had been connected with the Casino ever since it was established. The father of Camille Blanc had been running a roulette wheel in Homburg when, during the reign of Charles III, the fortunes of the ruling house of Monaco reached a low ebb. Being sorely in need of ready money the gambling concessions at Monte Carlo were offered to Blanc and since that time his family has ruled over the gaming tables of the Casino.

THE Duchess of Valentinois directed her wrath at Blanc at a most opportune time, for the ruler of the Casino was experiencing severe financial difficulties through unwise investments in sugar. And so the presiding genius of the gaming tables was overthrown and the Casino shook to its very foundation.

It was only a matter of time, people said, before that far famed gambling hell would go the same way as the Sporting Club.

What had Zaharoff been thinking about to side with the Duchess in her fight against an established institution that meant so much to his own pocket-book?

But it now turns out that the "mystery man" who controls the richest oil fields of Europe and Asia, who is a power behind the throne in more than one country and a Knight of the Bath in England, had been playing his cards in quite the same skillful manner that enabled him to become such a power in political and perfectly legitimate finanicial spheres.

The Sporting Club was a serious competitor. Its elimination meant that all those who came to Monte Carlo to gamble would have to lose their money at the Casino and their losses would mean more money for Sir Basil.

Camille Blanc, too, presented an obstacle whose removal the mystery man believed would be to his advantage. He had long wanted to end his control of the Casino, but had never found a way of doing it.

SO Sir Basil shrewdly lent his powerful aid to the Duchess until the Sporting Club was closed and Camille Blanc driven from

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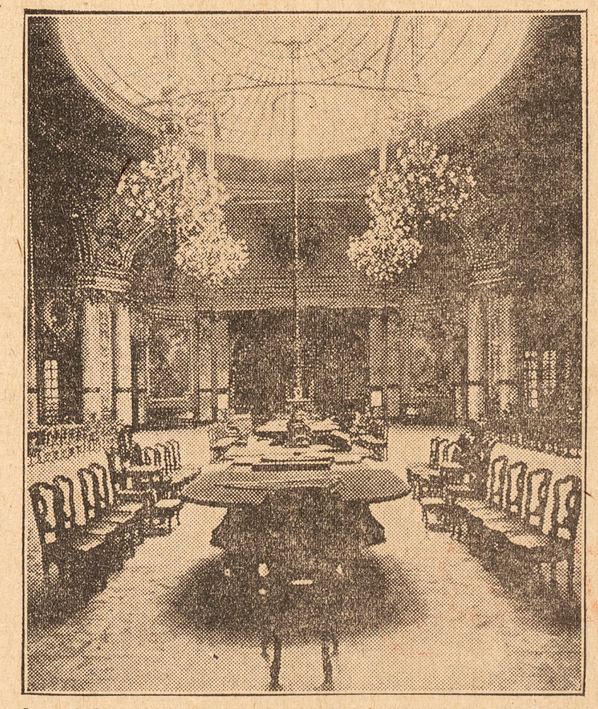
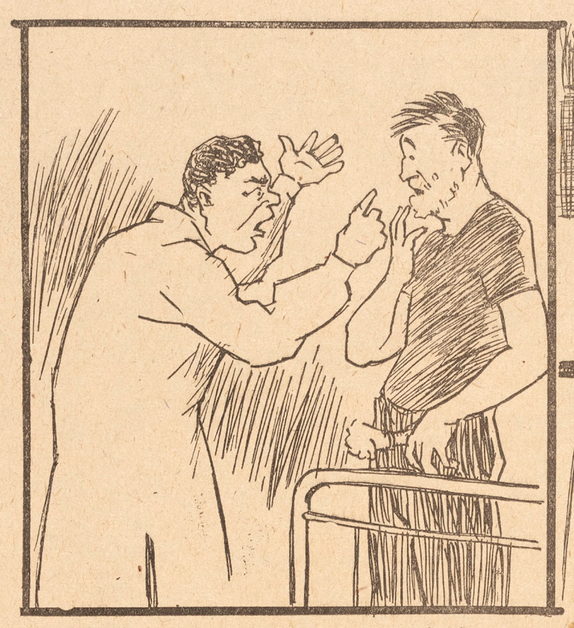


One of the superbly appointed roulette rooms in the Casino at Monte Carlo, where thousands of dollars change hands in a few minutes. It is shown deserted because a strict rule of the establishment forbids photographs being made while play is going on.

Theft or Carelessness? Police Give Answer

A Section of the Detective Force Leads a Busy Life Investigating the Claims of Robberies in Private Homes---And a Common Failing of Human Nature Is Often at the End of a Clue



TAXED HIS BEWILDERED ROOM MATE WITH BEING THE THIEF



THE TABLE CLOTH CAME AWAY REVEALING A CONGLOMERATE MASS OF SILVERWARE



A PLUMBER FOUND THE MISS -ING RINGS IN THE TRAP

THEFT or carelessness? Robbery or pure mischief? Very often in the day's work of the Toronto detective force these questions are answered by close and skilled examination in such a way as to amaze and startle people who come with complaints about missing property.

Forgetful husbands and wives, playful children or careless friends may produce mysteries just as baffling, for a time, as any for which criminals themselves are responsible. Police headquarters' files teem with records of interesting cases received by the complaints man over his desk in a busy lifetime.

AN incident of a few weeks ago will serve to illustrate what the average police detective has to contend with from the time he is assigned to a case. This case is so recent that the general reader will readily recall it. It has to do with a Toronto woman who by mistake threw diamonds to the value of two or three thousand dollars into a garbage receptacle, and who, until the gems were retrieved by the garbage men at the dump, no doubt experienced some very excruciating moments.

The report received, detectives were assigned to recover the jewels. The usual line of investigation was unnecessary, since the woman knew what she had done with the gems. Consequently, the officers followed the only course possible, and that was to notify the Street Cleaning Department of the affair, and bid them keep an eye open for the missing jewels.

This is only one illustration of the trouble caused by momentary carelessness or forgetfulness. Sometimes such lapses result in trouble for other people. Something, money, jewels, or other articles of intrinsic worth, is suddenly missed from its usual place. Immediately the troubled housewife sets to work to hunt for the missing thing. Her search is vain. So she sits down to think the matter over. Rapidly she inventories her callers of the morning—the baker, the milkman, the butcher, the grocer's boy, etc. Or maybe, she broods: that fellow selling the bananas was the thief. He looked suspicious, anyhow—a swarthy man, villainous in appearance.

She notifies the police of her loss and her suspicions, with the result that the banana peddlers of the city are thoroughly canvassed and the suspect is located. Conveyed to headquarters, he vehemently protests his innocence. Probably when he has been thoroughly grilled and is almost in a state of collapse through fright, the telephone rings and the apologetic voice of the lady who has lost something sounds over the wire, "I'm so sorry; but the brooch I thought had been stolen has turned up. I had put it in another place and forgotten all about it."

An instance of a short time ago; A woman reported that a ten-dollar bill had been stolen from the kitchen cabinet in her home. She suspected the baker, as he was the only one who had called on her that morning. Detectives went to investigate. They found the lady distraught almost, and loudly denouncing bakery drivers. The officers interrogated her. Was she sure that she had placed the ten-dollar bill on the cabinet?

"Sure?" The good lady sniffed in scorn. Of course she was sure. Did they think she was crazy, that she didn't know what she was doing She flounced over to the cabinet, which was a few feet away from the back window and tapped with her index finger the spot whereon she had laid the bill. The officers glanced first at the pointing finger, then at the open window. The cabinet was within arm's reach of anyone standing outside the window, so that it would be comparatively easy for even a person of moderate reach to purloin the bill.

But having wide experience of such cases and the suspicion commonly levelled against innocent persons, the detectives argued that the bill might have been mislaid by the woman herself, or have been blown off the cabinet by a vagrant wind.

But the good lady would not have it so. She was very indignant that she should be thought careless and unduly suspicious of her fellow-creatures. In her indignation she left the room and slammed the middle door behind her.

Left to themselves, the officers conducted a search of the kitchen, and were fortunate in finding the missing bill adroitly balancing itself against the wallpaper in a corner near the cabinet, whither the wind had blown it.

A CERTAIN well-known citizen some years ago reported the loss of a very valuable watch and chain, an heirloom. The watch had been lying on the window-sill, placed there by its owner while he was fitting some storm windows for the Winter. As the windows had been open for short periods during the fixing process the owner of the jewelry jumped to the conclusion that some tramp, in passing, had taken the articles. This seemed a reasonable conclusion after a prolonged and vain search of the house had been made, so the police watched attentively the various second-hand stores and pawnshops in the hope that the heirlooms would eventually be offered for sale or pawned by the thief. But their waiting was vain.

Spring came, and the gentleman started to remove the storm sashes, to discover, to his amazement, the missing watch and chain tucked away neatly in a corner between storm sash and inner window.

For the moment he was nonplussed. Then smoking a meditative pipe, he studied the matter over. Presently all became clear. He recalled the events of the day when he had installed that particular sash. He glanced through blue smoke haze at the Chesterfield under the window, then visualized his mischievous son Tommy, who had stood on the Chesterfield watching him at work. He saw the tiny fingers at play with watch and chain, and he smiled to himself as he realized how much mystery and trouble such mischievous fingers and a window unopened during the winter can cause.

ANOTHER case was that reported by a mother who had lost two of her most treasured possessions—her wedding ring and her engagement ring. Her story was simple. She had laid the rings down on the top of a gas stove in the kitchen while she washed up in the sink, as the circlets had the habit of slipping from her fingers.

Then the voice of the baker had called her to the front door. She had heard the snap of the rear screen door as she hurried to the front, but had taken little heed of it, thinking at the time that the noise had been made by little Dicky, her son, entering the house from the backyard. It was not until half-an-hour later, her dishes washed, that she discovered the rings had vanished from the stove.

She called the police and told her story. They began their investigation. While one searched the house with the woman, the other examined the ground outside the back door. There had been a thunderstorm that morning, and the ground was still wet.

But the only imprints in the soft soil were those made by a child's shoes, so it was evident that, if entrance had been gained in that way by the thief, the thief was a small boy.

Accordingly the detective tackled Dicky. What had he done with mamma's rings?

"In dere," the lad responded, pointing toward the sink. His small digit touched the old-fashioned brass cross over the vent of the waste pipe. "Slipped down dere."

And so they had. A plumber, on opening the pipe, found the missing rings snugly ensconced in the trap, where Dicky's playful fingers had dropped them.

Absent-mindedness causes much trouble and work for detectives. For instance: Two women, an aunt and her niece, arrived home one evening, to find the window of the dinning-room wide open and the place cleared of all the valuable silverware, comprising trophies, cups, goblets, medals, flat-ware and the like, won by an athletic husband who had long since departed this life. Of course, the old lady was frantic. When the smelling salts had brought her round, she suggested to her niece that she notify the police. At which suggestion the niece sniffed scornfully. The police;—of what use were they? However, the aunt insisting, the young lady acquiesced.

The detectives arrived and asked questions. The aunt painstakingly told how she had left the house locked up and the silverware on the buffet in the dinning-room, and how she had arrived home to find her treasures gone.

The search began. Windows and doors were examined for marks of chisel or "jimmy," but no marks could be found. While the search was in progress, the scornful niece kept up a running fire of derisive asides to her aunt anent police incapability. Suddenly one of the officers stooped and peered under the dining-room table. A white object of bulky proportions confronted him. He caught at the fabric and pulled. The tablecloth came away in his hand, revealing to view a conglomerate mass of silverware. Then the old lady suddenly recalled placing the articles there while she dusted the top of the buffet a few hours before. As for the cynical young miss, she bolted upstairs and did not emerge from her retirement again until the officers had left.

A SIMILAR case was reported by a young Frenchwoman who had married a wealthy local man. The young lady being averse to domestic duties, prevailed upon her husband to take apartments at a downtown hotel. Being of the "gold digger" type, she had also managed to wheedle much jewelry and coin of the realm from her older and lovesick hubby. And it is probable that she was more in love with her trinkets than she was with her foolish old darling.

So it is not to be wondered at that she almost went insane when, on awaking one morning, she found her jewel cases empty. Her husband called the police.

The subsequent search yielded nothing. At which the angry French lady became angrier and volleyed out in broken English some very nasty and unkind things about policedom in general and the two officers in particular.

However, the officers left with a lengthy description of the missing jewelry and the promise to spare no effort to recover it. But it was the chambermaid who solved the mystery when she started to make up the bed and discovered the gems reposing in the pillow-case on which their owner's dainty head had lain such a short time before. And when madame was told of the find she suddenly recalled having played with her jewels before going to sleep the previous night, then tucked them into the pillow-case, so that they would be handy as playthings should she wake up during the nocturnal hours.

Another case in which the one whose duty it is to make up beds proved the solver of the riddle was that in which a foreigner was the supposed victim of a thief and his room-mate was arrested on suspicion. The alien—like many—aliens— distrusted all banks save the sock and the money belt. But even these seemed unsafe when the proprietor of the boarding-house, the house being full, introduced the newcomer to the original tenant and informed the latter that the stranger would be his bed mate, for a night.

In the morning, however, Nick awoke, dressed himself, felt in his belt for his wad, and finding it gone, raised a howl, called the proprietor of the rooming-house, and charged his bewildered room-mate with being the thief. The man emphatically denied the accusation. The police were called. The stranger was searched. Nothing was found on him. But the police were not satisfied, and took the fellow to headquarters.

Meanwhile, the wife of the proprietor commenced her task of making up the beds. When she came to Nick's she discovered a tear in the ticking. So she brought needle and thread and commenced to repair the rent. As she picked up the stuff in her fingers, she felt some hard object beneath, which, on examination, proved to be Nick's supposed stolen hoard.

HUMAN deceit also plays a major part in many of the cases which the local police are called upon to investigate. Here is a shining example of such a case.

A certain man reported that a valuable diamond ring had been stolen from him by a friend and sold to a jeweler on Sherbourne Street. This friend, he added, had left town and gone to the States.

Investigation naturally led the officers to the jeweler. They found the ring there. But the story the jeweler had to tell concerning the disposition of the gem with him was slightly different. The ring had not been sold to him; instead, it had been pawned—and by two men, not one. He described the men in detail.

Advising the jeweler to remain mum for the present, the officers left. Followed further investigation, which resulted in, one day, one of the officers calling upon the wife of the supposed victim. The woman was alone.

"I want you to lunch with me at the So-and-So Cafe, this afternoon," he informed her. "I think I can show you the man who stole your husband's ring."

Lunch-time came. The officer and woman met in the cafe. They had barely commenced their lunch when the officer, pointing to a man sitting almost opposite them, remarked in a low tone, "See that man?" The woman looked in the direction indicated, "Know him?"

"Yes," was the woman's instant response, "that's Dick—who stole the ring."

"You are sure?"

"Positive."

"Then come on; we'll get him."

But the man had recognized his friend's wife. He was on his feet in an instant and heading in the direction of the exit.

"Stop thief!" the detective yelled, as he followed the man. An outthrust foot brought the fellow to grief at the entrance, and the officer collared his man.

Later, meeting the woman's husband, the officer remarked:

"I got your friend—the thief."

The man stared in stupefaction.

"The devil you did!" he gasped. "Why he was in the St—"

The officer grinned.

"So you said, but he must have made a quick trip back. But let's cut out the comedy. Your friend's coming up in the Police Court tomorrow, and you had better tell the truth now and save yourself an exposure."

Which the supposed victim did. It seemed that he and his friend had lost heavily at the races, and wishing to recoup their losses, had pawned the ring to obtain more money. They had concocted the theft story to cover their delinquency and deceive the supposed victim's wife.

ANOTHER case of this type was that of the niece of a well-known local manufacturer who, for no reason she could explain, indulged in an adventure which earned for her a badly bruised head, many anxious hours and the condemnation of her uncle.

One evening, at quitting time, the girl was found in her uncle's office unconscious. The interior of the office was littered with papers taken from surrounding desks and drawers. It seemed like a genuine robbery. The girl when she recovered, told a carefully detailed story of how she had just been ready to leave the office—she having done some work overtime—when a man entered the place, struck her on the head with the butt-end of a revolver, and rendered her unconscious. She had come to her senses to find the caretaker bending over her and the premises ransacked.

For several days the police investigated the case, but to no purpose. They had not a single clue to work on, save the girl's description of the supposed robber. So that they were almost ready to give up when a repetition of the robbery was committed. In this case, as in the previous one, the crook had followed the same procedure of stunning the girl, and ransacking the desk and drawers. But with this addition—that he had left behind a note, which read, "I've got all I want from the office. I'll get you next."

The note was written in ink on ordinary bond paper. Again the girl described her assailant, and he was, in every detail, like her previous attacker.

The detective who had been assigned to handle the case pondered the situation afresh. A vague suspicion entered his mind. When the girl had left the office with her uncle, he delved into the wastepaper basket, and was successful in finding a half sheet of bond paper, whose shape, size, and water-mark matched to a nicety the half on which the threat had been written. It was plain that whoever had written the note had used paper found in the office, and finding the whole sheet too large for his purpose, had carefully folded it, then cut the fold.

Keeping the uncle in the dark regarding his intentions, the officer had the young woman brought before him in the inspector's office at Court Street Station. There, alone with the girl, he said sternly:

"Now look here, Miss—this has gone far enough. Tell me the truth, or I'll clap you in the cells and leave you there until you come to your senses."

For a time the girl resisted him, then realizing that he was a stern, unrelenting officer who meant what he said, she capitulated and told the truth. There had been no robbery; she had not been struck. She had in an idle moment conceived the notion of creating a scene in which she would be the heroine. The wound in her head she had caused by banging her cranium against the door jamb, then elated at the success of her plot, she had repeated the scene, this time making it more melodramatic by writing the note to

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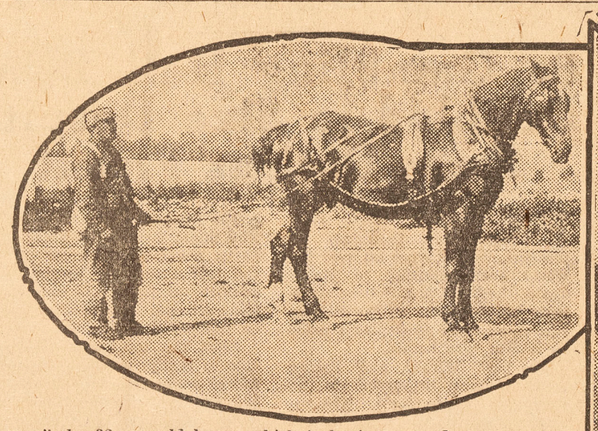
Aged Horse Rewarded For Career of Usefulness: All Animals Are Pets In The Provincial Prison

Trusty Steed of the Late Dr. Gilmour Passes His Later Days Mid Pleasant Scenes Just "Enjoying Life."



"Homer," the 32-year-old horse, which is having a good rest as the reward of long service.



"Monty", the little cocker spaniel, pet of Secretary Holloway.

CONTENTMENT in the twilight of his days is the happy lot of "Homer," a 32-year-old horse who is reaping the reward of long and faithful service. He does pretty much as he likes at the Ontario Reformatory, Guelph, where he is a pensioner upon whom considerable petting is bestowed, which he reciprocates by exemplary behavior and dignified sociability befitting his age towards all with whom he comes in contact.

"Homer" is a dark bay with a sleek coat which sparkles in the sunshine and betokens the care of a conscientious valet. He is round without being corpulent, for in the wisdom of his years he abstains from temptations to gluttony in negotiating his generous menu, which embraces aboout everything calculated to tickle the equine palate. Besides, he refrains from sedentary habits, for there are useful things to be done which help him to fill in the day and he is quite content in assisting with the chores, that being his idea of congenial recreation. When he takes a notion to loaf for a spell and ruminate he does so with complacency, for, such is his recognized right challenged by none.

He occupies the guest stall in the stables where both officials and prisoners see that nothing which would tend to his comfort is neglected. His personal attendant is a good-natured, long-term bootlegger, who accompanies him upon the grass rolling expeditions and other minor missions, cheerfully sharing in the rest periods and encouraging his charge to take things easy while the taking is good. "Homer" expresses appreciation of kind words by wiggling his ears. He swings his tail lazily merely to exercise it, for his coat is so smooth the flies fall off when they attempt to gain a foothold. When the sun gets a bit too warm he seeks a shady spot. If his job happens to be grass cutting he eats the choice bits as he goes along reminding one of a youngster picking berries.

In such favorable environment it is not surprising that "Homer" does not look his age. The reason he is so privileged a character is because he was for many years the ever-reliable driving horse of the late Dr. Gilmour, when that gentleman was warden of the old Central Prison in Toronto and subsequently the head of the Guelph institution which was established to replace it. "Homer" was on the job long after the automobile came and he met the competition with equamity for he was immune to punctures and his engine never stalled, also he was somewhat of an authority upon the responsibilities attaching to his position and his heart was in his work. What he has he earned.

ANOTHER pet of the prison is a captivating little red cocker spaniel who answers to the name of "Monty", when he feels like it. "Monty" is attached to the Administration Department, being the personal property of Secretary Holloway, but his disposition is exceedingly democratic and he is on friendly terms with everybody around the place. Occasionally he makes a tour of inspection where the gangs are working on the grounds but never interferes with what is going on unless some prisoners start to run; then "Monty" becomes excited, and with much noise raises an unnecessary but well-meant alarm. He retrieves tennis balls when they are batted out of the courts and would participate in the lawn bowling if permitted to do so. "Monty" has many winning ways and exhibits no jealousy towards a score or so of canaries which his master keeps in a prison of their own in his apartments where they maintain a continuous symphony which echoes through the halls.

There is a herd of sixty Holstein cows on the prison farm, every beast a beauty and a pet of the particular prisoners who perform the ministrations pertaining to milking and other little attentions required by an aristocratic cow. The appearance of the herd and the percentage of butter-fat in the lavish production of the lacteal fluid reflects in practical form the benefits of the affectionate care which is bestowed. In the stables the horses are the chums of the fellow to whom their care and comfort is entrusted. Officials state that it is a characteristic of most prisoners to show kindness to dumb animals and any case of ill-treatment would be strongly resented by the prisoners themselves. Some of the inmates are very much attached to the horses they have to look after and there is a spirit of competition in keepink the animals fit. Prison life is certainly no hardship for a horse, particularly when there is a reward in sight such as that which has come to "Homer."

The GIRL AVENGER of PARIS

This is the second of two remarkable articles which might be called "The Autobiography of a Red Rebel." Mlle. Germaine Berton is the girl Anarchist—hardly past flapper age—who shot down Marius Plateau, right-hand man of the French royalist chieftain, Leon Daudet, who was acquitted by a jury on the ground that the murder was political in motive.

A few weeks ago the Paris correspondent of The Sunday World persuaded Germaine to write the story of her life. She responded with six brief chapters, from which, in summary or verbatim quotation, these articles are compounded. The first, printed last Sunday, told of her childhood in a dingy suburb of Paris; her close companionship with her father, a radical artisan, and her girlhood in the old City of Tours, where she went through high school and art school, developing all the while an increasingly savage dislike of the established order. This stage lasted till the death of her father threw the girl on her own resources.



Disappointed in repeated efforts to meet and assassinate the royalist chieftain, Daudet, the girl avenger obtained access to the editorial rooms of L'Action Francaise, killed Marius Plateau with five shots from her revolver and turned the sixth bullet to her own heart—but her hour had not yet come.

Germaine's advocate, Maitre Henri Torres, addressing the jury, said: "I do not glorify this girl, but in order that blood shall cease to flow an acquittal must be put in the scale to counterbalance the acquittal of Villain" (royalist slayer of the Communist Jaures).



Germaine, immediately after her acquittal on Christmas Eve —"Quickly freed, I went off with my friends in a taxicab to the offices of the Anarchist newspaper, Le Libertaire, to spend a secluded evening with the ones I love."

AS "librarian" of a staid Paris office, Germaine Boston, seventeen-year-old social revolutionary, nascent Anarchist, was a misfit.

"I did not stay there long," she writes. "Falling among old friends from Touraine, I began studying with them more ardently than ever. Social questions especially interested me. I wanted to know the inside of each political party. I read enormously."

A bizarre assortment of authors she lists—Leopold Kampf, Hans Ryner, Bolti, Barbusse; such classics as Francois Villon, Rabelais, Voltaire, Bourget, Loti, Alphonse Daudet; moderns like Anatole France, Gyp, Colette and Willy.

Having read all she could absorb, she decided to go back to Touraine and become an overt rebel. She got a job painting marks on freight cars. Dressed in smock and breeches she went gayly along the railway lines, carrying her paint pot and brush, inscribing over and over again:

"K X W (normal) 1,200—Hommes 32—Chevaux 8."

"The railroad workers liked me and bombarded me with questions of a political and syndicalist nature. Inwardly I laughed at the strange method I had adopted in order to act after my ideas. Syndicalism was reviving after the tragic strikes of 1920. This was just what I was waiting for."

ALREADY she had contracted a savage personal animosity to Leon Daudet, which she explains thus:

"While studying art in Tours I had made my first acquaintance with L'Action Francaise (Daudet's royalist newspaper). Next door to the art school was a hall where all political meetings were held. Like the others, the Camelots du Roi would come there. My boy pal Jacques and I would scale the party wall and slip in among the royalists. How we used to grind our teeth in rebellion and disgust at what we heard! I began to know the mentality of the ruffians of L'Action Francaise. And I began to hate fiercely Leon Daudet."

Back in Tours again she lost her car painting job and scandalized the retired officers and business men of the district by becoming secretary of the Syndicalist Revolutionary Committee.

"In the local Communist paper I published weekly articles which would have meant my arrest in Paris, but which got by in Touraine. I also tried my hand at verse which made my friends fear for my liberty. I was so absorbed, I lived in such an intense fever that freqently I forgot to dine. In June, 1921, blinded by Marxism, I joined the Communist party. It required the Congresses of Lille and Moscow to open my eyes."

WHAT she thought of then discovered was a systematic subordination of the syndicalist social revolution to political machinations. First she cried over such duplicity. Then, with characteristic decisiveness, she swung to the extreme of all extremes, founded an Anarchist group at Tours and went back to Paris.

There, in November, 1921, she struck a Police Commissary who refused to return her papers of personal identification, accidentially dropped in a street affray. She was sentenced to three months in the Prison St. Lazare and a small fine. During her incarceration she got to know Mme. Bernain de Ravisi, charged with espionage during the war. This acquaintance Germaine later used in her effort to gain access to Daudet.

RELEASED in February, 1922, she hurried to Tours for a mass meeting which demanded of Soviet Russia amnesty for the mutinous sailors of the Black Sea fleet. Returning to Paris, she landed for the second time in the hands of the police.

"In June, 1922, I was arrested with a band of burglars with whom I happened to be when the police arrived. I had a dagger in my hand bag. They charged me with carrying prohibited arms, manufacturing explosives and complicity in receiving stolen goods. The first charge only was proceeded with. I got seventeen days in jail. . . .

"Gradually I was slipping toward individualism. I was on the point of breaking with my comrades, when I was wounded at a meeting in the suburbs. Caught between two bodies of police, we were crying out 'Poincare assassin!' 'Vive Cottin!' 'Vive Marty!' 'War upon war!' when the cops charged. I had just hit a policeman on the ground with a knotted belt when he got up enraged and struck me over the head with his sword. My comrades, maddened by the torrent of my blood, captured the police station by assault, broke everything and burned the Tricolor. Mounted troops were necessary to restore order.

My wound healed rapidly. They put four stitches in, but I pulled them out almost at once."

FOR a little while, in October, 1922, Germaine worked as a telephone operator in a business office. But she soon lost the job. She was living in what she calls a "moral crisis," brought on by the proposed occupation of the Ruhr. The stormy "Springtide" of her life was approaching its culmination. The bitterness with which she writes indicates her mental and emotional state. She had wrought herself to such a frenzy of feeling toward M. Daudet as a dangerous paranoiac holds toward his fancied persecutors. To her the royalist leader had become the incarnation of everything hateful and obnoxious. Her resentment was increased by her revolt against militarism. Of all this she writes:

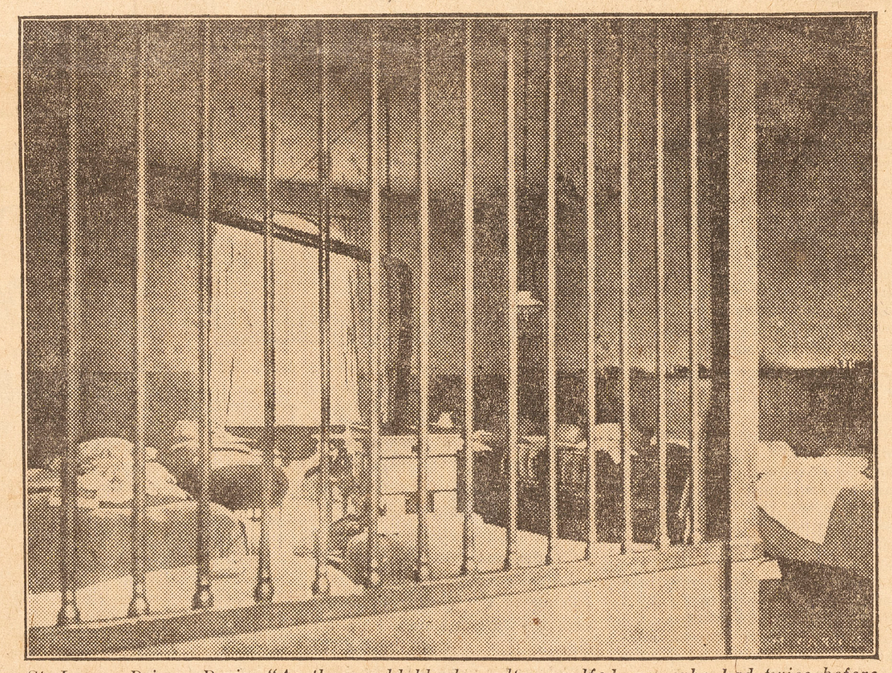
"After having done everything to wreck syndicalism and after having opposed the liberation of the Black Sea sailors, M. Leon Daudet clamored for an armed expedition into the Ruhr, deliberately accepting all the risks of war and of sanguinary clashes with Germany. What was passing in the head of this renegade Jew? Wasn't this the propitious moment to wreck the syndicalists and communists? Prime Minister Poincare, influenced, they say, by secret letters, had yielded to the master blackmailer of L'Action Francaise. We were to leave our hearths to participate in an armed occupation.

"WAR! I worked myself into a fury toward the ignoble scoundrel who daily exalted militarism. In 1914, as a child, I saw the 66th Infantry leave with flowers on their bayonets. Afterward I saw soldiers on leave, muddy, flea-ridden, lousy, borne down with fatigue, sleeping on the ground crowded on the benches of the Place de l'Hotel de Ville at Tours, while a few yards away officers, brilliant in their uniforms, sipped champagne in the Cafe de l'Univers with women. In the hospitals I saw gas victims spitting away their lives—blind men opening dead eyes in vain. In the streets I wept before the wounded and mutilated rolling along in little chairs.

"But what I saw always at every place was the debauchery of the officers. The sidewalks belonged to them. Even old men and little children had to make way for these professionals of war. When one has seen that, one must be very indifferent not to revolt, or else very cowardly. Well, I revolted. I thought of our million and a half dead. I recalled the sufferings of all, and the troubled and upset consciences because that dear word "Patrie', losing its meaning of fraternity and love, has come to incarnate hatred and corruption. In my profound anguish of mind I conceived the idea of striking at one of the persons responsible, the bitterest enemy of the working classes and also of the republic, the royalist adventurer, Leon Daudet.

"But, frightened, he kept in the background, asked police protection—royalist leader protected by Republican police! Why didn't those gallant cavaliers themselves—those Camelots du Roi—protect their chieftain? They might swoop down, ten to one, to beat wounded men and women with their loaded canes, but in the open these gentry were not very valorous."

THWARTED in direct attempts to come face to face with the man she regarded as an enemy of humanity, she tried a ruse. Feigning a purpose to betray her Anarchist comrades, she obtained access to Daudet's brother-in-law, M. Allard, who in turn presented the girl to Marius Plateau, editorial writer of L'Action Francaise, general secretary of the nation-wide league organized through that paper, and active chief of the Camelots du Roi, or what may be called the Royalist Ku Klux.



St. Lazare Prison, Paris—"As those cold black vaults engulfed me—who had twice before been under them—I would have preferred death."

On the morning of Jan. 23, 1923, the royalists held services in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in memory of the beheaded King Louis XVI. Expecting to find Daudet there, the girl entered the church armed with a revolver. But her enemy was not present and she went to the editorial rooms of L'Action Francaise, gained admittance to the office of Plateau and fired five shots into him. Her sixth and last bullet she turned to her own heart. Of what followed, she writes:

"Collapsing, I also heard Plateau fall. Several people rushed into the office, and I remember them saying: 'What, she did that? The dirty little wretch! But she's killed herself also.' However, the bullet had lodged in my ribs, just missing the heart. Within a week, on a stretcher, I was taken from the hospital to the Prison St. Lazare. As the cold, black vaults engulfed me—me who had twice before been under them—I would have preferred death to that living tomb. But suicide was impossible—I was too closely watched. Also my lawyer and friend, Maitre Henri Torres, reminded me how, living, I could provoke the indictment of the royalists. And I wanted one day to have the terrible joy of telling M. Leon Daudet in public what I thought of him. So I determined to live."

BEFORE her wound was wholly healed, Germaine gave the prison Governor his choice of locking her in solitary confinement or having to deal with a "rebel". She got her wish, the cell where "at least I will be alone with the rats." For ten months she was locked in a stone room, seven yards square. On its walls she drew pictures.

"I drew those I loved: Balzac, Charles Wagner, and later by my bedside, poor little Philippe Daudet. The Governor came one evening on a pretext of testing the oil in my lamp—really to see the drawings. He was much amused. Facing on one wall were Poincare and Millerand, each pointing at the other as responsible. There was a military review at Longchamps, in grotesque Chinese black and white. There was a skit on the prison—the wardresses, owls surrounded by long chains of fleas in their natural color. Near the door was a portrait of a parvenu, proud and haughty—beside him that of a man still to arrive, humble and bent. The Governor praised me. I have hardly recovered from it yet!"

IN the middle of December they moved her from St. Lazare to police headquarters for her trial, Although minutely searched, she managed to take with her (as she herself reveals for the first time here) a knife. She carried it into the courtroom each day—ready to cheat the executioner in case of an adverse verdict.

But before the trial, the two all but incredible episodes of Sister Claudia and Philippe Daudet occurred.

Sister Claudia was one of the nuns attached to the prison—a gentle, simple soul whose kindliness would not be repulsed. They talked much together, the rebel and the nun, and in the end the sister, instead of leading the erring Germaine back into the fold of piety, found herself converted into an Anarchist!

"Sister Claudia, by arrangement with me, was to quit the prison one morning shortly before my trial and on my behalf connect with my Anarchist friends. This was to be her first 'act.' But alas! the comrades who were to have met her were away from Paris. The poor little sister, adrift in the big hostile city and only casually received by some Anarchists, took refuge with her brother-in-law. He, fearing a scandal, persuaded her to go back to St. Lazare. Today this great soul agonizes in the depths of a provincial convent. But there are no barred doors or convent walls, however massive, through which a ray of the spirit of the century may not enter. I will yet tear the chains of false duty from this young woman."

NOT less arresting is the tacit confession of a love affair between herself and young Philippe Daudet, fourteen-year-old son of the man she sought to kill. She does not avow it openly, but it can be read between the lines of her statement and the jigsaw puzzle of the boy's death by a revolver in a Paris taxicab last fall.

Because Germaine had failed in her real mission of murder and faced the guillotine, Philippe undertook the task—such is the story the world is asked to believe, and it has not been replaced thus far by ascertained facts. The amazing nature of the resultant judicial proceedings, had the youth attained his alleged end, must be left to the imagination. Daudet pere has always strenuously denied that his son nourished such a dastardly plan as parricide, but the record is highly suggestive.

Late in her term of imprisonment, as has been noted, Germaine drew Philippe's portrait on the wall beside her pallet. Here is another extract from her story, referring to the fifth day of her trial:—

"On the eve of the verdict I calmed myself by kissing the photograph of dear little Philipe which I carried on me. 'To-morrow is the verdict, little Philippe. 'Twill be one month since you died to protect me against your father, dear martyr, fallen so young!' They had wanted to take this photograph from me, but I cried so much they gave it back. Caressing the blade of my hidden knife with one hand, I kissed the photograph, now, knowing that the next day I might have to join him."....

THAT trial was the Parisian sensation of its week. The court room was crowded with witnesses, lawyers and police. In their midst sat the slip of a girl, inwardly desperate, outwardly demure in black frock and big white collar. She was calm, detached, almost contemptuous. But when her quick intelligence showed her an opening for a dramatic stroke she rose to it like a flash. Asked by the President of the Court when she had first considered killing Leon Daudet, she replied with caustic irony:

At the time of the occupation of the Ruhr, M. Leon Daudet, who fought the war in the trenches of his office in Paris in the Rue de Rome, and who was wounded at the front in an automobile accident as he was fleeing toward Orleans during the German offensive on Paris—M. Daudet, the adventurer, by provoking an agitation in the interior, counted on being able to bring off his famous coup against the republic, taking advantage of civil war. I saw the danger of this manoeuvre. It was to put an end to his criminal career that I determined to slay him and prevent the realization of Fascismo in France."

"Then I was asked whether I regretted not having killed Daudet, and a great hubbub developed between the lawyers. Finally, to finish the scene and get on with the business, I leaned forward and shouted loudly: "Oh, shut up! Yes, I regret not having killed Daudet.'"

IN his closing speech her lawyer, the famous advocate Torres, turned to her and said:

"Germaine Berton, you have been defended by the most eminent procession of poets, thinkers and sociologists. To close an account opened with the murder of Jaures, there must be a peace. I do not glorify you. But in order that blood shall cease to flow, an acquittal must be put in the scale to counterbalance the acquittal of Villain (the royalist slayer of Jaures)."

The jury was out half an hour while Germaine waited calmly, her concealed dagger ready.

"In another minute," she relates, "cheers told of my acquittal. Quickly freed, I went off in a taxicab with my friends to the offices of the Anarchist paper Le Libertaire. It was Christmas Eve. Outside the bells were ringing for the Reveillon. I spent a secluded evening with the ones I love—I, their Germaine, their big girl."

Big girl, indeed. Strange product of strange times. Strange childhood—strange maidenhood—and now strange womanhood. For the "Springtide" of Germaine is at a definite end. This Anarchist and free thinker—still Mlle. Berton, unmarried and intolerant of marriage—is preparing for the birth of her first child. This savage antagonist of society is proudly and expectantly waiting to add to the human life of a world she thinks cruel, unjust, wrong and hopeless. This woman so fiercely individualistic that organized feminism would seem to her a joke, is joyously putting on womanhood's race-old shackles of maternity.

"I dream of the sweet kisses of a little child. I feel that I could love this little being immensely, without bounds. I hope to have that joy."

The eternal feminine paradox!

THEFT OR CARELESSNESS?

Continued from Page Eighteen.

herself. At first, the uncle refused to believe the story, but eventually he had to accept it.

HOW a hold-up man, by momentary forgetfulness, contributed to his own apprehension, was told recently by a detective who figured in the case. The fellow had been at large some time, and it seemed as if he was never going to be caught, when, on Yonge Street, one day, the officer happened to see a man who seemed to fit the description given by the victim of the robbery. The overcoat worn by the bandit had been most minutely described.

"How d'you do, Ed?" the officer greeted, as he stepped up to the suspect. The fellow looked at him blankly.

"I don't know you," he said.

"Probably not," said the detective; "but I know you. I could tell you anywhere by that overcoat." Disclosing his identity, he arrested the fellow, adding: "Mrs. So-and-So will identify that overcoat in court in the morning."

A cunning gleam crept into the fellow's eyes.

"I'll bet you she don't," he rapped back. "It's been dyed since then."

PECULIARITY of dress and habit has time and again led to arrest of criminals and the frustration of crime. An incident of the first kind was that of an American crook whose habit it was to wear two scarfpins at one time; of the second, the custom of an old expressman in sticking wooden meat skewers in the pocket containing his money. The skewers interlaced in the pocket in this manner saved the old fellow from losing his roll to a pair of bandits.

These are only a very few of the queer cases investigated by the local police, but they will serve to demonstrate how versatile is their work, and how prone to err is human nature.

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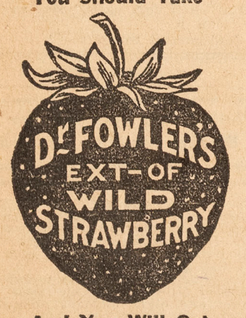
You Should Take



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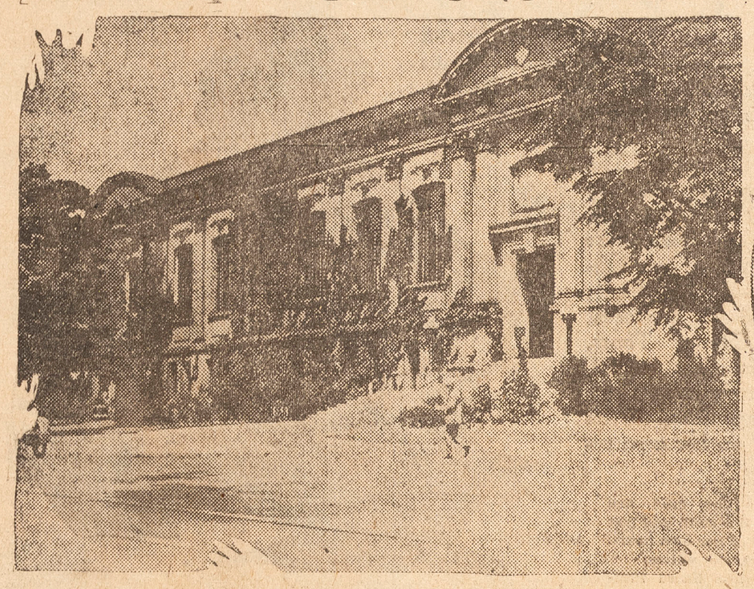
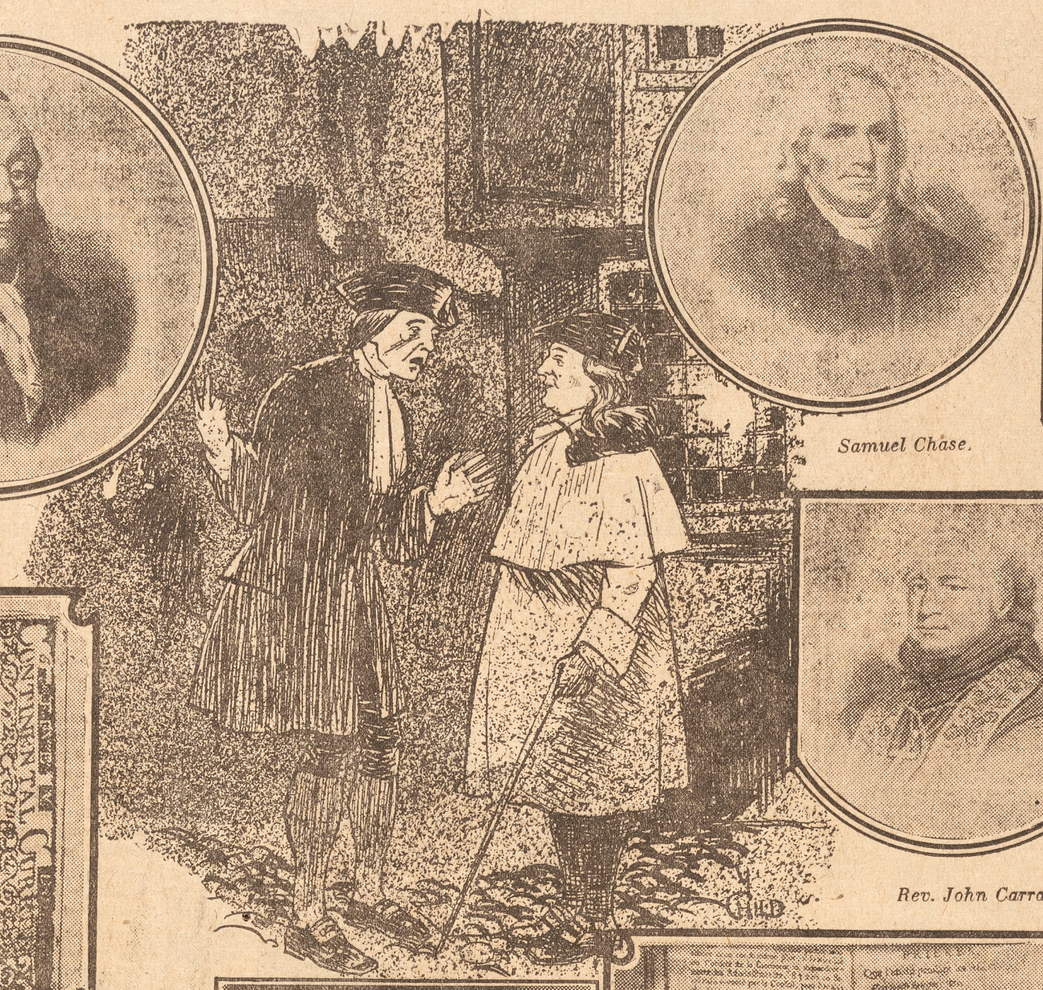
The Rarest Book In Toronto's Public Library

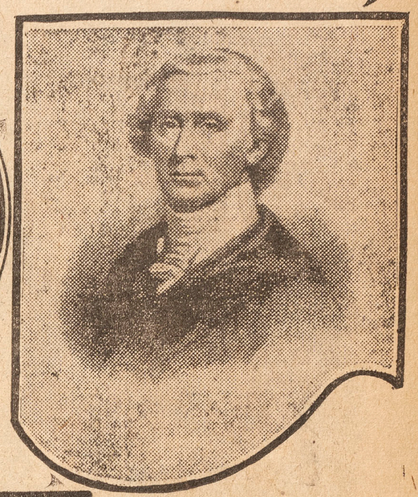


Entrance to the Public Reference Library on College Street. To the right is Benjamin Franklin, the "brains" behind the scheme to annex Canada to the United States, and head of the commission which came to Montreal to further plans to that purpose.





Samuel Chase.

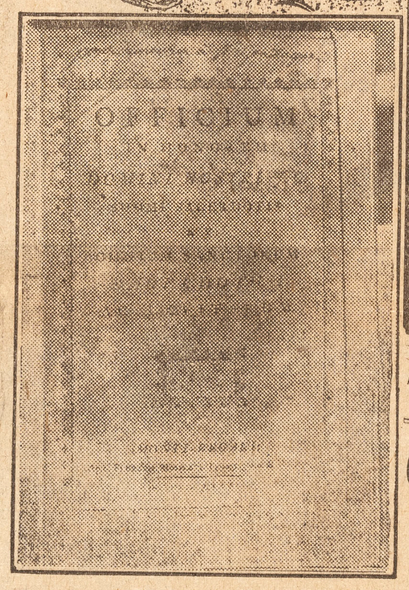


Rev. John Carral.

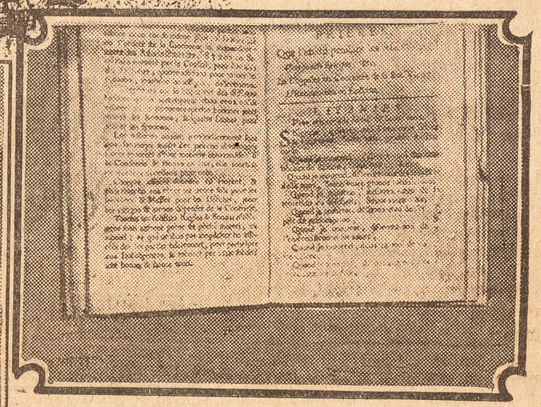
Charles Carral, who, with Samuel Chase and John Carral, accompanied Franklin to Montreal.



Type of paper money the American commission brought to Canada, and with which they paid Mesplat when they decided to make a hurried leave. Mesplat was unable to pass the currency and had no other means to enable him to leave Montreal.



The first page of the rarest book in Toronto's public library.



Reproduction of a couple of pages from the tiny volume published by Mesplat.

The First Book Published in Canada Was the Fruit of War and Revolution--Quaint Volume, Bound in Wall Paper, Tells of Daring Plot to Annex Canada to the United States.

By LYMAN B. JACKES

IN the midst of the steel grill work that holds thousands of books in orderly fashion and secure against fire in the St. George and College Street branch of the Toronto Public Library, there is a small vault where the rare books are kept under lock and key. This valued collection includes only rare Canadian publications, and amongst the several score which have been gathered together as a task extending over years there is the one which forms the central theme of this story.

It is a small volume of the modern, handy, pocket dimension; and if dropped upon the sidewalk of a busy down-town street there are thousands of citizens who would not trouble to stoop and pick it up. It bears the date of 1777, and was printed in Montreal, by Fleury Mesplet. The cover of the volume is ancient wall-paper, which still retains a trace of the original bright, blue design. Its printed message was edited by the Roman Catholic clergy of Montreal; but the invisible story, that may be read between the printed lines, is throbbing with romance, history and love.

IF we consider a book to be a series of printed pages bound in a more or less regulation manner, then this is the first book printed in Canada. If we consider a book to be merely a folder pamphlet, then it was preceded by two others, printed in Quebec in 1765 and 1767. These pamphlets were printed by Messrs. Brown & Gilmour, who had the first Government printing contract after Canada became part of the British Empire in 1763.

The 1765 pamphlet was a Catechism and a rare copy was exhibited at the Caxton celebration in June of 1877. The book of the Toronto Public Library came from a press in Montreal—the first, in fact, which ever entered that city. There was no romance behind the 1765 Catechism; but to understand the wonderful story behind the book of the wall paper covers, and that is considered to be perhaps the greatest treasure in the Toronto Public Library, it is necessary to consider conditions after the Treaty of Paris which made Canada a portion of the British Empire.

The Quebec Act had been passed and a wave of indignation had swept over the older British colonies on the Atlantic coast. The loose threads that were to weave themselves into the revolution of the Thirteen colonies and lay the foundations of the United States of America, were already dangling across the pages of history. Committees that had been formed in Philadelphia decided to send Benjamin Franklin to London in order that he might voice opinion against what many considered injustice.

IT was while a visitor to London that Benjamin Franklin first entered the story behind the rare old book in the Toronto Public Library. He had left the Houses of Parliament and had journeyed up across Charing Cross. Candles blinked hopelessly from the fog-smeared windows as he crossed over into the Covent Garden section. It was a very different London then from the city of to-day. The streets were a mixture of mud and cobble-stone. Lamp boys and crossing sweepers were on every hand. The stage coach was the means of communication, and as Benjamin Franklin passed through the dimly lighted streets he was not considering how an industrial revolution could alter the details of life as he saw then before him. Thoughts of another type of revolution were forming in his mind. He weighed the chances for success against the counter-weights as he plodded along. It was a desperate game, but to him it seemed the only road to securing what his party wanted across the Atlantic.

It was while thus engaged that he was brought up sharply by a tall, thin man clad in shabby attire. The stranger had stopped him and enquired if he were Benjamin Franklin from the American Colonies. Upon being assured that he had guessed correctly, the stranger announced himself as Fleury Mesplet, a French printer. He told Franklin a lengthy tale of distress and woe and of bitterness in Paris, and how he had come to London and set up his presses in the Covent Garden Market, with but slightly better success. He wanted to know if Franklin could tell him of a locality where a French printer could reap a reasonable reward for hard and honest work.

To the great surprise of Mesplet, Franklin did not shake his head and walk away. Instead he gave him a golden guinea, enquired his address and left him with a definite promise to call and see him later in the evening.

THERE was great excitement in the humble home of Mesplet above the shop. Madame had shined up the modest furniture and put the few odds and ends in the best of order. She was ready just in time, and had brushed the ancient green velvet coat of her husband when a heavy knocking announced the arrival of the visitor.

Franklin was very discreet. He desired his dealings to be kept confidential for the present. He could not promise Mesplet anything until he could receive definite tidings from home. But he would pay him to hold himself and his equipment in readiness to sail for Philadelphia if the return mail brought tidings that there was an opening for a French printer there.

Little did Mesplet know of the deep-rooted scheme, as they poured out their thanks to Franklin. Little did they know of the web that was being spun or the long, weary journey that lay before them. Throughout the closing months of 1774 they accepted of his hospitality, and in the early spring of the next year Franklin arranged passage for them and they sailed away.

Benjamin Franklin left England a few weeks later. When he arrived in Philadelphia he heard of the fighting at Lexington and of the preparation of Arnold and Montgomery to capture Canada, but the best news of all was that telling of the safe arrival of Fleury Mesplet and his type and presses.

During the next few months Canada was laid upon the anvil of trial. The country had been British but twelve short years when the invaders marched against it. Seldom has history shown a more vivid contest between the power of the sword and the pen. The revolutionary leaders were convinced in the early stages of the struggle that Canadian co-operation was essential to the cause; and while some set out to gain Canadian aid by bloodshed, Franklin set his tracks towards Canada to try the power of the French printer he had brought out from London.

IT would be hard to find a parallel of a people more severely tested. The peasants of Canada had tasted but a few years of British rule, but they liked it. The Church officials found it good, too, and with only those intangible elements to guard the frontier in the vicinity of Montreal, the British Commander, Sir Guy Carleton, was obliged to withdraw his meagre forces down stream to Quebec. Montreal surrendered to the invader, and thus the stage was set for Benjamin Franklin.

Musket and sabre, fillibuster and vaunted boast had failed to draw support from the Canadian peasant. The Congress of Philadelphia listened to and then endorsed the scheme that had developed in the mind of Benjamin Franklin. A committee was composed of Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carrol, and named "The Commission." They were accompanied by the Rev. John Carrol, Fleury Mesplet and Madame Mesplet, with the printing equipment and a stock of paper. They left Philadelphia on March 20th, 1776. The journey that now may be made on the rails of steel in a few hours, took them nearly six weeks to complete. They did not reach Montreal until April 29th. While crossing Lake George, a careless ferryman failed to load his frail craft properly. The result was an inrush of water and ruination to the entire stock of paper as well as several gowns of Mesplet's wife. This explains why the little treasure in the vault of the Toronto Public Library is bound in wall paper. It was the only substitute that could be found in Montreal.

Without delay the press was set up and a manifesto circulated throughout the city. It was a difficult task. The representatives of a people that had denounced the Quebec Act were now trying to console those against whom they had raved. Vain was their appeal. Few who received the documents could read them. And those who could, advised the others to withstand.

IN the midst of this condition the first news from Quebec told of the death of Montgomery and the defeat of his forces before Quebec. The Commission, realizing their task was hopeless, made all haste to Philadelphia, leaving Fleury Mesplet stranded in a strange city with his wife and press. The paper Continental money that they paid him was refused by merchants.

What was Mesplet to do now? Adversity had sharpened his wits and he realized that he had brought the first press into the city. With what scraps of paper he could find he set to work. Before the end of June, 1776, he had printed Le Cantique de Marseilles, a book of sacred song. The profits from that enabled him to produce the book that is now in the Toronto Public Library, and next came a book on the love of Jonathan and David. Business was looking up, and two years after his arrival he started the Montreal Gazette. Surely few books in Canadian history have such a romance about them as the little treasure that is safeguarded by Dr. Locke and his staff.

This Week's Great Day

Memorable Events in the history of the Empire.

By Charles Conway

August 1—The Battle of the Nile.

ONE hundred and twenty six years ago, on the 1st. August 1798, Admiral Lord Nelson, the greatest of our naval heroes, won his most remarkable victory and earned his peerage.

At this time Napoleon Buonaparte had made himself master of Egypt, and was preparing to march through Palestine and Mesopotamia with the intention of wresting India from the British crown. His supporting fleet, which consisted of 13 battleships, 4 frigates and several gun-boats, was lying at anchor in Aboukir Bay at the mouth of the Nile, where Nelson arrived in the afternoon of the 1st August with a fleet of 14 men-of-war. The French ships were of considerable greater tonnage and carried more guns than the British, and the French admiral had 12,000 men against Nelson's 8,000.

Nelson found the enemy's ships ranged in a line close to the shore, and without a moment's hesitation ordered one of the most daring and surprising manoeuvres in naval history. He divided his fleet into two sections and sailed five ships into the shallow water between his opponents and the shore, in which position they not only incurred the risk of running aground, but were exposed to the fire from batteries of guns and mortars on the shore and on an island in the bay. The remaining 9 ships he extended in a line on the seaward side of the Frenchmen, whom he was thus able to attack on both sides.

The battle commenced at 6 in the evening, and two hours later the French admiral, despite his superiority in numbers and guns, had five of his ships out of action and realized that his doom was sealed. Firing continued until 5 on the following morning, by which time the French had lost 11 of their battleships and 2 frigates. The 4 survivors succeeded in slipping out to sea, but only one frigate escaped, the other three being sunk by British ships which they encountered in the Mediterranean.

Early in the engagement Nelson was wounded severely in the head, but with his characteristic humanity insisted on remaining on deck to superintend the rescue of the crews of the destroyed French ships. About 4,000 French sailors, mostly wounded, succeeded in escaping to the shore, but over 5,000 were killed, while Nelson's losses only totalled 896, of which 218 were killed and 678 wounded.

This memorable fight, which Nelson himself described as "not a victory but a conquest", gave the British the command of the sea between France and Egypt and put an end to Napoleon's scheme for the conquest of India.

The captain of the French flagship "L'Orient", which was blown to pieces during the engagement, was Casa Bianca, and the simple heroism of his young son on the doomed ship has been immortalized by Mrs. Hemans in her well-known poem, which commences:—"The boy stood on the burning deck".

Nelson's sailors made a coffin from the mainmast of "L' Orient" and presented it to their beloved commander, who carried it with him on all his voyages until he met his glorious death at Trafalgar seven years later, and it was in this casket that he was carried to his honoured resting-place beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

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Oxford Dictionary Nearly Ready After More Than 40 Years' Work And Estimated Cost of $6,250,000

By CLAIRE PRICE.

AFTER more than forty years of work, the Oxford Dictionary is finally nearing completion. Whether its compilation is regarded as an incident in the long history of Oxford, or as an event in the making of dictionaries, or as the opening of a new epoch in the study of the English language, it is an achievement without a parallel. Lord Curzon, who is Chancellor of Oxford University, recently referred to it as "the most remarkable literary effort ever put forward by any university. It will remain the glory of Oxford for centuries to come."

If it were possible to compare achievements in the field of philology with achievements in the feld of, say, engineering, I suppose the proportions to which the Oxford Dictionary has been compiled might be compared to the measurements to which the Panama Canal was built, but such comparisons are obviously arbitrary. The Oxford Dictionary covers the entire middle and new English periods from 1150 down to date. As far as it is already published, it contains more than 400,000 words and when completed its total is expected to approach 425,000. Its total cost is only approximately known, for the Oxford University Press, which in December, 1878, made itself, responsible for the cost of publication, has been generously helped by private benefactions. The total, however, is usually estimated at $6,250,000.

WHEN completed, it is to be issued in ten volumes, but at present it exists in parts, usually three parts to what will ultimately be a single volume. It has been issued as fast as its parts were completed, and as it stands now, all of it has been completed and published except parts of the letters U and W. Of the letter U, 128 completed pages are shortly to be issued and it is hoped that sixty-four completed pages of W will soon be ready. W has proved to be the most difficult letter in the English alphabet, the article on the pronoun "who" alone runs to nine columns, and six columns more are devoted to "whose" and "whom." W has also been found to abound in imitative words, such as "whiff," "whush," etc. How wide the requirements for the admission of words has been kept may be shown by the fact that even such very modern words as "whizz-bang" are also included under W.

The dictionary (the New English Dictionary is its actual name) dates back originally to an appeal made ini 1857 by Archbishop Trench, then Dean of Westminster, to the Philological Society "to undertake the collection of materials to complete the work done by Bailey, Johnson, Todd, Webster, Richardson and others, and to prepare a supplement to all the dictionaries which should register all omitted words and senses and supply all the historical information in which these works were lacking, and above all, should give quotations illustrating the first and last appearance and every notable point in the life history of every word." The Philological Society answered his appeal by resolving that "materials should be collected for a dictionary which, by the completeness of its vocabulary, and by the application of the historical method to the line and use of words, might be worthy of the English language and of English scholarship."

THE society at once sent out an appeal to readers throughout the English-speaking countries to send in as many quotations as possible illustrating the use of words, from as many different English writers as possible, especially writers before the sixteenth century. Herbert Colerdige was appointed to receive and file the quotations as they came in, but very soon he died and one of his assistants, Frederick J. Furnivall, took up his work. Before long, the hundreds of readers who had responded to the appeal had sent in more than 2,000,000 quotations. The work of editing them, however, was so great that the very enthusiasm with which the appeal had been answered almost proved a hindrance. Furnivall was literally snowed under, and although years passed, the great project seemed to move no nearer its publication day.

In 1879 Dr. James Murray resigned as head master of Mill Hill School to devote full time to editing the great work. By 1882 the total of quotations sent in was 3,500,000 culled from 5,000 English writers.

After twenty-five years of struggling with the 3,500,000 quotations the first part of Volume I. was issued in January, 1884. The rest of Volume I., covering the letters A and B, was out by 1888.

Volume II., covering the letter C, was completed by 1893. D, to which Volume III. was devoted, was finished by 1897, and in the same year E, to which Volume IV. had been devoted, was out. The first eight volumes were completed by the time the war broke out in 1914. They contained 182,017 main words of which 162,306 are in current use, 15,732 are obsolete, and 3,979 are alien words. Added to this number of main words, were 48,634 subordinate words, 35,147 special combinations of words, and 40,324 ordinary combinations, a grand total of 306,122 words, illustrated by 1,298,136 selected quotations. By the time the whole project is completed, the words will approach 425,000 in number and the qutations 2,000,000.

HIS "HIT."

He thought he'd surely made a hit,
When for his photograph she prayed.
"Out when this calls," she wrote on it
And gave it to the maid.

ADVERTISEMENT

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The "Kappas" Convention was First of its Kind in Canada



Prize winning costumes at the Kappa Kappa Gamma masquerade at Lake of Bays.



WHAT THE DELEGATES MAY HAVE EXPECTED



"Kappas" writing home to all parts of the United States. Below is the Kappa Kappa Gamma key—the symbol of the fraternity. The golden key from which this photograph was taken was about one inch long. 4

Scene from "The Girl In The Moon," the "stunt" put on during the convention by Mu Chapter of Indiana.

Delegates of 51 Chapters of University Girls' "Frat," From Florida to Oregon, Guests of Toronto Branch in Great Meet at Lake of Bays.

STARTLING progress has been made in the last year or two in the establishment of the college fraternity system in Canada. Three of the most important of the Greek-letter societies have recently held their conventions in this country. A Canadian national fraternity has extended its chapters from Halifax to Vancouver. At the University of Toronto alone there are officially known to exist some 32 such societies, with approximately 1,000 undergraduate, 250 faculty, and nearly 2,000 alumni members.

To the man in the street the college fraternity is a mysterious secret society, which appears before the public only when it breaks into print or the rotagravure section with some extraordinary initiation. As a matter of fact, however, these youthful ebullitions, which are daily becoming scarcer, are but a small part of fraternity life. Membership in a Greek-letter society is something not to be taken lightly, for it is a thing which lasts not only throughout college life, but through a man's or woman's whole career. The last five Presidents of the United States have been fraternity men; many of the women prominent in public life or the arts have been members of women's fraternities. Altogether, there are in North America, according to the latest published information, some three-quarters of a million Greek-letter society members.

THE Greek-letter Society, therefore, must have a far-reaching effect on the students of the United States and Canada. Even the most enthusiastic upholder of fraternities could not say that this influence was always good, but on the other hand the strongest enemies of the system would hardly dare to say that it was entirely bad. In the last analysis, no generalization can be made: each individual chapter has its own code of ethics and of behaviour.

The women's fraternity is a later development than the men's by 65 years, the first woman's Greek-letter society, Kappa Alpha Theta having been founded at DePauw University in 1870 It was followed nine months later by Kappa Kappa Gamma, of which more anon. Incidentally, Kappa Alpha Theta—or "The Thetas", as they are commonly known—were the first at Toronto, in 1887.

Kappa Kappa Gamma, or "The Kappas", have just been celebrating their coming to the University of Toronto, by a convention, at which the 51 chapters, from Florida to Oregon, were entertained by the girls of the one Canadian branch. This convention was probably one of the most unusual gatherings held in Canada. It brought together, in the delightful surroundings of the Lake of Bays, some 370 college girls from widely different homes. It was the first convention of its kind ever to be held in this country, and it was an example to the world of what a convention can and should be.

A gathering at which the vast majority of the delegates are young, attractive, and unattached girls, requires careful handling, and when the young ladies of the Toronto chapter learned some time last fall that they were to be the hosts to their sisters from across the border, they started in to do some worrying right away. The first great problem was where to have the meeting. The wise ones were afraid that if the girls were deposited for a week or ten days at a downtown hotel in Toronto, it might be a difficult thing to keep the delegates strictly down to business. So someone hit upon the brilliant idea of having the convention at the summer resort at Lake of Bays.

But Bigwin is several hours from Toronto, and the matter of expense crept in. Once they had decided though, where they wanted to have their convention, nothing could stop the Varsity girls. They held a big tea dance during the winter which helped to swell the campaign fund. Then they gave up the big formal dance which they had been accustomed to hold each season, and what would have been expended on this went also into the fund. Other little money-making schemes, and rigid economies, ensured the success of the summer meeting.

THESE girls worked as hard as ever the Rotarians did to make their convention a success. For six months or more the entertainment committee, composed of Miss Gladys Burns and Miss Laureen Terryberry, connived at stunts and thought up programs. Miss Beth Hiltz, the daughter of Toronto's mayor, hunted through collections of college songs, and selected tender ditties for the convention song sheet. Miss Helen St. John and Miss Alida Starr planned a remarkable stunt night. Other members of the chapter had duties of various sorts.

Even these days of preparation were not without their amusing forecasts of what was to come. The story goes that a member of the National Council of the fraternity, somewhere a good many thousands of miles from Toronto, suggested making an arrangement with all the Toronto stores during the day the delegates would be in the city, whereby, in consideration of the number of visiting Kappas (320, to be exact who would be shopping, all the shops should turn over a small percentage of their receipts to the National Council of the fraternity.

All the shops! One wonders just how big the lady who made the suggestion thought this city was.

During the correspondence between the Toronto girls and the national officers, a suggestion was made by the Canadians that if hotel accomodation at the resort proved inadequate, tents could be put up in the woods just near the building. This suggestion, however, did not meet with approval. The National Council wrote back expressing the fear that bears might interfere with the scheme.

Finally the American sisters arrived. Their impressions of Toronto were brief. Mayor Hiltz received them at the City Hall. They saw the town from sight-seeing busses. And from conversation with a good many of them it seems that the thing that made the greatest impression was the new Union Station—not the appearance of the station, but the strange story of its uselessness. One girl from Texas expressed what many thought, when she said: "It's the funniest and most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life. A wonderful station without any tracks near it."

THE girls went up to Huntsville in a special train. Every available station official helped them to get off safely. They were the target for photographers and newspapermen. They comprised the largest single party of visitors that had ever come to Lake of Bays, and the whole district was excited over their coming.

The trip from Huntsville to Bigwin Island is an unusual one even to those used to Muskoka, and to the visitors from the States it was a revelation. The entire transportation system on the lakes was commandeered for their service, and both boats were crowded to their utmost. The trip lies first through a river, then through a beautiful lake, and through another narrow channel, where at places the passenger can reach out and touch the foliage of the overhanging trees. Still the little steamer winds its tortuous way through the river, and finally it comes out on the broad bosom of another lake, and ties up at "North Portage".

Here a strange sight meets the eye. The smallest railway train in Canada takes the passengers across a portage not more than a mile in length. Two engines, neither of them much larger than toys, puff and snort as they haul their train of former horse-cars up the 90 feet difference in level between the two lakes.

By the time the delegates had taken the second lap of the boat trip and landed at Bigwin, they had had time to get more or less acquainted one with another. It was noticeable that all the girls from across the border were very anxious to meet their sisters of the Toronto chapter. What were their impressions when they did meet the Canadians? Strange to say, most of them were disappointed. One girl, a dusky-haired beauty from California, explained the whole thing. "We had expected to find the Canadian girls so different; and here they are exactly the same as ourselves."

Pressed to explain what, exactly, they had expected the Canadian girls to be, the visitors were reticent; but they maintained that they had looked for a type different entirely from themselves. And one wonders if in their inmost hearts they didn't expect to find Indian squaws or dashing cow-girls such as are glorified on the covers of the popular magazines which feature western stories. The absence of policemen of the Royal North-West Mounted must, too, have been a terrible blow.

BUT, despite this first disappointment. Canadians and Americans soon became fast friends—more quickly, perhaps, just because they weren't different. One thing which distinguished the Toronto girls was their interest in sports. They had planned a golf tournament, a tennis tournament, a regatta, and so on, during the convention. The only thing in which their guests showed any considerable interest was the swimming. A number of entries of United States girls were received for this. The rest of the tournaments were fought out largely among the local girls. It may be, of course, that the visitors had not brought along the necessary clubs or rackets. On the other hand, when it came to making costumes for the masquerade with a minimum of supplies available, or arranging stunts of unsual sorts, the palm went to the Americans.

Don't think, though, that this means they were less sportsmanlike, or any more artificial than their Canadian sisters. One thing that struck the casual observer was the absolute frankness of these girls, representative of almost every State in the Union. Of artificial aids to the complexion there was little in evidence. Naturalness was the unofficial keynote of the meeting. "Knickers" were the order of the day, during the morning, but everyone dressed for dinner.

With the exception of cameramen from the Ontario Government Moving Picture Bureau, a couple of press photographers, and a newspaperman or two, no men were allowed to interfere with the business of the delegates throughout the whole convention. One might suspect that at a convention held in a summer hotel there would be considerable gaiety, dancing, and so forth. But only once did these serious young ladies dance during the convention, and on that occasion, the night of the masquerade, they danced one with another. As the convention was held during the last week of June and the first of July, there were a few other guests at the hotel, but the fraternity girls held severely aloof.

THE delegates found a constant delight in listening to one another's accents. To the girl from the South the Canadians talked a new language, to the Toronto girls the Texan drawl was something strange and delightful.

There were many things strange to the American girls about that convention. One of the novelties for them came on the night of the banquet. There were, of course, a number of toasts, and these puzzled the sisters from the other side exceedingly. After the first toast one of them was heard to whisper, "What are these toasts; a sort of debate?" It appears that when our neighbors to the south have a dinner they simply propose the health of whomever they wish to honor, without any elaborate speech-making, and without performing the actual ceremony of drinking, or of clinking their glasses.

WHAT of the actual business of the convention? What, might be asked, did they have it for at all? And in the answer there comes out the idea and the ideal behind the whole fraternity system. First, the convention keynote "Individual responsibility," shows that these girls are not just out after pleasure. They find something bigger in their fraternity associations, and in this they are typical of most of the other Greek-letter organizations. High standards of scholarship are encouraged, nay, rather, demanded. Service to the community and to one another is stressed. The Kappas maintain more than one patient at a sanitarium in Canada, and perform other acts of thoughtfulness. And withal, they do it joyously. About their convention there was nothing solemn, although it was serious enough at times.

Incidentally that convention was a notable example of what a group of women can do without the assistance of men. Sessions lasted for eight days, and were held in a big pavilion beside the lake. The evening meetings, after the routine business of the days had been finished, were notable. One night there was a model initiation, at which the chapter delegates were shown how to bring candidates into the fraternity with the solemnity and impressiveness due the momentous occasion. Again, a masquerade was the great event of the movement, and hurriedly improvised costumes turned the pavilion into a scene of kaleidoscopic brilliance.

On one occasion a pageant showing the foundation of the fraternity and its progress through the years was to take place. A pouring rain shut off access to the pavilion, so the pageant took place in the big rotunda of the hotel with blazing logs in the huge fireplaces, and an air of spacious comfort that defied the rain. The troubles and triumphs of 54 years were reviewed in the pageant, in which the actors—or actresses—donned the costumes of the periods they represented. Again the high ideals of the organization were stressed.

ONE of the most striking scenes at the whole convention occurred on Sunday evening, when these girls of all ages and widely different ideas and aspirations, joined in what they called a twilight sing-song. All of them gathered around the piano. Some sat cross-legged on the floor, others filled the lounges and sat on the arms of the massive chairs, the rest stood or leaned on the chair-backs. All together they sang the songs of the fraternity, of the South, of America, and college songs that students sing the whole world over. As those hundreds of young voices blended together the very beams were moved. The last event was a "banquet poudre," which proved a glorious success.

So you can see now why these conventions are so popular that everyone who can scrape together the necessary funds goes to them. One delegate at Bigwin had been to thirteen such gatherings, and as they only occur every two years, she has been attending them for a goodly time. She and most of the other delegates agreed that the first Canadian convention was among the best of them all. Especially were the visitors pleased with the natural glory of the country.

Camera men from the Ontario Government Motion Picture Bureau took movies of all the activities. The pictures will be put together to make a connected story of those busy eight days, the film will then be handed over to the national council of the fraternity, and it will be shown at half a hundred college towns in the United States.

MONTE CARLO TO BE TWICE AS WICKED

Continued from Front Page.

the country. But then, when she demanded that the Casino itself also be closed, the "mystery man" suddenly lost all interest in the crusade against gambling.

The Duchess appealed to her father, but he could do nothing to help her. And this is small wonder. Probably there would be a revolution if the people of Monaco, accustomed as they are to paying no taxes, should be told that the expenses of their government would no longer be met out of the gambling hell's profits, but that they must dig into their own pockets to pay them.

Of course the Duchess was a very disappointed young woman And now her disillusionment and humiliation are made all the greater by the knowledge that the Casino, which she hoped to clear of its gambling devices and devote to some honest and decent purpose, is being doubled in size and that its roulette wheels and baccarat tables will be capable of working more ruin than ever before.

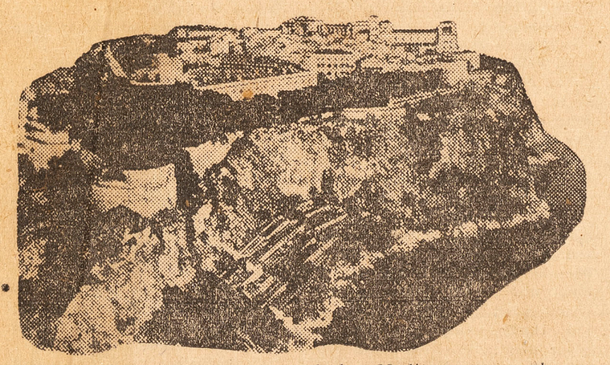
THE Casino is said to pay more than $4,000,000 a year into the treasury of Monaco for the valuable privilege of fleecing the visitors to Monte Carlo. Not all of them lose, of course, but for every winner there are many losers, and the Casino is always raking in enormous profits.

A corporation as business-like as the Standard Oil Company, owns the Casino, and its shares are traded in on the stock exchanges in Paris and other cities. Sir Basil Zaharoff is reputed to own fully ninety per cent of the stock.

Although the Casino is undoubtedly the scene of many shocking tragedies, it is shrouded in so much secrecy and has such influence with the Government that the real facts about them seldom leak out.

A corps of carefully trained policemen is always on duty about the Casino. They devote particular attention to preventing suicides in the beautiful grounds and the palatial reading and drawing rooms where the patrons of the gambling tables are welcome to gloat over their winnings—or, as more often happens, mourn their losses.

In spite of the precautions of the police, every now and then some despondent victim of the gambling craze will be found dead or dying from poison or a bullet. Then the custom is for the police to put a handful of gold pieces in the pockets of the corpse to prevent it being said that the dead man or woman had lost every penny on the turn of the wheels or the cards.



Monte Carlo, the beauty spot of the Mediterranean, where gambling is not only protected by law but pays the running expenses of the government.

But the owners of Monte Carlo's gambling hell, shrewd and powerful as they are, cannot hide the often pitiful evidence the city's pawnshops give of the ruin wrought by the Casino. There are many of these establishments,—and all exceedingly prosperous. Probably they hold on their dusty shelves more bitter secrets than any other similar places in the world.

PRICELESS heirlooms of jewelry, silver and gold plate bearing the crests of famous families, high-priced automobiles, the costliest of sables and ermines—these are the things on which Monte Carlo's pawnbrokers are continually advancing money. On more than one occasion an ocean-going yacht has been given as security for a loan.

Not long ago it is said that a two-year-old child was handed over to a pawnbroker in return for the money that enabled its parents to hurry home and raise the money to redeem the baby and straighten out the other financial difficulties caused by their losses at roulette.

MANY of the women who gamble at Monte Carlo remain at the gaming tables from the time the Casino opens early in the afternoon until closing time, which is sometimes as late as eight o'clock in the morning.

They become so engrossed in the play that they lose all track of time. Instead of leaving the tables even long enough to get their dinner they send out waiters to bring them sandwiches and light refreshments. Their eyes are constantly on the wheel or observing the cards.

But there are those—both men and women—who never gamble but make their living by borrowing from those upon whom the Goddess of Fortune has smiled.

They spend every minute in the gambling rooms watching to see who is winning. As soon as some one who has won gets up they make straight for them and endeavor to touch them for a small loan.

"Just a small one," they will plead, "from one who has been so fortunate will certainly change our luck."

And there is hardly a time when the winner thus appealed to refuses to help them.

The Casino is made up of two kinds of gambling rooms. One kind is known as "private" rooms and the others as "public" rooms. The difference between the two is that the admission fee charged by the "private" rooms is somewhat larger than that of the "public" rooms and that those who play at these tables face a chance of suffering greater losses because the stakes are considerably higher.

Will the pretty Duchess yet find some way of putting an end to all this wickedness?

HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

SIDELIGHTS ON PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES

Senator G. C. Dessaulles May Deserve the Title of World's Oldest Lawmaker

Is in 98th Year and Still One of Senate's Most Energetic Members.

HONORABLE GEORGE CASIMIR DESSAULLES, of the Canadian Senate, is probably the oldest legislator in the world and he is still going strong. Senator Dessaulles is in his 98th year and is regarded as one of the most energetic members of the Canadian Red Chamber.

"Get up in the morning early and walk to your work," is the advice of the venerable Senator, "and you will feel good the rest of the day, but you want to make sure you get to bed early." Senator Dessaulles practices what he preaches, for he is to be seen daily walking from his home in Sandy Hill to the House of Parliament, a distance of a mile and a half. He is in good health and attributes it to steady hours and moderation in all things. He is very partial to apples and bananas.

Born at St. Hyacinthe, Que., on September 29, 1827, Senator Dessaulles lived in the thriving village and saw it grow from a population of a few hundred to 30,000 people. He is a French-Canadian and was Mayor of his home town for 25 years in succession. He was elected by acclamation every time, except once, when he was presented against his will to oppose a friend. He was elected a member of the House of Commons in 1877, and for diligence on behalf of his country was called to the Senate by Earl Grey in 1907.

ANOTHER venerable member of the Senate is Hon. George Gerald King, father of Hon. (Dr.) J. H. King, at the present time Minister of Public Works and representing British Columbia in the Government. Senator King is 88 years of age and is still able to perform his duties.

Hon. John Yeo, of East Prince, is 87 years of age and is one of the most popular members of the Senate. He has a distinguished career, while his friend, Sir George Foster, the eloquent Parliamentarian, who is 77, is the outstanding member of the Star Chamber.

A research on the ages of the Senators show that they average 61 years, and as they don't do very much work, they should all reach the century mark.

Publishes World's Tiniest Newspaper



SIR NEVILLE PEARSON

is the publisher of the smallest newspaper in the world, which has just made its appearance in London. It is published by the National Institute for the Blind, and is printed in embossed type. It is called the Moon, and is made up of six pages, measuring 11 inches by 14, containing only 760 words.

WHEN FIELDING WAS VICTIM OF OWN OPTIMISM

Oil Stock Salesmen Made Too Good Use of His Remarks.

By P. W. LUCE.

IN the debate on the last budget he presented to the Federal House, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, had occasion to make a few remarks concerning the production of oil in Canada. He was advocating the removal of the bounty of fifty-two and a half cents per barrel, paid by the Government for all crude petroleum produced in Canada, which in 1922 amounted to $93,636, chiefly from wells in Ontario and New Brunswick.

The Minister of Finance suggested that the bounty should be cut in half for twelve months, dating from July 24, 1924, and abolished a year later, with the further proviso that the bounty should apply only to concerns which had received it in the past.

TO justify this attitude, Mr. Fielding mentioned somewhat casually that oil had been found in western Canada, adding:

"There is a widespread conviction that we are on the eve of great oil discoveries in the far west and far north. The development of great oil wells in that country would be a blessing, as adding so much to the natural resources of the Dominion. But from the Treasury's point of view, this might also be a disaster, for we might be called upon to pay immense sums in bounties, under the existing arrangement."

Mr. Fielding's remarks were promptly seized upon as excellent arguments by oil stock concerns.

Display advertisements, circular letters, pamphlets, dodgers, and all the other publicity propaganda of the oil stock salesmen, were used to cunningly convey the impression that Mr. Fielding was a confirmed optimist regarding northern oil fields, and that his political sagacity had certainly saved the Dominion from future bankruptcy, the obvious moral of which was that now was the time to sign on the dotted line and pay the first instalment on a block of stock.

THE spiel of one of these oil pedlars was retailed to Mr. Fielding.

The Little Grey Man listened attentively, then expressed this opinion in his quiet way:

"If those northern wells could gush as well as those salesmen can spout, poor old John D. Rockefeller would have gone over the hill to the poorhouse long ago!"

AMBITIOUS BAKER BOY IS NOW A BARONET

ONE day, a number of years ago, a poor boy left his native town of Lossiemouth for Edinburgh, and endeavored to obtain employment in the bakery of Messrs. McVitie and Price, the biscuit firm. The foreman told the boy, whose name was Alexander Grant, that there was no vacancy. Grant called again, and every day for a week he left a note in which he stated he could make better cakes than anyone else in the firm.

In the end his persistence was rewarded with a job. To-day he is chairman of McVitie and Price; he recently gave away £100,000 to charity, and his career has now been crowned by the bestowal of a baronetcy. Sir Alexander's greatest friend is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; they were poor boys together in Lossiemouth.



Close-ups of Toronto's Women Artists

NO. 9—MISS MINNIE KALLMEYER.

By IRENE B. HARE.

EVERY so often the Art societies of Canada make up their minds to recognize the genius (which is more than half "a capacity for hard work") of one of the younger and more promising of the artists and invite them to become members of the society. This honor has been bestowed during the past year upon Miss Minnie Kallmeyer by the Ontario Society of Artists, and so popular is her work that her pictures have been reproduced in the photogravure section of the local weeklies a number of times. One of her outstanding pictures, "Harting's Wharf, Boothby Harbour, Maine," was bought by the Government this year, and hangs in the National Gallery at Ottawa. It is a splendid specimen of the artist's work, showing the rich, yet controlled coloring which she uses. She is a master hand at laying on fresh color, and is withal an excellent draughtsman.

Miss Kallmeyer was one of the first artists of Toronto to recognize the beauties of "Bellefontaine," at the forks of the Credit River, and has in her studio at her home in Rosedale some very attractive Autumn scenes of delightful setting and crisp handling. She is one of those few artists whose large pictures are even better than her small sketches. There is a power and a finish about them which is commanding, while they could never by any chance be labelled "overfinished."

Miss Kallmeyer was a pupil of Mr. McGillivray Knowles before she left, just before the war, for a year of study in Paris and Munich, as well as extensive travel in other parts of Europe, and enjoyed the advantage of criticism from some of the best teachers in those art centres. She worked indefatigably, studying and sketching, St. Ives, Cornwall, being a pet ground for the latter, and continued her art education upon her return to Canada, under Mr. J. W. Beatty.

SHE studies and works untiringly, and the ever-increasing charm of her work which she exhibits is an unfailing proof of her keen absorption. Each year she goes to some spot of beauty, either in Canada or in the United States, several Summers having been spent in the Catskill Mountains, where she gained the advantage of intercourse with kindred minds. At Boothby Harbour, Maine, in a recent Summer's work, she was invited to join and work with a group of seven excellent women artists who were having the benefit of criticism by Mr. Schnell, well known in American cities.



This artist is cosmopolitan to a marked degree, not only in birth but in training. Her work shows the benefit of all the influences which have surrounded her. She is not a copyist of any particular school, but with her own originality merely shows by the breadth of her work the wide sources which have contributed to her success.

Though a great admirer of the thoroughness and completeness of study abroad, and though her work shows a strong influence of the American School, she is a Canadian through and through, and knows and loves Canadian landscapes, and gives the credit for her vigorous brush-work and pure color to her Canadian training. She is an ardent advocate of a life class for Toronto women such as the men artists have, as she feels that every avenue that will help a woman to paint better and better should be eagerly seized upon.

ASIDE from her art work, to which she devotes the major part of her time, Miss Kallmeyer is an enthusiastic curler. She is a member of one of the best local clubs, and though she does not, as a rule play in many of the matches away from Toronto, she is indefatigible in the "braw" game.

A large part of this Summer the artist expects to spend among the Laurentian Mountains, in Quebec, and many delightfully crisp sketches of the beauties of that marvellous country, which few of us up in Ontario know very much about, should be included in the exhibition which she expects to hold this Autumn.

Veteran Stage Driver Drank $1,638.38 Worth of Alcohol In His Record Year, 1893

"Pete" Le Blanc's Diary Substantiates Claim to Unique Feat.

By REGINALD HARDY.

EDWARD LEBLANC, 24 Kent Street, Ottawa, veteran stagedriver and one of the capital's oldest residents, remembers the good old days when a case of gin cost only $4.75, and a gallon of rye sold for the unbelievable price of $1.25. Mr. LeBlanc, who in the early days of Ottawa, drove a stage coach from a hotel at Richmond into the city twice daily, claims to have drunk $1,638.38 worth of alcohol in the year 1893. This was his record year, his average year's consumption was slightly lower than this figure. When the reader considers the low cost of the liquor, he will naturally begin to think that old "Pete LeBlanc was a bit of a toper.

"I was often a trifle whiffled but never blotto," the old fellow will often boast with a twinkle in his eye, "and the liquor never did me a bit of harm." His claim to having stowed away such an astonishing quantity of booze is substantiated in his yearly diary in which have been entered day by day his various purchases. For example, here are a few typical entries for the year 1893:

5 gallons proof whiskey	$9.75
3 gallons rye	5.85
3 bottles of rye	1.70
1 case of gin	4.75

AT such prices it is no great matter for wonder that the lover of the "cup that cheers," might well cry, as did Omar Khayyam, "Fill me with the old familiar juice," without worrying that his pocket-book would suffer as a result.

Under such circumstances it is not hard to imagine such a jovial person as "Pete" calling for "drinks for the gang," to start the evening off in a hearty and comradely manner.

But it is a different thing now, declares Mr. LeBlanc. With rye selling at $4.25 a quart, Scotch whiskey at from $5 to $6 a quart, and rum at $4.50 a quart, one does not feel inclined to indulge one's good-nature to such an extent. The comparison in prices is enough to make the connoisseur of liquors wipe away a tear at the thought.

WAS t providential that liquor sold at such comparatively low prices in those days. Travel in the winter was not so fast and easy then as now, and we are told that farmers returning to their homes from the city on market day, when the thermometer was at 32 or 35 degrees below zero, were much benefited by a glass of whiskey or gin. Now the farmer spins into town in his car, covering the long distances in from one-tenth to one twentieth the time. He does not need the stimulants to keep his blood running as in the old days.

Progressive Leader



Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, who was chosen without one dissenting vote to head the ticket formed by the Conference for Progressive Political Action, in convention at Cleveland, Ohio. The choice of a running mate was left to the Wisconsin Senator and the National Committee. Photo of Senator LaFollette made in Washington after he had been chosen to head the Progressive ticket.

HOW COLLECTOR GOT AUTOGRAPH FROM THE KING

Clever Strategy Won Congratulations of King's Secretary.

THE title of champion autograph hunter of the world is claimed by Mr. W. R. Bray, of Forest Hill, London, who since 1900 has made 15,000 applications for autographs.

His "bag" during the war included President Wilson, signed at the Peace Table; M. Vedrines, the airman; Admiral Beatty, signed in the Lion during the Battle of Heligoland; Admiral Jellicoe, signed in the Iron Duke; Marshal Foch and Earl Haig, who both signed on the battlefield; Sir Stanley Maude, signed at Bagdad; Field-Marshal Allenby; Mme. Botchkareva, who commanded the Russian women's "Battalion of Death"; and Marshal Joffre, signed at Buckingham Palace.

Enterprise is obviously writ large over such celebrated "captures" as the foregoing, and one can easily scent a series of interesting adventures before the dauntless autograph hunter achieved his objective.

But there is another "Richmond" in the field, another claimant to the title of the "autograph king," and Lance-Corporal S. B. Williams, of the Australian Imperial Force, who also claims to be the champion autograph hunter of the world, recently attained his crowning triumph by securing the autographs of the King and Queen.

During the war he collected over 1,000 autographs of notable personalities. The following is his own account of how he succeeded in his final triumph:

"Having written a letter to Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, I went to Buckingham Palace. I was stopped at the gates by a police sergeant, who asked me, 'Where are you going?' 'I have a letter for Lord Stamfordham,' I replied, "Right," said the sergeant, who sent a policeman to conduct me across the yard.

"In turn I was passed on from one footman to another, who repeated the original answer, 'A letter for Lord Stamfordham.' My uniform seemed to carry me through. At last I was ushered into the presence of Lord Stamfordham. 'Why, you wrote this letter yourself,' said Lord Stamfordham. 'Yes,' I replied, and handed him the autograph album.

"Lord Stamfordham, who expressed surprise at the success of my strategy, congratulated me on my perseverance and said that I deserved success. He assured me that he would make my request known to Their Majesties. Later a special message personally delivered my album with signatures of both the King and Queen."

Jail Mates Offend Horatio Bottomley

Former Editor Complains of Sobriquet "Old Wheelbarrow."

MILD excitement has seized the inmates of Maidstone Gaol as the result of a complaint to the prison governor, lodged by Horatio Bottomley. It transpires that for some time past, Bottomley, who until recently was in ignorance of the fact, has been known by a certain nickname. He was only enlightened when someone inadvertently, but in friendly tones, addressed him as "Old Wheelbarrow." Bottomley strongly resented the indignity, and, refusing to take the matter as a joke, reported it —with what result is not known. An open secret among the prisoners, the incident is the subject of suppressed merriment and forms the sole topic of surreptitious conversation throughout the prison. Curiosity is rife as to whether the offending person is to be let off with a simple reprimand or to receive condign punishment. Although under the new regulations Bottomley is now allowed a looking-glass in his cell and to indulge in the luxury of a daily shave, he presents a decidedly rough appearance. Obviously he is in good health. He has become only a trifle thinner. Quite the most noticeable thing about Bottomley, who still works in the printer's shop, is his surly demeanour. If appearances go for anything, "H. B." is taking his incarceration with a pronounced lack of fortitude, for he has developed a perpetual scowl. In marked contrast to that of Bottomley is the ever-cheery countenance of Gerard Lee Bevan, the city financier, who lives in the hope that a substantial portion of his sentence will be remitted. In chapel, one baritone voice of undeniable quality is heard in the hymn-singing above those of all others. It is Bevan's.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL ONCE WENT HUNGRY

AT one time almost starving in London; to-day the Attorney-General of Great Britain—such is the romantic story of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C.

"I was not always a successful lawyer, if any Attorney-General can be so described," Sir Patrick says. "Time was when I walked about the streets of London with scarcely any boots upon my feet. I have known what it is to go for days with only one meal a day."

Hobbies of Toronto Men



C. L. BURTON.

Boys are the hobby of Charles Luther Burton, manager of the Robert Simpson Company's store. He is the biggest Big Brother in Toronto. Although one of the busiest of business men and a member of half a dozen clubs, he finds time to give a lot of thought and considerable active service to the interests of the growing boy, and he has been a tower of strength to the Big Brother movement. One who has watched him working at his hobby declares that he often makes a difficult task a joy, bringing to it a rare sympathy with adolescent youth and a very human understanding of the problems that face city boys. He has studied boys from every angle, and knows how to make them like the kind of good he wants to do for them. All who are interested in boys' welfare work in Toronto regard him as a tip-top authority on about everything that enters into the make-up of a boy. Mr. Burton plays golf, too, and is an enthusiastic worker with the Kiwanis.

Famous Biologist Liked Chaplin Films

Jacques Loeb Also Enjoyed Detective Stories and Beethoven.

IT is rather interesting to learn that Jacques Loeb who, when he died last February, stood easily among the first half-dozen biologists of the world and who in perspective years may rank with Newton, Darwin and Galileo, would go off by himself to see Charlie Chaplin's latest adventures on the screen, and read detective stories.

In a vivid biographic sketch of Loeb Robert Duffus says:

One despairs of giving an adequate picture of this most altruistic and lovable of mechanists, this crusader of materialism, as it leaps out from his books, from his letters, and from the accounts of those who knew him best.

He worked almost without remission. Before he was out of bed in the morning he would be planning experiments, and after a long day in the laboratory he would spend the evening in study. For thirty years he virtually never took a vacation. His life became more and more his science. Yet this never meant a narrowing of his interests. I have mentioned his devotion to Anatole France. He read enormously not only in his own field and allied scientific fields, but in almost every area of human thought. He could and did converse on even terms with such men as Einstein and Sir Ernest Rutherford, the physicist. He could meet on their own ground the world's foremost chemists, astronomers, physicists, botanists, biologists and political economists. He loved simplicity and symmetry in all things. In music he adored Beethoven, and his rare attendances at concerts were invariably for the sake of hearing this revered master. He maintained that no imaginative person needed to go to the theatre when he had a good book, yet he would slip away to see each Chaplin film as it appeared. Occasionally, too, he read detective stories out of pure delight in solving problems. His joy in natural beauty could not have been exceeded by any mysticist; he was as sensitive as a poet to the color, light, and movement of the world.

Author of "Ulysses" Dislikes Writing; Strange, Silent Man, With Bad Eyes, Who Spent Seven Years on One Book

By CLARE SHERIDAN.

PARIS—"Rognon de veau"—he read out on the menu.

"Let's have that," I said. "I love kidney."

My companion was a fellow journalist, an Englishman, red-bearded, young, a Socialist.

"You have it," he said; "I'll choose something else.

"I never could eat kidney since I read James Joyce."

"What was that, Ulysses?"

"Yes"——

"I never read it—they said it cost $50 if one could get it, but I never could get it, not even at $50."

"There is a cheap edition now in Paris—60 francs"——

"Sixty francs? I'll get it—yes, kidney, please—what did he say about kidney"

"Read it for yourself."

"There he is"——my companion points across the restaurant: "he often dines here—the woman is his wife—Irish, too"——

He leaves me to go across and speak to them. When he comes back he tells me the James Joyces will join us for coffee.

"Tell me about him—it's awful that I haven't read the book."

"You'll hate it—but it's a great book. A classic. One of the great books of the world." And then, during most of dinner (and the kidney is good; I do enjoy it!) he tells me about Joyce, but it wasn't until the end of the evening when the Joyces and we had parted that I really was interested in what he had to say about Joyce, who, for an hour and a half after he had joined us at our table had hardly at all spoken. We had coffee and Joyce had ordered champagne, but it did not help him to talk.

AT first I thought he was annoyed at having been asked to join us, but I am told he is always like that. I tried every topic of conversation, hoping to stumble on his subject of interest. Hopeless. He sat there in his indifferent, detached way and smoked a cigar. He wears glasses, tremendously strong, that appear to dilate his eyes to a fantastic degree. He has a tiny little "imperial" under his lower lip, he might be an intellectual Communist leader from Moscow, one of the Soviet delegates.

Famous Irish Author Looks Like Intellectual Communist Leader.

We talked about travel and places to live. Mrs. Joyce said her husband wished to go to the South of France to write, but she did not wish to. Joyce said nothing. I mentioned Ireland. I thought he might have an Irish feeling. The Irish are proud of him. He was mildly contemptuous. Mrs. Joyce talked about children, their education and evolution. Joyce remained silent.

I said the only effect of taking my daughter to a passion play was that the next day, when asked to go and fetch some nails for picture hanging, she asked: "Do you want ordinary nails, or nails like those that crucified Christ?"

For once Joyce was moved to speech: "Do you know," he asked, "what the Irish think 'I. N.R.I.' over the head of the crucifix means? They think it means Iron Nails Run In!"

I said I should do a bust of him for the Dublin National Gallery. Joyce half smiled—the only time. Asked why I didn't stick to sculpture, I said it wasn't a paying proposition and that writing was easier. One can travel light with a pencil and work anywhere at any moment.

"You like writing?" he asked.

"Yes—I love it, don't you?"

He looked at me with an expression of pain and just said "No—" very bitterly.

Afterwards, when we had parted in the dark street and my companion was accompanying me homeward, I asked him: "What in the world is the matter with Joyce?"

"Nothing—that's his way. He probably was enjoying his evening!"

But there are explanations, only one has to be a psychologist to understand, and one has to know the Irish.

JOYCE has lived twenty years in torture! His mode of life tortures him. He doesn't have to live in a hotel or in a dark back room, but he won't decide where to live, and always "to-morrow—or the day after"—they are going to move into an apartment or a villa somewhere, and their friends do try to help them, but they always fail to find perfection, and so they hang on "a little while longer" where they are.

Now it appears James Joyce is a great scholar and a careful writer. It took him seven years to write "Ulysses." He makes notes all his life through, and it may happen that just the right note for the present chapter is in a certain notebook at the bottom of one of the trunks piled up in his bedroom in which he writes. He remembers that note, and he must have it. It may be at the bottom of the trunk on top of which all the others are piled, but Joyce must get at that note before he can work further. That is the way in which he works and the way in which he lives. Moreover, he is nearly blind and suffers tortures of pain from a peculiar disease of the eye. Writing to him is not a joy nor is living.

KNIGHTHOOD FOR MAN ONCE LONDON BOBBY

EVERY policeman in London, England, has learned with pleasure that a one-time comrade of theirs has been knighted by the King. The recipient of this honor, Sir James Olive, has had a wonderful career, having risen from the ranks to become Deputy Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, the second highest post in the force.

He started his career as a a constable in Whitehall, and later went to the Commissioner's Office at Scotland Yard, where he soon obtained the rank of Chief Inspector. To-day he has charge of the administration and organization of the Metropolitan Police, numbering 25,000, with which he has been connected for fifty-two years. When the Chief Commissioner, Sir William Horwood, is absent, he has complete control of the force.

All Around The Town

City Life in Pen and Pencil

IMAGINATION HAS POWER TO DESTROY LIFE

Startling Cases Show a Man's Own Fancy May Kill Him.

THAT imagination can cure, or at least alleviate, certain ailments, probably no medical man would deny. It can even simulate pains and diseases; but it is certainly startling to learn that it has the power actually to destroy life. That this is so is proved by a large number of well-authenticated cases.

A porter on a Siberian railway was accidentally locked in a refrigerator van attached to a train. On the arrival of the train at its destination the van was opened and revealed the man's body still and cold in death, lying on the floor, on which he had written in chalk a pathetic record of his sufferings from the intense cold, to the last message, feebly scrawled with his failing hand: "I am dying. Good-bye!"

The amazement of the discoverers of this tragedy may be imagined when they observed that the temperature of the van was normal—about 50 degrees—a circumstance which was explained by the fact that the refrigerating apparatus was out of order. The intense cold so graphically described had existed only in the dead man's fancy. He had been killed by his own imagination!

STILL more striking evidence of the power of imagination is furnished by the recent report of a tragedy in Paris.

An art-student living in the Latin Quarter had committed some offence which so roused the anger of his fellow-students that they decided to punish him. He was haled before a mock court, solemnly tried, and condemned to execution. He was led from the judgment chamber to a neighboring room, dimly lighted and with black-draped walls, where a masked headsman, axe in hand, awaited him by the side of a block.

The condemned man, now reduced to a state of abject terror, was blindfolded, and made to place his head on the block. The executioner then took a wet towel, and, raising it, brought it down sharply on the man's neck.

For a few moments there was a profound silence, broken at last by shouts and laughter. "And now for the funeral!" shouted one hilarious student. The victim of this cruel joke was raised. His body hung limp and heavy in the executioner's arms. He was dead!"

A FEW years ago an eminent French doctor was permitted to test the effect of imagination on a convict under sentence of death The man was blindfolded, strapped on a table, and told that an artery would be opened and that he would be allowed to bleed to death. Close to his head was placed a bowl of water, which, when released, flowed through a tube and dripped into a basin on the floor. The preparations made, the doctor slightly scratched the convict's neck with a needle. The tap was then turned on, and the water began to drip, drip, drip at short and regular intervals.

Five minutes passed, and then the tap was turned off. The man was lifted from the table. He was dead. The dripping water had drained his life away as effectually as if each drop had been his heart's blood.

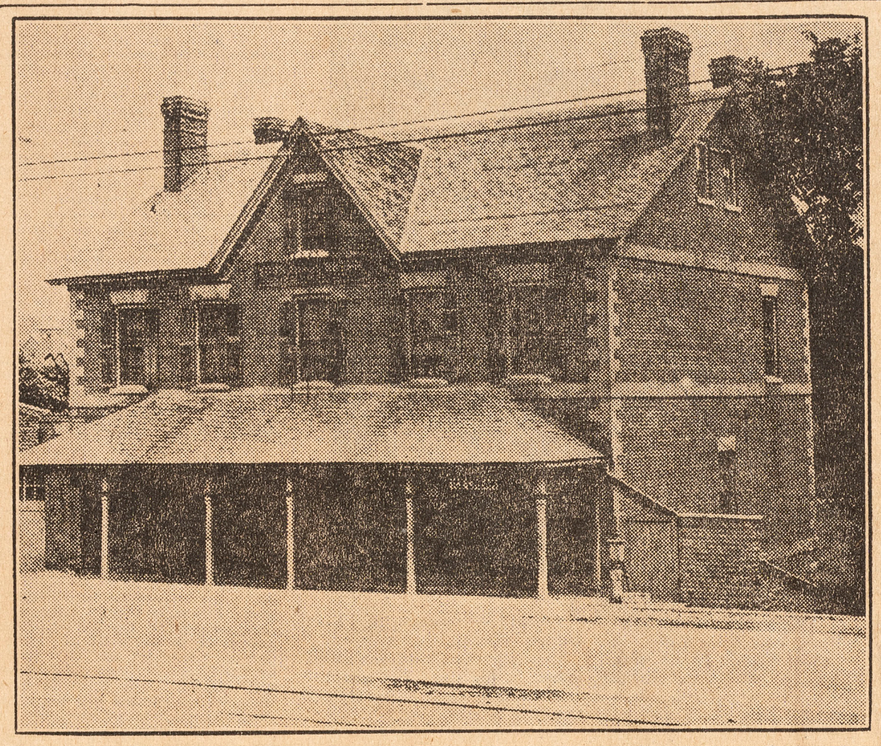
A SOMEWHAT similar experiment was tried not long ago on two other convicts, also under sentence of death. In one of the prison cells a woman had died from a very virulent attack of Asiatic cholera. On the following day one of the doomed men was placed in the infected cell without any knowledge of his danger. his fellow-convict was taken to another, perfectly sanitary, cell, which he was told was the one in which the cholera victim had died.

So terrified was this man that before he had been many hours in the cell he developed symptoms of cholera, from which he died within twenty-four hours. his companion, however, who had actually run the risk,but had been ignorant of it, was none the worse for his adventure.

IN another case, a young woman, deserted by her lover on the eve of her marriage, decided to commit suicide. She bought sufficient carbolic acid to kill half-a-dozen people, drank it, and died within a few hours, leaving behind a confession of her act.

When, however, a post-mortem examination was made, no trace whatever was found, either of a corrosive acid or of any poison. She had consumed some harmless fluid, believing it to have been carbolic acid.

Hotel at Hog's Hollow, Witness of Half a Century's Progress in Transportation



This structure at York Mills (familiarly known as Hog's Hollow) was built when all the traffic in and out of Toronto moved at such a leisurely pace that a rendezvous for rest and refreshment was essential for travelers journeying at such distance from the city limits. Its original bar is still in existence as a mute testimony to the succor it yielded in the ante-O.T.A. and pre-motor era. David Birrell, the present proprietor, has lived there with his family for the past forty-five years, and when he moved in the building had already been up several years.

Twin Got a Rest On His Vacation That Requires More Resting At Home

Love-sick Youth and the North Wind Made the Holiday as Refreshing as a Piece of Hard Labor.

"WHERE you been?" inquires "High Dome" Finnegan. "You ain't seen me for a coupla weeks."

"Outside of that fact," I returns, "the whole thing's been a flop."

"The which has?" he comes back.

"My vacation, feller," say I. "Didn't you know I'd been to the shore?"

"That explains it," replies Finnegan. "When I first got a flash at you I figured you'd been stoking a furnace in a swamp. You look all boiled and bitten."

"And broke," I adds. "My guess is that they is, at the leastest, eight billion and eleven mosquitos around Buyme-by-the-Sea that took on anywheres from five to three pounds while I was there"—

"Mosquitos?" cuts in "High Dome." "I didn't know they had them things at the seashore."

"I didn't know it, either," I returns, "nor did the Jesse James running the roost nor the hop-head that wrote the blah-blah telling about the place, but they was one trouble."

"What's them?" asks Finnegan.

"The mosquitos knew it," I tells him. "The first night the stingers started a daisy chain around my ankles, but before the week was out they was so familiar they was biting my tongue every time I opened my mouth."

"What'd you do about it?" "High Dome" wants to know.

"Do about it?" I yelps. "What in hell do you think I did about it? Did you ever try to reason with a mosquito?"

"That ain't what I mean," explains Finnegan. "Didn't you raise no rukkus with the hotel baby that said they wasn't none of them things?"

"Did you ever try to reason with a summer resort Ali Baba and his haughty thieves?" I returns. "I did make some cracks to him about being pained to find they was mosquitos in his deadfall, and all that cuckoo said was that it was the first time in twenty-seven years he'd even heard about any one hearing about having seen one. 'Don't wory,' he soaps me 'they only bothers you when the wind is from the north.'

"How do you know," I comes back, "if you ain't had none in twenty-seven years?"

"The grandfather of one of the old settlers told me,' he answered.

"IS the wind from the north very often?" I continues.

"First time I've seen it come from that diection in twenty-seven years,' he anssures me.

"How was it," inquires Finnegan, "when the breeze blew from the other points?"

"I don't know," I returns. "It was always from the north. The only other winds I even seen at Buyme was in the mah gong sets the porch-puffs was playing with all the times."



"I trips merrily into what I thinks is water and comes out quick covered with what I know ain't."

"Oh, well," says "High Dome," "you can have everything at them summer resorts. You got some good bathing, didn't you?"

"My worstest enemy should get better," I growls. "The first day I goes out for a dip in the drink the tide is so low I has to walk out a mile or so to get the bottom of my feet wet. I asks a bimbo when the tide goes up high enough to cover your toes and I finds its great about 3 in the morning if the wind is in the right directions."

"What's wind got to do with the tide?" inquires Finnegan.

"At Buyme-by-the-Sea," I tells him, "the wind had everything to do with something and something else again with everything. It seems that when the wind was from the north a lotta oil and other kinda garbage was shunted over to our side of the wet. One morning I turns the room over to the mosquitos and beats it to the beach. The water's way up and I figures on a regular swim. I trips merrily into what I thinks is water and comes out quick covered with what I know ain't. Besides the oil I'm all stuck up with sea-weeds, stuff that was thrown outta the kitchen and all kinda flotsammies and jetjanes. A guy taking a quick look at me would 'a figured I was going to a masked ball disguised as a dump heap."

"HOW was the food?" asks Finnegan.

"You could 'a gone further," says I, "and done no worse. The hotel advertised that they served fresh vegables right outta their own trick gardens, but the only thing I ever saw growing within a mile of the hotel was something I thought was spinach, but which turned out to be sedgegrass.

"Where's them fresh vegables?" I asks the waiter, when he slips me a bunch of asparagus with the label of the can mixed up with 'em."

"We didn't have no luck with our gardens this year," he explains, "on account"—

"I know," I cuts in, "on the account of the wind being from the north."

"That's right," he admits.

"Anyways," remarks "High Dome," "you got yourselfs a swell coat of tan. The wind musta been in the right direction for that."

"I got burned good and proper," says I, "and believe me, feller, I suffered some. Every night when I'd hit the hay I'd find the flop all full of sand. I raised the devil with the flat-foot that was supposed to take care of the rooms, but I knew what she was going to say before she said it.

"What did she said?" asks Finnegan.

"You know," I answers weary, "that you couldn't keep the sand outta the room when the wind was from the north, unless I wanted that the windows should be kept shut all the time."

"How'd you kill time?" inquires "High Dome." "Was they any live birds there?"

"I've seen peppier boys at a funeral in a rainstorm," I tells him. "The livest bimbo I ran into there was a guy that'd been a delegate at the Democratic convention and he used to take me off in a corner and tell me just how he voted on each of them ballots. His room was next to mine and I could hear him mumbling in his sleep: "Necessary for a choice, 732. Nobody having received the necessary number the clerk will proceed to call the roll. Alabama 24,' and so on down to the Canal Zone."

"I suppose," grins Finnegan, "he done that on the account of the wind being from the north."

"Besides him," I goes on, "they was a flock of raw rah-rahs and bob-haired corset-checkers. When I didn't hear that delegate calling the roll I was kept awake by them flappers and their young swines swapping smacks and going through a line of gurgly talk that'd remind you of a sick dove cooing to its crippled mate."

"You must be getting old," says "High Dome," "if little things like billing and cooing and mosquitoes and such like can get your goat.'

"Maybe," I admits, "but you'd age some too if you had to sleep on sandpaper with a blistered back, battling mosquitoes and hearing a frayed-out delegate and a lotta love-sick simps doing their turn. I feel about as rested as a guy that'd carried a ten-ton safe up Pike's Peak and come down with a coupla telegraph poles in each hand."

"Yeh," sneers Finnegan. "I'll bet you go back to the same dump next year."

"Buyme-on-the-Sea ain't so terrible," says I. "I slept under blankets every night."

A MOTLEY FEW RIDE THE CARS AROUND 3 A.M.

Curious-Minded Person Finds Food for Fancy At Owlish Hour.

By A. H M.

THREE o'clock in the morning is an unnatural hour. Buildings which by day are hives of industry assume weird shapes. Sinister shadows loom along streets which five hours later will be thronged with thousands hurrying to prosaic occupations. The timid glance nervously into the shadows and hurry on, the romantic feel a strange thrill, the curious are exasperated.

There is nothing so stimulating to the person with an active curiosity as viewing humanity on a three o'clock owl car. Why are all these people out of bed, and where have they been?

Slouched in poses of utter weariness on the semi-circular seat at the rear of the car are two men. Rough clothing and toil-blackened hands speak eloquently of the factory. Just two of the army of night workers who help keep the wheels of a modern city turning. In a few minutes these men will reach home and possibly a cold breakfast, waiting since the night before. Then a heavy sleep extending past noon and another night's work. A grinding life. But life, all the same.

AN arm is extended to the signal button. A woman stands up and moves toward the exit. In one arm she carries a baby sleeping peacefully, in the other a bulging handbag with a strand of pink silk trailing from its hastily closed mouth. Her eyes are tear-reddened, her jaw firmly, almost tragically, set. Her shoe laces are untied, and as the exit door opens her coat blows open, revealing a dress only half buttoned. The haste of fear shows in every movement.

Tragedy here. Perhaps a quarrel. Hot words and hotter tears, possibly even a blow. Then home to mother.

A youth lurches to the exit. From him emanates a distinct odor of liquor, but he does not seem very hilarious. There is a glint of dread in his eyes. Either thinking of the remorseless alarm clock and another day's work with a fagged brain, or a patient mother waiting for her son's return. Possibly even a young wife, as yet unused to midnight watches for an erring husband.

THE workmen have gone now. Only three passengers are left —three unsolved problems. A girl who looks to be little more than eighteen. Quietly dressed, too. Might have been one's own sister. Riding the three o'clock car, to and from where?

The two men drowsing in their seats are just ordinary citizens. Lodge meeting night, or a quiet poker session, one would guess. The wives will be told of important business conferences. Stories to wives are not noted for their originality.

And now the sky is turning grey as the inquisitive one nears his home, an hour and a half after last edition time. What will he tell his wife? Oh, for a convincing story just once!

Analytical Chemist Has Clients Victims of Corroding Suspicion

High Spots of Human Interest in Prosaic Downtown Office.

By GERTRUDE E. S. PRINGLE.

A DUSTY, old-fashioned office tucked away in a quiet, down-town corner of Toronto is far from suggesting anything outside of the commonplace of business. But although so prosaic-looking, with its big desk, office chairs and long table covered with a litter of bottles, packages and ore specimens, it is at times the focussing point of strange dramas in which fear and suspicion are the impelling force.

For this is the consulting office of an analytical chemist. The many bottles have been seized in stills, and are there to be analysed —the contents usually being found to be sulphuric acid and water. The packages, among them being fertilizers, stock foods and other commercial preparations, are there also to be examined, sometimes for a cautious investor who wishes to estimate their real value, or again it may be to test the efficiency of the plants that produce them.

The really interesting business that finds its way there, however, would not be guessed at from any of the bottles and packages on the receiving table. Neither commercial rivalry nor the prudence of intending investors makes such a story as does a victim of corroding suspicion. For instance, one day a thin, elderly woman, with sad eyes and a pathetic droop to her mouth, entered and approaching Mr. Chemist's desk said, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "I have come to consult you about a very serious matter—a matter of life or death."

Mr. C—courteously seated his visitor and asked "What can I do for you?"

"You can find out what is poisoning me by inches," she told him. And then by degrees the story came out. The lady lived with a sister, and didn't get on very well wfth her because of her son Jimmie, who was very mischievous. It seemed the maiden aunt, driven to exasperation by Jimmie's pranks, had pounced on the boy and administered corporeal punishment, Since t hen a strange thing had occurred. Whenever she had donned a certain wrapper she had developed a sore neck, an irritant poison evidently having been used. When she didn't wear the wrapper there was no irritation, so it was quite clear the material had been impregnated with some deadly poison.

The chemist examined the wrapper, especially the neck of it, but there was no indication that it had been tampered with.

"Don't you think you had better stop wearing this if it irritates vour neck, and drop the idea of having it analyzed?" asked the chemist.

"No, indeed. I don't care how much it costs me. I'm going to find out about this poison they're using. You know," she continued. "there are subtle poisons that gradually kill their victims, like that awful woman in history used. You know whom I mean. Lucretia Borgia."

When she appeared a few days later to learn if anything had been discovered, she was informed there had been. A close examination under a powerful microscope had disclosed—cowage.



A suspicious hubby thinks his spouse has mixed a little deadly poison with the daily lunch.

"COWAGE," explained the chemist, "is what we call fine, little barbed vegetable hairs such as are found on the hazel nut. Sometimes doctors use them to produce an irritation of the skin."

The maiden lady was nonplussed. Her jaw dropped. "Then," she exclaimed, "it isn't poisonous or dangerous."

"Not at all," stated the chemist, adding, "I think someone has been playing a practical joke on you."

And so it proved, for Jimmie finally confessed that being very "mad," as he called it, with that lady for whipping him ("only Ma can do that," said Jimmy) he had sought the advice and help of a young druggist, who gave him the harmless but irritating cowage to rub in the neck of his aunt's wrapper.

ONE day a man who had been most happily married for twenty years to an estimable woman, entered the office and with a troubled manner exlaimed, "I say, I want you to analyze my lunch, for I think my wife is tired of me and is trying to poison me." Then he opened a package and displayed an appetizing looking pile of sandwiches wrapped in a snowy napkin.

The chemist looked earnestly at the man and saw that furrows of anxiety lined his brow and his eyes were full of furtive fear. "See here," he said, "all you want is a change. Go off by yourself for two months, and I give you my word you won't have any more or this trouble after that, for I assure you, it is just the state of mind you have worked yourself up to." After some urging the man was persuaded to take this course, and he evidently did lose his suspicions during his absence and came home cured of them.

"In many cases," declared the chemist, "men who take dope get the idea that someone is trying to poison them, and of course a wife is the one mostly suspected."

IT was a strange request that one woman made. She wished the air in her bedroom analyzed, as she was perfectly certain her husband was systematically poisoning it and gradually undermining her health. The chemist was able for the time being to remove this idea from her mind, but in a week she was back with another complaint.

Another woman came in with a sample of baked beans for analysis. She expressed herself as convinced that her relatives wished her out of the way, and they had therefore put some poison in her portion of beans. "What makes you think so?" asked the chemist. "Have you experienced any symptoms of poisoning?"

"I have," she said. "After I had eaten them, I looked at myself in the glass and saw I was as pale as a sheet, with eyes bulging out of my head. I felt awful sick, too."

"What else did you eat besides the beans?"

"Just bread and butter and tea. Oh yes. After supper I thought I had better take an emetic, as they all looked as if they were plotting against me, so I ate a tablespoonful of mustard to do away with the effects of the poison."

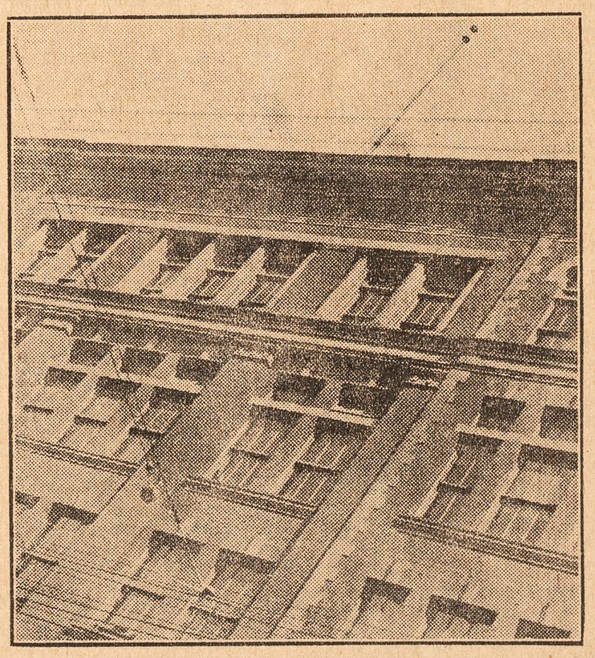
"Then that would explain your looking pale and feeling sick," the chemist remarked.

But no. The beans must be analyzed. She was convinced they contained poison. "And if you find poison, I'll have the law on them," she remarked, clinching her thin hand. "I want you to go ahead and analyze them. I don't care what it costs. My life is at stake."

So the chemist took the order and put the beans through the tests for the discovery of poison, but they proved to be immaculately innocent of such contents. The client, on this being explained to her in a very convincing way, gave up the idea of a plot against her and became cheerful again.

In such few cases where poison is really found, the matter becomes one for the court to take up, and on the subject of court cases the chemist is mum. He will tell nothing about them. But cases in which poison is suspected, whether justly or unjustly, only happen now and then. More common is it for the office to be brought soaps, chocolates, cakes, shoe polishes, face creams, hair tonics, and ore specimens for analysis, the idea being for the clients to reap financial benefit from obtaining a knowledge of what the samples submitted contain.

How Well Do You Know Toronto?



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

SMOKE IS RELISHED WHEN JUST ONE MATCH

A MAN never craves for a smoke so much as when he is reduced to his last match.

He fills up, produces his matchbox, and fishes out the last match. In nine cases out of ten—the world of smokers may be appealed to on this point—the last match is an absolute duffer, a cripple, a mere stump. Either it is all head and no stick, or else it is all stick and no head.

All day long the friends who dipped into this matchbox took good care to leave that wretched stump severely alone. They went for the healthy, full-grown, adult matches, and with distressing unanimity put that miserable cripple on one side for you.

And infallibly you get it.

The thing goes out, although you take every precaution. You are as as solicitous to cherish the flame of that match as ever a mother was for the life of her child.

You stand in a sheltered doorway, you make a shield with your hands, you wait until the wind ceases, then you strike.

The feeble thing gives up the ghost after an ineffectual splutter, and you are left in the empty street with a choice but ungiowing pipeful between your teeth and the match famine ravaging your heartstrings

BROADWAY'S CURRENT STAGE SUCCESS

SPRING CLEANING

By FREDERICK LONSDALE

Here's a new twist to the old story of fighting fire with fire .... and the husband won.

NEW THEATRICAL HITS IN STORY FORM

"Spring Cleaning" is one of the wittiest comedies produced on Broadway. Its dialogue is more than brilliant; it is natural and true. The play was written by the English dramatist, Frederick Lonsdale, and is the second play of his to be given in America. Like the first, "Aren't We All?" "Spring Cleaning" has been a big success in New York.

IT IS, of course, a radical procedure to introduce a lower class young lady to a select, exclusive, ultra-smart company of London fashionables. But this is precisely what the gentleman who is one of the two heroes of this story did; and when you know the circumstances which moved him to this drastic piece of business we feel sure your sympathy will be all with him.

Richard Sones had been happily married to Margaret Sones for nearly ten years. He was a novelist and quite successful. Margaret loved him and was contented. They had two nice children. Over the Sones household the sun shone clear.

At the beginning of the tenth year Margaret became inspired with the thought that all was not well with her, that she was not getting her just share of life's amusement. She recollected that for nine years she had been entertaining her husband's friends and that she had been terribly bored by them. During this period she had effaced herself, her personality, her attractions, for her husband's benefit.

When a beautiful woman uncovers a vein of thought something unusual must happen, and it did in the case of Margaret. Coincident with the new development, or because of it, came new friends for Margaret, and with new friends the inevitable, but altogether reasonable, admirer. He was Ernest Steele, whom possibly a score of women had found very agreeable, That is a character sketch of him.

Of Margaret's other new-found friends they speak for themselves. As, for instance, Fay Collen:

"Darling, I'm whacked to the world. Ten to five this morning when I got home, up at half-past nine, at it all day. Heavens, what a life! Margaret, darling, a cocktail, with a little absinhe in it. I say, why weren't you at Billy Sommers' lunch? It was too amusing. Billy turned Jacques out of his bar, and mixed the cocktails himself. What he put in them the Lord alone knows. All I know is that they affected poor Jane so much we all became hysterical watching her go upstairs. And then the champagne. We had to drink it out of tankards to make it appear beer!"

And Lady Jane Walton:

"No, darling, I'm feeling not too terribly well. I intended to go home to bed, but I met Archie and made him buy me a new hat instead. I left him downstairs paying the taxi. Poor darling, he hasn't backed a winner all day!"

Mr. Archie Wells (Note to reader—the name is Wells, not Walton):

"I'm rather depressed, old fellow. Been walking about all day bored to tears; nothing to do, no one to talk to—awful!"

Now salutations to Mr. Bobby Williams:

"Hello, darling—how sweet you look! Oh, what a perfectly gorgeous cushion you've got—how divine! I must get one like it. Well, none of you will know how terribly upset I am. I've had a terrible row with my hoosier. I've been trying to get a certain color undervest for ages and the brute got them for me; but because Reggie Vale liked them he gave them to him. You've got no idea what terrible things I've said to the beast. I'm furious!"

Mrs. Connie Gilles:

"Hello, everybody. Billy Sommers is coming right up. Hope you don't mind, but my poor Willie is fainting for a cocktail. You know, I heard my husband is going to Aix. I do hope he won't be in Paris on Sunday; most trying if he is—I'll be there too. He'd want me to go out with him and I loathe refusing anybody, even a husband."

RICHARD SONES practiced a good deal of forbearance but an impasse in the family came about when Margaret positively refused to accede to his wish that the dinner Margaret had arranged for her friends on this particular evening should be the last under the Sones' roof and that she should immediately accompany him on a six months trip to France.

When Margaret retired from the interview with her determination unshaken and her indignation heightened, Richard turned to Walters, the butler, and flicked the ash off his cigarette in a reflective manner.

"Walters," he said, "how many years have you been with me?"

"I was with you five years before you were married, sir," Walters replied.

Richard—"That makes fifteen in all. Surely for two people to remain together for fifteen years, there must be something more existing between them than mere master and servant."

Walters—"Yes, sir."

Richard—"In fact, it would almost entitle one to ask you an intimate question, Walters."

Walters—"It should, sir."

Richard—"Tell me, Walters, have you ever taken a great risk in your life?"

Walters—"If I had, sir, I shouldn't be your butler."

Richard—"That's terribly true. Tell me this: If you saw someone you liked more than anything in the world being a little foolish, in folly that must cost them great unhappiness, would you stop at anything to save them?"

Walters—"At nothing, sir. I should do anything in the world I could to save them."

Richard—"Well, that's what I think, Walters. So I am going to take the risk you never have. Give me my hat."

Walters—"Are you going out again, sir?"

Richard—"Yes, but I shan't be long. . . . How many have you laid for dinner?"

Walters—"Nine, sir."

Richard—"Then lay for ten."



"Let me introduce you."

II.

SHORTLY before the hour for her guests to arrive for dinner Margaret was greatly perturbed. Nervously she spoke to Walters:

"Are you sure my husband didn't leave a message to say he would not be in for dinner?"

"I'm positive, madam," Walters answered evenly.

Could it be that the husband really intended to be present at one of his wife's dinners?

"But why have you laid for ten?" Margaret queried. Nine included Richard. Bnt ten. . . ?

"The master told me to, madam."

The irritating mystery had to be left to solve itself. Margaret turned away from Walters to greet Ernest.

Ernest gazed at her with adoration. "You know," he exclaimed, "you look terribly pretty to-night, Margaret dear!"

Margaret—Do I? I dressed in a terrible hurry!"

Ernest—"Then you always must! I dressed very slowly because all the time I was dressing I had a long talk to you."

Margaret—"How did you do that?"

Ernest—"To your photograph on my dressing table."

Margaret—"I have never given you a photograph."

Ernest—"No—it was awfully careless of you. You gave one to Connie. It was so attractive that one day when she was out I borrowed it from her! I told it all the divine things I think about you, all the wonderful things I want to say to you!"

Margaret—"Ernest, I want to ask you something. Have you ever said all these things you say to me to other women you have known?"

Ernest—"To every one! (He catches her hand as Margaret rises, piqued). You asked me!"

Margaret—"But I didn't expect that answer!"

Ernest—"Would you rather I lied to you?"

Margaret—"No, but——"

Ernest—"But if I didn't like you as I do I should have. I've said similar things to every woman I have ever known, but I never meant them before."

Margaret—"You mean that?"

Ernest—"I have never really cared for anyone before in my life. I have never known the misery of being separated from a person; that wild desire to speak to them in any way, and failing that, an irresistible passion to be with them. It's the first time in my life that I've been at the mercy of any woman!"

Margaret—"Ernest, if I were to go away for six months, would you mind very much?"

Ernest—"I say—you're not going to do that?"

Margaret—(smiles) Would you mind?"

Ernest—"I couldn't bear it. You're not thinking of doing that?"

Margaret—"No!"

Ernest—"Margaret, darling—never give me a shock like that again!"

Margaret — "Just one more question. You do think of me differently from the other women you have known?"

Ernest—"To compare my affection for you with other women is sacrilege!"

MARGARET'S friends were now beginning to arrive and she left Ernest to announce that dinner was ready. The little company of gay and congenial spirits sat down and the dinner began in a little flurry of banter during which the devout wish was expressed by all present that Richard had changed his mind after all about coming. But Richard, alas had not. As a matter of fact he was right there. The door opened and Richard entered, his entrance being a sign for a general falling of faces. Richard, however, smiled pleasantly.

"Evening," he greeted them genially. "Sorry I'm so late. So sorry, Margaret, darling!"

Richard advanced to his seat at the table and continued in his pleasant tone:

"To tell you the truth, as you all are friends, as it were, I decided to have a friend, too, but I had the greatest difficulty in finding her!"

Margaret—"Finding her? Who is she?"

Richard—"You'll like her awfully."

Margaret—"Is it anyone we know?"

Richard—I don't think so. Funny little thing—I left her downstairs doing what she called a little titivating to meet the pretty ladies."

Margaret — "Well, Richard, what is her name?"

Richard—"Her name! (Appears to be thinking). That's annoying! She did tell me, but I have forgotten! Lily something—I say, this is bad—I should hate to hurt her feelings by having to ask her name again, Oh, here she is!"

A YOUNG woman, bright in facial decorations, clad in a little velvet jacket and satin skirt with a white fur collar around her neck, was ushered in by Walters. She gazed around her coolly.

"Do come in," murmured Richard politely. "Forgive me, I did not quite catch your name ——"

The Girl—"Mona."

Richard—(closes the doors) "I thought it was Lily something?"

Mona—"It was, but I always change my name to suit my company."

Richard—"Quite right; and before I introduce you, let me explain. The only reason that I can think of that dinner parties are given in our class of life is that it gives husbands and wives an excuse not to have to sit next to each other."

Mona—(laughs broadly) "He's a comic, isn't he?"

Richard—"That being the case, let me introduce you. This is Lady Jane. The obvious thing now is to introduce you to her husband, but, alas, he is not here and has no idea where she is. But don't be alarmed that she is not cared for. She is. Not by numbers, as you are, but by one. Let me introduce you to him—Mr. Archie——"

Archie — (rises in indignation)—"I consider you, sir, a downright cad!"

Richard — (to Mona) "You you have only to look at him to see that he hasn't the slightest sense of humor. (The guests rise angrily). Pray be seated! I have taken the precaution to have the door locked on the outside and until I give a particular ring it will not be opened."

Bobby—"How absurd——"

Mona — "I say, what's his name?"

Richard—"I have happily forgotten it for the moment!" They sit down reluctantly).

Willie—"I give you one minute to open that door!"

Richard—"I ought to tell you before you become violent that I have a reporter downstairs wondering why he is here. In the event of a scene, or the least unusual noise, Walters has instructions to release him."

MARGARET'S guests looked at each other in consternation. Husbands could very well be ignored in private life, but to make a party like this the subject for a sensational newspaper story—Lady Jane nearly fainted; Connie was horribly outraged.

"This is too awful!" Lady Jane gasped.

Bobby—"Let me out of this room. I'm going to faint."

Richard—"I'll let you jump out that window with pleasure, if you like."

Margaret—(pale with vexation and humiliation)" Will you open that door "

Richard — (shakes his head gently) "No!"

Connie—"I've never been so insulted in my life. You beast!"

Richard—"Why? Because I ask this lady to meet you?"

Connie—"Lady!"

Jane—"If you possess the slightest shred of decency, open that door and let us go!"

Richard—"This is amazing. I should have thought you would all have loved her! I would have thought her very honesty would have appealed to you. Look—there's no pretence about her. Look at her hat, her clothes, her lips—everything about her is honest!"

Connie—"I'm suffocating!"

Richard—"Well, this is interesting! I never heard of an amateur player refusing to play with a professional! So why should you object to meeting this lady?"

Willie—(rises; Connie holds him back) "Look here—this is too much!"

Connie—"No, no. Willie, we can't have this terrible thing made public!"

Willie—"Very well, but I'll make you pay for this!"

Mona—"I say, ain't we seeing life to-night!"

Connie—"Be quiet, you horrid woman!"

Richard—(to Margaret) "Margaret—in recollection of the months of civility I have shown your friends, I must ask you, for one evening, to see that they are civil to mine! Allow me—" (He places a chair for Mona at table).

Mona—(sits; the others rise). "That's a good one on my behalf—our side's having the best of it at present!"

Margaret—(endeavoring to control her emotion) "I would like you all to know that I will never speak to him as long as I live."

Richard—"Why?"

Margaret—"That you could have dared to bring this woman here to-night!"

Richard—"My dear, aren't you losing your sense of proportion——"

Archie—"Have you the horrid audacity to compare these ladies to this woman?"

Richard—"The reverse; I haven't the audacity to compare this lady to them! She started life without their chances."

Willie—"Perhaps you will tell us the exact meaning of all this?"

Richard—"Certainly! My wife, whom I adore, unknown to herself, is on the verge of leaving me. With a little more encouragement from you all, which you won't hesitate to give, she will."

Margaret—(in a suppressed voice) "I will leave you this very night!"

Richard—"There you are! You see, I didn't exaggerate! So surely I am entitled to show her what sort of a life she is leaving me for, and what, with all my faults, is going to take my place? I have asked this lady to come here for the purpose of illustrating my point."

HAVING explained his purpose, Richard turned his attention to Ernest who had preserved an interested silence throughout this scene, Ernest met his taunts and ironic insinuations imperturbably. It was only when Richard sprang the point-blank question of whether he loved Margaret honorably enough to marry her were she free that Ernest allowed the mask to lower. There was a breath-catching moment of suspense which even affected the others and then Ernest answered coolly, "Yes."

"Then," said Richard, "as I'm only concerned with her happiness, she shall decide."

Margaret arose. "Unlock that door at once," she commanded, a new hoarseness clouding her voice.

"It was never locked," Richard blandly informed her.

An astonished gasp ran around the room, then a general exodus began for the door.

"Good-night, Mr. Sones," Connie ejaculated malevolently as she passed Richard, "and I'm happy to think this is the last time I'll ever see you."

"Thank God," returned Richard fervently, "you and I have at last found one thing in common!"

"I shall see you again, Mr. Sones," Willie paused in the doorway and accompanied his words with a threatening look.

"No doubt," said Richard. "I expect I will be on the jury."

Ernest made his exit urbanely.

"Forgive me," he said, turning to Mona, "for not offering to see you home, because I am sure that Mr. Sones would like to."

To which Mona phrased, in reply, a terse but calm-voiced suggestion for Ernest to visit the nether regions.

And so the more dramatic part of the evening ended.

Mona left Richard after consoling him for his regard for her future with the thought that the world consisted of a combination of human elements, all necessary, and that she was one of these elements. She also imparted to him fragments of feminine wisdom, for example, that since he had humiliated and hurt his wife before others by his effective, but clumsy plan, he had best wait for her to come to him first.

"Because," said the experienced Mona, "as long as you don't go to her she's thinking of you and not of the other fellow. But the moment you put your foot inside her room she'll know why you've come and she'll know she's won."

Margaret did come to Richard. And the interview was bitter. First, Margaret told him that she had burned the manuscript of his new book, in which he had incorporated her friends and their mode of life, page by page, in revenge for what he had done to her; then she acquainted him with the fact that she was going to Ernest—he would marry her; of course, but she would go to him on any terms—rather than stay with Richard.

Richard had by now taken on some of his wife's bitterness. Margaret's words were sinking into his soul.

"Well," he said grimly, "I wish you luck. At any rate, you've told me enough about yourself to-night to know that my life with you is over. And even if I wished it—and I don't—it would be too absurd for us to try again, because it would be hopeless.

MARGARET suddenly sat down on a chair and stared at Richard.

"So I owe it to you," Richard continued, "to tell you that if your happiness lies in the direction you think it does, if these friends you have made are so much more to you than obviously I could ever be, you can go to them, because I don't want you."

Margaret—"I'm glad."

Richard—(crossing to the door) "At the risk of being considered by you a superior person, I would like you to know that I will furnish the necessary reasons for you to gain your freedom and, assuming that at any time Mr. Steele fails you, you may, through my lawyers, always count on a substantial allowance."

Margaret—"How very generous of you."

Richard—"Not at all — I'm thinking entirely of myself. I should hate the thought of you being alone in the world—without money. . . .

Margaret—You needn't trouble about that."

Richard—"That will be my prayer. But in the event of it not being answered you know you will be provided for. Walters will let me know when you have left this house and when you have, I'll come back. But don't hurry."

Margaret—(forcing her words) "Where are you going?"

Richard—"To give you your freedom, I have to leave you. So the moment I have done so you can ring up your friend Mr. Steele and tell him that you will be free to marry him at the earliest possible moment."

III.

ERNEST—now Ernest is a paradox, Ernest is what we popularly know as a rounder, but he is essentially unknown to himself or to others. He is a product of irresponsible environment and his own laziness and takes what is easy to get. He rarely has a chance, nor does he find it necessary to assert his own character, and so he drifts on. But when Ernest jolts up against actual life, when, for instance, he sincerely falls in love, then he is a very decent fellow indeed.

So when Ernest received a call from Margaret soon after the disturbed dinner party, to come and take her, he knew exactly what he was going to do. Meanwhile the ever sage Mona had decided to take a little hand in the matter too, She had not left the Sones' household as it was thought but had listened in, had seen, and surreptitiously had phoned Richard's club that his wife wanted him.

Richard called back as soon as he got the message. Ernest, just arriving, answered him and invited him for a conference. Richard came over—in a hurry.

Ernest calmed him, blandly, banteringly, but calmed him; told him it was he his wife loved, and showed him that neither he nor Margaret were the only ones to blame.

"You thought," he explained to Richard, "like the rest of husbands. You thought that you married her and that was all that was necessary. With pride you assured yourself because you had married her she would be different to all other women." And as to himself, he pointed out that if it had not been he, Ernest, it would have been some other man. He then bade him good luck and they parted—friends.

And that is all there is. As Margaret observed some time later that evening, "I am glad you did what you did to-night because I would so much rather be angry for a little while than sorry for always."

* * *

The Spring cleaning was over. The Sones house was in order.

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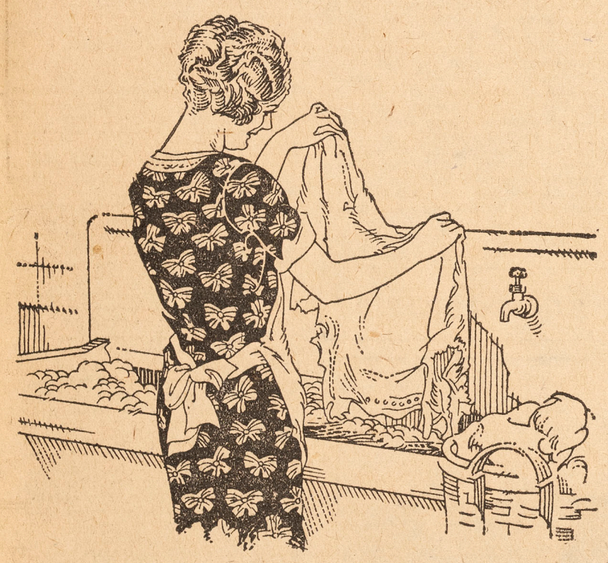
Next Sunday.
"Little Jessie James."



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RED HAIR

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

By Princess Bibesco

Her husband's family—an "intellectual" group—seemed to think that Linda's beautiful hair was the only thing of which she could be proud.

Linda's distinguished in-laws refused to take her seriously, but they openly admired her burnished tresses. More and more she felt the urge to impress them, to make them see her worth. Finally she took a step calculated to unfailingly produce a sensation.

A tale, with a delicate touch of pathos, concerning an English family. It was written by a daughter of former Premier Asquith of Great Britain.



"I love you," he said, kissing her passionately.

OF course, she was far from being the only person to be irritated by them. Only they struck her at a peculiar angle; she couldn't escape from them. They were, so to speak, a life sentence. And bumping your wings only made the feathers come out. She had been, she reflected, so feathery once. Besides, when, as she put it to herself, she tried to keep her own end up, they would put their fingers in their ears mentally, just as if she were a noise. They always behaved as if the language of their thoughts was Russian to her (which it was), and when they talked to her they instinctively translated what they had to say into words which they would never have used with one another. So whenever she was with them she spent her time between being bewildered and being humiliated. What if they were clever? Cleverness isn't everything.

One day she overheard her mother-in-law saying: "It's not so much that poor Linda isn't very intelligent—lots of unintelligent people are so understanding—but it's such a pity that she can't be a little more acquiescent. She was so much sweeter before she married.'"

"That is our fault," her daughter had retorted.

It was so characteristic of them, Linda thought furiously, even to see that. And why poor? Because she was not like them, or because she was not liked by them? And how dared they assume that either constituted a cause for pity?

"I don't know why she should be so on the defensive," Susan had continued. "We welcomed her with open arms."

"And open minds," Lady Tarleton added, "only I suppose that our arms have never quite closed round her and that she wants a niche in our minds. We haven't given her that, either, have we?

"Perhaps not,'" her daughter agreed, and then, with that resolute attempt to do her justice which Linda found most unbearable of all: "She has such lovely hair—a real burning bush."

LINDA'S hair was beautiful. It flamed riotously all over her head. But for it her face would have been entirely commonplace—a little mouth, too little; a nose like two nostrils in an inexperienced full face drawing (you felt that it could not exist at all in profile); pale blue eyes with rather pale eyelashes; and a pretty white skin always on the brink of freckles. But nothing emphatic; nothing to arrest your attention except her hair.

It was her hair which might make people think her romantic if they didn't think.

It was her hair which had first made Dick's eyes wander towards her, and had subsequenty made him follow them until its glowing mass became entangled in his thoughts and his dreams, and out of its glinting fabric a web was woven from which he could not escape.

At dinner at Tarelton, with a hundred ideas like colored balls in the air together, and every one (so it seemed to Linda) talking at the same time and yet managing to hear what every one else said—sometimes, she couldn't imagine why, a silence would follow one of her own remarks. Dick's eyes, lit by the intellectual battle that he loved, would soften a little as he saw the light itself nestling in the red gold softness of his wife's head, and his thoughts would wander—was it to her or to his image of her?

Linda enjoyed talking about books. Like all people who don't read much, she was always tremendously impressed by the last thing that she had read, urging it upon every one else. Each book to her was a wild thing which she had tamed, strange and remote as a desert island, discovered by her resource and courage. Not, of course, that she had not been brought up in cultivated circles. She had once know a great friend of W— L. George's. But when she brought this cat out of her bag as if it had been a beautiful purring Persian full of slow pride, Lady Tarelton, looking past her with shortsighted friendly eyes, had murmured absent mindedly: "W. L. George, dear? Who is W. L. George?"

And Linda, instead of feeling elated, proud to be able to confound such gross ignorance, had, on the contrary, felt small and crushed as if, by some absurd loaded dice of providence, only the things that her mother-in-law knew about had importance.

Lady Tarleton's effortless preeminence was a continual source of surprise to Linda. Haphazard in her methods, shortsighted, with friendly absent minded manners, how had she managed to be an influence, a comfort, and an inspiration to so many different and divergent people?

Susan appeared far more positive. Penetrating and clear with a certain hard fineness, mastering with difficulty the impatience of her fastidiousness, but softening all the same under her mother's gentle chidings. "After all, darling, pretenses are so consoling."

"Pretendings,'" Susan amended with a smile. "You are so much nicer than I am, mamma."

Lord Tarleton was gentle and remote and aloof. Linda would twine herself into his arms—half creeper, half cat—and he would say: "There there," patting her nervously from the depths of his embarrassment.

"I never know what she is thinking about," he would explain to his wife, who would answer gently. "She is just purring at you, it is rather nice, don't you think?

"Well, you may be right, my dear," he would agree vaguely. He found his daughter-in-law disconcerting.

"They are all very good at their books," Linda would explain to her family—and the phrase clearly conveyed a perfectly definite meaning to them.

"What can she and Dick talk about when they are alone?" Susan asked her mother desperately.

"Perhaps they don't exactly talk, dear.'"

"But Dick! think of Dick!"

His mother thought of him. "There is always her hair," she murmured vaguely.

"Well, he can't stay entangled in that forever."

"Perhaps not. But we mustn't—whatever we do, we mustn't try to unwind him."

"Dick of all people!"—Susan was bitter — "with his uncompromising sensitiveness."

"Don't you think," her mother protested gently, "that we are a little inclined to want everything paid in our own currency?"

"Dick's currency."

"Perhaps in a sort of unconscious way he wanted to escape from it."

Susan met this without flinching. Then they heard Linda's high, tinkling laugh and her high shallow voice saying, "I find it so difficult not to see both sides of a question."

Her companion's answer was inaudible, but the breeze brought them a giggle from Linda.

Susan raised her eyebrows. "Paper money," she said. "Tissue paper money."

SEMI-CONSCIOUSLY Linda tried to keep Dick away from his family as much as possible. She didn't enjoy being at Tarleton. There were always people sitting about talking, talking, talking. "I don't see why they think themselves so clever," she would say sarcastically. "Anyone can talk."

But all the same these eternal conversational orgies mystified her. One could discuss people and clothes and books and plays, but when one had explained that something was "perfectly rotten" or "perfectly lovely" there was really nothing more to be said; whereas the Tarletons and their friends went on and on and on until everything got so buried in words that one really didn't know what one was talking about.

And their standards were so queer. Dick, who never looked at another woman,talked so oddly about marriage, and when she laughed a little coyly to show that she knew that it was nonsense, no one said, as her father certainly would have done, "What does little Mrs. Home Ruler think?" And when she had commented brightly "We women know all about you men," there had been a startled silence interrupted by a young man in spectacles asking, "What exactly do you mean by all?" To which she had not unnaturally answered: "Ask the cat."

At that moment Lord Tarleton had come in and said, "Cats? What cats are you talking about?" And there had been an awkward pause, breathlessly curtailed by Susan's saying, "I love the little short-haired gray ones. They have so much more outline than Persians." And the young man had looked at her with loving eyes and murmured, "Yes, you would—you, who love trees in Winter, shorn of obliterating leaves."

They were wrong headed, Linda reflected. That was what it was. Trees were meant to have leaves. And what did they mean by obliterating? They always seemed to get their words wrong. It was so confusing. "Marriage is such a silly form of hate," Susan had said earlier in the day, and nobody had corrected her. No doubt it was talking so much that was at the bottom of all the mischief.

Linda often longed to ask Dick about his family. There were, she felt, a large number of things that he could explain to her. But he always looked so puzzled when she asked him questions.

On the night of the cat conversation Susan was sitting in her mother's bedroom.

"And marriage is called a sacrament," she said bitterly.

For a moment Lady Tarleton's short-sighted eyes looked over the wall that sacrament had been to her into distant spaces of unknown, vivid realizations.

"I think perhaps it is," she dissented gently—almost apologetically.

"And one has to be strangled for life by a few red hairs?"

LADY TARLETON smiled.

"We all have our red hairs, don't we? At least I do hope we have."

"But not nothing else—absolutely nothing else."

"No one could be more positive than Linda. As she says herself, she always knows her own mind."

"Yes," Susan was still bitter, "when once I make up my mind, I make up my mind,' as if there were the smallest hope of ever untying it."

"I think, darling" — her mother's voice was very soft—"you would be happier if you never thought of the word 'mind' in conversation with Linda. Just face the fact once and for all that she hasn't got one."

"There are so many years to come. What will Dick do?" Susan moaned.

Dick tried to be impartial, or rather, equally partial to both sides. Thinking of his wife, he would feel her curling herself into his arms like a little warm fluttering bird with a frightened, beating heart subsiding gently into confidence; or he would see her tousled scarlet head spreading over the pillow and her half-awake, wholly surprised eyes beginning anew each morning to get acustomed to the world. And when she murmured: "What did Mr. Dyke mean by 'obliterating leaves?'" he would laugh and kiss her and burn his fingers in her hair.

As for his family—well, they didn't need protection. Love—how much he loved them; admiration—how much he admired them; confidence, in the sense in which it meant trusting rather than confiding—all of these things he felt. But defending them would be like defending an army against a humming bird—an operation which could only be necessary if the army knew the meaning of a humming bird.

In dealing with the relations of his wife and his family. Dick instintively sought refuge in metaphors. Insidiously they would lead him astray until he drifted away with them out of reach of reality.

Dick was rather like his father.

"AND it never gets any darker;" Lady Tarleton's shortsighted eyes were almost touching Linda's hair as it swirled about over her pillow.

"No; it has always been the same," Linda said.

Susan was getting a little tired of the zest with which Mr. Dyke believed in free will. It contrived to make her so responsible for herself—not on broad generous lines of theories and achievements and personality, but in the most exasperating precision and detail. The fact that Mr. Dyke, who was in love with her, thought her habit of biting her nails and all of the other tricks with which she had for years carried on a sort of trench warfare, divine exhalations of her perfection was not really consoling. It was more restful to assume that her great height (which she hated) had been foisted on to her by God and that when she was irritable it was because she was tired. But Mr. Dyke could admit none of these compromises between deities. Her tallness was the shooting up of her soul; her irritability, sparks from the fire of her intellect. All of which was fatiguing to Susan, who was, in addition, annoyed with Mr. Dyke for being called Demetrius—an annoyance which she admitted would have been more justified by his philosophy than it was by hers.

The topic was being discussed after dinner.

"After all," Dick said, "if you tell a woman she is beautiful you give it and she accepts it as a compliment to herself rather than to God."

"And pray, when did you last tell a woman she was beautiful?" asked Linda roguishly.

Susan ignored her.

"I suppose one does stamp one's own looks—trade mark them, so to speak," she agreed. "But admitting that you pour expression into your eyes, what about their shape? Surely you can't be asked to accept responsibility for a poached egg when you wanted an almond?"

"Your own poached egg," Mr. Dyke spoke with gravity, "is better than anyone else's almond."

"Clearly," Susan was dry. "But not better than one's own almond would have been."

"One man's almond is another man's poached egg," said Dick flippantly; but Mr. Dyke was not to be put off so easily.

"It is immaterial whether it is a poached egg or an almond," he explained almost reproachfully. "The point is that it is your own."

"There is a time for everything," Linda said. "No one wants a poached egg for dinner or an almond at breakfast."

DICK laughed. Mr. Dyke looked at Linda, opened his mouth, and then shut it again.

Susan said under her breath, "What on earth does she imagine we're talking about?" and then reproached herself for her odious habit—of which she was always guiltily conscious—of saying things under her breath hoping that they would be heard.

"I think," Lady Tarleton said gently, "that in a way people achieve their own looks. Not the outlines, perhaps, but the filling in. A way of walking, a way of moving your head, certain laughs, certain gestures, so that it is not really your height that counts but your carriage, not your mouth that matters but the way you smile."

"Clearly," approved Mr. Dyke, "clearly." And he cast a surreptitious glance at Linda with the secretly satisfied feeling that to her it would probably be everything but clear.

But Susan was out of temper. "I shan't feel responsible for the color of my hair till I dye it," she said. "Will you, Linda?"

There was a horrified pause, as everyone except Dick believed that Linda's hair was the only thing for which she could conceivably feel proud of being responsible.

"I should never dye my hair," the victim explained, "any more than I would curl it if it weren't naturally curly. As mother says, nature knows her own business best."

Lady Tarleton said gently, "She certainly did in your case, my dear."

"I can't see why one shouldn't receive credit for transforming a mouse into a raven or a fox." Susan, who was cross, couldn't get her teeth out of the subject.

"I shouldn't have thought you went in much for changing yourself," Dick retorted quietly.

Susan flushed.

"In your sister change would be disloyalty," flashed Mr. Dyke.

"I always longed to have red hair," Lady Tarleton smiled at them all, "I wanted it so badly that I used to look through my whole hair colored crop for one symptom."

"Think," Susan laughed, "if you had plunged quite young and achieved your own head."

"One achieves so many failures as it is," observed her mother a little grimly.

Dick and Linda walked out on to the terrace.

"Your family are always achieving things," she said plaintively.

He was silent.

"Would you like me to achieve?" she asked, curling into him.

"The important thing is to be," he said gently.

The moon caught her. Her head was lifted up to him like a thirsty flower.

"I love you," he said, kissing her passionately.

As she entered the drawing room she began smoothing her hair.

"FATHER'S made a riddle," Linda, who was reading her letters, informed an unexpectant breakfast table. "Why are two men no match for one woman?"

Susan, who was feeling guilty, tried to look puzzled.

"Because no woman can make a match with more than one man."

"How clever," Lady Tarleton said. "I have never guessed a riddle in my life. It would be so nice to be able to just once before I died."

"And he wrote it himself," Linda explained triumphantly. "Father's a funny one," she added. "Why sometimes I feel I must go home just to have a good laugh."

"How nice," murmured Lady Tarleton a little wanly.

"Not but what there's a funny side to everything," Linda continued brightly, "but father's a rare one for seeing it. I don't know what he'd do here," she added candidly, "though, of course, it's not everyone likes a joke."

Demetrius felt strongly that she ought to be told—what, exactly, he didn't know. Nevertheless, when breakfast was over he asked her to show him the kitchen garden. Linda was delighted. She arched her neck at him, smiled through half-shut eyes, allowed the smoke to come through her lips in slow blue coils—in fact, she treated him just as if he were one of her own "young men."

"I do like a woman to be womanly, don't you?" she asked sweetly, unconscious that to Mr. Dyke a woman was invariably either a goddess or a female.

"What exactly do you mean by womanly?" Demetrius was always anxious to be sure that other people knew what they meant.

"Feminine," Linda explained. "Mother always says men should be men and women women. Of course, not everyone can have a way with them, but that's no reason for behaving like a man."

Mr. Dyke was bewildered. Linda had never known him so silent.

"Susan's not like other girls," she went on.

"Your sister-in-law is not a girl" Demetrius interrupted. "She is a woman."

It sounded rather lame.

"Quite," Linda agreed, "she's never been young. That's what it is. Of course, it keeps men off, her being so like a man herself."

Mr. Dyke stared. He was speechless.

"Of course, I dare say she'd change if Mr. All Right came along," his companion added magnanimously.

"How dare you talk about her," Mr. Dyke shouted. "How dare you, you shallow, empty headed—you—you thing? God hasn't given you eyes you could see with." Demetrius was spluttering with hate.

Linda shrank back. Then she said in a low voice: "Shallow—empty headed. That's what they think me, isn't it?"

Then she burst into tears. "I didn't want to come here. I never asked to live among clever people."

Mr. Dyke was horribly embarrassed. He didn't know what to do.

"Please, Mrs. Tarleton, please don't cry. I didn't mean it—really I didn't. I lost my temper. You see I—I love Susan, and couldn't bear the way you spoke of her. You do see, don't you?" Demetrius pleading became suddenly human.

Linda, who dearly liked a love affair, dried her eyes and dabbed a little powder on her face.

"That's all right," she said. "I'm a bit hasty myself." And then—"All's fair in love and war."

Mr. Dyke felt abashed. She had, after all, been very generous.

THAT night Linda thought—or rather, the words "shallow, empty" went round and round in her head.

Yes, that was what they thought about her. She had always been an alien to them—somebody else's pet—a nasty little yapping dog—the sort they never would have dreamed of having themselves. Of course, they patted her. It was the easiest thing to do. And then Linda thought of herself—tenderly and a little romantically.

She had been sweet and gentle and pretty, soft and alluring and womanly. Intelligent—yes; but not intellectual. What was the point of an intellectual woman? "Intuition," reflected Linda with satisfaction; that was what she had got. Women arrived by instinct at the point which men reached—more slowly—by reason. The eternal feminine, ever since she had first heard of it, had always dominated her conception of life. The functions of the two sexes were quite distinct and different. Charming women weren't meant to bother their pretty heads. Man by plodding logic dominated the material world, while woman attracted and distracted, keeping hidden away her primeval wisdom.

Femininity. Linda knew just the blend of the sentimental, the platitudinous, and the coy out of which it was made. In her world women turned men round their little fingers; the male was manager without his knowing it. It was a matter of being dainty and putting, of having pretty ways, and not showing how clever you were. And as an outlet there was always a giggling freemasonry of female friends.

But after her marriage somehow or other her values wouldn't fit into her new life. Dick never complained of the food, never grumbled about the money she spent, never objected to her gentleman friends—in fact, from the point of view of being managed he could hardly be said to exist. When she had told him that Bertie had kissed her in a taxi, he had said: "Poor Bertie," which had seemed to her an altogether absurd thing to say, though not quite so absurd as Susan's "Surely not as bad as that" when Linda told her that Bertie was "quite the gentleman."

The Tarletons really were as queer as they could be. "Quaint," she called them to her family, because one must be loyal. You couldn't talk anything over with Susan. She really didn't seem to know what you meant.

"I always think that we women should stick together," Linda had explained to her. "I tell my young men straight out: 'Don't you believe that women can't be friends. It may suit your book to think so, but it's not true.'

Susan had agreed rather vaguely, while Linda continued: "I always say, 'Now, dont you play the Lords of Creation. We women can do quite well without you,' " and Susan had answered: "I have never seen a woman who could. I can't myself."

Linda had been quite horrified. Nice women didn't talk like that. What would her mother have said?

The relations between the Harrises and the Tarletons had always been a little strained. Mr. Harris had said to Lord Tarleton: "Well, the young people may regard us as old fogies, but we're not too old to remember kissing time."

And Mrs. Harris had said to Dick: "Whip her when she's naughty and kiss her when she's good. That's the language a woman understands."

But it had clearly not been a language that Dick understood.

Mrs. Harris had always been anxious to explain to Lady Tarleton what a lot of chances Linda had had, her stories ending triumphantly with phrases like: "And we all know how difficult it is to make a naval man take 'no' for an answer." But Lady Tarleton had clearly not known.

THEY were an odd family, Linda reflected; ignorant with all their book learning. What irritated her most of all about them was their calm way of not seeing things. There was nothing they couldn't overlook if they wanted to. She herself would frequently explain to her mother, "I just ignored him." But it always meant a toss of the head, a deliberately turned back, an ostentatiously hummed tune. Lady Tarleton, on the other hand, simply didn't seem to notice. She would look at you with smiling friendly eyes, and what you had said or done was irretrievably lost, dissolving altogether in her non-recognition. Susan was much less masterly than her mother. If you had annoyed her she would look through you, not at you; and her snub would set you on your feet again.

"You can always make things vanish," Linda had heard her say to Lady Tarleton, "with your unseeing and all-seeing eye, reducing irrelevant, disagreeable things to their proper unimportance. I endow them with my indignation and, of course, it gives them a new lease of life."

That mother and daughter adored one another, Linda could not deny. And yet how odd they were together—always generalizing. Lady Tarleton never seemed to take a proper mother's interest at all. She asked no questions, laid down no rules, invited no confidences. And yet what was it that Mr. Dyke had said? That their whole relationship was irrigated by understanding. Linda remembered wondering if he meant "irritated," but, of course, that wouldn't have made sense either.

Poor Demetrius! To think that he was in love with Susan! It seemed so odd. Susan, who was so tall and erect and firm, so pitiably without what Mrs. Harris called the "je ne sais quoi."

It really was odd, Linda thought, but she brightened a little when she remembered that there was, after all, no accounting for tastes.

"Mr. Dyke wants to marry Susan," she told Dick, a little triumphant at being able to impart such exciting information.

"Poor Demetrius; she will never marry him." Dick didn't seem at all surprised by her news. "People are always wanting to marry Susan."

Linda was wide eyed with amazement.

"Do you mean to say she's had several proposals?"

Dick laughed. "Dozens. But she's so uncompromising. She says that every marriage represents a certain lapse of fastidiousness. Of course I see what she means."

"I don't," snapped Linda, and she left the room.

"My precious!" Catching up with her in the passage, Dick caught her in his arms.

He still loved the things she didn't see.

Linda felt that her knowledge of Mr. Dyke's secret created a bond between them. She would sit down next to him and have a little talk.

"I do like books," she would say. "I've always said to father, 'There's a great art in writing.' He would tease me so when I was little and say: 'What sort of a stocking are we knitting to-day? Blue, I'll be bound.'"

Mr. Dyke never knew what to answer.

"Your father must be an exceptional man," he would murmur truthfully.

"I wish you knew him," Linda was eager. "He's so original. He says a man who's made a good joke has done a good deed. He told Mr. Norris—that's our clergyman — so. 'Healthy laugher,' he said, 'wholesome laughter is a benefit to mankind.'"

"And what did Mr. Norris say?"

"He quite agreed. He says you please God if your play heartily and work heartily."

Demetrius was a little disappointed by Mr. Norris, who clearly didn't come up to the Harris standard.

Susan said to him later in the day, "Do you think it is quite honorable to draw poor Linda out?"

"Mrs. Tarleton is a nice woman," he answered unexpectedly. "And without her red hair she would probably have been a happy one."

"She is happy," murmured Lady Tarleton, and then, gently rebuking Susan, "So is Dick."

"It isn't being in love; it's loving that makes you happy." Susan said passionately. "It's like the difference between beauty and charm. What is left when your beauty has gone, when the tide is out, and all the hidden boots and sardine tins are revealed? Charm is high tide forever."

"Some tides go out and leave starfish and little pink shells and the sunset reflected in wet sand."

"It's safest all covered up," Susan said harshly.

LINDA became more and more conscious of the way her in-laws harped on her hair. "One would think it was my only feature," she would say, resentfully, and, indeed, it did sometimes seem as if it were the only cushion on which the whole family could fall back with relief.

Susan had refused Demetrius, who had returned to London, but there had been no talk about it. Linda wanted to know from Lady Tarleton exactly what he had said.

"I don't know, dear. I didn't ask."

"It was most unnatural." Linda thought, and, as she was feeling cross, she added, "Susan is getting on."

"Getting on, dear? Getting on with what?"

It was hopeless, Linda thought. One couldn't make them understand anything. They simply weren't normal.

After Mr. Dyke had left for the station, she had gone to put her arms around Susan to cheer her up.

"You can confide in me, darling. I know all about it. Just treat me as if I were your own sister."

Susan had looked altogether bewildered.

"Did he try to kiss you? I know he was terribly in love."

Susan had looked at her for a moment with the most absolute contempt. Then she had given a short laugh, and said: "Linda, you are impertinent without being funny."

Linda had complained to Dick, but for once he had taken his sister's side.

"My dear child, you can surely see that that wasn't a question you could ask or she could answer."

"I don't see it at all," Linda had said. "Unnatural, that's what you all are," and she had refused to kiss him good-night.

It was not till some time after that that she discovered that Susan was writing a book.

"Did you find the plot abroad?" she asked, wonderingly.

Increasingly she felt the necessity of impressing the Tarletons. But how was one to set about it?

Love affairs were no good. They never seemed surprised or shocked or even interested. Nothing that she did or was affected them at all, except with slight distaste. They praised laboriously. They reproved rarely. They commented never. There was only one way in which she dazzled them—her hair. And even that, she supposed, she had not achieved.

She remembered the conversation with Demetrius, and how Susan had said, "I shan't feel responsible for my hair until I dye it." Then she looked at herself in the glass. Her head really was lovely—spun out of 'cellos and violins, squirrels and mahogany, and October. Surely it was much more her own coming from God than from a beauty specialist? Yet she had been told that it was "not the gift, but the thought that mattered." That clearly was what the Tarletons meant.

Every cliche was to Linda an open sesame. Suddenly she felt that she understood her in-laws. They were revealed to her in the terms of little china vases, with "A present from Margate," bazaar tea cosies and shell work boxes. Isn't the concrete, too, a metaphor? Reading without tears, the picture of the cat that precedes the word, the image of a Madonna which does duty for a conception, all of that process of simplification and consummation which takes refuge in or rises to symbols—had not Linda discovered it when suddenly the Tarletons were revealed to her in the phrase, "It is not the gift, but the thought, that matters"?

NO one was staying at Tarleton. It was just a family party. It would after all, Linda thought, have been impossible to do it in front of strangers.

Dinner had been characteristic. Lord Tarleton had said that it was surprising how few people went to Iceland. The whole family had agreed that P. G. Wodehouse was a man of genius, and that if you were foolish enough not to see his profound, exquisite distinction, you need only put it next to Galsworthy, "ladies and gentlemen," presumably to show breeding.

Linda had said, "But I thought you didn't like slang;" and Dick had answered, "That is where the genius comes in."

Linda had protested, "But Mr. Galsworthy is very intellectual," and Dick had said that the danger of making a rule about humanity was that either your characters were exceptions, or else they were not human beings, and Susan explained that profiteering unhappinesss was artistically ruinous, and that she could forgive people everything except being misunderstood.

Linda had said, "Christ was misunderstood," and Susan had retorted, "How cynical you are."

Then Lady Tarleton had come to the rescue with, "What a lovely gold dress, dear. It catches gleams from your hair.'"

Linda straightened herself; she tossed her head. All of the gentility which had been alike her standby and her downfall fell from her.

"You like my hair, don't you?" she said.

Because the tone of her voice was painful to them all. Lady Tarleton smiled a little vaguely. Susan curled her lip. Lord Tarleton averted his eyes and withdrew his attention, and Dick looked straight at his wife.

"Well, I don't suppose you ever guessed it, for all your cleverness. But it's dyed."

Lord Tarleton heard the last word. "Who has died?" he asked.

Susan said consolingly: "No, I never should have guessed."

Lady Tarleton murmured, "It's very pretty, all the same."

Linda looked at them. Where had her bombshell disappeared to? No one had even asked her how she had done it, by what means the miracle had been achieved.

An overwhelming feeling of discouragement came over her. Her eyes filled with tears. Uncertainly, as if she couldn't quite see where she was going, she left the room.

"It was brave of her to tell us," commented Lady Tarleton, with gentle decisiveness.

Dick dashed out after his wife.

"My darling," he said, "my very own absurd, magnificent liar."

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

Court Raises Shopgirl to Circle of Nobility

Romantic Evidence Given in Scottish Case in Which a Young Woman Successfully Set Forth Her Claim to a Distinguished Name.

The Home Woman

Has the Modern Woman Put Away Old Shyness?

Some Students Declare That Men Are Now More Retiring Than the Gentler Sex.

ARE men now more retiring than the gentler sex, whose shy and shrinking nature was proverbial until quite recent times?

Has the woman of to-day lost much of the modesty that was her greatest charm?

Sad though it may seem, some students of the situation answer "Yes" to both of these questions, though with all her faults—and they are many—the modern woman is not nearly so bad as some writers and preachers would have us believe.

Do you realize that until shortly before the war woman was a slave to fashions, conventions, and repressions of the most absurd and galling kind?

Her body was encased in a kind of armoured sheath which prevented her from moving freely and naturally. She was compelled to swathe herself in an unlovely, uncomfortable, and unhealthy skirt which reached to the ground in front, and was provided with a train—whose sole purpose appeared to be to collect the dust and the microbes off floors and pavements.

A small foot (often pinched and deformed in a tight shoe) might be allowed to peep out now and then, but that was all. If she raised her skirt an inch or two when crossing a muddy road she was instantly condemned as "fast," and the followers of the late unlamented Mrs. Grundy predicted that she would come to no good.

We have only recently admitted that she has legs, and even now it is considered more proper to refer to them as "understandings."

QUITE suddenly woman was freed from all these trammels of dress. At the same time she found herself allowed to do things that she had only vainly dreamt of. She might go to a dance without a chaperon, and dance with the same partner as often as she liked without provoking a scandal.

It was freedom unheard of, and like the schoolboy just home for the holidays, she resolved to make the most of it, and make the most of it she did, with, in many cases, appalling results.

Often, far too often, she has succeeded simply in making herself rather vulgar and rather cheap. One of woman's main charms is the mystery that surrounds her; the mere man feels that there is an unfathomable side to her character that he will never know, something as elusive and as attractive as the will-o'-the-wisp. But if she casts off all reserve the mystery departs and she cheapens herself in every way.

Lack of restraint in manners and in dress results in vulgarity. The short skirt is in itself an excellent thing, for it gives a freedom of movement which makes its wearer naturally graceful. No one, again, can deny that the open-necked blouse has done a great deal to improve the general health of women. But there are low necks and low necks, short skirts and short skirts—and why, oh why, are the shortest so often worn by those whose "understandings" least deserve to be paraded before the world?

MAN has had his freedom for so long that he has grown used to it, and he is prevented from kicking over the traces to a great extent by the painful shyness that marks his young days. The girl grows up much earner than the boy. At fifteen she possesses twice the self-assurance of her eighteen-year-old brother.

Watch them together in the company of others. She is perfectly self-possessed and any natural shyness that she may have is helped out by the knowledge that she is attractive. He is red-faced, tongue-tied, and miserable; he doesn't know what to do with his hands, which seem several sizes too large; and he cannot forget the pimple on his nose, which blossomed out, as they always do, just as he was setting out for the party.

Men, too, in spite of all their boasted freedom, are in many ways far more hide-bound by convention than women ever were. At school and all through life a man is forced to conform to the usual type. He must dress as they do, talk as they do, behave as they do.

If he tries to strike out an original line in any of these things he is certain to be accused of "swanking," and to be laughed out of it by his friends.

Woman is far luckier. She must follow certain broad lines, but she has plenty of scope for originality. Supply twenty women with identical clothes to wear, and each will contrive to give hers some little personal touch.

EVERY woman has in her a strong desire to show her individuality—she wants to create an effect, to be striking. And if she lets this desire run away with her, she ends by shocking people instead of exciting their admiration.

Woman is still enjoying the first delights of freedom and is celebrating the occasion by doing all the things that were previously forbidden. She is still having a glorious time with her new freedom, but she will settle down ere long.

The real womanly modesty is there all the time, and, though a few may have overstepped the bounds, women are at heart as good and as modest as they have been since the world began.

'WARE WOMAN, JUDGE WARNS CARELESS MEN

Issues Volume to Expose Wily Females' Traps.

JUDGE WILLIAM N. GEMMILL, of Chicago, who has served many years on the Municipal Court Bench in that city, has assembled his experience for the benefit of his fellow-men and put it in book form. The volume has to do with affairs of the heart and the many traps the wily female sets for men.

First he advises all men to be cautious in their language to a woman. When she says something subtle, he advises silence.

"Don't ever tell a woman she would look well at the altar," he writes. "She can sue you for breach of promise and get damages. If you make a flattering remark and ask her how she would like to live in your house, you are sunk. She can sue and recover damages. According to law, he is engaged to her. If he is engaged and he finds something wrong with her moral character, he is absolved.

"JOHN RICHMOND clipped a love poem from a newspaper and sent it to Virginia Roberts. The girl thought he wrote it. She sued on that poem and recovered $4,000.

"Emmanuel Johnson drove Hulda Smith to see some lots he had bought. He asked her 'which one do you prefer?' She told him. Although he never asked her to marry him, she sued on the lot and got $2,000.

"James Ellison said to a girl; 'You say you are a good cook. I love good cooks. They can have me.' She sued and recovered $2,000. He never mentioned marriage."

A MAN also has recourse to the law, but seldom takes it to sue for breach of a marriage promise. This fact almost bears out the belief that the men are married by the women. If they escape they are delighted and never sue.

"There was a man who took advantage of the law, and he was John Gross, of New York, who sued Anna Hochstein for breach of promise. Her answer was that he had deceived her, given her a paste ring for a diamond, gave her flowers he didn't pay for, owed his landlady and his tailor, and had told her marvelous yarns about his courage. The court held that the promise of marriage, being based on mutual good faith, had been broken by him."

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

A PRETTY GARNISH.

Finely chopped parsley is such an attractive addition that almost any dish with a cream sauce will look more appetizing if a little is added.

A TIP TO YOUNG SON.

Dad's old fishing rod reel is just the thing to let out and wind the string when flying a kite. The string will not become knotted as it does when wound over a stick.

AN UNAIRED ROOM.

To freshen the atmosphere of the room that has been closed for some time, put some ground coffee on a saucer and in the centre place a small piece of camphor gum. Light the gum and as it burns the small amount of coffee consumed with it, will produce a most refreshing odor.

MUCH MORE ROOM.

If you haven't much closet room, the best solution for hanging clothes is to run a pole through the middle and hook coat hangers over it. An old broom handle resting on a hook at either side of the closet will fill the bill. Incidentally, it is a splendid method of keeping one's clothes free from wrinkles as they must be hung up correctly—or not at all.

FRECKLES

Freckle time is here. Are you prepared to prevent or remove them if you are already troubled? Our Princess

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is the preparation you require. It clears the skin of freckles, moth patches and other discolorations. Is an excellent home treatment for blackheads, rashes, pimples under the skin, eczema, etc. $1.50 postpaid.

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Constance Lyon Establishes Her Noble Birth And Becomes Second Cousin of Duchess of York

Nephew of Present Earl of Strathmore is Her Father.

By F. F. WETMORE.

IN Edinburgh, the Scottish capital, a most romantic legitimacy case has come to decision in the legal courts. A shopgirl has been granted claim to the highest lineage. She has been formally placed in an exalted circle of nobility, and even royalty. The affair, with its accent of mystery, stands quite in the tradition of that long catalogue of startling law suits in British aristocracy.

A year ago England celebrated one of its most glamorous weddings. The Duke of York, second son of King George V., and Queen Mary, married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. This nuptial rite raised the liveliest interest and applause in England. The young Duke was extremely popular, as are all the children of the King and Queen. He was unassuming and amiable and a devotee of the beloved British sports. The bride was the daughter of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Scotland. The Bowes-Lyons, with an imposing list of peers among their members, ranked as the best of Britannic blood. And now they were allied to the royal family. One of their daughters had become the Duchess of York and possible Queen of England. England, and especially Scotland, responded with sentimental musings to this congenial romance of the kingly ones, and the happy, fortunate girl of the Bowes-Lyon clan was celebrated with universal homage.

In the ancient, learned town of Edinburgh lived a shopgirl, who worked at a store counter for meagre wages, ate her frugal meals, and read all the newspaper narrations, full of splendor and circumstance, of the marriage of King George's son and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. An intense eagerness filled her. Her thoughts groped hotly back into memory. The name of Bowes-Lyon had been mentioned very queerly in her life.

HER own history, as it had been told to her, was sufficiently strange. Toward the end of the year 1904, a Mrs. Collie, a widow who lived at Edinburgh, received a letter signed "Lizzie Mackay," a name she did not recognize. The writer stated that on the following day she would call on Mrs. Collie with a Miss Smeaton and an infant child. The proposition was to have Mrs. Collie rear the babe, a girl, until it was five years of age, when it would be taken from her to be brought up in surroundings of culture and education. The remuneration to Mrs. Collie would be six shillings a week. On the following day the two women appeared with the child. The widow accepted their proposal. She understood the infant to be Miss Smeaton's. The little girl's name was to be Constance. Lyon was mentioned as her last name.

Mrs. Collie reared her charge, Constance Lyon, with dutiful exactness. For a time the payments of six shillings a week came regularly from Lizzie MacKay, then they fell into arrears. Mrs. Collie agreed to reduce the rate to four shillings a week. The little girl reached the age of five, at which time it had been said those who had brought her would come to claim her, but no one appeared. Mrs. Collie kept the child as her own. Money came irregularly.

In 1912 the widow died, and the child passed to the care of her daughter, who was married to a Mr. Henry Bain, a commission merchant of Aberdeen. Constance Lyon grew to blond-haired prettiness, and after she had finished with school she took service in a shop in Edinburgh. She worked, and wondered who she might be. Now, in this vague moody story one thing was sharply clear in the girl's mind. She had been told that in 1905, when she was one year old, Mrs. Collie had taken her to a rendezvous with her parents. There was the Miss Smeaton who had brought the infant to the widow, and there was a tall, soldierly man, Mrs. Collie remembered his name mentioned as Mr. Bowes-Lyon.

THIS Constance Lyon was the shopgirl who so eagerly read the accounts of the resplendent wedding of the Duke of York, King George's son, and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. She had often mused about her mysterious parents, especially about the man of military seeming who was her father; and now the union of the Royal House of Windsor and the Scottish House of Bowes-Lyon raised her interest to an impassioned ardor. Her father's name was Bowes-Lyon. Here certainly were inferences to haunt the brain of a humble Edinburgh shopgirl. Might it be that behind the dark mystery of her birth lay the fact that she was of the aristocratic Bowes-Lyons? Might it be that she was a blood relation of this glamorous Duchess of York—by marriage a kinswoman of British royalty? The rapturous girl determined to find out.

With the aid of Mr. Bain, into whose household she had come after the death of Mrs. Collie, she discovered that during the year that preceded her birth there had been stationed at Edinburgh, as an officer with his regiment, the famous Black Watch, Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon, third son of the Hon. Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon and grandson of the thirteenth Earl of Strathmore. He was thus the nephew of the present fourteenth Earl of Strathmore. The Duchess of York is the daughter of this Earl of Strathmore. Hence the Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon who was stationed at Edinburgh during the year preceding the girl's birth was the first cousin of the Duchess of York. The Miss Smeaton who was the girl's mother had lived in Edinburgh during this time.

WHEN Mrs. Collie had taken the year-old Constance Lyon to visit her parents, Miss Smeaton and Mr. Bowes-Lyon, she had been accompanied by her son-in-law, Mr. Bain. And he now identified pictures of Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon, cousin of the Duchess of York, as the Mr. Bowes-Lyon he had seen—in other words, identified him as the girl's father. The shopgirl then understood that she was by blood the second cousin of the Duchess of York, and likewise by blood, a marriage relation of the royal family of Great Britain.

These were glories to intoxicate a pretty shopgirl of Edinburgh. But the shadow of illegitimacy was cast over all the splendor. No public honors could she claim over the grandeurs of her family, no part of the estate of her clan could she claim.

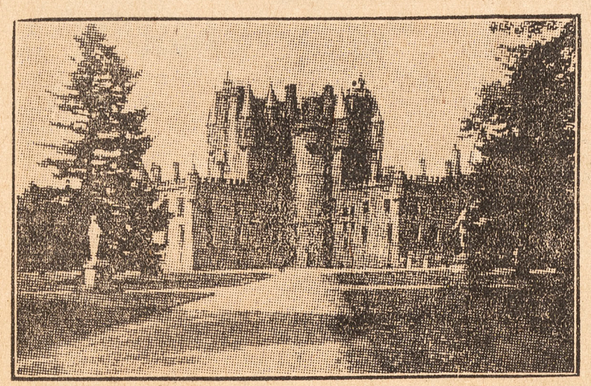
Then Constance Lyon and her benefactor made new discoveries. In the year 1905, a month after the birth of Constance Lyon, Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon married. He married Miss Smeaton of Edinburgh. The wife died in 1914, leaving her husband two recognized children. Hubert Ernest Malcolm Bowes-Lyon and Douglas Ian Gordon Bowes-Lyon. The husband was alive.

The shopgirl's parents had married a month after her birth. Under the Scottish law children born out of marriage are legitimatized by the subsequent marriage of their parents, provided that at the time of birth there was no legal forbiddance of the marriage of the parents. No cause for such legal forbiddance could be discovered in the case of the parents of Constance Lyon. The girl could have herself formally declared legitimate. She could have the law pronounce her by right of blood and statute a full member of the Bowes-Lyon clan, cousin of the Duchess of York and relation by marriage of the Royal Family of England.

Thus the obscure shopgirl would instantly become a personality, with an interest in the Bowes-Lyon properties and the glamor of great family and even of royalty, about her.

CONSTANCE LYON appeared before court in Edinburgh demanding that her birth and legitimacy be declared. The father she named, Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon, made no contention against her. The suit was not opposed. The girl brought undeniable proof of her case, including the certificate of her birth. The court granted her the position she claimed as a Bowes-Lyon, and a relative by marriage of the Royal House.

The father in the case has not spoken. He preserves silence over this strange, shadowy romance, now so vividly revealed. He has no comment to make upon this child who had been provided for and hidden away in obscurity, and who has so suddenly appeared.



Glamis Castle (the Glamis of Shakespeare's "Macbeth"), ancestral home of the Bowes-Lyons. To the right, Constance Mary Lyon, who has been declared by Scottish law courts a daughter of Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon, and a legitimate member of the Bowes-Lyon clan. Her facial resemblance to the Duchess of York, who was formerly Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, is very pronounced.





Hubert Ernest Bowes-Lyon, nephew of the Earl of Strathmore, and first cousin of the Duchess of York, proven by evidence to be the father of Constance Lyon.



The Duchess of York, formerly Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

"Burn the Make-up Campaign"



"Burn the Make-up" is the edict of the Non-Make-up Club of Los Angeles, which has a membership of 500 movie players pledged to keep their complexions free from paint except when actually working before the camera. "Be yourself" is the slogan. Colleen Moore, shown building a fire, founded the club.

The Tulip Dress



NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE.

The bodice of this dress is made of white crepe, printed with large tulips and foliage in natural colors. The skirt is of black silk crepe.

The Business Girl

Dorothy Dix

What a Pity We Make Liars of Each Other. — *Deplores Lack of Frankness in Matrimony*

Because Most of Us Hate to Face the Truth, We Are Guilty of Making Our Wives and Husbands and Children Deceive Us in a Thousand Little Ways

A YOUNG man was telling me about what a wonderful wife he had, and he wound up his panegyric by saying:

"AND the best thing about her is that I don't have to lie to her. I can tell her the plain, unvarnished truth; and you don't know what a relief that is to a man, because most of us are poor, bungling, amateur liars, who can never put up a convincing lie, and we hate to do it. Makes us feel rotten. But most women wish the role of Ananias on their husbands and they can't get out of it, so you see why I am burning joss sticks to my luck in having a wife that I don't have to deceive."



I CONGRATULATED him. I can conceive of nothing that would do more to make marriage a picnic instead of a penance than to have a life partner who is big enough, and broad enough, and intelligent enough to stand for the truth, instead of having to be continually placated by a thousand little deceits. It takes time, and ingenuity, and diplomacy, and finesse, and effort to work a husband or a wife, yet the peace of many households depends on this being done, and upon the commonest facts being presented dressed up in a fancy masked costume that disguises what they really are.

MEN and women are always complaining that they are deceived by their husbands and wives. When they are, it is almost always their own fault. They will not endure the truth, and so they force their wives and husbands to lie to them.

IT does not add to a man's pleasure when he is going to stay downtown and play poker with the boys to have to phone to his wife that some extra work has come up at the office, or a man has come in from Ottawa whom he has to see, or that he has to sit up with a sick friend. On the contrary, he loathes it. It leaves a bad taste in his mouth and he has a contempt for his weakness in trying to deceive the woman who trusts him, and a still greater contempt for her greater weakness in demanding to be deceived.

SHE has made a liar out of him because she has not the sense to realize that a man has a right to some personal liberty, and that, no matter how much he loves his wife and his home, he likes to get off once in a while with men and enjoy men's fun in men's way. It would add immeasurably to his pleasure and to his respect and affection for her if he could frankly tell his wife just exactly what he was going to do and she would say, "Fine. Have a good time. Hope you will have a great game. Come in softly and don't wake me up."

BUT not one man in a thousand dares tell the truth to his wife about why he fails to punch the home time clock occasionally at the appointed hour. If he did, friend wife would have hysterics all over the place and vision an evening's harmless diversion as an unspeakable orgy. And so husband lies to keep the peace.

AND just as wives make liars of their husbands, so do husbands make liars of their wives. Women don't like to deceive their husbands one bit better than men like to deceive their wives.

WHEN a girl gets married she expects to find her husband a wise, tolerant, understanding, broad-minded man, with whom she can deal on an honest, above-board platform. And she gets the shock of her life when she finds that she has to camouflage every unpleasant fact that comes up in their daily life, and that he has to be jollied into doing the things that he ought to do, and that he actually wants to have the wool pulled over his eyes.

Heaven knows it is no fun to her to have to use the tricks of a harlot to get a new dress or a hat out of him. She despises herself for being a legalized gold-digger and him for being an easy mark as she does it.

* * * * * * * *

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am engaged to a young man whom I love very much and who seems to love me. I made him promise to stop smoking, and he did for quite a while. But the other evening we went to a dance and while we were sitting among our crowd, and all the other boys were smoking, he coolly brought out a cigarette case filled with cigarettes and lighted one.

I was so angry I didn't speak to him the latter part of the evening, and he has not been to see me since. Whenever he gets angry he nearly always stays away until I do the making up. Must I make up with him the first time I have a chance or wait for him to make up with me and promise once more to quit smoking? SOMEBODY SAD.

Answer:

Inasmuch as you are entirely in the wrong, you should be the one to make the overtures toward a reconciliation. You are wrong because you had no right to force him to promise you to quit smoking because you happen to have a foolish prejudice against it.

Of course, smoking becomes a vice if it is carried to excess. So does eating, so does water-drinking, so does exercise, so does every good thing. But the most learned scientists, and those who have given the greatest study to the effect of the use of tobacco on the human system, are agreed that smoking in moderation is harmless and often beneficial. So before you ask a man to sacrifice a pleasure find out first if you are justified in depriving him of it.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I married a very pretty girl because I was very much in love with her, but I find she has the worst disposition I have ever known. Nothing I do pleases her. She is hateful to my family. She does not hesitate to make a scene if she gets angry at any place, and it surely is embarrassing and makes me feel and act like a whipped dog.

She has absolutely no control over her temper, and has never been able to get along with her own family. I can't see how I can go on the balance of my life with her, but she has some very good qualities, and I don't want to break up my home. Is there any cure for her? A WORRIED HUSBAND.

Answer:

The only cure for a temper like that is brute force, and, unfortunately, our super-civilization does not countenance using that. So the more of a gentleman a man is, the less fitted he is to deal with a virago wife.

The trouble with us all is that we are cowards. We loathe scenes and strife and arguments, and so we encourage the high-tempered to give full rein to their passions.

A child with a violent temper soon finds that it can get whatever it wants by kicking and screaming for it. It takes so much strength and nerve and courage to cope with a high-tempered youngster that the parents give up the attempt and let it go its way unchecked. When it is grown it has established a reputation for being hard to get along with, and everybody avoids rousing it as the easiest way of keeping the peace. Then it gets married and terrorizes some perfectly innocent man or woman, who will meekly submit rather than be in a perpetual wrangle or publicly humiliated.

It has been my hard lot to be intimately associated with several high-tempered people, and I never knew but one who was cured. This was a man who had literally killed two sweet, gentle, lovely women by his ferocious temper. He married a third wife, a red-headed woman, with a temper so much more violent than his that she literally terrorized him into becoming a mild and gentle individual.

If I were you, Worried Husband, I should tell my wife that I was convinced that she had a form of insanity, and I would have an alienist give her a thorough examination. Perhaps the prospect of being locked up in a lunatic asylum would make her control herself.

DOROTHY DIX.

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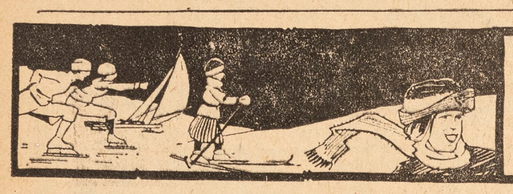


The Sportswoman's Section



SAYS CANADIAN SPORTS ATTIRE NOT IMMODEST

English Girl Gives Interesting Account of British Athletics.



MRS. D. J. ARMOUR.

THERE is nothing immodest about the dress of Canadian girl athletes. At least, that is the opinion expressed by Mrs. D. J. Armour, an English-Canadian girl, who has just returned from a visit to her home in the Old Land. "As a matter of fact," said Mrs. Armour to The Sunday World, "I think that they're a bit mid-Victorian about sporting dress over here. Over there we run in short trunks, and generally in much lighter garb than Canadian girls wear. Here the girls frequently wear big garments that catch the wind. Then many wear garters. English trainers won't allow round elastic garters. They claim that these cause varicose veins."

Girls' athletics are better organized in England, Mrs. Armour says, and yet the individual is given more scope.

"The girls over here go in too much for team-games. They don't seem to have learned the value of independent effort. You have some excellent runners, but if I have been properly informed running was 'discovered' here suddenly when your girls did so well at the Exhibition races. There are many other things that are just waiting to be discovered in the same way.

"In England we have got beyond emulating the men. Athletics are developing for girls to suit their own need. We play or we don't play according to our taste, and not because of masculine fancy. I don't think Canadian girls have got that far yet. They still look to men for leadership in sport.

"Your system is different here. In the Old Country a girl joins a club where all sorts of athletics are gone into. Here, if she wants to play softball she joins a softball team. If she wants to enter competitive swimming, she joins a swimming club. Our clubs, as a rule, take in all branches of sport. Thus it is necessary to join only one. But when a girl excels in some sport, her coaches will not let her waste her time and her strength tinkering with half a dozen others.

"We have many clubs, and a much higher percentage of our female population actively interested in athletics, than you have here. Over all is the Women's Amateur Athletic Association; the clubs are affiliated with it. Many new clubs have grown quickly, for England is on the crest of the same wave of interest in girls' sports that has swept Canada.

"Among our team-sports are net-ball, hockey and rounders (like softball)). But we also do a good deal of running of all kinds, including sprinting and cross-country runs. Then there is cycling. I have done 600 miles on a cycle tour. There is also a big yearly race from London to Brighton. We also throw the weight, discus and javelin. Sculling is very popular."

A great deal of care is taken of the physical well-being of girl athletes in England. Mrs. Armour stated that upon entering a club a girl undergoes a medical examination. Her progress in athletics is carefully watched by experienced coaches.

"I believe," concluded Mrs. Armour, "that the English system gives a girl a more intensive training than does yours, and at the same time keeps her well within the bounds of safety."

Mrs. Armour has won many medals and prizes and has been a regular contributor to English sporting magazines that deal with girls' athletics.

UNDESIRABLES AT SUNNYSIDE ARE ANNOYING

Small Minority of Overwrought Citizens Forget Themselves.

By BILLY D'ALESANDRO.

IT IS a truism of sport that fans set up an idol and then proceed to tear it down. This applies to teams as well as to individuals. This spirit has been developed until it has become a pernicious evil in girls' softball at Sunnyside this year.

The reason is hard to find, but the fact remains that every time certain successful teams make their appearance on the west end diamond its players are subjected to abuse that is not within the bounds of common politeness and courtesy, and certainly far beyond the limits of sportsmanship. It has created an unwelcome atmosphere in several games, and is discouraging to athletes and officials alike.

The boxfight fans of the world were solidly behind Jack Dempsey in his climb into pugilistic heights, but not long after he had toppled Willard into the resin dust at Toledo the young champion was submitted to verbal and written attacks which questioned his loyalty, his honesty and even his courage. Babe Ruth heard the approval of baseballdom in every major league park and paper in the United States when he was making his great record in 1921. In 1922 he was booed and humiliated all round the circuit.

Therefore, it appears that individuals and teams in sport can offend by being nothing more than successful. Such appears to be the case at Sunnyside, and the players, officials and well-meaning fans are becoming disgusted. Probably it is only thoughtlessness on the part of these "grandstand" managers and "participant-baiters." Probably it is something else, but the effect remains the same.

These "bleacher-coaches" and would-be umpires overlook the fact that the girls are playing for the sport and the fun that can be derived. The game itself is the thing; spectators are incidentals in comparison with softball itself. It ceases to be amusement for a lady playing in amateur sport when persons in the stand hurl invective at them that labels the offenders as everything but gentlemen.

The problem, as could be expected, has also affected the umpires. These officials are subjected to this unwarranted abuse, but in their case the barb does not pierce so deeply. In a measure they are used to it. But nevertheless the leagues' officers are finding increasing difficulty in obtaining capable umpires. The arbiters in many cases refuse a return engagement after one session of this misguided loyalty to the losing team.

It is an evil that can only be remedied by the fans themselves. A little common sense tinted with sportsmanship brought to bear on the situation would help immensely. In the Beaches' Men's Softball League players on the coaching lines are forbidden to "ride" the opposing players, even in a friendly manner, for fear that the crowd be worked up to the point where their "rooting" becomes obnoxious. The result is a well-behaved and appreciative section of spectators.

The condition applies not alone to Sunnyside. Other girls' leagues are affected. A little more thought and consideration by the fans will make softball a better and a much more appreciated game for the ladies who play it.

WHO'S WHO IN GIRLS' SPORTS



HAVE YOU SHED YOUR SKIN YET? IF NOT, DON'T!

Sportswomen Who Yearn for Tan Need Not Burn.

By ALEXANDRINE GIBB.

HAVE you shed your skin yet? I have. This is the time of year when the sun burns the skin from ardent golfers, tennis players and softball stars—to say nothing of scaleless mermaids.

If you have managed to keep your skin intact so far this summer you might just as well cling tightly to it for another season. If your smarting flesh is like raw beef you can alleviate the burning by a simple application I discovered too late to help myself.

Apply witch hazel bandages just as soon as you enter the clubhouse and above all before you have a shower. Water on your burns will cause additional burning and in some cases bring blisters to the surface to trouble you for days. Buy a large bottle of witch hazel and keep it in your club locker. Dip your handkerchief in it and apply liberally to the scorching you received from the hot rays of the sun. Cold cream is always an asset, and if used previous to your game will to a certain extent prevent sunburn.

The beauty of the witch hazel treatment for those who long for a nice brown skin in place of the fiery red is that if it is applied immediately your skin will become the desired shade without much of the discomfort attached to the usual attaining of the summer tan.



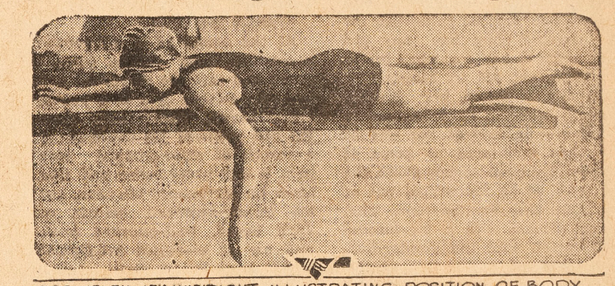
BEATRICE HEAD.
Third baseman for Hampden Park, and a reliable bat wielder.

The Art of Swimming

Ways to Acquire the Best and Latest Strokes and How to Improve.

LESSON No. 3

The Best System of Elementary Schooling in Swimming.



MISS HELEN WAINWRIGHT ILLUSTRATING POSITION OF BODY, ARMS AND LEGS IN CRAWL STROKE WHILE EXTENDED ON A SPRINGBOARD.

By L. DE B. HANDLEY.
Coach of American Women's Olympic Swimming Team and Leading Authority on Natation.

PRACTICAL and comparative tests with many methods of elementary schooling in swimming have demonstrated conclusively that the crawl system is best.

Experiments have shown that the beginner taught by means of the crawl not only acquires the rudiments of watermanship in the shortest time, but gains proficiency far more rapidly also. There can be no question, therefore, concerning the advisability of following the crawl method.

In undertaking to learn to swim, the novice should not overlook the importance of seeking favorable conditions for practice, or progress may be needlessly retarded.

Confidence is one of the greatest factors in gaining skill, and nothing so makes for confidence as bodily comfort and a feeling of security.

A pool affording waist-deep water at approximately blood temperature provides ideal conditions, as the knowledge that bottom is within easy reach inspires a sense of perfect safety and the lack of a chill in the water increases assurance and militates toward muscular relaxation.

If no pool answering such requirements is available, effort should be made to find some beach offering the wanted conditions as early as possible and also some upright surface such as a dock, wall, rock pile, etc., from which to push off in getting under way. The body floats a deal easier when starting momentum is imparted to it.

The first step of the prospective swimmer should be to stand with back to pool side or upright, bend one leg at the knee, resting the foot on wall, then extend the arms forward on the surface, hands touching, take a deep breath, submerge the face and push off smartly with raised foot, immediately stretching out full length, with body forming a straight line from fingers to toes.

Under the impetus of the push-off even the tyro will glide along for a few yards without sinking and be made to realize that it is easy to stay afloat. The experiment also gives the correct idea of the position to assume in swimming the crawl.

After gliding motionless a few times the kick is taken up. Again starting with a push-off—one always should in getting under way—and once more stretching out flat, face submerged, the novice sets to threshing the legs up and down alternately, but simultaneously, so that one will rise as the other drops. The legs are held almost straight, but completely relaxed, allowing for some play at knees and ankles; the feet are pointed and turned the least bit inward, pigeon-toed. The thrash should be rather fast, but easy, applying very little energy, and the distance between heels should not exceed eight inches at full opening. Most people are able to perform this action at the first trial.

Next one tackles the arm movements and it is advisable to first try them standing, but bent forward from the waist. Thrusting one arm forward along the surface, the other backward, and turning the head toward the latter, one proceeds to sweep the arms alternately in circles, each passing close to the thigh in the downward and backward movement, well above shoulder-line in the upward and forward motion. The head is turned to the right throughout the forward half circle of the right arm, to the left through the same act of the left arm.

This timing of the head turns is particularly important, as it controls to a large extent the equilibrium of the body in swimming.

So soon as the head and arms are working in unison, one attempts the action in combination with the leg drive, starting as usual from a push-off and setting the feet in motion first.

It is advisable to roll heavily from side to side, keeping the left shoulder down and the head twisted to the right during the entire forward above-surface sweep of the right arm, then rolling over and holding the opposite position throughout the forward sweep of the left arm.

When the head, arm and leg movements can be combined for half a dozen consecutive strokes it is time to introduce swimming respiration.

As it is necessary to breathe in by mouth, out though the nostrils, an unfamiliar process, it will help to first acquire the knack while standing on bottom. One takes a quick, deep breath by mouth, closes mouth, then dips the face and exhales slowly through the nostrils under water.

When free bubbling at the nose marks the exhaling, standing practice is concluded.

The novice now takes a few strokes, noting on which side he or she rolls more readily and selects that side for inhaling. But when breathing is started the head no longer turns to both sides. It is twisted to inhale, remaining twisted throughout the forward movement of the arm on that side, but it then returns to normal and stays straight, face submerged, while the other arm glides forward and the swimmer exhales through the nostrils under water.

The introduction of swimming respiration completes the elementary schooling, and most beginners cover the ground in one or two half-hour sessions. After that it is a case of gradually perfecting the action in compliance with the requirements of the standard crawl.

This is the third of a series of articles on the art of swimming. The fourth will describe the standard action of arms in swimming the crawl stroke.



Coups of the Diamond Stealers

BY MUNRO BLAIR

In the final instalment of this enthralling series is set forth the life story of one of the most remarkable criminal figures ever connected with diamond stealing on an elaborate scale. By his genius for organization he built up the syndicate which became both the despair of the police and those victims whom he robbed of their sparkling treasures. It may be said without exaggeration that his career was like a movie story of incredibly startling events.

NO records of the Jewel Syndicate would be complete without some particulars of that amazing man known far and wide throughout the underworld of cosmopolitan crime as The Chief, and to his more intimate associates as The Emperor. Here for the first time is laid bare some details of his career. It shows the gradual evolution of the thief into the specialist, with a passion for organization—quite a new feature in crime.

This cosmopolitan criminal died in Italy, where for some months he had lived in obscurity, surrounded by the luxuries purchased by the wealth obtained from his robberies. It was not until after his death that it was known for certain he was the head of the famous confederation of diamond thieves who for so long had pitted themselves against society and the detective forces of all civilized capitals.

The following was written by him not long before his death, and represents an unvarnished account of a career devoted to crime, to which he brought to bear all his acuteness of mind, together with his love of adventure. His nationality was a mystery, but from facts which were obtained by the police it would appear that his mother was an Italian woman who at one time lived in London, and his father an American of Latin descent.

"I COMMENCED to fend for myself"—declared the Chief in the personal notes he made on his career, and in which may be found the well-known meglamania of the true crook—"at the age of ten. At this age I was taken to New York from London by an aunt. My mother had died; my father, a shifting creature who mysteriously came and went at intervals (I suspect he was a card-sharper and travelled the liners of the Atlantic) was also dead. Thus I was thrown carelessly into the hands of my dead mother's sister, a woman who intended, as I soon found out, to get rid of me as soon as we were in America.

"In New York I was lost by my relative. Joining a band of Bowery kids I quickly became a juvenile outlaw, and existed by thieving. My hands were against all cops. I was in daily danger of being caught and sent to an orphanage. This I dreaded more than anything else; for my street companions told strange stories of the horrors of existence in these vast buildings where the joy of life was crushed out of children by officialdom, I slept rough, becoming a nomad, and caring little so long as I had something to eat and a refuge at night.

"Stealing bottles of milk was my main employment and I became most proficient. I would sell my booty for a few cents to tenement dwellers, who of course knew the fluid was stolen. I soon grasped the fact that the business needed organization, and before long I had enrolled several juvenile thieves who brought in their bottles before most people were well awake and to them I paid a fixed price. Thus I was able to establish myself as the kid with brains, and incidentally if anybody was caught red-handed it was my unfortunate cat's paw.

"HOWEVER, ambition prompted me to rise to higher things. When I was about fourteen I was taken in hand by a skilled "filch"—or pick-pocket—who worked the Broadway at night. Under his skilled tuition I learned to mingle with the night crowds and relieve the unsuspecting of their wallets and watches. The booty I brought to my master, who doled me out a portion of the money rained from an aged fence or receiver of stolen property—a Jew living in a fine house on the Riverside Front. I soon grew dissatisfied with my portion, however, and one day having taken a beautiful diamond ring I went direct to the Jew and demanded to be dealt with at first hand."

"He gave me one hundred dollars for the ring—and no doubt I was miserably swindled, but the sum of money and the glorious sparkle of the diamond fired my ambition. I can say with truth that from that hour I was a diamond thief—the lustre and sheen of the gems fascinated me. All my energies seemed concentrated on the idea of perfecting myself in acquiring precious stones which could so easily be converted into large sums of money. It was at this time that I first began to live in an apartment—a squalid place, it is true, but my first home—in a mansion which was used as a place of rendezvous for many crooks.

"My early methods of proceeding were so crude that only candour will permit me to specify them. I even descended to play the part of the highwayman and the thug.

"ON one occasion I noticed a clubman who seemed to have been revelling good and plenty. Apparently he wished to cool his fevered brow with a walk, for he dismissed his luxurious car and started off unsteadily in the direction of West Drive. I had a neat little sandbag under my coat and followed his trail with the skill of a leopard. Three blocks later I was close behind him. Making sure there were no prowling cops in sight, I suddenly struck at his head. He dropped like a log, and on going through his clothes I found not only a fat wad of crisp notes, but a beautiful gold watch and a fine ring. He came to while I was making off, and for this I was glad, as I had no ambition to go to Sing Sing on a charge of murder.

"The bartering of the booty led to an acrimonious dispute with the Jew and I realized that my weak spot was the liquidating of the stuff I stole. It was the starting point of my masterpiece in criminal organization—the perfecting of a system whereby the best price could always be obtained from robberies. Needless to say it took many years to accomplish this.

"HOWEVER, I had my ups and downs. A falling chair one night proved my undoing and I found myself looking down the barrel of a gun. I did not at that time carry a shooter, or there might have been murder done. Instead I threw up my hands. A term of two years in Sing Sing gave me time for reflection.

"On leaving I went straight to my friend 'The Nabob' and asked for the loan of a thousand bucks and also for some money to enable me to travel to London as a diamond merchant of credit and renown. To him I gave the outline of my scheme. He seemed impressed and promised to act as my New York agent.

"I spent some time in London looking around. I soon decided that the field was immense and that the harvest must be great. But I also discovered that Scotland Yard was by no means asleep and that it would be necessary to weave a very fool-proof plan if I should realize my ambition: The International Diamond Syndicate, Unlimited. I went to Amsterdam, Berlin and Paris and in each of these places I interviewed certain respectable merchants who were in fact continental fences recommended to me by 'The Nabob.' Gradually I laid the foundation for the system of rapid liquidation of booty which had always been my dream and eventually proved a reality.

"While in London I had a misadventure. It was my own fault, and the jolt it gave me cured me of running after light-o'-loves—the bane of most criminals.

"I WAS marking wealthy women in a fashionable West End hotel—a dame who advertised her riches by wearing some diamonds that made my mouth water when I intercepted a flashing eye-glance from a young girl who sat around in the lounge waiting (as I know now) for something to turn up. Well, I fell for it, and got friendly with Lady Desmond, as her pasteboards proclaimed. I got on famously with her, and even confided in her. Yes, confided!—this will show the extent of my infatuation. Eventually, one day, she failed to show up for an appointment. I was waiting for her in the lounge of a famous hotel when suddenly I noticed a man in conversation with the chief clerk of the bureau. One glance was enough—it was a big detective from New York, and the very one who had arrested me. He was showing the clerk a photograph and glancing in my direction. I didn't wait to say farewell, but made a dash for it. It was a hot chase, but I got away.

"I turned up in Paris some hours later, out of breath, but cured of love adventures. Since that day I cut them out of my life, and I consider that to this fact I owed much of freedom from police interference."

"Three months' continental work enabled me to enroll eight professional diamond stealers. You may be sure this caused me some head work and some heartache. I sifted them as if I was a student of the third degree. Finally I was satisfied with my selection, and a more comprehensive gang of specialists it would be difficult to find. Their names are well known in the records of criminology—such experts as 'Lally,' the gentleman thief; 'Flash Harry,' the Jewish professional, who finally 'ratted' and went to the Grizzard gang, and others whose exploits are recorded in police annals and in the tears of those who suffered at their hands."

"With infinite labor I organized a Bureau d'Espoinage—a bright idea on my part, and which proved my greatest factor of success. I enrolled all the camp-followers of wealthy people—the maids, valets, waiters, ladies' companions, etc.,—and paid them handsomely for information concerning sparklers and the habits and movements of those who owned them. All this information flowed into my 'office' in code, and was turned into readable stuff by 'The Snark,' a derelict I picked from the gutter, and who had a nose for this sort of stuff.

"Soon the syndicate was in operation. In London, Paris, Berlin, and down along the sunny 'Way of the Blue' where the fashionable men and women gather, the exploits of the hidden criminals began to be reportetd. Here a Duchess lost her gems while in the train; there a mysterious burglary deprived a great musical comedy actress of her treasured sparklers, received from a light the British peerage; again the newspapers brimmed with the story of an amazing coup in Berlin where a princess was robbed of some almost priceless heirlooms under circumstances of mystery.

"The police began to sit up and take notice. How I enjoyed it all—the thrill of the exploits, the precision with which the coups were worked to their appointed end! Besides, so perfect were my plans that we got top prices for the stuff; how different from the old days when the 'fence' always managed to 'do down' the thief who ran the risk!"

HERE this narrative of the Chief abruptly ends. Much that he later committed to paper was destroyed at his own request. In his later days the spell of the opium seized him, and knowing that he might one day fall into unfriendly hands, he thought it prudent to obliterate written memories which might prove inconvenient. An artist in crime, he brought to bear upon his profession, as he called it, a delicacy of labor worthy of a better cause. When he fell through the down-dragging lure of the juice of the drowsy poppy, the gang rapidly melted away. He was the Chief; without him they seemed able to do nothing.

THE SPORTSWOMAN

(Title registered)

Regarding the Demand and Supply of Female "Pros"—What Not to do in a Bunker

By NITA HOWARD.

ETHELDA BLEIBTREY, America's pioneer female aquatic star, is "the greatest professional woman swimmer in the world," according to an announcement we read recently.

That is certainly a difficult title to contest. For one thing, Miss Bleibtrey probably can teach the rest of her sex almost all there is to know about swimming. But for another thing, the number of well known sportswomen who have turned professional is almost negligible.

Aside from Miss Bleibtrey, the only other swimmer we recall is Annette Kellerman. Other fields of sporting activity have been invaded hardly at all by the woman professional. Mrs. May Sutton Bundy's sister is the only tennis player of note we know who has undertaken to educate in that sport, in golf there is nary a one.

THE reason for this overwhelming amateurism in women's sporting ranks undoubtedly is that the women, when it comes to taking lessons, believe they can learn more from the men. A second very important reason is that professionalism is never likely to tempt the average woman athlete. She is too much interested in the game for its own sake. And that is as it should be.

We do believe, however, there is room for women professionals, in some sports, notably golf and tennis. To the largest number of women these two games do not come naturally. A good player, we contend, is born good. But since most of us are not naturally talented, some professional teaching will help considerably.

A man professional cannnot possibly teach a woman as much about a correct game of golf as a good woman player can. Why? Because the problem is not the same in both cases. The swing is different, the physical equipment is different, and even the mental attitude is different. Golf courses are designed to fit women's play. Why not methods of teaching?

ANENT this subject of teaching and taking lessons, a clubmate of ours who never took a golf lesson and who never intends to, put her opinion this way:

"I don't think lessons teach you much. Practice is much more important. Getting out on the course and hitting the ball around is surely more instructive than watching some professional trying to make a living by wasting half of the time he is supposed to be spending on your lesson, for which he charges at the rate of half a dozen golf balls for each lesson. Practice is the thing."

With which we disagree, violently. It is quite true that the vast number of women come away from their golf lessons, no matter how many or how expensive, knowing only how to swing. They swing beautifully, but not where the ball is. Yet, if they keep at it, they cannot help but learn.

Nothing is so important in any sport as the fundamentals. And unless you are a natural-born player, only a teacher can start you right. That is why we think the average woman should learn by lesson. The younger she gets started right, the better.

THERE are certain things to be done when your ball gets in a bunker. These are not the ones:

First, get very angry at the ball.

Second, take a hard, wild swing at it. This will enable you to hit it much deeper into the sand. Do this again, if still angry.

Third, decide to get way under the ball, and dig so deeply into the sand that the ball moves one inch. By this time, having taken three strokes, throw your niblick away.

Fourth, take a straight, full swing, and follow through as though you were driving off the tee. This will cause the ball to move from the bottom of the bunker and nest quietly on a clump of crass on the front of the trap.

Fifth, swing again. If you are lucky, the ball will come out. That makes five strokes. Just call it one. Why spoil the fun of the game?

There really is nothing to do with a bunker but come out of it. It requires an easy forward and lifting shot that is simple enough to learn early in the game.

"That Capable Crew" — by Edward Woodward



Crew stretched forth two long arms, gathered Bobby Mason up and bumped him into the road.

WELSH, the "family" chauffeur, having been summarily dismissed a week previously, Valeria Latham was herself cleaning the two-seater her father had given her for a twenty-first birthday present a month before. Twice during the week she had cleaned and driven the big limousine, which now stood in the steam-heated garage, and although Valeria enjoyed motoring, she had no more use for car-cleaning than has any girl who regards her manicure set as an important aid to beauty.

A month before her brother Jimmy—learning stock-broking in London—had arrived for one of his rare week-ends at home at Horton Lancing, raving about the wonders of an old school pal of his, Malcolm Featherstone, who, being blessed with a fat income and cursed with the wander-lust, had adopted exploration of the Amazon and hazardous speculations in Brazilian enterprises instead of prospecting in the Wild West of London.

"He's a wonderful chap!" Jimmy had announced. "Doesn't know what fear is! Handsome as a god, in a thin, rugged sort of way, you know—hard eyes, strong jaw sort of thing. Lived for a year among savages known to be partial to a nice bit of underdone white man, and finished by refusing to be their chief. Oh, he's a marvel—said all sorts of nice things about you, Val!"

"But I've never seen him or he me!" ejaculated Valeria, flushing.

"I know that, but he's seen the photograph of you I have in my rooms. He says you're the most beautiful girl he's ever seen. You'd love him."

Here, she told herself, was a real man A superman. One to whom the dissipations of civilization-dwelling males were utterly foreign. In short, though never having seen him in the flesh, Valeria Latham fell wildly in love with her mental image of this wonderful Featherstone. Thoughts of him occupied her mind to the exclusion of all else, and with her mother's consent she instructed Jimmy to bring his hero down to Horton Lancing. Jimmy had promised to do so, and with fluttering heart Valeria had awaited the materialization of her dream king, and then, three days ago the horrible awakening had come.

ONE short paragraph in the morning paper had shattered her idol. In bald words it was recorded that the police had raided a gaming house in the West End, and among those present was one who although being in an advanced state of intoxication had got away as far as his flat. He had been followed and captured there, and had then announced his name as Malcolm Featherstone. Subsequently he got off with a fine of fifty pounds; but Valeria's dream was turned to nightmare.

"Of course," Mrs. Latham had remarked on hearing the paragraph read, "it's quite impossible for us to receive such a dissolute person here. I must write and tell Jimmy not to associate with him; he'll corrupt the dear boy."

"Yes," agreed Valeria, dully. "He must be a regular beast."

Jimmy had been instructed accordingly, and, although Valeria had found no difficulty in dismissing Welsh for his lapse from grace, she found it impossible to dismiss Malcolm Featherstone from her mind. Therefore, the angry glint in her eyes; the truculent pout of her lips as she finished cleaning her car.

"Hang men!" she muttered aloud, striving to push the car back into the garage. The machine refused to budge an inch, and with all her force Valeria tugged at it. "They are always causing worry and trouble!" she gritted, still pushing. Then, as the two-seater refused to move she straightened herself preparatory to another attempt. "Yes, hang men!" she gasped.

"Permit me, Miss!"

At the sound of a deferential masculine voice Valeria jumped round and met the respectful and perfectly solemn eyes of a young, clean-shaven, ruddy-faced man. He had removed his cap, showing a thatch of close-cropped dark hair, a stiff white collar and neat black tie surrounded his neck, and his tightly-buttoned clothes of dark tweed, well-polished boots and air of alertness proclaimed him in large letters "manservant."

Instinctively Valeria knew he was what Jimmy's activities in chauffeur-hunting had resulted in, and irritation at being caught in the undignified position of heaving at a recalcitrant car brought a sharp note to her voice.

"Who are you?" she asked brusquely.

"Name of Crew, Miss," replied the young man. "Mr. Latham instructed me to present myself here for a month's trial as chauffeur."

"Do you mean Mr. James Latham?" said Valeria.

"Yes, Miss."

"Then why didn't you say so? Mr. Latham is in America. Try to be explicit!" Valeria spoke sharply, annoyed at this servant's air of superior tolerance. Even now there was something infuriating in his calm acceptance of the correction.

WILLIAM CREW slid into the order of things at Horton Lancing with the smoothness of a well-oiled engine, and after her first brusquerie, Valeria's attitude toward him became first tolerant and then amiable. Inside a week she found herself rather admiring Crew's clean-cut type, his obvious efficiency, his deferential manners and lack of anything approaching airs or sycophancy.

Valeria was a keen golfer, and although she was quite capable of driving the smaller car to the golf club herself, it became a practice for Crew to take her to the links each morning and call for her later in the day.

The reason she gave to her mother for this alteration of habit, for before the coming of Crew she had always driven herself, was that it disciplined the new chaffeur and kept him from getting slack; but really, in an effort to forget Featherstone, she had become interested in this silent, efficient man-servant. She told herself that it was her duty as a girl of education to improve the mind of inferiors with whom she came in contact. The drive to and from the link gave her an opportunity of doing so.

"Do you like service in England, after your travels, Crew?" she asked one morning as, sitting beside him in the car, she watched his calm, impassive face.

Without shifting his eyes from the road ahead Crew answered gravely.

"I'm perfectly satisfied, thank you, Miss," he replied.

"You don't find things dull?"

Valeria watched his face as she spoke. He really was extraordinarily good-looking.

"A slight lack of intelligent companionship, Miss," he answered.

"If you have any inclination toward reading I could lend you some books. Good books, you know."

"I should be honored, Miss."

VALERIA glowed. How simply splendid to help mold the mind of this man who, though traveled and experienced, was naturally of the limited outlook of his class!

"I'll look some out then," she said. "Tell me, Crew, compared with other countries, how does England strike you?"

"Favorably, Miss. The old country has much to recommend it."

The chauffeur's tone was that of a man who has observed closely and speaks from a considered opinion. "I have been about the world a good deal, but desire to settle down in England," he added.

"Why?" asked Valeria.

"Oh, for many reasons, Miss. The country is more beautiful. The girls are more—" Crew stopped abruptly, and with a gleam of mischief in her eyes Valeria prompted him.

"Yes, Crew," she queried, "the girls are what?"

"I was about to observe, Miss, that the English type of feminine beauty is very much more to my taste than that of other countries."

Valeria was silent, but a little thrill of pleasure made itself felt deep down. She had for a second glimpsed the man behind the servant.

"You are evidently a man of observation, Crew," she said with a smile.

"Yes, Miss," replied Crew a little deliberately. "Beauty in every form appeals to me."

Speaking, Crew shot a fleeting glance at Valeria. There was nothing in the least disrespectful in the look; but something in those steady eyes wiped patronage from Valeria's mind and left her trembling and flushed. For that second she felt she was talking with a man of her own class. Metaphorically speaking, for that instant Crew shed his chauffeur's cap and livery coat.

Thought was suddenly jarred. Crew had allowed the car to burap into a pot hole.

"I'm sorry, Miss," he said. "These roads are extremely bad."

Valeria, thinking of the photographs of Featherstone she had admired, the stories of Featherstone to which she had thrilled, mentally regarded Crew as the hero. Oh, why hasn't Featherstone the controlled dignity of Crew and Crew the education, birth and position of Featherstone?

BUT facing facts as they were, Valeria looked out some of her books which would not be a great loss if defaced by dirty thumbmarks, and taking them down to the garage, extracted a promise from Crew to read them It was something in the way the chauffeur handled her books which brought a flush to her face. He was really a— "Oh! If only he wasn't a chauffeur!" she thought.

And if Crew had already won Valeria's interest and respect during the week which followed he also found favor with Mrs. Latham. In a thousand little ways he showed tact and consideration. And then one morning he set the seal to his value.

Having taken Valeria over to the links as usual, he returned to find Mrs. Latham in a flurry over a newly arrived cable from her husband in America.

"Oh, dear!" she said when Crew presented himself for orders. "I really don't know what to do. This cable has just come from my husband. It's in code, and although we have the code books here, I don't know which it is. The whole thing is Greek to me. I think, Crew, you must fetch Miss Valeria from the links at once. It may be urgent!"

"I hardly think that should be necessary, Madam." Crew spoke in his usual calm, efficient way. "May I be permitted to see the cable?"

Mrs. Latham, accustomed to lean on people, handed over the flimsy without demur.

"This is in A. B. C. code, Madam," he said after a brief and interested glance. "If you have the book I will decipher it for you."

The book was produced and in a few minutes Crew had written out the translation and handed it to his mistress.

"Tell James take up Featherstone's Brazilian options.

"Latham."

"There you are, Madam," said Crew. "Apparently it refers to some business transaction which Mr. James will understand. I would suggest you advise him."

"Really, Crew," smiled Mrs. Latham, gazing at the chauffeur in a fascinated sort of way, "you are most capable. I must really increase your wages at the end of the month."

"Thank you, Madam," said Crew, and returned to the garage with a smile on his lips

Hearing of this incident on her return from golf, Valeria agreed that as a servant Crew was a find. Privately she told herself that for some girl he would be a find as a husband: but, of course, she decided, the class from which he would choose a wife would hardly appreciate his qualities. "Oh," she thought, once more. "if only Crew wasn't a chauffeur!"

BESIDES Valeria Latham's beauty, the fact that she played an astonishingly good game of golf made her extremely popular among the young bloods of the golf club. These, being a modern girl, she treated as good friends rather than potential husbands.

Most of her male pals knew just how she felt toward them and accepted her as a "jolly good chap"; but one, Bobby Mason, was one of those tensely susceptible youngsters who take every inconsequent glance and light word as a soul message and declaration of passion.

This had always rather amused Valeria; but when two days before the Whitsuntide Club dance, when her mind was still full of Featherstone and Crew, he suddenly stopped in the middle of a round and proposed to her, she was annoyed.

"Oh, dear Bobby!" she said. "Please don't be so intense. We've always been good pals, and I hope we always shall be; but there never can be anything—er—deeper."

"Why not?" Bobby had asked.

"Because I don't love you," said Valeria. "Now come along and play up; I'm two up already!"

Bobby took this dictum with as good a grace as he could muster; but he was a spoiled young man and contrived to show Valeria that he considered himself ill-used.

But beyond thinking Bobby rather an ass for his behavior, Valeria thought little more of the matter until the night of the dance; then seeing a supplication for kindness in his eyes she unbent and gave him the supper dance and the last "extra."

Crew had driven her over in the car, and was going to call for her again at 2 o'clock. She had experienced some trouble in getting her mother's sanction to attend the dance minus a chaperone, and the only thing which made made it possible to Mrs. Latham's mind was that "that capable Crew" would be at the wheel of the car going and returning.

The effects of two dances with Valeria had soothed Bobby Mason, and during the "extra," feeling that he was deserving of kindness, Valeria consented to his seeing her home in the car.

As is the case with most sporting club dances, they rather overran the clock, and when at last Valeria and Bobby entered the luxurious interior of the car, it was well past 3 o'clock.

SEATING herself, and feeling the smooth running of the six-cylinder car, Valeria was seized with a sudden whim. It would be nice to go home the long way, by way of Dallow Hill, and watch the sun rise over Merriton Moor, she thought, and acting on the spur of the moment, she raised the speaking tube and gave Crew the necessary instructions.

Touching his cap in acknowledgement of the order. Crew swung the big car round, and a sudden smile flickered across Bobby Mason's face, but he took good care Valeria didn't see it, and spoke with a steady voice.

"By gad, that will be top-hole, Val," he said, settling down into the depths of the cord upholstery. "You've been jolly nice to me this evening. I wish you'd reverse your decision about my proposal."

"Don't let's talk of that, Bobby," she said. "I meant every word I said then. You're a nice pal; but as a husband—"

With a quick movement Bobby tried to get possession of her hand; but Valeria avoided his grasp.

"I don't believe you girls know what you do want," he said, flinging himself back angrily. "You jolly well want teaching!"

"Don't be rude, Bobby," said Valeria. "If you don't behave yourself I shall stop the car and have you put out."

Anger snapped into Mason's eyes, and for a second or two, while the car having mounted Dallow Hill, slowed down to enable its occupants to see the glory of the raising sun, he sat silent.

Valeria saw the red glow over the deep green of half-lit moorland; saw the goldlined clouds asprawl across the sky; was vividly conscious that Crew's lean face was turned toward the riot of color; recalled his words about beauty appealing to him, and was glad the notion of coming this way had occurred to her, and then, abruptly, she felt Bobby Mason's arm around her waist; felt her chin forced back by his other hand, and the next instant his hungry lips were pressing hers.

"This is what you want," he laughed truculently. "caveman stuff!"

BUT the next instant he was in receipt of a little cavewoman treatment. Valeria's left hand had come into violent contact with his face; her right shoulder, suddenly hunched, drove into his chin.

"You beast! You cad!" she cried. "How dare you? Get out of the car at once!"

Thrown back panting, reading the anger in her eyes, Bobby Mason gazed at her venomously.

"Nothing doing, Val," he said. "You may be able to play with other fellows, but not with me."

"Play with you! Play with you!" gasped Valeria in horror.

With a grin Bobby Mason leaned forward toward her, and seizing her in his arms strove to kiss her again. For one wild second Valeria struggled in silence, and the smoothly the car came to a standstill.

Abruptly Bobby released his hold and, robbed of mobility, Valeria watched Crew get out of the driving seat; watched him approach the door on Bobby's side; felt the sudden rush of morning air as the door was opened, and then gasped as with calm deliberation Crew stretched forward two long arms, gathering Bobby Mason up as though he had been an ailing child, and dumped him into the road.

"This is where you alight, sir," he said with a faint smile, and the same calm dignity as that with which he announced the reaching of a destination to Mrs. Latham.

Too astonished to speak or move, Valeria watched Bobby Mason, cursing with amazement and affront, struggle to his feet; saw him aim a vicious kick at Crew; saw his foot gripped by a lean strong hand, jerked forward and upward and then as he waved frantically for equilibrium, saw Crew catch him by the coat collar and heave him reeling across the road to vanish with a squelch into the ditch.

Then the paralysis of astonishment and outrage slipped away. Only was she conscious that one of her own caste, cad as he had shown himself to be, had been assaulted by a man of lesser breed; manhandled by a menial, and in a second she was on her feet.

"How dare you!" she flared at Crew. "How dare you!"

With narrowed eyes Crew regarded her white, passionate face.

"I imagined I was doing you a service, Miss," he said calmly. "It had not occurred to me you were a consenting party. I'm sorry."

Valeria flushed deeply.

"I wasn't! I wasn't!" she exclaimed furiously. "But—but you had no right to act as you have done without my instructions."

In silence she watched Bobby Mason, crumpled and muddy, scramble from the ditch.

"Shall I invite the-er-gentleman to re-enter the car, Miss?" inquired Crew calmly.

"No," replied Valeria coldly, "but you have allowed my mother's praise foor your apparent ability to go to your head. Who are you to lay hands on your—your—"

"My betters, Miss?" suggested Crew helpfully.

For a second longer Valeria glared at him; then turning she reseated herself.

"Take me home, please," she said, a tremor in her voice.

"Very good, Miss," said Crew, and closing the door he paused for an instant to watch Bobby Mason footing it sulkily down the lane, and then, slipping into his seat, drove on.

Sitting watching Crew's back, Valeria knew the films had, during the last few seconds, slipped from her eyes. Crew was, to her, no longer just a chauffeur. He was a man, a man who had protected her physically; a man whom in the flesh and in fact had showed himself possessed of all the qualities with which she had mentally endowed Malcolm Featherstone.

REACHING home, and entering the hall, Valeria knew by the smell of tobacco smoke and the presence of his hat and coat that during her absence, Jimmy, her brother, had arrived on one of his unannounced visits.

She was too tired, too excited by the happenings of the last hour, to speculate as to the cause of his visit. She supposed he was treating himself to a long Whitsuntide holiday. Then, as mounting the stairs she thought of Crew, she recalled the cable he had decoded for her mother; possibly Jimmy's presence had something to do with that; but reaching her room she dismissed the subject from her mind; and although after getting into bed thoughts of Crew, Featherstone and Bobby Mason filled her mind, she at length fell asleep.

But not for long. The sun coming through her bedroom window aroused her, and glancing at the little carriage clock on her mantelpiece she saw it was half-past 8.

Recalling recent events, she was thankful for Jimmy's presence in the house. She must find him and tell him about the affair between Crew and Bobby Mason. She was very doubtful whether they ought to retain a servant who had laid violent hands on one of their personal friends. Yet, dressing, she dreaded the idea of dismissing Crew: it would be to her almost a personal loss.

Her dressing completed, she walked down the landing, knocked at Jimmy's door, and was surprised to find the room empty, although the scent of cigarette smoke proclaimed he had only recently vacated the crumpled bed.

Descending to the hall, Ellen, the housemaid, told her Mr. James had gone down to the garage, and without a hat Valeria followed.

THE garage yard was empty, and crossing over to the apartment which in pre-motor days had been a harness room, she heard Jimmy's voice, and entering saw her brother, pipe in mouth, leaning against the mantelpiece; while "that capable Crew," with the butt of a cigar between his white teeth, sat on the little table, his legs aswing.

Neither had heard her approach, and at her appearance both looked round quickly. Crew slid to his feet and standing upright, flung the cigar butt into the grate.

"Hallo, Val!" said Jimmy, stepping across to the table and picking up a paper—"Er—didn't expect to see you about so early after last night's orgy!"

The mention of the previous night brought a sudden frown to Valeria's face; but momentarily her mind was occupied by a new interest. The paper Jimmy had sought to hide was unmistakably a trans-Atlantic cable!

Knowing Crew's eyes were on her, she kept hers on her brother.

"What's brought you down here?" she asked. "Started your Whitsuntide holidays already?"

"Matter of fact, I'm on business, Val," said Jimmy.

She saw Crew glance quickly at her brother; but he met the chauffeur's eyes with a grin and continued. "Featherstone here has just sold me some Brazilian——"

"Featherstone!" exclaimed Valeria. "Featherstone!"

Jimmy laughed.

"Yes," he said. "He's just confided in me that he expects to get the sack this morning for trying to teach young Bobby Mason manners."

MYSTIFICATION, and some emotion which Valeria could not describe, sent the blood rushing to her face. The man to whom she had lent improving books; the man to whom she had always adopted a patronizing air of superiority; the man whom she had accused of allowing her mother's praise to turn his head and upbraided for striking his betters, and the man for whom in the small hours of that morning she had realized her love was not Crew, the humble chauffeur, but Malcolm Featherstone, the man of wealth and position, who had been caught in a state of intoxication in a gaming-house raid! Even now he was masquerading under a false name, making fools of her mother and herself.

These thoughts flying through her brain brought wrath to her eyes, as she regarded the men, but he met her gaze squarely, meeting her anger with admiration.

"So you are a mountebank, as well as a gambler " she said? and, turning, was about to leave the room when Jimmy grabbed her arm.

"Don't go yet, Val," he said. "There's a bit of explaining to do."

She looked at her brother, her eyes very bright, her face suddenly white, her lips vivid.

"I'm afraid Mr. Featherstone will find it difficult to excuse his conduct," she said.

"Don't be a goose, Val," laughed Jimmy. "Featherstone hasn't any need to excuse himself. I'm the lad for that job—'Feather' is white all through—it was I, not he, who got lagged in that police raid! I got away and made for Feather's' flat, and had just told him what had happened when the 'peelers' turned up. Like the brick he is, he feigned tight, and let them think he was the Johnny they'd been doing the marathon with. You see he knew the Guv'ner and the firm would kick up the dickens of a fuss if I got my name in the papers, so he took the blame and appeared in the court for me——"

Valeria gasped; and, still keeping his hold on her arm, Jimmy suddenly saw her eyes soften and deepen. Then, with a chuckle, he continued:

"'Feather' was coming down here with me the next week-end, you remember, but I got the mater's veto, and, knowing that I had been commissioned to engage a chauffeur in Welsh's place, he made me appoint him to the post as a quid pro quo for what he'd done for me. He said he just had to meet you in the flesh after seeing your photograph——"

Valeria flushed, but now there was a smile in her eyes.

"That doesn't excuse him for coming down here under a false name," she said.

"It wasn't a false name," laughed Jimmy. "His name is Malcolm William Crew Featherstone, and if you want confirmation of that you can have a squint at the stock the Guv'ner's just bought off him through me. Guess you owe 'Feather' a handsome apology for believing rotten things about him."

A SOFT laugh came from Featherstone.

"Am I forgiven, Miss Latham?" he asked, his grave eyes on her.

"It's about fifty-fifty, isn't it?" asked Valeria softly. "After reading those improving books I lent you, perhaps you will mend your ways."

"They've been a godsend," laughed Featherstone. "My pillow was awfully low before I'd decided if I was sacked this morning to take them with me as a keepsake."

"By gad!" exclaimed Jimmy, dashing from the room. "I must cable the Guv'ner the deal's gone through."

But he didn't send the wire until midday; and then it read:

"Brazilians yours; Featherstone and Valeria engaged. Jimmy."

They were married two months later, and Mr. and Mrs. Latham regard their son-in-law as the most capable man they know; which in itself is rather an astonishing state of things.

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Almost Always Due to Weak and Impoverished Blood.

Apart from accident or illness due to infection, almost all ill-health arises from one or two reasons. The mistake that people make is in not realizing that both of these have the same cause at the root, namely, poor blood. Either bloodlessness or some other trouble of the nerves will be found to be the reason for almost every ailment. If you are pale, suffering from headaches, or breathlessness, with palpitation of the heart, poor appetite and weak digestion, the cause is almost always poor blood. If you have nervous headaches, neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve pains, the cause is exhausted nerves. But run down nerves are also a result of poor blood, so that the two chief causes of illness are one and the same.

If your health is poor; if you are pale, nervous or dyspeptic you should give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills act directly on the blood, and by enriching it give new strength to worn out nerves. Men and women alike greatly benefit through the use of this medicine. If you are weak or ailing give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and you will be pleased with the beneficial results that will speedily follow.

If your dealer does not keep these pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CUTTING the CORNERS

Ty Cobb Speaks Modestly of Himself—His Famous Impromptu Plays Were the Result of Long Preparation—How He Undermined the Morale of the Opposition.

By J. V. McAREE.

"WHAT Baseball Has Taught Ty Cobb", in Collier's Magazine proves, on examination to be a summary of what Ty Cobb has taught baseball, and that is perhaps more than it has been taught by any other player. It cannot be said that the article is exactly a revelation, for Cobb's performances are pretty generally known, since he is acknowledged to be the greatest player of what American writers are fond of describing as "all time," meaning that he is the greatest player hitherto. It is perhaps not so generally known that Cobb has reached his present eminence and has been a big league star in face of a physical handicap that might have sent many other players of his same mechanical equipment to the bushes. Cobb has a weak throwing arm. Needless to say it is his only weakness but it is enough, had Cobb not possessed the keenest brain that has been devoted to the playing end of baseball to have prevented him from becoming famous. He is fast but he never was the fastest man in the major leagues and for three or four years past there have been a dozen men who could outspeed him down to first base, or tear in faster for a short fly.

WHAT made Cobb supreme were his brains, plus his ambition. He has always had the ambition to do whatever he is doing just as well as it can be done, and that means better than ninety-nine people out of a hundred will take the trouble of doing it. When he came into baseball the game was thoroughly standardized. Hundreds of men had become famous in it at different times. There had been terrific batters, scientific hitters who could lay down a batted ball almost as precisely as though it were a billiard ball and they were using a cue instead of a bat; great base runners, tricky players, notorious base stealers. It did not seem a promising field for the introduction of new ideas, and yet Cobb set himself deliberately to devise means of reducing to the commonplace plays that had rarely been attempted, We cannot say that he revolutionized the game. We doubt if he ever made plays that previously had not been made. Nevertheless he introduced an element into the game that was lacking, and that never will be lacking again as long as there are ambitious players with Cobb's example before them. To describe that element in a single word would take too long, so we describe it in several words, and remark that what Cobb put into the game was a mental and moral strain upon every member of the opposing club. He was not a mere goat-getter. There were many of those before him. He employed psychological methods to undermine the morale of the opposition, and they proved fatal on many occasions.

TY COBB himself uses the phrase "establishing a threat." He began to build up a play for a critical situation long before that situation arose. Some of the dazzling unprecedented plays which he is supposed to have improvised on the spur of the moment were really thought out long in advance and developed in forgotten games. He took the opportunity to establish the threat in games in which the Detroit Club had a safe lead and where it did not matter greatly if he should be caught out on a play. For example, he noted that a fast man on a single to the outfield, if he rounded first base at good speed, went half way to second before the ball was thrown there ahead of him. Then he returned to first base safely ahead of the ball. He thought it might be possible to reach second on the single if only one of the opposing players would be so obliging as to make a bobble, and he calculated that he had six chances to favor him:

1—The fielder might fumble the ball as it took a bad bound.

2—It might slip from his hand.

3—He might make a perfect throw but the ball might take a bad bound.

4—He might make a bad throw.

5—The second baseman might drop his perfect throw.

6—The second baseman might make a perfect catch but the runner still evade him.

WELL, in a game that didn't mean anything in particular Cobb would continue to second on his single to the outfield. He might be thrown out or one of the six chances might favor him. In either event, when in a succeeding game the situation arose, all the outfielders would be looking for him once more to try the desperate chance. Everyone of them would be rather tenser than ever, more eager, and this is a frame of mind that multiplies the chances of an error, and as often as not Cobb would stretch his hit into a double at a critical moment. He would then be in a position to score on another single. Many a ball game he won by having thus established the threat in the minds of the other players. Once he was on the bases all were more or less nervous. They did not know what he would try next. Attention was focussed upon him. The pitcher was thinking more of him than of the man he was pitching to, or the other base runners. A general situation had therefore been created highly favorable to the Detroit team. Ty says that there never was much truth in the oft-heard remark about him running wild on the bases. He did not run wild. He just ran intelligently, bearing in mind the probable mental state of the opposition which he had been at pains to create in previous games.

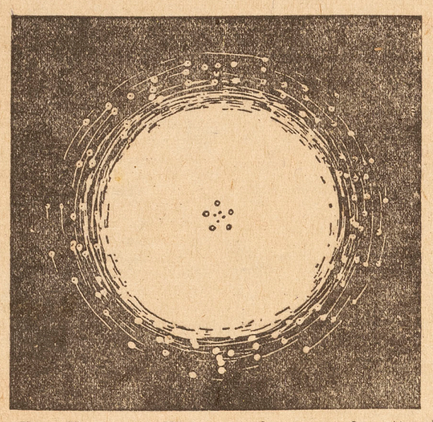
COBB told the interviewer that he could always get a man from first to second if he happened to be on third and with practically no risk. The man on first would start for second and the catcher would throw the ball to second. But Cobb, as soon as the ball passed the pitcher would dart for home, and the second baseman, instead of paying any attention to the man coming from first would throw to the plate to cut off the run. As soon as the ball was thrown Cobb would dart back to third and be safe, because he had never intended to make the dash for home while the other base stealer would also be safe. Because the opposition knew that it never was safe to take a chance with Cobb, the second baseman would make the play for the plate, knowing that the base stealer would be safe. His play for the plate would be the correct one with Cobb but maybe not with most other players. The play is not much used now, for with the lively ball there is no longer the importance placed upon a runner advancing a base. At any moment a batting fusilade is likely to start and a couple of runs, laboriously compiled by forcing runners ahead base at a time, are wiped out. In this respect the game has changed and for the worse.

TY COBB says the greatest pitcher he ever saw was Eddie Plank, formerly of the Athletics, He had speed, change of pace, curves and above all, brains. Moreover he had the knack of shooting the ball to the plate from three or four positions. After he lost his fast ball he remained for years in the big leagues because he had developed a slow ball that was a money earner, and the last game he pitched he won or lost by the score of 1-0. The particular pitcher Ty found the hardest was Carl Weilman, who used to be with St. Louis. He did not put much on the ball, but that little was enough to keep the grasping Tyrus from getting hold of it. For a long time Doc White, the Chicago left hander had Cobb's number. Ty could not his his drop ball. Then he tried the expedient of standing a couple of feet behind the plate, and as White had still to pitch to the plate and not to the batter, Cobb found that he could see the drop and connect with it. Thereafter White did not strike him out. Cobb says that the greatest ball team he ever knew was the Athletics of twelve or fourteen years ago. It was the smartness of this team that drove the other clubs in the league to combination signals. The Athletics would make a man at bat force the opposing pitcher to waste a few balls, and in two minutes would have collected the battery signals.

The OUTLINE of SCIENCE

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

"Pinch of Salt" Projects Electrons at Speed Sufficient to Carry Them Five Times Around Earth in a Second



The Theory of Electrons—An atom of matter is composed of electrons. We picture an atom as a sort of miniature solar system, the electrons (particles of negative electricity rotating round a central nucleus of positive electricity, as described in the text). In the above pictorial representation of an atom, the whirling electrons are indicated in the outer ring. Electrons move with incredible speed as they pass from one atom to another.

WHAT the discovery of radium implied was only gradually realized. Radium captivated the imagination of the world; it was a boon to medicine, but to the man of science it was at first a most puzzling and most attractive phenomenon. It was felt that some great secret of nature was dimly unveiled in its wonderful manifestations, and there now concentrated upon it as gifted a body of men—conspicuous amongst them Sir J. J. Thomson, Sir Ernest Rutherford, Sir W. Ramsay, and Prof. Soddy—as any age could boast, with an apparatus of research as for beyond that of any other age as the Aquitania is beyond a Roman galley. Within five years the secret was fairly mastered. Not only were all kinds of matter reduced to a common basis, but the forces of the universe were brought into a unity and understood as they never had been understood before.

The Discovery of the Electron.

PHYSICISTS did not take long to discover that the radiation from radium was very like the radiation in a "Crookes tube." It was quickly recognized, moreover, that both in the tube and in radium (and other metals) the atoms of matter were somehow breaking down.

However, the first step was to recognize that there were three distinct and different rays that were given off by such metals as radium and uranium. Sir Ernest Rutherford christened them, after the first three letters of the Greek alphabet, the Alpha, the Beta, and Gamma rays. We are concerned chiefly with the second group and purpose here to deal with that group only. (1)

The "Beta rays," as they were at first called, have proved to be one of the most interesting discoveries that science ever made. They proved what Crookes had surmised about the radiations he discovered in his vacuum tube. But it was not a fourth state of matter that had been found, but a new property of matter, a property common to all atoms of matter. The Beta rays were later christened electrons. They are particles of disembodied electricity, here spontaneously liberated from the atoms of matter; only when the electron was isolated from the atom was it recognized for the first time as a separate entity. Electrons, therefore, are a constituent of the atoms of matter, and we have discovered that they can be released from the atom by a variety of agencies. Electrons are to be found everywhere, forming part of every atom.

"An electron," Sir William Bragg says, "can only maintain a separate existence if it is traveling at an immense rate, from one three-hundredth of the velocity of light upwards, that is to say, at least 600 miles a second, or thereabouts. Otherwise the electron sticks to the first atom it meets." These amazing particles may travel with the enormous velocity of from 10,000 to more than 100,000 miles a second. It was first learned that they are of an electrical nature, because they are bent out of their normal path if a magnet is brought near them. And this fact led to a further discovery: to one of those sensational estimates which the general public is apt to believe to be founded on the most abstruse speculations. The physicist set up a little chemical screen for the "Beta rays" to hit, and he so arranged his tube that only a narrow sheaf of the rays poured on to the screen. He then drew this sheaf of rays out of his course with a magnet, and he accurately measured the shift of the luminous spot on the screen where the rays impinged on it. But when he knows the exact intensity of his magnetic field which he can control as he likes—and the amount of deviation it causes, and the mass of the moving particles, he can tell the speed of the moving particles which he thus diverts. These particles were being hurled out of the atoms of radium, or from the negative pole in a vacuum tube, at a speed which, in good conditions, reached nearly the velocity of light, i.e., nearly 186,000 miles a second.

Their speed has, of course, been confirmed by numbers of experiments; and another series of experiments enabled physicists to determine the size of the particles. Only one of these need be described, to give the reader an idea how men of science arrived at their more startling results.

Fog, as most people know, is thick in our great cities because the water vapor gathers on the particles of dust and smoke that are in the atmosphere. This fact was used as the basis of some beautiful experiments. Artificial fogs were created in little glass tubes, by introducing dust, in various proportions, for supersaturated vapor to gather on. In the end it was possible to cause tiny drops of rain, each with a particle of dust at its core, to fall upon a silver mirror and be counted. It was a method of counting the quite invisible particles of dust in the tube; and the method was now successfully applied to the new rays. Yet another method was to direct a slender stream of the particles upon a chemical screen. The screen glowed under the cannonade of particles, and a powerful lens resolved the glow into distinct sparks, which could be counted.

In short, a series of the most remarkable and beautiful experiments, checked in all the great laboratories of the world, settled the nature of these so-called rays. They were streams of particles more than a thousand times smaller than the smallest known atom. The mass of each particle is, according to the latest and finest measurements 1-1,845 of that of an atom of hydrogen. The physicist has not been able to find any character except electricity in them, and the name electrons has been generally adopted.

The Key to Many Mysteries.

THE electron is an atom of disembodied electricity; it occupies an exceedingly small volume, and its mass is entirely electrical. These electrons are the key to half the mysteries of matter. Electrons in rapid motion, as we shall see, explain what we mean by an electric current, not so long ago regarded as one of the most mysterious manifestations in nature.

"What a wonder, then, have we here!" says Prof. R. K. Duncan. "An innocent looking little pinch of salt and yet possessed of special properties utterly beyond even the fanciful imaginings of men of past time; for nowhere do we find in the records of thought even the hint of the possibility of things which we now regard as established fact. The pinch of salt projects from its surface bodies (i. e., electrons) possessing the inconceivable velocity of over 100,000 miles a second, a velocity sufficient to carry them, if unimpeded, five times around the earth in a second, and possessing with this velocity masses a thousand times smaller than the smallest atom known to

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ELECTRON AND HOW IT EFFECTED A REVOLUTION IN IDEAS



Electrons Produced by Passage of X-rays Through Air—A photograph clearly showing that electrons are definite entities. As electrons leave atoms they may traverse matter or pass through the air in a straight path. The illustration shows the tortuous path of electrons resulting from collision with atoms.
(From the Smithsonian Report, 1915.)

science. Furthermore, they are charged with negative electricity; they pass straight through bodies considered opaque with a sublime indifference to the properties of the body, with the exception of its mere density; they cause bodies which they strike to hine out in the dark; they affect a photographic plate; they render the air a conductor of electricity; they cause clouds in moist air; they cause chemical action and have a peculiar physiological action. Who, to-day, shall predict the ultimate service to humanity of the Beta rays from Radium!"

The Electron Theory or the New View of Matter.

THERE is general agreement amongst all chemists, physicists, and mathematicians upon the conclusions which we have so far given. We know that the atoms of matter are constantly—either spontaneously or under stimulation—giving off electrons, or breaking up into electrons; and they therefore contain electrons. Thus we have now complete proof of the independent existence of atoms and also of electrons.

When, however, the man of science tries to tell us how electrons compose atoms, he passes from facts to speculation, and difficult speculation. Take the letter "o" as it is printed on this page. In a little bubble of hydrogen gas no larger than that letter there are trillions of atoms; and they are not packed together, but are circulating as freely as dancers in a ballroom. We are asking the physicist to take one of these minute atoms and tell us how the still smaller electrons are arranged in it. Naturally he can only make mental pictures, guesses or hypotheses, which he tries to fit to the facts, and discards when they will not fit.

At present, after nearly twenty years of critical discussion, there are two chief theories of the structure of the atom. At first Sir J. J. Thomson imagined the electrons circulating in shells (like the layers of an onion) round the nucleus of the atom. This did not suit, and Sir E. Rutherford and others worked out a theory that the electrons circulated around a nucleus rather like the planets of our solar system revolving round the central sun. Is there a nucleus, then, round which the electrons revolve? The electron, as we saw, is a disembodied atom of electricity; we should say of negative electricity. Let us picture these electrons all moving round in orbits with great velocity. Now it is suggested that there is a nucleus of positive electricity attracting or pulling the revolving electrons to it, and so forming an equilibrium, otherwise the electrons would fly off in all directions. This nucleus has been recently named the proton. We have thus two electricities in the atom; the positive—the nucleus; the negative—the electron. Of recent years Dr. Langmuir has put out a theory that the electrons do not revolve round the nucleus, but remain in a state of violent agitation of some sort of fixed distances from the nucleus.

But we will confine ourselves here to the facts, and leave the contending theories to scientific men. It is now pretty generally accepted that an atom of matter consists of a number of electrons, or charges of negative electricity, held together by a charge of positive electricity. It is not disputed that these electrons are in a state of violent motion or strain, and that therefore a vast energy is locked up in the atoms of matter. To that we will return later. Here, rather, we will notice another remarkable discovery which helps us to understand the nature of matter.

A brilliant young man of science who was killed in the war, Mr. Moseley, some years ago showed that when the atoms of different substances are arranged in order of their weight they are also arranged in the order of increasing complexity of structure. That is to say, the heavier the atom, the more electrons it contains. There is a gradual building up of atoms containing more and more electrons from the lightest atom to the heaviest. Here it is enough to say that as he took element after element, from the lightest (hydrogen) to the heaviest (uranium) he found a strangely regular relation between them. If hydrogen were represented by the figure one, helium by two, lithium three, and so on up to uranium, then uranium should have the figure ninety-two. This makes it probable that there are in nature ninety-two elements — we have found eighty-seven—and that the number Mr. Moseley found is the number of electrons in the atom of each element; that is to say, the number is arranged in order of the atomic numbers of the various elements.

The New View of Matter.

UP to the point we have reached, then, we see what the new view of matter is. Every atom of matter, of whatever kind throughout the whole universe, is built up of electrons in conjunction with a nucleus. From the smallest atom of all—the atom of hydrogen—which consists of one electron, rotating round a positively charged nucleus, to a heavy complicated atom, such as the atom of gold, constituted of many electrons and a complex nucleus, we have only to do with positive and negative units of electricity. The electron and its nucleus are particles of electricity. All matter, therefore, is nothing but a manifestation of electricity. The atoms of matter, as we saw, combine and form molecules. Atoms and molecules are the bricks out of which nature has built up everything; ourselves, the earth, the stars, the whole universe.

But more than bricks are required to build a house. There are other fundamental existences, such as the various forms of energy, which give rise to several complex problems. And we have also to remember that there are more than eighty distinct elements; each with its own definite type of atom. We shall deal with energy later. Meanwhile it remains to be said, that although we have discovered a great deal about the electron and the constitution of matter, and that while the physicists of our own day seem to see a possibility of explaining positive and negative electricity, the nature of them both is unknown. There exists the theory that the particles of positive and negative electricity, which make up the atoms of matter, are points or centres of disturbances of some kind in a universal ether, and that all the various forms of energy are, in some fundamental way, aspects of the same primary entity which constitutes matter itself.

But the discovery of the property of radio-activity has raised many other interesting questions, besides that which we have just dealt with. In radio-active elements, such as uranium for example, the element is breaking down; in what we call radio-activity we have a manifestation of the spontaneous change of elements. What is really taking place is a transmutation of one element into another, from a heavier to a lighter. The element uranium spontaneously becomes radium, and radium passes through a number of other stages until it, in turn, becomes lead. Each descending element is of lighter atomic weight than its predecessor. The changing process, of course, is a slow one. It may be that all matter is radio-active, or can be made so. This raises the question whether all the matter in the universe may not undergo disintegration.

Another Side of Question.

THERE is, however, another side of the question, which the discovery of radio-activity has brought to light, and which has effected a revolution in our views. We have seen that in radio-active substances the elements are breaking down. Is there a process of building up at work? If the more complicated atoms are breaking down into simpler forms, may there not be a converse process—a building up from simpler elements to more complicated elements? It is probably the case that both processes are at work.

There are some eighty-odd chemical elements on the earth to-day; are they all the outcome of an inorganic evolution, element giving rise to element, going back and back to some primeval stuff from which they were all originally derived infinitely long ago? Is there an evolution in the inorganic world which may be going on, parallel to that of the evolution of living things; or is organic evolution a continuation of inorganic evolution? We have seen what evidence there is of this organic evolution in the case of the stars. We cannot go deeply into the matter here, nor has the time come for any direct statement that can be based on the findings of modern investigation. Taking it altogether, the evidence is steadily accumulating, and there are authorities who maintain that already the evidence of inorganic evolution is convincing enough. The heavier atoms would appear to behave as though they were evolved from the lighter. The more complex forms, it is supposed, have evolved from the simpler forms. Mosley's discovery, to which reference has been made, points to the conclusion that the elements are built up one from another.

(1) The "Alpha rays" were presently recognized as atoms of helium gas, shot out at the rate of 12,000 miles a second.

The "Gamma rays" are waves, like the X-rays, not material particles. They appear to be a type of X-rays. They possess the remarkable power of penetrating opaque substances; they will pass through a foot of solid iron, for example.

[Copyright: 1922.]

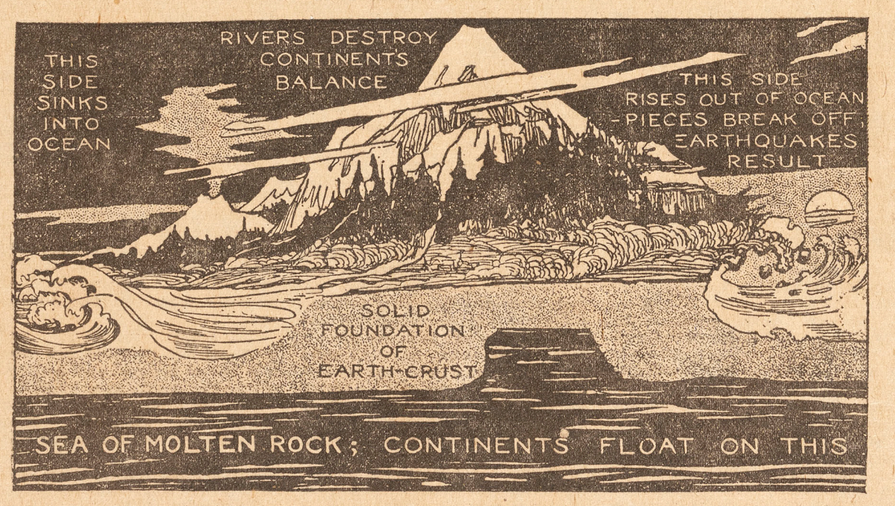
(Another instalment of "The Outline of Science" will be published next Sunday.]

Wonderful Experiments Conducted By Means of Artificial Fogs Created With Dust In Tiny Glass Tubes



The Relative Sizes of Atoms and Electrons—An atom is far too small to be seen. In a bubble of hydrogen gas no larger than the letter O, there are billions of atoms, whilst an electron is more than a thousand times smaller than the smallest atom. How their size is ascertained is described in the text. In this diagram a bubble of gas is magnified to the size of the world. Adopting this scale, each atom in the bubble would then be as large as a tennis ball.

Is American Continent Tipping Into the Ocean?



OUR continents are floating in a vast area of glowing melted rock, like icebergs in an ocean of pitch or molasses. They are balanced very delicately. If anything disturbs this balance, they will tip over; seacoasts will submerge or will rise and break off the mainland, amid furious tempests, earthquakes, cataclysms.

This is the startling scientific theory advocated by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., who explains it as follows in a recent issue of the Scientific American:

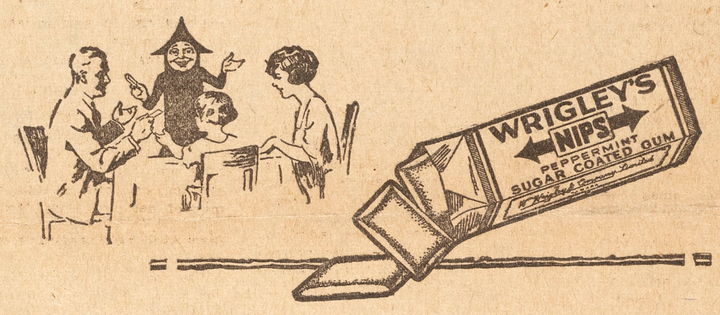
The modern view of the crust of the earth is that at a certain considerable depth there is a vast accumulation of semi-plastic material, solid and unyielding for all ordinary purposes, but yielding slowly like a fluid to very long continued forces. In this magma the continents are believed to be floating—floating as it were like icebergs in a sea of pitch—solid and stable enough to all appearance, and yet liable to slow and regular movements, of a kind which would be experienced quickly by any ordinary floating body. Some parts might rise, opposite parts might sink; and this sort of slow disturbance is known to be going on. Even in England some parts of the coast are rising, so that the sea is retreating in other parts of the coast the sea is enroaching, or the land is sinking. But the operation is much more striking on a large continent like America.

Take South America for instance. It is floating in equilibrium; with a high range of mountains, the Andes, on the west, and the great river plains of Brazil and Argentina on the east, and if left to itself would be in equilibrium; but the rivers keep on carrying down material from the mountains to the sea, and hence, though very slowly, are gradually disturbing its balance, like a load shifted from one side of a boat to the other. Consequently it is to be expected that the east side is gradually sinking, and the west side gradually rising—a slow and very slight rotation of the whole continent.

BUT what is the result? It is evident that a great strain must be put upon the solid materials of the continent, especially at the edges. The tilting of a mass like that must be accompanied by sudden fractures and slips. The solid portion will be strained until it gives way and falls suddenly back. Such breakage is most likely to occur where the ground is being forced up. Parts of it will cling on until they can cling no longer and then fall with a smash, and very likely a splash, since the breakage may easily occur under the sea at some little distance from the coast. Hence it is that the coast near a range of mountains is more likely to be an earthquake region than any portion of a great plain; though of course small slips may occur anywhere, with less frequency.

Still more extraordinary consequences have been suggested of late as probably resulting from this flotation theory, which is associated with the name of Prof. Wegener, and is called sometimes the Wegener hypothesis. Some of its recent devolopments are due to Prof. John Joly, F. R. S., of Dublin. The moon is known to have been broken or squeezed off from the earth in long past prehistoric ages; and the scar left by its separation is now the mere residuum of a depression called the Pacific Ocean. There was no liquid water or reasonable atmosphere in those very early days; and the earth had no semblance then of what it is now. It was long before the formations which are studied in geology. It must have occured thousands of millions of years ago. But long after it happened this scar would be deep, and all the water would accumulate there when water could make its appearance. The great bulge of land would be in the opposite hemisphere, high and dry.

But this state of things would not last forever. There would be a tendency for solid matter to fall and move, so as to fill up the cavity. Moreover, a great floating mass of land might break up, and a part of it drift away from the rest. The shape of America looks as if it had once fitted on to Africa and Europe; the idea is that it once formed part of that great continent.



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ELAINE at the GATES

By W. B. Maxwell

THE STORY THUS FAR.

ELAINE FLETCHER is the central figure in the story. At ten she is left an orphan by the death of her father. A distant relative takes her into her home, the beautiful Nun's House at Tudor Green, and there Elaine grows into beautiful young womanhood amidst comfort, luxury and love. At 24 she seems to be a self-possessed, rather hard and cynical young person, but in reality she is full of a diffidence that is as great as her pride: full of longings for high ideals and of yearning compassions. Ever since she can remember she has been in love with

ARNOLD THORNE. He is the last of an old and important family of Tudor Green. For a year after the war young Thorne seemed to have degenerated from the promising boy who entered the fight with enthusiasm, and Elaine has heard many dark rumors and bits of gossip about him, but she has never lost her faith in him. He tells Elaine he loves her and asks her to become his wife.

MRS. CASTLETON, Elaine's guardian, has one other interest in life beside her love for Elaine, and that is her devotion to

THE REV. MARK AWDREY, rector of the fashionable church of All Saints' at Tudor Green, and for whom Elaine feels a personal aversion. He is a constant visitor at the Nun's House, and when he suddenly announces to Elaine and Mrs. Castleton that he is leaving Tudor Green on a mission to the Argentine Republic, Mrs. Castleton is overcome with grief at the prospect of the separation. Elaine warns her guardian that her evident affection for the rector has been a subject of gossip throughout the suburb. Mrs. Castleton asks Elaine to accompany her to Southampton to see Mark Awdrey embark. Against her will Elaine goes with her aunt. On the way back Mrs. Castleton becomes ill, and dies the next day. Elaine is overcome with grief at her loss. Mr. Evans, Mrs. Castleton's solicitor, tells Elaine that because of a faulty will she will not inherit her aunt's property, and also informs her that Mrs. Castleton had married Mark Awdrey the day before he sailed. Elaine goes to live with her uncle and aunt.

MR. AND MRS. MARSH, who also live at Tudor Green. They are Elaine's only other relatives. After the first shock of Mrs. Castleton's death wears off Elaine longs to see Arnold. But she learns that he has left Tudor Green. His apparent neglect, which she attributes to her change of fortune, makes her very unhappy. A few days later, however, Arnold, happy in the prospect of a good position, returns and renews his proposal of marriage. Elaine joyfully agrees to share his comparatively modest income. That night Arnold receives an urgent message to call upon

PEARL ESDAILE, with whom he had carried on a flirtation. Pearl and Arnold had been members of a week-end party a few weeks before, and when Arnold goes to see Pearl she tells him that he is the father of a child that is to be born to her. Arnold tells Pearl that they'll be married immediately. He writes to Elaine, breaking their engagement. Elaine, heart-broken, begs him to come back to her, but he bids her good-bye and prepares for his marriage to Pearl Esdaile. Elaine guesses the reason for his desertion of her.

INSTALMENT IX.

The Last Turn.

THE approaching marriage was immediately announced. The Morning Post published the news with the usual set terms, and there was "a nice, long bit about it" in the local newspaper. "The wedding will take place at an early date, and doubtless will be a very gay and select affair."

Tudor Green, a little amused but vastly interested, was talking of nothing else. "Have you heard? But of course, you have . . . So Arnold Thorne has struck his flag at last. . . . Fancy! Pearl Esdaile . . . . . I knew she tried for him, but I thought she had given up all hope . . . I wonder how she got him in the end?"

That was the question Elaine still asked herself day after day—all day long and all night, too. How? Not openly, in fair battle; not by prescriptive right, as they now pretended, nor yet in a swift, dazzling success that rendered all previous claims ludicrously insufficient to check her victory. She, Elaine, had got him; this other one had taken him away from her! How? By what tricks, by what subtle arts, what magic of seduction, had she lured him from his old allegiance—she, who had seemed so cheap and common, just a tawdry doll, without intelligence or soul? How, then? The thing remained a mystery to Elaine's throbbing brain and burning thoughts.

A physical domination? No; Arnold was not like that. But from all time men have been captivated by some kind of pretty face, be it ever so vulgar. They marry silly, brainless chorus girls or actresses. The glamour of the illuminated stage, the confusion of what is real and unreal, exercises a spell over them. Perhaps, met with anywhere, a girl of that particular type, who is not yet on the public stage, although nature has intended that she should shine in limelight, can achieve similar results. Once captivated men fail in judgment; they no longer hear the cockney accent or mark the wealth of other evidence that proves ill breeding. No, it wouldn't do. Arnold was not like that, either. She rejected all surmises.

SHE cried a little. Any comfort that she felt now came with tears—and it was more and more difficult to shed them. Often she could not cry.

She thought, wearily, why go on wondering, groping in the void of interrogations? The fact was the fact. If Arnold was marrying Pearl why not accept as another fact that he loved her, esteemed and valued her. Ah, but there was the supreme humiliation, the sharply gnawing cancer of wounded pride, beneath the diffused anguish of loss and loneliness. Elaine recoiled from acceptance. Body and brain repeated this, too, and the mystery remained. She could not but reject it. Instinct and reason, alike, declared that if once he had valued her, Elaine, he could not really value a Pearl Esdaile.

To-day since dawn there had been dark, cold, driving skies, with incessant rain, and now as the miserable dusk absorbed St. Luke's Road it seemed that the whole suburb was sinking, was being blotted out of existence in fog and mud and running water.

She was alone, sitting on the bed in her room, losing herself in the gathered darkness, staring at the lace framed text on the wall and the handles of the chest of drawers as they slowly faded. Just now she had seen her face in the looking glass on the toilet table—it was earth-colored, drawn, pitiful, the face of an old woman.

She felt too tired to think, too sore to grieve. And then suddenly in this state of blank, despairing weariness, there flashed into her vacant mind the only possible explanation—the true explanation. The mystery ceased to be mysterious. She had guessed, she knew.

ARNOLD was marrying this girl as the mother of his unborn child, thought Elaine. That was how and why her rival had taken him from her. All fell into its place; all, all was clear—the abrupt and brutal decision, the hastily proclaimed marriage engagement, his own illogical assurances of continued, of unchanged regard. As Elaine thought of it—with as complete a certainty of the truth as if both of them had confessed to her—she felt a pang of agony, a wrench of such diabolical torture that it seemed as if everything she had suffered till this moment had been a mere discomfort, not pain at all. It was worse than jealousy, more bitter than defeat. It was like a death that will never bring either oblivion or repose.

He still loved her, Elaine! "I am obliged . . . I have no choice . . . No, I must not say that." The sound of his voice was in her ears. He was here with her now, holding her hands, kissing her lips. He was gone again.

Stumblingly, she moved about the darkened room, not aware that it was dark, not thinking that it had a provision of artificial light to be used if needed, as she opened drawers and clutched at a curtained shelf. Automatically, without the slightest knowledge of what she was doing, she put on a hat and jacket. In a minute she was outside the house, with the rain beating on her face.

She walked fast, and presently at the top of St. Luke's Road she began to run. Some consciousness of the external world was with her then, for she knew that she ran because she was passing the Esdaile's house, because she wished to get away from it; but she did not know that she had bumped against a tradesman's boy, that she and he had nearly fallen on the streaming pavement, that a man by a lamppost, a policeman in glistening tarpaulin cape, had called to her loudly; and there mingled in her mental impression of that hated house, of the drawn blinds and the lamp light that shot beneath the blinds, of tumultuous music or singing, a strange illusion.

As she hurried on and left the house behind her she seemed to have had a vision of Pearl Esdaile, inside the house, standing and looking at her, not Pearl victorious, with bright yellow hair, insolent eyes, and large painted mouth; and now, still farther away from the house, Pearl was triumphantly laughing, mocking with voice and gesture. Pearl had overtaken her; Pearl laughed at seeing her strength exhausted, at seeing her forced to stop running and walk; Pearl talked to her.

"No subtle arts, Elaine. O, you poor simpleton, to think so. My trick, if you must call it a trick, is as old as the Garden of Eden, and you need not be surprised at my bringing it off again. It is done not by simulated reticences, but by elemental savage boldness, not by holding back, but by granting. There is no more magic or charm in it than can be attained by any girl on earth who will dare while the rest hesitate."

With head down, and one hand against her side, Elaine hurried on into the Chase. It was deserted by all human beings in the deer hiding themselves crouched in circles, while their haunches pressed tight to the trunks of trees, dismally clattering their antlers as the moisture penetrated to the ground beneath them; all its open space was like the sea; its thickets and its woods were like the grave. She plunged into its black depths.

With as little fixed idea, with perhaps less sense of direction, than if she had been one of those incurably insane patients escaping from the military hospital on the hill, she made her furious way; and yet, guided by some obscure instinct, she was unerringly following the paths beneath the trees that led to the distant cottage and the Common. She knew only that she must keep moving, and that she must move fast, that her brain was being flogged with flaming rods, that a pitiless force was driving her. Scrambling, slipping, now waving her arms above her head, now wounding her hands as she tried to guard her eyes, she struggled across the Common itself; always following the same line, always instinctively pursuing those two ghosts of lovers who had passed this way in the warm, bright sunshine.

SHE emerged upon a high road. A motor car screeched, surrounded her with a blaze of light, nearly knocked her down and killed her. But she had crossed the road. She was hurrying to those paths in the private park. At last she was near the river; wandering without inward impulse now, clambering over stiles, wading through ditches, moving to and fro in a meadow.

She stood still. It was as if everything inside her, everything outside her, the whole world, had unexpectedly ceased all activity. A quick revival of thought had come to her; then this—this sudden blankness, emptiness, cessation of that necessity for movement—and she had thought, "It is as if I asked Uncle William the time by the cuckoo clock, and he said, 'It is not going. It won't work; it is destroyed. So there is no time.' O, what's the matter?" She stood quite still, with no purpose of any sort in her mind, except a faint effort to listen—to try to listen. The rain borne on fresh gusts of wind swept the river and sent waves to break upon the tow-path; but she could hear nothing, until, as swiftly as it had gone, the power of thought returned to her. "Why am I here?" she asked herself. Then she remembered.

She was here because this was the meadow where she and Arnold had sat together in the pleasant shade of this tree, looking out at the golden, dancing sunshine, while they laughed and played with a straw hat.

She dropped face downwards, at full length, in the rank, wet grass. She



She sat as one sits in ordinary houses, not in God's house.

writhed and howled, tearing at the sodden ground with her hands, and the wind carried away her cries, drowning her voice, sweeping it from her like a dead thing swept away by the river in storm and darkness.

"Cheated—cheated. . . . Stolen from me. . . . He loves me—not you."

She lay there, clutching, writhing—a victim placed upon the rack of thought to receive the last turn of the screws, to be broken, done with. Pearl had got him. His life—he, himself—was living again in her. She had got him—with all the dead men his ancestors from the beginning of time, his children and his grand-children, his very race—hundreds of men to be made in his likeness, one after another; she had got him, not only now, but in the limitless past and in the limitless future. He was so much her own that every breath she breathed was a part of him.

BY about eleven o'clock that night the rain had ceased and the wind was dropping. The front door in St. Luke's Road stood wide open, with Mr. and Mrs. Marsh on the threshold, and the gast-lit hall behind them, as Elaine dragged herself up the steps. She came in, sank on the chair beside the umbrella stand, shivered, and when the gas light disclosed her condition Mrs. Marsh gave a scream. Her garments seemed to be in tatters, mere rags plastered round her chest and loins; she looked as if she had been pulled out of the river and then trailed along its muddy banks; there was black slime on her forehead; one side of her face had mud all over it, and the other cheek, washed clean by the last of the rain, showed a streak of bright red blood where the brambles on the common had torn it many hours ago. She was dreadful to see, as she sat there shivering, and her aunt continued to emit little screams.

"I have only been for a walk." She repeated this several times, staring at them out of that terrifying mask with feverishly bright eyes.

"O, you must have a bath," said Mrs. Marsh, after her final scream. "And it is Elizabeth's evening out. O, dear! Elizabeth is not back. She has gone to the police concert—she asked permission to be late. It is always so. There is no fire. The water in the pipes will be stone cold. William help me."

"Yes, I will light the fire."

"No, don't trouble," said Elaine, and her teeth began to chatter.

"Yes, yes. Go and change your wet things, dear Elaine. Get her to bed, Gertrude."

"Yes, I should like to go to bed," said Elaine, staring at them now as if she did not quite remember who they were. "I am tired. I have been for a long walk."

Dr. McGrigor was there about an hour later, and he came to the house again early next morning.

"Is she seriously ill?" asked Mr. Marsh.

"O, yes, very seriously, indeed."

"What do you apprehend? Rheumatic fever?"

"No, it is brain fever," said Dr. McGrigor; and he told them he would send in two nurses, one for the day and one for the night. They need not sleep in the house, since obviously that would be inconvenient. He said also that Elaine's hair must be cut off at once, close to the scalp, because he wanted to use an ice pack.

But at this Mrs. Marsh gave another of her little screams, saying after it, "O, no. That we cannot allow."

And, strangely, Mr. Marsh supported his wife's protests and objections, pleading to save the hair. "All that beautiful hair! A woman's glory, Dr. McGrigor. You know the quotation. Really we have always felt that it is our niece's principal adornment."

The doctor, however, was obdurate. He said she would lose it anyhow. It would all fall off.

"Then it must be as you wish," said Mr. Marsh. "Yes, excuse us, please. We have been foolish. But Elaine is dear to us."

The illness went on. Those two nurses were in charge and the house was kept quiet as possible. Mrs. Marsh, who was in the sickroom more than the nurses relished, always said, "Hush, please," as she came out of it, although nobody was making the slightest sound. She acted as housemaid up there, and would not allow Elizabeth to enter the room at all.

"Do you think she's better, ma'am?" the faithful old servant used to ask her.

"I cannot say, Elizabeth. I dare not say. We are in God's hands."

"She goes on talking, just the same to-day, ma'am."

"Yes, Elizabeth."

It was frightful to Elizabeth, silently doing her work; it made her tremble, the sound of that voice upstairs coming to her through the closed door.

ONE evening Dr. McGrigor told them he thought a crisis was approaching. He had gone away, but he would look in again soon.

They were in the dining room after their supper, and Mr. Marsh said all at once. "Gertrude, let us pray. No, don't go, Elizabeth." The servant was at the sideboard, putting the remains of the pathetically small meal on her big tray. "Stay with us, Elizabeth. When two or three are gathered together—two or three," and he sank upon his knees.

The others knelt also, Mrs. Marsh bending over the seat of a chair at the table, Elizabeth rigid by the sidebaord.

And the old man uttered his prayer. It was Calvinistic in its severely simple form. Unitarian in its straightforward method of address; of course, with no intercession to such kindly lesser powers as saints, totally ignoring any such emotional influences as that of the Virgin Mary, not even complicating the petition by any reference to the divine sacrifice and redemption. In a fervent but humble voice he appealed directly to the sole creator of the universe.

"O, Lord God, have mercy upon us. If it be compatible with thine omnipotent wisdom and eternal purposes to grant the life of this dear, csild, we humbly beg——" and so on. He pleaded but did not pester, and he wound up with the orthodox words of submission, "Thy will be done."

The other two said it after him.

"Thy will be done"; and then the three of them rose from their knees.

"That is all we can do," said Uncle William presently, when the servant had gone away with her tray. "We are in God's hands. . . Are you thinking of sitting up to-night?"

"Yes."

"Then I will watch with you"; and he took out his spectacles, and adjusted a reading shade round the globe of the nearest bracket.

During these days that other house at the top of St. Luke's Road, the house with the number ninety-one, was full of agreeable excitement.

Arnold Thorne was seen there but rarely, and each time he visited it he found another of his wishes had been ignored, a few more of his strongly expressed opinions flouted.

He had said they ought to get married at once and quietly, but Miss Pearl overruled him on this as on every other point. She would have none of his timid procedure.

"My dear lad," she said lightly and resolutely, "we are out to throw dust in people's eyes, aren't we? Well, doing it in a half and half style would be asking for trouble. It would just give the show away." Then she pouted and smiled. "And don't forget poor little me. Baby doesn't want a hole and corner affair; she wants to wear a pretty frock and show her big, gorgeous Arnoldo to as many people as she can crowd into St. Barnabas'. It'll be the day of my life, Arny. Remember that."

EXCEPT for this one allusion to the prime cause of the marriage she seemed to have shaken off all care.

The joyous, eventful day arrived, with pallid wintry sunshine to bring luck to the bride and a gentle breeze to spread the music of the church bells. From two o'clock in the afternoon cabs and carriages were going up St. Luke's road. High up there was a crowd of foot people.

The sunlight soon faded. Soon it grew dark. The pavement lamps were lit and the houses displayed lighted windows when the first of the hired cars came racing down the road. It contained the happy pair; it was carrying them to the railway station, with confetti on their garments and rice on the lady's hat. It swept past her dear old home, past the house of the Misses Berwick, past the house of Mrs. Wilson, past the house of Mr. Marsh.

At Mr. Marsh's there were darkened windows and behind one of them Elaine lay raving in her persistent delirium.

She recovered—perhaps because of her youth and naturally good constitution, perhaps only because she wanted to die.

It was a slow convalescence; but at last Dr. McGrigor said she was well—at any rate, he could do no more for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsh felt that the Creator of the Universe had given Elaine back to them—only they did not get back the same Elaine who was so dear to them before the danger from which she had been thus mercifully delivered. She was different, changed temporarily or forever. And the change was not merely physical. Her ravaged looks, her ruined charms, grieved them and saddened them; indeed, remembering what her outward aspect had been, of course, one could not without pain see that ugly cropped hair that seemed so black and coarse against the whiteness of her skin, or the great dark circles round her lustreless eyes, or the sunken cheeks and hollowed neck, or the loose, shapeless hanging of the garments about her once splendid body. But as to all this, time would certainly help. "Time, Gertrude dear—time, the healer." It was the internal, the deeper alteration that distressed them so much. Even if she had filled her clothes and flashed her eyes, even if her voice had sounded satisfactorily, there would still have been something dreadfully wrong with her.

When she murmured her words of gratitude—just such words as she might have employed in the past—they hurt one instead of warming one's heart. They were toneless; they seemed to have no real meaning in them. She was far too humble and meek in regard to her uncle and aunt and far too defiant in regard to others. She had wounded both of the Misses Berwick, her oldest and best friends and they paid no more visits to the house. Although her manner was so subdued, so unnaturally quiet, she met people's solicitous glances or kind inquiries with a disconcerting stare. She stared at people—"As if we might all go to the devil," said almost irrepressible Mrs. Wilson, who had paused for a little talk. Mr. Marsh himself noticed that stare at Mrs. Wilson and the effect produced upon her.

Moreover, in St. Luke's church he could not but observe that Elaine did not make any pretense of taking part in the devotional exercises. Being very weak still, she properly sat while the rest knelt. But sitting she stared; despite her weakness she sat too erect; she sat as one sits in ordinary houses, not in God's house. He struggled against the feeling that he ought to say something to her about it, but the sense of duty prevailed, and he spoke.

"You don't mind, dear Elaine, do you?" he said in conclusion of his tenderly affectionate little reproof.

"No. Thank you very much," said Elaine in her meek, low voice. "Thank you, Uncle William. You are so good to me—so very, very good." It was exactly what she used to say before her illness, making hem wrinkle his eyebrows then and rub his hands in pleasure; but now it was without tone, sounding empty, meaningless.

"It is the old story," he said to his wife. "Apathy. When she throws off her apathy all will be well with her—because hers is a noble nature. Gertrude, she has great courage. I have had opportunities of seeing it—opportunities of which you were deprived."

"That girl has got on my nerves," said Mrs. Wilson, chatting with a friend one afternoon in February. "I begin to hate the sight of her. Why doesn't she go away and leave the place for good?"

IN fact, Elaine was going away, leaving the place—for good or ill. Mr. Marsh, laboring at her own earnest request, had at last obtained for her a suitable employment. He had found that ideal situation of which he had spoken hopefully at the beginning. She was to go to a Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, who lived at Bexhill and take charge of their backward boy of seven—backward only in the least unpleasant manner, backward not from want of intelligence, but because delicacy and a lame leg had precluded him from regular study.

Two days before her departure she went with her uncle to see Mr. Evans at his offices in Lincoln's Inn. The fight about Aunt Edith's estate was over, or, rather, there had been no fight. But all that often explained law business had ended with what Mr. Evans considered to be a great success, in view of the now admitted fact that his side had never had a leg to stand on. In a letter to Mr. Marsh making the appointment he said that he had good news to convey.

He gave a little start as Elaine came into his comfortable room, and showed quite plainly the distressing impression that her deteriorated appearance had made upon his kindly feelings.

"Come and sit by the fire," he said, with a momentary and quite unusual nervousness; and he established her in an armchair near the cheerful blaze of the broad old fashioned grate. "You have had a cold journey—and, of course, after your illness we must continue to treat you for a little while as an interesting invalid"; and, recovering his self possession, he gave a friendly or paternal laugh as if to prove that he had not really noticed anything amiss.

Then Uncle William was made to start; for Elaine had laughed, too.

"O, I'm quite well again," said Elaine, sounding that short mirthless laugh. "You know I have always been as strong as several horses."

After that she neither smiled nor spoke for some time, while Mr. Evans and Mr. Marsh did the talking. She sat with her hands folded on her lap, looking white and humble, a person utterly crushed by sickness and misfortune.

Mr. Evans, as he told them both, had finished the business with a compromise. The other side was going to give Miss Fletcher three pounds a week for the rest of her life, and she was to accept this bounty and signify her renunciation of any further claim. A letter of acceptance had been prepared by the other side, and Mr. Evans had approved of the draft. Now here, in a few minutes, a representative of the other side would see Miss Fletcher sign the letter. And then—then nothing would remain to be done except for everybody concerned to congratulate everybody else.

Mr. Marsh at once agreed that this solution of the problem was most satisfactory. Seated by the table behind which Mr. Evans was sitting, he beamed across the dividing space of Turkey carpet at Elaine by the fire; and he and Mr. Evans continued talking about it. Three pounds a week was not a large income; on the other hand, it meant freedom, security; it provided at any rate for the necessities of life. Miss Fletcher was now safe! And Mr. Evans confessed, with a genuine kindliness, with really affectionate sympathy, that he passed through more than one sleepless night harassed by the thought that Miss Fletcher was not safe; and he felt sure that Mr. Marsh had suffered much the same nocturnal discomfort.

BUT to this Mr. Marsh did not agree. He said that for two reasons he had not been kept awake by it—and he indicated that his first reason had been his knowledge that there was a poor little house at Tudor Green where Elaine could always find at least shelter and food; and that his second reason—which he felt he ought to put in the prior place—was his confidence in the power that prevented the fall of sparrows, or, letting them fall, permitted the crash only because it was mysteriously but certainly for their own good.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Evans, assuming the serious expression that he took to church with Mrs. Evans on Sundays. "Still," and he grew gay again, "it is a good thing—well, to be secure. And I am sure, Miss Fletcher, that on reflection you yourself——"

Mr. Marsh answered for her. It was undoubtedly a grand and good thing.

But still Elaine said nothing at all, and her silence becoming irksome, Mr. Marsh was presently obliged to make a direct appeal for its conclusion.

"You are pleased, Elaine, aren't you, dear?"

"I am grateful," said Elaine humbly. "That is, I am grateful to Mr. Evans for all the trouble he has taken."

"O, as to that—please don't mention it," said Mr. Evans, visibly affected by the meekness, the pathetic humility of her tone and manner.

He and Mr. Marsh talked then of the weather, until the representative of the other side arrived and introductions were made.

"Mr. Atkinson—Miss Fletcher. Mr. Atkinson—Mr. Marsh. Mr. Marsh, you know, is Miss Fletcher's uncle."

"Capital," said Mr. Atkinson, cheerful and smiling; and he sat down and brought some papers out of his coat pocket. Never having seen her before, he felt no surprise as to the aspect of Miss Fletcher. She appeared to him altogether normal, if not symbolical; the poor relation with pallid cheeks and a rusty black dress who assumes an air of submissive martyrdom, but who means to get all she can out of you or your clients, and who will play them nasty tricks if you aren't careful.

"Perhaps Miss Fletcher will allow me to run through this with her—I mean, just to read it to her—and explain that any phrases that sound perhaps a little harsh are merely dull legal jargon—quite formal."

"O, quite formal," said Mr. Evans.

"Quite." And Mr. Atkinson began to read aloud. He was a young middle-aged man, with the good manners that are worse than bad manners, because, although highly polished, there is no solid material of instinct or tradition beneath them. He had self assurance, yet knew that it came from success and prosperity, not from personal merit.

The letter was, in fact, the usual sort of thing; in effect thanking the benefactors for their generosity; acknowledging that their bounteous conduct was altogether voluntary, a charitable act, and what not else humiliating to the person benefited, who hereby and herewith abandoned any ridiculous pretensions of the past and any greedy hopes of further munificence in the future.

"There you are, Mr. Evans. Now, if the young lady will sign it, either you or I can attest her signature."

As Mr. Atkinson said this, handing the document to Mr. Evans, his manner became less like a solicitor's than that of a doctor—say a big physician who has prescribed a potent dose of medicine and tells the family attendant to administer it. Mr. Evans made all ready and invited Elaine to come and gulp it down.

But Elaine was slow. She picked up the letter from its place on the table in front of the chair that had been pushed forward for her convenience and stood there looking at it, not studying its phrases, not really seeing it.

Instead, she saw at that moment the Nuns' House as it used to be before it fell into the merciless hands of strangers—not all empty, forlorn and deserted, but full of warmth, comfort, gracious beauty; with firelight flickering on paneled walls, curtains at its windows, peace in its heart. Suppose she had it now to go to, to rest in, to grow old in—hiding herself in it at first, then doing a little good to others—doing as much good as possible, later on, when her strength came back to her and she began to forget what had taken it away. And Aunt Edith had wished her to have it all.

"No," she said quietly, "I won't sign this. I won't accept their offer," and she went back to the hearth and threw the letter into the fire.

There was surprise, consternation, indignant protest; each of them remonstrated with her in his own way. But she merely said no again and again; and they could not shake her resolution. She stood there as pale as marble and as firm. Not the slightest flush had come upon her white face, but her dark eyes looked very large, and Mr. Marsh saw in them, when the indignant Atkinson asked to know exactly what he should tell his clients—Mr. Marsh seemed to see them not as much as he habitually called a flash, but a return of force, a faint yet a fierce light.

"I ask, what shall I tell them?"

"Tell them," said Elaine, "that I hate them and despise them. Tell them I think they have stolen the money from a dead hand—" and her eyes really blazed—"but it is theirs by law. Is that enough to tell them? If not, tell them I hope the money may poison them—and I'd rather starve to death or go on the streets than take a favor or a kindness from any one of them."

Outside, in that dull street behind the law courts, Mr. Marsh still looked flustered and old. All the way from the bottom of the stone staircase at the solicitor's office he had been reproaching Elaine, and he was still doing it. But, as he kept saying, the mischief was perhaps not irreparable. They had left Mr. Evans making endeavors to soothe Mr. Atkinson, begging that Miss Fletcher might have another chance and be allowed to change her mind.

"Never," said Elaine, with force.

And gradually the kind old man recovered his serenity. His rebukes grew more and more gentle.

"Under no circumstances, however could it have been necessary, dear, to be so—well, so—believe me, I understand your feelings. I admire your spirit; but—such bitter words, Elaine! And, in your heat, I must say, you used an indelicate expression."

"SHE is the hardest girl I ever met," said Mrs. Sinclair. "The very hardest."

Mr. Sinclair said he did not a bit mind the young woman's hardness; it was her lack of ordinary charm. Her scarecrow appearance that bothered him.

"But I don't want to part with her," said Mrs. Sinclair firmly. "Basil is fond of her; and we'd never get anyone else for the same money."

And they stood looking at each other, both concealing secret thoughts. The husband was of middle age, say a badly preserved forty-five, and stout, red, bald; the wife, no older, tall and rather elegant, had faded rapidly.

They ought to have been such a contented couple. They were not poor; they lived at the pleasantest seaside place in England; their house—in that clean, gay, prettily gardened road that has a church at one end of it and the golf course at the other—was quite charming. Their front garden was "a picture." Basil, their beloved only child, was growing out of his lameness. Mrs. Flint, their cook, although considerably redder and fatter than her master, was energetic, economical, skilled in her art; Mary, the house parlor maid, if not a beauty, was a paragon of virtue and industriousness; and now, as though to crown their felicity, fortune had given them a young lady who took sole charge of the little boy, dressed him neatly, taught him, walked him, guarded him by day and night—and all this at about half the wage of an ordinary nursery governess. Yet, in spite of so many factors in their lives seeming to make for happiness, they were not happy. They had trouble—a great and increasing trouble. Mr. Sinclair was too fond of girls and Mrs. Sinclair was too fond of alcohol, and each knew of the other's failing.

Months ago, on the evening of her arrival, Elaine had received a hint from Mrs. Sinclair about her husband's weakness.

"He pays compliments, you know; but with no ulterior meaning—really no meaning at all. I just thought I'd mention it so that you'd understand and not misinterpret."

"O, I'm not afraid of compliments," said Miss Fletcher; and Mrs. Sinclair had her first sensation of the hardness that she was to feel more strongly later on.

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MR. SINCLAIR had hoped against hope that the newcomer would be pretty—perhaps even more than pretty, indulgent, to a tormented middle-aged gentleman. But at the first sight of her, as she entered the dining room and sat down at the dinner table, his heart fell. That short black hair and the dull complexion knocked him out of dreamland, so far as she was concerned.

He took no more notice of her, did not listen for her monosyllabic answers to polite questions, and when compelled to look at her, looked exactly as he did at the gray faced lady on the other side of the table—with introspective eyes, not mentally seeing her. As usual, his mind became a vast hall of memories through which girls moved distractingly in all directions. Size, color, shape did not matter—girls, girls, girls! But this one—this Fletcher—wasn't a girl at all. You couldn't weave dreams about her.

It is probable that Mrs. Sinclair's bad habit had been induced by the bad habit of her husband. His too obvious admiration of young people of the other sex was more than she could bear, unsupported. She knew he was unfaithful in thought. She could pardon his physical deterioration and everything else except this. She loved him and wanted him as much now as when he was comely and pleasant to the sight—she craved for the glance of love, the touch of kindness that was real and not merely hypocritical pretense to keep her in good humor. As she thought of it all, invincible sadness sank into her poor, faithful, wounded heart, and she herself seemed to be sinking, sinking, down to black despairing darkness.

But when she reached this stage of her unhappy meditations she took stimulant, either getting something from the grocer in Devonshire road or surreptitiously going into her own dining room and helping herself there.

Thus, on a wet day not long after Elaine's arrival she had struggled against temptation ever since luncheon; but between tea time and dinner it became too strong for her. Mr. Sinclair had gone to the club to play bridge, and the new governess was upstairs with Basil, reading to him while he soaked his lame leg in hot water as the doctor had ordered. As was her wont, she listened at the top of the kitchen stairs. From down below came the sound of industrious Mary's sewing machine, rhythmic, unceasing; and the cook made cook-like sounds moving about the kitchen, rattled a metal pot, clanged against the oven. Everybody was accounted for; all clear! She went into the dining room and closed the door. There was another door leading into the drawing room. It stood open, showing emptiness and darkness, and she did not trouble to shut it. Even now she continued to struggle, knowing what the end would be, yet struggling; and thus she was unusually slow about it. At last, however, she went on her knees by the cellaret, put down her glass, and fished out the freshly opened bottle of whiskey that her husband had only trifled with at luncheon.

Still on her knees, she was in the act of raising the glass to her lips when a dreadful stony voice stopped her, and she looked round in fear. It was Miss Fletcher, standing on the threshold of the other room—Miss Fletcher, not indeed spying but there by accident, having been sent downstairs to fetch something for the little boy.

"No," said Elaine.

"No?" said Mrs. Sinclair, scrambling to her feet and spilling some of the whiskey. "What do you mean by no?"

"I mean no." said Elaine. "It isn't good for you. It does you harm."

THEN Mrs. Sinclair blustered and presently whimpered. She said with indignation that this was the biggest piece of impertinence she had ever met, and she would tell her husband about it the moment he returned from the club. Whimpering she looked exactly like her young son; as Elaine noticed she puckered her forehead in the same way and made just the same noise that he did in his grief. She told Elaine of that awful sensation of sinking.

"You won't sink," said Elaine coldly.

"I don't know. When I go over like that, I seem absolutely to need it."

Elaine shrugged her shoulders.

"Take it, then," she said, and went away.

To be continued.

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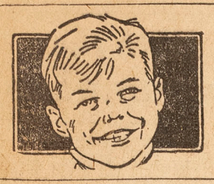

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A PAGE FOR BOYS and GIRLS

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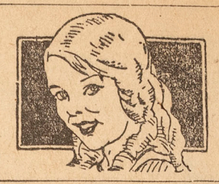


Moss May Deceive You If You're Lost in Woods

LOST in the woods! Completely turned around! You know your camp, or the picnic ground, is north of the woods, but you don't know where north is. Just what are you going to do?

Almost every boy and girl has heard that the one way to find north is to look for moss on the trunks of trees, because moss grows only on the north side. This, however, isn't entirely true.



Examine trees that stand more or less in the sunshine and others that grow in the dense shade of the woods and you will find a difference. Now remember that moss grows best in the shade and requires a good deal of moisture, and that the north side of a tree is always in the shade and holds moisture longest because the sun cannot get to it and dry it out. So moss on the north side gets what it wants—shade and moisture—and usually grows deepest there, even when it is found on the other sides as well.

This, however, does not apply to trees that grow so close together that their trunks get no sunshine at all. On these the moss will grow as readily on the south side as on the north, and when a tree leans so that the upper side catches and holds the most moisture, that side will gather the deepest moss, no matter what side it may be.

It is here you must use your common sense in settling the question and choose only the trees that stand straight and have enough sunshine to dry all sides but the north. Even then one tree alone cannot always be trusted. You must examine a number of trees and choose your direction by the majority. Then, when you have decided which way to turn to go north, hold to that course, don't be frightened, and forge straight ahead, stopping every now and then to examine trees to be sure you are keeping to the course you started and are not circling.

"Where moss grows is north" is, like many another so-called woodsman's law, to be taken with a grain of salt, or, in other words, a little common sense.

MONOGRAMS FOR SUMMER DRESSES



A GLANCE in the shop windows or through the season's fashion books brings our attention to a particular style which is proving very popular — that of the embroidered motif appliqued on the left front of the blouse. Dozens of dresses for young girls show no other decoration except these motifs, which often take the form of the wearer's monogram.

Of course, it would be better to have no monogram at all than one poorly designed and embroidered. But the girl who is skilful at fitting shapes together should find a great deal of pleasure in figuring out an arrangement of her initials. A girl has many opportunities to use such a monogram, so it is well to have one on hand. By transferring the letters to a linen or poplin patch she may embroider them for one of her dresses, though a better way would be to trace the letters on heavy paper and cut them out, then embroider over the paper on the linen and the letters would stand up well.

In making the monogram it is well to sketch hastily some six or eight arrangements of letters to find the most agreeable before working up any one. The letters need not be arranged to read in any particular form, or the largest need not be the one indicating the last name, but they should be planned merely to make a pleasing design. The whole secret of monogram making is for the letters to interlock or fit together. Letters with curving lines should be fitted into a circle. Others would fit more harmoniously into a triangle or oval. Elongate the letters or distend them in any way to meet your demand on them.

In making a monogram patch for a dress it is often prettier to use a brighter color for the motif than the material of the goods. For instance, a tan linen dress could have a henna or Chinese blue patch with the letters in tan.

BESIDES the monograms on dresses these decorations are used in many ways. The girl in the picture is wearing a motif on the front of a bright band around a felt hat. The design is a popular Chinese one (shown in the lower right-hand corner), which you may trace out of the paper, and if your initials happen to correspond with any of those shown, you can set right to work tracing them off for that gay patch on your pocket.

Scarfs are all the rage this season, too, and one of the prettiest ways of decorating these is with the embroidered monogram. You will see on the scarf the girl is carrying how this is used. A one-color silk scarf with a bright monogram would be very pretty. For sports wear a flannel dress with a scarf to match is made distinctive when a monogram is embroidered on the pocket of the dress and is repeated on one end of the scarf.

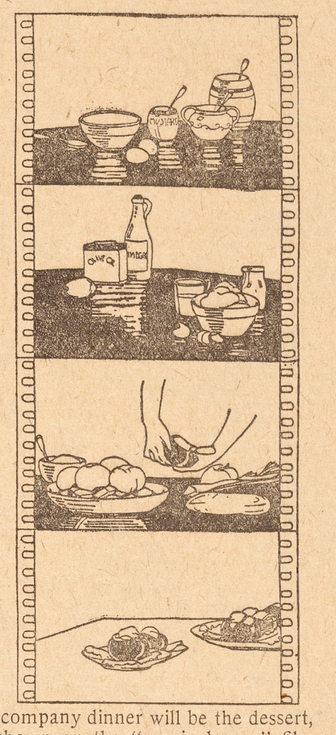
Another pretty combination is a plain scarf with a contrasting border and a monogram to match the border, the border color being repeated in the dress and hat.

Maybe you can think up some effective ways of your own for using the popular monogram.

A COMPANY DINNER MOVIE LESSON

Making salads is an art any girl can acquire. A delicious salad is just the touch needed for the company dinner which this series of "movie lessons" tells about. The dressing described here will do for many other salads besides the stuffed tomato one.

Clip these lessons and paste them in a scrap book so you'll know just what to do if mother is called away and you're left in charge of the kitchen.



1. To make mayonnaise dressing, put 1 teaspoonful mustard, 2 teaspoonfuls powdered sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt and the yolks of 2 eggs in a bowl and mix thoroughly.

2. Beat in 1½ cups olive oil a few drops at a time. Add 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar and 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice a few drops at a time. When well beaten add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites or ½ cup cream.

3. Peel 6 tomatoes and remove the insides. Place the shells on ice to chill. Add finely chopped celery and cucumber to the pulp and mix with mayonnaise.

4. Refill the shells; put mayonnaise on top. Serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with rings of red and green peppers. Set these away in a cool place until ready to serve.

The next course for our company dinner will be the dessert, a lemon ice, which will be shown on the "movie lesson" film next week.

A Twisted Talk

THOMAS was to make a speech before his English class. He had chosen as his topic "Kindness to dogs," and expected to dwell particularly upon the cruelties which are sometimes practiced in the movies to make dogs do the stunts and tricks which they appear on the screen to perform so easily.

Thomas' teacher had impressed upon her pupils the importance of having a good opening sentence. "I'll get something snappy that'll make them sit up and listen," decided the speaker in preparing his talk. "I got it! I'll look 'em all in the eye and say, 'Every boy needs a dog'."

The slogan seemed exactly the right thing. Tom practiced till he thought he was perfect. On the morning that he was called upon, however, he felt a tightness in the region of his collar as he started to speak. He tried not to appear nervous as he looked at his audience and said, "Every dog needs a boy."

A murmur of pleasure went around the room. The students smiled in appreciation of the clever twist their class-mate had given the phrase. For a moment Tom didn't understand. Then it dawned on him what he had said. He coughed. He stuttered. Then he decided to let it go. Might as well!

He went on to develop his talk by telling how much better off some of the dogs of the show and circuses and movies would be if they had a kind boy for a master. When he was through the students clapped for him.

"I shall grade Thomas very highly on that speech," said Miss Hastings, his teacher. "I was particularly struck with the opening sentence. If he had said, 'Every boy needs a dog,' that would merely have been the usual thing. It was the turn he gave it that made it effective.

HOW AN ENGINE STARTS CARS

DO you think that a railway engine just picks up a whole string of eighty cars, as they sometimes do, and starts them off all at once? When you stop to think of it, that is a tremendous feat—to have power to start eighty cars at once.

But the engine really picks the cars up one at a time. By the time it has started the last car they are all rolling, and their momentum helps to keep them going. Once they are under way the engine merely has to keep adding to their momentum, gaining speed.

This is done by means of the "slack." There is a little slack, or play, in the couplers between the cars and in the springs to which the couplers are attached. One car may be pulled ahead several inches without moving the next. This slack enables the engineer to start the first car alone, then the next, and so on. In a freight train you can hear the slack stretched out—bang, bang, bang—as the cars get the pull of the engine.

You'll notice sometimes that an engineer backs up a bit before he starts ahead out of the station. By backing up, the engineer pushes the cars together and puts the necessary slack into his train. Usually, however, he puts in the slack as he stops. He can do this because he has two sets of air brakes—one on the engine alone, and another on the rest of the train. As he comes into the station he first stops the engine and then as the cars push into it he sets the brakes to hold the slack.

As you ride on trains, notice how different engineers handle the two sets of brakes. One engineer stops with a bang—he simply stops his engine and lets the cars ram into it. Another stops as smoothly as silk, first braking the cars to slow them up easily, then gradually braking on the engine to take up the slack gently.

A City of Buried Treasure

A FAMOUS traveller who had journeyed over the continents of both hemispheres was taking dinner at the Ramsey home. The novel way the guest told of his recent wanderings in South America made Paul and Marjorie suspect that somewhere in his great store of information were pigeon-holed some fine tales of adventure.

"Do you know any stories about Indians?" Paul took courage to ask between salad and dessert.

"Or about hidden treasure?" his sister added.

The visitor smiled thoughtfully. "I can tell you a story about Indians—though not the Indians you are used to hearing about—and at the same time tell you of lost treasure, but it is not the ordinary kind concealed in a pirate chest. Where it is no one knows.

"The story is an old legend that belongs to the Inca Indians of Peru. They are an ancient tribe, old when the Spanish adventurers first sought gold in their country. Like most primitive peoples, they were sun-worshipers, and when they found veins of precious yellow metal in the ground they called the nuggets 'lost sunbeams.' The Incas thought the 'sunbeams' had been sent down by the Sun-god to do good on earth, but had strayed in their journey. The Incas used to dig them up, fashioning them into beautiful objects, rings and bracelets, ornaments, goblets, bowls and pitchers. But whatever they made was dedicated to the Sun-god, for they were sure he had sent them the 'sunbeams.'

"And so in their beautiful temples, year after year, a wonderful wealth of this yellow metal was stored up. Then in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries came the Spanish adventurers. They were driven ever onward by their lust for gold. They brought their great treasure ships to sail back home loaded with the booty which they took from the new world.

"Pizarro, the great and cruel Spanish explorer, discovered that the temples were the places to find gold in the greatest quantity, so he went about making it his habit to conquer the territory in which these treasure chambers were found. He ruthlessly killed any of the luckless inhabitants that tried to stop him in his march after treasure, and so he filled his ships with the gold of the Incas.

"Greatest of all the cities the Incas had built was the Enchanted City, lying close under a great mountain. Here was the temple shrine which was supposed to be the home of the Sun-god. And since the god himself was believed to live there, the most beautiful of all the golden store in the country was carried to his sanctuary.

"The Incas guarded jealously from all but their own members the secret of the location of the beautiful city with its treasure house of gold. It was reached, so the story tells, by winding and hidden passageways over tortuous trails that only the Incas could pick out.

"But the fame of the wealth of this golden city spread, and it is probable that some of these stories were exaggerated but how they appealed to the greedy Spanish adventurers, who listened eagerly to these tales of the enchanted city with its roofs gleaming with gold.

"At this time Peru was an undiscovered country, and to the Spaniards, following the lure of gold meant facing unknown dangers in a country which might be full of savage men as well as beasts.

"To pillage the unseen Enchanted City became the aspiration of every Spanish marauder. Pizarro, hearing the wonders of it, started into the heart of the kingdom on a bloody quest. He hunted the country over but, strange to say, he never found it. Nor has anybody else ever found the Enchanted City for it is now thought the ruins lie down deep in the earth. The Incas, fearing for the safety of their gold, brought up nitrates from the coast of Chile and blew up the mountain.

"They say that to-day, somewhere, unknown to any man for the secret died with the civilization of the Incas, lies the greatest buried treasure in the world, in the temple of the Enchanted City."

SAVED HIM FROM FIGURING.

Customer: "You don't seem so quick at figures, my boy."

Newsy: "No, boss. Most of the men say, 'Keep the change.'"

GOT BY WITH HIM.

First Student: "Who is your favorite author?"

Second Student: "My father."

First Student: "What did he write?"

Second Student: "Cheques."

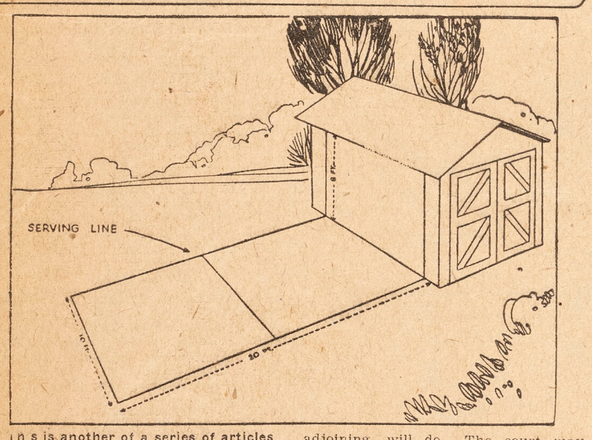
NOT A CHANCE.

First Student: "I can't get this electricity through my head."

Second Student: "No wonder; wood is a non-conductor."

Backyard Playgrounds

HANDBALL GAME FOR FATHER, SON



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.

HANDBALL is a game in which father and son can grow up together. Dad can break in his boy at about the age of 10 or 12. Almost any back yard will provide ample space for a court.

Any flat wall, either wood or brick, with a free space of level ground adjoining, will do. The court may be any size, but in general the following proportions should be followed: The wall space should be four-fifths as high as it is wide, and the court should be two and one-half times as long as the wall is high.

A "service" line divides the court midway between the wall and the back line. This is called a single-walled court.

The game is played on the same principle as tennis, but with the hand instead of a racquet, and against the wall instead of over a net. A tennis ball or any similar rubber ball may be used.

The rules are simple and the game is easily picked up by the beginner. Its devotees claim it has all the fascination of any other sport.

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Facts That Aren't

Lead pencils aren't lead pencils at all. The part which writes is a mixture of graphite and clay. About the only lead in a lead pencil is the lead in the paint which is used to color the pencils.

Brass Is Not Mined.

Many people think that the metal brass is mined somehow or another. As a matter of fact, brass is not a separate metal in itself, but is an alloy, or mixture, of copper and zinc.

The bite of the black snake is regarded as quite poisonous, especially in the south. Actually, the bite of a black snake is not quite as harmful as a cat scratch, because the black snake has no poison sacks and he keeps his teeth a great deal cleaner than a cat keeps her claws.

Golf Ball Not Acid.

It is commonly supposed that the inside of a golf ball down at the core, is filled with some sort of explosive acid. In reality, there is no golf ball on the market to-day which has an explosive acid, or any acid, wrapped up in it.

IRISH POTATOES NOT IRISH.

"Irish" potatoes were never thought of in Ireland until Sir Walter Raleigh took some back after his visit to America. Now they are one of the principal articles of food in that country.

"Gold filled" on a piece of jewelry doesn't mean that the article is filled with gold or that it is solid gold. What is does mean is that the article is plated extra heavily with gold. However, "sterling" on silver always means that the metal is at least 925-1000 pure silver. The other things in sterling silver are used to harden and toughen up the more precious metal.

Games of Animals

DID you ever watch bear cubs in a zoo putting on a boxing match?

They have great fun in these friendly bouts, following rules all their own.

Maybe it never occurred to you that young animals have games of their own and have just as much fun with them as boys and girls have with "hide and seek" or "run sheep, run."

Every species seems to have its own special type of play. Kittens, as you may have noticed, are fond of wrestling. Monkeys play "tag," and they seem to have a few simple rules for their game which they all follow. Squirrels enjoy a game of "follow the leader," young goats run exciting races together; otters go a-sliding for the pure joy of the sensation; even the clumsy fur seal of the far-away, foggy Pribilov Islands does a two-step on the beach.

Just as boys get the stamp-collecting habit for a hobby, so many birds have the collecting fad. Among these collectors are the jackdaw and the magpie. The bower-bird even builds a playhouse to play in!

There are two kinds of play in animals, one of movement only, which trains the muscles and the nerves to the work of life, and the other the play of experiment, finding out what other things are. And just as human beings who never get too old to play are often the cleverest, so the higher type of animals are the playing ones.

TOO MUCH EFFORT.

A small boy went to a village shop and asked for a box of matches. Presently he returned and said: "Mother says these matches won't strike."

"Won't strike!" cried the shopman, irritably. "Why, look here," and he struck one on his trousers to prove their quality.

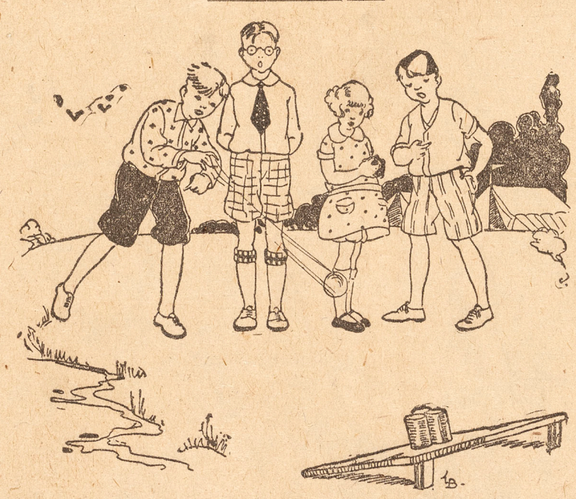
The boy took the matches back, but soon returned. "Mother says she hasn't time to come and strike a match on your trousers every time she wants a light."

PRETTY WELL FILLED.

Teacher: "Every time you fail to recite I put a cross after your name."

Student: "My name must look like a graveyard."

Play "Toto" at Camp or at Parties



TOTO is such a simple camping game that you can almost guess how to play it from the picture, but you'll never know till you've tried it just how much fun it is. You can rig up the apparatus from things around camp. First make a baseboard three feet square, using ordinary inch boards or pieces of wooden planks. In its centre nail three empty coffee cans, placing them so that the rim of each one touches the other, just as is shown above. Next make three yarn or string balls about the size of a tennis ball, and try to make a kind that doesn't bounce easily.

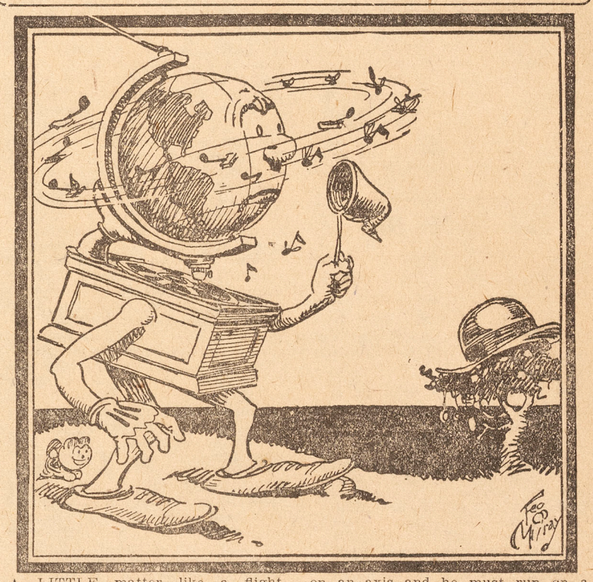
Place the board with three cans on the floor, allowing it to lean against the wall or a chair with one side ten to twelve inches higher than the other. If you have some tools at camp you might nail two legs on one side of the board to raise it to the right height.

Line up the players eight or ten feet from the board. Then each one in turn tries to throw three balls into the can. The first to get all three balls in is winner. This looks easy, but because the rims of the cans are touching, each ball has to be thrown squarely into its can or it will miss entirely.

Teams of two or more players may play each other, setting 100 for the winning score, or another way to play is to have one ball in a can count 5, two balls out of three 15, and three out of three to win the game.

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND

WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER



A LITTLE matter like a flight around the world is nothing in Snoppyquop Land. Take Major Headache, for instance, whose dome is a globe, whose body is a phonograph, whose mind is a blank. The major is greatly annoyed by the 'round the world flies—'er, I mean fliers. As he plays sweet music the notes fly up and buzz and circle around his bean. As his head is set on an axis and he must run on a trolley around the suniverse, the only way to get rid of the pests is to put flypaper in his ears or catch the little beasts with his trusty net. "Good hunting," you wish him, "catch as many flies as Ty Cobb does in a season." But he stubs his toe on a rock, falls down on the job and breaks his record. The net results of all of this are that the 'round the world fliers escape capture, but go around the globe so many times that, like the goldfish, they die of dizziness.

A HANDICAP.

"Well, well, lost your job as a caddy?"

"Yes," said he, "I could do the work all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."

HOW CHANGED!

Tramp: "Madam, I was not always thus."

Madam: "No, it was your other arm you had in the sling yesterday."

WHY SHOULD HE?

Music Teacher: "Why don't you pause there? Don't you see it's marked 'rest?'"

Pupil: "Yes, but I'm not tired."

REASON ENOUGH.

Jig: "You say you flunked in French? Why, I can't understand it."

Jug: "Neither could I—that's why I flunked."

TOO FAR.

Taxi Driver: "Five dollars, please."

Broke: "Back up to fifty cents. It's all I've got."

(Copyright, 1924.)

SOUNDED BAD.

Nervous Woman (to persistent beggar): "If I give you a piece of pudding you'll never return, will you?"

Beggar: "Well, lady, you know your pudding better than I do."

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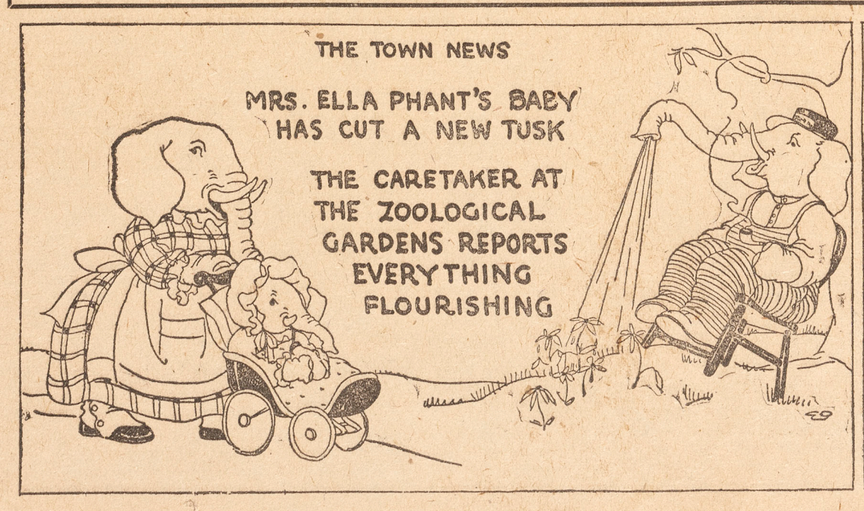
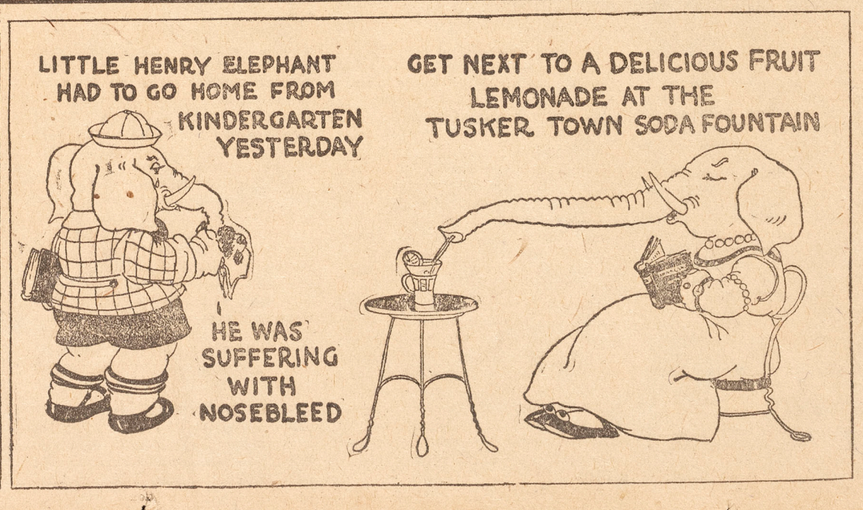
THE ANIMAL NEWSPAPER

SPECIAL 1924 OFFERING A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION--FREE





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Whats the Hurry?

FASTER, faster, faster — and what's the hurry?

Now it's the dawn-to-dusk hop from ocean to ocean—a magnificent undertaking in itself, and one more evidence that man is slowly but surely conquering the earth. Sometimes it baffles him, as, for centuries the icy regions of the poles baffled him before he conquered them, and just as the other day, the highest mountain won out in the fight for its mastery and took the lives of two intrepid explorers who attempted to climb it.

But eventually the mountain will give in, and some day man will think of a way to defy its ice-bound, jagged peaks.

There is something splendid about man conquering the land he lives upon in this way, splendid, in that it adds to the sum of human knowledge and human power.

But one sometimes wonders if mere speed is a particularly worthwhile end in itself.

Bankers will tell you that time is money. They will estimate the millions of dollars in interest a banking day represents.

Business men, estimating their time as worth so much, will compute, in figures that make you dizzy, how much can be saved by shortening the trip across the continent.

Twaddle! Who said that six per cent. on a dollar is the standard measurement for anything?

A business man gets across the continent in four days instead of five. Mail is carried in one day instead of four. What of it?

Business moves a little faster. Is your rest any sweeter at the end of the day than it was when mail travelled across the continent by stage? Do the roses in your garden smell any sweeter than they did in your grandmother's garden?

They smell less sweet, if anything, for to-day they may be the big, forced, showy variety which have lost some of their fragrance because they weren't allowed to take their time to grow.

It isn't how fast we live, it's how happily and how helpfully.

All hail the man who spans this continent from dawn to dusk. In itself it is a magnificent achievement, a stupendous conception. As proof of man's mastery over time and space, earth and air, it will stand out as a miracle.

But as an achievement in saving time, its value is overestimated.

More business done and faster, contracts signed days earlier, money drawing interest hours sooner. All that, yes, But not a moment for the emerald beauties of the Rockies, not a glimpse of Ontario's highlands, no friendly wave of the hand to the hard-working people on the great rolling prairies, no time to gather daisies or to set foot on the top o' the world at the spot that marks the watershed of the continent. What a lot lost, for a little time gained!

Make Habit Help

A TERRIFIC grinding of the brakes and a sudden scream. There's no other sound just like it. Instinctively you know that something has happened and you fly to the door to see if it could be Teddie.

Always you have pictured it—"It might happen", you have said to yourself—and it did happen the other day to a neighbor.

Teddie lies in the hospital with the miraculous resiliency of childhood defying death. It must surely be that he was meant to live. But his mother blames herself. "I said he could go across the street to play", she says, "and I usually keep them in the yard after supper."

But is she not wrong? Sooner or later we all have to cross streets, in spite of selfish motorists.

One man says, "Since this thing must be learned sooner or later it might as well be sooner", and begins with his three-year-old son to teach him the business of crossing streets.

"Talking doesn't do any good," he says. "Children are too young to remember our warnings. We have to build up physical habits for as many things as possible in life, so that we can do them without effort."

The first time you put on your shoes, every motion was a problem. Now you don't know you do it; the muscles almost act for themselves.

"When the street crossing problem arose", he says, "I didn't talk about it. I took him by the hand and together we went to the curb. Together we put our feet on the curb, together we looked this way, then that, and started. I immediately put into actual practice the thing I was talking about, so that the body would associate the idea with the action.

"Is anything coming this way? No. Is anything coming from that way? No. Now we can go. And away we went. Run a scale on the piano a hundred and fifty times and you'll never forget it. So we practiced crossing the street over a hundred times. If you make a game of anything a child will learn with ease."

The more things we can put over into the realm of habit, the easier it will be to live, and the more energy we will have left for things that call for effort and decision.

THE MILL RUN

ANCIENT SUPERSTITION AND MODERN CREDULITY.

The faith demanded by Joan of Arc is one which the anti-metaphysical temper of nineteenth century civilization, which remains powerful in England and America, and is tyrannical in France, contemptuously refuses her. We do not, like her contemporaries, rush to the opposite extreme in a recoil from her as from a witch self-sold to the devil because we do not believe in the devil nor in the possibility of commercial contract with him. Our credulity, though enormous, is not boundless; and our stock of it is quite used up by our mediums, clairvoyants, hand readers, slate writers, Christian Scientists, psycho-analysts, electronic vibration diviners, therapeutists of all schools registered and unregistered, astrologers, astronomers who tell us that the sun is nearly a hundred million miles away and that Betelguese is ten times as big as the whole universe, physicists who balance Betelguese by describing the incredible smallness of the atom, and a host of other marvel mongers whose credulity would have dissolved the Middle Ages in a roar of skeptical merriment.

* * *

The medieval doctors of divinity who did not pretend to settle how many angels could dance on the point of a needle cut a very poor figure as far as romantic credulity is concerned beside the modern physicists who have settled to the billionth of a millimeter every movement and position in the dance of the electrons. Not for worlds would I question the precise accuracy of these calculations or the existence of electrons (whatever they may be). The fate of Joan is a warning to me against such heresy. But why men who believe in electrons should regard themselves as less credulous than the men who believed in angels is not apparent to me.

* * *

Perhaps I had better inform my Protestant readers that the famous Dogma of Papal Infallibility is by far the most modest pretension of the kind in existence. Compared to our infallible democracies, our infallible medical councils, our infallible astronomers, our infallible judges, and our infallible parliaments, the Pope is on his knees in the dust confessing his ignorance before the throne of God, asking only that as to certain historical matters on which he has clearly more sources open to him than ony one elee, his decision shall be taken as final.—George Bernard Shaw.

* * *

We were the first editor to give hospitality to the work of Laura E. McCully, who died recently, a woman of almost overpowering brilliance, and we were early in recognizing the rare gifts of Marjorie Pickthall. Reputations in Canadian literature have been founded on less meritorious performances than herein implied. We recall a poem Miss McCully, wrote at the age of ten. In respect of imaginative flight, considering the age of the writer, it was remarkable, and to our mind not excelled by any Canadian poet. It dealt with the terrors of the jungle beasts in a typhoon, and had the serious flaw of using the word "menace" where the accent had to fall upon the last syllable. Probably the writer did not know how "menace" was pronounced when she wrote the poem, but even when the collected poems appeared much later the same word and the same inevitable and grotesque emphasis had to be employed in the interest of rhythm. It happened to be the necessary word, and Miss McCully's art did not equip her to find another word that would have conveyed almost her meaning. Nor could she alter the line to put "menace" where it could be pronounced after the dictates of civilization. We recall one of Leonard Merrick's stories in which the word being accented like "grimace," a character was revealed just as in another of his inimitable tales the use of "extant" in the belief that it was a scholarly synonym for "out of date" was almost a complete characterization. Words and phrases that illumine personalities to us as by a lightning flash are "tasty snack," "top off", "Kid", "eats", "finny tribe" and "canine", the latter to avoid what many writers appear to regard as the horrible danger of having to say "dog" twice in the same paragraph. We have also our opinion of members of a well known sex who curl the little finger when raising a teacup, and who profess to recognize in a cherry the only agreeable part of a cocktail.

* * *

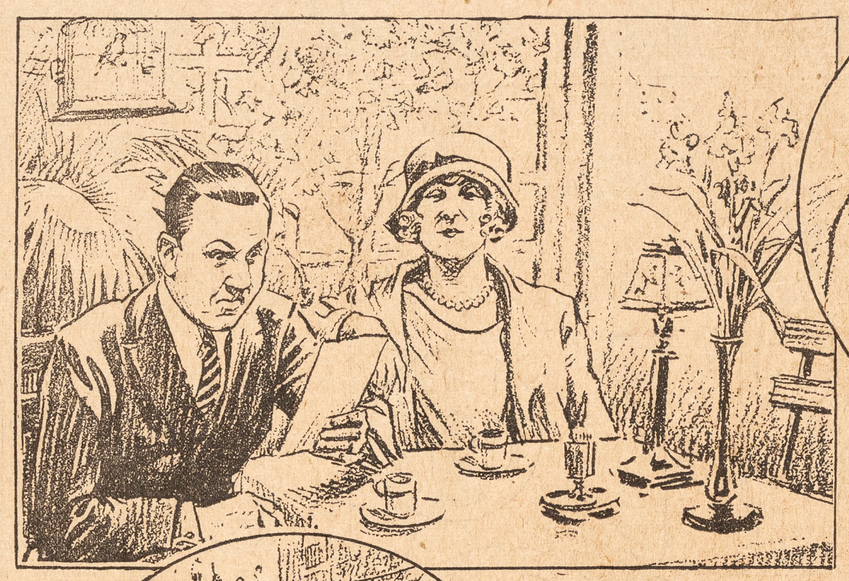
RING LARDNER.

Highbrow American reviewers are now discovering genius in Ring Lardner. In his latest book they find work as fine as any done by any American living or dead in that department of English literature in which Americans have done their best work, the short story. We are pleased to have our own opinion of Lardner thus confirmed. Of course, he writes a lot of pretty terrible stuff as anyone must who is under contract for a weekly article and has entered into a solemn covenant to be humorous at all times. But we believe a series he writes called "The Epistles of Edna," contain the best satire of a certain type American—and Canadian—girl we have ever read. A perfect specimen of Lardner at his inimitable best is to be found in "How To Write Short Stories" and is called "Some Like Them Cold." Telling a story by letters is a hackneyed and usually objectionable device resorted to when the narrative vein is temporarily exhausted, but Lardner's letters are gems. We do not at the moment recall any American author who has quite his gift of revealing character in the course of a letter. It is true that his characters have a certain sameness since they are all morons, varying between high grade and medium, but in this sphere Lardner is supreme. His art, at bottom, is dramatic, and this is a rarity.

—J. V. M.

AMONG US MORTALS By Richard Vincent Culter

"The Roof's the Limit"





The Roof's the Limit when it comes to prices in some of those cute little restaurants with floral embellishments. But then you must consider the high cost of canary seed and the terrible upkeep on those imitation palms which are used to change an ordinary tea room into a Jardin de Something.

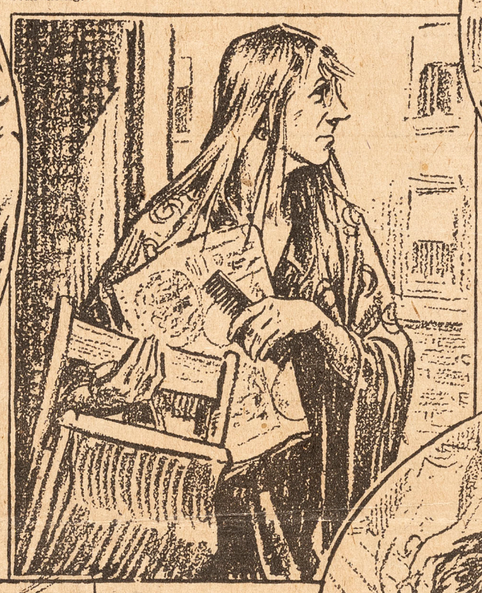
A group of "expert finishers" from Katz and Blumgelt—Skins, whiling away the noon hour on their roof in the business district, with a safe, and therefore rather unrestrained, flirtation with the workmen on the steel structure across the street.



As a trysting place for D. Cupid & Co., Unlimited, the roof—away from the madding crowd and the even more maddening policeman—is much preferable to the park.



An' how many sheets d'ya think she had in the wash this week? EIGHT! An' two bedspreads, an' me supposed to get finished in two days! Well, I says to her"——etc. Mrs. Clancy and Mrs. Pumperneck are using the roof on a Monday morning to air their grievances as well as the clothes.





A sunny Sunday morning on the roof of the boarding house. The "Third-floor-back" casts a suspicious eye at the windows of the surrounding houses before settling herself on a camp stool to peruse the Rotagravure Section while her hair dries.



The roof of an apartment building with its network of antennae is a clearing house for DX lies. Here on a Sunday morning you can always find an appreciative—if skeptical—audience for that story of how you got KPO on the loud speaker, last night, loud enough to hear clearly away out in the kitchen of the flat.



"Hey, Red—leave that ball alone or I'll fix ya when I come down!" A roof is a dandy place for baseball, providing the team doesn't include an embryo Babe Ruth.

A job on a roof is the death knell to the integrity of an otherwise fairly conscientious workman. What with a fire on the block in the morning and an automobile smash-up in the afternoon, besides the interesting things always going on in the surrounding windows, he has such a diverting time that even the union hours seem too short.

WHEN SUMMER HITS YOUR DOG By Albert Payson Terhune

OLD Man Negley had been talking to Mrs. Denton about the care of her dogs in hot weather. She interrupted his instructions by complaining that dogs shed their hair all over rugs and carpets at the season when they lose their coats.

"If you'll spend just a few minutes more care of the dog, ma'am," said Negley, "you won't have to spend anywhere near so much time picking his stray hairs off those rugs or off your skirts, or off the legs of your husband's trousers.

"Every morning during the season while my dogs are shedding their hair, I take about five minutes to give them a hard brushing. I use an ordinary 'dandy brush,' that cost me forty cents. It has stiff bristles, and those bristles get right down to the dogs' skin.

"I brush the coat sharply, the wrong way, every bit of it. I put plenty of elbow grease into every stroke. Afterward I brush the coat just as sharply the right way. I keep it up as long as the loose hairs follow the brush, and I stop every few seconds to comb out of the bristles the bunches of hair that clog them. You can't brush very efficiently with the bristles all clogged up.

IN that way, every morning, I get rid of the hairs that have loosened since the morning before. Not many more of them will come loose during the day. Not anywhere near as many as would be tumbling off all the time if I didn't do that hard brushing.

"There won't be any clumps and bunches of dead hair left on him, ready to stick to anything he happens to rub against or lie down on. So the floor of my house and the legs of my trousers aren't adorned by stray hairs, the way most dog-owners and their homes are adorned in shedding-time. Give it a try.

"Besides, it's grand for the dog himself. It gives his skin a fine massage in hot weather and strengthens the new hair that is coming in. Your dogs will have much richer and thicker coats next Winter if you brush them that way every morning.

"It isn't much trouble—not near as much as getting down on the floor and cleaning up loose dog hairs all the time. And it helps drive off the fleas, too. That ought to count for something.

"SPEAKING of fleas, you remember a flea-wash I told you folks about one day last Summer? Well, a dozen people on this street have forgotten it, and they have been asking me for it again. Here it is:

"Mix three pints of liquor cresolis with forty gallons of water (rain-water if you can get it), in a barrel. Rig up a 'dripping board' at one side of the top of the barrel. Then pick up your dog and dip him into the barrel. Dip him all the way in—except his eyes and nose. Give him opportunity to breathe and to see, of course.

"Hold him there for about two minutes. If you can get someone else to hold him, then spend those two minutes in rubbing his coat so that the mixture can get through the hair into his skin. After you have held him in the barrel for two minutes, lift him out of it and stand him on the dripping boat so the water can drain off back into the barrel.

"While he is standing there, rub lots of soap into his wet coat, all over it, except the eyes. Then set him on the ground and turn the hose on him. If you haven't got a hose, use some other way to wash the soap and the mixture out of his coat. Do this till he is rinsed clean.

Then turn him loose for a good gallop and for a chance to roll in the grass. Look out that he doesn't roll in the dirt, instead, as he probably will if he gets a chance. Do this on a clear and breezy day, so he can have a fair chance to dry off by exercise, without taking cold.

FOR a day or two there will be a slight smell of carbolic acid about him. But it is a clean smell at worst. He will be rid of his fleas, too; as if you had picked every one of them out of him. He will be clean and cool and comfortable and free of any parasites. Do this about once every ten days all through the hot weather.

"The fleas will come back—a few of them. Fleas are in the grass and in the earth and on the bushes and in a hundred other places where they can attach themselves to the first dog that comes by. But there will be mighty few of them on your own dog. And most of the fleas that are caught in that mixture will be killed outright.

"It is the best flea-killer I know of for dogs. And it is perfectly harmless. Many is the time I have gotten a big splash of it in my eyes and down my mouth, when I was dipping my dogs. It never harmed me.

"Liquor cresolis is not a patent medicine, either. So I'm not boosting anyone when I recommend it. Be sure to use the right proportions: Three pints of liquor cresolis to forty gallons of rain water. You can use over again the water that drains back into the barrel.

MANY long-haired dogs get so frantic with fleas (short haired dogs, too, sometimes) that they scratch themselves too hard. They scratch their tender flesh till they get sores. They scratch out lumps of hair, with the skin attached to it. There's a way of stopping that.

"File down the sharp toenails of your dog's hind feet till they are blunt and short. Be careful in doing this. Don't file the nail down to the quick or so far down as to hurt him or make him uncomfortable. Just file enough to take the sharp point off the nails, so they can't cut into the flesh when he scratches.

"If you have to muzzle your dog, in Summer, get one of the several kinds of 'Humane Muzzle.' Or else make one yourself. A muzzle that will let him lap up water and that will give him room to pant. Remember, as I told you long ago, when a dog is panting he is perspiring. He can only perspire through his tongue; not through his skin like you and me. When you strap his mouth so tightly that he can't pant, you are torturing him."

(Copyright 1924.)

CHOLERA INFANTUM

Cholera Infantum is one of the fatal ailments of childhood. It is a trouble that comes on suddenly, especially during the summer months, and unless prompt action is taken the little one may soon be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets are an ideal medicine in warding off this trouble. They regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus prevent all the dreaded summer complaints. Concerning them Mrs. Fred Rose, South Bay, Ont., says:—"I feel Baby's Own Tablets saved the life of our baby when she had cholera infantum and I would not be without them." 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 Colyumnists

By DON MARQUIS

A bad, bad man is often a person whose virtues are dissimilar to the virtues of the age in which he lives.

If you want to make an idea popular, make the public think they originated it themselves.

Because majorities are often wrong, it does not follow that minorities are any more frequently right.

P. G. Wodehouse, the eminent social historian, publishes a most entertaining book called "Golf Without Tears." Our researches lead us to believe there ain't no such thing.

Cosmetic Urge

There's a country of illusion
where the lasses all are sweet.
There's a country of illusion
where true lovers like to meet.
There in undisturbed seclusion
dwell the virtues and the charms.
And the sweet retiring graces
which are Cupid's strongest arms.
In the country of illusion are no flaws, O Love of mine!
There all eyes are bright and sparkling, all complexions soft and fine.
And there we'd dwell together, drinking love's ambrosial cup.
O my dear, were you more skilful in the art of making up!
—George O. Schoonhoven.

On the Roman Road.

Over the road by the Romans made
Through the quiet English towns,
Past cottage gardens and country lanes,
We came to the open downs

Which dip and rise like the restless sea.
And break in a long green wave
On the edge of England—the grim gray cliffs
That the Channel waters lave.

Rolling before us, a farmer's cart
Went in to a market town,
With gray stone houses and ancient church
Tucked in a fold of the down.

The cart was clumsy and lumbering,
And creaked with its heavy load,
But it made our car seem an upstart thing
On the ancient Roman Road!
—Blanche A. Sawyer,

Our enemies are always malicious. When certain of our friends become so, we know we must be succeeding.

In Summer.

'Neath leafy vistas oft are passed
The pleasantest of days,
For where the greens are richly massed
The soul delights to gaze.

There is that joy in verdant boughs
Played o'er by errant wind,
That doth a heavy heart arouse,
And solaces the mind.

Then let me rest in cleared space,
It need not be for long;
And I will show a different face
And turn a sweeter song.
—Florence Ives.

A charlatan is sometimes a great man who was found out just a bit too soon by reporters and historians; and a great man is sometimes—

By F. P. A.

In Mexico, according to El Universal, is the manuscript of Christopher Columbus's diary, but unless it has an entry to the effect that this was the roughest trip the executive officer of the Pinta ever had, doubt of its authenticity will persist.

What would be more interesting would be the diary of a San Salvador Indian about that time. For probably Columbus didn't approve of some of the customs and manners he observed. And such a diary would contain an entry saying that if he didn't like it in San Salvador, let him go back to Genoa, where he came from.

The Cynic.

He is a cynic, a slow smile
Is all he gives to "things worth while."

With men and women he is chary;
Experience has made him wary.

He, by his pose, protects his soul
That none may know it is not whole.

He well could spare his bitter pains
From those who see how small his gains.

And if you'd have the simple fact,
All his illusions are intact.
—Clair.

It may comfort the Mayor of Atlantic City to know that some of them wouldn't look any better in twenty-piece suits.

Until Prohibition is utter, the length of farewells will continue. Guests say, "Well, we must be going," but, to quote Gilbert, they don't go. A chronic host tells us that one departing guest gets only about five feet to the pint.

This weather, by the way, with its beauty of spring and its glory of summer seems to have caught an idea of combining, as it does, the best features of both.

A new organization is the Poison Ivy Tennis club, originated by Miss Mayme MacDonald, who nominated for President the player who tries to pass you at the net during the warming-up practice. Other members are the player who calls "Ready" before each service, and the umpire who calls "Good."

FEATURES

Music ~ Theatrical ~ Automotive

The Toronto Sunday World

FEATURES

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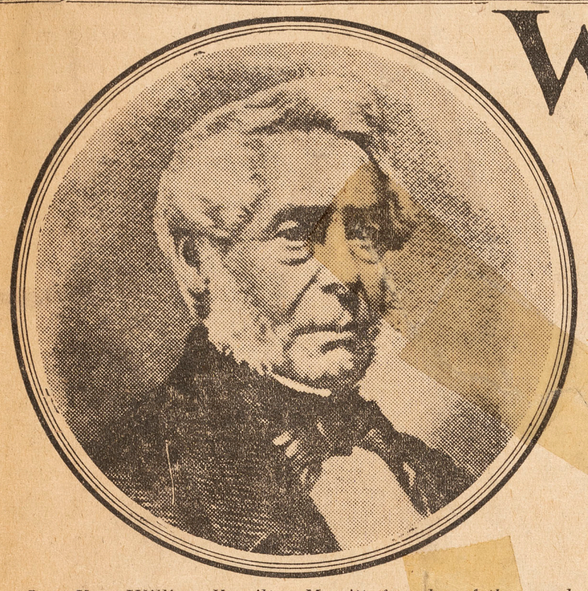
WELLAND CANAL CENTENARY



Late Hon. William Hamilton Merritt, founder of the canal.

First Sod Turned in Great Project by William Hamilton Merritt in 1824---Historical Pageant to Be Part of Celebration at St. Catharines This Fall.

JUST one hundred years ago the project of creating the original Welland Canal, destined to transform the Niagara Peninsula from a forest area into a district dotted by smart towns abounding in industrial activity, and a vast garden of international reputation, had assumed such shape that the commencement of construction operations was assured. Preliminaries were rapidly nearing completion under the energetic supervision of William Hamilton Merritt, and, on November 30, 1824, the first sod was turned by George Keefer, one of Merritt's most enthusiastic aides. This historical event signalized the beginning of the great commercial highway which is now finding culmination in the enormous waterway being prepared between Port Colborne on Lake Erie and Port Weller on Lake Ontario, and which owns the distinction of being the greatest construction enterprise in the world at the present time.

TO commemorate the centenary of the ceremony of turning the first sod for the old canal, a proposal is afoot to hold in the coming Autumn a celebration at St. Catharines, extending over one week, associated with which will be the dedication of a site for a memorial to William Hamilton Merritt, adjacent to the spot where the sod was turned, at a point where the pretentious Burgoyne Bridge spans the gully, in the heart of the Garden City. Under the will of the late Colonel Tom Hamilton Merritt, of Toronto, grandson of the canal founder, the sum of $10,000 was devised to be expended in a permanent monument to his distinguished ancestor, and the testator's wish will be carried out in this fitting manner. The Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada will mark the actual site with their memorial in boulder-cairn design, bearing an inscribed brass plate.

St. Catharines City Council and Chamber of Commerce are now moulding plans for the centenary celebration. A series of elaborate historical pageants is in contemplation, depicting events associated with the Peninsula in which the canal has figured prominently. The co-operation of all the other municipalities neighboring on the the canal has been assured. It is proposed that the Canadian Deep Waterways Association hold a convention in St. Catharines while the centenary celebration is in progress, with the object of making the demonstration serve as a stepping-stone towards greater development of inland navigation.

No name is more prominently associated with the history and development of the Niagara Peninsula than that of the Honorable William Hamilton Merritt, M. P. He served his country with distinction some years before he commenced the Welland Canal, being an officer in the army of Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, and participating in the engagements at Queenston Heights, Fort George, Stoney Creek and Lundy's Lane.

It was in 1832 that he was elected to Parliament as representative of the riding of Haldimand, and a biography says: "When the result was known, the most unbounded enthusiasm was displayed along the canal, and the people of St. Catharines gave way to expressions of good feeling on a scale of grandeur surprising for the times. An illumination took place and all the paraphernalia of general rejoicings were indulged in." He was Commissioner of Works in the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government in 1849-50.

THE project of a waterway to connect Lakes Erie and Ontario was conceived in the mind of William Hamilton Merritt. He desired first of all to bring water from the Niagara River to his mill, and while thinking out a plan developed the idea of making such a course a commercial waterway. The story of how he brought about realization of the great undertaking, despite financial and engineering difficulties, carries with it a wealth of early history. Largely through the efforts of Mr. Merritt, a private company built the first canal from the mouth of the Twelve Mile Creek, at Lake Ontario, to a point on the Welland River that is now the City of Welland, but was known in those old days as Merrittsville. The remainder of the route was down to the Niagara River, and thence into Lake Erie. The new channel was only seven feet in depth.

The capital of the company, incorporated by the Government of the Province of Upper Canada in 1824, was £40,000 sterling, but the cost of building the original waterway was $800,000. The members of the Welland Canal Company were William Hamilton Merritt, George Keefer, Thomas Merrit, George Adams, William Chisholm, Joseph Smith, Paul Shipman, and John DeCew. What are now the counties of Welland and Lincoln were then known as the district of Niagara.

It was while riding home along the Welland River after the war of 1812-13 that Mr. Merritt first thought seriously of the project, and not until the year 1818 that he decided to put into effect the idea.

A supply of water for his mill was always uncertain in the warm weather, so he decided upon a rough survey of the ground and borrowed a water level from a man named Beckett, who ran a saw mill accompanied by several neighbors he started on a tour of surveying and discovered that the dividing range of land was thirty feet high. In this he made a mistake as it was really sixty feet.

On November 15, 1824, contracts were taken by responsible men for completing the canal from the Chippawa to the entrance of the Twelve Mile Creek. The activity of the Americans in building the Erie Canal at a cost of $8,000,000 at that time acted as a spur to the Welland project. A scene of industry and animation was everywhere in evidence along the American side and Mr. Merritt hoped to cause a similar awakening. At the same time a survey was being made on the American side to build a canal around the Falls.

During the winter of 1824-5 the work on the Canadian canal got well under way and the arrival of spring found activity along the whole route, with a marked change in the surroundings. Where forests had been a while before there was now an atmosphere of life and bustle, the sharp rattle of the axes and the hammering of the heavy picks on the clay banks mixing with the loud gunpowder explosions when a blast occurred. One hundred buildings had risen on the summit, occupied by mechanics, laborers, tailors, shoe-makers and storekeepers. At the entrance to the "Twelve" the works on the harbor were inaugurated. A newspaper was established at the place called Shipman's Corners, changed to St. Catharines at the instance of Mr. Merritt in honor of his wife, Catharine.

The progress of the work was naturally slow, the depletion of the funds causing many a halt. Pine and oak timbered land was purchased for $14 an acre, a fair price at that time. Property of the Indians was valued the same as that of other property owners and the money paid over to the Chief of their tribe.

Frequent trips to Montreal, New York and England, were made by Mr. Merritt in search of capital to be invested in the project. These trips took months at a time as there were no railways in operation. Few in the Lower Province had sufficient funds to invest in what might easily prove unprofitable.

The annual report of the Canal Company, dated December 18, 1826, thanked the Government for a grant of 13,000 acres in Wainfleet through which township it was proposed to build a branch canal to the Grand River. Up to this time a lump sum of $260,000 had been spent. The section commencing at the Welland River had been completed to the extent of 33 chains, with tow path and water let in. Upwards of 10,000,000 cubic yards of earth had been removed and ten miles of the canal finished; $6,000 had been paid in claims for land and £60,000 would be required to finish the deep cut. At that time the Imperial Government had given a grant of £16,000. The next year the Government of Lower Canada gave £25,000 towards the work.

AS THE whole work was under way in 1828, it was found necesary to raise more funds. England was looked to, and Mr. Merritt was commissioned for the trip. He went by the way of New York. In England he secured a part of the money required, if not all. On his return St. Catharines village was illuminated to greet him. During his absence work had been resumed on the deep cut and three sections of the canal completed.

On April 29, of that year, a vessel named the "Welland Canal,' owned by Commodore Northrop, a wealthy resident of the district, was launched and on May 9th, he invited the Lieutenant-Governor and directors of the canal to a grand spread on board. They sailed from St. Catharines to Port Dalhousie, named after Governor Dalhousie, and the vessel afterwards left for Kingston with 1,000 barrels of flour.

A grand celebration had been planned for the opening of the canal on October 24, 1829, but the hand of winter interposed unexpectedly. Later the weather became milder and vessels were secured, the schooner "Annie and Jane" of York (Toronto), and the "R. H. Boughton," of Youngstown, N. Y. These boats entered the harbor at Port Dalhousie, proceeded through the canal and on up the Niagara River to Buffalo. After remaining a few days in Buffalo, the boats returned through the canal again to Lake Ontario. There were a few difficulties at the locks but on the whole it was satisfactory. Thirty-two locks were ascended in coming up the mountain and in some places ice was cut. The canal was not much used in the next year until Fall, when a brisk trade was done. The hydraulic privileges were sold to J. B. Yates, of New York, for £100,000.

SHORTLY after the rebellion of 1837 the Government of Canada took over the canal and its debts and then began its enlargement with stone locks and a depth of 10 feet of water, which lasted until the present enlarged canal, with a depth of 14 feet, was completed. This is to be soon succeeded by a canal of 30 feet on its mitre sills and locks of a capacity to handle average large ocean boats.

It may be asked how the original shareholders of the canal fared. The Act of Assumption by the Government of Upper and Lower Canada provided that when the net earnings of the canal amounted to $250,000 the original stockholders would get back their subscriptions with six per cent. added, which was effected in 1852. Shortly after the passing of the Reciprocity Treaty the canal tolls were abolished in both Canada and the United States.

One of the institutions seemingly necessary on the work in the early stages was an individual who figured among others as a grog-man, and his name always appeared on the pay-roll. These were the days, too, when taverns abounded along the canal and they continued to flourish for many years.

Quite often, after its completion, the canal would go dry in the Summer, and it was for this reason that the feeder was built down from the Grand River. Mr. Merritt's vision of industries being lined along the canal because of the shipping facilities it opened up, which to-day is a realization, is reflected in the Act passed during the reign of King George IV, granting incorporation, in which permission is given the company to select convenient sites for mills, manufactures, and warehouses.

On the first canal the locks were of wood. On the new ship canal now being constructed they are of concrete, 885 feet from gate to gate, 80 feet wide, with a depth of 35 feet on the sills. They are several feet higher than those on the Panama Canal.

The first canal was built via the Twelve Mile Creek from Port Dalhousie on Lake Ontario to Port Robinson on the Chippawa Creek. At Port Robinson, boats descended the Creek to the Niagara River, and thence to Lake Erie.

THE short-sighted policy of 1870 left the Welland Canal as much out of date in 1887 as it was when the improvements were begun in 1873 whereas a moderate increase in length of the locks alone would have enabled a large part of the fleet of 1901 to descend to Montreal, instead of being confined to the Upper Lakes. These canals, locks, and river channels are entirely inadequate for use by the Great Lakes steamers of to-day, and can now be considered as little more than barge size. The improvement of the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals to such dimensions as would carry ships of at least 25 feet draught, has been contemplated for many years. During the past quarter of a century exhaustive surveys have been made to determine the feasibility and cost of such a waterway, and another has been carried out by the International Joint Commission.

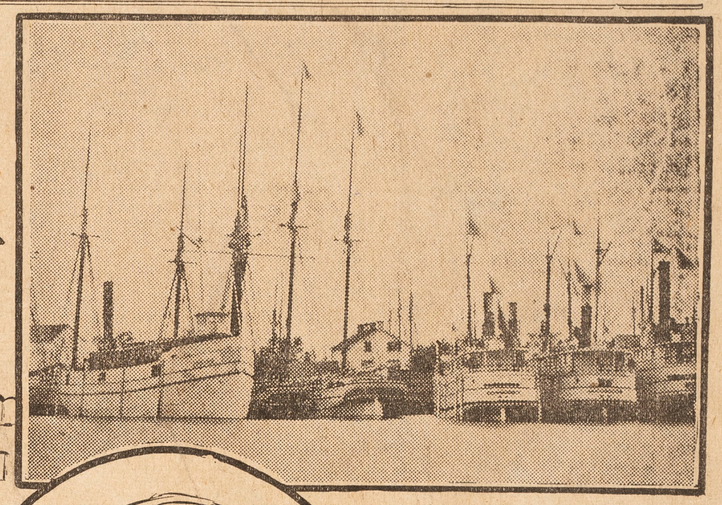
Concurrently with the opening of the St. Lawrence route for vessels drawing 14 feet of water, the Canadian Government began improvements to the Port Colborne entrance of the Welland Canal, consisting of deepening it to 22 feet, constructing a million-bushel modern concrete-steel elevator, and building large breakwaters.

The total length of the ship canal will be 25 miles, and for all practical purposes of navigation, it is a straight line throughout. The difference in level between the lakes will be overcome by seven locks of 46½ feet lift each. The direct line of the canal down the face of the escarpment, and the topography of the lower plateau permitted the adoption of these high lifts which constitute a peculiar feature of the design of the canal and has no precedent in actual construction for locks of their size. The canal is being made 200 feet wide on the bottom, with two to one slopes and, for the present, will be excavated to a depth of 25 feet only. All structures, however, will be built for 30 feet depth, so that the canal, at some future date, can be enlarged by simply dredging out the canal prism and harbor entrances.

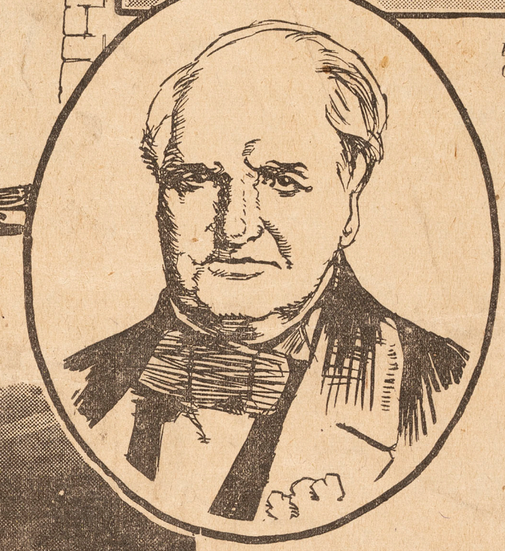
The Welland Canal is one of the principal links in the great chain of navigation extending from the Straits of Belle Isle to Duluth, on Lake Superior, a distance of 2,339 miles, and connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, whose difference in level is 326½ feet. The canal crosses the Niagara Peninsula about 10 miles west of Niagara Falls.



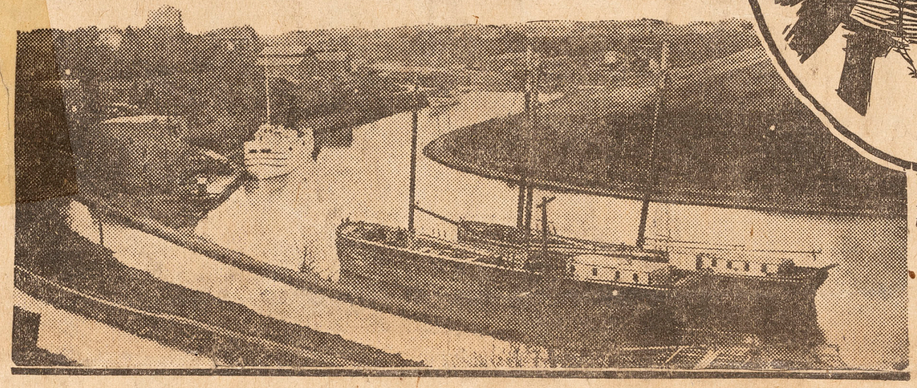
A stock certificate of the original Welland Canal Company. It is dated Aug. 27, 1829.



Port Dalhousie Harbor at Lake Ontario end of the canal in the 'seventies.



Late George Keefer, who turned the first sod for the canal in 1824.



The old canal at St. Catharines, from a picture taken forty years ago.

Traffic Is on Increase

There was a great increase in the number of vessels passing through the Welland Canal last year. The traffic recorded in the past ten years has been:

1914	3,513
1915	2,782
1916	2,609
1917	2,881
1918	2,914
1919	3,004
1920	3,124
1921	3,770
1922	3,901
1923	4,762

Attempt To Blow Up Canal

A thrilling chapter in the history of the Welland Canal, which caused widespread excitement, was the abortive attempt to destroy it with dynamite at Thorold on Saturday evening, April 21, 1900. Houses were shaken and many windows were broken by the force of two explosions at Lock 24. Smart work on the part of Constable Clark and Mayor Wilson of Thorold resulted in the speedy apprehension at Niagara Falls of the perpetrators, Dullman, Walsh and Nolan, the two former hailing from Washington and the other from Philadelphia. Dynamite was found in the possession of Dullman. The prisoners were placed in irons and removed to Welland Jail, where an armed company of the 44th Regiment was stationed to prevent any attempt at escape or rescue, while special guards were placed at various points along the canal.

In the course of a trial lasting for two days it was proven that Dullman was the leader of the outrage. All were sentenced by the late Chancellor Boyd to life imprisonment in Kingston Penitentiary. Walsh died in the prison, Nolan died while on parole after serving several years of his sentence and Dullman, who was released on parole a couple of years ago, is also reported to have died.

What was behind the attempt to wreck the canal was never clearly established. Some ascribed it to Fenians, and Nolan was reported to have been implicated in the Exchange Court explosion in Dublin. Fortunately the job was botched. Those familiar with the canal said it was a fluke because the dynamite was lowered into the lock pit instead of into the chain holes. If it had been exploded in the chain holes the gates would have been blown out, the huge prism of water released, the town of Merriton probably wiped out by flood and the canal ruined for two or three years. The attempt was made where the greatest damage could be occasioned if it succeeded.

That was the only attempt at destruction of the canal throughout its hundred years of history. Whenever the country has been engaged in war it has been carefully guarded.

"Those Cocksure Young People"

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN, One of Them.

AT such a time as this when a whole continent is flinging false accusations against young people because of the inexplianable barbaric behavior of two Chicago students, it behooves youth to rise up and defend their standards.

"Those cocksure young people"—one hears the jibe from platform and in magazine. "They are full of devilry, radical in thought, worldly, sceptical in belief, egotistical and materialistic."

Why is youth everlastingly the target for elders, and blamed for the chaos in the world to-day? If you elders only understood youth a little better—but you never will, just as we will not understand you until we are old, too.

If you elders stood with me before 2,000 students at the 1922-1923 conference of the Canadian Student Christian Movement....if you stood with me before 7,000 picked young men and young women at the 1923-1924 Indianapolis conference of the Student Volunteer Movement.... if you stood with me before the scores of other young people's conventions....if you went with me to a hundred summer camps and schools where youth is learning how to live.... you would thank God and take courage.

What may look like devilry on the part of youth is nearly always just an abounding fullness of life. Youth's belief is sound when you strike its depth. Their frankness is not an altogether unwholesome trait. Their openness of action is mostly healthy. Their impatience of control is not unlike a part of the One whose way of life they are seeking.

YOUTH is not as careless, free and irreligious as they are painted. They are trying—not always succeeding, but trying—to live straight, clean, genuine lives. They are much more concerned with vital religion than their elders were at their age.

Put the question of outlawing war to a group of young people ....young people who have passed through the horrors of war and those who have grown up since the war—and you will discover a new order of patriotism....a loyalty to the principles of the Master Teacher....a love of humanity....faith in world friendliness and international goodwill.

True, the young people of to-day are different from those of twenty-five years ago, and perhaps it is just as well that they are different. They are sick and tired of the way some things are run and are demanding a change, thinking things through to find a way out. They are laughing at age-old conventions and useless traditions; scorning a religion deeply buried in a mess of dogma, doctrine and theology. They are demanding a real, genuine, stirring religion, suited to the needs of our Canadian life, something worth living for. They are seeking adventure in trying to live the Christian life. They are intensely critical, desperately earnest, and doubtful of the ability of their elders.

Perhaps the state and the church would be happier if they came, cheery and quiet, and took their places in the world like obedient children.

But "those cocksure young people" refuse to do that. They want, as Barrie puts it in his "Courage", "to take a hand in the way things are run."

GIRL OF TWENTY IS METHODIST PREACHER

A PREACHER of only twenty years of age is unusual enough, but when the preacher is a girl the fact is remarkable. Miss Emily Bishop, daughter of a Chatham (England) joiner, achieved this distinction recently when she was ordained a lay preacher in the local Primitive Methodist Church.

"I was brought up from childhood in the service of the church," Miss Bishop says. "I have learned to love it as I love my own home. While I was taking a class in the Sunday school one day, our minister asked me to prepare myself for the examination. I gradually arrived at the conviction that I was called to preach the Gospel to others."

INCENSE

Here's a Strange Tale of Perfumed Hands and Conflicting Passions--of a Man and a Dancing Girl and a Mystic Spell that--but Read for Yourself.

By Rita Weiman

Complete in This Issue

THE two slapstick comedians, at whose antics a sophisticated New York audience had been holding its sides, made a stumbling exit. The jazzing orchestra flared a final chord and halted. The lights set like a crown in the dome of the Coliseum, queen of Broadway's vaudeville houses, dimmed blue and mystic. The painted drop lifted on a stage darkening until the eye strained to pierce its black density. It was cavernous, without beginning, without end. Like the coming of velvet night, a soft, somber stillness settled over the crowd who waited, quieting even the echo of hilarity. No sound came from the depths of that darkness, no movement, but presently a faint, insidious aroma. There was about it something relaxing, yet at the same time oddly provocative, so that those in the audience stirred even as they sank back. It was strange, persistent, penetrating hazily to the far corners without sign of origin. It was like scented hands laid softly across the eyes, inviting dreams.

For an instant that intensity of fragrant quiet held. Then a weird, low note was struck off stage. That which had been impenetrable black parted suddenly. The same mystic blue that filtered from the dome stretched a long, shimmery path to the parting, and into it, arms and foot upraised, stepped Sumara, Hindu dancer. She stood motionless, a luminous silhouette, while the weird note swelled languorously. Then she began to move. Not with her body, but with her arms first, a sensuous ripple of muscle that played down to their pits. Without the stirring of torso or limb those arms danced.

In the second row of the orchestra a girl turned a vivid little face to the young man at her side and slipped a hand into his. The aching strains of music, the clinging scent, enthralled her because she was with him, as love translates all things into a relation with the beloved.

He gave her hand a perfunctory answering pressure without turning his eyes from the stage.

The figure of the dancer was moving forward, always in the path of blue light. It silvered her, the swaying, scintillant body, the deep shadowed eyes narrowed to gleaming slits, the painted nails of her feet. As the rippling arms spread at either side with bracelets banding their nakedness and palms upturned, there trailed from the pointed finger tips a thin, misty vapor.

The man sat forward. "By Jove, it comes from her, that scent, from her own body! Do you get it, Marjie?"

"It's nothing but incense," the girl supplied. "Didn't you know that?"

"But it's different! Makes you see visions—sort of. And it's part of her. Jove—that's weird!"

NEARER and nearer to the subdued footlights had come the insinuating form, bringing the mystery of the East to Broadway, rousing imaginations that slumbered, laying its spell upon them. Suddenly she whirled to one side. Her scant gauze draperies swished about her like the sound of water upon sand. Her bared body repeated the rippling movement of those dancing arms. She was rhythm personified.

The incense wafting from her filled the eyes and nostrils of the man in the second row as she passed on the stage before him. The walls of the theatre seemed to dissolve into night and with them the silent throng that filled it. He was in a desert that stretched its lazy moonlit sands to a far blue horizon. The air was filled with pungent sweetness. Before him in slow, sinuous beauty moved a woman of the east with narrowed eyes that tempted his.

He never knew just how long he sat so, in a trance that was both absurd and compelling, but the black curtains had shut Sumara from view with the last strain of wailing desert music when he felt the hand of the girl beside him tugging sharply at his.

"Tommy—come out of it! I'm here, you know."

The lights blazed into being. He blinked, looked down dazedly.

"O, Marjie—pardon! Did you say something?"

"I say, I'm here! You seem to have forgotten it."

"Nonsense!" He shook himself free of the spell and smiled into the lifted amber eyes. "It's the intermission. Come on—let's go out."

He reached under the seat for his hat and absently draped her fur coat over his arm. The girl halted in the aisle.

"What are you taking that for?"

"You don't want to come back, do you?"

The warm eyes gazed up in astonishment. "Of course I do! It's only half over."

"But I couldn't stand the regular vaudeville bunk after that woman."

Her ardent young face flushed—turned from his.

"I—I think you're—well, never mind. We'll go if you like."

She stalked ahead with no further attempt at words, silent as she stood beside him while he hailed a taxi.

"Shall we make it the Colony for supper?" he suggested.

"But's it's so quiet there. Don't you want to dance?"

"The modern bunk after what we just saw!"

She turned, one foot on the step. "Look here, Tom Pritchard, that snake may have hypnotized you, but she hasn't me. I'm still on earth. And—and I'd like a little amusement, if you don't mind!"

HE helped her in, telling the driver to go up Fifth Avenue, and turned, expecting to see the small face mutinous as it sometimes could be, seized by stormy shadows that had to be smoothed away. Tom liked the smoothing process. The girl he loved was most adorable when they had quarreled and even her red hair was in a temper. Instead, her lips were quivering like those of an unhappy child. They were luscious lips. He tried to console them, ignoring the lights of a crowded thoroughfare. But she held aloof from the encircling arm.

"Take me home! I don't want to go anywhere. If a yellow Indian means more to you than the girl you're going to marry——"

"Don't be foolish, sweetheart!"

"Just because that funny smell got into your nose,'" she pursued, voice catching on a sob, "you—you wouldn't stay in the theatre and you—you won't dance with me."

"Of course I will! Where do you want to go?"

"No—you'd be dancing with me and thinking of her. And I couldn't bear that."

He gave a laugh, not without the startling realization that what she said was true.

"What a notion! That little imagination of yours——"

"It didn't take imagination to see that you didn't even know I was there—in the theatre. To me the fascination of the whole thing meant you. To you—well, I squeezed your hand four times and you didn't even squeeze back."

"Yes,—I did."

"Once! As if you were squeezing the chair arm!"

He gathered the resistant form into his arms.

"Marjie—look up! Well, by Jove, she's crying! You big, heavenly baby!"

"No, I'm not a baby! Tom—do you love me?"

He met the irrelevant question in the usual convincing, masculine manner.

"Well, then," the smothered voice went on as if he had answered her in words, "will you make one tiny, weeny promise?"

"What is it, precious?"

"Will you?"

The soft lips were against his. He whispered that she could ask anything of him—which didn't in itself commit him to anything definite.

"Then never go to see that creature dance again! Will you—will you, dear?"

His answer came in the same convincing pantomime. Evidently it satisfied her.

"Let's go home," she whispered, "and talk about our wedding."

AN hour or so later Thomas Addington Pritchard stepped from an apartment house on Park Avenue. The great paw of Winter hurled a swirl of snow in his face. His feet slipped on glazed pavements. He had just left a room where firelight blazed over the bobbed head that cuddled on his shoulder, where amber eyes melted into gold and young lips urged the ardor of his.

Yet through the biting cold and frosted streets he tramped, visioning not the warmth he had left, not the lure of fireside, but mystic black and a supple, boneless form drenched in moonlight.

No doubt about it, he was an utter, blooming idiot! Marjie had been right! Big Tom Pritchard, Harvard's star athlete, son of Thomas Addington Pritchard, bank president; grandson of Col. Tom Pritchard, who had fought for the freedom of the blacks—enslaved by a Hindu dancer on a vaudeville stage!

He gazed steadfastly at the park as he turned downtown. Above the snow-cased trees stretched the desert sands of his imagining, with the shadow of Sumara moving across their silvered space.

He picked up a taxi and drove down to the Lambs' Club, wandering into the grill, that arena of the theatre where its battles are fought not exactly to a finish, but rather to a comfortable tie that holds over from day to day. Pritchard was one of those members who from Wall Street seek in Bohemia the thrill of interest that mere ironclad clubs of Fifth Avenue cannot give them.

A hazy curtain of smoke hung over the room. From small groups at small tables came the sounds of friendly discussion—a little playwright telling of his play's big receipts and estimating royalties; a leading man recounting the difficulties of making love to a star who refused to let him kiss her; a popular song writer strumming on the bare table a tune Pritchard had heard at the Coliseum. He sauntered over and sat down, congratulating the wizard of rag on his latest achievement.

The other shoved out a hand.

"Glad it makes a hit with you. Great bill they've got on at the Coliseum this week?"

INSTANTLY Pritchard seized on the opening. Without acknowledging it to himself, he knew precisely what had headed him for the Lambs' grill, why he had strolled over to the table occupied by this man who had vaudeville news at his tongue's tip.

"By the way, that Eastern dancer—what's her name?" he prompted.

"Sumara?"

"That's it! What do you know about her?"

"Not much—nobody does. They say she's the daughter of a rajah and those dances she puts over are old religious rites. That one where the smoke comes out of her fingers makes you creepy, doesn't it?"



His senses were steeped in incense.

"Ever met her?"

"No. She's got a manager—Englishman—Sutton's his name—keeps her in a glass case. She glides in and out of the theatre without a word."

"What does her press agent say?"

"Hasn't got any, and you can bet she won't need one. Squeedunk might say her dances are too—well, too! But the big burgs—well, you just wait and see. She's got the rah-rah boys hanging round the stage door already—waiting for her to come out."

Rah-rah boys! Pritchard heard it with a sense of self-disgust. In spirit to-night he had been one of them—still was. He couldn't escape the fact. A joke—that's what it was! He must laugh himself out of it. Immediately!

On the way downtown next day he stopped off and ordered for Marjorie Brice the most extravagant bunch of orchids he had ever sent her. It salved both conscience and self-respect.

"Anything else, Mr. Pritchard?" asked the florist, following as he turned to go out.

"No. I think not——" He halted. In a glass case he was facing, contrasted with a mass of radiant bloom surrounding them, stood a vase of blossoms pale as the moon.

"What are they?" he put, hesitating.

"Tuberoses."

The florist took them out. With them came a sweetness overpowering. Pritchard touched the thick, velvet petals.

"Odd, aren't they?"

"Very rare now. I just happen to have these few." The man did not add that they were remnants of a funeral piece. "Will you have them?"

Tom Pritchard shook his head. He started toward the door, paused, turned.

"They make me think of the East, somehow. Are they a tropical plant?"

"Of the lotus family," the florist supplied glibly, no more a strict adherent of truth than any other expert salesman.

Tom Pritchard hesitated again. "All right; I'll take them," came abruptly.

Without another glance at the flowers he took out a card and scribbled on it: "Flower of the East—Sumara."

Then he gave the address of the Coliseum, and went out before he had a chance to change his mind.

Having yielded once more to temptation, it is a consolation and a joy to say you did your best and lost out because you were only human. Upon the shoulders of humanity rest the weaknesses of humanity—and they are a heavy weight.

THOMAS PRITCHARD, son and heir of the banking house of T. A. Pritchard & Co., having put aside resistance, visited the Coliseum every afternoon after banking hours. He left a standing order for tuberoses, card enclosed. Ashamed and sheepish, he yet gloried in the knowledge that one day he might dare to storm the closed portals of Sumara's mystery. He teased himself with anticipation. His senses were seeped in incense. It was as the smoking of hasheesh, and in his dreams clinging scented arms closed round him.

He did not pretend to understand it. At college and during the years that followed he had put chorus girls in the class with a troublesome appendix—best cut out. There had been no temptation from that particular source. They did not interest him. Nor did the unsatisfied and dissatisfied matrons who like a school of flying fish leap out of the sea of matrimony to catch the gay young fly as he wings past. No—Tom had been more absorbed in the game of progress than the game of flirtation and its component parts. He was not sufficiently jaded to seek new thrills. He was too unquestionably in love to go out of his way merely to satisfy curiosity about another woman.

Likewise he had a sense of humor. It had been the first beckoning finger that called him to Marjorie. At the reception which had presented her to society she had stood with her mother, all in virgin white with a ton of roses weighing down her arm. Tom had been startled by the vividness of the face and hair above the young dress, but they alone would not have constituted a message. It was at the moment when she was leaning forward to shake hands with a fat and fatuous eligible whose millions made him wary of every debutante. She reached out a hand, but instead of touching his it went to her mouth to stifle a yawn. Over his head her eyes, looking bored to tears, met Tom's. Simultaneously they grinned. And that had been the beginning.

Under the circumstances, he told himself, it was impossible that the charm of a vital little red head and lips that adored him should pale to the obvious against the silken lure of unreality. At first he tried to control his dreams, to awaken when the strange sweetness permeated them. The effort was futile. Had Marjorie been in town there might have been some hope. For her sake he would have fought the maddening spell. But shortly after their visit to the Coliseum she had gone South for the usual Winter visit to Palm Beach. And he was left without the protection of a woman whom he had to protect.

Marjorie would come back to him serenely ignorant of his struggle. But Sumara might vanish into the far East as she had come, unheralded. Those slumbrous eyes, that luminous skin, the provocative grace of her, he must see them at close range, whatever the result. He could not stop to question what that might be. He was conscious of only one desire, one urge irresistible. For the first time—and they fall hardest who have never known a thud before—a woman held the reins of his imagination.

It must be no ordinary meeting, though, no wait at stage doors, nothing cheap or smacking of the conventional Johnny! It must be subtle—as she was.

After careful thought he inclosed with the daily floral offering a note expressing intense admiration of her as an artist and the desire to learn more of the dances of India. Would she and her manager dine with him at his apartment or, if she preferred, at some hotel? It was all on the plane of art. By reference to his father as a director on the board of the Metropolitan Opera he established himself as something more than a trifler, insinuated himself as a patron of the arts. It didn't matter that he occupied the family box only when his conscientious parent harnessed him to it. The impression of distinction was achieved.

He sent the flowers by messenger with instructions to wait for an answer, and stationed himself nonchalantly within the main entrance of the theatre. It was delivered in a bit of wax paper, a single tube rose stuck through the stem of which was a card with neither greeting nor signature, merely the words:

"To-morrow at six at your home."

THE Exchange, Wall Street, the rush of lower Broadway the following day were to Tom Pritchard unreal as the back drop in a theatre, their hurrying figures poor mimes in a mimic world. There was just one obsession, one reality. He closed his eyes as he drove uptown, conjuring it.

At first he had thought of filling his mannish bachelor apartment with flowers to fit her as a background. Then had come the realization that none could. Sumara would bring her own fragrance, that bewildering essence of the East. He contented himself with a centrepiece of tiger lilies and a dinner for which his man had been given carte blanche. He spent the hour between five and six marching up and down his living room, eyes eager, ears straining for the bell. Romance was about to enter his life.

She was late. Even without her ring, without the swish of garments, he would have known when she arrived. That haunting sweetness proclaimed her. She entered, stood an instant just within the doorway, a cloak the color of wine purpled by age wrapped about her and held at the throat by long, pointed fingers.

Back of her appeared a little man with narrow, florid face and forehead, sandy hair, somewhat sparse, and eyes that were a colorless gray. They were small and blank.

Pritchard went forward with a murmured greeting something like "This is good of you!" He never knew quite what he said.

Her voice was a vibrant contralto. Low, scarcely above a murmur, its cadence carried like organ tones.

There were no introductions. She let him take her cloak, and thanked him while he tried to conceal his eagerness to scan the face he had seen only shadowed by theatre lights, dim as the moon behind a mist. Away from them there was a warmth about her that had been merely suggested by the glow of her narrowed eyes from the stage. Her skin was of a dusky clear smoothness without color. Upon it her mouth, a bit too large for beauty, was a startling splash of scarlet, like blood. It parted only slightly, giving a bare glimpse of white teeth. Her eyes, strangely enough, were not black, as Pritchard had fancied them, but an uncertain green that might at times be gray. Only their border of lash and lid was intensely black and shadowed. So was the hair that clung about her face under a swirl of silver cloth that formed a close-fitting turban with pendant loops of emerald. As she let her cloak slip into his hands he saw that she was wearing a high-necked garment of green shot with silver that extended from under the turban straight down to a tail on the floor. It was more serpentine, more a part of her than her half draperies of the theatre. Clad from head to foot, it was almost as if she were unclothed.

The little man remarked that he was afraid "the 'our's a bit h'early to dine, but Sumara must be h'at the theatre by h'eight-thirty or she's hall nervy!"

Pritchard was startled by the marked absence of h's where they belonged and prevalence of them where they could have been spared. Sumara in constant contact with a cockney! It jarred him at first. But, on second thought, why not? He knew something of their native shrewdness, and in dealing with the vaudeville crowd it wasn't likely her manager would be an aristocrat. She needed some one to shield her from ugly, sordid details. That was probably why she had chosen just this particular type.

Neither were his table manners above reproach. He seemed confused by the array of forks, and finally compromised by using a spoon whenever possible. On wines, however, he appeared to be a connoisseur. It was astonishing, the amount and variety one rather undersized body could consume without noticeable effect.

Sumara did not touch them, not even the fluid gold of the Chateau Yquem.

"It is very well for Sutton. He does not have to dance," came in the rich, reproachful contralto. "He may indulge his desires. I must relinquish mine. That is the life of an artist." Her eyes gave Pritchard a languid smile. "I may not even permit myself this pleasure of dining often. Do you, perhaps, wonder why I indulge myself to-night?" She spoke without accent, only the measured care of one using a tongue not her own.

He lifted his glass to her.

"Give me credit for not questioning my good fortune."

She did not take her smile from him.

"You know how to grasp the attention of a woman. Curiosity! I wanted to see the man who found for me those lazy, odorous blossoms that reminded me of India in this city of American Beauties. Strange—I thought I should find you a little old, a little tired, and looking for a new sensation. But you are young and alive and you have many sensations to experience. You will not have to seek them—they will seek you."

Tom Pritchard flushed, his deep-set eyes alight. The glance of this woman was like something tangible, embracing him. He had no wish to escape it, but with another present it made him self-conscious. Tom was not yet thirty.

ALL through dinner she let it rest upon him as if they two were alone in the room. Sutton apparently did not matter. Nor did she make an effort to conceal the fact that what those narrowed eyes observed was pleasing to them. The massive Pritchard shoulders which had so often lunged through the opposing line on the field were not made to conquer sports alone! This Tom felt as surely as if her lips, not her eyes, had told him so, and the flashing thought exchanged without a word was charged with potentialities.

She sat, finally, stirring her coffee, the tiny spoon tinkling against the cup. Over that cup rim, gazing at him, she played a game that was devastating. Once more the desert in moonlight—eyes half shut, lips half parted, the potent moving figure, all rippling rhythm—faint murmuring music. He could not shake it off! It was like chains dragging him to her.

She had done little more than taste the varied courses. Tom Pritchard did not even know what they were.

At eight Sutton, having emptied his final glass of Benedictine, informed her he had better call a taxi. Their host, however, had a car waiting for them. The little cockney, without ceremony, though not without difficulty, arose and made for the hall.

That soft movement, as if absolutely unconscious of a corporeal substance, and Sumara was on her feet looking into Tom's rapt gaze.

"We are to meet again," she asserted whisperingly. "I shall tell you when and where."

"Soon!" prompted Tom, a bit breathless.

"Just soon enough to make you want to see Sumara."

"I'll be at the theatre to-morrow afternoon—in the first row. Dance for me, will you?"

"I shall dance to you. There will be no one else."

She gave him the long fingers. He held them an instant with their fragrant incense tips! "Marvelous fingers—they make a man forget everything else."

He bent down on reckless impulse, and brushed his lips not too lightly across them. Their points touched with a caress.

After she had gone he could recall nothing definite, no word she had spoken, no thought her lips had openly expressed. They had not discussed the theatre. He had forgotten his expressed desire to learn more of the dances of India. The impression he had was still vague as incense, yet stirringly potent as the word of an oracle. He sat wondering about it, trying to fathom its power. At 2 a.m. he was still wondering. Then suddenly he sprang up. He had forgotten to send Marjorie his nightly wire!

IT was not surprising that news of Tom Pritchard's interest in Sumara crept into the press. At first nothing more than a paragraph in a sheet that busied itself with the intimate doings of society, and the theatre, the fact that a millionaire's son was assiduously attentive to the mysterious Hindu dancer soon insinuated itself as a matter of widespread interest.

Not that his name was actually knotted with hers. But her pictures appeared broadcast throughout the country with captions to the effect that it had become evident the beautiful dancer's patron was the son of a colossus of Wall Street. The result, indirect, perhaps, but evident, was that Sumara became the magnet that packed them in, and the Coliseum booked her for a return engagement. She played in and around New York for a number of weeks, which enabled Tom to pursue her with less caution than was necessary.

All the publicity, however vaguely his own name was whispered through it, might have proved embarrassing had he not been too completely caught in the gauzily enmeshing web of her personality. For the first time in the family's history Thomas Addington Pritchard failed in chivalry to a woman. Fortunately Marjorie Brice was still south. She had expected her fiance to join her there, but the date of his coming had been steadily postponed. Wires had sped, advising her of hitches in the machinery of Wall Street, of his father's urgent need of him. And because she was terrifically in love, she believed him and in him. The bright head with its wild, red curls bent over a long daily letter which concerned itself chiefly with the moon on the sea and how she wanted him—but, of course, mustn't interfere with his work. She was proud to know that he was of such importance to his father. "Only, Tom, darling, please don't work too hard. I'd love you—love you—love you—if you didn't have a cent!

The letter containing this admonition arrived as he was leaving his apartment to dine Sumara at the most epicurean restaurant in town. They were dining in public together quite frankly these days, dispensing with the attendant Sutton. But their hour was earlier than the fashionable one, and Tom enjoyed the privilege of having the dancer practically to himself.

He opened Marjorie's letter as he drove downtown. There came clearly before him as he read not disturbing visions of his women, but the recollection of his father's opinion of him succinctly expressed several days past:

"The laugh's on me, boy! I flattered myself I'd propagated a product unique in this day and age; the son of a rich man who wouldn't sooner or later make a damned fool of himself. Can't be done, that's all! They don't come that way. I'd rather have had you pull it off while you were in college—more excuse for them when they're young and green. But here we are—you're so far past 21 that you ought to know better. Man to man—how much have you blown in on the yaller gal up to date?" His eyes under protrudant sharp grey brows were palpably laughing.

Tom, facing him in the most private office of his private suite, had met that laugh with his jaw set as it had been on the football field. He could have met anger with more self-esteem.

"Now, don't let's start a row," put in the colossus, shoving aside some newspaper clippings as he leaned forward, but refusing to displace the laugh from his eyes. "I could chuck you out and T. A. Pritchard and Company, I dare say, could manage to drag along without you—but that would only worry me, and your grandfather's little legacy would prevent its worrying you. What disturbs me most is that this little—ahem—affair, shall I say—"

"No—don't say it!" broke in Tom, abruptly vehement.

"Well—well!" The younger Pritchard did not see the light that suddenly lifted the laugh from his parent's eyes. It returned instantly. "So the yaller dame knows the value of teasing! But whatever it is, son, it's making a jackass of you, and I didn't think any woman could do that to a Pritchard." He picked up one of the clippings marked significantly with blue pencil and held it out between thumb and forefinger. "Has Marjorie seen any of this stuff?"

"No."

"If she did, it would bring her home by the first train."

"Probably."

"Son—what of Marjie?"

No direct answer had come to him. It was a question he had so frequently asked himself during the past weeks, shamefacedly, hating himself as he acknowledged it, but finding no answer.

EACH time he looked into the provocative green—no gray!—no, green!—eyes of the woman who had so completely disrupted his well ordered life his brain had hammered the query: "What of Marjie?" The vivid Marjie he had caught in his arms one night, whispering that now he had her he'd never let her get away! The Marjie whose laughter melted into his!

To-night he put a further question. What of their wedding in June? Would it be fair to her to go through with it with thoughts held by those scented fingers of the East? He pulled up sharp. He was a dog! It was madness—this thing that had him.

He gazed at those fingers half an hour later as their tips crumbled a bit of bread under the restaurant lamp. Every move they made, every gesture, seemed to touch him. On one index burned a cabochon emerald set in old wrought gold. Seeing it centered in the window of a Fifth Avenue jeweler, it had reminded Tom of Sumara, and, as on several occasions since, he has succumbed with American thoroughness. He avoided any attempt to estimate the cost. He had even taken a flier or two for her when she expressed an interest in the workings of Wall Street, delighting in her slow, wondering smile through lips half parted as he handed her the winnings for which he had refused to permit her to advance a penny. The necklace she wore, lotus shaped, fashioned of emeralds and pendant black pearls, had been designed on his order to match the ring. It fell among the chiffons sweeping from her turban round and round her throat. He had never seen her without the close-fitting headdress that suited her so well. It was smoky gray to-night like the gown, a part of her, as they all were. She seemed all gauze and mist above the gold glow of the lamp, with only the intense smudge of hair and eyes a disturbing reality. As he gazed, Marjorie drifted like some receding landscape farther and still farther away on the horizon of his consciousness.

IN all their meetings, as at their first she had given him practically nothing of her intimate thoughts. She had told him of India and of Egypt, of the fastnesses of Africa, with eyes dreaming and that slow, never full parting of warm, wide lips giving him the gleam of white that came with her rare smile.

"There is a Swahili love dance, Tom-me," she murmured once, with the odd musical emphasis he loved to hear her put on the second syllable of his name. "It is the longing of the savage maiden before she becomes wife. I would dance it for you, but your censors—they would all come to see it and then I should go to jail."

The words stimulated him to envision her in the love dance—swaying, tempting, escaping, luring! Her bare arms raised, head flung back, eyes like slow green flames!

His breath quickened. No use fighting! No use weighing Marjie's letter—or the future—against this living, palpitating present! She set his imagination racing like a charger. Her low, lingering voice conjured for him the oasis toward which it galloped, tantalizingly near at times, at others fading into mocking mirage. Visions—promises! So far she had granted him no more.

To-night her fingers slid across the table, barely meeting his.

"Tom-me—I must leave the city on Saturday night. Tell me it will be as hard for you——" She paused without completing "as for me."

"You're not going far," came with that breathlessness she always called from him.

"To Philadelphia and then to Boston."

"I'll make both those cities."

"And then each week—a greater distance——" Her tone suggested the antipodes.

His hands suddenly covered hers, pressing against the pointed fingers.

"I can't bear to think of it! Wonder woman," came with sudden reckless, almost angry, intensity, "what is this thing you've done to me? You've knocked all the iron bound principles I've lived by into a cocked hat. You've made me forget decency even—no, it's not your fault—as she frowned, the wide lips parting faintly—"the responsibility is mine entirely. I thought I loved a woman —" It was the first time he had mentioned Marjorie, and he felt a cad even as he did it. "Good God, I didn't know the meaning of the word! You've taught it to me!"

Gently the fingers turned round his. The eyes almost closed, as if the plea, rushing from his lips were a narcotic. She gave no other answer.

"What's to come of it?" he plunged on. "Where are you leading me? Sumara"—the name was a husky whisper—"you know I——" he broke off, his gaze fastened on the dark shaded eyes, the red mouth. "When are you going to love me?"

The long fingers wound tighter. Their pressure was like mounting fire.

"Wait—Tom-me! Some time in the dark night I shall come to you—or call you to come to me!"

When he had left her at the theatre in Brooklyn and was driving across the bridge through the light pierced night that frames Manhattan, he struck a match and held it to his cigaret. With it came a whiff of incense. Sumara's hand pressed to his had a final seal upon him.

THE afternoon sun came through a window touching the dark purple velvet of a long couch, and settled on Marjorie's mop of hair huddled into the cushions. Shaggy as a lion's, it almost covered the eyes under it. But for it she would have been lost in her corner. All that was visible to the man whose hands dug nervously into his coat pockets as he sat on the arm at the other end was a little figure still dusty from its journey searching, head bent, through a handbag. Her hat had been pulled off and tossed down beside her. A traveling coat lay in a heap where it had fallen from her shoulders. She was all haste, all tense anxiety.

"Here they are!" She brought forth a handful of newspaper clippings. "Of course, dear, I didn't pay any attention to them. I can't imagine who sent them—some cat who wanted to get you away from me!"

Tom Pritchard glanced through them and knew instantly that she was wrong. They were marked significantly in blue pencil. The conversation in his father's office recurred to him. Pritchard senior had a way of looking issues full in the face. Quietly, in the manner most effective, he had forced his son to do likewise.

And because destiny always laughs out of the corner of a twisted mouth, the train bearing Marjorie Brice back to Tom's horizon had slid in on the track next that which carried Sumara away from it.

HE had waited on the platform for the one with thoughts following the other, had held silent throughout the drive to Marjorie's home, even when her hand had crept into his and her lips had parted as if to question him. Now, as she looked up facing him from the other end of the couch, he knew he was approaching the climax he had evaded.

"I never knew anything so outrageous!" she flashed. "How dare they insinuate that you and that Indian woman——" Her eyes darted to his. "Why didn't you put a stop to it? Of course, I don't believe a word—but, Tommy, I haven't slept in three nights."

He hesitated. He could gather her into his arms as on another occasion when Sumara had come between them. He could answer as she wanted him to and silence all doubt. But he chose to thrash out with his own conscience the problem he had refused to meet. His father, evidently thinking to call a halt to the Sumara affair had forced this upon him. He would clinch with it here and now.

"Marjie—I may as well be honest——"

"You can't mean it is true?" she broke in without letting him go on. "It couldn't be! It can't! Why, you promised—don't you remember?—never even to see her dance again!"

He looked away, frowning, as she slid along the couch to him. "I'm glad of this chance to tell you the truth, Marjie to face it with you. I have been seeing Sumara—been going about with her. I don't pretend to understand it myself—it's stronger than I am."

Marjorie Brice sat and stared at him, a bewildered hand pushing the hair from her forehead, her eyes taking fire, but not from the sun rays that played upon them.

"I can't believe it," she said, dazedly. "Why, Tommy, dear, you wired you were too busy even to write. You weren't playing around with her all that time?"

"All that time," came in a low monotone.

For a breath she did not speak. Then her answer came, scarcely audible.

"Is that why you didn't come south? Is that why you stayed away—from me?"

"Yes. Marjie—" both strong hands went out helplessly— "I'm thoroughly, heartily ashamed of it. Don't think it was an easy fall. I fought it like a madman. I couldn't leave her, that's all. There's been nothing—well, not what you might think—but I've no will where she's concerned—"

He had been talking as if about another person, and with the pause looked down helplessly at the figure crouched beside him.

"There's no use, Marjie," he repeated. "I couldn't help it."

"I might have known!" she whispered. "That smelly stuff that came from her fingers—it hypnotized you. But, Tom—I don't care—I'll forgive you now that it's over. I want to forgive you—"

"It's not over," he said, dryly. "You don't mean—that you're still going to see her—now that I'm back?"

"I can't help it," he plunged on with dogged desperation.

"Tom—you don't love her! It couldn't be that!"

"I don't know what to call it!"

"But it's too—" She caught his arm in sudden terrified reaction. "Tom—you must shake it off! You must! I'll help you."

"You can't—no one can!"

She was upright beside him, clinging to him with both hands.

"What does that mean? Don't you want to be cured of this—this insanity?"

"Marjie"—he took hold of her two hands as impersonally as if he had never kissed them, and looked straight into the eyes that made no attempt now to conceal their panic—"ca'l me a cad, a dog—whatever you like. I deserve it. You can't give me any worse names than I've given myself. I've been—I am all of them. But I can't help it. Nothing can cure me of Sumara. No woman can ever rouse in me the thing she's brought to life. I wish to God it weren't true. I wish I could explain it. I wish I didn't have to face you now and tell you. But it'd be worse than a cad if I tried to keep it from you!" His eyes pleaded. The hands holding her's were tense. The voice that came from him was dull, hopeless. "It's changed me as if I were another man. She's taken all strength—all power of resistance from me."

"Tom—you—you can't mean it. Why, it—it's impossible."

"Yes—it's impossible. But there it is! Now you know! I had to tell you, Marjie. Say you understand—please! It's a miserable mess—you alone must decide what's to be done."

Her hands dropped from his. She drew away from him slowly, and bit by bit to the far end of the couch. The eyes on which the sun played grew wide with the anguish of a frightened child. The lips quivered then set in a tight pressed line. Her head went up.

THE pendulum of silence swung between them like the slow descending knife of Poe's tale. Five minutes — ten — fifteen! Tom Pritchard waited for its keen edge to cut.

It did, finally, with a shrill, sharp laugh from her that stopped before it was finished.

"Don't be a hypocrite! You — you're throwing me over—that's what you're doing! As neatly as if I had nothing to say about it. You're telling me that if I marry you in June I'll be the cad. You're telling me you don't want me any more! You're saying in so many words: 'Marjie, old dear, you bore me to death, because I've known you so long that there's nothing more to know about you!'"

"Marjie—don't!"

"It's the truth! Why not be honest about it? You don't want me any more!" Her voice caught with the words, then rushed on. "Well, I guess men get that way. Women don't! When we love, it's not a thing a whiff of incense can blow to high heaven. We go on loving—like fools!" She tore at the ring on her finger. "But I'm game! I don't want to hold a man who doesn't want to be held. I've pride enough for that!" She was on her feet, sobbing, laughing, as a diamond flashed from her hand to his. "There—there's the last link—now you're free! Only it is laughable, isn't it? Let's laugh over it together!"

He had called himself another man. He felt it as he listened to her laughter. Her rage—he had known it before—would have been easier to face. Or even her tears! But the peal that shook her body and tortured her lips into a grimace robbed him of defenses. Laughter! Again, as in his father's office, he was helpless to meet it.

"Don't laugh!" He bent his head, fumbling with the ring. "Marjie—don't make this worse than it is! I know what you think of me—what I am. But if you laugh—"

"If you could laugh with me, there'd be some hope!" Her lips trembled as they tried to hold the grin. "Don't say anything more—don't — please. Just go now, will you?"

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The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob

POOR BILL SHAKESPEARE TRIES TO SELL A PLAY

THE would-be dramatist who had never managed to get one of his plays produced, even by his friends, sat in a discouraged mood with his newest comedy, just returned by a New York manager, open before him. When he read it over again to himself and wondered why it did not seem so good to anybody else, he wiped away a furtive tear. Then he began to think how he had tried all sorts and conditions of New York producers with what seemed to him to be all sorts and conditions of plays, and as he sat there in the midst of withered hopes, sleep came and brought calm to his troubled spirit.

To sleep, perchance to dream.

To dream, ah, there's the rub.

Yes, he had a dream. He dreamt that he was William Shakespeare, and with a bundle of plays under his arm he was visiting the Broadway producers.

What was his luck?

The first manager looked over "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Then he said: "I'm afraid 'The Merry Wives' will never go. The public does not care about the flirtations of elderly Janes. If they were silly newly-weds, so that Madge Kennedy could star in it, the piece might have a chance. But in a farce of intrigue, you must have pretty heroines to tickle the fat-necked Johnnies. 'Midsummer Night's Dream' may be poetical, but it is not a drama. Turn it into a musical comedy. Then you can cut out all the plot. Helena and Hermia must be turned into sort of twin roles, for the Duncan Sisters or the Dolly Sisters. Kill 'Bottom the Weaver.' The public is tired of plump comedians and 'Nobody loves a fat man' stuff. Make Puck the chief comic part, with plenty of pep, and a few spicey suggestions in the sleeping scenes. It will be a great role for Eddie Cantor. I believe he could put even that show over."

* * *

With three of his tragedies, "Othello," "King Lear" and "Macbeth," he went to another manager.

"I say, young man," said he, "you do know how to put a little kick into a play, but they are too long, much too long. People do not want their horrors to last all evening nowadays. They like a thrill, but it must be swift so there will be plenty of time for a laugh afterwards."

"What would you advise?"

"Boil them down into one-act plays, and the producers will jump at them for Grande Guignol bills. Take 'Othello'—the jealous coon murdering a beautiful white wife. You have something there. Properly handled, it might even start a race riot. And what better publicity could one want? From 'King Lear' you could make use of the batty old gentleman, running about with the strangled body of his daughter in his arms, with the two sisters who caused all the trouble pretending to be sorry, but in reality plotting to lodge the old man in the booby hatch. You get hold of ideas, Shakespeare, but you do not handle them right. There are half a dozen plays in 'Macbeth'. One of them should end with Lady Macbeth saying 'Out damned spot'. There's a great curtain. You can always get a laugh in this country when a lady swears on the stage."

* * *

A third manager wanted "Julius Caesar" for his favorite female star.

"Of course it will have to be rewritten so as to make a bigger part for Calphurnia," he said. "The key to the whole play is the line about Caesar's wife being above suspicion. Work up the sex interest from that. There is nothing to Mark Anthony's oration or to the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. They waste time and no modern audience would care about them. Make Brutus fall in love with Calphurnia. That's your hunch. Then Jane Cowl can weep all over the place as the lady who is too respectable, too much above suspicion to let herself go. And when Caesar finds out that Brutus has been consoling his wife because he was too much taken up with business, then he can spring the line 'Et tu, Brute'. if you are really set on keeping that speech. But the title of the play must be 'Caesar's Wife'. It has some box-office value."

* * *

But nobody would consider "Hamlet" for a moment.

"It might have a chance here if it had first been presented in Europe," was the best that any of them would say for it.

"There is too much talk in it," was the universal verdict. "You can never get that sort of stuff over the footlights. And all those asides and soliloquies. Good heavens man, they are as old-fashioned as 'Fashion'. What you need to do is learn to condense. Look at this speech, for instance. You can say everything that he says in just about a minute:

"'Shall I do it, or shall I not? That's what I'm up against. Is it better to put up with my run of bad luck, or to say "Here goes nothing!" and jump off the dock? What if there turned out to be a hell after all, and I got into it. Then the laugh would be on me. But here comes that bobbed-haired beauty, Ophelia. I'll just kid her along for a while and forget my troubles.' There is some zip to that speech, and a laugh in it.

"But even if it had all the popular qualities of 'Abie's Irish Rose', you could never make 'Hamlet' go with that ending. See if you can't spare enough of them for a happy curtain. That's what you've gotta get, a happy curtain."

AN OLD FRIEND IS BACK AGAIN.



Elsa Ryan, as she appears in the title role of "Peg o' My Heart", which she has been playing at the Alexandra Theatre during the past week. Miss Ryan wears well with local audiences. So, apparently, does Peg.

WEEK-END THOUGHTS OF A MONDAY NIGHTER

ALTHOUGH it is probable that every stock company that ever appeared in Toronto has contained actors who were dramatists, without mentioning it one does not hold a man's secret vices against him. The Metropolitan Players have been the first organization to contain in the course of the season two recognized playwrights, who have had dramas staged on Broadway Lengthy reference has already been made to Harry Wagstaffe Gribble and J. C. Nugent in this department. But it must not be forgotten that once before, in the Summer of 1914, a company came to Toronto with a dramatist in its ranks, and if it had not been for the war he would have been more discussed than he was. His name was H. Benjamin Osborne, and he was the author of a drama entitled "The Madonna of the Louvre." Since his short flutter across the local horizon, we have never heard anything more about him, and cannot even say if he is any relation to Mr. Hubert Osborne, author of "Shore Leave," and one or two other plays that have been presented on Broadway.

A Prize Contest.

During the Summer of 1914, there were three stock companies in Toronto—Miss Percy Haswell had one at the Princess. Miss Jessie Bonstelle was operating one at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, and to Shea's Theatre came Miss Adele Blood, a handsome blonde, who brought with her a very expensive supporting cast, including players like William Raymond, H. Cooper-Cliffe, Maude Turner Gordon and Marion Dentler. The company looked strong enough, and we expected a good deal, but it suffered badly from a rush of blood to the head. The excellent actors did not get a chance to show their ability, and Miss Blood did not impress many persons with hers.

A great deal of money was spent on the productions, and Miss Blood did something that startled local drama lovers. She offered a prize of $1,000 for the best drama written by a Canadian, and it was to be produced as the climax of her season. There was not much time for anybody to write a new play, but the local dramatists went digging in their trunks for old manuscripts, and more than fifty were sent in—which goes to show that the Canadian playwrights are not entirely discouraged by hope deferred. When the results came out, two or three local writers who were known to be nursing unproduced plays among their cherished possessions were mentioned, with much kindness, but without money or hope of reward. The prize went to an unknown writer, Mr. H. Benjamin Osborne of Kingston, Ont. His play possessed the flamboyant title, "The Madonna of the Louvre."

The play was staged with all the excellent players mentioned above in the cast. Mr. H. Benjamin Osborne received the money publicly and with a fine flourish. Then some mean person discovered a fact that had not hitherto been announced. It turned out that Mr. H. Benjamin Osborne of Kingston was an inconspicuous member of Miss Blood's company, playing minor roles therein. This piece of news caused a sensation, and some of the disappointed Canadian dramatists showed signs of being indignant. Miss Blood's manager immediately hastened into the breach with an explanation. It seems that Mr. Osborne did come from Kingston. He submitted his manuscript to the competition through a lawyer, under an assumed name. How could Miss Blood know that the young man who walked on the stage and said such things as "The carriage waits," was an anonymous dramatist, nursing his guilty secret away from all the other members of the company? Mr. Frawley, the judge of the contest, and that time associated with the Morosco interests, selected "The Madonna of the Louvre" without guessing that the author was a member of Miss Blood's company. His was such a small member that the point hardly seemed worth mentioning until it was raised by the trouble-maker who first noted it.

The disappointed dramatists could take that explanation or leave it, just as they pleased. And some of them remained not greatly pleased whichever way they took it.

The Winning Play.

Whether that sort of publicity proves healthy or not, one cannot say, but there was a capacity audience in Shea's large theatre for the first performance of "The Madonna of the Louvre." Why the drama was given that title, nobody ever knew. It might as well have been called "The Dowager of the Delta" or "The Serpent of the Sistine Chapel." for all that the name had to do with the play. It was melodrama of the most hectic and naive description. At this late date, one cannot remember all the details clearly, but a general idea of the lines along which it ran will indicate why it did not shake Broadway to its foundations.

The play contained a terrible villain, a man who had robbed and ruined people all his life until the heroine got after him. At the commencement of the play, he had married the heroine's mother without thinking to mention to her the existence of another wife kicking about somewhere. That is the sort of fellow he was. When the old lady heard that she was going to be the loose end of a bigamy trial, she died of heart failure. Her daughter made a blood-curdling oath over the dead body to hound the villain, and hound him, and hound him. As the young lady had recently returned from Paris, the old man did not know what his victim's daughter looked like. The young woman got into his office, employed as secretary, and began to pull down the immense fortune that it had taken him years to build up. She set traps for her employer, and he walked into them as fast as she could build them. You never saw such a round-eyed simpleton. He was so easily hoodwinked that you wondered why he did not have a nurse-girl. She got him to buy heavily in copper, just five minutes before copper collapsed. And so on.

Just one thing marred the perfect enjoyment of the young woman. She had met the villain's son in Paris, and was in love with him. The young man kept turning up and rubbing her raw conscience every time that she was on the point of doing in the old man. At last the villain did a thing that destroyed the last possibility of sympathy for him. He discovered the identity of the girl, and that she loved his son. So he began a campaign of whispers. He insinuated the most terrible things about the young woman's morals, and intimated that he should know as she was his secretary. The young man was aghast. As for the young woman, her feelings gave Miss Blood an opportunity to do so much emotional acting that everybody felt relieved when the truth leaked out. If you do not credit that statement, you have doubtless never seen Miss Blood emote.

That was "The Madonna of the Louvre", the first and only play for which a Canadian ever received a prize of $1,000.

You will note that the declaration of war by the Kaiser was not the only ghastly event of the Summer of 1914.

Also you will probably wonder what the plays submitted by the other Canadian dramatists must have been like, when "The Madonna of the Louvre" received the first prize.

Hungarian Playwrights Are Invading New York

NEVER before have there been so many Hungarian plays on Broadway as will be produced in New York during the coming season. Practically all well-known Hungarian authors will be represented in the Broadway productions. Their list is topped by Ferenc Molnar, Lajos Biro, Melchoir Lengyel, Ernst Vajda—all internationally known names which are familiar to the well-informed theatregoers.

Molnar's name will be in evidence next season more than that of any other Hungarian author. According to present plans, in addition to the production of his newest play, two of his most successful plays will be reproduced on Broadway. One of them is "The Guardsman," which is on the bill of the Theatre Guild. The other play is "The Phantom Rival," which in the country of the author has been in the repertoire of the foremost theatres for over a decade. The new play is "The Red Mill," which was in Budapest the "big hit" of the current season. In New York the play will be produced by Belasco, whose representatives have been carrying on an intensive study of the staging of the play in the Hungarian capital, where it was first produced. This play is one of Molnar's most original dramatic studies, portraying the change wrought by Satan in the character of a man picked out of millions on account of his outstanding virtues. He is to be made a "bad man" in Satan's red mill. Everything goes well in transforming him into a shining example of badness, when, all at once, a grain of sand gets into the intricate machinery of the red mill, which had been grinding to pieces the virtues of the unlucky victim. The grain of sand is his filial love, which ruins the machine, refuting the conceited allegation of Satan that virtue is merely a matter of habit, which, with skilful devices, can be transformed into its own negation.

Author of "Typhoon."

Melchior Lengyel, author of "Typhoon" and co-author of "Czarina," will be represented on Broadway by his most recent play, "Antonia," which is running now in Budapest. One of the sensations of the Budapest performance of the play is that the part of the heroine is played by Mrs. Ferenc Molnar, wife of the playwright.

Lajos Biro, who is at present in America, will have two of his most successful plays produced in New York. One of them, "The Highwayman," is on the road. It is a comic portrayal of the story of an adventurer who was hired to cast reflections upon the reputation of a girl in whom an elderly rich man seemed to be too much interested. Biro's other play to be produced in New York, "The Yellow Lily," which has a Europe-wide reputation, is the love story of an archduke and of a physician's wife.

The newly discovered stars of Hungary will be represented en masse on Broadway. Ernst Vajda, who, until the spectacular career of "Fata Morgana," was practically unknown in America, sends three of his plays to New York. One of these, entitled "Harem," was first produced in Budapest during the current season and is considered one of the representative plays of modern Hungarian dramatic literature. It is a comedy in the vein of the best Parisian and Budapestian playwriting traditions. One of its main attractions is the role of the leading lady. "If it is not played brilliantly the play loses 50 per cent. of its charm," was the comment of one of Budapest's popular critics on the first night. How important this role is was shown by the fact that the management of the Magyar Szinhaz, where the play was shown for the first time, had to "borrow" an actress from neighboring Austria in order to have the best "first lady" available in Central Europe.

Vajda's second play on Broadway will be "Grounds for Divorce," which is already known to the theatregoers of some of the great American cities, where it has been produced with great success. "High C" is Vajda's third play which will be produced in New York during the coming season. It was acquired and brought to America by Gilbert Miller

The Young Men.

Young Hungarian authors will outnumber next season those of the older brand. Ladislaus Fodor is one of the "miracle children" among the Hungarian dramatists. His play, coming to New York, the tentative title of which is "Successful Despite Himself," was played in the Hungarian capital under the title "Margarethe of Navarra." Notwithstanding the implication contained in the original title, the play is not an historic drama. It is the witty description of how a young French nobleman became on the first night of his marriage Prime Minister of France and to what vicissitudes his marital life was subjected until, due to some fortunate circumstances in which his wife had a hand, his Cabinet was overthrown. Although the author of this play is only twenty-four years of age, he is praised by the Hungarian critics as a past master in utilizing stage effects.

Another young Hungarian author is Attilla Orbok, whose play, "The Comet," will serve him as an introduction to the American public. He is the brother of Lorant Orbok, author of "Casanova."

"Four Gentlemen in Dress Suits" is the title of a play by Ladislaus Fazekas, which will be produced by Gilbert Miller and Frohman. The author has a number of popular plays to his credit, the older ones of which gained him the surname of a "Hungarian Strindberg." Since he has been cured lately of his misogyny his surname was transformed into a less gloomy one. He is now the "Hungarian Bahr," and as such he is less pessimistic about women.

Another young Hungarian author, Nicholaus Vitez will make his debut on Broadway with a drama having the signicant title, "Where is the Drama?" The audience is told in this play that the drama has disappeared and that at the same time something else vanished which was of a far greater value than the drama. Despite this mysterious beginning, which reminds one of the conventional detective stories, Vitez's play is not a thriller in the ordinary sense of the word. Though it is interesting from beginning to end, it is at the same time a profound analysis of human nature. The leading role of the play will be taken in New York by Leo Ditrichstein, according to present arrangements.

Old age will be represented among the Hungarian authors by Michael Timar, who soon will be seventy years old. He is a late arrival among Hungary's dramatists, since his first drama was produced when he was sixty-three. The drama which will introduce him to New Yorkers is entitled "Boldizsar Pupos." It is Hungarian not only in its title, but also in the selection of the topic. That its appeal is not confined to the Hungarian audiences only is demonstrated by the fact that it has been produced in a number of European cities outside of Hungary.

seduced by a woman of the world, many years his senior. Ernst Vajda took as his theme the shattering of youthful idealism. You can never tell what those funny people the theatrical censors will do about a frank play of that nature. They barred "Anna Christie" from Toronto, though it has been praised by the leading critics of New York, London and Paris. You never can tell how censors will jump. However, if "Fata Morgana" is not shown in Toronto, we will share the fate of Ernst Vajda's native city of Budapest. Vajda has decreed that "Fata Morgana," which is his favorite play, will not be shown in the Hungarian capital until after his death. He has taken that action because of their treatment of his early efforts, for he wrote "Fata Morgana" when little more than a boy himself. It was his second play, his first being "Aunt Rose Marie."

The vicissitudes of "Fata Morgana started quite a number of years ago when Ernst Vajda was only twenty-one years of age. Hungary's state theatre, the National Theatre of Budapest, offered a prize for a drama, having preferably a Hungarian subject. Young Vajda, submitted a play which was the Hungarian original of "Fata Morgana." Unfortunately for the young author, although the jury found the play the best among those submitted, he did not receive the award. The unavowed reason was that through some indiscretion, though the competition was secret, it became known that he was the author of "Fata Morgana" and the jury did not want to give preference to the play of the young author over the dramas of several famous playwrights, who is was rumored, took part in the competition.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate auspices under which "Fata Morgana" started on its career it was accepted finally by a theatre in Budapest. Here again a new mischance overtook Vajda, which proved fatal to the Hungarian career of the play. What happened was that the leading lady left the theatre and there was no other actress who could take the leading role. From one theatre the play wandered to another, aging in the drawers of the producers for months and sometimes even for years. Finally, Vajda, who had become world famous in the mean time, withdrew his play from the Hungarian theatres. It was first produced in Stockholm seven years ago and scored a success which was unique in the theatrical annals of the Scandinavian countries It has since become a great favorite in Vienna. The author, desirous to have his "revenge" on Hungary's unappreciative producers, forbade "Fata Morgana" to be produced in Hungary during his lifetime. This is the only play of the popular Hungarian author which has not been produced in his native country where, since his first and presumably last reverse, he has become one of the "stars" of dramatic literature.

NEW DRAMATISTS

Ivor Novello and Constance Collier have formed a collaboration as dramatists. Novello will be remembered as a handsome English movie star and writer of songs for musical comedies. Miss Collier is, of course, one of the leading English actresses. They are writing under the name of David L'Estrange. It will be recalled that Miss Collier's husband was the late Julian L'Estrange, the actor. Their first play "The Rat", was recently produced in London. The Daily Telegraph has this to say of it, among other things:

"He was a wonderful apache and a beautiful pickpocket, and all the girls in "The White Coffin' loved him and fought over and—each for her short space—had their hour with him. but all the time the only permanent thing in his life was little Odile, who kept his poor house, mended his socks, starved herself that he should eat. Yet all she got in return was an affection of the kind that irritated Wendy so in 'Peter Pan'. Then came Zelie de Chaumet, darling of Paris in general and the evil Herman Stetz in particular; she recognized in the Rat a kindred spirit and tried to allure him, with some success. This suited Stetz, who had fallen in love with Odile, and tried to engineer a set-to-partners movement. But the Rat discovered the trick and killed Stetz; Odile took the crime on her shoulders, persuaded Zelie to back her up, and so taught the Rat the real meaning of love. And so, when Odile was acquitted, she and the Rat went and settled down on a farm and were happy ever after.

"The authors of this play have not hesitated to lay their colors on thisk; but they have laid them on also with discrimination and considerable skill, and are rewarded with what looks like a popular success. As a frankly stagy play, it fulfills its chief duty of supplying its cast with effective acting parts."

AUTHOR'S REVENGE COSTS HIM MONEY

ONE of the out-standing successes of the past season in New York was "Fata Morgana," by the famous Hungarian dramatist, Ernst Vajda. This play was presented by the Theatre Guild, which found only two outstanding successes during the season, "Fata Morgana," and "Saint Joan." Whether the piece will reach Toronto, one cannot say. It is the story of an idealistic youth who is

DON JUAN MODERNIZED

Yet another version of Don Juan has been given us by H. R. Lenormand, that rather, strangely original playwright and author of "Les Rates" and "Simoun," both of which plays made a deep impression on all who saw them.

"L'Homme et ses Fantomes," produced by Gemier at the Odeon in Paris, if somewhat less morbid than M. Lenormand's previous productions, is certainly no less interesting. The author has conceived an eternally new legend, changing the Don Juan of Spain of the seventeenth century to a twentieth century Don Juan, an ordinary French bourgeois of the year 1920. Like his famous prototype, he cannot see a woman without desiring her. He flits from one love to another, abandoning each for the next with cynical disregard of the consequences.

The hero's psychology is gradually laid bare to the audience with almost scientific frankness. Finally the modern Don Juan seeks solace for his troubles in mysticism. In a remarkable scene he is shown communing with the spirits of some of his departed loves by the means of ordinary table-turning.

A Hymn of Hate

I hate audiences;
They walk on my feet.

There is the prosperous Moron;
He is the man who says,
"I like a funny play.
I can find enough sad things in life,
So when I pay my money for a show,
I want to laugh."
You bet he does.
He leans well forward so that you can feel
His breath upon your neck,
And being fat
He grunts.
At last he hears a joke that he can recognize,
And then he guffaws loudly in your ear.
Between the acts,
He places his two knees against your seat,
And digs right in your back;
He jiggles and he jerks;
And if you ask him kindly to refrain,
He loudly says
He knows some grouches who'd feel happier
If they were at the morgue.
You wish you were.

And there's the Leading Citizen,—
At least he thinks he is,
Though whom he leads and where he's leading them,
Nobody knows.
He comes in very late,
And stands in front of you to look around;
Ah, there's another leading citizen,
He must salute.
They both salute.
The while you dodge about,
And try to see the unimportant stage
Where something trivial is going on.
But surely you are wasting precious time,
When you can see
How notable meets notable.
And if he has a few remarks to make,
He hardly tries to moderate his tone,—
Maybe he thinks the people sitting near
Would rather hear his views
Than puerile lines
Written by Shakespeare.
Or by Bernard Shaw.
He says that he can get the most from plays
By reading them in his own library;
And you are moved to wish
He'd stay there with them.

Then there's the couple from the suburbs.
They come in late
And tramp upon your instep.
The wife must first explain
Why she was late again.
(It seems she kept him waiting
And he's mad.)
The baby nearly ate a safety razor blade,
At least she thought the darling had,
Till grandma found the blade;
Some one had dropped it in the bureau drawer,
And baby never had the thing at all.
When she has told her tale,
And you can hear again
The actors' foolish repartee,
One act is nearly done.
To make his peace,
He buys her chocolates,
And how those two can munch!
At ten o'clock
His watch begins to click.
He tells her that they must not miss their car;
They watch the drama and they watch the time,
And in the most important scene,
They both come stumbling right across your knee.
He tells her that he fears they've stayed too long.
He said it.

There is the talky party.
Between the scenes,
She tells the family history of the cast.
"You're wrong, dear, Fiske O'Hara ain't
Husband of Mrs. Fiske."
And then again,
"Oh, surely you must know
That Fannie Brice is married to Einstein,
Who wrote the Einstein theory."
She clacks more than the star.
If there's a witty line,
She must repeat it loudly,
As though she cannot laugh until she hears
Her own voice say it,
Also she feels she must explain the plot,
For you and all the others sitting near;
She tells you what she thinks
Will happen next;
And if she's wrong, she does not bat an eye,
But tries again,
Louder.
The final curtain falls.
She asks her friend how he has liked the show.
How can the poor boob know about the play,
For he has only heard
The endless clitter-clatter of her tongue;
And you can pity him,
For you have heard but little more yourself.

I hate audiences;
They walk on my feet.

—F. J.

At the Theatres -:- What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

Elsa Ryan Stays For Second Week

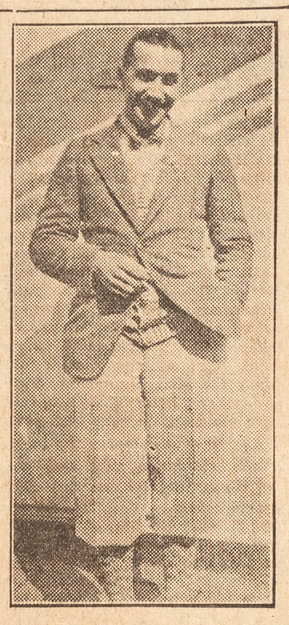
"In Love With Love" is the Play at Royal Alexandra.

Miss Elsa Ryan, whose performances in "Peg 'o My Heart" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre last week delighted large audiences, has acceded to popular request and will remain with the Metropolitan Players for one additional week as guest star. Through the good offices of Miss Ryan, who is a personal acquaintance of Vincent Lawrence, well known author of "In Love With Love", the latter production has been acquired by the players for the week commencing Monday night, July 28th.

"In Love With Love" is a clean, bright, modern comedy which scored a conspicuous success in its extended run at the Harris Theatre in New York last season. It provides a tremendous opportunity for Miss Ryan in the role of "Ann Jordan", daughter of an immensely wealthy father, "Ann" is a coquette with a host of admirers to three of whom she is particularly partial, a condition from which many uproarious complications arise. Miss Ryan, a keen admirer of the play, is especially fitted for the part of "Ann Jordan" and Alan Bunce, popular juvenile of the Metropolitan Players is happily cast as "Robert Metcalfe." Hr. Bunce will add to his laurels in this production. The play is in three acts and has not before been released for stock. It will open the winter season in Chicago shortly. It necessitates very beautiful settings to which full justice will be done and develops the sweetest and most charming love story imaginable. The Metropolitan Players feel that they are most fortunate in the acquisition of so excellent a play and may be relied upon for an altogether satisfactory presentation of it.

Clever Illusions Shown at Pantages

Carl Rosini and Company, the featured vaudeville attraction, now playing at Pantages, are truly deserving of their billing as "Creators of Mystery." Presenting a lavish and spectacular program of startling illusions that is the last word in mystery productions. Mr. Rosini's routine incorporates sleight of hand and other entertaining mystery effects, different from anything you have ever seen before, during the progress of which he introduces a humorous interlude entitled "Changing a Swede into a Dane." The carmody Dancers are a company of five talented young ladies presenting a series of exotic dances which are different from the ordinary display of similar presentations, the beauty of which is enhanced by gorgeous costume draperies and a wealth of scenic investiture. Dunham and O'Malley are seen in their latest laughing hit, "That's My Business," a lot of fun in song, talk and comedy dancing. Thomas and Williams, "Those Dancing Dandies," who introduce many new steps and several peppy songs, are very fast workers and have their audience clamoring for more when they finish their routine. Bob, Bobby and Bob, come direct from the New York Hippodrome presenting a lively program of novelty juggling mingled with humorous surprises which make this offering one of unusual merit.



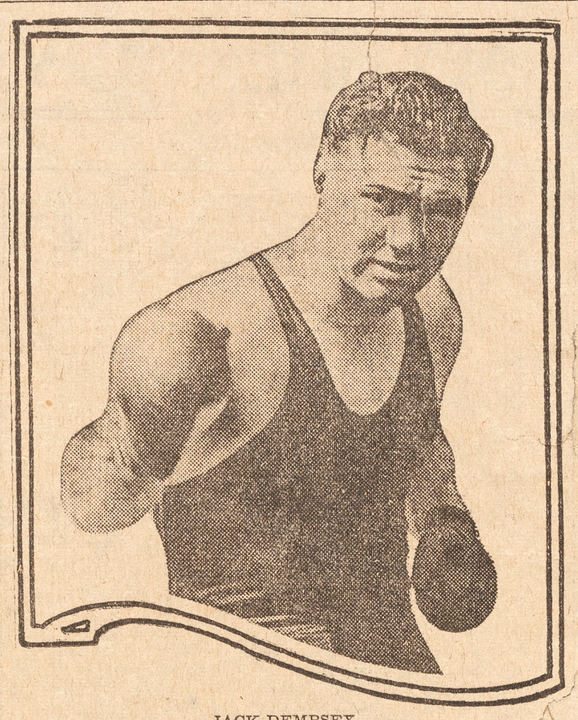
AL PLUNKETT,
Of the Dumbells, who has just arrived in Toronto from Liverpool. The soldier entertainers are starting at once to rehearse "Ace High", their new revue, which opens at the Grand Opera House on August 25th.

Tommie Allen is in Tabloid Revue

Seminary Scandals is Feature in Variety Bill at Loew's.

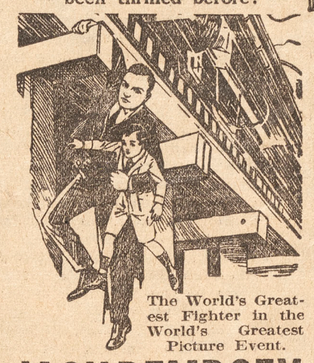
Musical comedy in a condensed form has become one of the principal sources of entertainment these days. The height of perfection has been reached by many of the smaller companies emulating the big revues. In the production "Seminary Scandals", offered during the week of July 28th, Loew's patrons will have the pleasure of witnessing one of the most accomplished musical revue companies seen in Toronto this year. Miss Tommie Allen is featured in the revue, which is a remarkably attractive arrangement. The company consists of eight members, and altogether is an attraction that will surely make a hit.

Other acts are: William Le Clair and Billy Sampson offer an amusing pantomimic travesty; Sam E. Mann will appear in a comedy skit called "Father Joy's Boy"; Evelyn Earle and Harry Mathews, "Around the World in Dance-land"; Fiske and Fallon in "Words and Music."



JACK DEMPSEY,
Heavy-weight champion of the world, now to be seen at Pantages Theatre in the first of the "Fight and Win" pictures.

JACK DEMPSEY
will thrill you as you've never been thrilled before!



The World's Greatest Fighter in the World's Greatest Picture Event.

JACK DEMPSEY
IN GERALD BEAUMONT'S
"THE FIGHT AND WIN PICTURES"
Each story complete in itself!
One Every Second Week
--NOW SHOWING--
"WINNING HIS WAY"

PANTAGES
NOW PLAYING
--Vaudeville Program--
THE FAMOUS
Carl Rosini and Company
Creators of Mystery
Margaret Carmody Dancers
In
"DANCES EXOTIC"
Dunham and O'Malley
Present
"THAT'S MY BUSINESS"
Thomas and Williams
Those Dancing Dandies
Bob, Bobby & Bob
Direct from the New York Hippodrome

An Amazing Whirl Of Romance and Mystery!
Dorothy Dalton
AND
Jack Holt
IN
'The Lone Wolf'
From the Famous Novel By
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Crashing — Smashing — Sensational Midair Fight— Greatest of All Man Hunts — Underworld Perils — And Triphammer Action.

The Moving Pictures — Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Mix and Tony Make Thrilling Scene

"The Trouble Shooter" is Picture Showing at Loew's Theatre.

Of his many deeds of daring, few equal in recklessness the latest performance of Tom Mix in his new Fox picture "The Trouble Shooter." which comes to Loew's Theatre week of July 28th.

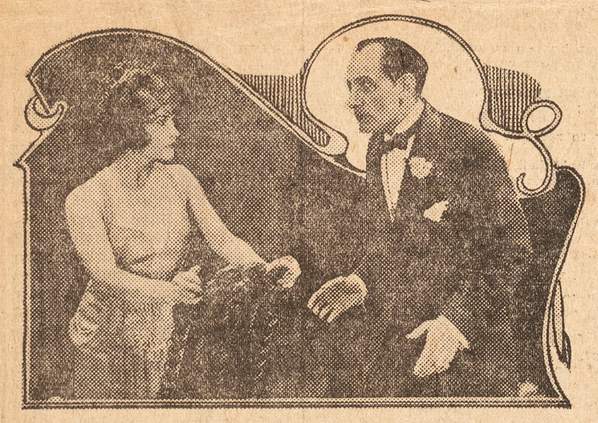
Riding into the mountains to make repairs on wires ripped down by a terrific storm, Mix, playing the role of a repair man, rides his remarkable little horse, Tony, across a narrow, swaying trestle directly ahead of a speeding train. The scene is one of the most thrilling Mix ever made and it was only after considerable persuasion that he urged Tony to the task.

Again in a ride through a blinding snow storm, Mix teaches the indomitable little horse to wear snowshoes. Between the two of them there are more unique stunts of novel daring than even Mix and Tony ever attempted before.

In the cast with Mix are such notable players as Kathleen Key, Dolores Rousse, Mike Donlin, former big league ball player, Charles McHugh, Al Freemont, Frank Currier, Earl Fox, J. Gunnis Davis and Howard Truesdale. The original story was written by Frederick and Fanny Natton after an exhaustive investigation into the work of the "trouble shooters" in the mountain country of the far west. The picture was directed by John Conway.

In the trestle scene Mix actually risked his own neck as well as that of his beloved horse. The ties were far apart and Tony had difficulty in picking his way at breakneck speed. Moreover, the plucky little horse which fears nothing it can see, was unable to glance backward at the approaching engine. The sound nearly terrified Tony, but still he placed his confidence in the big man up in the saddle to whom he had entrusted his life so often in the past.

"I reckon it was about the toughest test I've given Tony since I broke him," said Mix.



BETTY COMPSON AND SHELDON LEWIS,
In a scene from "The Enemy Sex", the feature attraction showing at the Hippodrome this week.

"The Enemy Sex" is at the Hippodrome

This Picture Was Made From "The Salamander" by Owen Johnson.

How long can a girl play about with men, picking them up as she would peanuts, taking out the best of them, and then throwing away the shells? A girl of the present day meets them all, men of every description, mediocre, interesting, powerful, hunters, brutes and those who seek only an amused mental relaxation.

She attracts them by hook or crook, in defiance of conventions, compelling their attention in ways that at the start hopelessly mystify them and lead to misunderstandings. Then she calmly sets them right and forgives them.

How long can a girl play about so with men?

That is the plot of "The Eenemy Sex," the feature attraction at the Hippodrome Theatre this week.

The picture is based on one of the most widely read novels ever to leave a press, "The Salamander," by Owen Johnson. And the story was translated to the screen by a man who lost absolutely nothing in the translation to the silver sheet, James Cruze, the master who directed that wonder picture of the screen, "The Covered Wagon," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "To the Ladies," "The Fighting Coward," and others.

And the cast! Read the names, it is enough!

Beautiful Betty Compson, Percy Marmont, the fine English actor you saw in Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed," Sheldon Lewis, Huntley Gordon, who appeared opposite Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," Kathlyn Williams, De Witt Jennings, Will H. Turner, Dot Farley, Ed Faust and Pauline Bush.

It is the story of "Dodo" Baxter, a girl of unusual appeal, who comes to New York looking for a career, but who finds it is far more profitable to capitalize her attractiveness for men. She considers herself clever enough to be able to handle them without giving anything in return.

She is invited to a chorus girls' party given by a group of wealthy men, who soon realize that she is of an unusual type and different from the others present. The next day Albert Edward Sassoon, a wealthy broker, Harrigan Blood, a newspaper owner, Massingale, a married judge, and Blaney, a theatrical magnate, begin to besiege her with their attentions. She sets Sassoon and Blood fighting each other, but falls in love with Massingale. Her happiness ends when she discovers he is a married man.

Thoroughly reckless, she goes for a wild ride with Garry Lindaberry, a young man who is doing his best to drink himself to death. They crash through a closed road barrier and have a narrow escape. Out of this situation comes Dodo's partial promise to marry Garry if he succeeds in reforming. He fails, however, and when Massingale offers to run away from his wife Dodo agrees to go with him.

Just as she is ready to go Garry arrives at her flat helplessly drunk. Formerly he was a happy-go-lucky souse, but now he is on the verge of delirium tremens and prays Dodo to save him. Sacrificing herself, she refuses to accompany Massingale and stays to nurse Garry, puts him on his feet and makes a man of him. She then realizes he is the man she loves.

Six months later Garry stands in court before Judge Massingale on a charge of speeding. He pleads guilty, but offers as an excuse that he was hurrying to his honeymoon, and points to Dodo back in the courtroom. The judge smiles grimly.

"Case dismissed."

MUSICAL PROGRAM AT THE HIPPODROME

Jack Arthur's program de luxe includes the overture by the Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra, "Maytime," John Arthur and Lloyd Collins conducting; divertissement: Thelma Baterman; coloratura soprano; Ernest Dainty at the Wurlitzer; a Hippodrome comedy creation and a Hippodrome news review.

TO DEFEND ANIMALS.

The Animal defence League of California has registered an objection with Will H. Hays against what it characterizes as cruelty to animals in the Ince picture "The Last Frontier." It seems the league members particularly object to the treatment of a herd of buffalo in what is supposed to be one of the big scenes of the picture. This organization has been active in opposing films in which animals are apparently treated unkindly.

Jack Dempsey is Now a Movie Star

"Fight and Win" Pictures Are Starting Now at Pantages.

Staging the thrilling rescue of a small boy from a railroad trestle, hanging, with the youngster, by one hand as the train passes overhead, then dropping into a roaring river, is one of the exciting experiences of Jack Dempsey, world's fight champion, in his "Fight and Win" pictures, starting this week at the Pantages.

The champion scorned the use of a "double" and did every part of the dangerous and difficult scene himself.

This is only one of the thrills in the new pictures. A great ring battle is among the opening thrills; there is a desperate fight, later on, in an orphanage, a thrilling rescue from fire, and many other bits of excitement, also many laughs.

A splendid cast supports Dempsey in the new series, Hayden Stevenson, the fight manager of "The Leather Pushers," Kate Price, famous for her character work in "Fools Highway," Carmelita Geraghty, noted screen beauty, Esther Ralston, of "Blinky," James O. Barrows, veteran character artist, Chuck Reisner and George Ovey, celebrated comedians, are in the cast.

The feature presentation is the big screen version of Louis Joseph Vance's "The Lone Wolf," with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt heading a phenomenal cast. Miss Dalton is seen as the trusted agent of "The Pack" while Holt plays Michael Lanyard, Lovers of melodrama, tense excitement and thrills should not miss this unusual production.

CIVILIZING MEXICO.

A consular report states there are 463 motion picture houses in Mexico. Forty-three of these are in Mexico City.

"Revelation" Will Be Shown Shortly

Picture is Based Upon "The Rosebush of a Thousand Years."

A great screen drama from a popular story is "Revelation" based on Mabel Wagnall's "The Rosebush of a Thousand Years," which will be seen soon at the Hippodrome Theatre.

George D. Baker, directed it and included in his cast one of the big aggregates of the year, numbering Viola Dana, Monte Blue, Marjorie Daw, Lew Cody, Frank Currier, Edward Connelly, Kathleen Key, Ethel Wales, George Siegmann, Otto Matiesen and Bruce Guerin.

"A Rosebush of a Thousand Years," which grew in the courtyard of a French monastery, had a legend that remained ever fresh in the minds of the brothers. It was a miracle in modern times.

Years ago, according to the legend, a pious monk planted a rosebush. In spite of his tender care is never blossomed. The gentle monk brooded over it, considering it an evidence of divine displeasure. One day he prayed at the side of the bush that it might bloom. In the midst of his supplication a gentle voice bade him "Be at peace," and looking up he saw the Holy Mother standing before him—and the rosebush had burst into bloom.

One thing stands out about "Revelation"—namely, it is one of the stories that are different from the usual run. It is a story that takes us into different spheres, into different elements.

"The Mailman" is Coming to Grand

"The Mailman," a gigantic production, will show at the Grand Opera House, Aug 4th, under the auspices and for the benefit of the Federated Association of Letter Carriers of Toronto. Mrs. Emily Johnson, author of "The Mailman," and other big successes, including, "The Third Alarm," "Westbound Limited," and "In the Name of the Law," asserts that the forthcoming attraction is by all odds, her greatest effort. "I have written almost one hundred photoplays, but none has been so intensely human, none so utterly thrilling to me as "The Mail Man," I honestly regard it as my greatest story. To me the humble postmen are far more colorful and picturesque than most people realize. When we see them plodding along their routes through the long hours of the day, they appear rather drab and uninteresting, but when we get beneath their uniform and look into their hearts and souls, when we know their lives as we show them in 'The Mailman,' one can readily see in them a world of drama."

This story has been written and staged as a tribute to our loyal servants, the postmen. Staunch, faithful and loyal, he serves the nation, he brings us our joys, our sorrows, our happiness and our heart-breaks.

"The Mailman" will be shown at the Grand Opera House, commencing Monday, Aug. 4th, and tickets should be secured well in advance, from your postman.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH DESERTS AMERICA

IT seems a little beyond understanding that the most sensational cinema maker in America should be obliged to go to foreign studios in order to earn a livelihood. And still we understand this is what has happened in the case of David Wark Griffith. A few days ago he sailed on the Leviathan for Germany, where he and his little staff of principals will produce a film under the management of a Berlin company. This was necessitated because Mr. Griffith could not find a producer in America who was willing to meet his terms.

From the standpoint of real accomplishment, no terms which Mr. Griffith might set could be too high. And still, faced by this director's tremendous success in the films, and also realizing that no picture ever made by him has lost money, picture men have failed to take advantage of his talents. Since he finished "America", it has been more or less of an open secret that Mr. Griffith was ready to join some reputable concern with a view to turning out several shorter subjects within the next year or so.

The story of how he struggled on in the making of "America", beset by financial inadequacy, lack of studio equipment and the like is known to each of Mr. Griffith's close associates. At one time, Lionel Barrymore, one of the principals, realizing that unless Mr. Griffith was able to enlist aid from financial quarters within a few days the whole film would go by the Board, sent word to the producer that he, Barrymore, would work on without pay rather than see failure overcome him. For days and weeks, the big picture was made under circumstances extremely discouraging. Only about half enough mechanics, camera assistants and technical workers were at his command.

Then came the day when "America" was given its premier, and the success which crowned it is a matter of record. Even then, the director found it would be impossible for him to carry on with the plans he had set for himself and he again sought some means of raising financial assistance with which to go into a second phase of the American historical drama.

So far as we know, there will be no second phase. One of them took all the money Mr. Griffith could scrape together, and it will be months before it will be returned through the box offices.

Meantime, he has, in a way, looked for a job. At first it seemed that Italy would engage him to do a national spectacle, but this scheme failed. Now he is on his way to Germany, and no one knows when he may return.

There is a ray of hope, however. There is a rumor that shortly after Mr. Griffith returns from Germany, he will direct an important picture play for Famous Players-Lasky.

"THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY."

Plans are rapidly taking shape for the long awaited picturization of "The Outline of History," H. G. Wells' epic of the growth of civilization from the earliest beginnings. Part of the production will be made in England, in order to make the suggestions and counsel of Mr. Wells more readily available, but the bulk of this mammoth motion picture will be made here.

Production work will be carried on under the direction and supervision of J. R. Bray, president of Bray Productions, Inc., who controls the world screen rights to the "Outline," and who has been enlarging and reorganizing his staff for some time with this purpose in view.

While the news that actual production work is shortly to begin on the Wells classic will be of tremendous interest to educators and who have read the "Outline," for the transfer to the screen of this even greater interest to the motion picture public and the thousands scholars everywhere, it will be of great work will unquestionably be one of the most stupendous feats ever attempted in the history of film production.

Its importance and value, both as an entertainment and as an educational factor can hardly be measured, for the "Outline," in effect, constitutes the complete story of the growth and development of the human race.

Mr. Bray, who left for England recently, will confer with Mr. Wells during his stay abroad, it is said, to perfect the final details for the picturization of the "Outline."

In conjunction with the motion picture production of the "Outline" arrangements will be made to photograph specially selected scenes to be made immediately available for use on the Brayco, a new type of projector invented by Mr. Bray, and designed to project still pictures on the screen, using film instead of the customary glass slides, which it is predicted will revolutionize the visual education and home entertainment field.

BOX OFFICE TITLES.

The Metro-Goldwyn screen version of "Mary the Third" is to be released under the title of "Don't Deceive Your Children"—without arrangement with Cecil B. DeMille. And the Warner Brothers have decided to call the screen version of Sacha Guitry's "Deburau," in which Monte Blue and Marie Prevost are to play the leads, nothing less than "The Lover of Camille," presumably in case somebody might recognize the original title. And De Mille himself has called Wallace Irwin's "To-morrow's Bread" by the new name of "The Golden Bed," which must send a pang through the heart of A. H. Woods.

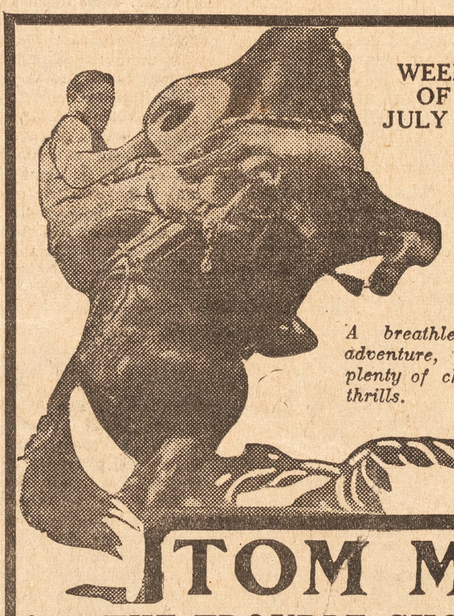
But all this is as nothing. All this fades away. For, behold, Famous Players is to produce "The Wages of Virtue," and Gloria Swanson is to be the angel child! All this wipes the slate clear. The movies can be forgiven anything now.

65 DEGREES—COOL AS A WOODLAND GLEN—65 DEGREES

ROYAL ALEXANDRA $1 BEST SEATS 1$

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE
METROPOLITAN PLAYERS
IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT
MISS
ELSA RYAN
HAS ACCEDED TO THE POPULAR REQUEST TO REMAIN ANOTHER WEEK AND TO ACCEPT THE LEADING ROLE IN
"IN LOVE WITH LOVE"
BRILLIANT MODERN COMEDY OF ENDLESS LAUGHS.

Eves., 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 25c, 50c.



WEEK OF JULY 28
LOEW'S
A breathless story of adventure, love, speed—plenty of chain-lightning thrills.
TOM MIX
in "THE TROUBLE SHOOTER"
VAUDEVILLE
A Syncopated Musical Farce
"SEMINARY SCANDALS"
Featuring MISS TOMMIE ALLEN
With Company of 8
SAM E. MANN "Father Joy's Boy"
EARLE and MATTHEWS "All Mixed Up"
FISKE and FALLON "Words and Music"
WM. G. LeCLAIR & BILLY SAMPSON
In Amusing Pantomimic Travesties
VAUDEVILLE

MAMMOTH BENEFIT
Under the Auspices of the
FEDERATED ASSOCIATION OF LETTER CARRIERS OF TORONTO
F.B.O.
PRESENTS
EMORY JOHNSON'S
MOST THRILLING PRODUCTION
AND
GIANT EPIC
OF
THE SCREEN



The MAILMAN
Steadfast, Loyal and True, He Faithfully Serves Us.
A DOZEN COLOSSAL SCENIC CRASHES IN THIS MONUMENTAL TRIBUTE
ASK YOUR POSTMAN FOR TICKETS
GRAND
Twice Daily, 2.30—8.30 p.m.
COMMENCING
MON., AUG. 4

A.A.A. To Follow Example Of Ontario Motor League

American Automobile Association to Form a Truck Owners' Association as a New Division—Merger of American Automobile Association With National Motorists' Association Brings All but a Very Few of the Automobile Clubs in the United States Into Affiliation—War Declared on "Gyp" Motor Clubs.

Washington, D.C., July 26.—With the consolidation of the American Automobile Association and the National Motorists' Association formally effected, the new, enlarged and strengthened A.A.A. is proceeding directly to make itself the most useful and helpful organization the motorists of the United States have ever had, according to advice from the national headquarters at Washington received by the Ontario Motor League, with which it is affiliated.

When, at the recent convention of the consolidated organization in Detroit, Judge Walter D. Meals, who was head of the former N.M.A., in an eloquent tribute to the men who made the consolidation possible, exclaimed "We are now one!" he signalized a new and better day in motoring affairs, in the opinion of motor leaders throughout the land.

Particularly cheering to motorists was the prediction of President Thos. Henry that another year, because of the consolidation, will see the complete removal of all discriminatory taxes on motorists. It is the opinion of Mr. Henry that the new A.A.A., taking in, as it now does, more than 90 per cent. of the real clubs of the country, will henceforth wield its greatest influence for the betterment of all motoring conditions, although, he emphasizes, "the A.A.A. will make no unfair or unreasonable demands—merely contend for justice always to those it represents."

Chief among the near-future activities of the new A.A.A. will be relentless warfare against the so-called "gyp" motor organizations. It is said that there are now about twenty-five organizations suspected of being of the "gyp" variety, and that one by one they will be investigated and, if found engaged in fraudulent operations, prosecuted to the limit.

The establishment of national emergency road service under the auspices of local clubs is another A.A.A. aim. Where such service has been established, it is pointed out, the real benefits have been warmly praised by members. The operation of emergency service is now meeting with success in many large cities, it is said.

The A.A.A. club extends, reciprocally, full membership privileges to Ontario Motor League members.

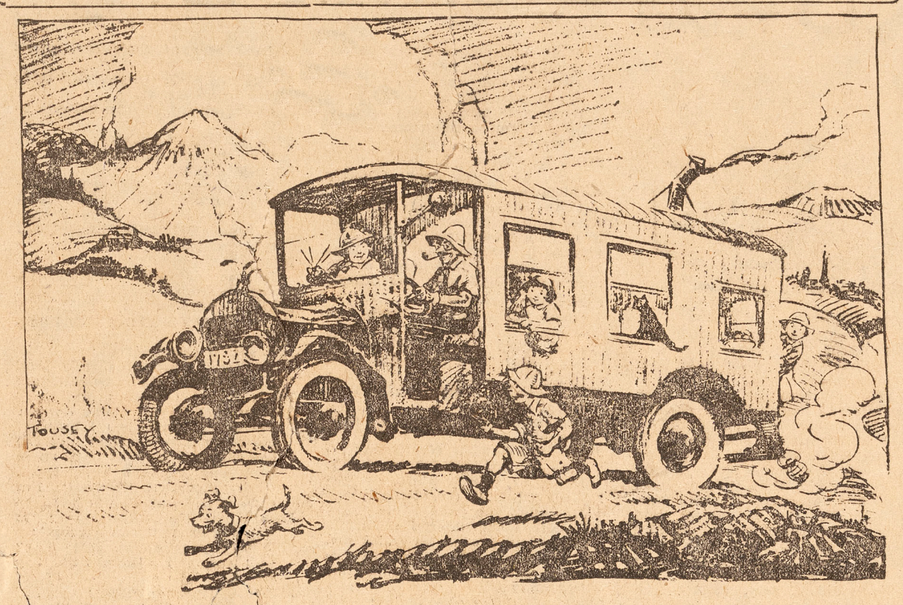
A solution to the grade crossing problem will be sought by an A.A.A. committee, which will study the whole question thoroughly. The A.A.A., President Henry says, does not want to make any unreasonable demands of the railroads, but, he declares, something must be done by both automobilists and railways to lessen the number of grade crossing accidents and fatalities.

Following the example of the Ontario Motor Truck Owners' Association formed several years ago as a division of the Ontario Motor League, the formation of a motor truck owners' division of the A.A.A. is another aim of Mr. Henry, who believes that the growing commercial and passenger vehicle traffic, and the also growing problem of building and maintaining roads for both is a matter which should be worked out by the owners and operators of each in one organization like the new A.A.A.

Another committee will at once take up the building of an A.A.A. home in Washington. It is the unanimous belief of the officials of the organization that the present size and strength of the A.A.A., together with its ever increasing activities, make the building of its own home logical procedure. The proposal of the plan on the floor of the recent Detroit convention brought out a generous array of financial assistance, it is said, and so the erection of an A.A.A. home in the National Capital is believed to be a near-future probability.

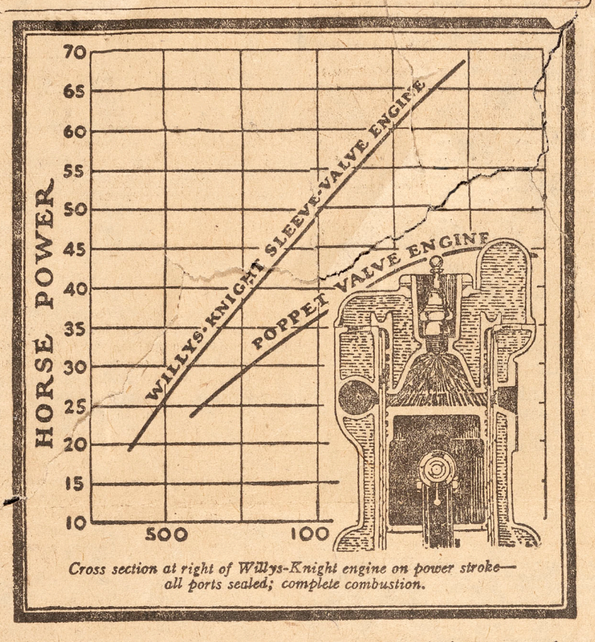
Improvement in the American Motorist, official publication of the A.A.A. (It was pointed out that Canadian Motorist, official publication of the Canadian Automobile Association, was the most widely circulated and best automotive publication in the Dominion), improved map service at reduced cost, information on every phase of motoring readily available, are some of the plans of the headquarters staff under the direction of General Manager Ernest N. Smith, who points out in a report that "it's all possible now with less than a dozen real motor clubs in the United States not in the consolidated organization."

Be It Ever So Rumble.



There's no place like home!—Judge.

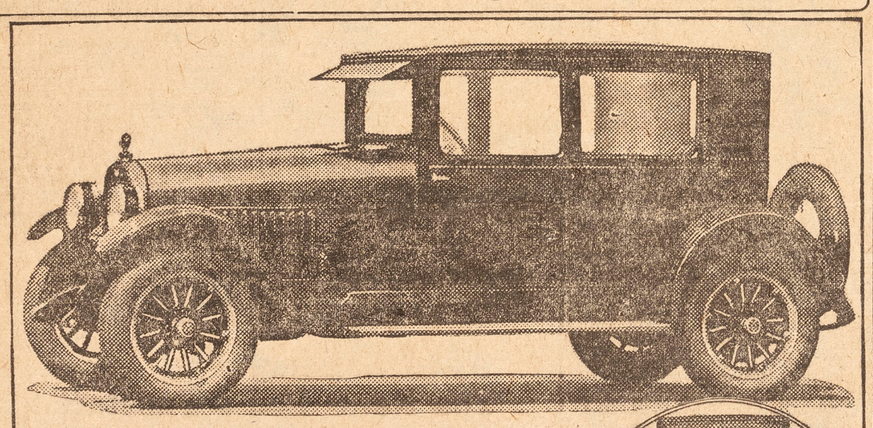
A Recent Willys-Knight Test.

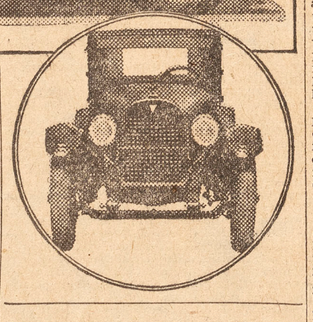


Cross section at right of Willys-Knight engine on power stroke—all ports sealed; complete combustion.

This chart shows how a Willys-Knight led an equal size poppet-valve engine at all speeds—gaining from 2 to 23 horsepower.

Hudson Coach at Touring Car Price.





The first enclosed car in history ever to sell for an open car price is the newly announced Hudson coach. Mounted on the standard Super-Six chassis, it sells at an identical mark with the Hudson phaeton, a seven-passenger open car.

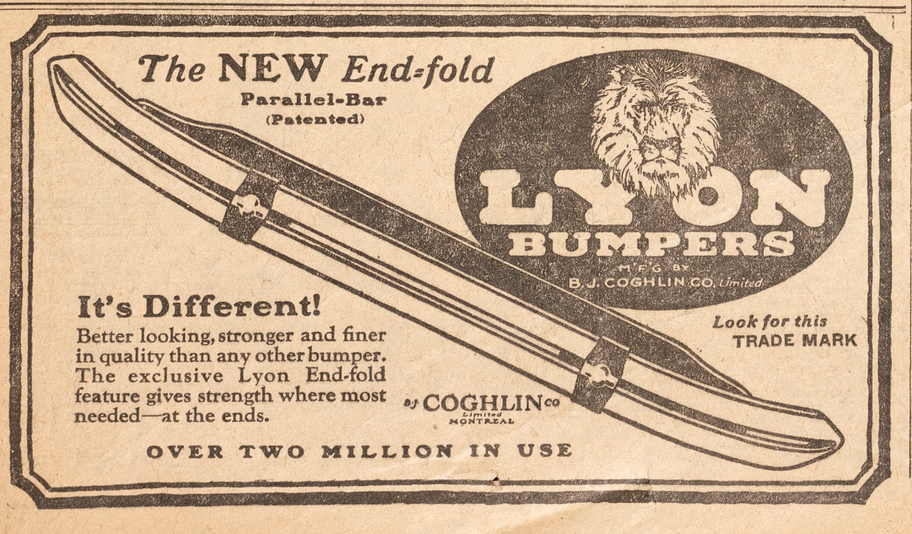
For two or three years, the gap between the cost of an open and an enclosed car has been narrowing. There have been forecasts from time to time that this gap would finally close. Now that day is here.

Since the Fall of 1921, the Hudson Motor Car Co. has specialized on its coaches, a type of body which it created. These coaches have now become 75 per cent. of Hudson's business, so that all the well known economies of quantity production may be applied to them. There is more material and more labor in an enclosed car than in an open one, but the larger volume on the coaches makes up this difference.

In the Essex, which it manufactures in the same plant with the Super-Six, Hudson has a coach which still sells at a slight advance over the open car price. But the gap is very narrow—lower in fact than in any other make of car except the Hudson.

But Hudson and Essex cars are now equipped with full size balloon tires.

Both Hudson and Essex cars are the Hudson speedster, phaeton, and five-passenger and seven-passenger sedan and the Essex touring car.



Z.R.-3 is World's First Commercial Airship

While Similar in Appearance to "Shenandoah" it Differs Radically From the Big U.S. Air Cruiser—Goodyear Company Acquires Zeppelin Patent Rights—Shenandoah Has Packard Engines; ZR-3 is Maybach Equipped—Has Touring Range of Over 5,000 Miles—Date of Trans-Atlantic Flight to be Announced in the Near Future.

Under the terms of the Versailles Treaty, all the rigid airships in the possession of the German Government were to be delivered to the Allied and associated powers. Following the destruction of some of these ships by their crews in their sheds, the Allied and associated powers took the position that Germany must replace these ships, either in kind or by equivalent material. Most of the European powers chose to take their share of the destroyed ships in some other material, but each also received one or two rigid airships in acceptable condition. The United States, however, having announced at the outset that it did not wish any airships, was not allotted one of the ships which was in flying condition. Its share was represented by damaged ships, for which it might receive equivalent material if it desired.

The United States Government in the meantime had definitely entered a plan of airship development. When construction of the "Shenandoah" was well under way, it was believed desirable to obtain a sample of the rigid airships built by the Zeppelin Corporation at Friedrichshafen, Germany. It was accordingly requested that the German Government be directed to replace the two rigid airships, to which the United States was entitled, by a single one of the same volume as the two which were destroyed. This was objected to, but it was finally agreed among the powers that the United States should receive, as a replacement for the ships to which it had been entitled, and which had been destroyed in the German sheds, one large rigid of the latest construction of which the Germans might be capable. It was laid down, however, that this ship should be a civil type, and not a military one. This ship has sometimes been referred to as a "reparations" ship, but it is properly a "replacement" of the craft to which we were entitled in accordance with the Versailles Treaty.

U.S. Airship Development.

Construction by the Germans for the United States Government of a commercial type of rigid airship cannot be dissociated from the transfer by the Zeppelin Corporation to the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of the U. S. patent rights, and the consequent establishing at Akron, Ohio, of the foundation of a world rigid airship industry. The operation of the Versailles Treaty, insofar as aerial navigation was concerned, virtually had the effect of forcing certain phases of German aviation to be developed outside the German Republic. The practical junction of the extensive resources of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company and the engineering skill and prestige of the Zeppelin Corporation, together with the imminent delivery to the United States of what is really the world's first commercial rigid airship, places the United States in a peculiarly fortunate position with regard to world leadership in the development of lighter-than-air navigation. While the Z.R.-3 is being constructed by the Zeppelin Company in Friedrichsafen, on account of the United States Government, it is to be delivered under the charge of officers who are also officials of the recently formed Goodyear-Zeppelin Company.

Description of the Z.R.-3.

The Z.R.-3 has a length of 656 feet, diameter of 90.66 feet, and a height of 101.68 feet. It is designed to be inflated with hydrogen gas having a capacity of 2,472,000 cubic feet. In general appearance it is similar to the "Shenandoah" but in detail of equipment it is totally different. The "Shenandoah" is precisely what it was intended to be—a military flying laboratory. The Z.R.-3 is a commercial vessel, capable of transporting at least 20 passengers and a liberal quantity of cargo for distance as far as across the Atlantic—or farther.

The hull consists of the familiar structure comprising main ring members, intermediate rings and longitudal girders. Metals used are duralumin, chiefly, with some steel. The main rings in general are 49.2 feet apart. The keel or corridor is in the lower part of the hull. This corridor is situated partly inside, partly outside, the hull structure. It has the purpose of strengthening the hull, supporting the useful load, fuel and ballast, of distributing these weights, and serving as a means of communication between the different parts of the ship.

The ship has five power cars, each of which is fitted with a 12-cylinder, 400 h.p., specially designed Mayback motor, of 1500 r.p.m. No gearing is used between motor and propeller. Starting is accomplished by means of compressed air. It will be recalled that the "Shenandoah" is equipped with Packard engines.

The fabric of the gas cells and the outer fabric of the hull are in general similar to that on the "Shenandoah."

Comfort for 20 Passengers.

Underneath the bow of the ship the main car or cabin is situated close against the hull—in contrast with the power cars, which are some distance down, in order to permit the passage of air. This cabin consists of a smaller forward part forming the control car and a larger main part for passenger accommodations.

The control car includes every modern device for the operation of airships, wheels for elevators and rudders, engine telegraph, switchboard for operating gas valves and ballast tanks, all the instruments necessary for navigation; also the wireless station. The latter has a radius of about 1500 miles for telegraph and 315 miles for telephone. The electric current is supplied by a generator driven by an air propeller, making 3,000 revolutions a minute. The sender comprises waves from 500 to 3000 meters. The antenna consists of three wires each of about 390 feet length. Sender and receiver are arranged within a special sound proof and gas proof cabin at the rear of the control car.

The passenger accommodations remind one of a cross between railway sleeping coach and steamer. The main room is subdivided into five separate compartments, each of which has two sofas oppositely arranged, as in a Pullman car. The sofas are 6½ feet long, giving ample room for two people. Each double sofa, or berth section, accoommodates four people. The backs comprise upper berths, the seats lower berths, and curtains give complete privacy at night. During the day tables can be put up between the sofas.

In this remarkable cabin are kitchens, pantries, storage rooms, and toilets and lavatories for men and women.

Lift of 180,000 Pounds.

The total lift of the ship, weight of gas substracted, is about 87,300 kilos, or 179,240 pounds. Weight of the hull, with fins, rudders and elevators, inside arrangements, outer cover, gas cells, valves, rooms for useful load within corridor, rooms for control and passengers, is 28,200 kilos, or 62,170 pounds. Weight of engines and fuel and fuel tanks, ballast tanks, special devices and instruments, electrical equipment and landing arrangement is 13,100 kilos or 28,880 pounds. Under such conditions the useful load will be 40,000 kilos, 88,190 pounds, guaranteed. Useful load in this case means all the lift after the dead weight of the ship has been deducted from the total lift. It comprises gasoline, oil, spare parts, crew, passengers and freight. The speed of the craft is to be not less than 76 m.p.h. with all motors running full, and a cruising speed with 5 motors of 68, with 4 motors 63; and with 3 motors, 56 m.p.h. With the normal fuel supply of 21.2 tons of gasoline and 2.4 tons of oil, the ship's radius of action will be as follows.

1. With 5 motors, full speed, 46 hours, 3,500 miles.
2. With cruising speed, 78 hours, 5,280 miles.

The influence of the wind's direction and strength also will have to be considered. But careful calculations show that the Z.R.-3 will be capable of cruising not only the ocean of atmosphere over the United States, but far out into either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean as well.

Date of Delivery.

The exact date and route of delivery of this ship to the United States will be known shortly. The R.-34, in its famous trans-Atlantic voyage, flying the British falg, in 1919, covered 3,225 miles. The most direct air line from Friedrichsafen, to the eastern coast of the United States is about 4,000 miles. If storms seem to threaten this route, however, when the ship is ready for the trip, the route probably will be laid down to the south, via the Azores and either Bermuda or the Bahamas, a distance of probably 5,200 miles. Mark ships stationed along the route by the United States Navy will supply the Z.R.-3's commander with weather data. Fuel and gas can also be supplied at sea, in case of necessity. How long the trip will require is conjectural. Recalling the range at various speeds, it is seen that it probably will take 95 or 100 hours. Certainly no time record is to be attempted with this—the world's first real commercial airship.

Wire Wheels.

Owners of cars fitted with wire wheels should give these parts a weekly inspection for loose spokes. While the wire wheel is strong enough to resist astonishing shocks, nevertheless, such a blow may loosen one or two of the spokes, and such damage should be immediately repaired. Where the enamel has cracked off, paint should be applied to keep moisture from working its way in and inducing rust.

CLOSER THAN A SEMETIC SCOT

"Closer than a brother" may have been a good figure of speech at one time, but it was before the day of the motor car. In the matter of proximity, that isn't so very close, compared with how close a flapper can sit in the front seat with her driver young man.

SOMETHING OUGHT TO BE DONE ABOUT IT

The tragic ironies of life have not overlooked the motor car. An eastern newspaper presents the disheartening information that grade crossings on railroads and highways are increasing five times as fast as they are being eliminated—Detroit Motor News.

A new fan belt should be given a good stretching before it is put into place.



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THE POTTERS By J. P. McEVOY



MA POTTER: "They've found Junior; they've got him."

PROLOGUE:

We left the Potters searching for Junior, who started out with an extra suit and a stuffed elephant to see the world . . . He has been gone a night and a day, and the only clue is his extra suit, which was picked up a few blocks from the Potter home and returned to Ma by a policeman . . . Meanwhile, the city has been aroused by the touching story in the Morning Beacon, which, by one of those devastating strokes of newspaper inspiration, christened it offhand, "The Little Boy Blue Mystery" . . . As every one can readily recognize, this is a big achievement, even if Junior Potter is never discovered . . . Already a song writer has conceived the idea of writing "The Little Boy Blue Blues," with a chorus starting:

My baby went away;
And he didn't say WHY,
He didn't say WHERE,
He didn't say WHICH.

The rest of it hasn't been written, but you can finish it yourself . . . Naturally, the advertisers saw the advantage of hooking up with the intense interest aroused, the most progressive coming out in the first afternoon editions with this inspired announcement:

Little Boy Blue Has Been Lost,
But
You Can Still Find
Good Bargains
At
Waffleheimer's.

THIS is technically known as copy with "news interest"..... However, all the newspapers are working hard on the mystery case. ....The files are being ransacked for stories of disappearances and kidnapings....The police, too, are busy. All local records for plain and fancy clues have been broken....A movement has been started to preserve some of the more unusual specimens and present them stuffed or pickled in alcohol, to anyone who will provide them with a home.

SCENE I.

NOON in the Potter household ....Pa and Bill have returned to the house after a fruitless search....They are sitting down to a fragmentary lunch when the telephone rings....A concerted rush, but Ma gets there first.

MA (breathlessly):
Yes....Yes, this is the Potter residence....Yes, Mrs. Potter speaking....What?....WHAT? Oh, you haven't? Yes, yes, we'll be right over. Yes....take this number down, Pa....1428 Grand Avenue; yes, Mrs. Potter, yes. God bless you....Good-by. (Hangs up and turns to Pa, bubbling.) They've found Junior; they've got him.

PA:
Who? Where?

MA (scurrying around for her hat):
That address you took down. Name is Potter, too. Is this hat all right?

PA (irritably):
Of course that hat's all right.

MA:
I don't know whether I have it on front or back. (Dabs at it helplessly and grabs umbrella.)

PA:
Well, what are you doing with the umbrella? It isn't raining.

MA (blankly):
Isn't it? Do I look all right? Are my eyes red?

PA:
Yes, yes, you're all right. Come on, let's go.

MA (fluttering around):
All right, all right; just a minute.

PA (at door):
Come on, will you? Hurry.
(Ma hurries, and eventually the Potters pile into their bus and break all the speed records getting over to 1428 Grand Avenue, where they find another family of Peter E. Potters.)

MRS. POTTER (meeting Ma at the door):
Come right in. I'm so glad we found your little boy for you. (The Potters troop in after her.) They got our address in the paper instead of yours. Wasn't that frightfully silly?

Ma (looking everywhere):
Yes, frightfully. Where is he? I don't see him.

MRS. POTTER (calling):
Sadie! Bring the little boy that was left here this morning. (To Ma) Won't you sit down?

MA:
I can't. I'm so nervous. (Pa and Bill find chairs and balance themselves delicately on the edges.)

MRS. POTTER (as Sadie comes in leading a ragged youngster):
Here he is. Here's your mother, sonny.

MA (dumfoundedly):
That isn't Junior.

MRS. POTTER (equally dumfounded):
It isn't your boy? Then who's is it?

MA (helplessly):
How do I know? I know it isn't mine?

PA (decisively):
No, that's not Junior.

MRS POTTER (baffled):
But the people who saw the story in the paper brought him here and said he was yours.

MA (bridling):
Well, I guess I know my own child, don't I? (Starting for door.)
Come on Pa.

MRS. POTTER (helplessly):
But, but what will we do with him?

MA (truthfully):
I dunno.

MRS. PETER E. POTTER, 1428 GRAND AVENUE (as our own Potters troop out the door and leave her quite flat, but greatly astonished):
Well, if that doesn't beat—Sadie, get the police on the phone right away!

SCENE II.

IT IS night and down a lonely country road some forty or fifty miles from the Potter neighborhood an automobile is purring along as if in a hurry....At the wheel sits Tommy King, a brand-new benedict, and beside him, as is quite proper and appropriate, his brand-new bride....They are talking together, which is also nobody's business, but we shall tune in just the same.

MRS. KING (trying to coo through the noise of the motor):
Lover....lover dearest?

MR. KING (shouting):
Yes, baby-ola.

MRS. KING (shouting):
Not so fast, precious. What's him's hurry?

MR. KING (slowing down):
I'm trying to get to Centreville, sweetest, before it's too late. We killed a lot of time back there in that big town we just went through. Or, rather, you did.

MRS. KING (pouting):
Is the bad man mad at his wifie-ifie? Her wanted to get some ....some—well, it isn't any of the horrid man's business.

MR. KING (softening, if it's possible to get any softer):
All right, baby-ola. I'm sorry.

MRS. KING:
Hollering at his poor little wifie already.

MR. KING:
I wasn't hollering at you.

MRS. KING:
There, you're hollering at me now.

REAR TIRE:
BANG . . . PSSSS....BLUMP . . .BLUMP ....BLUMP!

MR. KING:
Damn!

MRS. KING:
Are you swearing at me?

MR. KING (in rage):
No, but I will if you don't shut your face.
(We will draw the curtain here, as we retail naught but the gentle and the whimsical!....Suppose we talk of something else while the tire is being changed....Is there anything else you'd like to talk about?....No, that isn't so good ....Let's return to Mr. and Mrs. King....The tire is changed and they are on their way again, and they are friends once more, even though newly married, which is as it jolly well should be....Ah, lights! and a bum road....we must be coming into a city.... street car track and a cadaver of a car staggering along the rails ....Well, that might be any town ....Centreville, at last!)

MR. KING (stopping car outside the Metropolitan Hotel):
Well, here we are at last. I thought we'd never get here. (Alights and goes around and opens door for his wife....the porter is immediately suspicious.) I'm so tired, aren't you, dearest?

MRS. KING (coyly):
Why, why, yes, dear. (Doubly suspicious!)
(The Kings proceed into the hotel and register for a room. Turn to get baggage and are confronted by porter with their bags in one hand and leading small, light-haired boy with the other.)

PORTER (genially):
Guess you forgot your little boy, didn't you? He's been having a good sleep back there in the back seat. Him and his little elephant.

MR. KING (astonished, as he might well be):
My little boy? Why, I never saw him before.

JUNIOR POTTER (for it was indeed he, and still full of sleep):
Daddy, I wanna d'ink.

NIGHT CLERK (suspiciously):
He called you daddy.

MR. KING (bewildered):
I don't care what he called me. I never saw him before. (Turning to equally bewildered bride)
Did you?

MRS. KING (emphatically):
I certainly never did.

NIGHT CLERK:
Well, that's funny. (To Porter)
Where'd you find him?

PORTER:
He was all covered up in the back seat of their car, sound asleep.

NIGHT CLERK (to petrified bride and bridegroom):
Looks to me like he belongs to you.

THE KINGS (together):
Well, he certainly does not.

NIGHT CLERK:
Well, he certainly doesn't belong to me. You brought him here; you'll have to take care of him. (To Porter) Show them their rooms.

MR. KING:
But he isn't ours. We haven't any children.

NIGHT CLERK:
Well, how did you get this one, then?

MR. KING (bewildered):
You can search me. (To Mrs. King) Where did he come from?

MRS. KING (indignantly):
How do I know? Why do you ask me? (Suddenly.) I have it! He must have crawled into the car when we stopped back there so long at that big town. (Triumphantly,) That's it; I'm sure of it. But who is he?

MR. KING (to Junior, who is wearing dreamily on his feet):
What's your name, little boy? (No answer.) Whose little boy are you?

JUNIOR (mechanically):
I'm you little boy. (Tableau.)

And That's That—Until Next Sunday.

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Soldier Patient Wins First Prize In Sunday World Observation Contest

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

"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 19th, was from a returned soldier who is undergoing treatment at Christie Street Hospital. He asks that the nom de plume "Flip" be used instead of his correct name. To "Flip" goes the first prize of $3, and $1 each is awarded to S. I. Orr and "Dan" (another winner who prefers not to have his name published.)

The prize-winning stories appear hereunder in their proper order.

LAST Tuesday a number of "the boys" from Christie St. Hospital were taken to the home of Mrs. Brodie, Lambton, where they enjoyed themselves on the big lawn playing games, etc.

Just as luncheon was about to be served it began to rain, and we all trooped inside. One old chap who was always on the look out for an easy seat, espied a nice arm chair being dragged into the room behind one of the party. He waited, until the chair came to a stop, and then without the least hesitation, or batting his only good eye, he sat down—amid the roars of laughter and also confusion of the one who did the work.

"FLIP."
Christie Street Hospital, City, Room 400.

THE funniest thing I ever saw on the street happened on the the morning of July 12th, 1924.

I chanced to be standing on King St., where a short street ran north from it, and one south. At each of these corners was a policeman to keep traffic from cutting through the parade, only beween lodges.

The expression on the faces of those motorists who came up that south street and tried to get across Queen Street was too funny for words. They would first catch the policeman's eye, smile a "Glorious Twelfth" smile, but were directed down King without any choice in the matter. That "Glorious Twelfth" smile was changed to a blankety-blank-blank expression and they made up their minds at once that he was "one of the boys," who had forgotten to put on his yellow ribbon.

Several times I saw the same car and driver come back two and three times but with the same results. It was the funniest thing I ever saw. It made me forget the boiling sun, and my tired feet.

S. I. ORR,
57 Coleridge Ave., Toronto.

PASSING a fish store on Danforth Ave., I saw a little incident that I though was real good. A boy came out of the store with a parcel in his hand. He sniffed at it and seemed puzzled. A driver for an abattoir that collects scrap meat and offal from the fish and butcher stores, came out at the same time and seeing the boy sniff at the parcel, knowing he was getting the wind of the wagon, said to him, "My word, Johnnie, but that fish smells!" And the driver kept the wagon even with him all the way along, Joshing him all the way, and telling him it was Limburger cheese they sold him, and that he would go and get his money back.

I was sorry I was too busy to see the finish of it. The expression on the two faces was as good as a movie comedy.

"DAN."
73 Chester Ave., City.



INCENSE

Continued from Page Thirty-four.

He did not see her swift change of expression, the way her eyes followed as he went silently to the door, nor the shudder that swept over her when he closed it—as if for her it were the closing of the door of life.

As he left the building he felt a hideous sense of shame, yet with it relief that the ordeal was past. Marriage with Marjorie Brice as things stood would have been a travesty — to her as to him. He could not have taken her into his arms with the image of another woman holding his brain. He was a cad; he admitted it. And the admission came harder to himself than to anyone else. But at least he was not the hypocrite she had called him. He was more honest than if he had kept faith with her. Marjorie was too adorable to be bluffed with anything less than all he had to give.

ON a train following Sumara by a few hours, the subconscious sense of shackles was gone. He would give himself up to her spell, to all that the mystic lure of her had called forth. He would meet her with rapture — hold close that overpowering sweetness. He would demand fulfillment of the promise of her eyes. He would make his visions vibrant, ecstatic reality. Now—to-night—nothing, no one could stop him! He was going to her—free! Marjie belonged to another life. Throughout the two hours of the trip he lived in dreams. He stepped from the train like a man walking in sleep.

He pushed in and out of the webbing crowd that filled the terminus and swung into the street. Soft dusk closed round him. It would be too late to find Sumara at the theatre. He could catch her between performances at her hotel. She had told him where she was staying, and the number of her suite, so that he might telephone without encountering Sutton, who received all her messages, first.

Sumara—flower of the East! He hummed the words to the minor chords of a Lawrence Hope Indian love lyric she had once chanted to him. The short distance to the hotel was covered as if the pavement under his feet were velvet.

He crossed the lobby, entered an elevator without sending up his name. He wanted to surprise the look in her eyes as they met his at the threshold. Standing at the door, with finger against the small bell imbedded in its frame, he anticipated the thrill that would bridge his summons, and her answer to it. He wanted that instant of burning message before a word passed between them.

But this last was denied him. It was opened by a tall, narrow woman, evidently Scotch, and as evidently a maid, who refused emphatically to let him into the parlor of the suite until he gave her his name. He waited in the hotel corridor with something of the sensation of a bellhop waiting for a promised tip.

When finally he was permitted to enter, however, the sense of humiliation was dissipated by the appearance of Sumara in the doorway leading to her bedroom. She was wearing a cherry crepe kimono, that made her whiter than he had ever seen her, so that her eyes from their black smudges held a look of startled brilliance. It was almost as if she had gone pale with fright, or fear, or even terror.

The whole texture of her skin seemed suddenly changed, its dusky warmth transformed into a cold sense of no color at all. The black hair clinging round her face was coarse and without gloss. She looked, for some unaccountable reason, less mystic dream, more ordinary woman.

But this, Tom told himself, as he went toward her, was due to the commonplace hotel surroundings, to the fact that his appearance had probably brought her suddenly out of sleep, to the surprise of his visit. Come to think of it, jumping in on her like this was not only bad taste, it was damned inconsiderate! In those few steps he gave himself a dozen explanations for the sense of disappointment, in reality inexplicable. Only one poignant thought seized his consciousness. There was no burning message from her eyes to his, no choking thrill with which his imagination had played. When she spoke, the contralto of her voice was fogged and husky.

"Tom-me—why have you come? You startle me so!"

"I wanted to see you—to surprise you," he found himself saying to her.

But to himself: "What is lacking—what do I miss?" Then zigzag like lightning through the haze of his mind, it flashed. Incense! That devastating, insidious sweetness that was Sumara was so completely absent that the room seemed empty. His senses searched and, failing to find it, he stepped back with a strange calmness and waited.

She came close—closer than she had ever been—with a precipitate movement that made him take a sudden step to one side, and turning slender fingers through his, gave them a nervous pressure.

"You should not have come, Tom-me! Go now—don't wait! Give me the number of your room and I shall send a note to you—to-night."

He looked down into the face upraised under the light that was neither silver nor gold, but strippingly white. Yet it was not the little tapestry of lines woven under the smudges about her eyes that closed his throat as she spoke. It was an essence that came to him more powerful than that for which his senses reached. From her half-parted red lips came the odor of strong rye.

Tom shuddered, yet could not move, though his nerveless hands slid from hers. A spell more potent than incense of the East was upon him.

To the woman his silence evidently spelled refusal, for she clutched his arm with anxiety unmistakable.

"Tom-me—you love me, I know—but please—please—" she halted.

A KEY had turned in the outer door. It shut with a bang. With the complete air of proprietorship, little Sutton entered. He jerked to a standstill. His thin face went beet red. Like the barrels of two revolvers, his eyes levelled upon Tom until the latter had a mad impulse to throw up his hands.

"So you couldn't stop h'away from 'er!" came in a low growl; then the sharp, small eyes moved their menace to Sumara. "Didn't h'I tell you h'I wouldn't 'ave h'it? Didn't h'I say, di'monds or no di'monds, it'd 'ave to stop?"

"Sutton," she put in warningly, but in tones unmistakably of the British Isles. "Take care! Don't make me angry or ——"

"Or what?" challenged the little man, catching the hand that still clung to Tom's arm and flinging it off. "Or what? What'll you do, my fine little lady? Nothing! That's what! But h'I'll tell you what h'I'll do! 'E could buy you the crown jewels and h't wouldn't shut me h'up! Not much!" His revolver-like gaze swept from her to Tom. "You'll follow 'er will you? Well, now, listen to me—both of you!"

Tom Pritchard backed toward the door, not through fear, but because there had come to him once more the odor of strong rye. He seemed to be completely surrounded by it. Its fumes sank into his brain, caught him by the throat, rendered him speechless. The sense of it turned him sick.

"It's all right, old man!" he managed to bring out finally. "Whatever is wrong, there's no actual harm done."

"There'd better not be!" Sutton's face went a shade darker. Once more he turned upon Sumara. This time Tom was blotted from the scene as the two glared at each other.

Then words came spluttering through Sutton's teeth: "You start h'anything that h'ain't respectable, my fine lady, and h'I'll start a divorce! H'understand!"

Sumara's hand struck out—her pointed white fingers leaving purple marks across the man's thin cheek. Her eyes flew to Tom. But the expression of his face was entirely hidden by the low bow with which he paused at the door.

"My dear Mr. Sutton, you have nothing to worry about, I assure you."

It was not until he reached the elevator and, flinging back his head, took a long breath, that his expression was entirely revealed. It was something of a sardonic grin that broadened until his shoulders shook. Incense! Ye gods!

He stepped into the elevator, laughing uproariously. As he settled back in his parlor chair on the next train that pulled out for New York, he was still laughing—all to himself.

OF course, he should have gone to Marjorie with a full confession. He should have admitted that, like many men, he had lost his head over something that did not exist. But to this day she believes that longing alone brought him back to her, contrite and pleading forgiveness, with a diamond twice the size of the first one in his breast pocket. No doubt she is happier that way. Besides, what devoted husband wants his wife to know him for that which Tom Pritchard's father had once succinctly called him? Not if there's any way he can escape it.

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U.S. Makers Expect Bigger Sales in Britain

As a Result of Removal of McKenna Duties, According to Report of the Automotive Division of the U. S. Department of Commerce—British Makers, Especially Small Car Producers, Have Enjoyed Excellent Domestic Market, Following Readjustments in Anticipation of Impost Removal—Wide Diversity in Methods Employed in Reporting Traffic Accidents in U. S.

The following bulletin just issued by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce at Washington, D.C., is self explanatory:—

"One of the most important developments in automotive foreign trade in recent years is expected with the removal on August 1 of import duties on non-commercial cars, motor cycles and parts and accessories in the United Kingdom, reports Assistant Trade Commissioner William M. Park in a report from London to the Department of Commerce. This will be accomplished when the so-called McKenna duties, in effect since 1915, and carrying 33 1-3 per cent. ad valorem c.i.f. duties, are dropped as proposed in the budget for 1924-1925.

"The principal result of the repeal of this tariff barrier should be the reduction in price of American cars in England and Scotland, and a commensurate stimulus to their sales. Despite import duties, more than 7,000 passenger cars, 775 motor cycles and parts and accessories were shipped to the United Kingdom last year, totalling $4,916,739.

Standing third among our national passenger car markets in 1923 and seventh among truck markets, the United Kingdom is already a well developed field for American manufacturers. Price reductions are certain on imported cars; in fact, a number of makers are now offering a refund of the entire difference between the present price and the price effective August 1. Importers of American cars are thus optimistic and are expecting their business to increase anywhere from one-third to three-fourths when the duties are repealed. Nevertheless, it is believed that no sweeping cuts in selling price can be made, since a portion of the duty saved will be used to equalize the close shaving of profits during the past, as well as to expand advertising and sales work on broader lines.

"From a domestic standpoint, removal of the McKenna duties will have a very pronounced effect upon the British motor car industry. Following a series of vigorous protests, in which both manufacturing interests and their employes joined, a number of factories curtailed production, motor car shares were depressed on the stock market, and public buying was slowed up by reason of the general uncertainty. Acceptance by the public of the Government's decision to remove the McKenna duties and the consequent removal of uncertainty regarding the situation, has been reflected in an increased demand for cars. Many of the light car builders stated early in June that trade with them had never been better, and that the demand was well sustained. One or two companies have recently announced reduced prices, and there is little doubt that others will follow as soon as conditions permit or it is proved that such reductions are imperative to hold the business.

"It is generally thought that some scheme of organized action on the part of domestic manufacturers will shortly be inaugurated, and that such advertising will take the form of 'Buy British Cars and Be Satisfied.' To meet this competition American importers are laying plans to advertise extensively and tactfully on the high quality and low prices of their products. In this respect Americans should benefit from the intense competition and trade rivalry existing among the British themselves.

"The dropping of the tariff barrier will improve the chances of other manufacturing countries where fluctuating exchange does not act as a deterrent in the expansion of their foreign markets.

"All in all it is the opinion among more conservative authorities that the adverse effects of removal of the McKenna duties have been greatly exaggerated. Some of the smaller domestic companies may be forced out of business or into amalgamations with stronger concerns, but since it has long been argued that there are too many motor car manufacturers in Great Britain, this combination of interests may be found the one effective method of placing the industry on a firm foundation. The British market is a rising one and capable of much greater expansion. A large potential demand exists for cheaper cars, and the dropping of the tariff barrier will open up means of satisfying this demand and will doubtless have a beneficial effect upon motor transport as a whole.

"The popularity of American automotive products is unquestioned and their low prices give them further preference. Future prospects for increased trade may therefore be regarded as brighter than at any other time since the inception of the motor industry."

"Very little, if any change is expected by the London trade in American motor trucks sales, since they have never been subjected to import duties."

Different Method of Reporting Accidents.

An interesting memorandum with regard to fatal accidents in the United States was presented to the Committee on Statistics of the Conference on Street and Highway Safety at its second meeting held in the United States Department of Commerce. During the year 1922, there were 55,263 deaths from accidents of all kinds. These were as follows: Automobile accidents, 11,666; railroad, 5,687; street car accidents, 1,491; injuries due to other vehicles, 1,680; all other causes, 44,739. Of the 5,687 deaths due to railroad accidents between 1,500 and 1,800 were passengers in automobiles that were struck by trains or otherwise wrecked at railway crossings. It is estimated that automobile traffic is a contributing factor to 80 per cent. of the total highway grade crossing fatalities to non-trespassers.

A survey of available information made since the last meeting shows that the most general and complete statistics on fatal accidents are those compiled by the U.S. Census Bureau each year. While these figures are obtained only from registration States they cover 87.6 per cent. of the total population. Other sources of available information are the Interstate Commerce Commission, the National Safety Council, the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the American Electric Railway Association and a large number of insurance companies.

Mr. W. J. Cox, secretary of the Committee on Statistics, reported that out of 1,374 questionnaires sent to State Motor Vehicle Commissioners, chambers of commerce, safety councils, automobile clubs and chiefs of police calling for information concerning the methods adopted by various cities for the reporting of traffic accidents, 405 replies have already been received. The information contained in these replies is now being collated and will be made the subject of a special report.

Dr. L. I. Dublin, chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company told the committee that in his opinion the use of a standard form for the reporting of accidents is the most vital and important thing in connection with any movement for traffic safety. It is impossible to secure data which is comparable when every city in the United States use forms different from every other city. "The form for reporting accidents," said Dr. Dublin, "reflects the practice in the community and uniform forms will bring about a uniformity of practice." He believes that this question should be very carefully studied in order that the general conference can make recommendations which he believes will have great weight with traffic officials in their respective communities.

This matter will be considered further at the next meeting of the committee on statistics which will be held in Washington, September 12.

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Pan-American Road Meet In Buenos Aires Next Spring

Recent Conference Included a Four Thousand Mile Tour of the Highway Development Completed and Underway in the United States to Greatly Stimulate Road Building in South American Countries, Say Delegates from the Latin American Republics—Delegates Also Shown Mammoth Automotive Plants.

Washington, D.C.—With a complete picture of highway transport conditions in the United States as a background for their action, delegates to the Pan-American Highway Commission have sailed for their respective countries after organizing the Pan-American Confederation for Highway Education, and formulating a tentative program for the first Pan-American Highway Congress to be held in Buenos Aires next Spring.

In each of the nineteen Latin American nations represented on the tour will be formed a "Federal National de Educacion Vial," a body patterned after the Highway Education Board of the United States, the parent organization. These "Federacions" are united in the Pan-American Confederation for Highway Education. In the opinion of those participating in its organization there is thus formed an international organization destined to have a far-reaching effect upon transsportation facilities of the South American continent, and a foundation upon which the structure of continued friendly relations can be even more firmly established.

The organization of the Confederation was the final official act of the delegates, who previously had submitted to Dr. Leo S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan-American Union, a tentative program for the first Pan-American Highway Congress. Dr. Rowe, Thomas H. MacDonald, Chief of the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, J. Walter Drake, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce, and other high Government officials express the opinion that the entire trip of the Commission has resulted in a great stimulus to highway transport activities, both in this country and in those represented by delegates.

The Commission closed its work in this country with a series of conferences in Washington, after travelling more than 4,000 miles in ten States, inspecting the highways of North Carolina, Kentucky, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Fully half of the mileage covered was by automobile or motor bus, while the tour itself was marked by expressions of the most cordial sentiments by officials and the public at large for the Latin American nations represented. The tour was under the auspices of the Highway Education Board, of which Dr. J. J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education is chairman. It lasted thirty-one days.

Fifty-five persons comprised the official party, thirty-seven of them being representatives of nineteen Latin American nations. Under a committee on arrangements consisting of Roy D. Chapin (president Hudson Motor Car Co.), chairman; Fred I. Kent and W. A. Beatty, the direction of the trip was given to S. T. Henry, of New York, who has had much experience in Latin American affairs, and who also has wide business and personal contacts in this country.

Delegates showed perhaps the keenest interest in the construction of low type roads, such as gravel and sand clay, but they also were given an opportunity to witness the actual construction of hard-surfaced highways, such as concrete and asphalt. It was held by the visitors, however, that the immediate demands of their respective countries are for serviceable roads, which can be brought to a higher state of development later as traffic demands increase.

Not only were the Latin Americans shown all phases of highway transport and the several types of highway construction, but leading educational institutions of the country were visited so they might see the preparations being made to train men of the highest calibre to administer highway affairs of this country.

In the large factories of Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and elsewhere they glimpsed the manufacture of the automotive vehicle, rubber tires, machinery and accessories during the latter portion of the tour, thus completing the highway transport picture of this nation. The closest study was given to the economic aspects of highway transportation, especially with reference to the development of rural communities.

The purpose of the Pan-American Confederation for Highway Education, according to the constitution of this organization, is "the study and promulgation in the different countries constituting the Pan-American Union of fundamental principles that contribute to the development of adequate highways," and with the achievements of the United States as an example, each of the delegates, according to formal expressions, returns to his native country to further that object.

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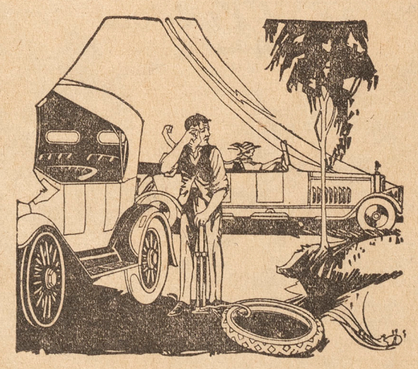

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