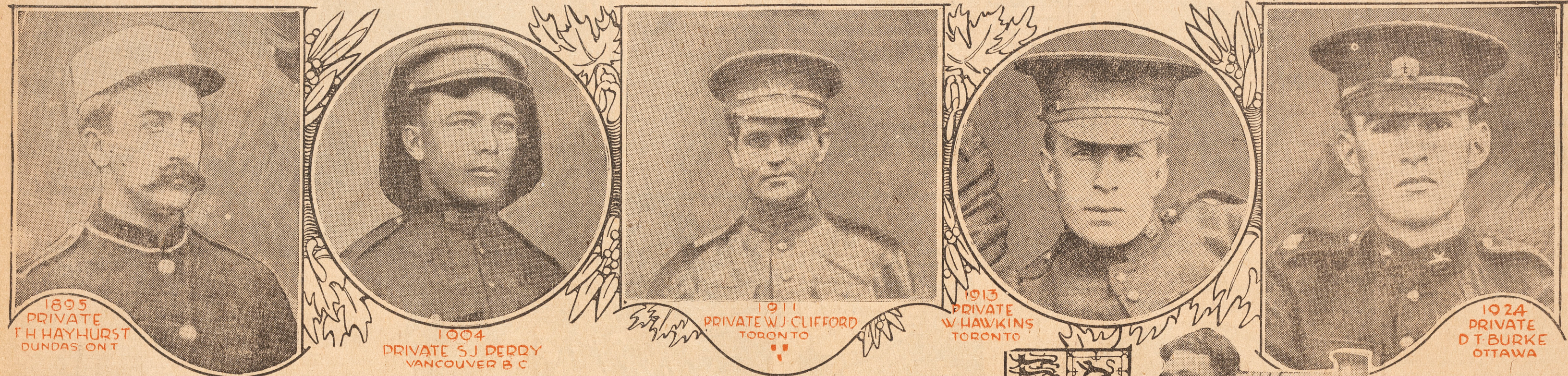


Canada's Five King's Prize Men



CANADIAN RIFLE TEAM, BISLEY, 1924.

Left to right, Standing: Sgt. A. P. B. Wilson, G.G.F.G., Ottawa; R.S.M. W.O.I. F. G. Goodhouse, C.A.S.C., Ottawa; S.S. J. Bennie, P.L.A. & S.H., Hamilton; Sgt. R. Storror, 48th Hldrs., Toronto; Pte. P. W. Selwood, Seaford Hldrs., Van., B.C.; Arm. S.S. D. C. Price, R.A.O.C., Portsmouth; Sgt. D. Stuart, C.M.S.C., Ottawa; C.S.M. W. A. Hawkins, (G.M.), 48th Hldrs., Toronto; Sitting: Lieut. H. W. Bishop, G.G.F.G., Ottawa; Maj. J. Jeffery, O.B.E., M.C., R.C.R., Kingston; Maj. P. Richardson, O.B.E., 5th C.G.A., Vict., B.C.; Maj. J. E. L. Streight, M.C., (Comm'd.) G.G.B.G., Toronto; Capt. G. Creighton, (Adj't.) Q.O.R., Toronto; Maj. R. S. Cross, O.H., Ottawa; Capt. Alex. Martin, 10th Bn., Calgary Hldrs.; Sitting on Ground: Sgt. J. A. Bowen, 19th Dgns., Edmonton; Pte. D. T. Burke, G.G.F.G., Ottawa; Sgt. F. Holm, C.M.G.B., Calgary; C.Q.M.S. A. Parnell, R.M.R., Westmount; Pte. H. J. White, R.G., Toronto; Sgt. B. W. Beaumont, C.S., Vic., B.C.

Replica of Bisley's "Hero Chair" Is in Use at Rockcliffe Ranges.

A REPLICA of the famous "Hero Chair" upon which the winner of the King's Prize is carried around the camps on Bisley Commons each year is in use at the Rockcliffe Rifle Ranges, Ottawa, for the winner of the Governor-General's Prize, which is the classic of the annual gathering of the Dominion Rifle Association. This chair was made by the late W. J. Clifford, the Torontonian who made history at Bisley in 1911 when he captured both the King's Prize and the Prince of Wales' Prize, and was carried triumphant on the original chair. The chairing ceremony, as performed at Ottawa, is similar in all respects to that which has so long been the custom at Bisley, and the chair used is a memento of one of Canada's finest marksmen and a brave soldier who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War. Two of Clifford's rifles, which had been left at the Bisley bungalow, were brought back to Canada recently by Major Streight, who commanded the Canadian team this year.



"Chairing" of Private Perry following his triumph in King's Prize Match at Bisley in 1904.

Vancouver with little or no idea that 22 of those ahead of him on the list would be unable to make the trip but Fate decreed that such should be the case. He got a hurry up call at the last minute. It is related that early one morning while he was on the way to work, carrying his lunch under his arm, a telegraph boy who had been to his home after he left overtook him with the message telling him that his place on the waiting list had been reached and that the steamer sailed from Montreal four days hence. In order to do the journey across the continent in time to make the boat it was necessary for him to be on his way inside of a couple of hours. Throwing his lunch box over a fence he made a bee line for his room where he packed his uniform and sped along to catch the only train that would do. He had started when he wired that he was coming and reached the steamer just in the nick of time. During the voyage he got his shooting eye into shape by practicing on the miniature rifle ranges set up on the ship for the use of the team.

A REMARKABLE circumstance in connection with Perry's triumph was that he used an old service rifle taken out of the rack of "spares" to perform the phenomenal shooting which earned the laurels. This is recalled by Tom Westman, an old marksman of the Queen's Own Rifles who has been connected with the Inland Revenue Department for upwards of 40 years. Mr. Westman was a member of the Bisley team that year from the 43rd Regiment, Ottawa, having qualified well up in the list. "With that old rifle," he relates, "Perry pulled off some of the most spectacular shooting ever witnessed. With his ten shots at the 1,000 yard range he made seven bull's eyes and three inners. He was going at such a clip that the registrar anticipated his victory by putting G.M., meaning Gold Medal, after his name before the contest was finished. The word went along the ranges and some Londoners who got the idea their man had won rushed away to secure the hero chair. They got back with it just in time for us to put Perry in it, much to their discomfort as we thanked them, but they were all good sportsmen and joined in our jubilation as heartily as anybody.

The homecoming of Hayhurst bearing the greatest honor to be attained by a British marksman is well remembered here. Public receptions on a grand scale with civic addresses of welcome and congratulations were tendered at Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton, and he received numerous gifts. His admirers in the Hamilton district presented him with a house and lot. To insure his future he was settled in a comfortable position with the Excise department where he proved to be a capable public servant.

NINE years later, in 1904, Canada was favored with a second occasion to cheer loud and long in celebration of the Empire's premier marksmanship honors being captured by a representative of the Dominion, this time with even added zest for the winner was a young native son, Private S. J. Perry, 6th Duke of Connaught Rifles, Vancouver. He was a former member of the Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, where he was born and lived for a long time on Lip-pincott Street, following the trade of a leather cutter when he became old enough to work. He served with the 1st Canadian Contingent in South Africa, where he was wounded in action. Perry learned his shooting while with the Grenadiers and was a member of the Canadian Bisley team in 1902, but his accomplishment at the ranges on that occasion was not much out of the ordinary.

In the following year Perry was 42nd in the original list of those who qualified at Ottawa for the 1904 Canadian Bisley team and the chances for his being called upon to go abroad were decidedly slim. He moved from Toronto to

"Col. Pat" Anderson of Ottawa, was in command of the team that year," continued Mr. Westman. "His wife and one of his sons were with him and they were all as proud of the victory as Perry was. The colonel had a reputation for being very lucky. In Ottawa 'Pat' Anderson for luck used to be a by-word in curling and other circles. Col. Anderson, by the way, was a member of the Canadian Bisley team as a marksman in the year that Tom Hayhurst won the Queen's Prize. His proverbial luck was credited with having had something to do with both victories. While we were in England Lou

Continued on Page Twenty-one.

Some Who Were Present Tell of Occasions Upon Which the Coveted Bisley Classic for British Marksmen Was Won --All the Victorious Crack Shots Survive to Enjoy Their Glory, With the Exception of Clifford, Who Met a Brave Soldier's Death in France.

WHEN Canada's most recent celebrity Desmond Burke, the nineteen year old Ottawa lad, annexed the King's Prize at Bisley this summer the accomplishment signified that he had conquered over opponents who were the flower of the best rifle shots of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Channel Islands, South Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand and Canada, about fifteen hundred of them, all seeking what he obtained, for it is the greatest honor that can come to a British marksman. Bisley Commons is the historic ground in England upon which the crack shots from the great and distant Dominions mingle in rivalry with the surest marksmen of the Motherland. Many among the vanquished were old timers of long experience who have competed at the renowned ranges on many occasions and are conversant with all the finest points of shooting, which fact

makes the supremacy of the Canadian boy, Burke, all the more noteworthy. The name and fame of a winner of the King's Prize at Bisley is heralded throughout the civilized world.

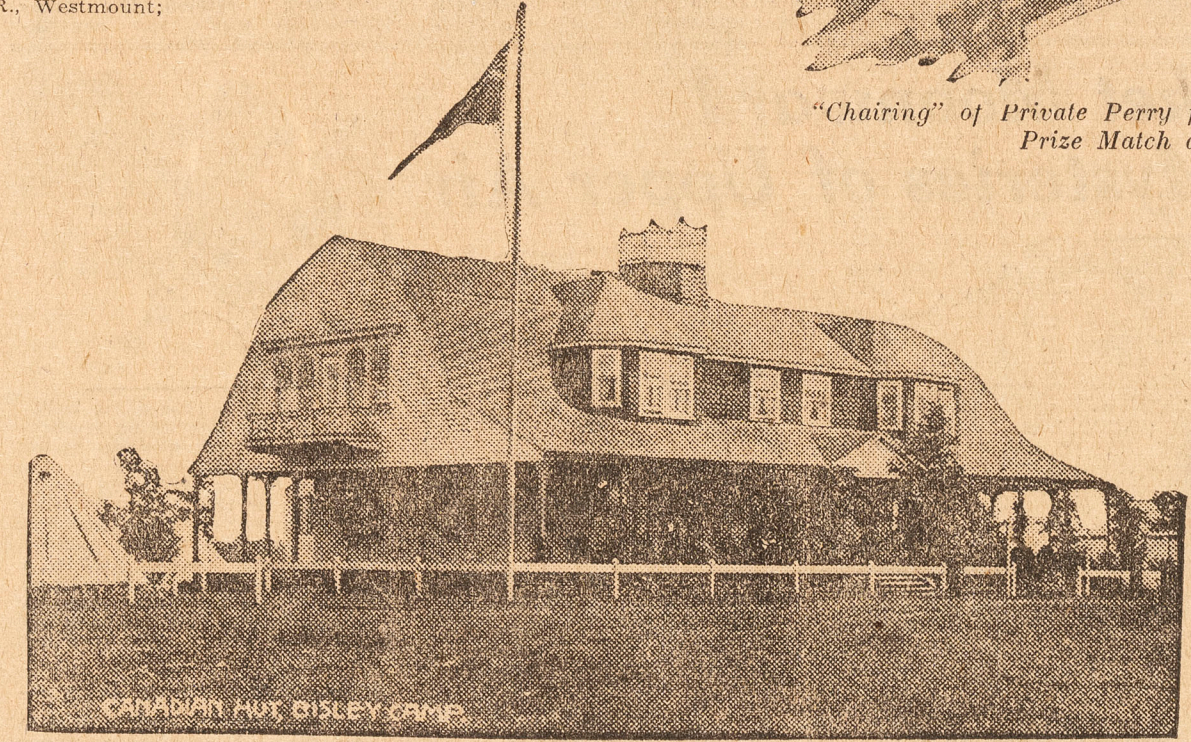
THIS great annual meeting of marksmen was established in 1860, when the National Rifle Association was formed, and the gathering at the targets was first held at Wimbledon where it continued for many years until Bisley Commons with its better facilities was acquired. The Association gives cash prizes, amounting to thousands of pounds sterling, covering the extensive program of individual and team events. Of the former the prize donated by the Sovereign is the coveted object of every marksman participating, while in the team prize category the Kolapore Cup is the headliner of a great array. It was to capture that cup that the first Canadian shooting team went across the ocean, in 1872, the year after the Rajah of Kolapore offered the trophy and its substantial cash accompaniment for competition. The Canadians got what they went after on that occasion and the custom of sending a team over every year was adopted.

CANADIAN marksmen have been very successful as a general rule in the competitions for the team prizes but it was not

until comparatively recent years that they acquired the King's Prize habit. Burke is the fifth member of a Canadian team to reach that pinnacle of the marksman's ambition. In the first stage of the competition the firing is at 200, 500 and 600 yards; the best 300 go on to 600 and 800 yards; then the hundred best, the King's Hundred, have a final test at 900 and 1000 yards, and the aggregate score at all the ranges decides. The prize is a gold medal, a badge and £250 in cash.

Canada's first opportunity to rejoice over having the best marksman in the British Empire came in 1895, when Thomas H. Hayhurst of the 18th regiment, Hamilton, and a resident of Dundas, acquired the coveted distinction in one of the most exciting finishes ever recorded on the famous ranges. It was known as the Queen's Prize then, the late Queen Victoria being on the throne. The victor on that memorable occasion is still a resident of the thriving and ambitious city at the foot of the mountain and while he no longer figures as a competitor at the rifle ranges in the matches of the Ontario and Dominion Associations at Long Branch and Rockcliffe he has a son, connected with his old regiment, who has inherited some of the father's skill in marksmanship and is numbered among the good shots of today.

ONE of the members of that famous Canadian shooting team of 29 years ago was William Meadows, of the Queen's Own Rifles. Mr. Meadows has long been connected with the Medical Health Department, Toronto, and when enthused over the recent victory of the youthful Burke, of Ottawa, he recalled many incidents connected with the Hayhurst triumph. One remarkable feature of Tom Hayhurst's victory was in the fact that he shot with a Martini rifle, that being regarded by most of the marksmen present as a distinct handicap, for the Martini weapon was at that time considered to be a hard one to use in such a competition and very few of them on the ranges availed it," said Mr. Meadows. "I was in a class by himself, too, because he did his shooting without the aid of the sling which most of his competitors were using. The peg, sight and number, plus other aids to the marksman which are permitted to-day were taboo then. Tom was a cool customer and he did not bat an eye when the contest came to such an exciting stage that it hinged on the last three shots to decide whether he or Boyd, of 3rd Lan-



Canadian Bungalow on Commons Is Finest Building at Bisley

THE Canadian Bungalow on the Commons at Bisley, which is headquarters for the marksmen of the Dominion, is the finest building there. It was erected about twenty-five years ago, the expense being borne by the ladies of Canada. All the wood used in the structure was grown in this country. The approach is an avenue lined with maple trees. It is there that the Canadian crack shots reside in the days when they are shooting for the King's Prize. The building contains about thirty-five rooms, an assembly hall and modern kitchen. It is comfortably furnished throughout and its walls bear many pictures associated with the visits of Canadian teams to Bisley covering a period of half a century. The bungalow has established a reputation as a smart regimental clubhouse and it is the scene of much social gaiety during the shooting season. It is a very comfortable place. Before it was established the members of the Canadian team were housed in tents while attending the meeting.

arks should gain the glory. Hayhurst was not the winner until the last shot had been fired. Then our pent up emotions broke loose as all Bisley hailed the victor. Tom was presented to the dignitaries present and awarded his prize after which the historic chair was called upon for service and we carried him high through the camp, homage being accorded him at the headquarters of all the various teams. The victory was a popular one, particularly because no representative of Canada had up to that time carried off the

honors although the meeting of the Empire's shots had been established 35 years before. Hayhurst bore the ordeal well. He was a sedate married man nearing thirty and hard to rattle."

HAYHURST was by no means a stranger when he accomplished the feat which placed him in the Marksmen's Hall of Fame. In fact he was rather well seasoned for it was the third time he had been a competitor at Bisley, the

first occasion being before he left England to make his home in Canada. His second visit to the famous Commons was as a member of the Canadian team and he made a somewhat indifferent showing. For the third visit, which resulted so gloriously, he left Canada for England some time in advance of the team, his father having died there and his presence was required to settle up matters in connection with the estate. That worry over his recent bereavement had not affected his shooting, as

Even Job-hunters Sometimes Swat Old King Gloom

Droll Visitors Frequently Enliven Depressing Routine of Government Employment Office--Some Visitors Glad of Work of Any Kind, Others Harder to Please.

"WHAT can you do?"

The question is being asked by the Superintendent of the Government Employment Office on Front Street of the latest applicant for work, of whom, unfortunately there are only too many this year.

"Oh, anything." The questioner raises his eyebrows. It is the usual answer to the formal query.

"River driving?" he prompts.

"Well, no. I haven't done any of that."

"Cooking?"

"No-o, but p'raps—"

THE work-seeker lapses into silence.

"Have you any particular trade—bricklayer, carpenter, tinsmith, motor mechanic, plumber—?"

Again there comes a negative answer.

"Done any pulpwood cutting?"

"No."

"Well, what is your particular line?"

"Oh, anything; I'm not particular."

The Superintendent reflects that this is where the applicant differs from the employer. The latter is particular. He does not want a man who can do "anything," but somebody who can do some one, particular job. However, it is his business to find men who he can, so aloud he says:

"I guess general laboring work is what you're after?"

The guess is not altogether right. In a more or less roundabout way the man makes it known that a pick and shovel are not the tools he is particularly anxious to grasp. "Some light work, caretaker or something," he remarks indefinitely and the interview comes to an end.

THIS is not a description of the general mass of unemployed setting out to find work. There are many who are anxious to get anything. It does, however, describe a type, and a fairly numerous type, which presents itself regularly at the Employment Office and causes the Superintendent

ent to lift his hands despairingly in the air.

"Jack of all trades; master of none," he comments as the applicant leaves the office.

The Superintendent, W. S. Dobbs, well known in connection with the Amputations Association, assumed his new duties early this year and it is his bad luck to have taken the position when the unemployment situation is one of the worst in years. Last year at this time employers were looking everywhere for men. This year thousands of men are looking everywhere for possible employers. It is not a pleasant job to have to keep telling men, many of whom have large families, that there is nothing to offer them as they put in an appearance day



W. S. Dobbs, Superintendent of the Government Employment Office on Front Street.

after day. The general atmosphere of the office, even during summer days, is one of gloom, but as is true of most things in this life, shafts of sunlight, or humor, or ludicrousness illumine the dullness and help to counterbalance the pathos. All types of humanity drift into the office and provide unending opportunity for the study of human nature.

THE other day a sturdy English yeoman, who had arrived from his native land only the night previous, put in an appearance at the office. He wanted work on a farm and he had excellent references. Farm work is one of the avenues of employment that has been holding out well and the assistant superintendent

ent, George Hamilton, thought he could place the man, so he told him to wait around for a while. He had scarcely finished speaking when a wealthy farmer from about twenty miles north of Toronto came into the office. He wanted just such a man as the newly-arrived immigrant. They were made known to each other and terms fixed on.

"Can you come now?" inquired the farmer. "Right away," answered the other, who had all his possessions in two grips he had brought to the office. He picked them up, delighted at having got work so soon, and followed his new master to the door. The farmer paused on the way to light a cigar, and with true Canadian bonhomie handed one to his "man."

Outside a magnificent new

A Handicap Plus

A BIG, burly individual came the other day to the Handicap Section of the Employment Office. The man in charge looked him over. All his limbs were there. The muscles of his forearms stood out like whipcords. He looked a perfect specimen of rugged health.

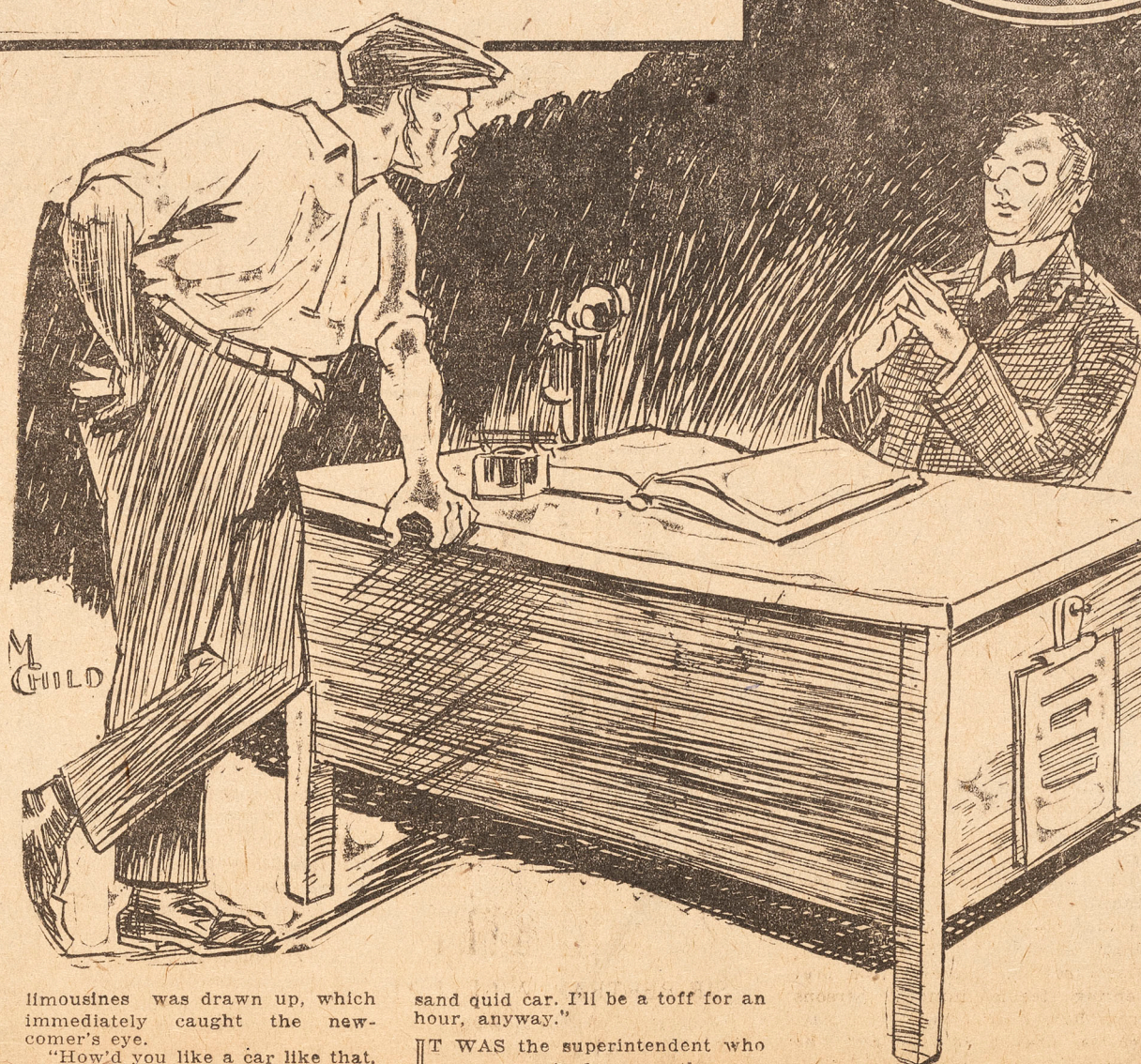
"You don't look as though you've got a handicap," remarked the official.

"Well, I have," growled the other.

"What is it then?"

The man snorted.

"I got a wife and three sets of twins, young man, and if that ain't a bloomin' handicap I'd like to know what is."



limousine was drawn up, which immediately caught the newcomer's eye.

"How'd you like a car like that, boss?" he inquired as he puffed at his cigar.

"Fine," replied the other. "It happens to be mine. Jump in."

"Strike me pink," gasped the Englishman as he got into the car. "This beats the band."

His wonderment was then superseded by a mixed feeling of well-being and incredulity. He leaned back on the upholstered seat, puffing vigorously at his cigar and then exclaimed as the car moved off: "Gosh. This will be something to tell the wife. Only here an hour and I'm smoking a cigar and goin' to work in a thou-

sand quid car. I'll be a toff for an hour, anyway."

IT WAS the superintendent who was surprised on another occasion. A string of men had been seeing him, most of them with families of from five to seven. The procession had grown monotonous. Finally another applicant whose shoulders barely topped the Superintendent's desk came in.

His age was indeterminate, but he certainly did not look like a married man, so Mr. Dobbs remarked jokingly, "I suppose you've got a big family, like the rest of them?"

"Twelve," replied the other laconically, while the superintendent nearly fell over his chair. The man was told that he would be given one of the earliest jobs offering.

WHAT would you think of a man who "turned down" a nice, soft job of \$100 or \$125 a month "all found" when he was out of work? Officials at the Employment Office are still wondering about it.

Towards the middle of July a man came in and registered as a chef. Not long afterwards the office got word that a well-known millionaire required a chef for his summer house in Northern Ontario and was willing to pay \$100 or perhaps \$125 a month, including board and lodging. Now the man who had registered seemed a decent, respectable fellow and he was told of the position and said he would be glad to have it. He had no money, however, to go to the place. Men are often in this predicament and it is the custom to write to the employer asking him to advance the fare. Having been taught by bitter experience the employment officials take out the ticket themselves and also send on the man's luggage in advance.

Addressed to his new employer, the reason for this needs no explanation, to those who are familiar with the way some men use to secure free transportation from one locality to another. And the officials make sure the luggage does not consist of bricks or any old rubbish, either.

IN this case in response to the request of the officials a cheque for \$9 was sent. The man was asked whether he had plenty of clothes.

"Yes, I've got lots of good clothes," he answered, and was told to bring them to the office so that they could be sent on.

ADVERTISEMENT

MAGNESIA BEST FOR YOUR INDIGESTION

Warns Against Doping Stomach With Artificial Digestants.

Most people who suffer, either occasionally or chronically from gas, sourness and indigestion, have now discovered the reason for this. It is the use of the stomachic, patent foods and the use of harmful drugs, stomach tonics, medicines and artificial digestants, and instead, following the advice so often given in these columns, take a teaspoonful or two tablets of Bisurated Magnesia in a little water after meals with the result that their stomachs no longer troubles them, they are able to eat as they please and they enjoy much better health. Those who use Bisurated Magnesia never dread the approach of meals, because they know this wonderful anti-acid and food corrective, which can be obtained from any good drug store, will instantly neutralize the stomach acidity, sweeten the stomach, prevent food fermentation, and without the slightest pain or discomfort. Try this plan yourself, but be certain to get pure Bisurated Magnesia especially prepared for stomach use.

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.

Above—Well known to the unemployed—George Hamilton, Deputy Superintendent.

The next day the man did not show up at the office, but later on the telephone bell rang. It was the head of a social organization in the city speaking. A man, he said, had been to see him saying he had come from the Employment Office, and asking for an outfit of clothes. He had been sent on to the Salvation Army. It was, without doubt, our friend the chef. The officials waited for him to turn up, but he has not put in an appearance yet.

"What would you do with a man like that?" inquired the Superintendent. "Why did he tell us a lie about his clothes? We could have fixed him up some way or other. It beats me."

One wonders. Did the man have hopes of the \$9 being handed over to him? Did he see a chance to get an outfit of clothes for nothing? Was his registration as a chef just a bluff and did he determine to make tracks when it was called? These questions can only be answered by the man himself and, apparently, he is not anxious to come forward with an explanation.

SOME men have a penchant for practical jokes that nothing can quench. Not long ago a man came to see the Superintendent about a job. His face seemed familiar and presently Mr. Dobbs placed him.

"Didn't we get you a job with Messrs. (mentioning a firm of biscuit makers in the city) last week?" he inquired.

The man admitted it.

"Got the push," he volunteered, and after the inevitable query, he gave the remarkable explanation that it was because he had "happened to drop a mouse in a girl's lap."

"Quite an accident," he added. Now one would hardly swallow a statement like that at one gulp. The Superintendent didn't either. He wrote to the firm to find out the real cause of his dismissal. As it happened the man had not altogether been switching fact from the track of veracity.

There was nothing accidental about the mouse. It was stated the firm's letter in reply. "He threw a live mouse into the lap of one of the girls. The thing has happened before and we cannot allow it. People don't carry mice about with them, nor 'accidentally' drop them like that."

Well, well. The man is out of a job now, but he had his little joke. What did the girl do, we wonder?

HERE is an incident which shows a man may perform a criminal action without being criminally minded. A man, getting well on in years, had been registering at the office but there was little chance of him getting anything suitable as he was not strong enough for heavy manual labor. From inquiries that had been made it was ascertained that he was a good enough man, had worked at various jobs in the city and had never been in the hands of the police. He was one of those unfortunates whom life insurance companies love to illustrate on their placards with some such query as "What about you at sixty?"

One morning the poor old fellow came to the office and presented the following letter, typewritten on paper with a city firm's heading to it:

"Dear Sir? This isto say that I have known Tom Jonesfor a great many years he has always been a good worker and honest and I can thoriy recomend him to any one who wants a steady man. He has nevergiven no trouble and is reliable workman."

The Manager.

Now such a screamingly palpable piece of misrepresentation could only have had its origin in a mind to which the devious methods of trickery were entirely foreign. It was a forgery, true, but it was the outcome of a genuine desire to obtain work and to render honest service. Who can say what the old fellow went through as he laboriously composed the "recommendation" and in some hidden corner painstakingly plodded out with one finger the letter he fondly hoped would secure him employment? How many

attempts were scrapped before he finally produced the specimen here printed?

The Superintendent read the letter, under the anxious eyes of the applicant, without a smile and promised to do his best to get him a job. That was some time ago. The job came along in due course. The employer was given all the facts and chuckled over the recommendation and "Tom Jones," which is a substitute for the man's real name is proving each day that he is a "reliable workman."

THERE is one interesting character, a big Pole, naive and childlike in many things, who visits the Employment Office fairly regularly. Once he burned \$16 in bills to get his hands warm. He had been at work in a lumber camp and this is how he told the story afterwards.

"I work one week, two week, p'raps more. It is plenty 'nuff. They pay my tree fi' dollar bills and one dollar. I start home but all the trees they look alike. I cannot tell them. I sit down. My hands dey mighty cold so I light bills and hold them. Next day tote team come along and I go back camp."

Once this Pole was sent to a job shaking hides at a factory in the city. He worked three or four days and got \$14.40. He lived somewhere out in the suburbs and next day he appeared at the office about 4 o'clock and asked if there was any jobs going.

"You ought to have been here in the morning Mike," his nearly closing time now," was the reply.

"I start here early in the morning," Mike protested. "I wait a little way and then I eat pie. I walk again and eat pie. I walk some more and eat pie again. The time it flies."

"Along with the pies," laughed the official, who by questioning Mike closely found that he had made nearly a dozen stops and had two or three pieces of pie at each place.

MIKE has the mind of a child although he has the body and strength of a well developed man. He is well-liked at the Employment Office and the men take quite a fatherly interest in him. Once he did not show up for nearly a year and when he came back he was naturally asked where he had been.

"I work six month on a farm," he replied.

"Did you get much money?" the official asked.

"Get nothing at all. Work all time for nothing," answered Mike.

"What kind of a farm was that?" queried the official, curiously.

"Jail Farm," replied Mike without a blink, while, the official, purple with laughter, could not help but think that probably the innocent Mike did not know he had been in durance vile. Mike finished off the conversation by saying that after he had worked on another farm for three months.

"Did you get any money there, Mike?" he was asked.

"Good money there," said Mike, "Seven dollars!"

CUTICURA HEALS PAINFUL PIMPLES

On Face and Shoulders. Itched and Burned.

"My trouble began with a rash of pimples on my face and shoulders. The pimples were hard and red and festered and scaled over. They were very painful and itched and burned so that I could not sleep nights. I was ashamed to go anywhere my face was so disfigured. The trouble lasted about four and a half years."

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Myrtle A. Westover, Bolton Centre, Quebec.

Rely on Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to keep your skin clear.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Depot, Cuticura, P. O. Box 216, Montreal. Price, Soap 25c, Ointment 50c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

Scientist Will Shoot Rocket Moonward In Attempt to Study Mysteries of Upper Air



Prof. R. H. Goddard Now Planning to Explore the Birthplace of Weather and Pathway of Radio Waves.

HIGHER in the heavens than any man made object that ever left earth. Into a region that is more unknown than space millions of miles away. Into the birthplace of weather, the pathway of radio waves, a place that holds life or death on our planet in its grip. To these heights will be directed next fall a new instrument of science and adventure—the rocket—by Prof. R. H. Goddard, director of the physical laboratories of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

For the present, Dr. Goddard's high altitude rocket will be restrained sufficiently so that it will not travel at such a speed that it will escape from the pull of the earth and fly off in space. The moon will not be made a target within the next year, although, later, Dr. Goddard expects to bombard that weak sister of the earth with a larger rocket that will explode a charge of flashlight powder on the new moon's surface to notify all observers of the success-

ful end of the first man controlled astronomical journey. Given time and money, Dr. Goddard promises to make Jules Verne's dreams come true.

Sounding the unexplored upper air only twenty to five hundred miles away is more important to science than a Verne's journey to the moon. Speedy flights into regions that airplanes and balloons can never hope to reach are eagerly awaited by scientists who are uncertain regarding conditions in the higher parts of the earth's atmosphere through which all the energy from the earth's great power plant, the sun, must penetrate.

PROPELLED by the expelled gases that result from the rapid and continuous burning of liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen or some very light liquid hydrocarbon, the rocket will attain a velocity three times that of a high powered rifle bullet. More than a mile and a half will be traveled in one second by Dr. Goddard's high altitude rocket. At

this rate the maximum trip contemplated, five hundred miles directly upward, would be accomplished within five and one-half minutes or less. As the air becomes less dense, the rocket will travel faster. In a vacuum the rocket will travel 22 per cent. faster than in air; its velocity will be ninety-seven hundred feet a second instead of eight thousand feet.

To escape the earth, the rocket must achieve a speed of twelve thousand feet a second, or 138 miles a minute.

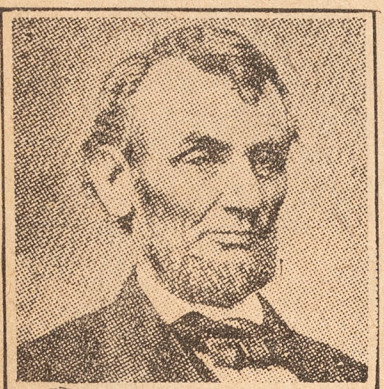
But more important than such a spectacular stunt is the sending of a rocket carrying scientific instruments into a part of the universe never before discovered. In Dr. Goddard's laboratory, supported by the Smithsonian Institution and Clark University,

place in a layer of air, called the "Troposphere." This is seven miles thick, or not much higher than the loftiest mountain. Even our large storms, a thousand miles or more in diameter, are therefore not much more than pancakes of air, about seven miles thick. There is good reason to suppose, incidentally, that the weather changes begin to occur at the top of this layer of air, which suggests the im-

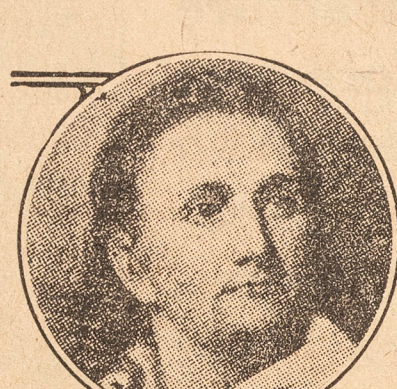
portance of the study of the upper air.

Would Eugenics Rob the World of Genius?

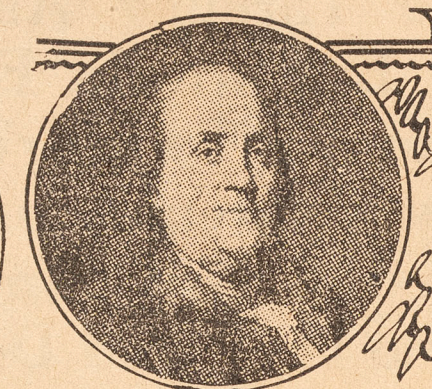
IF THE MODERN EUGENIST AND BIRTH-CONTROLLER HAD THEIR WAY, WOULD SUCH MEN OF GENIUS AS THESE BE BORN?



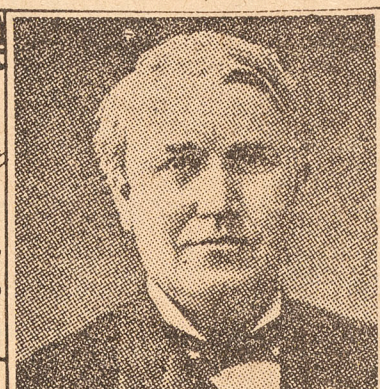
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
The Great Emancipator.



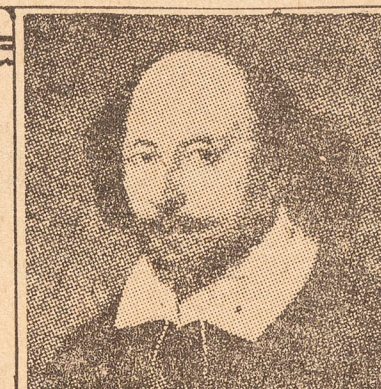
JOHN J. AUDOBON,
America's Greatest Naturalist.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
One of America's Foremost Statesmen.



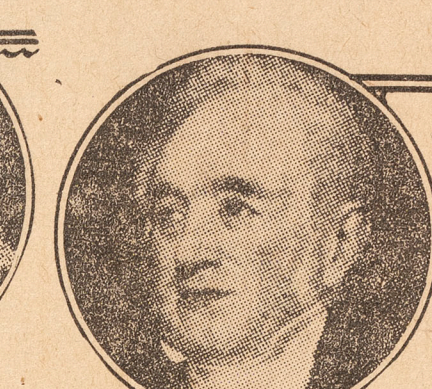
THOMAS A. EDISON,
Electrical Wizard.



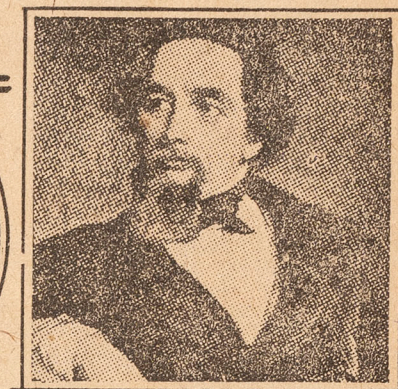
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
Greatest English Dramatist.



JOHN WESLEY,
Founder of Methodism.



GEORGE STEPHENSON,
Inventor of the Steam Locomotive.



CHARLES DICKENS,
World Beloved Novelist.

AMONG the delectable treats in food for thought which were given to the public during the recent convention of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was an exposition of the views and aims of prominent eugenists.

The surprising thing about the meeting the eugenists held in Hart House was that it created so little interest. True, the great hall was packed and the speakers were favored with rapt attention, but the manner in which the pronouncements of some of the speakers were received was proof that human nature has changed very little since the time of Noah. In Sunday schools and churches it is customary to denounce the short foresight of Noah's contemporaries who paid no serious attention to his dire predictions of the flood. "They deserved their fate," we say, "for being so stupid."

AND yet in Hart House one speaker prophesied the downfall of England within the short space of one or two centuries, and the probably slower but equally sure decline of the United States and Canada—unless the people in these countries took heed of his warnings and acted on his suggestions.

Did the audience rise with one accord from their seats and pledge themselves to do everything in their power to prevent such a calamity? Did they rush home to warn their families and friends of the impending disaster? Did they, as enlightened humanitarians fly out into the highways and byways to impress upon one and all the certain doom of the world's leading democracies?

Or, did they go about their several businesses as before.

Some moderns have sympathized with the antediluvians by reasoning that perhaps they didn't know much about Noah and, therefore, were only exhibiting natural precaution in refusing to recruit under his banner before indulging in a little mental rumination. But the Hart House audience couldn't plead such an excuse. Their prophet, Professor William McDougall, head of the Department of Psychology of Harvard University. His name, which has more letters after it than probably were in the whole antediluvian alphabet, and his fame had preceded him. He is, in short, what is known as an "authority."

They have, however, one justifiable, mitigating plea for their lack of action. And this must be stressed, in the hope that, if Professor McDougall's gloomy prophecy is vindicated by fact, the future generations will temper their condemnation of the present one with a merciful understanding. That mitigating circumstance was the expressed opinion of Sir William Beveridge, at the same meeting, that there was no justification for the exaggerated pessimism of some eugenic propagandists in Great Britain.

Sir William is also an "authority." He is director of the London School of Economics and Political Science. His word, to the layman at least, is as good as Professor McDougall's. And when he threw cold water on the latter's verbal fires he naturally caused a lowering of the heat that was radiating throughout the auditorium. Perhaps, if the truth were known, those who scoffed at Noah did so at the behest of one whose reputation was as high as Noah's.

PROFESSOR McDougall based his dark forecasts on what he termed the existing "adverse working of the selective birth rate" in England, the United States and Canada. He contended, in brief, that the laboring classes are having too many children born

to them in comparison with the number that first see the light of day in the homes of the professional and wealthy sections. And this proportion is increasing, he says, so that if something is not done to amend matters the English-speaking peoples will consist, in a comparatively short time, exclusively of the offspring of the so called lower strata of society. The British Empire and the American Republic, lacking citizens born with sufficient mental qualities to take their place in the van of the world's ablest peoples, will sink to depths of national degradation.

Two hundred years from now, that is the outside limit which Professor McDougall sets for the utter realization of this tragic downfall—other races, perhaps negroes, will be saying "Once the British Empire was mistress of the seas," just as we now say this of Spain. Or, "The United States was once the wealthiest nation in the world," in the same tone that we now make similar reference to Rome or Greece.

Professor McDougall expressly mentioned Egypt, Rome, Persia, Greece and Spain as countries with whose names that of England would, he feared, be included in a list of formerly great nations which had suffered a decline through the deterioration of human qualities.

But the calamity can be averted Professor McDougall and other speakers at the Hart House meeting explained, by educating the laboring classes to a point of view that will be averse to having so many children, and bringing the more highly endowed ones to the opposite conclusion.

Thus, if the teamster would say, on getting married, "I'm going to have only one child," and if the professor would resolve I'll be daddy to a dozen," there would soon be no reason for the repetition of Gilbert Chesterton's favorite question, "What's wrong with the world?" It might not be amiss to remark here that Mr. Chesterton thinks eugenics is one of the things wrong with the world. He has, in fact, written a book "Eugenics and other Evils."

Birth-control and eugenics go hand in hand, it was made clear at the Hart House meeting. Only the learned professors would like to see the poor man acquainted with the secrets of this science, which in Canada and the United States cannot legally be explained, even by the medical profession. At the present time, Professor McDougall pointed out, it was all too evident that the higher classes are aware of and practicing the science.

Professor McDougall's gloomy outlook justifiable by fact?

Sir William Beveridge should be able to give a competent reply for England. In addition to the remarks already credited to him, Sir William said, "So far as I know there is no solid evidence of any real increase of the proportion of those who can be called unfit, and of course there is no evidence of a deterioration in general physique and health." He added that in spite of the great move of population from rural districts to the cities, the average individual is living longer now than at any time in the past, and in recent years there has been a very great decline in infant mortality.

"If anyone tries to tell you that we in Britain are degenerate, don't believe him," was Sir William's blunt retort to Professor McDougall's statistics.

At the time of the eugenists' meeting, Sir Bertram Windle, professor of Anthropology at St. Michael's College, and special lecturer at the University of Toronto in Ethnology—the science which treats of racial characteristics and their development—was out of the city. On his return The Sunday World sought and was granted an interview as to his opinion of the views expressed by Professor McDougall and other members of the British Eugenics Society while in Toronto.

Sir Bertram Windle, Eminent Ethnologist, Believes Civilization Would Be Immeasurably Poorer If Some Modern Theories Had Been Practised During Last Two Centuries

"I am afraid said Sir Bertram, "that many persons become enthusiastic advocates of modern eugenics and birth control without considering all sides of the question. For one thing, they overlook some natural laws. And for another, they seem to forget that it is not practicable, in our present stage of civilization at least, to arrange the average marriage eugenically."

While Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Birmingham University, Sir Bertram was a member of the Birmingham School Board and was on the committee that handled special schools for feeble minded children. From this very practical experience Sir Bertram discovered the necessity of preventing feeble minded persons from having offspring. The matter is urgent in England, he pointed out, because the number of feeble minded is steadily increasing there.

"And I agree, too, with the eugenists that deaf mutes should not marry, because their affliction is hereditary," Sir Bertram added. "In fact, it is unwise for any person to marry if suffering from an incurable disease, whether physical or mental. If it is commonly known to be inheritable. But when eugenists advocate restrictions beyond this they need to be very careful."

"For instance, a great many of our men of genius in the past have come from parents who the modern eugenists would say were not fit to marry. Charles Dickens has given us good descriptions of his parents under the guise of Micawber and Mrs. Nickleby. Certainly they were not a eugenic couple. What if the eugenists' propaganda had operated to prevent their mating? Well, we should not have had Dickens."

"History is full of similar cases. Suppose Shakespeare's father, who was a butcher, had been a disciple of the birth control theory of the eugenists. Imagine the loss to the world if eugenists had convinced the parents of Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of cotton spinning, that they had enough children after the birth of their twelfth. Richard was their thirteenth!"

SIR BERTRAM had reviewed a book entitled "Human Heredity," by Casper L. Redfield, which he lent the writer. In his review Sir Bertram stated: "If the modern eugenist and birth-controller had had their vicious way for the past couple of centuries, the world would have been immeasurably poorer in knowledge."

This book contends that the more distinguished members of a family are born low down in the list of that family, and their distinction is due to the fact that they have inherited the additional experience and faculties acquired by their parents, which become greater as they pass through life. In support of this theory it specifies a number of eminent men.

"But we must beware of the fallacy of selected instances," Sir Bertram warns. "All geniuses do not come late in the family history."

"If the practice of birth control had begun back in the Stone Age, we should still be in the Stone Age," Mr. Redfield contends in his book. "The 'we' of that statement does not mean the reader of this, because every one of us has in our ancestry a good many persons who were later than the tenth child. It means whatever



SIR BERTRAM WINDLE,
Professor of Anthropology, St. Michael's College, and Special Lecturer in Ethnology, University of Toronto.

might be alive as the result of that proceeding, and if anything human were alive they would be in the Stone Age because advancement comes through children produced late in the lives of their parents, and not otherwise."

One of the most interesting cases cited in the book is that of Benjamin Franklin, who was "the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back. He was born when his father was 51, the father was born when the grandfather was 57, and the grandfather was born when the great-grandfather was in the neighborhood of 70. The rest of the male line is not known, but Benjamin's mother was born when her father was 50."

George Washington was born when his father was 38, the book goes on, and his mother, Mary Ball, was born when her father was 60. At the time of the birth of John James Audubon, who later became America's greatest naturalist, his father was 57 years old, and that father was the twentieth child of a French fisherman.

ANOTHER highly interesting case is that of John Wesley,



PROFESSOR W. McDOUGALL,
Department of Psychology, Harvard University, Noted Advocate of Eugenics.

and of his brother Charles, who were the founders of Methodism. They were the sons of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, who was 40 and 43 years of age, respectively, when his famous sons were born. And the mother of John and Charles was Susanna Annesley, who was the twenty-fifth and youngest child of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a vicar.

"Where would Methodism be if birth control had got in its deadly work in the families of these two pious Samuels?" Mr. Redfield enquires.

History teaches nothing more clearly than this," Sir Bertram Windle observed, "that it is impossible to tell where a genius will be born. And we see all around us examples of healthy offspring from parents who are far below par physically. And the economic condition of parents does not give any reliable answer to the question as to how many children they should have. No one will dispute that those born in homes of wealth and culture have a decided advantage, other things being equal, over the children of the poor, because the former get off to a good start in life. They frequently come into contact at the family table and in other intimate circles with the best intellects. They are sent to the best schools, and their studies are not interrupted by financial considerations. And, yet, as everyone knows, if the world had to depend for its leadership exclusively upon the children of such families our

civilization would soon be at a low ebb."

NATURE works in a mysterious way, in bestowing ability, no less than in other directions, and in the long run ability must come to the top. In every walk of life to-day, as always, there are leaders born of parents who, if they had consulted eugenists, would never have married. It is a noble objective to seek to advance the race, but we must be patient. No scientist, or other person, will ever become so learned as to be a reliable counselor in the matter of who should marry—aside from those exceptions mentioned—and of how many children they should have. For to be able to do so would imply a knowledge of the secret of life itself."

As to mutilations, Sir Bertram declared it to be a well-known scientific fact that they are not inheritable. "One of the best proofs of this," he said, "is to be found in the experience of breeders of terriers in England, where the tails of the animals have been cut short for generations. Yet, every pup is born with a full-length tail."

ALFRED Russell Wallace, the celebrated English biologist, has deprecated eugenics as "the meddlesome interference of an arrogant scientific priestcraft."

And Charles Darwin pointed out from the eminence of his researches, "No one can solve the problem why, of two races of savages, one has risen higher in the scale of civilization than the other; and this apparently implies brain-power."

Yet the modern eugenist thinks that if his theories were adopted the race would advance to new heights.

Mr. Redfield, the author already quoted, goes so far as to suggest that the eugenists are unduly meddlesome, even in protesting against the mating of feeble-minded.

"The eugenists tell us that from feeble-minded parents we can get only feeble-minded descendants," he writes, "and are urging that we segregate or sterilize all persons below some ill defined standard of mental development. Evolution

tells us that the best we have come from ancestors lower than what we now call feeble-minded. The eugenist professes to believe in evolution, and at the same time he preaches a doctrine which denies evolution. When confronted with this contradiction and asked to explain it, the eugenist assumes that at some time in the distant past, when there were giants and fairies in the world, things just happened which don't happen any more. Try to find out from a eugenist or biologist just what happened or how it happened, that intelligent descendants came from unintelligent ancestors, and one runs into ideas so vague and nebulous that they are matched by nothing short of the superstitions of savages."

There is certainly good ground for fearing that if eugenics were widely practised the world would soon be robbed of men of genius—the flower of humanity.

WOULD eugenics rob the world of genius? And since many men of genius—the flower of humanity—have come from "eugenically unfit" parents, how great must be the percentage of able and worth while, but not eminent, people who are born of such parents?

EVERY INDUSTRY HAS BUSY AND DULL DAYS

WHAT is your busiest day? Replies will differ, but most people will unite in telling you that Monday is the dullest.

Of the tradesmen who supply food the baker is the only one who is really busy on Monday. But, even so, Monday is not his best day. That is again Saturday.

Taxi-drivers complain that Monday is a bad day, but the railways are usually busy enough on Mondays. A great many week-enders return home on this day, and a large number of commercial travelers start out. Saturday, however, remains the busiest day of the week for the railway, while Friday is the dullest so far as passenger traffic is concerned.

Jewelers, and luxury shops in general, do fairly well on Mondays, but, on the whole, Wednesday is their best day. Saturday is quite the worst. It is interesting to note, too, that the best selling hours for jewelry are in the evening, after six. Nearly all cut gems look so much more attractive under artificial light.

I complains, "about a bobo that spent at the leastest two hours a day weeding the joint and another coupla hours watering it and giving it attentions."

"THEY is such a thing," says the wife, "as killing a thing with kindness."

"You ain't dead yet, is you?" I retorts.

"I said kindness," shoots back the ache, "not stupidity. I don't understand how even you could take a garden that was doing nice and in a coupla months turn it into nothing but a bunch of weeds. What happened to them tiger lilies I planted?"

"Tiger lilies?" I repeats. "I don't remember them lads."

"Those yellow spotted things," she explains.

"They went wild," I says, "and I had to kill 'em. They was killing off the catnip and the dog-wood."

"I see," exclaims the misses. "What did you do with all them weeds you pulled out?"

"I got 'em all piled in back of the shed," I returns. "I saved 'em so you could see how much work I done while you was away making little bills outta my big ones."

"Show me 'em," she demands, and I does.

"Some bunch, eh?" I remarks. "Wonderful," comes back Kate. "I never seen such a high priced pile of tulips, marigolds, petunias, lilacs and the such in my life."

"What you talking about?" I yelps. "Them's weeds."

"You pulled the powers," says the frau, "and left the weeds."

"Can you beat it!" I gasps.

"Oh, yes," she returns, "you can."

After Long, Laborious Weeks in the Garden Twin Is Rewarded by Prolific Crops--of Weeds

By SAM HELLMAN.

"I DON'T see you fooling around the garden no more," remarks the frau. "I thought you said you was gonna make a hobbie of raising flowers and the such."

"The trouble is," I tells her, "that I ain't been able to raise nothing excepting the such. At that, though, I'll bet anybody a wallop in the kishker that I gave a start to better and more kinds of weeds than anybody else."

"Why didn't you pull 'em out?" inquires the misses.

"If you'd 'a' been around here," I comes back, "instead of wrecking the bankroll on the rock-bound isles of Muskoka you wouldn't ask such a silly question. Know anything about weeds?"

"Only through marriage," returns the wife.

"I suppose," I sneers, "you figure you've hooked a milk weed that you've been milking low these many years."

"You maybe, is a skim-milk weed," snaps Kate, "but—"

"Getting back to the garden," I cuts in, hasty, "lemme tell you something about them weeds. I used to go out every morning for a coupla hours with a lotta expensive machinery I bought from a Robbing Hood down in the village to dig 'em out. I started at one end of the garden and after cleaning up everything for a coupla yards I happened to look back, and what do you think I saw?"

"That you'd missed a hundred and one per cent. of 'em," suggests the frau.

"I didn't miss no more of 'em," I yelps, indignant, "than you miss a chance to start a charge account, but what I seen was that wherever I'd pick out a one-inch weed they was two of 'em, three inches long, in the same place. It was just like drawing water outta well with a sieve."

"You give up too quick," comments the misses. "Uncle Zeb told me once that you gotta keep after them things until you wears 'em out."

"Yeh," I jeers, "and what happens to my knees in the meantime?"

"WELL," remarks Kate, "if you wants to raise peas you gotta braize your knees. Didn't none of them vegetables you planted come up?"

"You being my wife," says I, "I ain't got no secrets from you. I did get three radishes and one beat."

"Was they good?" asks the neuritis.

"I didn't see 'em, do nothing vicious," I tells her, "but they was keeping bad company."

"How do you mean?" she wants to know.

"They was awful familiar with some worms," I returned. "Of course, I couldn't go on the stand and testify they was anything wrong about the friendship—it maybe was a Plutonic affair—"

"You talking about vegetables?" inquires the frau.

"Yeh," I replies. "What you think I'm talking about? The latter end of a mis-spent life?"

"Why not?" returns the misses calm. "You've always been your favorite subjects."

"Another crack outta you," I snarls, "and I'll—"

"Come on, now, stupe," cuts in Kate. "I don't wanna hear about the lower forms of life. Tell me about them vegetables you raised."

"You still love me enough," I says happily, "to flatter me, don't you? What makes you think I raised any, besides them I told you about?"

"Well," remarks Kate, "I understands they is some things like turnips and greens that raises themselves."

"The only things I knows about," says I, "that raises themselves is elevators, and I didn't plant none of them."

"How about them hollyhocks?" she inquires. "I thought they was coming along good when I left."

"They was," I replies, "until some baby tipped me that the thing to do was to make them cuckoos shoot up like a Roman candle lit by accident in a excelsior factory was to cover 'em up with bone-meal from contented cows."

"Well?" eyebrows the wife.

"I WENT out," I tells her, "and bought three or four tons of the stuff. In about a week I had the most wonderful flock of—"

"Hollyhocks," cuts in Kate.

"Don't carry that flattery too far," says I. "Too much is nearly enough. What I got was a wonderful collection of Lewis weeds."

"What's them?" the frau wants to know.

"Didn't you never hear of Strangler Lewis?" says I. "Them things come up and choked everything to death on the place. I used to even close the bedroom

windows at night. I was afraid they would climb up to the third floor and strangle me to death, and what would you do then, poor thing?"

"You'd be surprised how well," remarks Kate. "Didn't you never water the garden?"

"Did I water the garden?" I exclaims. "I should kiss a armada I did. By the time I got done of a evening the Flood was n't nothing but a trickle compared to the way our place looked. You could a put the Royal Bank building out in the garden and gotten the roof covered."

"I guess," suggests the wife, "that was the trouble. You got the lawn too wet."

"If that's the case," says I, "why didn't the flowers grow as fast as the weeds?"

"Weeds is weeds," answers the frau.

"Yeh, I remarks, "and geraniums is geraniums, but what does that prove?"

"Everything you does," retorts Kate, "proves that if they is seventeen ways of doing a thing right and no ways a-tall of doing it wrong you always does it wrong."

"That's a niftig way to talk,"

**"Don't get tired—
drink Bovril"**

A Love Glance That Cost a Life

TERRORS OF THE EAST

No. 2—A Harem Night's Entertainment.

Described by King George as "the nerviest woman in all England," because of her daring in traveling among the sheikhs and brigands of the great Sahara Desert, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, famous English woman explorer, is popularly supposed to have no fear.

"But when were you most nearly afraid?" she was asked.

In reply she wrote a series of four articles entitled "Terrors of the East," wherein she selects the four most thrilling episodes from her remarkable career.

The second of these "Modern Arabian Nights" appears herewith. Next Sunday Mrs. Forbes tells of "Black Magic in the Desert."

By ROSITA FORBES.

THE old houses leaned together, whispering their secrets above my head. Starlight glistened on great iron-studded doors that looked as if they had not been opened since the days of Haroun al Raschid. The scent of apricots was heavy on a wind which blew across Damascus gardens.

"This is the house, lady," whispered my guide, a black slave, so muffled in his silk kufiya that only his eyes showed above its folds.

A dull, scarlet door swung open at our approach and a row of Abyssinians salaamed as I entered. A girl's voice called to me gayly: "You are welcome, but you tarried and our desires went far on the road to meet you."

UPSTAIRS I went to a large room furnished with hard-backed chairs and a few stiff French tables. There was a piano in one, and the violent, unshaded light beat down on thirty or forty women in European dress. I blinked confusedly, for I had expected a different setting in the Pasha's harem. Most of the women were young and nearly all were pale, with brown eyes and hair. But, as I murmured greetings, repetitively monotonous, I found myself suddenly staring at the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. Tall and slight, with lines that curved subtly from slim throat to ankle, she carried her head with a pride worthy of its small perfection. My hostess, Nazek el Binagri, noticed my amazement.

"This is Aziza, daughter of El Heiri Pasha, a friend of my father's," she said, and I stammered something polite while still staring at the great, heavy-lidded eyes, ridiculously painted, and the wonderful mouth.

"It really is like a scarlet flower," I thought, as the lips curved back in a smile like petals before the sun.

"Nazek, she is astoundingly beautiful," I murmured. "She knows it," returned my hostess. "How can she help it? Her mother was a Circassian slave—that's why she is gray-eyed and fair-skinned."

SOLEMNLY I was introduced to the other guests, who had ranged themselves stiffly round the walls. They all looked tired and their expressions were heavy and dull. Everybody sat bolt upright and no one spoke except Nazek, who addressed formal remarks to me. Slaves in white turbans and colorless prints brought coffee and cold water at intervals, but there was no movement till a slight Syrian girl, with eyes which seemed to have burned great pits in her face, went to the piano and began singing a Turkish lament. She wore a French frock of palest green, with pearls round her throat, but her music was harsh and discordant. Another girl, Hauwa, picked up an oud and thrummed a tune which was without rhythm or harmony. It was instinct with force and tragedy, and Aziza stirred lazily. With a shrug of sloping shoulders, she slid onto the floor.

"It is her way," explained Nazek. "She is very unconventional, but we forgive her because she is so lovely."

I GAZED down at a picture which would have shattered the complacency of the Venus de Medici. Every feature appeared to have been molded by a master sculptor, who was also a lover, and bosom and hips had that lissom, unbroken curve so rare in the athletic West. For the first time in my life I decided that Swinburne might be justified in his adjectives! I thought of Helen, of Salome, of L'Enclous, of all the beautiful women whose faces had changed the destiny of nations,

Rosita Forbes has lost none of her femininity in her many daring exploits among desert tribes. Gowned for the opera, she is one of England's fairest daughters.

and I raged against the custom which cloistered their successors. Aziza smiled up at me with the same lazy charm.

"You are thinking about me, I know," she said. The blue kohol glistened beneath her eyes. "Why do you paint so much?" I asked. "It is criminal to spoil such a picture."

"That is what they all say," returned Aziza, "but, perhaps, you wouldn't notice my eyes at all except for the kohol."

"She likes being noticed," whispered Rahia. "It will be better for her to be married."

I looked my question, and Nazek whispered in my ear: "She loves an Egyptian, and her father would kill her if he knew."

IN SPITE of the matter-of-fact voice in which the words were uttered, they were so full of conviction that I shivered a little and tried to reassure myself by looking round the conventional room. It seemed to me that silence brooded over it like a tangible presence. Nazek broke it.

"Would you like to see a real Turkish fantasia?" she asked. I nodded, but my thoughts were far away.

"How does she see the Egyptian?" I asked my hostess when Hauwa and some other girls had slipped away to prepare for the dance.

"Allah forbid that I should know!" returned Nazek, and I thought even her lips were pale.

"There are ways—" she whispered. "Allah grant her folly is not discovered."

There was a stir at the door. "The musicians, lady," announced a slave, and a group of old women came in and crouched in a corner. They looked very ancient, with their shriveled hands and feet, but they kept their indignity so closely over their faces that only their eyes shone, fierce and reddened, among the folds.

I watched them, interested in the swift movement of their drumming fingers, and then noticed that one, strongly built and taller than the rest, was less accomplished. She missed a beat occasionally, and her eyes were eager with youth which had long been a stranger to her companions.

A MINUTE later Hauwa returned, dressed in tight black knickers and a dark jersey with a scarlet sash. She looked like a fisher-boy, and her hair fell to her knees. She stood shyly in the circle of her friends, blushing and pulling her splendid hair across her gaze. Then, encouraged by the drummers, she spun round with arms outstretched. Gradually the rhythm changed, and the dancer slipped into a pose of languorous hesitation. Swiftly she dropped on one knee before a girl who laughed and drew away. In mimic Hauwa went through the form of proposal and rejection. Then, still kneeling, she flung herself backward till her dark hair spread like a fan on the floor.

"That is a salutation," explained Nazek. "Some day she will do it for her husband."

THE curious dance went on, but I watched it no longer, for Aziza, leaning against my knees, had grown suddenly tense. The thrill of her tautened muscles communicated itself to me, and I felt as if she were waiting and watching for something which in a second would be revealed to me, too. Unconsciously my glance followed the direction of her eyes and I found myself staring—staring at the musicians. Their supple fingers hypnotized me as they beat wildly on gourd and drum, but I knew there was something behind the passion and the wildness of their music—something I did not yet under-



"The curious dance went on, but I watched it no longer, for I found myself staring—staring at the old women musicians. For a fleeting second I caught the eyes of one of them. The hands looked more used to bridle and trigger than to the instrument they held and neglected. And the eyes swept over every line of the lovely creature dancing before me, hotly, with a fever of possession, as I had seen, no women's eyes look at a woman."

stand, I could feel Aziza shiver as she pressed against me, with no movement to warn the others of that swift tension which held her in a vise. A pulse throbbed just below her jaw, and for a fleeting second I caught the eyes of the young musician as they swept over every line of the lovely creature below me, hotly, with a fever of possession, as I had seen no woman's eyes look at a woman. My throat went suddenly dry and I felt cold sweat on my forehead.

It was some minutes before I dared look round the room; but the heavy faces were immobile,

absorbed in the dance. With a swift movement that showed her sustained grace and strength, Aziza sprang to her feet and began posturing opposite the flushed, excited Hauwa. I felt as if an electric current had been switched off, and, furtively wondering if my imagination had run away

with me, I looked at the musicians. THE hands of the tallest figure looked more used to bridle and trigger than to the instrument they held, and neglected. With chin thrust forward and

body strained in attention, the mysterious player followed each movement of Aziza. The girl danced as if intoxicated, acting the woman's part before the passion stimulated by Hauwa. Eagerly the one advanced while the other retreated, eluded, encouraged by a half-surrender. It was the old combat of sex, and every gesture of love Aziza flung as a challenge to the motionless figure among the musicians. My breath caught in my throat. Would no one notice? I was afraid of what my own eyes would reveal, so kept them fixed on the dancers. The music throbbed to a climax. Aziza bent backward till her whole supple body lay relaxed over the other girl's arm. The pantomime would have been pretty but for the sense of terror waiting.

"You see, we really do not need men," said Hauwa, breathlessly. "Oh, Aziza, your hair got into my mouth. I am glad I am not your lover."

"She is very proud of her hair," whispered Nazek. "She washes it twice a week in spices," but I was not listening.

All the women were laughing and talking, as if the dance had released the youth in their blood. But Aziza stood aloof, very pale and watchful. The musicians collected their instruments and shuffled toward the door. The tall figure was the last to go, stumbling clumsily over its draperies. Aziza slipped after them, and Nazek called to her: "Do not trouble. They have been well rewarded."

WITHOUT conscious volition, I found myself clutching the curtains which hung across the door. I heard the shuffle of heel-less slippers as the musicians crept down the stairs. Then came a woman's swift, passionate protest and a man's voice clearly: "Little heart of me, your skin has the scent of peaches. I shall dream of you in my garden."

A sob sounded beside me, and I turned to look into the terrified eyes of Nazek. "Allah defend us!" she said, and pulled the curtains apart. As I was leaning against the wall and I had the impression of one blind and deaf, . . . The tallest musician was disappearing round the bend of the stairs. Without reason, I looked upward and straight into a face bent over the landing above. For a second I stared at rage incarnate in the eyes of El Heiri Pasha, Aziza's father. Then the face was withdrawn, and, speechless, I moved my dry lips. The ecstasy died out of Aziza's face as Nazek caught her arm. "What folly have you committed?" she hissed at her. "Is it death you want?"

It was a stranger who brought it," she whispered, "but he said: 'Tell thy lady, her skin has the scent of peaches, so it is right that these, which are the finest in my garden, should be hers.'"

Once again Aziza the beautiful came to life. A slow, deep flush burned to her temples and the little pulse beat in her throat. With a croon of delight she picked up the basket as a mother lifts her first child and slipped soundlessly from the room.

It was sunset when Nazek and I, weary with unprofitable discussion, went in to see why the object of all our solicitude still slept. The inner room was ablaze with reflected amber and rose. Aziza lay on a couch, her head tilted back, a half-eaten peach still clutched in her hand. A black, fluffy kitten sniffed uneasily at the basket, which was encircled by her other arm. She was so exquisitely still that she looked like a dream statue. We crept forward, a little awed. The next instant a cry wailed out, and it was so sudden that I hardly realized who had screamed till Nazek's fingers bruised my arm.

"Allah save us; she is dead!" UNBELIEVING, I touched the beautiful thing on the piled orange cushions. With my hand still outstretched I stared at Nazek and found my own horror mirrored in her face.

he heard. The voice trailed into silence and rigid, my fingers still touching cold flesh, I saw again the garden where old Heiri Pasha fondled his peaches as if they were the weapons of his hate.



Raisuli, the brigand, and Sultan of the Mountains, is one of the fierce sheikhs who bowed before the courage of the beautiful explorer. He could not but admire the daring of a lone white woman leading her caravan and invading his domain. And so he became friend instead of foe.

I STUMBLED down the stairs, my one idea to get away from the house, from the shadow which hung over it. . . .

The following noon I rode among the gardens which encircle Damascus. I cantered between mud walls, leaping the small streams that rippled across my path, but always a shadow rode with me, and its face was distorted with rage. To stifle memory I tried to count the golden cloves which dripped from every branch. Unexpectedly I found myself looking into a wide garden where an old man gathered his peaches. His figure was bent, but there was a massive strength about his shoulders. He fondled the velvet fruit with fingers that were cruel for all their sensitive delicacy. A stone clattered from my horse's hoofs, and the man looked up. At first it was his expression of fury, stifled and inchoate, that struck me; and then I recognized the face which had looked over the staircase the night before. My spurs went home; but my last glimpse of El Heiri Pasha showed him still gazing at his peaches.

AN hour later I was at Nazek's door, scarcely knowing why I had come. I was taken at once to the harem, where I found Aziza in a mood so remote and inarticulate that in the end I sat silently behind the latticed shutters. It was very hot; but Aziza neither stirred nor spoke till a slave lifted the curtains and, mysteriously, with a finger on her lips and a dozen backward glances, placed a basket before her mistress.

"It was a stranger who brought it," she whispered, "but he said: 'Tell thy lady, her skin has the scent of peaches, so it is right that these, which are the finest in my garden, should be hers.'"

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BY-PATHS of the OCCULT By Madame de Luz

THE STORY OF THE FAIRIES.

THERE is no phase of human life more full of interest than the persistent belief in Fairies.

Since Arthur Conan Doyle has announced his faith in the "little folk" there has been a great revival of the study of the "Brownies" and other branches of fairy lore, and it is exceptionally intriguing to see how closely the whole subject is bound up with that of magic. It is, indeed, a bypath of the occult, and one in which children would be delighted to accompany us.

It need hardly be emphasized that in old days everybody, from the King to the peasant, believed implicitly in the "little people"—in fact, anyone who doubted was in danger of being ill-treated. Cases are on record where both men and women were fined and imprisoned for casting ridicule upon narratives relating to the appearance of fairies.

EVEN to-day there are people in England, Wales and Scotland who firmly believe in fairies or the "little people" as they are generally termed, and many declare that they have actually seen them! Ireland used to be the great home of these creatures, and leprechauns were quite familiar figures till comparatively recently.

These "Trows," as they are called in the north of Scotland, are supposed to be very beautiful, with flaxen or yellow hair waving over their shoulders, exquisitely proportioned, very slight and tiny and generally dressed in green. They are of different sexes, and the dress of the females, like that of mortals, varies in shape but retains the hue of russet brown or green.

They sometimes ride little cream-colored horses with small bells attached to their manes, which make a musical tinkling sound heard often when they and their riders are invisible to ordinary human beings. The times when they are most likely to be seen are either in the grey gloaming or in the pearly light at break of day.

THERE is, or was, not long ago in Yell (Shetland) a little brown jar known as "Farquar's pig," which contained a substance resembling lard mixed with tar. This ointment was used for injuries of any kind, and was never known to fail when applied to those who had

There are many people who firmly believe in "the little people," as the fairies used to be called. In this interesting article, dealing with another Bypath of the Occult, the writer speaks of many kinds of tiny folk and the lore which has gathered round them. Magic is very strongly bound up with the story of the Fairies, and in the dim distant past everybody had the most implicit belief in the Brownies, the Pickies, the Spriggans, etc.

"faith." The curious thing about this "pig" was that though universally used the ointment never grew less. It was taken from the Trows, and therefore "acted like a charm."

A gentleman well known in the literary world in London declares that on a walking tour in the South of England he once saw in Devonshire a troop of fairies. It was a breezy Summer afternoon, and these beautiful little creatures were floating up the side of the sunlit hill, singing and playing on elfin instruments.

In Cornwall there lingers an intense belief in fairies, of which there are five well-known varieties, viz:—(1) The Small People; (2) The Spriggans; (3) The Pickies; (4) The Knockers; (5) The Brownies.

In parts of Scotland and England the "little people" are supposed to be the spirits of the race which inhabited the earth many thousands of years ago. In Ireland it is generally believed that the fairies are a portion of the fallen angels, who, being less guilty than the rest, were not driven to hell, but were suffered to remain on earth.

In Cornwall, as in Wales, another popular creed is that the fairies are Druids becoming smaller and smaller because they will not give up their idolatries. The "small people" closely resemble the elves of Scandinavia. The natives of St. Levan relate how on Summer nights when they are at sea close under the cliffs they often hear the sweetest music, and see hundreds of little lights moving amongst what looks like flowers.

SOME of the men will tell you that they have smelt the sweet perfume and heard the music from the fairy gardens when quite a mile from the shore. Strangely enough there are no flowers but sea pinks to be found in these places by day, yet they have been described by those near enough to see in the bright Summer moonlight, as being covered

with flowers of every color, all of them far more brilliant than any blossoms seen in a mortal garden.

Banshees are of course family relatives to every old Irish family. Sometimes they are fair to look at, with golden hair and large blue eyes, and sometimes old and foul and terrifying; but their mission is always the same—to announce death or some great catastrophe to the family. Sometimes they wall most horribly, and often they groan—a series of groans—as of a woman dying. Anyone who has ever heard the banshee will be at once impressed with the fact that it is nothing human or animal; nothing that can possibly belong to this world. It fills one with a fear far, far, beyond the limits of physical sound.

The banshee never manifests itself to the person whose death it is prognosticating; other people may see or hear it, but the fated one never, so that when every one present avers of it but one, the fate of that one is regarded as pretty well certain.

IN ancient magic, many stories of the fairies have been handed down. Peoprandi, the celebrated astrologer and magician at the court of Louis XI, was said to be attended by a "familiar"—a tiny man not more than nine inches high and wonderfully graceful. He could fly through the air, pass through closed doors and in fact perform all sorts of marvelous feats. The "familiar" finally it was said) passed into the possession of another magician who brought it to England.

The whole story of magic is filled with queer stories of the "little people" who sometimes are found in the guise of gnomes. The gnomes are usually portrayed as a grotesque and impish figure, ready for all sorts of tricks. James I, who was remarkably superstitious, said that once, at Theobalds, his favorite seat, he saw a

gnome in the woods. "The little beastie," as he described the figure, "warned me of ye greater peril"—presumably the Guy Fawkes plot. Incantations for summoning fairies and gnomes are found in all magic lore. What is the origin cannot be said with truth, but far back in distant days persists the belief in the "little people."

THAT signs and portents are transmitted through the medium of inanimate objects is clearly established by such omens as the falling of pictures, etc. The fact is on record that upon the day Sir Henry Irving died—October 13th, 1905—a large framed portrait of himself, hanging among several other pictures in the office of the editor of the "Berwick Journal," suddenly fell from its place on the wall to the floor. Lady Dorothy Neville relates a curious story about a miniature Buddha from Burma. From the moment it entered the house "a perfect avalanche of catastrophes" occurred, but when the Buddha was sent to the Indian Museum the affairs of the household became normal again.

It is not generally known that the late King Edward VII, held at least one superstition about what he evidently regarded as a sign of disaster to himself. He would never permit the mattress to be turned on his bed on a Friday. Strangely enough he died on this day of the week and the doctors forgot the royal patron's superstition, the crisis of their patient's sudden alteration for the worse and ordered the mattress to be turned, hoping to afford the King greater relief, but he died almost immediately afterwards.

In speaking of magic, the great initiate Eliphas Levi wisely says: "So long as Transcendent magic was profaned by the wickedness of men the church of necessity proscribed it. False gnostics have discredited the name of gnosticism, which was once so pure; sorcerers have outraged the children of the Magi, but religion, that friend of tradition and guardian of the treasures of antiquity can no longer reject a doctrine anterior to the Bible and in perfect accord with traditional respect for the past, as well as with most vital hopes for progress in the future. The miracles of nature made subject to the will of man are reserved for the elect to come. The purpose of the purpose of magic to demonstrate that at the beginning the symbols of religion were those of science, which was then in concealment. May religion and science reunite in the future, give help and show love to one another like two sisters for theirs has been one cradle."

EYES EXAMINED

AND GLASSES GROUND TO FIT
NEARBY OPTICIAN TWO STORES
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Bearded Lady Doesn't Approve of Bobbed Hair



"Londy," The Lady Giantess, is 7-1/2 feet tall. She says she is looking for a rich man—preferably of the aldermanic type, and Princess Marguerite is only 20 inches tall. She enjoys an occasional cigarette and glass of wine. She is 24 years old.



"Baby Louis," "Little Emma," "Jolly Maud," "Big Boss Henry." Their aggregate weight is a ton.



"The Three-Legged Wonder"

Sunday World Writer, Penetrating Beyond Midway's Gaudy Fronts, Finds Quaint Philosophy Among Dwellers in Freakland—Girl Cycle Demon Ambitious to Become a Milliner—"Homeliest Woman" Strong For Domesticity.

By GRAFTON STEELE.

HE'SLL make a good story for the woman's page," whispered Col. Ed. R. Salter, Johnny Jones' "hired boy," and publicity director for the Midway at the "big fair," as he ushered The Sunday World representative toward a pile of loose planks behind the wild animal show, where four women were darning stockings and discussing recipes for salads.

MISS BEATRICE KYLE snipped her bearding cotton with a pair of scissors. At other times she climbs to the top of a ninety-five foot ladder, turns a somersault in mid-air and plunges into a tank of water only five feet deep.

Miss Thelma Lallemond was braiding a thong riding whip. She cracked it in mid-air and went on describing how good lettuce, asparagus tips and mayonnaise taste. When not off duty Miss Lallemond rides bucking steers and wild horses.

Miss Alice Howell and Miss Hazel Watkins were digging grease out of their finger nails. They have to indulge extensively in manicuring because they earn their living riding motorcycles around a perpendicular wall at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and its greasy job.

You'd think there'd be something unusual, something altogether out of the ordinary about women who take their lives into their hands at least fifteen times a day. But not so—Beatrice, Thelma, Alice and Hazel are just ordinary good-looking girls who, outside the grounds or "off stage" might be taken for stenographers or salesgirls.

"It's lots of fun," said Miss Howell, the motorcycle dare-devil, "but it makes your nose shiny. It's too bad more women don't go in for it. It keeps you trim and surely makes you strong."

Both motorcyclists are as healthy and strong as they make them and manage their own three hundred pound machines with ease. Miss Watkins has a scar on her head, the result of a locked back wheel in the course of her spectacular ride which sent her crashing to the bottom of the pit and kept her in the hospital for nearly a month.

"Neither of us thought of motorcycle riding until 1919. We both started in the ring but would be scared to death riding in city traffic," said Alice.

Miss Howell and Miss Watkins thought that their accidents averaged about three or four a season. "You never can tell when a tire will go flat or a handle bar break," explained Miss Howell. Her partner said that while riding they very seldom thought of just what they were doing.

"It's just like getting used to typewriting or anything else."

"Did you ever ride in the Dragon or the Whip?" asked Miss Howell.

"Well, it gives you the same feeling when you come to after an accident."

Miss Howell says that if she ever quits motorcycling she will become a milliner.

"I LOVE it better than anything," said Beatrice Kyle, talking about her ninety-five foot plunge through the air. "Of course I am careful—the slightest misstep and I'm a goner. My method is just to forget that I might break my neck, let myself go, and there I am. No, I don't recommend it as an exercise for every body. I've learned to have a strong heart and hands that don't get clammy easily."

At thirteen Miss Kyle was diving off bridges along the St. Croix. Now she holds the world's high-diving championship.

MISS LALLEMOND has plenty to do besides riding bucking steers and mischievous mustangs. Somebody is always getting hurt around the midway and Thelma is usually called for first thing. She is a born nurse and has patched up many a bruised body, sprained ankle and smashed head.

Miss Lallemond couldn't remember ever having been afraid, though she remembers her first horseback ride. She was eleven years old and attempted to subdue a frisky colt on her father's ranch in Western Kansas. The colt dashed across the corral and stopped at the fence. Zelma kept on going, however, landed on her head and was unconscious a couple of hours. Miss Lallemond has been in the show business eighteen years, but made her debut in musical comedy. Vacations spent on the ranch caused her to think more and more of riding and she's been a cowgirl ever since.

"I've never been seriously hurt," she said, touching the wood of the box on which she sat. She leaves it to others to become casualties while she works on as the "Little mother of the rancho."

FROM the lounging place of the dare-devil the reporter was escorted down the broad Midway, ablaze with color and echoing with the cries of sour-visaged showmen grown hoarse with continual yapping at the ever-gullible public.

"Hi thar, Hi thar," Bang! Bang! "This way, this way, Bang! Bang! "The most extraordinary conglomeration of human monstrosities ever assembled together for exhibition awaits the visitor to this tent." Bang! Bang! "Staggering in their perplexity." Bang! Bang! "The Bearded Lady." Bang! Bang! "Astounding, astonishing." Bang! Bang! "The Miracle Man." "Amazing." Bang! Bang! "All for the small price of fifteen cents, young sir," said he. And so on he lauded his marvelous assemblage of human freaks.

From time immemorial human beings have been willing to pay their good money to view something out of the ordinary. The reporter, along with most of the crowd, made a dash for the entrance. Inside he browsed around.

Scholes won the Diamond Sculls for Canada. Colonel Pat secured a drag on which the team was driven to Henley to witness the race and the boys declared that his luck had something to do with the glorious result. That was a record year for Canada, the classics in both the shooting and the rowing world coming our way.

PERRY was accorded a wonderful ovation on his return. The crowds which greeted him in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver had been equalled before only on Pretoria Day. Toronto gave him a case of silver in recognition of the honor he had brought to his birthplace. He was the recipient of various other valuable presents and after reaching his adopted home on the Pacific Coast he secured a bride, as well as a home for her for the people of Vancouver presented him with a residence. He was appointed to a position in the Customs Service which permitted him to continue his shooting but he has been unsuccessful in subsequent efforts to duplicate his triumph at Bisley.

Seven years elapsed before Canada produced her third Bisley hero in 1911, in the person of the late W. J. Clifford, who was then a private in the Royal Grenadiers and by a coincidence his home was on Lippincott Street, the same thoroughfare on which Perry had resided in Toronto. Clifford was born in Brampton and went to school in Richmond Hill prior to making his home in the city. He died in France while serving his country. Early in the war he enlisted in the infantry and subsequently transferred to the Air Force. One day he set out in an airplane which never returned. Clifford's success at Bisley eclipsed that of both Hayhurst and Perry for in addition

to winning the King's Prize he captured the Prince of Wales Prize, a double feat unique in the annals of the National Rifle Association. It was his second visit to Bisley he having been on the Canadian team in the previous year when he had to leave a bride of three weeks in order to make the trip. In the year he triumphed he left his young wife at home with a baby son four weeks old. He took his shooting very seriously following it along scientific lines and using a gun sight of his own invention which was afterwards adopted by many. When he was being congratulated by the late Earl Kitchener that great soldier remarked jocularly to the members of the cheering Canadian team, "If you have any more Canadians like this man at home we shall have to bar them out of the country."

CLIFFORD captured the King's Prize by a margin of six points over Sergeant Ommundson, of the Queen's Edinburgh corps, a former winner of the high honor and regarded as the most formidable marksman at the big meeting. The late Lord Kitchener accompanied by Lord Cheylesmore were most interested spectators of the victor's final shots and were the first to congratulate him. Then he was crowned with a wreath of maple leaves and chaired around the commons while the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." That year at Bisley was marked by three weeks of blazing hot weather with no rain but it is recalled that Clifford used a waterproof coat all the time he was shooting on the ranges. When he returned to Toronto the whole city turned out to do him honor and among the gifts he received was a cabinet of silver from the municipality. While this year's Bisley team was in England the commandant, Major Streight, took charge of two rifles which had

"Are you married?" "Yes," was the surprising answer. "My first husband died four years after we were married in Trenton, N.J."

"Then you married again?" "Yes, and I have a five-year-old son at present going to school in Trenton, N.J."

"Did your first husband know that you grew a beard?" "No, not until two weeks after we were married."

"How did he find out?" "He came back one morning after leaving for work," she said, "and he found me shaving. I was shocked, so terribly shocked that I thought he was going to faint, but, later on, he got used to it, in fact, occasionally we used the same razor. It was an old-fashioned, straight one, too—not a safety."

Her second husband, she admitted, knew of her beard before he married her. He met her while she was on exhibition at a large town in Illinois.

The bearded lady does not approve of bobbed hair. She likes a smooth-faced man best, she says. She sometimes gets tired of her beard and shaves it off.

She was born in Iceland just under forty years ago, and took to the show game because she knew she could make good at it with the help of a prolific area of whiskers.

MAN or mechanical? That was the question uppermost in the minds of those watching the performance of the "Miracle Man." The curtain had risen, a figure had walked out escorted by an eloquent attendant who apparently was working the wires attached

to the wax figure's hips. The figure ascended the platform stiffly, just as mechanical figures should ascend platforms. A match was held before the figure's eyes. It blinked not. The attendant punched it, shook it, moved it to and fro. The mechanical outfit did not even bat an eye. The attendant turned to address the patrons. The figure fell to the floor. It remained stiff and motionless, not a muscle of its face or body moved. It must be mechanical.

Then, of course, came the denouement. The figure was a real man after all. He first conceived the idea of imitating a mechanical figure while watching one in a store window. This figure walking, sat down, stood up and moved like a real man. "The Miracle Man" was a little fellow attending school at that time, and when asked by the school to contribute to a concert it was staging, gave his first performance. An eminent comedian who witnessed his exhibition took him under his wing and he has since perfected his imitation to such an extent that the United States Treasury Department for subscribers to Liberty Bonds. He holds the world record for controlling his muscles. He says, and can go three hours and twenty minutes without "bating an eye." Besides, he holds the world's record of twelve feet for a fall without "turning a hair."

OF course the C.N.E. Midway had its fat people. Every midway does. They grow a trifle stale with a too frequent repetition of their display of superfluous flesh but everybody loves a fat man. The Sunday World reporter did, too, so in he went!

"Big Boss Henry" in other words Henry Boston Burnett who weighs 624 pounds and measures six feet, seven inches around the waist tells his own story.

"The Bearded Lady" does not approve of bobbed hair. She is now living with her second husband. What would the Bobette's chances be for even a first husband if she were adorned with a beard 11-1/2 inches long?

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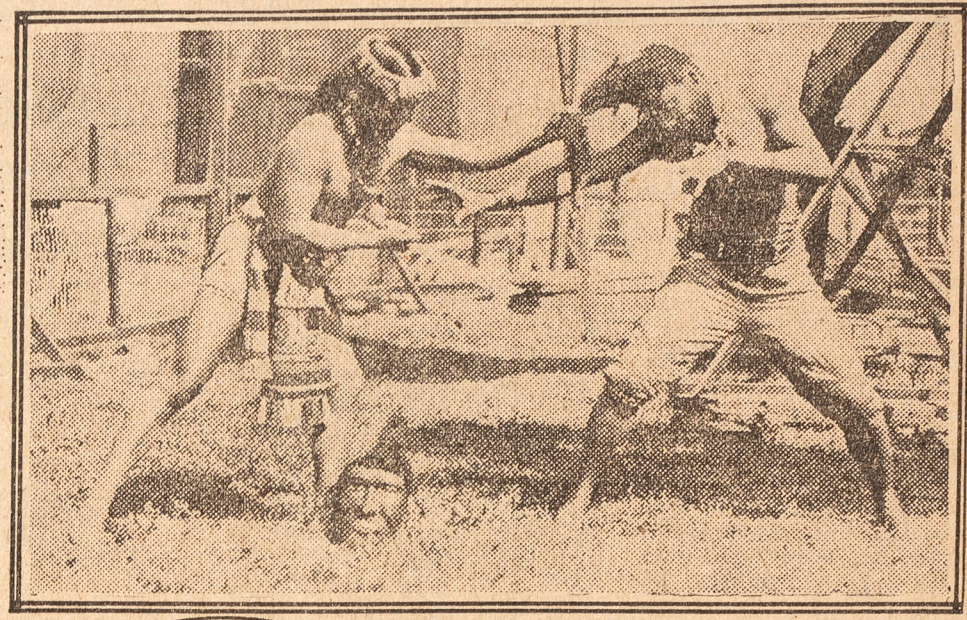
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When the Sunday World photographer reached the C. N. E. grounds it looked like even-money betting that the head of "The Long Haired Canaki," the fireeater from the New Hebrides (on right), would be decorating a pole within a few minutes. Chief Amok, the Santos Head-Hunter (on left), was "all set" to operate with a weapon which might have seen service in an adjacent hamburger steak booth. Homicide however, was happily averted and the Canaki is still using his head to swallow fire, lift weights and perform a host of other impossible feats.

"I AM Henry Boston Burnett, the jolliest fellow you ever met. Was born in Prescott, Arkansas. fed corn bread and butter and milk, Haw. Haw! You think I am fat! Not at all, just a good-sized man, that's all. Six hundred and ninety four pounds I weigh. I look like a load of hay, they say. I am six foot two without my shoes, and never was known to have the blues. I am twenty-nine years of age, sorry to say have never been engaged. Have had proposals frequently, but the single life is the life for me. I eat what I want, no more, no less, and don't want to get thin—it's impossible, I guess. I was excess baggage," said Uncle Sam, so I have decided to stay the way I am. Eat all I want, be jolly and gay, and take life easy the rest of my days."

THE four fat persons on exhibition together weigh more than a ton. Two thousand four hundred and fifty four pounds was their aggregate weight. They all sleep well and eat better.

"Little Emma" weighs but six hundred and thirty pounds and has such a dainty little waist. It measures but eight feet two around. She stands four feet eleven inches high, was born and raised in Toledo, Ohio. Good luck to Little Emma!

"Jolly Maud" another of the quartet hails from Galesburg, Illinois. She weighs five hundred and sixty-five pounds and has a forearm that measures two feet five and a half inches, near the wrist. Anyone fond of mental gymnastics may figure out for himself how far he could fly if she ever cut loose with it.

The reporter conceived the idea that a picture of Jolly Maud straddling a pony would take well. Just in point of contrast, you know. He suggested it to her.

"But why a pony?" she cried, just cooing with interest. Oh! to bring "Gyp." I've always wanted to ride "Gyp," the dear little thing."

"The dear little thing?" "Gyp" is one of the elephants that takes part in the animal show. It weighs just slightly under four tons!

"Baby Louis" is Louis Kauff, a bouncing 19-year-old New Orleans baby boy. He weighs five hundred and sixty-five pounds and is still growing daily. He claims to be one wonderful dancer and makes a considerable hit with the ladies. Just imagine him cuddling thee up—O fair young thing!

All the fat people are single and are quite a sensitive lot. They never go outside the show when they are on exhibition in a city, one of them confided. All were engaged by the show when it was visiting their native town and they were spectators of it. Perhaps they are afraid someone will kidnap them the second time!

"MY face is my fortune," said the pretty maid. That's also true of the Homeliest Woman in the World. She confirmed this herself.

"No, I have no illusions about any Prince Charming," she replied to a question. "I am a widow, with four children."

"Like to hear the story?" she asked.

"Surest thing going. Let's go!" "When my husband died in London, England, six years ago, I was alone with four little kiddies to feed, clothe and educate. I secured employment in one of London's many factories, and for a year managed to make things go somehow."

Mary told of how her boss at the factory, knowing of a contest the London Daily Mail was staging at that time to determine just who was the ugliest woman in the world, persuaded her to enter it on a dare. Her boss thought that with her more than distinctive profile she stood a good chance.

Continued on Page Twenty-seven.

CANADA'S FIVE KING'S PRIZE MEN

Continued from Front Page.

to winning the King's Prize he captured the Prince of Wales Prize, a double feat unique in the annals of the National Rifle Association. It was his second visit to Bisley he having been on the Canadian team in the previous year when he had to leave a bride of three weeks in order to make the trip. In the year he triumphed he left his young wife at home with a baby son four weeks old. He took his shooting very seriously following it along scientific lines and using a gun sight of his own invention which was afterwards adopted by many. When he was being congratulated by the late Earl Kitchener that great soldier remarked jocularly to the members of the cheering Canadian team, "If you have any more Canadians like this man at home we shall have to bar them out of the country."

CLIFFORD captured the King's Prize by a margin of six points over Sergeant Ommundson, of the Queen's Edinburgh corps, a former winner of the high honor and regarded as the most formidable marksman at the big meeting. The late Lord Kitchener accompanied by Lord Cheylesmore were most interested spectators of the victor's final shots and were the first to congratulate him. Then he was crowned with a wreath of maple leaves and chaired around the commons while the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." That year at Bisley was marked by three weeks of blazing hot weather with no rain but it is recalled that Clifford used a waterproof coat all the time he was shooting on the ranges. When he returned to Toronto the whole city turned out to do him honor and among the gifts he received was a cabinet of silver from the municipality. While this year's Bisley team was in England the commandant, Major Streight, took charge of two rifles which had

belonged to Clifford and brought them home to hand to his relatives here.

Canada did not have to wait so long to welcome her fourth winner of the King's Prize for William A. Hawkins brought it home to Toronto in 1913. He was at that time a private in the 48th Highlanders and it was his first year at Bisley. For several years he had demonstrated proficiency at the ranges but had about decided to abandon shooting when he made the Bisley team through being the seventh name in the waiting list. Perry was on the team again that year. Hawkins is another Canadian, his birthplace being Orono, Ontario, but he has made his home in Toronto since youth. He is probably the most widely known Canadian marksman to-day for he has been a consistent follower of the game with much success combining clever shooting with a pleasing personality and making many friends. This year's team claimed him as a valuable member place for his own sake and the fact that he contributed much the largest amount of individual winnings to the pool which it is the custom to share amongst all members of the team. At Bisley this year the Prince of Wales chatted with him sociably noting with much pleasure that he had "won father's medal" eleven years before. The circumstances of Hawkins' victory were recalled co-incidentally with the success of Desmond Burke. Hawkins won the King's Prize by one point over the next high competitor, Perry, an Englishman when it was considered that the man who would require the most beating was the renowned Sergeant Ommundson, the gold medalist who was beaten by Clifford. It was not until the shooting reached the third stage that Hawkins pulled into first place. At a critical juncture a kindly Australian who was a veteran marksman coached him and urged that he should alter his elevation by five degrees. Hawkins was inclined to disagree and established a much to be desired record?

a magpie, so he altered it to five for the final shot, the bull's eye that meant victory by the slight margin. Lord Cheylesmore, Gen. Sir Douglas Haig, afterwards commander in chief of the British forces, and Earl Waldergrave congratulated him ere he was chaired in triumph around the camps. This year he was a leader in chairing his young countryman, Burke.

TORONTO went wild once more, over Hawkins' return. In Montreal the late Sir Wilfred Laurier, then Premier, personally congratulated him and the citizens accorded him a fine welcome but when he reached Toronto he was lionized in the manner meant by those who refer to the "good old days," many organizations turning out in procession. He, too, was the recipient of costly gifts including a home and a place was secured for him in His Majesty's Customs at Toronto, which he still occupies.

Of Desmond Burke, the fifth winner of the King's Prize, much has been written in the past few weeks. Notwithstanding an extended season of lionizing calculated to have an unsteady effect upon the nerves of any marksman he has been shooting well since his return and he has qualified for a place on the Bisley team of 1925. Amongst the rewards from his fellow citizens for bringing honor to all Canada is a guarantee of the wherewithal to see him through a university course so the young man will continue at school for a few years. His head has not been turned by the compliments he received from the Prince of Wales, the ovation at to see him through a university course so the young man will continue at school for a few years. His head has not been turned by the compliments he received from the Prince of Wales, the ovation at to see him through a university course so the young man will continue at school for a few years. His head has not been turned by the compliments he received from the Prince of Wales, the ovation at to see him through a university course so the young man will continue at school for a few years.



HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

SIDELIGHTS ON PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES



Champion Pedestrian From Yorkshire Thinks Nothing of 25-Mile "Saunter"; Knows Toronto Better Than Majority

John Holroyd Also Has Remarkable Knowledge of the Calendar.

By ELTON JOHNSON.

THERE came to live in Toronto not so long ago a gentleman and his wife from Huddersfield, Yorkshire. And in the short time since his arrival, John Holroyd has come to know this city far better than nine-tenths of the citizens who have lived here all their lives.

For Mr. Holroyd is a walker—not by vocation but by avocation. Hardly had he and his wife stepped off the train and taken residence on Indian Trail, High Park, than he began to explore Toronto—on foot.

Mr. Holroyd doesn't simply take a little jaunt around High Park. Oh, no—he starts off quietly and walks down through the Park to Sunnyside, along the Boulevard and then up to King street. By the time, he has reached Yonge street, he is just beginning to find his legs.

Up Yonge street he goes, at a brisk walk but with observing eyes. Up and up he goes, past College, Bloor, St. Clair and Eglinton. How disdainfully he looks at the lazy folk who gaze at him from the T. C. car windows!

When he reaches the end of the car line in North Toronto, he decides it is about time to think of going home. Not that he's tired—it is just as well, for he's a long, long way from home.

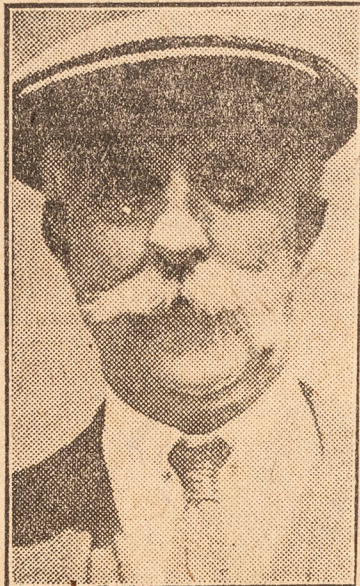
He retraces his steps down Yonge street and walks west on St. Clair Avenue till he reaches Runnymede, and then a few minutes more and he's home on Indian Trail, telling his wife what a fine city Toronto is and what a nice little walk he has had.

Of course, Mr. Holroyd doesn't take quite as long a walk every day. That particular jaunt is about twenty-five miles long. But for his first month and a half in Toronto, he averaged fifteen miles a day. Then he took a position with a departmental store and he has had to confine his walking to the evening. Tired as he is after a hard day's work, he still must take his three or four mile constitutional.

Mr. Holroyd has never made a cent by his walking proclivities, but he was known to Yorkshire residents as one of the champion walkers of England. A few years ago, he walked from Huddersfield to Land's End, a distance of 882 miles. He took his time about it, and did the distance in 33 days, 9 hours and 35 minutes.

On his watch chain, Mr. Holroyd wears a medal presented him by his admirers after this interesting feat.

MR. HOLROYD has another hobby besides walking—and that's remembering dates and facts. This Englishman has never forgotten anything he has learned



JOHN HOLROYD.

by heart—and he has learned the most amazing and complicated things.

If you tell Mr. Holroyd you were born on May 21st, 1897—he will tell you in a flash of a second that your natal day was a Friday. You can't stump him—he knows the calendar frontways, backwards, sideways and up and down.

It has all been a question of studying rows and rows of dates. His mind is crammed with them and he never gets mixed up. He knows what day of the week every date has fallen since the birth of Christ and before that. All the changes in the calendar made during the last 5,000 years or so do not affect his ability to give you correct days and dates. He knows more about the calendars of history than probably any other man in Toronto.

In his native town of Huddersfield, he knew the birthday of a thousand or more of the residents. Every morning he could tell a friend the names of those residents who were celebrating their birthday that day.

ALTHOUGH he has been in Toronto only a short while, he is already developing his knowledge of the natal days of our leading citizens.

He does it this way—he has a note book with 365 pages, one for every day in the year. Whenever he hears of a local man or woman who is celebrating his or her birthday, he jots it down in his notebook.

For example, if John Jones' birthday is on August 25th, he writes the name "John Jones" on the page allotted to August 25th. He will soon have three or four names on every page and is learning them by heart.

It won't be long, he hopes, before he can, in Toronto, equal his Huddersfield record.

The next time you see Mr. Holroyd say to him: "This is August 20th" (or whatever date it is). Tell me the names of some of Toronto's residents who are celebrating their birthday to-day."

And without a second's hesi-

tation, he will reel you off the names of three or four, perhaps five or six, Toronto folk who are marking that day another milestone in their lives' progress.

Truly, a remarkable man is Mr. Holroyd, late of Huddersfield, England.

Hon. Chas. Dunning Pounds Sand Again

Visits Foundry in England Where He Worked as Lad.

TWENTY-ONE years ago "Charley" Dunning, a Leicester foundry lad, went to Canada with only £2 in his pocket. The other day he went back as the Hon. Charles A. Dunning, Prime Minister of the Province of Saskatchewan and one of Canada's ablest men.

"This is a big contrast to my departure," Mr. Dunning remarked as he stepped from his first-class carriage, "for when I went out I traveled steege!"

Mr. Dunning visited the foundry where he worked as an apprentice, took his coat off, and set about filling a mould with sand and ramming it down. "It doesn't seem so hard as it used to do," was his comment.

The present-day apprentices didn't believe him, but they cheered no less heartily!

Born Same Day as Prince of Wales

American Writer Declares His Likeness Ceases There.

IF one were to step on to the magic carpet made famous in the Arabian Nights and visit the far corners of the world, there could be nothing to outdazzle the record of Norman Reilly Raine, author of many stories. He writes:

"I was born in Wilkes-Barre on the same day on which Edward, the Prince of Wales, was born in England, from which point our mutual interests diverge. The acquirement of knowledge was interrupted, or supplemented, perhaps, by several trips to the Old World between the ages of one and twelve years, to which country I owe my present love of roaming. Educated in the United States and England. The years immediately preceding 1914 found me a newspaper reporter on Buffalo papers until the Big Story broke in August and I donned a Canadian uniform. Was given a commission on the field and walked the chalkline of elemental emotions for nearly five hectic years, during which I wrote, 'The Somme, Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele, Amiens, Arras and subsidiary engagements. After demobilization at Toronto in March, 1919, the seed of my youthful yearnings came into active germination and bore successful fruit, for since that time I have covered most of the globe.

Mr. Justice Avory, who presided over two recent sensational trials, in England, that he 'jokes with deafeculty.' This is a mistake. Mr. Justice Avory is a stern judge, but he has a keen wit which he exercises mercilessly! When he was on the dock, a criminal once leaned on the dock rail while he listened with a troubled expression to a very uncomplimentary description by Mr. Avory (as he then was) of his character and record. The man in the dock interrupted at last with, 'You will be accusing me of murder next.' Counsel stopped, turned over a few papers which lay in front of him, and then, in his cold, matter-of-fact manner, said, 'To which murder do you refer? I have here particulars of three in which it is said you have been connected. For the rest of the hearing the prisoner remained silent.

Before he became a judge, Mr. Justice Avory was said to have defended more murderers than any other man living.

JUDGE HELD RECORD AS SLAYER'S COUNSEL

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ACTOR DISCOVERS A NEW "FRETWORK"

HERE is an amusing new story of G. P. Huntley, the stage doorkeeper at the Gaiety Theatre he said not long ago, "Do you know, my favorite hobby is fretwork." "Really, Mr. Huntley, I didn't know that," was the reply. "Yes," answered Huntley, "I work on Monday and frst all the rest of the week."

UNCOMMON TROUSERS. The grammar lesson proceeded smoothly enough until the teacher asked a small boy what kind of a noun "trousers" was.

"It's an uncommon noun," was the reply, "because it's singular at the top and plural at the bottom."—Good Hardware.

SAW A MILLION BUFFALO WHERE CITY IS TO-DAY

Col. James Walker Recalls Adventures in Early Days of West.

COLONEL JAMES WALKER, of Calgary, one of the first members of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, has gone to Scotland for the season. He has been connected with the Canadian militia since 1866, and even now is attached in an honorary capacity to the 15th Light Horse and the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles.

He recalls many picturesque and exciting incidents of his service on the prairies.

"One morning, while in the Cypress Hills, near where the city of Medicine Hat now stands," he said, "Colonel French and I stood on a rise and looked down on herds of buffaloes, a million head of them at least."

COLONEL WALKER, who had under him as an officer Jeffrey Dickens, the son of Charles Dickens, the novelist, was one of the men of the force who made the first great trek across the western prairies.

"There were no railways in those days and few trails," said Colonel Walker, "and it was no easy task to transport eighty wagon loads of equipment across trackless country, not to mention 300 half-controllable horses.

We had a hard time of it, with the scarcity of water and fuel. The buffaloes were numerous. Sometimes they stamped across our trail, and to save men and horses we had to throw our transport wagons in their path.

"The Indians did not trouble us much, though once or twice they threatened to get out of hand. Our duty was to protect them from American whiskey runners—'bad men,' they were called. The Indians soon realized that we were for and not against them.

"As for houses, except a Hudson Bay fort or two, we did not see one for four months. "It is a different tale now. On my way to Montreal I passed through Winnipeg and other great western cities, traveled on a luxurious train over country which I rode across, tired and hungry fifty years before, and saw thousands of acres of wheat-lands where there had been only prairie grass."

Indian Woman Aids Mothers of Her Race



A new departure in Indian welfare work, has been undertaken by the State of Nebraska. Mrs. Addie Boucher, a full blooded Sioux woman, who also is a graduate nurse, has been assigned to work among the Indian women on all of the reservations in the State. She is to operate under the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Act.

Her work will be to consult with Indian women and advise them on all problems relating to maternity, care of mothers before birth, and the care of children after.

She took a special course in the Illinois Training School at Chicago.

BRIDGE IS HOBBY OF MME. JERITZA

"I LOVE to play any kind of cards but bridge is my weakness," says Mrs. Marie Jeritza, the Metropolitan Opera star. Every Year, I make a resolution to quit playing cards; but I break it before a week passes by. It is real relaxation for me. I am lucky at cards, too.

But then I have other hobbies: I love riding, walking, swimming, automobileing, and tennis. I like walking best because it refreshes me most and gives me an appetite. Automobileing I prefer in the open country where I have natural surroundings and no traffic interference. But nothing can be compared to ocean bathing on a hot summer day."



By IRENE B. HARE.

NO series of sketches of Toronto women artists would be complete without the name of Elizabeth A. MacGillivray Knowles. Although other cities are claiming her art and her personality, Toronto, she will assure you, will always be home to her, and she spends here every moment possible. Those who had the pleasure of spending delightful hours at the Knowles studio on Bloor Street some years ago, when these artists gathered about them the brightest lights in art, music and literature, will find those gatherings hard to forget.

Wherever Mrs. Knowles sojourns, be it New York or Boston, or the smaller cities of Ontario or Quebec, the same happy tales are waited back to us of the hospitality of this gifted woman artist. And gifted she is and original beyond a great many talented women.

SHE has been called the Rosa Bonheur of the barn yard, and a very apt title it is, for her studies of the gaily feathered fowl are well known, both in Canada and the United States, not only for their delightful originality, but for their piquant understanding of characteristics of the valiant cock and the more sober hen and chickens. And this unique talent for transferring the very nature of the feathered tribes to canvas has been no accident. Mrs. Knowles is an ardent student of her models. She will sit for hours studying them, busy with their various very important occupations—for what could be more important than the doings of the hens and cocks and chicks, as you will soon realize if you will watch their preoccupied air of serious undertaking. And she has caught these characteristics and immortalized them. To her a hen is not merely a hen—it is a living personality, each one different from the other, and displaying a special charm of its own. The "Lord of the Barnyard" struts before her eyes and she catches the thought in his quaint mind and mirrors it again for her onlookers.

AND what is the result? Exquisite little pictures, many of them miniatures, painted with all the care and precision of the artist who paints tiny portraits perfect in every detail. Quite unlike the portrait miniature painter, she cannot persuade her models to pose for her, so she has to study them, and then with splendid technique and imaginative charm. She paints the feathered tribe with true understanding and keen artistic ability. Life-size pictures of the fowls are two, and full of poetry, such as "Maternal Cares," with a typical motherly old hen fussing over a brood of chicks; "In Durand's Vile," a charming little color study of a disgruntled cock, the feathers drooping disconsolately; and "The Bully," a character study of farm life.

Mrs. Knowles has become exceedingly well known across the border, where she has been signally honored by some of the most important societies in America, having been made a member of the National Association of Women Painters of New York, the Washington Water Color Club, the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters of Philadelphia, and the Brooklyn Society of Women Painters, as well as having been elected to the "Gamut," a club of Canadian women in New York (business and professional) which has been lately formed.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Knowles has made a distinct specialty of her dramatic little miniature pictures of the barnyard, she is equally at home with all nature, her tree studies being delightfully treated. Her pictures, both large and small, have been widely purchased both in Canada and the United States, and are included in many notable collections.

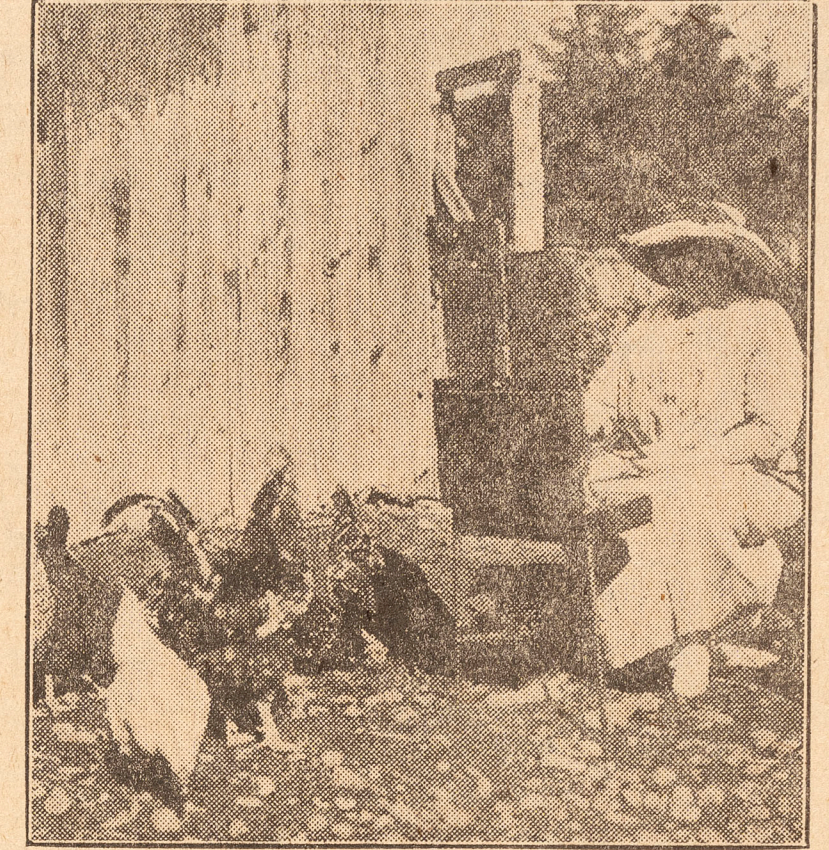
No important exhibition in Canada is complete without at least one of her poetic conceptions. Mrs. Knowles comes from a distinguished South of England family—the Beeches, of Oakley Hall, and on her mother's side is a descendant of the Dyde family, famous for their scholarly attainments, as well as their military achievements.

AS an artist, Mrs. Knowles has had a thorough artistic education and has had the privilege of studying under her husband, Mr. MacGillivray Knowles. Her friends know her also as an excellent musician, but she has concentrated so completely upon her painting that the general public know her best through it. Mrs. Knowles, with her artist husband is spending the summer in Warton, teaching and sketching, and in the near future expects to hold an exhibition of her work in Toronto.

THE SUBJECT OF PETTING. Girl: I can't agree with you on the subject of petting. Guy: How I wish we could get together on that subject!—Everybody's Magazine.

Close-ups of Toronto's Women Artists

NO. 14—MRS. MACGILLIVRAY KNOWLES.



Diplomatic Sikh Gardener Was A Match For H. H. Stevens, M.P.

"You Go See Boss Woman," DUCHESS' HOBBY IS Was Answer of Wily Seeker of Jobs.

By P. W. LUCE.

THOUGH he has been trying hard for many years, H. H. Stevens, member of Parliament for Vancouver Centre has not yet succeeded in getting his eastern colleagues to recognize the Oriental menace in British Columbia. No man who has not come into intimate contact with Chinese, Japanese and Hindus, seems able to realize how difficult it is to keep these Asiatics from getting what they are after.

To illustrate this point, Mr. Stevens tells the story of a friend who found a tall, bearded Sikh at his garden gate as he was leaving for the city one Summer morning.

The Sikh bowed ceremoniously, waved his hand comprehensively to include every vegetable patch in the garden, then made his offer in these words:

"I scrape you, fix um, turn um over; clean caterpillars, scrape um; water all; cut um weeds; cut um hedges, and fix all and everything."

The householder declined the offer most emphatically, shoed the Sikh from his domain and went his way to business.

RETURNING in the evening, he found the Sikh busy in the strawberry patch, cheerfully killing caterpillars. The remainder of the garden was clean of weeds and trimmed to perfection.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" asked the householder. "I most distinctly told you I didn't want you around the place."

Without looking up, or even stopping in his efficient labors, the Sikh clarified the situation in a few words, pregnant of meaning to every married man:

"You go inside house; see boss woman."

The explanation of the "boss woman" was quite simple and most convincing.

"I thought we might as well get the job done first and last," she said. "You know quite well you'll never get around to it this side of Christmas. So long as the garden remained in that state, I'd have had a dozen Chinks, Japs and Hindus at the back door every day asking for the job. . . . By the way, dear, I'll need two dollars to pay the Sikh."

A DEPUTY ORGANIST AT 9 YEARS OF AGE

SIR HENRY WOOD, the famous conductor, who is said to be thinking of retiring from the conductorship of the promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, London, was a musical prodigy. He was deputy organist in a city church at nine years of age, and he gave organ recitals at the Fisheries Exhibition in 1883, when he was 13. At 18 he was a song-writer; at 19 he was a conductor, and in this capacity has won fame.

It was in 1897 that the 28-year-old Henry Wood started the promenade concerts, and from that day to this they have gone on with ever-increasing success. Sir Henry's first wife, who died in 1909, was a Russian Princess.

HAS WAGED WAR ON FIRE DEMON FOR 60 YEARS

James Latimer, Ottawa, 78, Holds Record as World's Oldest Fire-fighter.

"LOVE your work," is the maxim of Inspector James Latimer, of the Ottawa Fire Department, who celebrated his 60th year of service as a fireman this week and who proudly claims the world's record of being the oldest firefighter in the world.

Hale and hearty at the age of 78 years, Latimer still answers the fire gong, and despite his age he is irrepresible when a big blaze breaks. He is continually on the job and literally sleeps in his uniform. Inspector Latimer joined the Ottawa Fire Department in 1864, finding the life of a shoemaker too prosaic. He has lived a life of action and is still going strong.

IT IS said that Latimer wears the fireman's uniform even when he is out of Ottawa on a holiday. Fighting fires is meat and drink to him. "Do I advise young men to be firemen?" said the veteran firefighter. "No, unless they are keen, as the life is a hard one and if a man is yellow it will be soon be found out."

Inspector Latimer left Ottawa for California about 50 years ago. A fire broke out at Bateluna, Cal., where he lived. "Somehow or other the flames attracted me," he said, "and before long they hired me to be fire chief." Latimer said that fires had an unaccountable attraction for him and somehow they seemed to challenge him.

HE returned to Canada in 1879 and rejoined the fire department, and since then has been continuously on the job. He is one of the finest looking men in the department. Straight as a whip, clear-eyed, keen of hearing and mind, he gives the impression of an age much younger than he really is.

Inspector Latimer is known throughout Ontario as being one of the most courageous fire-fighters in the Dominion. He is exceptionally proud of his family's record in various wars. He served in the Fenian Raids, one of his sons served both in the South African and Great Wars, and four of his grandsons served in France with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. Two paid the supreme sacrifice and two were severely wounded.

SCIENTIST'S HELP PROVED UNTIMELY

A STORY is told concerning Mr. A. P. Trotter, the electrical scientist, that he was once lunching with a friend at the Athenaeum Club. As he approached the table Mr. Trotter exclaimed, "I will never again help on anyone with his coat." When asked the reason for this sudden resolution, he replied: "A few minutes ago I saw an old gentleman struggling with his coat, so I helped him on with it, when he turned round and said, so sweetly, 'Thank you so very much, but I was trying to take it off.'"

Noted Author's Fair Wife



MRS. F. SCOTT FITZGERALD.

beautiful wife of the noted writer, who was the inspiration for his novel, "The Beautiful and Damned," a book that has received considerable comment since its first appearance. Mrs. Fitzgerald is the heroine of the story. She is shown here in a charming photo taken at her summer home at Great Neck, L. I., with her pet dog.

Hobbies of Toronto Men

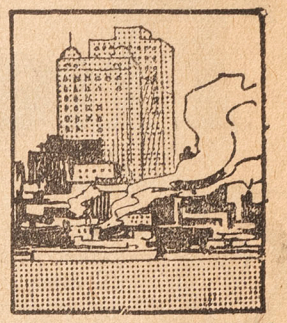


DAVE SPENCE, M.P.

BLUEBERRIES are the hobby of Dave Spence, representative of Parkdale in the House of Commons. An authority on most fruits, hat being his business, he loves blueberries for themselves alone. Years ago the late Bob Gamay launched him upon this hobby. Mr. Gamay extolled the virtues of the abundance of blueberries of Manitoulin and the mainland up that way. Mr. Spence became acquainted with them at first hand and has been their ardent admirer ever since. For a long time he has been known among his intimates as the "Blueberry King." He is said to be happiest when he holds a basket of blueberries in one hand and is allowing the fruit to roll around the palm of the other hand. To his mind the careless packer of blueberries is the most hardened of sinners, with no hope of any association with blueberries in the hereafter. He has studied the blueberry and its habits and delights to tell all about it.



All Around The Town



Physically Backward Children Gain Health While Studying at Open Air Schools in Parks

Trees Are Walls of Class Rooms and Sky is Ceiling—Birds and Squirrels Visitors.

By H. R. C.

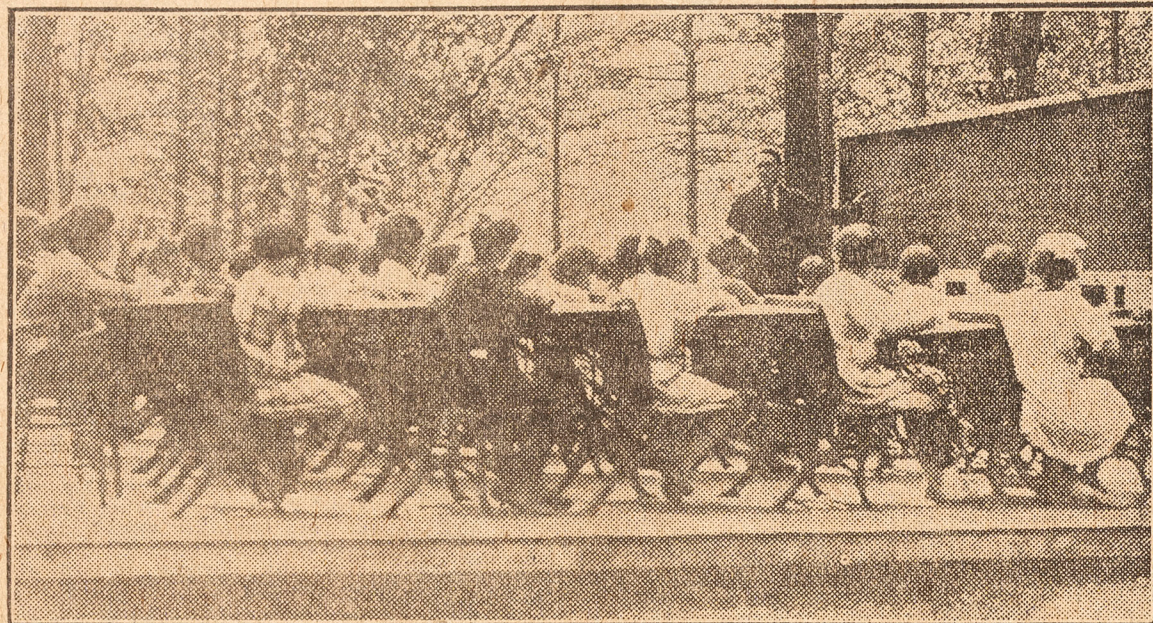
WHO wouldn't love to attend school in the woods with the birds and squirrels as visitors; with trees to gaze upon in place of bare walls, and with the blue sky as ceiling? Children like to read about such things in fairy-tales, and delight in them as unrealities.

Two such schools actually exist in Toronto during the summer: High Park School and Victoria Park School. Both are well attended. Here happy youngsters of all ages attend from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. for six days in the week. In gazing into their ruddy faces one would scarcely believe that they are children of poor health who are unable to attend regularly at day school throughout the year. The teachers do not insist on too close application to studies, for health is stressed more than book knowledge.

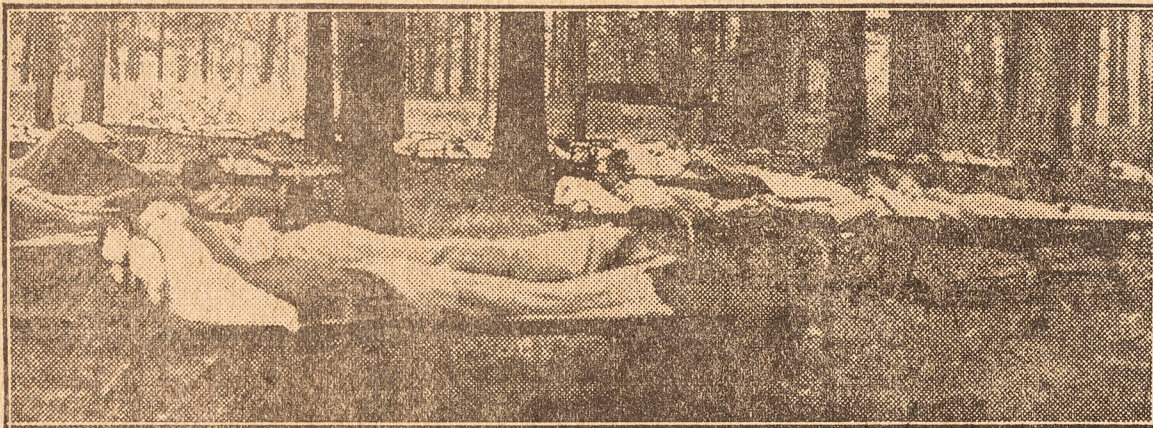
The desks are arranged in rows right out in the open. The classes are not close together, however, and there is no noise or confusion. Writing is the first daily lesson. This is followed by an easier one in which every pupil consumes a bottle of milk. More lessons, then a play hour.

An afternoon sleep is encouraged. Clean white coats are there, and the children must lie still for two hours before continuing the day's lessons.

For the play hour there are swings, both natural and artificial. Most of the wee tots prefer nature's swings—and great times they have on the swaying branches. "You certainly keep good order here. Perhaps that's because you don't spare the rod?" I suggested to the principal of one school.



An attentive class at High Park open air school.



In the afternoons the children have a short sleep in individual cots.

"We keep no strap and inflict no corporal punishment," he replied proudly.

Think of that! The discipline was excellent, yet no child had to be reprimanded.

"I maintain good order by means of a 'credit' system," he went on. "Each child gains merit by doing good. I do not

allow the element of fear—a paralyzing thing to mental growth—to enter my pupils' minds. It would defeat my purpose, which is to inculcate in each the habit of self-government and confidence."

The writer had the pleasure of listening to a speech delivered by a ten-year-old boy. He spoke clearly and intelligently, was quite self-possessed, and faced his youthful audience with the air of a trained lecturer.

How do you handle a child who rebels against authority?" the principal was asked.

"I consider the case carefully. I examine his text books, school record and medical history sheet. I give him an intelligence test. Very often a fractious child is not responsible for his actions."

The dinner bell rang. Every

day is a picnic to the open-air pupil. Lunch is served in a large open-air tent. The squirrels know the bell, and come boldly for their share of the dainties. Children hunted up partners, washed hands and faces in the ever-flowing trough, and stood in little groups. Monitors took their places at the tables ready to serve.

"We're the smiling pupils of the High Park Forest School," they sang, and, at the word of command, "To tables—quick march!" away they went in orderly procession to their places.

Are open-air schools a success? Here is the answer in part: At Victoria School the average weight of gain according to Department records for last summer was 15 pounds, and the greatest individual gain 19 1/4 pounds. Any school system which emphasizes the development of "a healthy mind in a healthy body" cannot fail to produce wonderful results.

JOY RIDES OF 20 YEARS AGO WERE BY BIKE

Week-Enders Then Saw the Country—Now They Eat It Up.

By I. L. K.

IT was not an uncommon thing for a whole family to go driving twenty years ago, even as today. But then, it was a bicycle that served as the means of transportation. Sunday was the great day, and those who did not own a wheel of their own rented one at a very low figure and disported themselves on country roads. Riding parties usually contented themselves with just a short jaunt out of the city, ending with the inevitable picnic spread. The present time offers a sharp contrast, when every Sunday the family packs into the motor car, often with the intention of piling up a higher mileage than the Sunday before, and raising the family record another notch. Sunday driving under these conditions differs in many other ways from the gentler sport of two decades ago. Driving then meant a slow comfortable speed, which gave one the opportunity of observing the country. The modern week-end eats it up in dust form. And what is left cannot be seen, for it is speeded by.

The bicycle shops used to do a brisk business renting out wheels. To-day one has to hunt high and low for a shop that will let out a bicycle for a day, and even then one is assured that he is being done a great favor, and is the cause of a tremendous loss of money in depreciation, etc., to the proprietor.

YET the bicycle is not altogether the disappearing item from the earth. It is too early yet to look for it as a relic in the museum of the great god Transportation. There is still a strong demand for the wheel and indeed, it possesses advantages now that it never had before. There is no vehicle more elusive and more capable of squeezing itself through heavy traffic. Triumphant it will still past the motor car at a busy intersection, and there is no niche in the city traffic so small that a bicycle may not enter into it. But the world must have speed, and the bicycle has, with the horse, lost much of its popularity in favor of faster contrivances. Maybe an odd one lies neglected and rusty in a garage, its slim, ghostly body, silently mocking its modern companion.

"Look out you fellow, you're slated for the discard too," it is saying in its ghostly way. You're too slow. They'll be flying in the air, ten years from now, for their week-end trips. And then you'll be allowed to rust too."

She Paid the Price That Heartless Man Demanded

Poor Woman's Efforts Avail—ed Not Against Bitter Fate.

THE woman hurried along the street. The rain was streaming down in torrents, but she seemed heedless of it, and the hurrying passers-by who brushed against her on either side.

On her face was an expression of determination—her lips were set in a firm line. She had a mission to accomplish, and she must see it through.

She had set her hand to the plough, and she would not look back. Upon the result of her errand depended much. If she did not succeed her children would have to go hungry. Those dear little hands would be held out to her in vain, pleading for food with which she could not provide them.

"No," she said to herself as she pushed on and on, "I must succeed."

At length she paused before a door. Over it two words were written: "This is the place," she muttered half aloud. "Soon I shall know the worst."

She made a great effort and crossed the threshold.

HER fatal moment had come. Bravely she stood facing the tall, white-robed figure before her. On his face was a smile which showed in strange contrast to the strained look on the face of the woman.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Tell me, and I will do my best."

She bowed her head. She had heard those words before. But she knew that it was more than possible that her request would be refused. And, even if it were not refused, there would be a price to pay—a great price.

"I am doing this for my children's sake," she answered, in low, vibrant tones. "It is for their sakes that I have come to ask you what I have come to ask. For myself, I would not do it."

SHE looked beyond the white-robed man to where a tall, dark woman was sitting; a half-contemptuous smile on her thin, red lips. She knew the methods of the man in white with such as this suppliant woman. He might grant her request, but she would have to pay—pay to the last drop of blood.

Still the man stood facing his visitor; still that same sinister smile lurked in his eyes. The woman stretched out her hand.

"Have you no heart?" she asked, a break in her voice.

"No," he answered curtly. It was almost as though he rejoiced in the fact.

"Not even for the sake of my little ones?" she said appealingly.

This Conny Wasn't Oxford Graduate

By BONUS.

Recently while riding north in a Yonge Street car I got into conversation with a young English visitor. He was desirous of alighting at Balfour Street, and asked me to point out the stop to him.

Just before we reached the stop the conductor yelled out "Ba-loi-el," strongly accenting the second syllable.

"There you are," I said.

My companion, who had been listening attentively to the conductor, turned on me a look of incomprehension and intimated that I must have made a mistake, clinching his contention with "He didn't say anything like Balfour."

The Englishman accented the first syllable, and his was pretty flat.

At my suggestion we approached the conductor, but not until the debated stop had been passed.

"Was that not Balfour?" I asked, pronouncing the word in English fashion, in deference to the stranger.

"It was Ba-loi-el," replied the conductor.

"I knew you were wrong," retorted the other. "Doesn't sound anything like Balfour."

Realizing that unless I handled the matter bluntly the argument might be protracted to the city limits, I said: "Look here, let's spell the thing. Isn't the name of that street Ba-l-i-l-i-o-i?"

"Sure!" ejaculated the conductor. "Ba-loi-el."

The visitor's face assumed a pained expression. His cheeks blanched as if he had been brutally struck. It was as though in an otherwise friendly country he had been given a stone when he asked for bread.

When the doors flew open at the next stop he steadied himself with an obvious effort, but before alighting he faced the conductor, and in a voice that was audible all over the car, said simply: "Ba-loi-el." I never realized before how much sting could be put into a single word.

"No, not even for them." His tone was curter still.

Suddenly something seemed to snap within her. She had failed—failed miserably—and she knew it.

"Then give me a pound of stewing-steak," she said to the butcher as she took out her purse. And as her children were of sheep's heart, they would not be able to have their favorite dinner that day.

She crossed to the tall, dark woman in the cash desk and handed her a coin.

She had failed, but she had paid the price of her failure.

HERON POSES FOR PICTURE AT THE ISLAND

Bird Which Alighted In City Yard Not Shy of the Camera.

MR. NORMAN W. BYRNE, 31 Main Street East, Hamilton, has sent The Sunday World a picture of the blue heron which he thinks may be the same one that was recently reported to have landed in a yard on Rhodes Avenue, Toronto.

The Blue Heron



Apparently this is the bird which was picked up in the Island Lagoon two years ago and which lately has been seen in the city.

"The photograph was taken on Mr. John McClelland's lawn at 37 Chippawa Avenue, on Centre Island," says Mr. Byrne. "The heron has been playing around all Spring and flew on to the lawn and then calmly strolled around. I cornered him by the children's doll house and he let me walk up and take this picture, after which he flew away in his dignified manner."

"You will notice, if you look closely, a band on his right leg just above the foot. It seemed to have a number impressed on it. Two years ago we caught a baby heron in the lagoon and turned it over to the Island authorities, so perhaps this is the same bird grown up."

Mr. Byrne concludes his letter with the question "Don't you think he (the heron) has soulful eyes?" We eagerly express our opinion in the affirmative. This bird's eyes reflect an intelligently contented mind. He has the power to wend his way far from these parts, but of his own volition he prefers to live, move and have his being in the Logical Location. Of course he has soulful eyes.

Penmanship Expert One Of Downtown Landmarks



J. A. Baker, Master Scribe, Has Had a Stand on Yonge Street 32 Years—And His Art is Still Improving.

By CLAR O'NEILL.

TORONTO, like every other large city, has its quota of familiar downtown street characters. Some of them by regular appearance in one place become landmarks, and a few of the rarer types come to be regarded also as institutions.

One of these institutional personalities is J. A. Baker, the penmanship expert. Everybody knows his rendezvous on Yonge Street, just above Queen. He's been thereabouts for the past thirty-two years, winter and summer.

If he took a holiday those who go that way daily would feel less at home. A seemingly necessary part of the surroundings would be missing.

"I love my work," Mr. Baker said to me in the course of a recent chat. "I have been at it all my working life. When I was only seventeen I was employed by the Board of Education to teach penmanship in the Toronto Public schools, and I afterwards taught in the old Toronto Business College. And since then I have been in my present line."

MR. BAKER wrote "Sunday World" for me with the flourish that has garnered thousands of visiting cards penned by him. He repeated the words several times, and comparisons showed an almost machine-like similarity in the formation of the letters. Of course, he is able to write severely plain styles, too, in fact I think he is not balked by any style in penmanship.

Indeed, he is quite expert at what he calls "Concentrated writing," which consists of writing upside down and backwards at the same time. It is a "stunt" worth watching.

But he doesn't consider that he knows all that is to be known about his art. "I am improving every day," he said, proudly. "That is because I am always learning something new in the work."

Mr. Baker is fifty-one years old, and attributes his excellent health and perfect vision to a life of good habits. He is a member of several fraternities, and a good "mixer," but he doesn't smoke nor drink. He is proud of having helped the police unravel quite a number of forgery mysteries.

Twin Learns That the Captains of Industry Got Their Education a Long Way From Home

THE wife's nephew was up to see me to-day," I tell "High Dome" Finnegan.

"What'd he want," inquires the old side-kicker. "A touch?"

"Nope!" says I. "He just wanted to borrow some advice."

"Borrow advice, eh?" remarks "High Dome."

"Yeh," I hope you didn't loan him none. You'll never get it back and besides you won't even get no interest from him. What'd he wanna know?"

"He wanted to know," I return. "If he should oughta go to college or go to work."

"You're a swell guy to ask that," comments Finnegan. "What do you know about either?"

"What's that got to do with it?" I want to know. "I can back up his opinion, and that's all anybody wants when they asks for advice, ain't it?"

"What'd you tell him?" asks "High Dome."

"I told him I'd think it over," says I, "figuring I'd have a talk with you in the meantime and, maybe, by copping your ideas on the subjects, give him a real good hunch."

"How old's the kid and what does he wanna be?" inquired Finnegan.

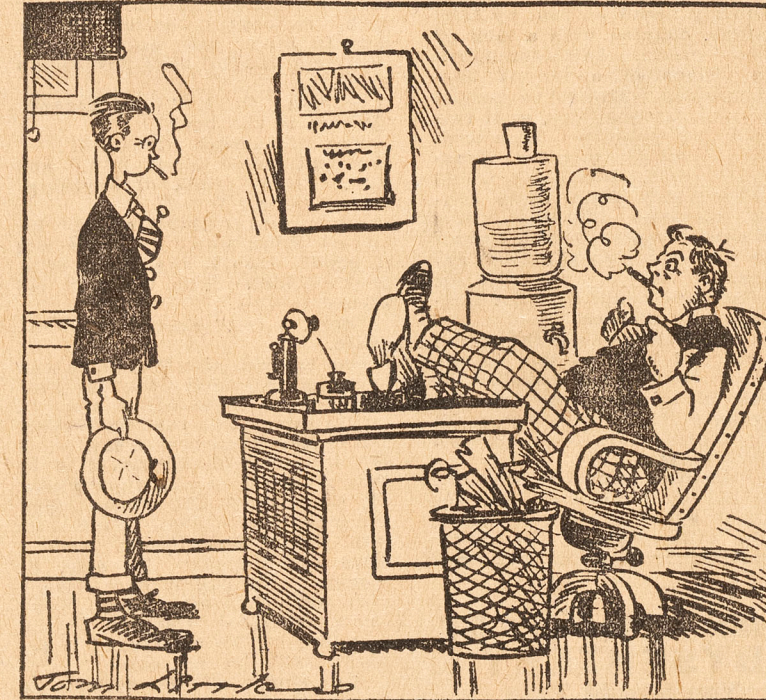
"He's about eighteen," I answer, "and has got no more idea of what he wants to be than a deaf Zulu Indian has of the eleventh and thirteenth verses of the Finnish national anthem. I has talked to the lad maybe a dozen times in the last ten years and every time I seen him he's got a different hunch. From his line of blah-blah to-day I gets the notion he's willing to take on a lotta dough and a smear of cultures and—"

"I see," sneers "High Dome." "He don't wanna win the Derby and be Premier of England, too, does he?"

"He could be approached," I reply, "but, on the square, what do you think I oughta tell the boy?"

"The family is sorta got a idea that I should oughta know."

"On the theory, I suppose," says Finnegan, "that not knowing nothing you ain't got no prejudices."



"Nope," says I. "He just wanted to borrow some advice."

"That's probably it," says I, blushing under the compliments. "You've seen Harold. What'll I tell him?"

"Yeh," returns "High Dome." "I've seen him. Let him go to college—one about a thousand miles away from home."

"Why so far," I asks, "when they is a good one right in his home town?"

"LIKE I told you," answers Finnegan. "I've seen the kid and what he needs most is to learn how to stand on his own dogs. The way he sized up to me he's been tucked in the hay every night and his mamma's been kissing the bruises on his knee. What he needs is a long stay in some place where they'll kick bruises on his knees. As a matter of fact I thinks it's a mistake to send any lad to a college within five hundred miles of where he's been brung up."

"Why?" I want to know. "Because," explains "High

Dome," "they is only two things you can learn at college—how to think straight and how to get along with other men, and the last one's the best bet of all. Did you ever notice that the university graduates that cleans up after they gets out ain't the fellers that stuck in their rooms and oiled the midnight burns nor the bobs that was swell footballers or such, but the the—"

"If you cuts out the athletes," I interrupts, "and the guys that study real hard, who's left?"

"When you've skimmed 'em off," returns Finnegan, "you get the cream."

"Them being?" I asks.

"THEM being," replies "High Dome," "the babies that was fairly good at the studies they liked and rotten in them they didn't and who was leaders in their classes."

"How do you mean, leaders?" I puzzles. "What in?"

"In leading," explains Finne-

gan. "Like you know, I went to college a couple years. It don't take you long to find out that certain boys is got the gift of making a dozen or twenty other boys follow their lead in anything they does. They knows what they wants to do."

"What makes you think I cuts in, 'that Harold has got them qualities'?"

"I don't know a thing about him," says "High Dome," "but the way to find out is to slap him among a crowd of strange boys two nights' ride from home, boys that don't know what a bearcat he was in high school and how much jack his old man is got and don't care."

"I don't follow you, feller," says I. "If he's got them swell qualities you is spelling about, why can't he show 'em around home?"

"For an acre of reasons," returns Finnegan. "A boy that goes to a university near home is bound to have a lotta friends in the same college—bobs that went to high school with him, lads that he played around with and such. The results is he goes on where he left off, keeping the same pals, dancing around with the same gal, and being petted and puffed by the same mamma. Everything is so soft for him that he ain't got no reasons for going out and trying to make guys that don't know him follow him, the which he'd have to do in real life later on."

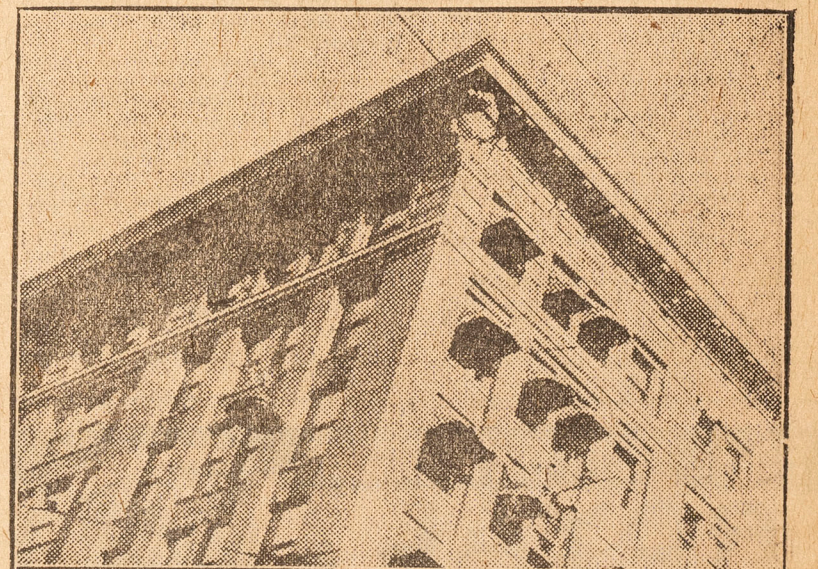
"I THOUGHT," says I, "it was the boys that studied hard and didn't play around that got the persimmons."

"It all depends on what you calls persimmons," replies "High Dome." "If you thinks teaching at \$1,500 a year is persimmons or being a chemist or an engineer at \$1,800 is the persimmons, then them's the bobs that get 'em. But you gotta remember, bimbo, that the big money in this life don't go to the booksmart babies; it goes to the lads that can make other guys do their stuff."

"I gets your point," says I, "but don't them qualities of leadership gotta be born in a guy?"

"They do not," I snaps. "High Dome," "They can be developed, but the chances of developing 'em

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.

The Ghost Look

THE bright sunlight of an April morning fell through the tall, half-curtained windows directly across Mr. Wombold's breakfast table, placed just in front of the friendly recess of the bay window. Outside a rose garden filled the air with puffs of perfume that drifted lazily through the half-raised sash. The table was set for two, Mr. Wombold having lately formed the practice of breakfasting with his secretary, Miss Armitage. At the master's place lay the morning papers neatly folded by Otu, his man-servant.

The room was empty as Mr. Wombold entered. He was a tall man whom accumulated years had bowed, lean with the fleshlessness of age, with scant white hair fringing a high, narrow forehead. Deep-set eyes full of absent brooding, angular features touched upon their bony prominences with a pinkish pallor, a mobile mouth withered by time, all served to fix the impression of a recluse who had not so much renounced the world as wearied of it. He was dressed with care, even daintiness, yet moved with a large, slow gesture as if accustomed and indifferent to the niceties of attire. In his hand he held a volume of Maeterlinck containing studies of some recent experiments in psychic research, which he intended to peruse in the garden after breakfast.

Mr. Wombold seated himself at the table, laid the volume of Maeterlinck to one side, and lifted the newspapers, glancing idly at the headlines. As he laid aside the last one, he noticed beneath it a small square of cardboard. It was of the shape, size and texture of the ordinary business card, and bore in its centre a curious monogram composed of the letters H and F. Nothing else appeared on the card.

Mr. Wombold gazed at it, at first, with the same abstraction and indifference with which he had handled the newspapers; but the card, as if by some subtle and impelling attraction, held his gaze until it gradually focused into alert consciousness. The color left his face, which sank to the sickly yellow of old ivory.

A moment later, a stertorous intake of air, as if he were regaining his breath by a determined muscular effort, sent the blood surging back into his neck and face. He rose tremblingly, and violently pressed the button of an electric call bell set in the wainscoting at his side. Otu answered the summons.

"Who has been in here?" Mr. Wombold demanded, glaring at the Japanese.

"None, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"I am attending the preparing fruit at the kitchen."

"Did you put those newspapers here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did that come from?"

He pointed to the card, but did not touch it. Otu examined it, and shook his head.

"I not see it," he said. "I doan know."

"Where is Miss Armitage?"

"She walk to some ill time. Back very soon, I guess."

Mr. Wombold turned from him with a growl that sent the Japanese scurrying out of the room. He took up the card very gingerly in the fingers of one hand and turned it over. The under side was blank. He carried the card to the buffet, where stood a bronze cigar holder and ash-tray.

He laid it on the tray and, lighting a match, held the burning wood to the cardboard till it was wholly consumed. Then he left the room for the lavatory, where he washed his hands.

When he returned, Miss Armitage was in her place at the table.

"Has any one called here this morning?" Wombold asked omitting any preliminary greeting.

"No one that I know of."

"I found a—business card by my plate. Do you know how it got there?"

Miss Armitage drew her pretty brows into a slight frown of perplexity.

"I am sure I couldn't tell you," she said. "I went out to mail the letters you dictated yesterday evening. There has been no one here that I know of."

Mr. Wombold stepped into the recess of the bay window and looked out over the rose garden. The sun was warm; the flowers glowed with ardent life; a linnet in one of the rose trees chirped shrilly. It was a most practical and reassuring scene.

As he came back to the table, Otu began serving breakfast. All the same, a preoccupation so profound settled over Mr. Wombold that he entirely neglected both the food and Miss Armitage's efforts at conversation. Presently he arose, and, leaving the volume of Maeterlinck behind, sauntered out into the garden.

Even the full tide of sunlight in which Mr. Wombold stood submerged failed to warm him, or to irradiate the dark flood of recollections that swept in upon him from a remote past. It had been

A TROUBLED conscience is the magic mirror in whose depths the image of a wrong lives forever and at the revivifying touch of memory it springs into life to haunt us, and the spectre can only be laid by righting the wrong.

forty years since he had seen that monogram. Time and success, wealth and long undisturbed security had given to his sense of safety a complete finality. It had taken him some moments even to remember what the thing was. Now, in miniature imposed by the perspective of the years, as if he looked through a reversed telescope, he saw again the quaint, winding streets of the old New England village, with their shading elms, their board sidewalks, their austere, peak-roofed dwellings. He saw the little shop under its wooden awning, where two young men, playfellows and schoolmates, had bravely started their first business venture as partners. It seemed to him he could still smell, above the odor of the roses, the strange, mingled aromas of that dingy interior, spices from the tropics, salt fish that carried the tang of the ocean, the pungent smell of vinegar, the clean perfume of new linens and calicos.

It had been a store of general merchandise, and he had been one of its proud proprietors. His name had not been Wombold then. The firm's initials had been fashioned into a monogram, which had come to stand as its distinctive emblem—almost, one might say, its trademark. It appeared on its stationery, in its advertising, on the sign over the door. It was one of the many things of which the young partners had been so proud. "H" and "F" combined within a circle.

Yes, forty years had passed since he had seen it. But for all their pride and all their gay young confidence, the firm of Hart and Frazier had not prospered. It was hard to say what had been the matter, except that they were too eager, too confident, too daring. They had done much business, they had handled large sums, but they had also accumulated heavy debts. In the end, when failure became inevitable, they had agreed to turn all their assets into cash and pay their creditors pro rata, as much as possible. Then they would work together, as common laborers, if need be, to settle the balance.

Part of this program, the liquidation of the assets, had been carried out, as if he were regaining his breath by a determined muscular effort, sent the blood surging back into his neck and face. He rose tremblingly, and violently pressed the button of an electric call bell set in the wainscoting at his side. Otu answered the summons.

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"A man called to see you while you were out," said the secretary. Mr. Wombold glanced at the card she held out but made no move to take it. He received the announcement without any visible sign of emotion, merely seating himself heavily and for a moment staring in silence at the wall.

"What kind of a man was he?" he asked, when he had mastered the contraction in his throat.

"Why, he was a large man—rather slightly built, perhaps about thirty-five. He had brown hair and eyes, but he was somewhat gray, and had a kind of worried look; He is hard to describe exactly—rather odd looking."

"How was he odd?"

Wombold put the question harshly, in a tone that grated with sharp insistence. The puzzled frown on Miss Armitage's forehead deepened.

"He was dressed rather queerly for one thing, as if his clothes had been laid away for thirty years or more. I noticed he wore one of those old-fashioned stiff white shirts, with a queer flat collar and bow tie. His coat was long and his trousers weren't creased, but ironed smooth all round, and he had a low-crowned derby hat and buttoned shoes. He was pervaded by a general air of antiquity, one might say."

Wombold was leaning forward with his hands knitted on the arms of his chair. His deep, brooding eyes burned upon the girl's face.

"I told him you were out for a ride," she went on, "and he asked if your carriage would be long. I said I thought you would be back in an hour, so he left his card."

"Did he have a beard?" the old man interrupted, and his face suddenly grew gray.

"Yes, a short brown beard. Why, Mr. Wombold?"

Mr. Wombold had fallen back into the depths of the chair, with one whispered syllable that the girl did not understand. His ash-colored cheeks stood out in high relief against the dark upholstery. Miss Armitage sprang to his side.

"Your heart? Mr. Wombold, did you say it was your heart? Oh, Mr. Wombold, are you ill?"

He opened his eyes and regarded her strickenly, with the dumb reproach of one who has received dreadful tidings. Presently a lifetime habit of combat reasserted itself, and courage and resolution dawned in his gaze.

"Better in a moment," he whispered, "Don't leave me. The card!"

Miss Armitage lifted it from the desk where she had dropped it, and held it out.

"Keep it," he ordered. "I am not yet convinced. It may be a trick. I am going to know. Help me to the couch."

After two days of troubled cogitation, during which he had steeled his nerves by the exercise of that steadfast will which served him in lieu of physical strength, Mr. Wombold fixed upon two methods of investigation, the one material, the other psychic. One or other of them, he felt, should disclose the nature of the forces that menaced him.

To carry out the first, he employed a well-known detective agency, instructing the superintendent to ascertain the origin of the last card received, and the identity of the person who had presented it. He waited for a report before resorting to the second line of inquiry.

The report, when it came, proved baffling. As far as the material side was concerned, he learned before Miss Armitage was concerned, absolutely no trace of him could be discovered.

In short, the search of the detectives had ended against a blank wall. With a sickening apprehension, Wombold turned to his alternative line of research.

"Make an appointment with Mrs. Charleroi for to-morrow afternoon," he told Miss Armitage.

The seance was held in Mr. Wombold's library, none being present but himself and the medium. The shades were drawn to half length, filling the room with a mellow, golden gloom.

Mrs. Charleroi, a small, stout woman, garbed in black and with the flat features, high cheekbones and neutral complexion of the Baltic littoral, was a noted psychic, enjoying an exclusive clientele among the well-to-do and far removed from the common class of irresponsible charlatans. The aged magnate had consulted her often in recent years, not infrequently with remarkable results.

The two confronted each other now in an accustomed comradeship, the medium impassive, Wombold under a severely repressed strain that showed in his intent eyes and the slight, nervous movements of his lips and hands.

"Tell me what comes to you," he said. "Allow a free inflow of suggestion from across the border."

Mrs. Charleroi leaned back and closed her eyes. She was motionless for ten or fifteen minutes, during which a slightly increased paleness and regular breathing denoted the heightening of psychic susceptibility. Wombold's gaze never left her face as he waited tensely the result of the experiment. At last the medium's lips moved, and as he leaned forward he could catch a faint form of words:

"I see—darkness!"

There was another pause, and then Wombold commanded sternly:

"Yes. Go forward! Try to pierce the darkness!"

An expression of pity and pain gradually came upon Mrs. Charleroi's sleeping countenance.

"A wrong, very great and very old," she whispered. "There is some one to communicate with you—a troubled spirit. He speaks the name of Henry Hart."

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"Get some hot water!" she ordered as she saw Wombold's white face against the pillows.

The listener gasped. "Go on!" he stammered. Suddenly the quality of Mrs. Charleroi's voice changed. It assumed a masculine ring, genial and cheery, yet with a note of reproach in it.

"George, you remember that mortgage I put on my house to meet the Macoy Woolen Company's bill, don't you? George, they're going to foreclose that mortgage. I can't meet every thing, and if I lose my home there'll be nothing for my family but beggary. I'm trying to see you—"

"Henry, have mercy!" Wombold's stifled cry broke the thread of the medium's monologue.

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The sight of the Japanese, and of the vague shapes of familiar articles in the room, reassured him. He could neither see nor hear anything to justify his alarm, and presently, with practiced self-control, he recomposed himself to sleep.

Some time later his dreams, which had flowed through his mind in the usual incongruous jumble of sense images, resolved themselves into the definite impression of burial. He seemed to lie entombed, a mass of earth or stone pressing down upon him, and an intolerable yet hopeless weight.

As his consciousness rose to the waking plane, this impression took on the poignant reality that constitutes a nightmare. He strove to cry out, to move, to escape. He groped wildly with his hands, which encountered a heavy object lying on his breast.

In an access of terror, he sprang to a sitting posture with a shriek. The thing slipped to his lap and lay there, massive, hard, ponderous. His hands explored its angular outline as he screamed again. In an instant he was on his feet, and had switched on the electric lights.

Fairly awake, but trembling with fright, Wombold hastily examined the object that lay in his lap. It was a large business ledger, musty, worn, and stained with time. Stamped upon its mildewed cover was the infernal monogram.

In the trance of fear, Wombold opened its yellowed leaves. His own handwriting stared at him out of the ghostly past, over a guilt-haunted hiatus of forty years. With a thick sigh, the old man fell back upon his pillow in a dead faint.

Almost as frightened as his master, Otu ran into the hallway crying out for help. He was met almost instantly by Miss Armitage, who pressed by him into the room.

"Get the housekeeper! Get some hot water!" she ordered as she saw Wombold's white face against the pillows.

Otu ran to obey. In a few moments he returned, with Mrs. Crane, the housekeeper, followed by one of the maids with a pitcher of hot water.

Miss Armitage's vigorous measures were already restoring a semblance of animation to the master's bloodless visage. His hands stirred feebly, and presently he opened his eyes. Mrs. Crane who had mixed a stiff dose of whiskey and hot water, brought it to the bedside, and Wombold revived under the potion, with restored consciousness his nervous terror also began to return. He caught Miss Armitage's hand.

"Where is it?" he begged. "Where is the book?"

The girl shook her head. "Don't think of it now," she said. "Don't think of anything, till morning."

"But I must think of it!" he cried. "What was it? Where has it gone? Was it the ghost of a book? Didn't you see it?" He turned to Otu.

"Sure, I see," agreed the Japanese.

But by this time Wombold was babbling feverishly, paying little attention to those about him.

"Doings like that say it. I felt it in my hands. And I to be drawn back into past time where all these dead and gone things are assembled? Shall I see him here? Oh, Henry, have a little pity on me! I'll send it, Henry. I'll pay it back—every cent, with interest. Now! Now! Get Carrington! Get him on the telephone! I must send it tonight. Oh, let me alone!"

He shook off the restraining hands of the women, and would have left his bed for the telephone below stairs, if to quiet him they had not promised to call his lawyer.

After some difficulty Miss Armitage succeeded in arousing Mr. Carrington, and induced him to come to the Wombold residence at once. By morning a draft for \$35,000, the amount of the original defalcation with interest added, was on its way to the little New England town, inclosed in a registered letter addressed to Henry Hart's widow.

In the sunny library Miss Clara Armitage was engaged in clearing out the drawers of her typewriter desk. She was softly humming a gay little tune, bright as the sunlight itself, and on her face was a queer little smile, half amused, half wistful, such as that with which sympathetic grown-ups regard the tragedies of childhood.

From the deepest recess of the bottom drawer she drew out a small package of cards, of the

size and general character of business cards, but having nothing printed on them except a circle enclosing a

BROADWAY'S CURRENT STAGE SUCCESS

I. E fell in love," yodelled Will romantically, "With a pictured face." Then he added as an afterthought: "Ah, ah!"

"Oh, let up," growled Jack Warren. "I say, I'm not going to be introduced to this girl all togged out like a moving picture fellow!"

"If you want to interest Elspeth," Aunt Harriet observed, "you couldn't find a surer way. She's mad about mediaeval junk."

THE girl who was mad about mediaeval junk was Elspeth, American, on a visit to London and crazy about it; Jack Warren was a husky young native from Elspeth's country; Will was an English artist friend of Jack's, who had persuaded the latter to pose for him in the costume of a seventeenth century knight of the road; and Aunt Harriet was the chaperone who escorted Elspeth and seven other girls from an American school on their London trip.

Add to this combination Malena, Will's wife and Elspeth's sister, and a firm believer in reincarnation, though she was a perfectly nice girl otherwise, and we have most of the elements which entered into the great adventure of Elspeth and Jack.

Up to this time Jack had not met Elspeth. He had seen her picture in Will's studio and it had fascinated him. He could not explain just why. "It's not only sentimental interest," he said vaguely, "I saw—the first time I saw it I got a shock."

This of course delighted Malena. It fell in so nicely with her own pet ideas. Malena had declared decisively that three hundred years ago she was a gypsy. And if she had been a gypsy what might not Elspeth and Jack have been in that bygone life?

Elspeth, sensitive young woman that she was, became a convert.

"I believe that there's something in Malena's idea that we've all lived before," she said to the gathering in Will's studio. "I couldn't love the old places and things as I do if I hadn't known them before."

Elspeth had just returned from a tour of London; she had burrowed through the Tower and a baker's dozen of ancient churches and she was in a proper mood to support her sister's favorite theory.

"And then there's the people we fear without reason," she resumed thoughtfully. "Why, when Captain Paulton came in his eyes gave me a shiver. I beg your pardon, Captain, but I know you're a awfully—something, somewhere."

Unaware, Elspeth had touched on a something that was a thorn for Elinor, Will's sister. Between Captain Ken Paulton and Elinor there was no end of love, but Elinor could not quite rid herself of a feeling that everything was not well with the brave Captain. Maybe it was Malena again. But it was a fact that each time Ken proposed to her, and each time she would have given anything to answer yes, that vague, mysterious feeling came up. It seemed as if Ken had done something to her some time before—a ridiculous notion; often she called herself many kinds of a goose.

"Oh, I wish you'd stop that!" Aunt Harriet exclaimed impatiently. "Malena is getting queer and as for

Elspeth, if she'd stop reading those silly old romances she'd be better off."

Elspeth—"Oh, but I just love romances! I hate our old stuffy modern life. What chance has a girl to be a heroine or anything? The old times were better—I wish—"

Nora (an old Irish family servant)—"Whist—"

Malena—"She's off again!"

Nora—"Tis—Midsummer's Eve. Don't wish to go back or you'll find yourself lost on the Road to Long ago."

At this warning Tubby Tompkins gave a weird groan. Tubby was an inmate of the studio above Will's and his chief reason for existence was to paint a composite Venus—a composite for which it was naturally essential that he have many successive models. This was one of the things his sweetheart, Dolly, star of various Follies, had against him.

"Did you ever find that road, Nora?" Elspeth asked wistfully.

Nora—"Sure and I did, and there's many a one in the old green land has seen a red and green light on the road and followed it down and down."

Elspeth—"And what did they find?"

Tubby—"A red and green light? They found a drug store!"

Elspeth—"Sh—!"

Nora—"They found their own selves!"

Dolly—"I know I was Mary, Queen of Scots, once."

Tubby—"And I was William the Conqueror."

Dolly—"You were not. You were probably some old Turk with a harem."

Nora—"Whist, now! Ye'd better not be making sport of such things on Midsummer's Eve."

Elspeth—"No, no. Tell us more, Nora."

Nora—"On Midsummer's Eve the good little people are listening around and strange things ye'll hear and strange sights ye'll see—"

Harriet—"Oh, you give me the creeps!"

The lights had been turned out save from one shaded lamp and at this precise moment of Nora's witching

the door at one end of the studio opened and framed in the shaft of golden light stood the stalwart figure of a cavalier of the seventeenth century, pinnles, hose, knife and heroic mien. The door was in the direct vision of Elspeth. A shriek escaped her that chilled the blood of her friends. The figure disappeared.

"Good Heavens!" gasped Malena. "Elspeth—you're ill!"

"Oh—I say—" Elspeth turned a white face to Nora. "Did—did you see anything?"

Nora was not sympathetic. "Yes," she said, "I saw nothing."

THEY got Elspeth into bed at once and ordered her "sleep it off." If she wanted to enjoy the midnight supper that Will and Malena were planning for the night, Elspeth agreed with them.

Malena and the others tiptoed out of the room. The solitary light was turned out. A shaft of moonlight filtered into the studio through lace curtains.

For some time Elspeth lay weeping waking dreams. Her coming to London, the relics of the days of romance and chivalry that had fascinated her on all sides in her rambles, Malena's talk, Nora's superstitions of Midsummer's Eve, and finally the apparition, if it was one, played upon her sentimental chords. How fine it

was, became a convert.

THE DREAM GIRL

Midsummer's Eve, the doctrine of reincarnation, and a Girl and a Man in love with each other's photographs—well, of such stuff is Romance made.

By Rida Johnson Young



"You are so good, Jack," Elspeth murmured.

would be to know actually the romance that seemed to belong only to the long, long ago! Elspeth cuddled herself closely under the cover and felt the weariness oozing out of her tired body. The Prince Charming of romance—would he ever come to her? He must be bold, he must be brave, he must be handsome; he must do and dare for her. That was the only type of man that she could ever sincerely love. They spoke to her of a Jack Warren—what interest had she in him? He was ordinary—like one of the million others.

No, no—the man for her must be the man for her must be—

The lace curtains played queer pranks with the moonlight. Little gnomes flitted about. A witch here—a fairy there. It was Midsummer's Eve, of course. Everything seemed to blur before Elspeth's eyes; she blinked; her eyelids gradually and unwillingly lowered, and Elspeth passed out on the wings of the moonlight along that famous Road to Long Ago.

II.

As I strolled down the way, Sing hey, downey, down, down, down! I walk-ed by a castle grey—

Sing hey, down, down, down! A maid she peep-ed out at me!

Oh! Oh! Save us from sin I knock-ed at the lock-ed gate—

And the maiden let me in.

St. George he is for England, St. Denis he is for France—

Honi soit qui mal y pense!

ELSPETH had her wish. She was in the land of the brave and bold and in the age of chivalry, to wit: the England ruled over by James I. She first saw the country from an inn.

Will, her brother-in-law, was now a devil-may-care adventurer, and it was he who was singing the ribald ditty quoted above.

"Where am I?" Elspeth asked, dazed. "She was accompanied by the gentleman in the antique garments whom she had seen in that visionary moment three hundred years ago. His name, too, by a queer coincidence, was Jack."

Elspeth's escort did not answer her query, but she was approached by the mistress of the inn, the shrewish dame Harriet, who, three hundred years later, was to be known as Aunt Harriet, the very respectable chaperone of school girls.

"Holtz, totty!" remarked that lady, putting her hands on her hips belligerently. "Thou art back at last, my lady gadabout!"

Elspeth—"Oh, Aunt Harriet, are you here, too? Oh, Aunt Harriet!"

III.

JACK, however, had a motive for escaping ingloriously through the window. Every hero has brilliant ideas. The motive was quickly apparent to Elspeth when, dressed in festival robes, she was waiting the arrival of the priest who was on this day to make her and her unsuspicious guardian man and wife. Out of the wall in the castle chamber Tubby, by tumbled out, his access being made possible by a secret sliding panel, and in his hand he held a note—from Jack.

"Jack! From Jack!" cried Elspeth in fearful gratitude. "Oh, he has not forgotten me!"

Tubby—"Thou art to put a light in thy window. When the coast is clear he will come."

NEW THEATRICAL HITS IN STORY FORM

Elspeth—(reading the note) "Thou dost hold me a coward. I know, but judge me not hastily. I would aid thee. Set a candle in the window by the great stairs when thou canst be alone. I will come. Jack." Oh, he'll save me! Oh, Jack, the dream is turning out all right.

Unseen by Elspeth, Lord Strangevon had entered. Tubby nearly died with fright. He couldn't scuttle off too soon from the presence of the wicked noble, content with and grateful for a few heavy kicks. The baron then turned his attention to Elspeth.

"I see thou wearest thy wedding gown," he observed.

Elspeth—"Only because they took my proper clothes away. I know this gown was made by an upholsterer. I look like a sofa."

Ken—"Where is thy veil, and the pearls I sent thee for thy head dress?"

Elspeth—"I won't wear them. I tried them on and I looked like a piece of French pastry with a nut on top."

Ken—"Cease thy wild talk. The priest will be here within an hour."

Elspeth—"Oh, no. You cannot! Oh—please! Elinor's your wife, by law."

Ken—"My will is my law." (He seizes her around the waist.)

Elspeth—"Go away—go away!"

In the struggle with the gruesomely amorous baron, Elspeth dropped Jack's note. Ken (the baron) found it. He read it, gave an evil smile and went away. Poor hero—poor heroine!

Ken had no sooner disappeared than the secret panel slid back and Jack sprang through.

"Oh, Jack—Jack!" Elspeth came running to him fiercely wiping her lips on which Ken implanted a masterful kiss.

Jack—"Mine own dear little Bess!"

Elspeth—"Why did you run away and leave me yesterday?"

Jack—"So that I might be alive and succor thee to-night."

Elspeth—"But they might kill you."

Jack—"Tis an hour before the priest comes to thy wedding. I shall not leave thee until thou bidst me go."

(He creeps cautiously to the window and looks out.)

Elspeth—"What are you doing?"

Jack—"Malena is keeping watch. When all is clear she will come forth into the courtyard with a lantern and we shall pass out through yonder passage. Then—then wilt thou go with me to the priest?"

Elspeth—(dreamily) "I don't know. If I were only sure you were the hero I—I do like you."

Jack—"I know well I am no mate for thee. Thou art a lady born. I wager thou canst even play on this new fangled organ, like the gentry—"

Elspeth—(starting up) "Sh—what was that?"

Jack—"That's naught."

Elspeth—"I heard a bolt shot—try the door, quick."

Jack—"Huh, hush, sweetheart." (He tries the secret panel.)

Elspeth—"It's locked! Oh, I know it's locked. Oh, I'm afraid, I know it's all true and we're in awful danger. We're not dreaming. They've bolted the door. They know you're here!"

Jack—"Aye, fairly caught. Little sweetheart, but thou shalt not be ashamed. Shriek aloud for help. They will think me a thief. Call, and call quickly."

Elspeth—"No, no! I will not! I will be low."

Jack—"Oh, I say, please. I know I'm a guy in these togs—"

Malena enters the room.

Elspeth—"Who—who is that man?"

AND then Elspeth learned the mystery of the man whom she had seen in the vision of her dream. She learned that the man in the antique costume that had so startled her before she went to sleep, and the man in the same costume who had with such perfect coincidence appeared the moment she awakened, was Jack Warren, clad in the armor of the old English knight of the road in which he had been posing for Will.

And Elspeth had kissed him. Had told him she loved him. Had called him her protector and a dozen other similarly high flamed! Her cheeks burned in shame.

But there could be only one ending to such a romance as Will's costume and Elspeth's dream had started. After all, Elspeth had found her hero. She could hardly have found a young man who could topple over a hundred men in as many seconds in real life, and it was quite a privilege to have found him so opportunely in a dream. And when Jack said pleadingly: "Don't you be cruel to me and remind me that the best ten minutes of my life were just the edge of a dream," Elspeth succumbed.

The supper party that night included also an engagement. Or rather a double engagement, for Ken, having expiated his original sin of three hundred years ago under the heel of Jack in that memorable fight, Elinor, on the advice of Elspeth, banished her doubts, and took him for better or worse.

Which is all as fitting an ending as could be devised for a mad Midsummer's Eve tale, such as this.

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CANADA'S WORST POETS

(1) JAMES MCINTYRE—The Cheese Poet.

WHAT do you do when you find that your friend of half a lifetime has written a poem? When someone who has been so simple and direct and competent comes to you with a scroll of paper inscribed with verses in a neat hand.

You make some kind of weak joke, accept the document, read it over slowly, trying to look at once pleased and critical.

Then you hand it back and say, what? That it is rotten and that you are thoroughly ashamed of him? And where did he get this mad rage to tie up commonplace ideas in tight knots of words?

You do not. You say, "That's fine! When did you do that? You should keep on at that sort of thing. Have you any others? If he flashed another you would fall dead and you would deserve to for jay-walking on Parnassus."

It is a dreadful thing to tell a poet his stuff is bad and few there be who have the courage to do it. It is nearly always bad. The "good poetry of the world would go into quite a small book; the mediocre poetry would flood the land; the bad poetry would fill an ocean. The muse is a promiscuous lady and she will be entertained whoever goes down to obloquy.

IF a man invents something and it is a bad invention or is not needed he usually finds out about it in his lifetime. Not so the bad poet. Nobody tells him. A conspiracy of silence follows him to the grave. And as a result somewhere in a corner of each of our libraries is a collection of published verses by men who never found out. Ontario has a marvelous collection of bad poetry. Fifty years ago every town boasted

its bard who could be relied upon to rush into rhymed speech on the slightest pretext and some of them never found out how funny they were. There was James McIntyre, the cheese poet of Ingersoll. In those days cheese was merely something to eat. The word cheese had no slang implication. To-day, however, "cheese poet" is a title.

In 1884 he published a volume of his verses called "Musings on Banks of Canadian Thames" and sent them all over Canada. The replies he received were the kind you take for complimentary if you cannot see the writer's face. So in 1889 he rushed into print again with all the old poems and some new ones and some of his press notices.

ONE summer day, in 1883, McIntyre visited Port Stanley and gazed out over the blue expanse of Lake Erie. This is what it did to him and also what he did to it:

In winter time 'tis sad and dreary, For to gaze on stormy Erie, But here in summer time this port Is a fashionable resort.

For then it is always cheery For to gaze upon Lake Erie.

Or in a steamer you can sail All independent of the gale Or here the youth can ply the oar And view the fast receding shore And be happy with his dearest On the bosom of Lake Erie.

No one here need ever weary On the borders of Lake Erie. With quadrille parties at Stanley, And games and sports all so many Or bathe in waves with friends near by.

You fear not storms of Lake Erie.

THE exploits of the local fire brigade have always been duck soup for these sweet singers. Whether the poet's imagination is stirred by the uniforms or by the bright apparatus or perhaps by the large quantities of oyster stew necessary to maintain an amateur fire-brigade's esprit de corps, is hard to determine but few of the bards are without a stirring ode

or two for the brave lads who fight the flames when there are any. Here is McIntyre in a light vein on the occasion of a fireman's Soiree in Ingersoll. As an historical document it leaves much to be desired. It is hard to tell just who blew the horn. Perhaps everybody had one.

Our youth and beauty here arrayed, In honor of the fire brigade; And now every man is ready To obey the bugle of Brady.

To the trumpet sound of Wally To the fire they rush at once, Led on by gallant Captain Vance. The firemen now their only strife It seems to be a race for life Which engine first shall reach the fire.

And cause the wild flames to expire.

Note how the mood changes when danger threatens. Here is the story in imperishable numbers of the great fire in Ingersoll. It is worth the loss of a house and a couple of sheds to be put on the map thus finely.

'Twas on a pleasant eve in May Just as the sun shed its last ray The bell it rang, citizens to warn For lo! a fire appears in barn.

An ancient barn near hotel stood The joining buildings all were wood This barn, a relic of the past There farmers horses were made fast.

McIntyre does not say whether the town was destroyed or not. Probably with no place to tie a horse, the chief industry of the community was at an end. Our once fair town is now in woe And we have had our Chicago. But soon a nobler town will rise For Ingersoll's all enterprise.

The last stanza is at once reassuring and admonitory. This is evidently a poem with a purpose.

For water far town need not seek As there is river and the creek Just find the means it to apply And then all fires must quickly die.

MCINTYRE as may be suspected did not live by his poetry but he made it work for him nevertheless. He was a furniture mak-

er and dealer and now and again his complete works contain a saucy little ad, which has evidently been too good to let die. He sings:

McIntyre has a few rows Of the latest styles of Bureaus. And when there was borne in on him the fact that his ancient and honorable craft could be better done by steam he burst into the following eulogy of the new means of power. He is quite sure he is the first in the field:

We now do sing a new theme It is prodigious power of steam And our little fast steam horse How he works with mighty force Instead of hay and oats we thrust In his mouth chips and saw dust Which heats the blood in his veins Then how he saws and bores and planes.

He never troubles with the bolts And all the time he gayly trots And every day he is full able To make many a chair and table Work for him is only sport He feels no good he of does smart As he trots along his course Our frolicsome steam horse.

He would have had better results, one imagines, if he had had his engine firmly bolted down to the floor, even if it had lent itself less readily to poetry.

OUR poet goes after afield and like many another poet might better sometimes have stayed at home. Listen to this tragic tale entitled, the "Shoe Black." Here is sorrow sorrowfully done:

Gent on sidewalk held out his While boy in gutter brushed his boot But at this time, how sad, alas An unruly horse did o'er him pass

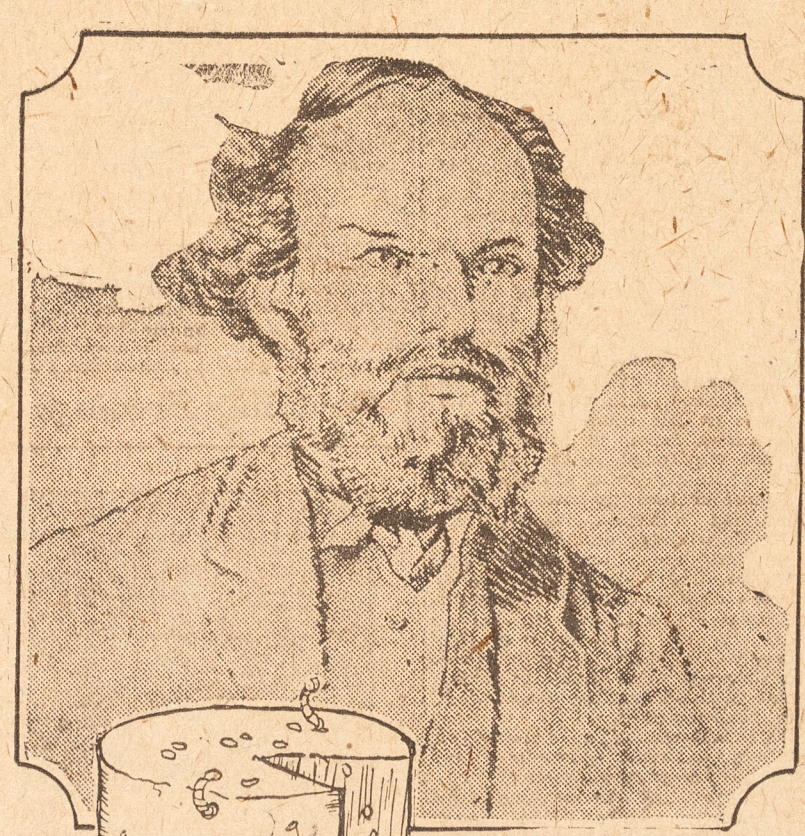
The child for friends he sad did lack Kind hearted man the poor child bore

To a soft cot in back of store But he didn't get better. When he asked about his prospects of recovery.

The nurse she gently answered No But to your dear mother you can go

In his sleep he had a dream Shining up boots it was his theme.

Thus he carries the homely and



JAMES MCINTYRE.

BUT above all James McIntyre was the poet of cheese and cream and whey. Once only he admitted hens and eggs to his song in that undying airy quatrain where he sings:

And in Ontario the hen Is worthy of the poet's pen For she does well deserve the praise Bestowed on her for her fine lays.

For the rest cheese is his central theme. Get the immense sweep of this cosmic concept:

To us it is a glorious theme To sing of milk and curds and cream

Were it collected it could float On it's bosom small steam boat Cows numerous as swarm of bees Are milked in Oxford to make cheese.

And when black melancholy settled over the land at the low price of

milk products, who came to the encouragement of the farmers? McIntyre! By the thousands he distributed this cheery message. As a result they bore up and the cheese industry survives to this day.

Price soon will rise, though now 'tis low.

And brooks of milk will onward flow; Were it collected in one stream There would be floods of milk and cream.

HE WAS an untiring celebrator of cheese, and when the great seven thousand pound cheese was made to send to the World's Exposition in Paris he dipped his pen and sang his most famous lay:

We have seen thee, Queen of Cheese Laying quietly at your ease, Gently fanned by evening breeze, Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

All gaily dressed soon you'll go To the great Provincial Show To be admired by many a beau In the City of Toronto.

It takes a smart man to rhyme that last one.

Cows numerous as swarm of bees Or as leaves upon the trees, If did respect the milk and cream And stand unrivalled Queen of Cheese.

May you not receive a scar as We have heard that Mr. Harris Intends to send you off as far as The great World's Fair at Paris.

Of the youth beware of these For some of them might rudely squeeze

And bite your cheek; then songs of glees We could not sing o' Queen of Cheese.

We're thou suspended from balloon You'd cast a shade, even at noon, Polks would think it was the moon About to fall and crush them soon.

Some flight of fancy cleaving the blue empyrean! But he had to finish the poem some way and this is as bad as any other.

So McIntyre lived and sang and died. He saw that there was, in every library, a copy of his poems for posterity to nurse upon, but he was withal a modest man. He was a shrinking violet beside James Gay, of Guelph.

(Next week James Gay, Master Poet and Laureate of Canada).

When your eyes feel dull and heavy, use Murine. It instantly relieves that tired feeling—makes them clear, bright and sparkling. Harmless. Sold and recommended by all druggists.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES.

Refreshes Weary Eyes

When your eyes feel dull and heavy, use Murine. It instantly relieves that tired feeling—makes them clear, bright and sparkling. Harmless. Sold and recommended by all druggists.

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Feminine Beauty Course For Public Schools Now

Minneapolis Board of Education to Make Unique Addition to Curriculum.

SHOULD a beauty course in the public schools in this day of cosmetics and bobbed hair be classified as a fad and a frill or as a necessity?

Or, rather while public officials are trying to devise ways and means to reduce taxes, is it proper, to teach girls make-up, manicuring and hair bobbing at the expense of the public treasury? Unless the unexpected happens the Minneapolis Board of Education will uphold the position of Supt. W. F. Webster and introduce a beauty course in the Minneapolis public schools despite the opposition of A. P. Ortuist, president of the Board.

After a heated discussion at a recent board meeting the decision was reached to ascertain whether there is a demand for such a course, and if a sufficient number of girls register for the proposed course to install it in the schools.

THE demand for such a course has been established in no unmistakable terms. Within a week, as the result of newspaper publicity, more than fifty aspiring

beauty specialists registered. The school board unquestionably as the result of this showing will order the course installed at the Vocational High School.

Here is the position of Supt. Webster: "It is none of the concern of the Board of Education what the new beauty styles for women. The school board does not set these styles. The American women have decided for themselves that they want bobbed hair, and that settles it. We must guide ourselves accordingly."

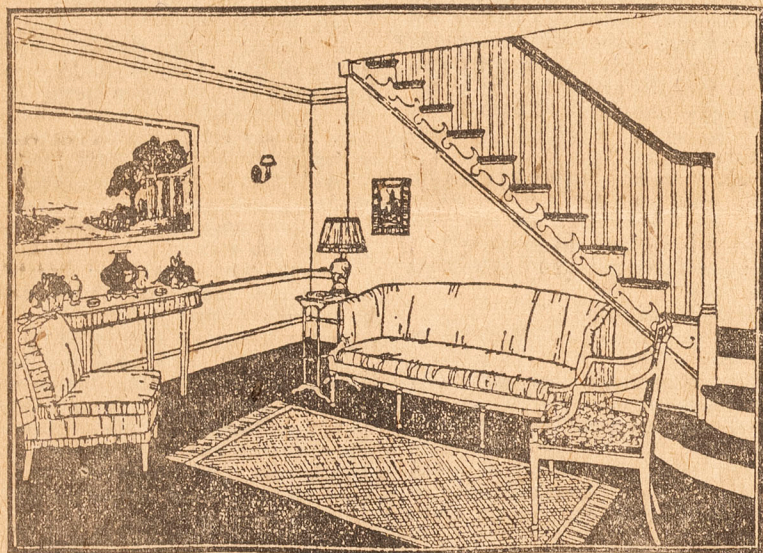
"The new style, that of hair bobbing, has created a new demand for a particular kind of service. This demand is as real as is the demand for dressmakers or milliners. Thousands of young ladies are taking courses throughout the country to train themselves as beauty specialists, particularly hairdressing and manicuring. The environment is not of the best. It is a profession. There is no reason why the schools should not teach the profession to these girls and young women, thus making a real savings for them in money and affording them with a better environment. It is just as important as machine work and manual training."

Small Tables Have Come Into Real Popularity

SMALL tables have come into their own!

Right now two or three small tables are more favored than the large so-called library table. They fit in so easily beside the davenport, or easy chair, and with a small lamp make the coziest kind of reading nook. The popular console table is deserving of its favor when one considers the number of needs it supplies. It renders pleasing service in the din-

ing-room, takes an important place in the hall, when that room happens to be small and narrow, and is of no end of use in the living-room. Of course these tables are made in many different styles, but probably the most popular to-day is the gateleg, as it is generally suited to the furnishings of the average home and can be used as a full table, as a console against the wall, or as an end table with the sides down.



Americans Know Little of Britain

Rebecca West Found Servant Who Thought Welsh Were Negroes.

Although she undertook and successfully carried out an extensive lecture tour in America, Miss Rebecca West does not often speak in public in England. Recently, when the English Speaking Union gave a luncheon in her honor, there was a large audience of English people and of Americans, who certainly were not less keenly interested in the personality of the author of "The Return of the Soldier" and "The Judge," than in what she had to say.

For more than half an hour she spoke easily, entertainingly and with practical point about her experiences and impressions in the United States, dwelling particularly on the two countries' colossal ignorance of each other. In the Middle West the chairman at one of her lectures on the modern novel tried to find out from some persons in the audience what she had written. "The Judge," she was whispered. So the chairman announced her as "the well-known contributor to 'Judge,' the American comic paper."

When Miss West arrived at New York the hotel servant told her there was another English lecturer upstairs, Lord Birkenhead, and added, "We think he is a lovely boy. To see him come in and out of the elevator—it's just lovely." The girl went on to say that Mr. Lloyd George was coming and

hopelessly asked if he was anything like Lord Birkenhead. "Not a bit," said Miss West. "He is Welsh." "What's that?" "Oh," Miss West replied, "they are a curious people, much given to religious revivals and music." "I understand," said the girl; "they are your Negroes?"

Soap should never be rubbed on to white silk. It should be dissolved in the water before you begin to launder the garment. Tinted in warm water. To this you may add half a teaspoonful of blue ink to prevent a yellowish appearance.

Three-Piece Suit



CHARMING FALL STYLE

The suit illustrated is made of black millrad, piped with black silk braid.

If You Are Tempted

To use applications of any kind to remove that growth of hair from your face, try it on your arm or leg first, wait for ten weeks or longer, and the growth will have returned.

ELECTROLYSIS which is not painful when properly used, is positively the only permanent remedy. Satisfactory results assured. Ask for booklet "A", it's free.

Canada's oldest established dermatologists; 32 years' experience. **Hiscott Institute Limited** 614 College Street, Toronto.

Having Baby Photographed is Important Event

But Very Often Over-Careful Preparation by Anxious Parents Puts Child in Apprehensive Frame of Mind, Resulting in Stiff and Resentful Pose.



FOUR PRETTY STUDIES OF HAPPY CHILDREN.

Best Camera Studies of Little Ones Obtained in Playful Surroundings

Visit to Studio Should be Happy Affair, Not An Ordeal.

By DORIAN LEIGH

"HOW perfectly sweet they look! I really must have them photographed!"

What young mother has not experienced this sudden pride in her earnings and a desire to record for all time the presentment of her very own morsels of loveliness. Having baby photographed is quite rightly an important event, but so often the over-careful preparation will have a disastrous effect on the child's mind. The admonition, "Be very good and obedient, and sit quite still," may be frequently heard in these days of general understanding of the psychology of childhood, and the little one arrives at the studio in an apprehensive frame of mind which is not conducive to the production of happy child pictures.

Nurse dresses the mite in unaccustomed clothing which the child does not associate with play and happiness, and the final whisper of a bribe of some kind, if the child's behavior warrants it, creates the feeling of an ordeal to be faced more or less bravely—or worse, a shy stiffness and resentfulness hard to overcome in the short time spent with the photographer.

In these times no student of child ways would dream of using a studio specially planned and decorated to suit the requirements of upgrown sitters. The ideal studio is essentially a child's room, gay and sunshiny with color and simplicity, on the lines of a modern nursery where one can sit on the floor or a stool as the fancy pleases, and where all sorts of jolly things may happen as easily as in one's own home, with familiar toys not too precious to be understood, and one can transform oneself into a woolly bear or Peter Pan in his boat at will.

ONE of the hardest things to break down is a child's reserve and it can only be achieved by those who understand and really sympathize with the child's outlook, and who can therefore meet the little one on equal terms, for any attempt "to come down to their level" is quickly detected and any pretence is unerringly seen by their clear eyes. On the other hand, they are eager to respond to the advances of those who have not lost their own child vision, and

welcome joyfully the acquisition of a new and genuine plaything.

The modern child is a compound of logical deduction, vivid imagination, merciless criticism, and is correspondingly frank of speech. It is futile to try time-worn expedients, such as "watching for the dicky-bird to come out," or in making any promise impossible to fulfill; but such enthralling make-believe games with the new play-fellow, as transforming the carpet into a seashore where one may gallop paddle, will result in the dainty clothing being removed, as "it is getting very wet," thereby allowing the artist to obtain the much-hoped-for studies of rounded limbs and naturally graceful gestures.

A VERY conscientious school-mistress once told a child portraitist, half-seriously, half-succumbingly: "Your mission in life seems to be to destroy what I carefully build up. I inculcate self-control, concentration and

other excellent habits, while you endeavor to awaken latent mischief and wilfulness, to produce dancing eyes and roguish dimples."

One often receives the quasi-compliment-condolence: "What marvellous patience you have!" An absolutely undeserved tribute to the child photographer, who revels in the spontaneous grace and vivacity of the little subject, and who feels gloriously triumphant when one of the graceful and evanescent postures have been captured in picture form.

Childhood has so many delightful phases, and its utter freedom from self-consciousness is among the chief of its charms. Who does not love the serious gaze of the rapt little listener to tales of fairy lore or giant's prowess, or the studious earnestness of the small boy who has succumbed to the fascination of "Jography" and its attendant tales of world-wide adventure, and by contrast, the merry gaze of the little reveler, who can only be lured from the studio by the promise that "some day soon she shall again come and play?"

LONDON WOMAN WAS VERY BUSY BURGLAR

LONDON cannot yet boast a bobbed hair bandit, but is doing its best to make up for the deficiency by having discovered an expert woman burglar. She is Mrs. Bertha Crouch, who recently received a sentence of fourteen months' imprisonment for committing at least a dozen robberies. Discovery of her record came accidentally, the woman having been arrested for a minor offence. As a matter of routine her fingerprints were compared with those in Scotland Yard and were found to tally exactly with those left in several North London houses, which recently have been entered. The police found that during the day Mrs. Crouch conducted a small business in the suburbs and was regarded by neighbors as a model of propriety. At night, however, she was accustomed to go out alone and the police established that she spent much time reconnoitering houses she later robbed.

She worked with unusual skill, picking locks and forcing doors without awakening the sleeping inhabitants of the houses she burgled. In her defense at the trial it was alleged she was "seized with an uncontrollable impulse to possess things."

Fuller's earth made into a paste with household ammonia will remove medicine stains from linen. Spread the paste on the stains, let it dry thoroughly, and then wash out in lukewarm water.

PEERS DEBATE WOMEN'S VALUE IN POLITICS

Lord Banbury Says They Lower Dignity of Parliament.

"MANY men cannot understand the woman's point of view," declared Lord Astor, recently, when the English House of Lords was discussing the motion to allow peeresses in their own right to sit and vote in the Lords.

"Fewer than two dozen peeresses will be affected by the bill," added Viscount Astor, whose American-born wife has so distinguished herself in the Commons. "The House of Lords ought to reflect more accurately the opinion of the 8,000,000 women voters in the country. On a large number of questions there is a woman's point of view; many men differ from it, but that there is such a point of view is unarguable. Besides, in the House of Commons women have proved an enormous success, and one woman, Miss Margaret Bondfield, occupies a seat on the Treasury bench."

"OF course, all the Lords have not wives like Lady Astor," said the bold Lord Banbury, from the height of his seventy-three years, in moving the rejection of the bill.

"I have never met any one, except members of the Labor Party, who do not regret that we have women in the House of Commons."

"Hear, hear!" cried Lord Birkenhead, whom many will recall as the estimable "Freddie" Smith. "One of the ablest members of the House of Commons," Lord Banbury went on, "said only this year of the inclusion of women in Parliament: 'What we have lost in dignity we may have gained in efficiency.' For ages, this House has been regarded as the ideal of all Parliaments. Are the noble Lords to sacrifice the dignity of this House on the chance of gaining a little efficiency?"

LORD DARLING, noted for his wit, who for years has adorned the bench, broke a lance for the Peeresses.



LADY ASTOR.

"The age of chivalry is passed when women watched the ancestors of the noble Lords tilt in the lists," House on the learned Darling. "In this age we watch cow-girls at a tournament. So why should not women sit in this House? Would their presence detract from its dignity? If I were to say what I think," he smiled, Lord Darling checked himself.

"But I won't," he exclaimed, and was silent.

STRANGE ANIMALS ARE USED AS PETS

NO longer content with the wolf-like Alastair or the pug-nosed Peke as a pet, the society woman in London is taking to the wilder or anyway less tame-looking animal as a companion for the daily constitutional.

On Sunday mornings in the park several curious looking pets appeared lately. One woman has caused some commotion by being accompanied by a small cheetah, and several tame foxes, chiefly of the silver variety.

A lemur, a monkey, a gayly-hued parrot and a tree bear, a quaint little animal whose natural home is out on the west coast of Africa, are some other freak pets. Several Londoners keep snakes as pets, but these have yet to be seen being taken for an airing in the park.

LEFTOVER CROQUETTES. Wrap the leftover croquettes in waxed paper and they will be good next day, either cold, as the filling for a sandwich, or heated for just a few minutes in the oven.

To clean a saucepan that has been burnt inside, fill with hot water, add a piece of soda, and leave to soak for a few hours. Then put on the gas and bring to the boil, and the burnt matter will peel off quite easily.

The Business Girl Dorothy Dix

Women Should Pop the Question?

Upholds the Feminine Go-getter.

"There's No Other One Thing on Earth That Would Do So Much to Promote Domestic Happiness as for Women to Choose Their Husbands," Says This Feminine Love Doctor.

"IT'S perfectly scandalous the way girls run after men in these days," said a middle-aged woman. "A girl, to use her own phrase, 'looks 'em over', and picks out the man she wants to marry, and he hasn't got a ghost of a chance of escaping her."



"SHE knows what she wants and she goes after it. She calls him up at his office and makes dates. She takes him out in her car. She invites him to dinner. She pursues him relentlessly until she gets him."

"WHEN I was young we let the men do the courting, and a nice girl would have died before she permitted a man to know that she had thought of him before he thought of her. Why, we always pretended to be surprised when a man told us that he loved us, and when he popped the question we said that this was so sudden and we never thought of such a thing. I don't know whether the girls of to-day actually do the proposing or not, but it wouldn't surprise me if they did. They are bold enough for anything."

"WELL, what if they do?" responded her friend. "Good thing, I say. If there is any one thing that a woman has got a right to do, it is the right to pick out her husband and the father of her children, and to my mind there is no other such idiotic convention as the one that has prevented her from doing this freely and openly and as a matter of course."

"BERNARD SHAW says that women always have been the pursuers, and that no man would marry if some woman didn't drag him to the altar. This is true, to a certain degree. But women have always had to conduct their love campaigns under cover, and get in their work by stealth and subterfuge and this has cramped their style."

A WOMAN couldn't go frankly up to a man and tell him that he looked good to her, and that she was an A-1 cook and a nickel mirror, and that if he would marry her she would make him a happy and comfortable home and be a real helpmate to him. "Nor could a rich girl say to a poor man: 'I love you. You are the sort of two-fisted, hustling man I admire, and I would just love to give you the money that would give you a good start in business and save you years of anxious struggle.'"

"NO. ALL that the girl could do was to sit on the anxious seat and wait for the man to happen to notice her and lay little traps for capturing him. Sometimes the man noticed her, and sometimes the traps worked, and sometimes they failed. Anyhow, the girl had the degraded feeling of a remnant on the bargain counter that anybody could take home with him if the right one didn't want it."

"IT is far more decent and modest for a girl to come right out flat-footed and let a man know that her intentions are honorable, and mean marriage, than for her to try to snare him in the dark, without his knowing that he is being lured into captivity."

"Goodness knows, if there is one thing that a woman should be permitted to pick out, it is the man with whom she has got to spend the next twenty, or thirty, or forty years, during which time she is going to get mighty weary if she has not got something that fires her fancy and comes up to her ideal. For women are mighty choosy, and husbands are just as much a matter of taste as onions."

"NO WOMAN knows why one especial man is the one man she desires out of the whole ruck of humanity any more than she knows why she picks out one particular hat out of a whole millinery store. She just simply knows that she would pawn her soul to get the one, and that she'd loathe the other as long as she lived if she had to take it as a makeshift."

"IF EITHER the man or the woman has to be suited in a marriage, it is much better for both parties for the woman to be. For one thing, every wife is ten times as much married as her husband is. He has a thousand other interests and diversions outside of his home, and if his wife isn't all his fondest fancy painted he can absorb himself in other interests and find plenty of other companionship."

"BUT a woman is tied to her home and her family, and unless she can find her happiness in it, God help the household and God pity her. Unless a woman loves her husband and feels that he is worth working for and sacrificing for, she finds neither pleasure nor profit in life."

"MOREOVER, a happy and a contented wife is a good wife. The woman who has got the man she wants strives with might and main to please her husband and serve his interests. It is the women who have had to take the men they could get, instead of the men they desired, who are the disgruntled, discontented wives who don't care whether their husbands like what they do or not. It makes a lot of difference whether a woman's married her opportunity or her preference."

"WOMEN are wiser in matters of the heart than men are, anyway, and there would not be so many foolish marriages made if women could be the pickers instead of the pickees. Many a well-educated, intelligent woman knows that she would make a life companion of whom some intellectual man would never tire. Many a middle-aged woman, who is filled with the maternal instinct, knows that she could make some widower with a houseful of children supremely happy. But the men, taken by the pretty faces of silly young flappers, marry beautiful morons and girls young enough to be their daughters, and live miserably ever after."

"THERE is no other one thing on earth that would do as much to promote domestic happiness as for women to choose their husbands, and so I say all honor to the modern girl who is a matrimonial go-getter. Here's wishing her luck."

DOROTHY DIX.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a widower with two children. I lost my wife some years ago and have never remarried, though I am now only thirty-eight years of age. Did I do wrong by staying unmarried all these years, or should I have got married again to give the children a mother? I felt that I had no right to burden any woman with some one else's children. Was this the right view to take?

T. J. L.

Answer: I imagine, T. J. L., that you have never come across a woman who appealed strongly to you or else you would have let her decide the question about whether she was willing to raise another woman's children or not. This being the case, you were wise to stay single, for marriage for anything but love is a losing game.

Generally speaking, it is a good thing for a widower to remarry, provided—and mark well the word PROVIDED—he makes a suitable choice of a wife, for the widower must consider the interests of his children as well as his own in the woman he puts at the head of his house.

Many men don't do this. I have seen plenty of widowers marry young, frivolous girls no older than their own daughters, and I have seen men marry cold, selfish women, who had no pity or sympathy for children in their hearts. Such marriages as these are bound to bring misery on all concerned.

But there are plenty of good, kind, sensible women who give a mother's love and a mother's tenderness to their stepchildren, and who make for them a home where they can grow up under their father's influence. Such women never consider their stepchildren an affliction.

Also you have to consider yourself. Children grow up quickly and go about their business of life, and you will find yourself a very forlorn and lonely old man unless you have provided yourself with a companion for your old age.

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DOROTHY DIX.

Bearded Lady Doesn't Approve of Bobbed Hair

Continued from Front Page.

of winning, and he was desirous of helping her, as he knew all about the four kiddies and of how anxious Mary was that they should have an education.

"You know the English," she said, folding and refolding her hands philosophically. "They will not take a dare."

The prize offered by the London Daily Mail to the winner of the contest amounted to one thousand pounds, the equivalent of five thousand dollars in Canadian money.

The face of the "Homeliest Woman in the World" is not disfigured—it is just naturally lacking in charm. She entered the contest and she won it.

"Which did you do with the money?" she was asked.

"Most of it went into the bank," she said, with the homeliest of homely smiles. It was a genuine smile though, nothing forced or superficial about it. It made one think of home-made apple pie, inches deep, plum puddings and strawberry jam with whole strawberries in it.

With the publicity given her by the promoters of the contest, Mary found little difficulty in securing a much better paying job with road shows and circuses, she says.

"And since then many tiny little piums have been added to the bank account," she added, "for the future welfare of the kiddies. That's why I am following the show game. I am doing it for them."

Her oldest boy, John, who is 21 years of age, she said, is attached to H.M.S. "Marlborough," now stationed at Constantinople. Harold, another son, is now serving his third year of apprenticeship to an engineer in Folkestone, Eng.

"Dorothy and Evelyn, my two daughters," she continued, happy to be talking about her children. "are also doing well. Dorothy, the eldest, is a milliner, and Evelyn is attending boarding school."

When the "Homeliest Woman in the World" was asked what she thought of paint, powder, lipsticks, rouge, vanity boxes and other articles of the "make-up" kit, she emphatically declared that she simply did not believe in them, at all.

"A home and kiddies is much better," she said.

Mary Ann Ryan, "the Homeliest Woman in the World," has been in the show business four years, and is forty years of age.

THE Three-legged Wonder," was next in line. Francesco Lentini was born in the village of Rosolina, Province of Siracusa, Sicily, Italy. He is one of a family of twelve children, but all the rest are ordinary people.

Lentini said that the only cause doctors can give for his strange abnormality is that the mother was to have given birth to twins, but at a certain period one of the bodies stopped developing. Up to the age of six years Lentini was able to use his third limb for walking and running. But at the end of the sixth year his body began to outgrow his third limb, so that at present this is six or seven inches shorter than its fellows.

"When I was quite young my family moved to America," he said. "Wherever we went, of course, I was considered a curiosity, and while at first critical gazes were embarrassing I gradually became used to them. It was natural for everyone to stare at my parents, that I be put in the show business. My father said no, at least not until after I had the benefit of a good education."

"Of course, it was a great shock to my parents. I was born as I was, but when they found that I was perfectly normal every other way they, too, became philosophical about it. I have been traveling most of my life."

He eats fifteen per cent. more than the average man and claims to be able to speak four languages. Lentini came to America in 1918 and has been in the show business since. Walter L. Main, Buffalo Bill's Wild West and other shows. He is the father of three well-developed children, two boys and a girl.

"LONDY," the beautiful blond girl, "Lady Glantess," who stands seven feet six inches tall in her stockinged "tootsies" is "looking for a rich man." This last she confided in a whisper. She likes short fat men, too. The story looked good, so the reporter procured a step ladder that was standing in a corner of a tent and continued the conversation, he perched on the top of it, she seated.

"Tell us some more about this man you are looking for," she was invited.

"Well, I like the prosperous-looking kind," she said, adjusting herself more comfortably among the cushions on her "throne," from which she looks "down" on all and sundry.

"Must they of necessity be possessed of roundity beyond the average to interest you?" the reporter asked anxiously to find out just what chance he stood should he ever take the notion to woo a "Glantess."

Her answer conveyed the idea that she thought the sort of men in question combined the good provider with the extravagant lover.

Here the reporter disagreed. Not with the sort of men in question combined the good provider with the extravagant lover.

But he couldn't convince her, so he switched the talk to historical topics.

"Londy" was born in Luzanne, Switzerland, moving to Holland with her parents when only seven years of age. She was always taller than the average, measuring more than six feet when only fourteen years of age. She was a cabaret dancer for a while in Holland before taking to the shows with which she has been engaged ten years.

Her age, she says, is twenty-four.

FROM the "Tallest Lady in the World" to the "Smallest!" The midgets were having their dinner in one of the vans especially furnished for them.

"Prince Dennison," "Princess Marguerite" and "Lady Little," "Duchess Leona," "Baron Raymond" and "Baroness Simone," the smallest twenty and the tallest thirty-six inches in height, composed the troupe.

They are of French and Belgian extraction and with one exception all have normal-sized brothers and sisters.

The women of the troupe do not believe in bobbed hair. "For the girl of sixteen to eighteen years of age it is all right," said Princess Marguerite, "but for a woman older than that it does not look at all dressy," she said.

The midgets purchase their wardrobe in Paris each year and remodel it over here as the fashions change. The women of the troupe take considerable pride in their chic appearance.

"Prince Dennison" does not believe in marriage on the road, but for later on, he said, they are all thinking of marriage, and he believes it quite possible for them to have children.

All are at present, single.

THE stretch run in the American League race—New York pitchers off form, and Ruth holds up team—Local fans hope for a Detroit or Washington Victory.

By J. V. McAREE.

THREE teams turn into the run down the stretch in the American League season, each with a good chance of winning the championship, and with a fourth team also a contender.

The margin that separates the Yankees, Tigers and Senators at the moment of writing is not sufficient to indicate the winner. It doesn't mean anything. When three teams have alternated in the league leadership within a month of the close of the season anything may happen.

This is especially true when the temporary leadership has not been snatched as the result of a sudden spurt, but has been the effect of consistent winning. It is true that the Yankees played better ball earlier in the season than they have played recently. Otherwise the race now would be no more interesting than it was a year ago at this time when the New Yorks, thanks mainly to a superlative pitching staff, plus Babe Ruth's batting, were far in front and certain contenders for the world's series.

Babe Ruth has done his part. He has never so useful to his club as he is now. On an average he has about two games a week with a timely or a terrific hit. He is at present the mainstay of the team. The club that can stop Ruth has a good deal better than an even chance of beating the Yankees. It is to be admitted that the task of stopping him does not grow easier as the years go by. On the contrary, it becomes more difficult. He is using his head more than ever. Despite his powerful batting, which threatens to break his home-run record, he thinks more about a "letty" for his club than about what baseball reporters have so aptly described as his four-ply wallop.

A YEAR ago the Yankees had by far the strongest pitching staff in the major leagues. Most managers who have won pennants have depended upon three fine pitchers to put them up there. Now and then, two properly entered and supported have proved enough. Huggins had five of practically equal merit, and equal consistency. He could count as first string men Hoyt, Penneck, Bush, Shawkey and Jones. The only one of them who has pitched back to his 1919 form is Penneck. If he and Ruth were not on the team, it would be floundering in the second division.

Hoyt has done pretty well, though he has had some disastrous spills which have enabled Washington and Detroit to press uncomfortably close. Bush's health has been bad, and Jones has had a lame arm most of the season. The veteran Shawkey is no longer capable of pitching first division ball, perhaps not major league ball. It looks to be his last season with the Yankees unless he shows a great improvement until the end of the season. New York's worry about its pitchers is plainly revealed by the emergency signing of Al Mason to win which is the first international League, and the frequent use of Gaston, whose experience has been limited, but is now being tumultuously increased every three or four days.

BUT even with middle class pitching, the Yankees stand a good chance of splitting some world series money because of the batting strength of the ensemble. Last year, with the same offensive weight supported by great pitching, the team was for all practical purposes, even in short series, unbeatable. Lacking in pitching, this year the Yankees are as strong offensively as ever, perhaps a shade stronger. That is why they are called by many to repeat. The fact ought to be emphasized that the presence on a team of a great player like Ruth is a more serious matter to the opposition than the mere number of home runs he makes would indicate. There is some worry accu-

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WHILE reviewing the war canoe situation, we must not forget that the ladies have also demonstrated that they can also manipulate the small boats to advantage. During the season in the singles, tandems, and mixed tandems there was not a single mishap during the race, the ladies paddled strong and confidently. Miss Kate Keilor won the all round canoe championship for the ladies, and holds the silver trophy for one year—this cup has been put up for open competition. Miss Gretchen Fox, of Balmby Beach, has proved to be a strong contender for honors in the small boat events. As has also Myrtle Oachs and Reta O'Halloran, of Kew Beach.

Advancing further into what was formerly termed "man's sport" we find the ladies out in the frail shell boats rowing. Under competent coaching from members of the "Don Rowing Club" several mixed "fours" were introduced to the fans at the recent regatta at the Beach. It is surprising how well the girls could handle the heavy oars—they used the same as the men—and when the stroke was quickened they did not falter.

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WASHINGTON'S advance to a threatening position is commonly attributed to the magnetic personality of Stanley Harris, the youngest manager in the big leagues, who has inspired the team with some of his own confidence and enthusiasm. Undoubtedly he has created that celebrated Will to Win which is the first essential to victory. But this mental attitude is founded on the prosaic fact that Washington has the best pitching staff in the major leagues. For years Walter Johnson was the pitching staff. Now he is merely the first among equals. He is supported by Ogden, Zachary, Zahniser, Marberry, Martina and Russell, all capable of performances of the highest order. It includes the only two pitchers whose names begin with "Z" who ever played in a big league team, we suppose. The infield is not working as well as might be hoped for, and experiments continue in centre field. O'Rourke has greatly strengthened the Tigers, who have suffered greatly from injuries. The pitching is brilliant in spots, though not as good as present as that of St. Louis. Sisler has four pitchers, Snooker, Wingard, Davis and Danforth, going at top speed, and in the opinion of Joe Villa, of the New York Sun, he might claim the pennant (i.e. gonfalcon) now if only he had Ken Williams in left field.

GIRL PADDLERS HAVE ADVANCED THEIR PASTIME

Much Real-Progress Shown This Summer in This Excellent Sport.

MYRTLE A. COOK.

AQUATIC sports, particularly paddling, have advanced considerably during the past season when you take into consideration the excellent showing the different clubs have made in the ladies events.

Dominion Day the curtain was raised and Wednesday the Canadian National Exhibition the last gun was fired for the season. During the intervening time, Kew Beach annexed the City Championship title on Dominion Day only to come out next time at Sunny-side and lose to Balmby Beach. This put them on even terms and opinions on their merits came fast and furious, the leading question being, "Who will win the Griff Clarke trophy?" Kew Beach held their annual regatta and the cup was put up and the different clubs invited to race on a single day at Balmby Beach owing to absences, on holidays could not participate with the result that Kew Beach number one crossed the line first and the famous cup now reposes under the black and white colors permanently. During the season Ward's Island Aquatic Club have purchased a boat for their ladies crew with an end being prepared to enter the C. N. E. race. After the splendid exhibition race at the Ward's Island regatta the ladies were keenly interested in having their own war canoe.

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Who's Who in Girls' Sports



The Art of Swimming

Ways to Acquire the Best and Latest Strokes and How to Improve.

LESSON No. 9

Training for Competitive Swimming

By L. DE B. HANDLEY.
Coach of American Women's Olympic Swimming Team, and the Recognized Authority on Natation.

THE prospective contestant in swimming should realize before making any attempt to enter the racing field that two things are essential to success: Form and swimming fitness.

By form is meant the ability to use an efficient modern stroke correctly; by swimming fitness is meant the kind of physical condition which enables a devotee of said stroke to hold it for a middle distance, at least, without tiring.

Unquestionably a great number of swimmers of exceptional potentialities never accomplish the feats of which they are capable because they do not learn to fully exploit their natural resources. They begin activities unprepared and once they have started competing they do not think they can spare the time to study style. Their one idea is to make

speed, and it seems impossible for them to conceive that speed is dependent on form and muscles perfectly attuned to the action of swimming.

In trying to gain speed they defeat their own ends, as one cannot improve the stroke in thrashing water, or top pace or give the muscles sufficient practice to accustom them to the work. One tires too soon.

The swimming world is anxious to reap competitive honors should train at slow gait, paying close attention to every detail of the stroke and refrain from racing until form has come. A safe rule is to not launch into the kind of swim unless one can cover 220 yards in good style and finish without the least distress.

For the rest, swimming at the best pace may be advocated as the best system for experienced contestants as well as novices. In doing the middle distance, one is afforded the opportunity to study technique, while the swimming muscles are built up and the lungs and heart strengthened without the least danger of strain. Too, one so trained always has plenty of reserve energy to call upon in races.

A routine which can be confidently recommended to competitors for general use—regardless of whether they are sprinters, middle or long distance swimmers—is to begin each practice with an easy swim of 200 to 1,000 yards, according to the level of the swimmer, take a rest, try a couple of 20 or 25-yard dashes, then end up with a few starts and turns.

When an important contest is in sight this course may be changed a bit in anticipation of the coming event, but as a program to follow steadily it cannot be beaten.

Trials against time should be few and far between, as they serve no good purpose and make great inroads on the vitality.

Features of competitive swimming which must be given good attention are starting and turning, as the start may be the deciding factor in a sprint, and the turning, which is especially matched, and skill in turning is an all important item, due to the prevalence of short pools in this country.

The racing stroke, which has proven most generally successful, is the following: Contestant stands on take-off with feet close and toes curved backward and a bit outward, the swimmer rising on tip-toe with the swing, then the arms sweep forward, sweeping the legs at the knees, and the arms continue their forward sweep and reach full extension in front, the swimmer leaps and launches the body well out, trying to strike the water at an angle which will cause an underwater glide no deeper than eighteen inches. A slight lift of the head and arms after entering brings to the surface. The feet are started thrashing right hand the first one placed into action on reaching the surface, top arm driving first.

The racing turn is made by placing on the wall the hand of the arm which happens to be ahead on approaching, drawing up the legs into crouching position, and simultaneously pushing

THE SPORTSWOMAN

(Title registered)

Women golfers give men battle—The poor home-bred Champion—U.S. field meet.

By NITA HOWARD.

THE golf matches at Fairfield, Conn., between the leading men and women players of the United States were scheduled to shed some information about the comparative standings in the war in golf. Things were getting to such a point that the Connecticut club wanted to find out if the men really could do better than the women. But the result proves nothing, and gluttons for figures who will show one in black and white such and such is so, will have to go unsatisfied.

CERTAINLY the array of talent could not have been better. The female contingent contained in the persons of Glenna Collett, Edith Cummings, Marion Hollins and Mrs. Reiter, the best there is. One of the first three is undoubtedly slated for the women's national championship next week. Max Marston present American champion, Jess Sweetser, Francis Outman and a doubtful one, is a hard headedly resembling Helen's, or rather, Helen's eye shade, on an advertisement for a soft drink.

UNLESS an unheard-of Atlanta appears at the track and a meet which will be held in Pittsburg, Pa., September 20, we are banking on the old-in victories, not in years, for the women's national honor. In the fifty yard dash, we'd like to know who could pass Marion McCarty, the quickest woman sprinter of her kind in America. Marion and her City Bank team, if they enter the relay races, will be sure to make a brilliant showing.

For the 100 yard dash, the result should be a toss-up between Frances Ruppert of Philadelphia and Helen Fliley of Chicago. Miss Ruppert stands the better chance. For the hurdles, Hazel King of Newark, N.J., has the best chance. For the 400 yard dash, we'd like to know who could pass Marion McCarty, the quickest woman sprinter of her kind in America. Marion and her City Bank team, if they enter the relay races, will be sure to make a brilliant showing.

GOLF is no game where it can be said how much better this player is than that. It is only proper to speak of "on game" or "off game." One day a player will make a 100 on the same course that took her 120 yesterday. The why and wherefore are mysterious and many factors enter into the play that it is impossible to assort them.

That, we feel, is the final answer to how much better a man can golf than a woman. The best man going at his best will beat a woman, ditto. But Edith Cummings going well may any day take a Max Marston, not going so well, into camp.

JUDGING from the mixed matches we must concede Glenna Collett a lot of a sure chance to take back the American title next week from Edith Cummings than we did. Miss Cummings, coming up considerably and Marion Hollins is coming along at break-neck pace. It will be the toughest battle the women's nationals have seen in many a year.

Personally, we pick Miss Cummings to hold on for another year. But don't quote or remind us about this.

ENTRIES for the events have been slow. It must be remembered, however, that this is but the second meet of its kind in America, and the average school is not educated in the ways of the world. This year was very limited scholastically.

Our personal opinion is that the Fall is not the best time of the year for such a meet. This is but the second meet of its kind in America, and the average school is not educated in the ways of the world. This year was very limited scholastically.

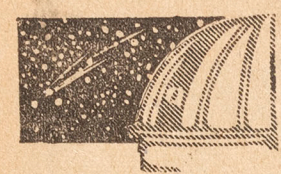
Otherwise, the meet gathers girls from all sections of the United States and Canada and is becoming representative. The officials of the A.A.U. expect a much larger entry list this year than last.

(Copyright, 1924.)

OPENING GAMES CLOSE ESCAPE SPELL SUCCESS FOR TORONTO OF 'EX' TOURNEY LADIES' TEAM

Softball in Coliseum Drew Crowds An Hour Before Opening Game. Greenville Outfit Nearly Beat Them in Dundas Ball Tourney.

By AL. DICKEY



The OUTLINE OF SCIENCE

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



Modern Perfected Microscope Performs Marvellous Services, From Detection of Crime to Study of Blood Parasites.

EVERY many called creature, which reproduces in the ordinary way, starts on the journey of life as a single cell—the fertilized ovum. As we have made clear in a previous article, the usually microscopic fertilized egg cell contains, in some way that we cannot picture, the initiatives or "factors" for the hereditary characters of the living creature in question. But the microscope has begun to reveal the little world within the egg cell, and it has been found possible to map out the way in which the factors for certain characters are disposed in the chromosomes. Thus in the case of the egg of the fruit fly called *Drosophila*, it is possible to say that the hereditary or germinal factor for, say, red eye or grey wing, lies at such and such a level in one of the four chromosomes. It would be difficult to find a wonder of microscopy greater than this.

Yet this is but an instance of what goes on at a level of visibility which only the microscope can reach. We know much in regard to the permutations and combinations which take place when the germ cell is ripening—shufflings of the hereditary cards which throw some light on the origin of new departures. We know something of the manner in which the paternal and maternal hereditary contributions behave in relation to one another when and after fertilization takes place. We know much in regard to the sequence of events in individual development, wherein the obviously complex emerges from the apparently simple, and the implicit inheritance becomes an explicit individual. In the seventeenth century William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, wrote in regard to development: "Although it be a known thing subscribed by all that the foetus assumes its original and birth from the male and female, and consequently that the egg is produced by the cock and hen, and the chicken out of the egg, yet

neither the schools of physicians nor Aristotle's discerning brain have disclosed the manner how the cock and its seed both mint and coin the chicken out of the egg." But although we do not understand to-day how the factors of an inheritance are condensed into the dimensions of a pin prick, or how the fertilized egg cell segments into two, and cleavage after cleavage continues, with associated division of labor, until an embryo is built up, we do know why it is that like tends to beget like, why certain hereditary characters are distributed in a particular way among the offspring. And we also know the successive steps by which the process of development is accomplished. It is this kind of knowledge, we think, which must be regarded as the crowning wonder of microscopy. These fundamental questions of heredity and development will be discussed in a separate article, but the point here is that scientific study of inheritance can as little dispense with microscopy as with breeding experiments and statistics. All three are essential.

Manifest Uses of the Microscope.
EVERY one knows that finger prints are sometimes of critical importance in the identification of a criminal. The details of the pattern of the ridges on the fingers vary from man to man; they are individual. Therefore, if a good impression is available on some surface which has been handled in the course of a burglary, let us say, it can be compared with the collection in the album of criminal's finger prints, and identification may follow. The microscope has even subtler use in the detection of crime. If splashes of blood on the clothes of a suspected murderer are declared by him to be due to the blood of a rabbit which he killed, it is usually possible to test the truth of his statement microscopically. For the dimensions of the minute red blood corpuscles differ in different mammals, and the circular shape in all mammals (except camels) can be distinguished at a glance from the elliptical shape in all the other backboned animals. Moreover, the red blood pigment of haemoglobin can be easily made to assume a crystalline form, and it is a remarkable fact that the blood crystals of the horse can be

A PLAIN STORY SIMPLY TOLD - THE BEGINNING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

distinguished microscopically from those of the ass, and even those of the domestic dog from those of the wild Australian dingo. Poisons that crystallize may also be detected by means of the microscope.

The use of the microscope in medicine may be illustrated in reference to the blood. For it is often possible by microscopically examining a film of blood, spread on a slide, to tell what is wrong with the patient. Microscopic parasites may be detected, like those of malaria; methods of counting the red blood corpuscles (man has trillions) may show they are far below the proper number, and a change in the normal shape of the haemoglobin crystals may show that something is amiss. It is unnecessary to dwell on the medical importance of the microscope in determining the presence or absence of certain kinds of microbes and higher parasites in the blood or food canal of the patient. Along with this physiological utilization of the microscope we may take its use in testing drinking water, which is liable to be fouled by the presence of bacteria and various minute animals. Also of great importance is the microscopic study of milk, for this fluid is peculiarly liable to contamination, and is suitable for the growth of various kinds of disease germs.

FOR the detection of adulteration the microscope is also invaluable. The starch grains of different plants, such as potato, wheat, rice, maize, are readily distinguished from one another, and a microscopic examination may immediately prove that a commodity sold under a particular name, e.g., arrowroot, is not what it professes to be. If a sample of so-called "honey" contains no pollen grains, but a great many starch grains, we may be sure that the busy bee was not the chief agent in its production. In short, the microscope is a valuable detective of dishonesty. But a use of the microscope more important and more pleasant to think of is in metallurgy, where its utilization to detect the structural features of the stable and the transient in various metallurgical combinations, such as different kinds of steel, has been of inestimable importance.

A farmer can always make good use of a lens in examining samples of seeds, or in identifying particu-



Thumb print in wax—The skin is marked by numerous ridges and intervening valleys, which have individual peculiarities of pattern, even in the same family. This illustrates inborn variability. The individuality of the pattern is so marked that the prints are used as sure means of identification. (Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. F. Davidson & Co.)

lar kinds of injurious insects, or in detecting the beginnings of rusts and mildews on his crops. But the expert agriculturist must, of course, go much farther, especially in warm countries, where the microscope is necessary for the study of insidious fungi which are always ready to find a weak spot in the plants' defences—in all sorts of plantations from coffee to rubber.

The Ultra Microscope.

EARLY in the twentieth century an ingenious method was described by Siedentopf and Zsigmondy, which is often briefly referred to as the ultra microscope. Every one knows from personal observation that a strong beam of sunlight entering a darkened room reveals a multitude of dust particles, which are not seen at all in ordinary light. The same multitude of particles is often seen in the track of a strong beam from a magic lantern in a dark-

ened room. These dancing particles, whose abundance we scarcely suspected, become visible because they are so strongly illuminated; there is a diffraction of the rays from their surface, and they look much bigger than they really are.

In 1899 Lord Rayleigh pointed out that a particle too small to be seen by the highest power of the microscope under ordinary conditions might be made visible if it received sufficiently intense illumination, and the ultra microscope took advantage of this idea. It occurred to Siedentopf and Zsigmondy that if the particles in a solution could be strongly illuminated by a beam coming in, so to speak, sideways, then particles ordinarily invisible might stand out. Their diffraction images, at any rate, would be seen. In ordinary microscopic conditions the beam of light is thrown by the mirror, usually through a substage condenser directly through the solution or thin

Ultra Microscope Makes Possible Counting of Particles in Solution and Measuring Mass of Each.

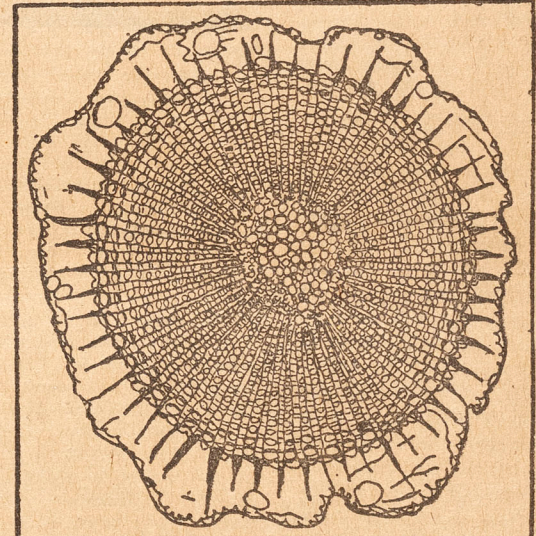
transparent section, up into the tube of the microscope, where an image is formed, to be reformed by the eyepiece. In the ultra microscope for examining solutions the beam of light is projected horizontally into the solution and examined from above. The result is that particles ordinarily invisible are seen in a vigorous dance, the so-called Brownian movement. This dance is due to the particles being bombarded by the moving molecules of the fluid in which they are suspended. By accessory devices it becomes possible, in the use of the ultra microscope, to count the number of particles in a solution and to measure the mass of each. This has formed the basis of exceedingly interesting conclusions which are unfortunately beyond our scope in this article.

A REFERENCE should be added, however, to another method called "dark ground illumination" which makes structures visible which are invisible in ordinary conditions of microscopic work. Prof. Bayliss writes: "The central rays of the illuminating beam are cut out by means of a stop, and the peripheral rays are reflected by a parabolic surface so as to meet in a point in the object under examination; they cross at such an angle as to pass outside the field of the objective in use, which only picks up the light refracted, or diffracted, from structures in the preparation. The dark ground illumination brings out features which are invisible in the ordinary direct illumination. The essential parts of a microscope are, as we have seen (1) the objective for obtaining the first magnified image of the object; (2) the ocular for further enlarging that image and transmitting it to the observer's eye; and (3) the substage condenser for illuminating the object with a cone of light. Now, in modern times, there have been numerous detailed improvements in these parts, e.g., in the quality of the glass used in making the lenses, and a present day microscope is certainly a very perfect instrument. Indeed, unless some new idea is discovered, such as those behind the ultra microscope and dark ground illumination, it does not seem likely that great advances in technical microscopy can be made. The reason for this statement is to be

found in the optical limitations of the instrument. The use of the microscope is not mainly magnification, but resolution. "By resolution," says Mr. J. E. Barnard, "is meant the power the objective has of separating and forming distinct images of fine detail." Unless we see more of the intimate structure, the magnification in itself does not greatly avail. It does not help us to understand the thing better.

NOW there are two factors that determine this resolving power of the microscope. The first is what is called the "numerical aperture" of the lens, which means, in a general way, the number of divergent rays of light that the curvature of the lens will allow to impinge upon it. Lenses of high magnifying power are so small that they admit only a very small beam of light. Thus what is gained in magnifying power may be lost because of deficient illumination. A pretty device to increase the amount of light in these high power lenses was the "immersion lens," made of such a curvature that when the lens was focussed down into a drop of oil, or some other liquid, placed over the object on the slide, it received light from all sides. The drop into which the lens is focussed down or immersed greatly increases the illumination of a lens with high magnifying power. This method has enhanced the value of the microscope as an instrument that analyzes structure, or, in other words, that discloses the intimate architecture of things. But the main point is that the "numerical aperture" of even the oil immersion objective has at the present time reached its practical limit.

Yet there is a second factor and that is the wave length of the light rays that impinge from the mirror and condenser on the



Cross section of the spine of a sea urchin (*Cidarid Metularia*) magnified several diameters—The remarkable feature is the beautiful rod-like structure. The spine is a delicate needle to pierce with, but around this there is a periodic disposition of fine lines from the skin, one complete zone after another. It is probable that this kind of architecture gives the spine great stability, but it is primarily an expression of rhythmic orderly growth. It shows that the quality of beauty is not confined to the outworn of animals. (Photo: J. J. Ward.)

Peter Rabbit

HE GIVES HIS KIDNAP A LESSON ON THE VALUE OF INVENTION BUT PRETENDS THEY PUT IT TO USE QUICKER THAN HE EXPECTED.

By HARRISON CADDY

ALL ABOARD!

THERE-KIDLETS-THAT FINISHES PROFESSOR WEAASE'S FINE WORK ON TH' LIVES OF GREAT INVENTORS—AN IT SHOWS HOW THEY ALL USED THEIR BRAINS AN' ADAPTED THINGS AT HAND—IT'S A LESSON FOR YOU

YESSIR

HUMP—WE'LL HAVE TO SEE ABOUT THAT RIGHT AWAY

SHE DON'T STRIKE OR NUFFIN

— THEN UNSCREW TH' FACE SO'S TO HAVE A LOOK AT TH' WORKS

FOR TH' LOVE OF CARROTS! WHAT ARE THEY DOIN' DOWN THERE?— LEAD ME RIGHT TO EM—QUICK

SAY—SONNY-JES' TROT INTO TH' KITCHEN AN' SEE WHAT TH' BIG CLOCK SAYS

OH POPSY! THE BIG CLOCK ISN'T GOING

I'LL JES LIFT TH' PESKY THING DOWN AN' SEE WHAT'S AILING HER

CAREFUL OF TH' TICK-TICK-POP

WHOOPI! THERE'S NO WORKS IN HER— SOME VILLAIN MUSTA PILFERED EM TO SELL FOR OL' BRASS

OH-POP! WE-JES FOLLOWED YOUR ADVICE ON BEIN' INVENTIVE AN' TO USE THINGS THAT WERE HANDY AND—

NOT GOING—WHY SHE'S BRAND NEW AN' WARRANTED FOR A YEAR

I FINKS SHE'S BUSTED—POPSY

FIRST I'LL HAVE TO UNSCREW TH' FRONT OF TH' BALLY THING AND—

OH! YOU DO—DO YOU— WHERE ARE THEY?

THEY'RE DOWN BY THE OL' MILL POND ALONG WITH YOUR BEST SUNDAY GO-TO-MEETING HAT

THERE—YOU SEE OUR NEW INVENTION— THE FASTEST PASSENGER BOAT EVER BUILT OUT OF A SILK HAT AN' PROPELLED BY CLOCK WORKS

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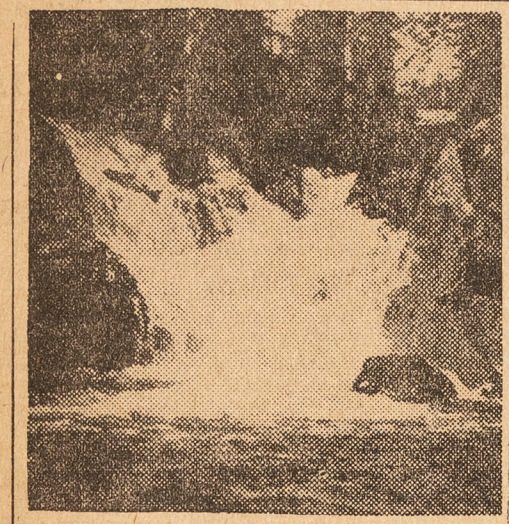
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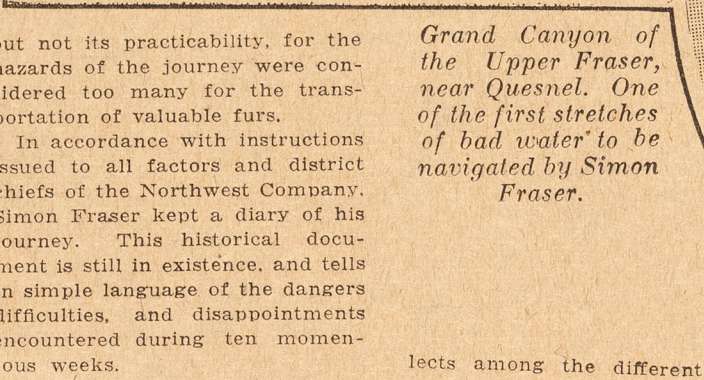
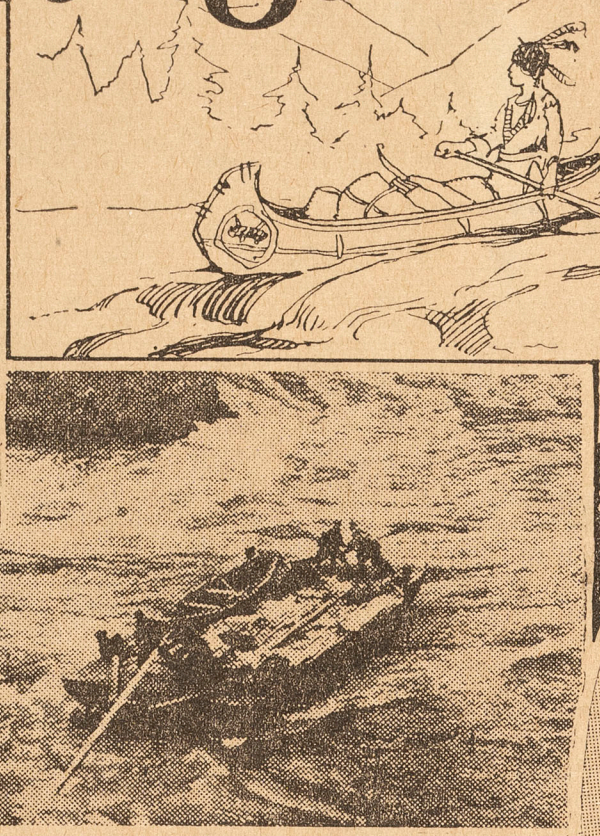
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First Voyage Down the Fraser a Daring Feat



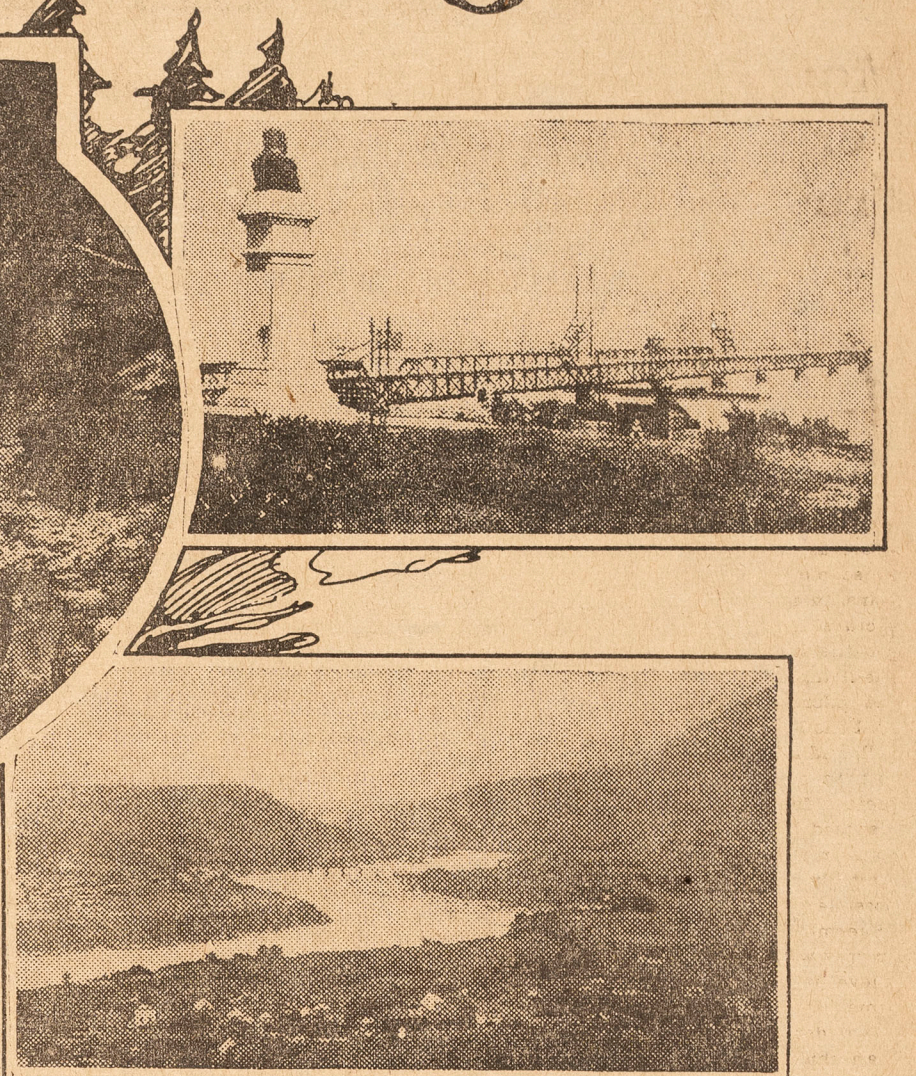
Salmon leaping the falls on way to spawning grounds.



Grand Canyon of the Upper Fraser, near Quesnel. One of the first stretches of bad water to be navigated by Simon Fraser.



Hell's Gate rapids, a roaring torrent where the fur traders had many an anxious moment.



The Fraser River at Lillooet, where the Asketihs had a fortification 100 feet by 24, with palisades 18 feet high. Above—Statue erected to Simon Fraser at New Westminster. The monument overlooks the spot where Fraser is believed to have camped.

In Frail Canoes, Fur Traders Flirted With Death in Rapids and Whirlpools—Hostile Indians Forced Simon Fraser to Turn Back When Near Ocean—House, 640 Feet Long, Home of Entire Community

By NORMAN FRENCH.

ONE hundred years ago this summer John Work sailed up the mouth of the Fraser River, seeking a location for a new fur-trading post on the coast of that vast territory then known as New Caledonia, now British Columbia. It was the first time this river had been entered from the sea by white men.

Sixteen years earlier the course of this mighty waterway had been traced to within a few miles of the Pacific Ocean by Simon Fraser, whose name it bears. This doughty voyager was forced to turn back by the ferocity of the Coquitlam Indians, at a point which has never been clearly established. Some students believe he got as far as Marpole, while others place his limit at a few miles below New Westminster.

THE navigation of the Fraser River in 1808 by means of frail canoes, manned by crews unacquainted with the country, is one of the most heroic achievements of the early days of Canada. Harassed by hostile and treacherous natives, pestered by petty thieves, braving the dangers of fevers and famines, often racing with death in the roaring rapids and swirling whirlpools, portaging over precipitous heights the members of the Fraser expedition rolled back the map of the far west for over six hundred miles—and failed utterly to realize the importance of the work they had accomplished!

EFFICIENCY IMPAIRED

Why Many Men and Women Are Badly Handicapped.

When you are so run down in health that it impairs the efficiency of your work as well as your power to enjoy your leisure hours, or obtain rest, it is time you looked to the cause. If you do not, a serious breakdown is almost sure to result sooner or later. In nearly all cases this condition, which doctors usually describe as the organs of the body to healthy activity, and so the system gains nourishment and strength. If you are weak or out of sorts begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from your druggist or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

but not its practicability, for the hazards of the journey were considered too many for the transportation of valuable furs.

In accordance with instructions issued to all factors and district chiefs of the Northwest Company, Simon Fraser kept a diary of his journey. This historical document is still in existence, and tells in simple language of the dangers, difficulties, and disappointments encountered during ten momentous weeks.

THE voyage down the great river commenced on Saturday, May 22, 1808. Chief of the little party was Simon Fraser, who had as lieutenants the Hon. Jules Maurice Quesnel and John Stuart. Nineteen white men and half breeds, and two Indians, made up the rest of the personnel, four canoes being used.

The start was made at five o'clock in the morning from Fort St. George, at the junction of the Fraser and Nechako rivers. An early departure was the rule throughout the journey, the canoes usually being in the water by 4 a. m. On a few occasions it was 6 a. m. before they got away, but Simon Fraser always wrote down some good reason for being late. The party usually encamped for the night between six and seven o'clock, and "slept soundly at all times."

Fourteen hours travelling by canoe in these wild waters certainly entitled these pathfinders to their sound sleep! In common with the other officers of his company, Simon Fraser set out under the impression that he was navigating the Columbia river, (which, near the source of the Fraser, is only a few miles distant) and he fully expected to reach the sea where Astoria was founded by John Jacob Astor as a trading post, the jurisdiction of the Northwest Company at that time extending to south of what is now the state of Oregon.

Until July 3 he constantly refers to the river as the Columbia, although on one previous occasion he expresses doubts as to his whereabouts.

TROUBLE commenced early for the navigators. Eighteen miles only had been covered when one of the canoes was partly wrecked by smashing against a rock while descending a rapid, several of which were encountered on the first day's journey. A quantity of bright and shiny goods, taken along for trading purposes with the Indians, was lost in this first mishap.

As the party proceeded down stream, caches of dried salmon and other food were established. This precaution was necessary in case of accident or disaster which might compel a retreat in a destitute condition. There was but the vaguest knowledge of the resources of the country from Fort St. George to the sea, and a very fair presumption that the natives would be anything but friendly towards these white interlopers, the like of which they had never seen.

The alarm created at the sight of the palefaces often caused considerable delay. Sometimes the Indians would be openly hostile. Sometimes they would be merely afraid, and refuse to trade food for goods. Quite often a peaceful or indifferent attitude would suddenly change into one of hostility, without apparent reason, and at no time did the leader of the expedition consider it safe to trust the red man implicitly, or to retire at night without some of his own men on watch duty.

ALTHOUGH the two Indians with Simon Fraser were good linguists, the scores of dia-

lects among the different tribes made communication difficult at all times, and signs had to be resorted to on almost every occasion.

At Soda Creek, reached on the eighth day of the journey, a large number of Atnah and Tanowin number of Atnah and Tahowin rare curiosity, white men. Hundreds visited Fraser's camp, and begged for proof of the existence of "fire sticks." A number of shots were fired into the air, to the great astonishment and fright of the Indians. Many dropped to the ground, quivering with emotion, then hastily and loudly proclaimed their harmlessness and peaceable intentions, and assured the travellers there would be no occasion to shoot them.

Hearing that a slave belonging to one of the chiefs had travelled down to the sea, Fraser procured his services, after a great deal of trouble. A chart of the journey down the river was traced by this slave, the sketch convincing the leader that from then on he would be faced with many dangers. Diagrams representing whirlpools, eddies, rapids, jutting and submerged rocks, and portages, were scattered all over the crude map, which proved to be singularly accurate, considering that it was drawn entirely from memory by a savage.

The slave's information decided Simon Fraser to continue the journey by land for the next few days in the company of a friendly Indian chief whose tribesmen carried the canoes and baggage.

The Indian's recognition of the white man's superiority is well shown: by this chief's answer to a question as to whether certain rapids were navigable:

"No Indian could do it, but the white men can."

EARLY next morning Fraser and John Stuart went to inspect these rapids, and found them to be about two miles long, with high and steep banks which contracted the channel in many places to forty or fifty yards. This immense body of water, passing through such a narrow space in a turbulent manner formed numerous gulfs and cascades, and made a tremendous noise. As it was thought almost impossible to portage the canoes over the steep cliffs, the dangerous drive down the roaring waters was attempted. Fraser reports this in simple but impressive words:

"Leaving Mr. Stuart and two men at the lower end of the rapids in order to watch the motions of the natives, I returned with the other four men to the camp. I ordered the best five men out of the crew to a canoe lightly loaded, and the canoe was in a moment under way. "After passing the first cascade she lost her course and was drawn into the eddy, where she whirled about for a considerable time, as seemingly in suspense whether to sink or swim, the men having no power over her. However, she took a favorable turn, and by degrees led from this dangerous vortex again into the stream."

"In this manner she continued, flying from one danger to another until the last cascade but one, where, in spite of every effort, the whirlpools forced her against a low projecting rock. Upon this rock the men debarked, saving their own lives, and contrived to save the property. But

Simon Fraser, the intrepid voyager of the North-West Fur Trading Company, who first navigated the great river which bears his name.

the greatest danger was still ahead, and to continue by water would be the way to certain destruction.

"During this distressing scene we were on shore, looking on and extremely concerned. Seeing our poor fellows once more safe afforded us as much satisfaction as to themselves, and we hastened to their assistance, but their situation rendered our approach perilous and difficult.

"The bank was extremely high and steep, and we had to plunge our daggers into the ground at intervals to check our speed, as otherwise we were exposed to slide into the river. We cut steps into the declivity, fastened a line to the front of the canoe, with which some of the men ascended in order to haul it up, while others supported it upon their arms.

AFTER this exciting adventure, the Chilcotin Indians strongly advised Simon Fraser to proceed by an overland route for four or five days, after which he would have smooth water to the sea.

"But going to the sea by an indirect route was not the object of my undertaking," writes Fraser. "I, therefore, would not deviate and continued our journey according to my original intention." For some time land portages were frequent and strenuous. Walking was very painful because of the sharp rocks. A pair of shoes did not last more than one day, and the men finished every march with their feet cut by flints and thorns. Long before the end of the journey all members of the party were wearing moccasins supplied by natives.

Writing his diary entry in his diary one evening, Fraser gloomily dwells upon the nature of the surrounding country. "A series of cascades intercepted with rocks and bounded by precipices and mountains that seem to have no end. I scarcely ever saw anything so dreary and dangerous in any country. While writing this, whatever way I turn my eyes, mountains upon mountains whose summits are thick with eternal snow close the gloomy scene."

It is very plain that Simon Fraser never thought a day would come when such "dramatic scenes" would draw travellers from all corners of the world to rhapsodize over their unsurpassed beauty and majestic grandeur. He was neither poet nor artist; his viewpoint was that of the hardy fur trader, whom mountains were obstacles, and nothing more.

On the fifteenth of June an old chief who had proved extremely useful suddenly abandoned the travellers, taking away with him the Tahowin interpreter and another Indian who had acted as pilot. Fraser deprecates the desertion in these words:

Wrinkles Disappear in Less Than 15 Minutes!

What if you could look in your mirror and see your wrinkles, crow's-feet, age-lines and fuddiness literally melt away while you looked? You would scarcely believe your own eyes. Yet it is within your power to witness such a "miracle" this very day. You need only mix a spoonful of powdered tarragon with a spoonful of lemon juice, smooth this soothing creamy lotion over your face—and watch the hated lines and sags vanish like magic! See your face become years younger in appearance! Even quite old faces are very materially rejuvenated.

make-up—it is to be washed off entirely after it has done its work. It is decidedly beneficial to the complexion. It is difficult to believe so simple a thing can accomplish such marvelous results, in just a few minutes, but the experiment is most convincing. An original package of powdered tarragon from your druggist brings the cost down to about 3 cents a treatment.

"Here we are, in a strange country, surrounded with dangers and difficulties, among numberless tribes of savages who never saw the face of a white man; however, we shall endeavor to make the best of it."

A FEW days later the voyagers reached a fortified Indian metropolis where Lillooet now stands. This was the headquarters of the Asketihs nation, where the braves had erected a fortification 100 feet by 24, surrounded by palisades 18 feet high—an almost impregnable fortress.

The next Indians encountered were the Hacamaghs, whose chief took Fraser to the top of a high hill, where 1,200 of his people were sitting. Fraser had to shake hands with the whole lot! After this wholesale introduction the chief made a long speech describing the greatness of his guests.

On Wednesday, June 28, the exploring party reached the spot where the little town of Yale now stands, and from which the river is navigable by steamboats. Here they were given salmon, cooked by means of hot stones in wooden vessels, a welcome change of diet from dried meat.

Three days later the party passed Chilliwack, now one of the most famous agricultural districts in Canada. A little lower down Fraser was astounded at seeing a house 64 feet long, this being divided into compartments of equal size, with the exception of the chief's residence, which was 90 feet long and 60 feet wide. All the residents of the village lived in this huge house, which had only one door.

For the first time, Simon Fraser records his notice of the tide, the water having risen two and a half feet.

After some trouble with the Coquitlam Indians, Fraser procured on Sunday, July 2, some canoes and reached the town of New Westminster now stands. His description of the topography is so precise that students believe they have determined the exact spot where he made camp, and from which he sighted armed men in canoes preparing to attack, though they did not actually do so.

Proceeding, an Indian village called Miquilame was reached, where elaborate fortifications were inspected. The Fraser River Indians were subjected to frequent raids from the Cowichans of Vancouver Island, and these forts were for their protection.

RETURNING to the river, it was found that the canoes had been left high and dry by the tide. While these were being dragged over the soft sand, a band of yelling mail-coated savages approached with hostile intentions, but quickly retreated when fire-arms were displayed. Fraser assumes the Coast Indians had all heard of guns as a result of the visit of Captain Vancouver and other early explorers.

Travelling a few miles farther, Simon Fraser found he could not obtain food from the hostile Indians. He decided to return up river and get provisions from friendly tribes, then proceed on his way to the open sea. The party was probably within half a day's journey from the ocean when this decision was reached, but the explorers were destined never to see it.

The Indians who had been so friendly a few days earlier were now most truculent. A chief who had loaned a large canoe demanded its immediate return, but this was impossible, so he was presented with a gaudy blanket and his attention called to the mighty "fire-sticks."

Without food, surrounded by bloodthirsty savages, hundreds of miles from other white men, and beset by all manner of difficulties and dangers, Simon Fraser reluctantly decided to return north.

For the first time since embarking on his memorable journey Simon Fraser mentions on July 3 that the river on which he is travelling is not the Columbia.

He says: "The latitude of this river is 49 degrees nearly, while that of the entrance of the Columbia is 46 degrees 20 minutes. If I had been convinced of this when I left my canoes I would certainly have returned."

SHORTLY after leaving the settlement where he had experienced so much trouble, Fraser noticed he was followed by armed Indians in canoes. Several times they attempted to close down on the white men, but were frightened back by shoutings and gesticulations with guns.

The Coast Indians relentlessly pursued the little band of adventurers, and at every stopping place the natives of the villages would be incensed against Fraser and his men. The explorer thus describes his predicament:

"Our situation might really be considered as critical. We were stranded upon a small sandy island, few in number, without provisions, and surrounded by upwards of 700 barbarians. Our resolution, however, did not forsake us; on the contrary, all were of one mind, ready for action and determined to make our way good at all hazards.

"We applied for canoes in all directions, but could not procure any, so again had recourse to the chief, notwithstanding his former illiberality. He asked his price; I consented; he augmented his demand; I again yielded. He still continued to increase his imposition, but, at length, feeling highly provoked at his impertinence, I exclaimed violently in a manner not to be mistaken; he then ordered the canoe to be brought to our party."

"During the few days spent among the Coast Indians the treachery of the red men is often noted. Indians who had entertained the explorers royally on the way down waylaid them on the way back and tried to murder them. At other times a gift of salmon would be a trick to get a seat in one of the canoes as guide, when an attempt would be made to steer the party into ambush.

THIS constant harassing at length so frightened the half-breeds that a number of them announced their intention of returning to Fort George overland, rather than navigate the terrible whirlpools and rapids, where they would be exposed to the arrows of the Indians. After much persuasion Fraser reconciled the men to their fate, and all took this oath: "I solemnly swear before Almighty God that I shall sooner perish than forsake in distress any of our crew during the present voyage."

As the fur traders worked their way back up the river, the natives became more friendly, rendering valuable assistance at difficult portages. At the forks of the Thompson River Simon Fraser was called upon to give medical treatment to a number of sick

A SPLENDID LAXATIVE FOR THE BABY

Mothers should constantly be on guard to keep baby's bowels working freely and his stomach sweet, for nine-tenths of the ailments from which little ones suffer are caused by derangements of the stomach and bowels. Baby's Own Tablets are a splendid laxative for the baby. They are mild but thorough; contain neither opiates nor narcotics, and are absolutely guaranteed to be safe and efficient for either the newborn babe or the growing child. By their action on the bowels and stomach they drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make the dreaded teething period easy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

children. His account of this is worth repeating:

"I sent one of my gentlemen for a vial of turlington, but he brought laudanum. Considering the one of equal virtue with the other towards a cure, I mixed a few drops with water, and with my finger applied this to the forehead of the sick. Believing, no doubt, in miracles there were upwards of four score applicants for a touch of my finger, and had we remained longer the whole 1,200 might have followed their example."

A BAND of starving Indians was encountered the next day. The men had to kill their horses for food, and complained they had not eaten their favorite meat, dog flesh, for a long time.

Fraser's party also suffered from hunger; a cache of dried salmon having been destroyed by wild animals.

At the same time one canoe had to be cut to pieces to repair two others which had become leaky.

On July 20, a spirit of optimism is noticeable in the pages of the journal, and eight days later "here ends the rocky country," all the portages and bad places being passed, we have plain sailing for the rest."

On the first of August, Quesnel was reached, where the Indians welcomed them with fish and

berries. Five days later they arrived at Fort George, having completed their memorable journey in ten weeks, without once recognizing the importance of their achievement.

Dr. Bryce, the Canadian historian, has made this comment: "How difficult it is to distinguish small from great actions. Here was a man making fame for all time, and the idea of the greatness of his work had not dawned upon him!"

SIMON FRASER was born in Vermont in 1776, his father remaining loyal to Great Britain during the revolution. He joined the Northwest Fur Company when sixteen years of age, and rapidly won promotion because of his indomitable pluck and energy.

In addition to being the first white man to reach the river which bears his name, Simon Fraser built Fort McLeod, in 1805, this being the first trading post of his company in British Columbia. The following year he built Fort James, on Stuart Lake, and later built Fort Fraser, on Fraser Lake, and in the fall of 1807 he established Fort George. After a long and honorable service with the company, he returned east, and filled several important positions in Montreal and other towns. He died in 1862, at a time when his river was world-famous as a gold producer.

SCIENTIST WILL SHOOT ROCKET MOONWARD

Continued from Page Eighteen.

portance of high altitude weather maps, made from simultaneous upper air observations over a wide territory.

When instrument-carrying balloons first penetrated beyond this region, they brought down the unexpected information that the temperature, instead of falling steadily with height, as had been supposed, actually rises slowly with height; and this region of rather steady low temperature, about minus 63 degrees Fahrenheit, is accordingly called the "Stratosphere."

According to the study of meteors that has been made by Professor Lindemann and Dobson, of the University of Oxford, the Stratosphere ends at thirty-seven miles, in a very unexpected fashion. The temperature rises abruptly to 80 degrees Fahrenheit, above this level. There is a sudden transition from Arctic temperature to that of a warm summer day!

These scientists consider that, for meteors to shine brightly at the great heights at which they are observed, the upper air must be of a hundredfold greater density than has hitherto been supposed (being nevertheless, of only 1,500,000 the density at sea level, at a height of sixty miles; and, instead of consisting of hydrogen and helium, as has universally been considered likely, it must consist of ozone, as this is the only gas which can take up much heat, by absorbing the rays of the sun. Their most striking conclusion, that the temperature rises abruptly above thirty-seven miles, seems actually to be supported by the fact that very few meteors ever vanish just below this level, which makes it appear as if the meteors plunged into a cool layer of air, and only became heated again after penetrating considerably lower in the atmosphere.

BUT another story seems to be told by the light from aurorae, which reaches much higher than the visible paths of meteors, and appears to be produced by radio-active and other similar rays from the sun. In fact, Dr. L. Vegard, professor of physics in the University of Christiania, considers from many observations of the color, intensity of light, and height of aurorae, that nitrogen predominates in the high atmosphere, and that the temperature falls with

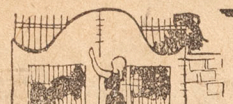
increasing height until, at a height of 100 miles, where the air is more than 95 per cent nitrogen, the temperature reaches minus 351 degrees Fahrenheit, so low that nitrogen freezes. Above this level, according to Professor Vegard's findings, the atmosphere consists of a very rare dust of frozen nitrogen crystal, fairly dense up to 75 miles, and very thin above this height. It is this frozen nitrogen dust which gives the blue color to the sky.

"But nitrogen is a much heavier gas than hydrogen, and to account for its appearance as dust from the rays of the sun, and repelled upward, rising like a fountain, because of a positively charged layer of air at about fifty miles; the hydrogen and helium, being very minute particles, actually leaving the earth by this electric repulsion.

THE electrostatic repulsion which forces the nitrogen dust upward is, however, estimated to be sufficiently strong to send the nitrogen entirely off the earth, and this would happen continuously if it were not for electrons, or minute negative charges of electricity, which, becoming dislodged, show must be emitted continually from the sun, and which must form a shielding ring, and prevent nitrogen from leaving the earth. Hence the nitrogen rises up to this ring, becomes dislodged, and drops back, to be charged and forced upward again.

Thus the upper atmosphere, far from being a region in which nothing ever happens, is, even in the light of our present, rather meagre knowledge of this subject, the place where the weather changes begin; the place where the long distance radio waves travel and is further a place where there is held a balance of forces which means life or death on this planet.

The greater part of this region is beyond the reach of both the airplane, and the balloon, and the exploration of the part of the atmosphere is only one of the tremendously interesting applications of the new rocket method."



ELAINE at the GATES

By
W. B. Maxwell

THE STORY THUS FAR.
ELAINE FLETCHER is the central figure in the story. At 10 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-possession, 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 seems 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. She evades the question because she is somewhat troubled by the gossip which has linked his name with that of

PEARL ESDAILE, the youngest daughter of a noisy, vulgar family of Tudor Green. The Esdailles have a great contempt for all of Tudor Green except Elaine's guardian, MR. AND MRS. MARSH, rector of the fashionable church of All Saints. Elaine feels a personal aversion to Mr. Awdrey, but he is a constant visitor at the Nun's House. When he suddenly announces to Mrs. Castleton and Elaine that he is leaving Tudor Green, Mrs. Castleton is overcome with grief at the prospect of a separation. Elaine warns her guardian that her evident affection for the rector has been the subject of gossip throughout the suburb. The day after Awdrey leaves, Mrs. Castleton becomes ill and dies shortly afterward. Elaine is overcome with grief at her loss. Mr. Evans, Mrs. Castleton's solicitor, tells Elaine that because of a suit which she will not inherit her aunt's property and also informs her that Mrs. Castleton had married Mark Awdrey the day before he left Tudor Green. Elaine goes to live with her uncle and aunt.

MR. AND MRS. MARSH. 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 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 Esdale. She tells him that he is the father of a child that is to be born to her. Arnold tells Elaine that he'll marry her immediately. He breaks his engagement to Elaine, who, heartbroken, begs him to come back to her. After the marriage Elaine goes to live with her father-in-law, who is a little harsh to her in regard to his desertion of her. She becomes ill and on her recovery takes a position as nurse and teacher to the crippled son of the Sinclair of Bexhill. Awdrey finally returns to England and induces Elaine to come up to London and help him in his business. He repeatedly asks Elaine to marry him and she refuses until he convinces her that she will be of greater service to him in this way than as his wife. On his promise that she will be merely his companion and fellow worker, she agrees to go with him. Thorne and his wife move to London from Liverpool and Pearl comes to Awdrey's church, after services Pearl and Awdrey go and ask him to call on Arnold. She admits that they are unhappy together. Mark asks Elaine to call on Pearl.

INSTALMENT XV.

Depths Below Depths.

PEARL had put forward the argument of handiness when obstinately insisting that their house must be somewhere between the Earl's court and Gloucester road railway stations, and nowhere else in all the enormous town. Arnold had wanted the better air of Highgate or Hampstead for the benefit of their little Adela, but he gave way to Pearl's almost frantic desire.

They settled down then among the dismal stucco-fronted houses and the curving ugliness of a half dozen crescents similar to their own, and Pearl seemed fairly contented. But they began to quarrel now about the child who, growing fast, able to toddle, to walk, and then to speak intelligently, held all that remained of her father's heart in her tiny clinging hands. Arnold loved her as people love the thing that makes life bearable, the thing that enables one to suffer continual loss without total extinction of hope. She was his present and his future. Pearl had a genuine if unworthy, sort of affection for her, but took no more of her; and there were slight but alarming illnesses

FOR JOY OF GOOD HEALTH

Manitoba Woman Thanks Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Crandall, Manitoba.—"When I was a young girl at home, and was having terrible pains, almost more than I could bear, and I was not regular. These troubles kept me so tired all the time that I had no strength and no ambition to join in with my friends and have a good time. I was just tired and miserable always and life just seemed as if it wasn't worth living. I saw so much in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then I had a friend who had taken it and told me about it, so I got some. Every month after taking it I got stronger and I soon did not suffer every month. It relieved the pains and helped me in other ways. Then when my babies were coming I was tired and worn out the first three months and ached badly. I took the Vegetable Compound right along and must say it made a new woman of me and able to do my work, and it helped me through confinement. You see I am a farmer's wife with a big house to look after, and three babies now. I have told ever so many women about your medicine. Just last week I got a letter from my old chum in the East. Her baby was born fifteen days before mine, and she told me she was not feeling very well, her back aches so much, and that she is going to take the same medicine I took. You can use my letter if you wish."—Mrs. J. H. KIDD, Box 56, Crandall, Manitoba.

directly caused, as Arnold thought, by her mother's folly and neglect. Hence the quarrels.

Then came the tragedy of the child's death. Arnold, compelled to go to Paris for four nights, left her merely ailing, and came back to find her dying. The chest cold that was making him anxious had deepened to bronchial trouble, then meningitis had announced itself; and there were circumstances in connection with the child's state of a nature so poignantly distressing that the loss of her almost deprived him of sanity. It seemed that he had lost all his strength and power of endurance in losing what had been his consolation and support.

For these reasons he was, as Mark Awdrey at once discovered, an unhappy and despairing man.

He had been twice to Rothersey before Elaine saw him. On his third visit, in the evening, Awdrey brought him to the house.

"I have shown him the ways of the guild," said Awdrey.

"How do you do, Mrs. Awdrey?" said Arnold; and they shook hands.

It was over—the first meeting. She felt no shock, no emotional disturbance of any kind. She was able to look at him and reflect about him while he talked to her husband. He looked older, but otherwise he was little changed outwardly; his grave air was new, and perhaps because of a long continued effort to show nothing on the surface his face seemed much firmer, even rigidly firm. He betrayed no sign of sadness. But the sadness was there; it immediately planted in one the germ of a growing sorrow for him. That was Elaine's only feeling; she was sorry for him in his grief.

He stayed late, talking to Mark. She heard their voices in the room below her long after she had gone to bed.

Next time she saw him at the house she felt sure he was desirous of speaking to her alone. He seemed to be lingering there in the hope that some chance would give an opportunity of doing so; and the chance came, for Mark was called out of the room by one of the church people.

"Do you mind my coming here?" he asked at once, looking at her gravely.

"O, no," said Elaine.

"Your husband is being very good to me," and he looked away, and she saw him clench his fingers. He opened them again. "I wanted to say how glad I was to read of your marriage. I knew then that you were in good hands. But now I know, I see—well, his friendship at this moment has been a good thing for me."

The door stood open, and outside in the passage Mark Awdrey began to make a noise. There had been some mistake about the flowers for next Sunday, and he shouted loudly and angrily, saying that all concerned were a "pack of blundering fools." He had ordered red azaleas, not white azaleas. The white ones must be taken away by the florists and the right color sent, or he would close his account with them.

When the noise abated Elaine spoke in a calm tone. "He knows nothing about the terms on which you and I once were, for a little while. Now that you are becoming such close friends will you tell him?"

"I had not thought of it," said Arnold. "Not if you don't wish."

"No," she said firmly. "I haven't any wish. Do what you please—I mean, whatever your instinct prompts. I have not told him myself."

Mark came back, and Arnold prepared to go.

"Don't forget to set to work on your lecture for those fellows," said Mark cheerily.

"If you really think I am up to it."

"Of course you are."

Mark explained to Elaine when the guest had gone that he was making him give a talk at the guild about love. "I think he is going to be useful at the guild. He is interested—and they are taking to him."

By the guild Awdrey meant an evening class or assembly that he had instituted for boys and men, and with regard to which he would not allow Elaine or any other woman to help or take part. The meetings lasted two hours, and it was said that after a single attendance men went out profoundly changed. What did he say to them? What did he do to them? It was an affair of the spirit, and no more. He gave them nothing material, not food or drink or money—a bare room and himself. But they came again and again. He had wrapped it round with semblances of mystery. The name of it was known only to its members, who spoke of it with outsiders as the guild society or brotherhood indifferently. They had some signs by which they knew one another, many of them belonging to other churches and never going to Awdrey's church. It was a success, and the neighboring clergy loathed it.

On another evening soon after this Arnold Thorne was there again. Returning late from a sick household, she heard his voice just as she was about to enter the sitting-room. She went instead into the dining-room. He was there, and she had had no support—and carried the food up to her room.

Again she heard them talking late into the night; and she thought of the strangeness, the incredible strangeness of human affairs, and the almost mocking or belittling fate that seemed thus to amuse itself in bringing together these two men who between them had governed her whole life. They were friends, allies, talking of the problems of the spirit; not even thinking of her; neither of them remembering at this minute that she existed. It was as if she had become nothing. Mark, occupied with his newly discovered companion, took no trouble to find out if she had come home, if she had supped. In fact, he

never did, but to-night, for the first time it seemed a neglect.

She had a sense of loneliness, almost of desertion, and she thought, "If Mark were ever to fail me, what should I do? That would be the end."

He told her in due course that Arnold Thorne had acquitted himself excellently with that discourse or hom-



Pearl, still weeping, nevertheless listened with eagerness.

ily on discipline, and that the men and lads had liked it. "There is immensely more in Thorne than even I supposed. By the way, how are you getting on with his wife?"

"I haven't been to see her yet."

"O, but why haven't you?" he said reproachfully. "Elaine, I asked you to go at once. Why didn't you?"

"I have many things to do. I am not altogether idle, you know."

"No, but you must postpone some of the other things. I think this is urgent. And Thorne has counted on it. You have the address?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Can you go to-day?"

"No. Not to-day."

"To-morrow?"

"Possibly to-morrow."

"Make it possible to-morrow, please."

I want Thorne to feel that I am tranquility behind him while I push him into stronger work here."

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tion not strictly belonging to the alcoholic taint—something that approached to a scared or hunted look, as of a person with many furtive shames and hidden secrets—perhaps some dark secrets among them. Also there was in an excessive degree what the doctors call "facility of emotion."

Pearl, as in the past, quickly recovered from embarrassment, and babbled.

"Do you ever see anything of the old gang?"

"Pals at Tudor Green. I suppose you run down there pretty often?"

"No."

"What, not even to see your relations? Old Mr. Marsh and Mrs. M. How are they? Don't you look them up?"

"My uncle's rheumatism troubles him. Otherwise they are very well."

And Elaine had a gentle kindly smile, and with her large truthful eyes on Pearl's face said "My marriage caused a coldness with them, to my great regret, but I am glad to say we are now reconciled—as good friends as ever. They came to see us not long ago."

Pearl was expanding, looking at her, considering her. "You're different, you know. Changed?"

"Well, I am older for one thing."

"O, no, it's not that. Of course, you do look older, but—may I say it?—you're a good deal better looking, in my humble opinion. O, do tell me! Mums said you'd lost all your hair. Was that true?"

"But I had an illness."

"But it's grown again," said Pearl. "I can see you've got it all back!" and she laughed good humoredly.

"That's nature, not the shop. Not merely your own—as the wag said—because you'd bought and paid for it."

"No, it's my own."

"Is it as long as it used to be?"

"I haven't measured it."

"It's beautiful hair your hair is, Mrs. Awdrey. We fair ones always admire dark hair like yours."

Elaine let her talk, encouraged her to talk freely. You have to make them talk before you can do anything with them.

What was I saying? O, the change in you! Well as soon as you came in at that door, I said to myself, 'Yes,

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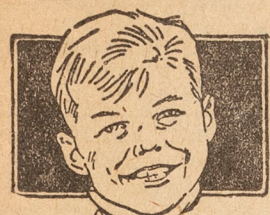
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SPORTS GAMES PUZZLES

A PAGE FOR BOYS and GIRLS

JOKES STORIES RIDDLES



There Are Seven Circus Stunts That Always Bring a Laugh

"WHY do people laugh?" That's what a circus clown has to figure out, and the nearer he comes to the answer to that question the better clown he is.

One queer thing about getting a laugh is that the larger the crowd the simpler and more slapstick the trick has to be to make them laugh. "Being a clown now isn't like it was in the old days," according to Alfred Miacco, the oldest clown in the business, past seventy. "When there were small shows and small crowds a clown could be clever. He could 'kid' the crowd and make bright remarks to get them laughing, but now clowning has to be more slapstick so everybody can get it."

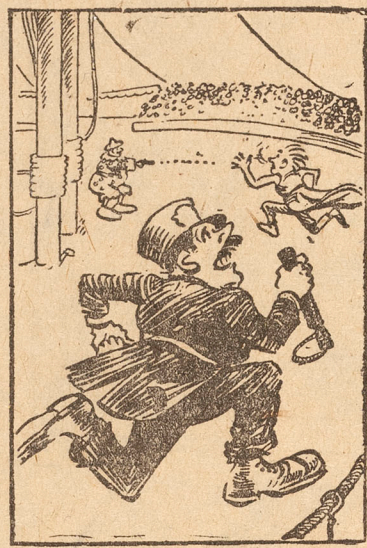
There Are Seven Stunts. If you ever put on a circus yourself and want to work up some clown tricks, you can make up the stunts from the list of seven things which the clowns say people at circuses laugh at.

First, there is what is known as the "comic fall." Every one will laugh when a dignified person slips. The old trick of the man in the silk hat falling on the banana peel always gets a laugh.

Next there is the favorite tramp and dog stunt. There's hardly a circus but what has a tramp running around the ring with a dog chasing after, usually hanging onto his coat-tails. It's a stunt that's always good.

Cop is Popular. The funny cop is a popular one. A policeman with big feet and baggy trousers who is always falling over or chasing after some one is found in every circus.

The idea of getting wet is another laugh maker. Squirting a water gun or having water tum-



ble down on a clown always seems funny to the crowd.

A man or boy dressed as a baby and acting grown-up is a trick that is used and never fails to bring a laugh. So also is a take-off on some famous man.

Keep Up-to-date. The seventh of the bag of tricks is keeping up-to-date by mocking something that's in the topic of the day. If it's election time, clowns always work up some election speeches or make up as some of the candidates.

There's a lot in the crowd spirit when it comes to laughs. People at a circus are all set to laugh, and when some one begins to snicker at a stunt that maybe isn't so awfully good, the laughter "catches," and soon all that part of the tent is swept with a gale of giggles. (Next week: Heroism in the Circus.)

PFANN, STAR QUARTERBACK, GIVES FOOTBALL TIPS

GEORGE PFANN was probably the greatest football player of the season and the highest scorer in the entire country. —Athletic World.

The sensation of eastern football last year was George Pfann, captain of the 1923 Cornell team, an All-American quarterback. He's going to answer questions about his favorite game especially for the readers of this page.

Pfann was a brilliant star of last season. Many sports writers chose him as captain of their All-American teams. Largely through his playing the Cornell team was unbeaten in 1921, 1922 and 1923.

The stocky little griddler, who comes from Marion, Ohio, was a wonderful general on the football field. He was able to size up the strength and weaknesses of the other team right off the bat, and to make use of it. Not once during the season did he make any mistakes in directing his teammates.

Pfann can run, kick, forward-pass, catch, and, in fact, do just about everything to keep his opponents going. He is an enduring player and can stand all sorts of hard knocks without losing a bit of his famous pep.

Next year Pfann will coach at his school, Cornell, and he's telling you here some of the things he'll tell those "green" players that he'll be starting on the football grind at his university.

What Tricks Do You Use to Baffle a Tackler?

The principle of dodging a tackler is to get him off balance or out of step by a deceptive move and then go by him before he can recover. This deception is gener-



GEORGE PFANN

BEST QUARTERBACK
OF THE YEAR—



this has to be repeated. If a man is directly in front, run straight at him and twirl when about a yard away. This throws the runner out of line of the tackle if it is properly executed. Another way is to fake around one side of the tackler and then go the other.

Cut Inside Player.

A tackler from the side may be avoided by stopping suddenly as he is about to tackle, slow up and cut inside of him before he can do the same.

Sometimes it is possible to drag one leg and thus deceive the tackler.

Running hard with the deliberate intention of breaking the opponent's tackle by force is always a good plan, because it means a yard or two more, even if the runner fails to get loose.

How Can a Player Be Taught to Follow the Ball?

The player is taught to follow the ball as he becomes familiar with the possibilities of football. He realizes the number of deceptive plays that can be used, and he becomes familiar with the possibilities of fumbling. This knowledge is in the nature of a warning, and, if sufficiently impressed, will be constantly in the mind of the player.

Keep Eye on the Ball.

On the defence the players must be warned continually to keep the eyes on the ball from the time it leaves the centre until it is downed again. Line players must keep their eyes forward on the ball. Backs must follow the ball and not the interference. If this principle is laid down and the man is

not mentally lazy, practice should produce the results.

On the offence the ambitious and mentally awake player will look around for more work after he has performed the duty assigned him. Work lies where the ball is, and to help his team he must go to the ball.

Pfann started his football career when he was in the eighth grade. He was quarterback on the regular team. His second year in high school he was a substitute centre. The next two years he played at Columbia Military Academy, where he was quarterback and captain his senior year. Then he went to Cornell, where he played four years.

Next week Pfann will tell how he uses his well-known stiff-arm defence.

A Curious Nature Fact

A MINER at work in a red sandstone quarry near Killbuck, Ohio, found a toad enclosed in a cavity of a large rock. The rock measured ten inches in diameter, and was located about twenty feet below the surface of the earth.

When the rock was opened and the toad was exposed to the air, it hopped several times and then fell dead. The mysterious manner in which the toad came to be shut up in the rock has not been discovered.

Toads Exist a Long Time. There are many curious stories about the long life of the toad. It is possible for a toad to exist when encased in sandstone or limestone, as these rocks are porous and consequently admit air.

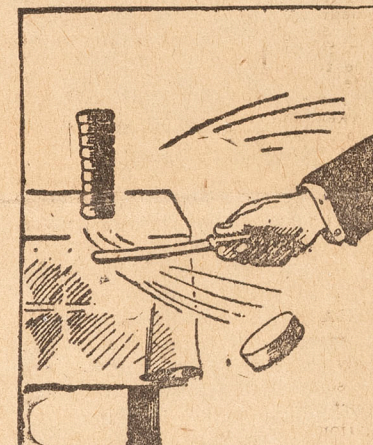
A scientist buried three live toads in plaster in 1777. At the end of eighteen months these encasements were opened and two of the toads were still alive. A number of years later this experiment was repeated with the water blocks placed in water. The result was just the reverse. Interestingly enough, the plaster had absorbed the water and the toads died.

A Puzzle Trick

COUSIN NAT, who attends an eastern college, was spending part of his vacation with his young cousins, Elmer and Leona. They had just returned from a circus and Leona was still mystified by the tricks the magician had performed.

"There are no 'magic' tricks of any kind," explained Nat. "Every trick is based upon some scientific law. A very clever magician can fool the audience by the way he presents his trick, and can talk a great deal about things other than his stunt, thus diverting his audience's attention, but there is nothing supernatural about stunts, especially of the 'magic' type."

"A trick which is very effective is the following: Stack ten checker men on top of each other, making a tower. With the back of a table knife strike at the bottom piece and you can knock it out without upsetting the pile. This may seem extraordinary, but it only proves that concentrated force at one particular point may be



effective at that one point without affecting any other point nearby or at a great distance away.

"Another trick, which illustrates the same principle is to tie up a golf ball, then place another wet sand tee and ball on top of it. With a quick stroke, aimed correctly, the bottom ball can be hit from under the top one without disturbing the top ball in the least, and a drive of several hundred yards can be made."

DYE—IT!

Lady: "I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face."

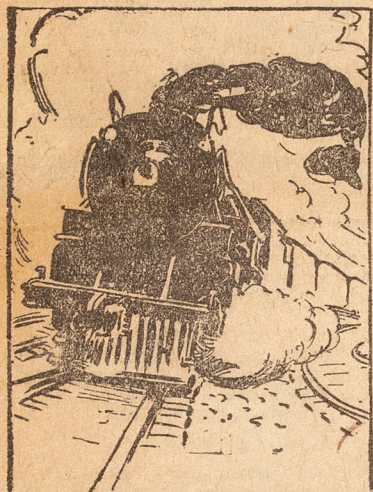
Dr. Pill: "My dear young lady, you will have to diet."

Lady: "I never thought of that. What color do you think would suit me best?"

He Raced With His Own Train

BACK in the days of railroading before the automatic couplers and the air brakes made travelling so much simpler, there were many accidents. Engineers had to depend on the old link-and-pin couplers and hand-set brakes.

In those days, instead of the



engineer being able to set the brakes on all the cars at once, he had to whistle a signal to the brakemen on the different cars and they proceeded to set the brakes.

Has Adventure. A veteran engineer, William H. Bird, of the Illinois Central railroad, tells how in 1898, before any

of you reading this were born, he had an exciting experience with runaway cars. He was transferred to a southern division, where, for the first time, he had to work with brakemen. He found that they didn't take their work seriously, and he had some trouble with them when it came to setting the brakes promptly.

There was so much slack on trains in the old days that they often broke apart, so Engineer Bird was expecting his share of trouble. The first accident occurred one day when he was going down a steep grade. His train parted and came together with such force at the bottom that one car of wheat was knocked clear off the rail. Luckily, however, the car rolled down an embankment. The train was coupled up and proceeded with one car less.

Train Parts. But most exciting of all, and what might have been serious, was a race he ran with his own train.

"One time I was going down the same hill where I first had the accident," says Mr. Bird, "when I felt the slack of my train surge ahead. I knew that the train had parted and looked around to find where the break was. I discovered that it had taken place just behind the engine. It was all I could do to keep ahead of the rest of that train. I whistled for the brakes, but the brakemen didn't bring it to a standstill as quickly as I expected. So I had to race my train, trying to keep it from crashing into me. The race lasted just about a mile before the train stopped and the engine was safe."

Make Jocko Climb the String



HERE is Jocko—a monkey that can climb! By carefully following the directions below, you can make this frisky animal:

Cut out the body of the monkey, then its arms and legs, and mount them all on lightweight cardboard. Color the monkey brown, and the hat and jacket red. Join the legs to the body by means of a common pin or small piece of wire. If wire is used, knot each end of it to prevent its coming out on the other side. If a pin is used let the head serve at one end and bend the other end back. The legs will then move freely.

To fasten the arms gum them tightly to the shoulder in the position shown in the picture. Pierce small holes at points "a" (the arms), "b" (the thighs), "c" (the legs), and "d" (the feet), through which place pins or small pieces of wire. Fasten these in the same manner as the legs were fastened.

Draw a piece of thin elastic around the pins, A and B, tying it so that the legs are drawn up, parallel with the arms, as in the figure. Insert a piece of wire through "E", and draw the hands quite tightly together. Loop the wire on the outside of the hands. Pass a piece of thread through this loop down under the pin, "C", and then over to nip the wire well together at the hands to get enough friction to hold the thread firmly while the elastic pulls the legs up. Be sure, also, that the thread is loose enough to pass through "E".

By tightening and releasing the line you can make Jocko climb the thread in the most lifelike manner.

CHOOSING RIGHT CLOTHES TAKES OFF POUNDS

IF YOU took on a lot of weight this Summer and are having a hard time getting rid of it, no doubt you and mother are sighing over the task of picking out clothes to wear to school that won't make you look any larger. Wearing the right kind of dresses is very important, for while it doesn't really reduce your weight, you can make yourself seem lots smaller if you know a few tricks about wearing clothes.

Put Away Ruffles.

In the first place, you'll have to make over that fluffy dress you used to wear—especially if it has loose ends of ribbon fluttering—they make you seem so much larger. The sash that tied in the big bow on the side will have to go, too, for side trimming on a dress adds to your size. And the little string of choker beads you must put away, too, as they make your neck seem short and fat.

You must be careful about trimming your dresses. Insist that all bands and stripes run up and down and never around. The less trimming your clothes have, the better.

Wear Dark Colors.

All dark colors make you seem smaller. Don't think of wearing anything very bright or with large figures in it. Too much contrast in material is bad for you, too.

For a dress for school, a dark blue serge made with straight up and down lines is best. You can wear the beltless styles that your tall, thin friends must leave alone. However, if you do wear a belt, be sure that it is about the same shade as the dress material. Above all, don't ever wear a white belt with a dark dress, if you want to keep your size out of mind.

Dresses or suits made with three-quarter length jackets, the kind that end just at the hip-line, are not becoming to you, as they make you seem stouter. You can't wear a dress with a band around the bottom of a different color, either.

Use Straight Trimming.

A row of braid or fur straight down the front would make a becoming finishing touch for a school dress, and beading that runs up and down would be best for your party dress. You should wear both dresses a little longer than the thin girl wears hers, as long dresses make you look taller, and the taller you are the thinner you seem.

Leave sweaters alone, for they're too tight fitting and they end at the hip-line. Skirts and waists are the wrong thing, too. They cut your height right in two. You can't wear the little short coat, either, but should choose a long, beltless one.

And remember—keep everything dark!

A BIG DIVE. A visitor being shown around a lake said to his guide: "How deep is this one?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "we don't know the actual depth, but last year a young Australian came here to bathe, took his clothes off and dived in, and we never saw him again."

"And did you not hear from him?"

"Oh, yes! We had a cablegram from Australia, asking us to send his clothes on."



The Ghost Behind the Cabin

LISTEN! There it goes again. I thought that talk about the neighborhood of this cabin being haunted was all bunk. I don't believe in ghosts, but—

The four boys in front of the fireplace in the shadowy cabin drew close together, almost hugging the glowing coals, as they listened.

From somewhere back of the cabin came a faint moan which gradually rose to a shriek, faint and far away. Then the shriek ended in a series of moans.

The boys looked at each other and for a while no one said anything. "Must be the wind in the trees," asserted Tom, trying to seem calm.

"You never heard wind in the trees make a noise like that," scoffed Dickie. "I don't believe in ghosts, but there's something queer about that noise, all right. But I don't feel like looking into it just now. Besides, there's no moon."

"I thought this was going to be a great place to stay over Saturday and Sunday," mourned Stanley. "But I'm not very crazy about it now. I'm here to tell you!"

"That's why the Quin boys gave up the cabin," put in Dickie. "They told me about hearing this weird ghost, but I thought it was all bunk. It's too bad a nice cabin like this has been given such a bad name. It's only the last year or two that the story got around."

"Well, there's something to the story, as we've found out," laughed Terry nervously. "Again the strange cry, ranging from shriek to moan, in different notes of pain, came through the starless night."

There was little sleeping in the cabin that night. The wind and the occasional echoes of that ghostly sound were too much for them. They stretched out on the floor in their blankets, talking a little from time to time.

In the morning they scattered all about the surrounding woods. Not one of them wanted to face staying another night, but no one

would be the first to suggest going home.

Night came, and after supper they stretched out again by the fireplace. Hardly had they settled when suddenly the odd moan was heard. Dickie stood up. "I did some investigating to-day," he announced, "and I got an idea about this ghost. I think I know how to kill it. I wanted to make sure I had the right idea, so I waited until to-night. Will anyone come with me?"

There was a moment's silence. "We'll all go," asserted Terry stoutly. "There was a rush for sweaters and flashlights, then the four boys set out in the chilly night."

They followed Dickie's lead through the woods until they came to where the winding trail joined the main road. Here there was a little rise of ground on which Terry stopped.

When they had started out the ghostly voice had been crying, but it had stopped again for a while. Suddenly there was a shrill sound almost at their feet. Three of the boys jumped as though they had been shot. Dickie laughed.

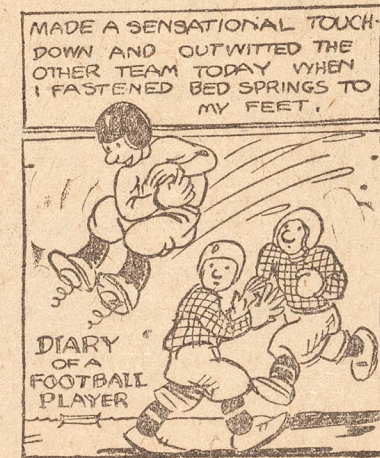
"Here's our ghost, just as I thought," he focused his flashlight on the mound. There was a pile of broken glass of all shapes. "Old pop bottles," explained Dickie. "There was a lunch stand here once. The wind, which rises here every night, played on them."

MAKING IT HOT.
Father: "Say! What's this 70 on this paper?"
Son: "If I only knew. I guess it's the temperature of the room."

HIS REASON.
"I rejoice that the world is filled with sunshine."
"An optimist, eh?"
"No, awning manufacturer."

WOULDN'T DO.
Schram, who had run out of gas on the outskirts of a country town, saw a boy coming along the road carrying a big tin can. "Say, boy! he yelled: 'I hope that's gasoline you have in that can.'"

"Well, I hope it ain't," returned the boy. "It would taste like the dickens on ma's pancakes." (Copyright, 1924.)



A One-Handed Star

HERBERT RHOADS, a star high school basketball player in Huntsville, Missouri, has only one hands. He is a crack basket shooter and does more with that one hand than some boys do with two.

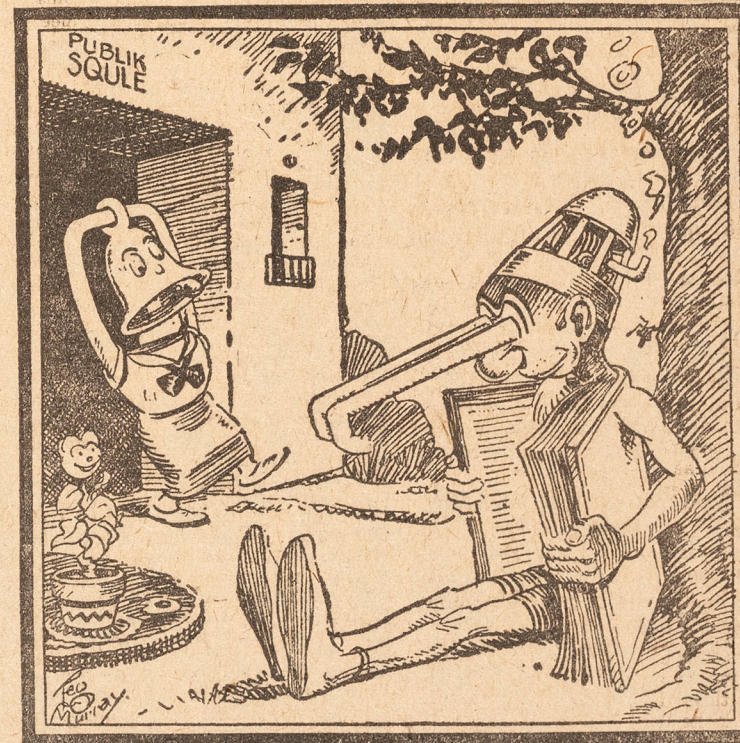
About four years ago Herbert lost his left hand by getting it crushed in machinery. He got an artificial hand but found it too much trouble and wouldn't wear it. He discovered he could get along just as well without it.

His parents encouraged him to go in for sports and other things that most people thought he was handicapped for, and it wasn't long before Herbert began to forget that there was anything wrong with him at all. He didn't want any sympathy and soon other boys found that Herbert hadn't any need for sympathy at all, for he was getting along as well as any of them.

Herbert plays on the regular basketball team, having made as high as seven baskets from the field in a single game. He is on the track team and is very fast. He was on the second team last year in football and baseball. In addition to all this he is a very clever tennis player.

Having only one hand to play with, Herbert made it his motto to develop skill with that to a double degree, and as a result in both tennis and basketball his hand has attained speed and accuracy that has made him a star player.

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER



Percy Periscope

"SCHOOL days, school days, dear old Snoppy quop, daze—" (from the old Welsh folk song). You'd be dead, too, if you had all your lessons set to study, and the school bell was already ringing. Take Percy Periscope, for instance—he sits beneath the bough with his book and tries to read his innermost thoughts with longing eyes. In fact, he has the world's longest eyes, and they are turned, too. Percy's life is an open book.

What is Percy studying? It must be difficult, or it would never excite the engine in his head so—see how it is puffing! Deep stuff, I guess. Probably "The cube root of the boll weevil" or "The Rise and Fall of the Snoppyquopian Dynasty in Early Chemistry." No, both wrong—back up and guess again—he's trying to learn to say "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in algebra!

"Some job for a young half-witted Snoppy! Teacher will see him with his feet stretched out in the aisle, and will shout, 'Percy, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!' at which Percy will slam his book shut, using his beard as a marker."

Toronto Sunday World

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Biggest in the World.

NOT long ago a famous painting by the great master, Rubens was put up at auction at Christie's in London and failed to find a bid. And yet Rubens is one of the great names in the world of art.

Pictures by Rubens have sold for more than a hundred thousand dollars. Yet this picture was returned to the palace of the Duke of Westminster, whence it came.

The reason was simple. The picture was too large. The day when the larger the picture the greater its importance is past. Nobody wanted it, not even a museum, because nobody had a suitable place to put it.

In other words, we no longer buy art by the yard. Size alone is not impressive. It is quality that counts.

Perhaps this is a good omen. If the art world has awakened to the fact that "big" does not necessarily mean "great," perhaps the rest of the world will soon learn that, too.

A small home well kept, a little club that means something to every member, a little church with a fine spirit—these are the things worth working for.

Needless Proof

GREAT ado is made in certain literary and historical circles over the fact that documents found in the tomb of King Tutankhamen furnished conclusive evidence of the reality of Helen of Troy.

Doubtless these gentlemen are somewhat nonplused by this documentary evidence of her existence. But the rest of us are neither nonplused nor surprised—may, scarcely interested, if the truth be told.

It wouldn't have made a mite of difference to you and me, nor to the world, had they come upon as indisputable proof that Helen was a fake, a figment of an ancient romancer's imagination.

For Helen is a symbol of beauty, and the power that beauty begets. And once given as a symbol, the world is not easily persuaded to let go of it, certainly not on the word of those who are mere sticklers for the strictest truth.

Studyin' Well.

THERE'S a certain story told in golf circles to the effect that someone asked Stewart Maiden how his golf protegee, Bobby Jones, was doing with his game.

"He's having a hard time," said the Scotchman, who, true to his race, is a man of few words. Then he added a little grudgingly, "But he's studyin' well."

If that's the case, Bobby Jones doesn't need to worry about his golf game.

If he is studyin' well, he is bound to get there in the end.

Anyhow, that is all that can be expected of him, or you or me, for that matter, no matter what sort of score we run up.

It's a rule you can't beat. Most of us who rage at fate because we have not arrived, have not done our lessons as well as we should. Perhaps, in fact, the trouble is that we are too intent on the winning at the end and not careful about the studying process.

Don't keep asking yourself that challenging question, "Am I winning?"

The answer may be "No" and that answer is bound to be discouraging. Just ask yourself if a dour Scotchman would be forced to admit that at least you are "studyin' well." If the answer is yes, you may be sure that you can't lose.

The Lost Ball.

THE lost ball has wrecked more tempers than anything else in golf," exclaims one expert on the subject.

The trouble is that losing a golf ball is more than a matter of losing the price of the ball and the time it takes to look for it. If that were all, the matter would be simple. The real harm to the player is done in the loss of temper. After a long search, nerves are jangled and the game is apt to go to pieces if the player is a novice.

"At the end of half an hour, he's ready to drop another ball and go on," observes this commentator. A good deal of poise might have been saved if he had come to that conclusion sooner.

There is something peculiarly and regularly aggravating, almost devastating, about the effect on the nerves of a frantic search.

But some people make a fetish of finding a thing, instead of going on to the next task and replacing the lost article later.

Going on is better than going back. There is even the man who has lost ten years of his life at the wrong job, who loses a small fortune in wrong investment. The sooner he stops eating his heart out over the lost job or the lost fortune, and starts after another one, the better.

If you're fooling time away looking for lost balls, quit it, and remember that you can play another game while you are fussing over failures.

THE MILL RUN

THE SOLDIERS' BUTTON.

To those of us who were non-combatants in the war, that is to say those on whose shoulders fell the terrific strain of hating passionately from Aug. 4, 1914, to Nov. 11, 1918, and after, every German man, woman and child, every German name, and everything of German origin from "Parsifal" to Wieners, are astonished to note that returned soldiers are no longer wearing their buttons. When they returned from overseas, the percentage who wore the button on all occasions was something more than 99. To-day, it is probably not 5. We gather that half the men entitled to this honorable decoration do not wear it at all.

Yet not three in a thousand ever supposed when he had earned the right to wear this button that the time would ever come when they would cease to take pride or pleasure in it. They did not suppose that a querdon won through risking life in the greatest struggle in human history was precisely the same as a prize won as a schoolboy for penmanship, or for prowess in the hop, step and jump. Nothing lasts for ever—love, or hate or pride. Pride is particularly impermanent. So far as human emotions are concerned the word "eternal" signifies a period of time varying from three weeks to four years and a half.

* * *

THE "FACE OF CLAY."

The Toronto Telegram said a short time ago that Hon. Howard Ferguson need not fear the "face of clay," and ever since the local contemporaries of the Telegram, including this column, have been wondering what it meant. Goaded by the jeers at the phrase, the Telegram fiercely asserted its antiquity but admitted that its origin was dubious. It did not say what it meant, or offer the desired assurances as to its sense. That it has, or had for the moment, some meaning for the author may be taken for granted, and if it had appeared in any other Toronto paper it would have excited merely a temporary surprise, quickly succeeded by the belief that it was a printer's error, instead of the emotions of consternation and painful bewilderment that it produced among the Telegram's readers. They are accustomed to exotic figures of speech. They are used to hearing a spade called a spade, and expect only slight variations upon a single theme. When a man is being praised he is described in simple, pro-Hydro, and a loyal soldier of public ownership. When he is disliked, readers have a right to hear him dealt with according to the unvarying formula as "pro-C.P.R., pro-Corporationist, Moxton-treat-owned, if-not-C.P.R.-owned, Beck-hating Druryite-Liberal first-and-prohibitionist-fourteenth-Pro-Raney - Gregory Commission, Knights of Columbus." These phrases are well understood by all Telegram readers who are inclined to skip all editorials that do not contain them, and had the "face of clay" not occurred in an article which referred, if we mistake not, to the Gregory Commission, it would have escaped notice altogether.

* * *

WING SHOOTING AND BRIDGE.

At certain seasons of the year the great majority of the gentlemen of England who were supposed to be the leaders and intelligence of the land, who were understood to guide its destinies and control its future, went out into the woods or on the moors to massacre birds of various sorts with guns, birds bred specially, at great expense, for the purpose of this slaughter. These noble sportsmen were marshalled by gamekeepers; they stood in rows, the landscape was animated with the popping of their guns. The highest in the land participated gravely in this national function and popped with distinction. The men of this class were in truth at just that level above imbecility that the banging of a gun and the thrill of seeing a bird swirl and drop is inexhaustibly amusing. They never tired of it. The bang of the gun seems to have been essential to the sublimity of these sportsmen. It wasn't mere killing, because in that case these people could also have assisted in killing the sheep and oxen and pigs required by the butchers, but this sport they left to men of an inferior social class. . . . For the rest of the time the good man played a card game called bridge, so limited and mechanical that anyone nowadays would be able to read out the results and exact probabilities of every deal directly he saw the cards. There were four sets of thirty-six in each. But Lord Bramble, who had never learnt properly to count up to thirteen, found it full of dramatic surprises and wonderful sensations. His intelligence, ever only a little on the excessive side with the port. People still smoked in those days, and Lord Bramble consumed three or four cigars a day. Pipes he thought plebeian and cigarettes effeminate. He could read a newspaper but not a book, being incapable of sustained attention; after dinner in town he commonly went to theatre or music hall where women could be seen more or less undraped. The clothing of that time filled such people as Lord Bramble with a coy covetousness for nakedness. The normal beauty of the human body was a secret and a mystery, and half the art and decoration of Channing Hanter House played stimulatingly with the forbidden vision. . . . Their (i.e., Lord Bramble et al) women sympathized with their gunman-friend, called their horses "the deers," cultivated dwarfed and cripple breeds of pet dogs, and yielded the peeps expected of them—"The Dream," by H. G. Wells.

J. V. M.

AMONG US MORTALS By Richard Vincent Culter

Going in For Athletics



Ollie, of the Glee Club, goes in for football heart and soul every fall. Here he is mentally manhandling that opposing Left Tackle who is making such heart-breaking gains against the Alma Mater.



Athletics are a wonderful thing to develop stamina. Take the case of a baseball enthusiast last who can stand on the curb in front of a bulletin board throughout the entire nine innings of a game and not get the least bit fatigued.



This ardent sportsman makes it a point to devote half an hour a day to athletics no matter how busy he is or what the weather may be (unless, of course, the last edition happens to be all sold out).



At the prize fight, a group of "Abyemal Brutes" humoring the Lust for Battle without going through the inconvenience of long hard training and the chance of a broken nose or losing a few molars.



At Forest Hills, a couple of rabid Tennis fiends putting in an absolutely exhausting day at their favorite sport during the Fall tournaments.



Followers of the grand old game of Golf, all dressed up to watch the Professionals teach Old John T. Bogie how to take a joke.



The Grandstand at a Ball Game. Showing a part of the army of Fans who pay athletes the salaries of Bank presidents in order to be able to indulge their favorite sport sitting down.

Bad Habits in Dogs and How to Break Them - By Albert Payson Terhune

DON REARDON waylaid Old Man Negley, during lunch hour, as the old man sat munching the contents of his dinner pail in the shadow of the Reardon privet hedge. The boy was glum and miserable. "Can't you help me out?" he asked. "Folks say you know everything about dogs."

"Son," said Negley, "if there's a living man who knows 'everything about dogs,' then I've lost his address and I can't remember his name. I don't make any such claim. Neither does any sane man who isn't a liar. I've been making a pretty close study of all kinds of dogs for a matter of thirty years. And I've managed to pick up a little information about them from that same thirty years of study. That's all I claim. Maybe in another sixty years I'll know a little more'n I do. I—"

"But can't you help me out?" pleaded the boy. "I'm in a peck of trouble. It's about those three setter puppies of mine. Dad says I've either got to cure them of being pests or else I've got to get rid of them. And dad always keeps his word. What am I going to do?"

"Pests, hey?" mused Negley. "There's many a pet that turns out to be a pest. But that's the fault of the folks who bring him up. What kinds of pests are those three good little setter pups of yours? What do they do that they ought not to do?"

"Well," began Don, pointing ruefully to a ghastly hole in a flower bed, "Bingo dug that hole. It's the fifth hole he's dug in the same bed. He never bothers any of the other beds. Dad says he has destroyed—"

"CHASE into the kitchen," ordained Old Man Negley, "and get the red pepper pot. Not the paprika, but the good old genuine red cayenne pepper. Sprinkle a whole lot of the pepper all over that flower bed. It won't hurt the flowers. But it is due to hurt the nostrils and sting the eyes of any mischievous pup that tried to dig there. It will teach him that flower-bed digging isn't quite as much fun as he thought it was. One or two sprinklings of pepper at most and Bingo will stop digging there."

"Then," pursued Don, "he killed a chicken, last week. Dad says if he—"

"Hm!" grunted Negley. "That's worse. Next time he does it tie the killed fowl around his neck with a strong rope. Tie it so it'll hang there and so Bingo can't get rid of it. In a day or two in this weather the chicken will be stronger than the rope. The puppy will have had quite enough of it. Keep it on him for three or four days. Before you tie it on him, give him a few sharp whacks over the joints with it; scolding him while you do it. The chances are five to one that he'll be cured of chicken-chasing by the time he has worn his victim around his neck for three days."

"Prince is even worse than Bingo," continued the boy, "Prince rushes and chases every car that goes past. He barks at the cars and jumps up alongside them. He does that, even with our own cars. Day says he's got to be broken of it, or—"

"Get an ammonia gun or any other kind of squirt-gun," suggested Negley. "Fill it with water, mixed with enough ammonia to sting him without blinding him and strong enough to smell bad. Next time he runs alongside your father's car, barking, squirt it at his open mouth. Let him have the whole dose of it. Get some friends of yours to go past the house in a car, and have someone in the car hold the squirt-gun ready. Let two or three different people do that, and pretty soon Prince is liable to understand that car-chasing isn't worth while. Or put a weak solution of cayenne pepper into the gun. Not enough to blind him, mind you, but enough to sting his eyes and throat. What next?"

"Prince runs off after every stranger who speaks to him," said the boy. "He—"

"Try the squirt-gun again," counseled Negley. "Or, rather, get some of your acquaintances to try it. People Prince doesn't know. Let them go past your fence and chirp to him. Then when he follows, let them turn the squirt-gun loose on him. After one or two of them have done that, he will grasp the idea that strangers

are not profitable folks for a silly puppy to follow.

"Of course those two pieces of advice sound cruel. They aren't pleasant. But they are more merciful to Prince than to have him run over and mangled, or to follow some stranger too far and get lost, and become a street dog or starve. Don't make the mixture strong enough to torture him. Just strong enough to sting him and make him gasp. What else?"

"Mac breaks into the chicken house and steals eggs out of the nests. He nips off the end of an egg, and sucks it empty. He—"

"That's good for his coat and for his general health," smiled Negley, "but it is rotten for his character, and for the hen house profits. I'll tell you how I cured a pup of mine of egg-stealing. I've told other folks how to do it, and it has succeeded every time. I took a couple of eggs and blew them. Then I poured into the holes in the eggs a thick mass of red pepper and castor oil. I filled the

eggs with that horrible stuff. Then I stopped up the holes with wax, and washed the outside of the eggs clean, and put them back in one of the nests. Then I left the coop door ajar and went away; first letting the pup loose.

"He never needed more than that one lesson. Few dogs need a second one. The taste of the pepper and castor oil cures them of all desire to rob hen roosts. Anything else your Dad does not like pups to do?"

"ONLY one thing. And that's the worst," said Don. "We keep them in a kennel yard back of the house. They bark or howl about a dozen times every night. The neighbors are beginning to complain. And mother can't get any sleep. They—"

"I learned the cure for that," said Negley, "from a book written long ago by Rogers, of the Dundee Kennels. It's mighty simple, too. I tried it, and it worked like a charm. Rig up a big noisy dinner bell on top of one of the posts for their yard, or the top of their kennel. Run a string from the bell to your window. At night, when the pups start their volley of barking, just yank the string and start the bell to ringing loudly for a second or two. Dogs hate such a sound as that. It will shut them up more quickly than anything else will. After they get to understanding that a chorus of barks or yelps is going to set the bell to jangling, they will be quiet. Don't ring it long enough to disturb the neighbors. Just one jangle or two will be enough."

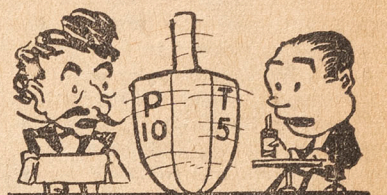
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The Merry-Go-Round

By R. K. H.

THE Home Bank directors asked for a quick trial before a judge—and two of them have died waiting for it. It's a good thing they didn't petition for a slow trial.

In Italy they are adding 10 per cent. to cafe bills to stop tipping; in Canada they have subtracted about 5 per cent. from beer to stop tipping.



It will be surprising if some fellow with a third-hand flivver doesn't challenge those world-fliers, sooner or later, to a race around the globe.

One way to make motorists slow down at every level crossing would be to build a Government dispensary within a hundred yards of it, either way.

While we have no insatiable longing to take up the business of sky-writing, we can see one point in its favor: there is no danger of contracting writer's cramp.

However, the sky-writer is sure to arouse the envy of thousands of Toronto schoolboys because nobody can force him to use the "arm movement" in his chirography.

But if sky-writing becomes an established thing, the man who introduces a good, reliable ornament for sprained necks will be both a public benefactor and a keen business man.

Two dinosaurs have been unearthed by the Red Deer Valley this summer by the University of Toronto expedition, and the skeletons are to be shipped to the Royal Ontario Museum. It is shocking to think that the museum staff will probably spend part of its time, this autumn, rolling the bones.



More Summer Correspondence. I found a bag of onions on the shelf in the fruit cellar and enjoyed them very much. Affectionately,

You everlasting ninny, that "bag of onions" was a package of rare tulip bulbs that Aunt Edith gave me. Broken-hearted,

A controversy has sprung up as to whether the papaw tree is a native of Ontario. We suggest that the disputants refer the matter to mamaw.

At the approaching plebiscite, the Government might avoid tramping on the tail of either faction by simply asking on the ballot: "Are you in favor of bobbed hair?" (Answer with an X.)

Complaint has been made to the Federal Government that runners, on their return trips, are smuggling silks and cigarettes into Canada in such enormous quantities that the revenue loss amounts to \$20,000,000 yearly, and retailers are constantly being undersold. We are every whit as indignant as the retailers. Darn it all, a bit of this contraband stuff has come our way yet.

Is it not possible that those eerie screams and gurgles that emanate at times from the radio are the voices of Martians persistently attempting to open up a conversation with us?

When an automobile salesman tries to sell you a "coop," the retort obvious is: "Sir, I am 'no chicken.'"

Magistrate Brunton remarked in the county police court the other day that a dog leads a dog's life in Toronto. Not if it's a Pomeranian.

Now that the Exhibition is over, about all we can do is bash a hole in the old straw, pay a visit to the coal man, dig up our medium heavies, read the rugby news, and begin to do our early Christmas shopping.



The Life Underwriters' Convention at Winnipeg recently endorsed the establishment of a life insurance course in McGill University. To prospective students we suggest the following as a suitable class veil:

Buy insurance, buy insurance. Even if you're broke—Straight life, endowments. Hurry or you'll croak.