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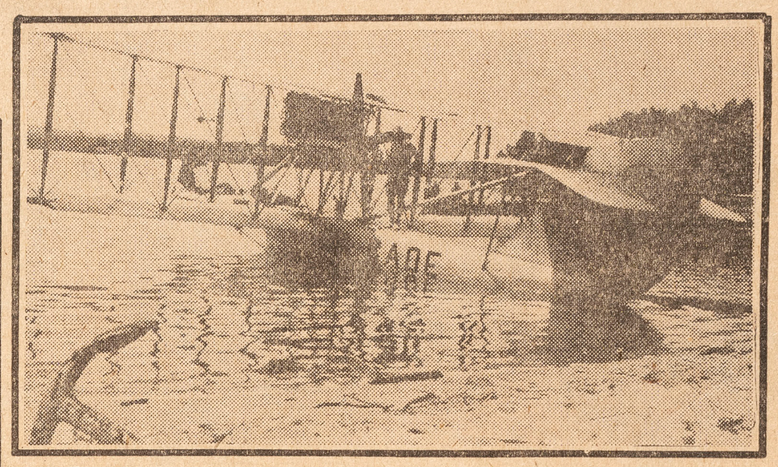
OVER ONTARIO'S ROOF

Trans-Provincial Flight Affords Glimpses of Effective Work Performed by Fire Patrols in Lonely North.

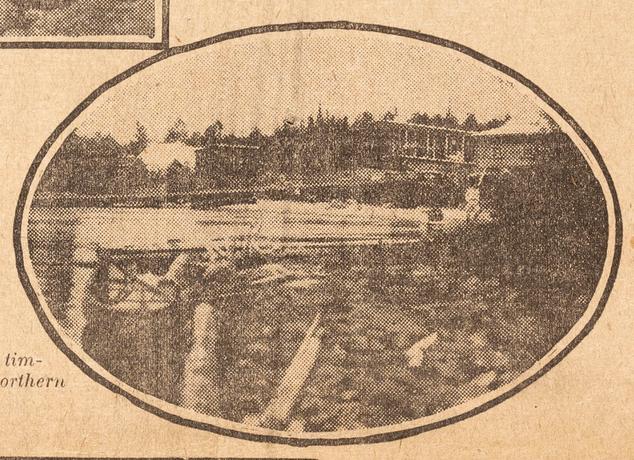
Tent encampment of the airmen and foresters at Amyot, Northern Ontario.

Observer Forester Judd, who spends his summers in flying and his winters in timber cruising in Northern Ontario.



Re-fueling station on Pogamasi Lake on one of the patrol routes from Sudbury.

Left—Capt. W. R. Maxwell, chief of the Provincial Government Air Service, and right, Mr. E. S. Davison, Air Liason Officer for Western Sector, at Sioux Lookout.



The tented street of the Aircamp at Sioux Lookout, Pelican Lake, lies behind the trees to the left. The building on the right is the machine shop base for the Western Sector of the Provincial Air Service.

Air photo of so-called "Brush Fire," which destroys timber in Northern Ontario.

By CLIFTON PEASE.

THE nose of the great, aluminum-colored forestry seaplane dipped sharply, and then, slowly, righted itself. Recognizing this unusual movement as a signal to attract his attention, the observer in the gunpit turned from his peering overside and glanced rearward.

Only the head of the pilot was visible above the decking. His leather flying helmet and goggles made him appear like some curious gnome with protruding eyes. The 'plane itself was driving along some few hundred feet below a ceiling of scattered cloud formations, through the interstices of which showed the arching blue of the sky above.

THE clouds were gathering, however. Ahead, to the northward, they had already banked into a black mass from which a mist descended in curtains of varying intensity, obscuring much if not all of the detail in that direction of the great bas-relief map of lake and forest land which lay far below.

These things the observer had already noted. He felt assured that they would have much to do with the message which would be conveyed to him presently. For the moment, however, he realized that the pilot was preoccupied with the handling of the plane, which was just passing through a series of 'bumps'—the erratic lifting or falling motion experienced by all aircraft when the atmosphere expands or contracts rapidly under the effect of sunlight or shadow. He could feel those movements now, and, by watching his pilot's head, could almost follow the gyrations of the wheel under the latter's hands as it rotated swiftly from side to side. In imagination he felt the pressure of the rudder bar upon his feet, voluntarily his limbs twitched to follow its movements, actuated by the same sort impulse which causes a mere passenger in a motor car to jam on a non-existent foot brake when a sudden stop is necessary.

In a moment or two, however, the 'plane steadied. Raising one hand from the wheel, the pilot now pointed to the massed storm clouds ahead, swept his arm in a quarter-circle westward, and then pointed downward.

IN that direction lay Lake Pogamasi—a fueling station for the 'planes of the Ontario Forestry Air Service and a safe harborage from storms. There, also, was a delightful sandy beach in a wilderness cove where rested the red and black drums of gasolene, a comfortable log against which one might rest one's back while lunching, and lastly a large hay-shed upon a dock which was used as a landing place for supplies intended for a lumber camp in the interior. Should the rains descend and the floods come, here was at least one dry nook in this far-reaching country of forest, lake and stream.

Despite the vastness of this domain, the seaplane had mastered its distances. In an unbelievably short space of time we had stamped the chill out of our limbs and were wolfing sandwiches upon the warm beach. I was to fly with Capt. Maxwell, shortly, along that chain of air-camps which now extends across Northern Ontario and which has been established, under his direction, for the provincial air service. The anticipatory thrill of such an experience and the promise of thus being able to visualize the enormity of the province, led me to enquire from Major Thompson, the pilot under whose auspices I was now flying, as to the potentialities of the seaplane in regard to the development of our resources.

"Not only in Ontario but in all northern Canada will aircraft be of great and increasing value as the years go on," was Major Thompson's answer to my query.

"Its usefulness has already been fully demonstrated in fire patrol," he went on. "In the first place, these engines of ours are doing their "daily buzzing" all over the northland forest—and this in itself is a constant reminder to those in the woods of the ever-present danger of fire. Secondly, you know how big these northern woods are, and can appreciate the fact that canoe patrol is too arduous, too slow, and too confined, in the extent of vision permitted to those paddling, to do the job with much degree of thoroughness. Our 'planes, on the other hand, have the widest possible range of vision. They can usually spot a fire before it has a chance to get past the stage when a few buckets of water will put it out. The foresters have their ground organization worked out to perfection, as far as their strength admits, and although they urgently require a larger staff, we can usually find a fire-rangers' headquarters within a reasonable distance from any new fire. When we locate one of these, we pin-prick its exact location on a map, and drop a message to the rangers giving the position of the danger point so that they can get to it with the least loss of time. A hundred small fires, handled in this way, will mean less forest destruction than a single large one. Our part in this game is to 'catch 'em young'. The foresters have the subsequent treatment down to a science."

WE watched the polliwogs for a minute or two as they wriggled in the sunlit shallows. The storm cloud was returning into the north from whence it came.

"One of these days," Major Thompson went on, warming to his subject, "'planes will be used in prospecting for minerals. What is to prevent a small, aerial prospecting company from, organizing, equipped with one machine and say four crews of two men each. These crews could be taken out with the 'plane and spotted at four points, A. B. C. and D. Each party would have equipment and provisions for two weeks. By the time the 'D' party was located it would be time to go back to 'A' and see how they were getting along. They had found certain indications, let us say, that seemed to warrant further investigation. Their supplies would be replenished, and the 'plane would move on to point 'B.' Suppose the 'B' party had found nothing, and wanted to move. Its position, then, could be changed immediately, and the 'plane would go on to 'C'.... a game of checkers on a large scale, and virgin territory all the time.

"The development of all our northern resources can be brought about much more rapidly through the use of aircraft. Transportation costs rise at a frightful rate the further north you go, and the north hold treasures that are commencing to attract world-wide attention. Some day," he added whimsically, "you may win undying fame by designing a crest for Northern Canada, a seaplane, rampant, against some sort of field that will typify this wilderness."

A FEW day later, when I flew with Capt. W. R. Maxwell, chief of the Ontario Air Service, over the very roof of this province along that giant 'hog's back' which is generally known as the height of land and ordinarily looked upon as being the very 'back of beyond', I had occasion to remember these remarks and to cogitate upon their reasonableness. In 'Roy' Maxwell, as he is generally known in the North, I found another dreamer of splendid dreams. I am using the expression unreservedly,—knowing that without imagination no great thing can be accomplished; yet I will add this,—that it is not dreams alone that fill the thoughts of these airmen and many others such as Doctor Oaks, but also active plans for their consummation. There is a day already marked upon the calendar when Canadians will hear more of them.

Along the height of land between Sudbury in the east and Sioux Lookout in the west, and located at strategic points, are the air stations of Como, Amyot and Orient Bay. Another station lies at Temagami, guarding that splendid forest reserve and the mining country to the north. From each of these points, definite patrol routes have been established, radiating in every direction so as to cover all portions of the province from Georgian Bay, Lake Huron and Lake Superior in the south to the trans-continental Canadian National Railway in the north. Upon each patrol route and various re-fueling points, selected due regard to railway transportation of gasoline, and to the proximity of lakes large enough to permit the safe landing and departure of 'planes. Consequently, as we were to touch at every station with the exception of that at Timagami, a certain definite route was laid out in advance, covering the remaining air-camps, and following, in between these latter, lake chains and larger bodies of water so that a safe landing might be accomplished anywhere should necessity demand.

SCATTERED in rich profusion all over this wilderness carpet are jewelled lakes, delectable patterns in themselves, reflecting every colour of the sky, gleaming like molton silver in the sun,—gorgeous, flat gems seemingly set flush with the forestland in which they lie. So richly are we endowed with these lakes, in this province at least, that it would be impossible to count them. Their surfaces are dotted with islands, from little ones which seem almost top-heavy with the few pine or spruce trees which grow upon them, to others which are large enough to provide all-the-year-round feeding grounds for moose and deer and bear. Yet we, in cities pent, pay forty, sixty of a hundred dollars a month for a place to cover our heads, while this inexpressibly lovely wilderness offers so much in exchange for a little of the pioneer spirit of our fore-fathers!

At Como we found the quarters of the air-force located in the red-painted forest rangers' cabin at the very edge of the lake. The railway line passes close beside this tiny settlement which is entirely surrounded by great forests. Upon the railway tracks, where we walked like Adam in the cool of the evening, were dead rabbits every few yards which had been killed by passing trains. A few nights before we arrived two moose had wandered into a tiny pasturage owned by the one resident native, and tore themselves rather badly upon the barbed wire fencing before they managed to get out.

Strange were the names of some of the lakes over which we flew the next day, on our way towards Amyot,—Kwakwuskwada, Shikwamkwa, Manitowik,— names interpreted from savage tongues into the cold type of civilization, yet retaining all their elements of witchery. Once, above Goudreau Lake, Capt. Maxwell wrote and passed to me a little note, which told me that, to the west and south of us, mining prospectors were very active. For many minutes afterwards I tried to discover some indication of their presence, without avail. Somewhere, hidden in the nap of the green carpet far below, midgit men were toiling over trails or through virgin bush, battling with mosquitos and black flies, with the white water of its many streams, tearing away the mosses at likely places and chipping at rocks with tiny hammers. Months from now a few new names may be printed in the list of mines upon the financial pages of our daily papers, and a few score of Canadians may be watching, with jubilation or despair, the figures which follow those names.

BY Knife Lake and Obatonga Lake and in the country south and west lay a bad burn. The westering sun threw long shadows from the tiny, black spikes that were the trunks of fire-killed trees. These long, fine shadows merged, one with another, until they seemed to be continuous, ribbing the whole area with delicate, black lines; as if some great draughtsman had endeavoured to symbolize, in this shaded fashion, the extent of the fire-fiend's depredation.

We saw many of these burns, but I learned from the foresters that our actual provincial losses this year have keen kept at a remarkably low figure. In the Sudbury District, to date, there had been 240 fires this season. The fact that, despite this large number of outbreaks, there has only been an approximate 3,000 acres actually burned, speaks exceptionally well for Ontario's new forestry-air service. Furthermore, of this acreage, only 30 carried timber, and the rest was slash. While the present fire hazard season has not been quite so dangerous as in times past, there can be no manner of doubt but that the aircraft are rendering most valuable aid in locating fires in their incipiency, and that the foresters and their staffs on the ground are keyed up to the highest possible pitch of efficiency and energy.

The morning we left Amyot was sunny and beautifully clear. Westward bound, and flying above the railway, we presently passed over the town of White River and caught the gleams of Kwinkwaga Lake and White Lake lying to the north. We were traveling fairly high, and the cold breath of a seventy-mile wind in our faces made the fur collars of our Sidcote suits most acceptable. It seemed absurd to think of the sweltering heat of an August sun which lay like a blistering blanket across the face of the land below.

AHEAD of us, in a little while, the earth appeared to be coming to an end, like the edge of a shelf which projected outward into space, space unfathomable. The edge of this shelf just where it seemed to drop off into a frightful, unimaginable abyss, was jagged. Various portions of it, large and small, seemed to have been broken off, to have worked away from the main body, yet to have remained fairly close to it, mysteriously suspended in the air. In our hearts we knew that we were approaching Lake Superior, but for my own part I took a covert peep at the map, just as a matter of reassurance.

The waterside edge of the coast line, as we passed over it at a height of five thousand feet, was etched with a number of fine white lines, in just the way that seas and lakes are indicated in many a school geography, only. In the case of the latter, the lines are black. If I ever come to be a maker of maps I shall put those lines in white because they represent the rolling breakers of the seashore. I shall do this in honor of those which I saw upon this particular occasion, for the reason that my confidence completely returned when I recognized them for what they were.

To fly out, in this way upon the broad bosom of Superior, seemed to be a profanation of some high, rare realm into which the entry of mankind was prohibited.. Surely we were poachers, that morning, upon a beauty which was so ethereal that God had not intended the eyes of mortal man to see it—a vast, unbelievably lovely heaven-realm in which the air was tinted with all the pastel shades of purple,, blue, green, lavender, rose, pink and saffron. On the lakeward side was no horizon, but rather, in the far distance, a number of the most delicate horizontal lines—wind flaws upon the lake's surface, seemingly one above the other, the shadows of cloud lines, and then the lines of clouds themselves. All one half of this air-world was thus apparently merged, with no dividing line betwixt water and sky, each apparently reflecting the faint color shadows of the other, the whole resembling the inside of a gargantuan hol-

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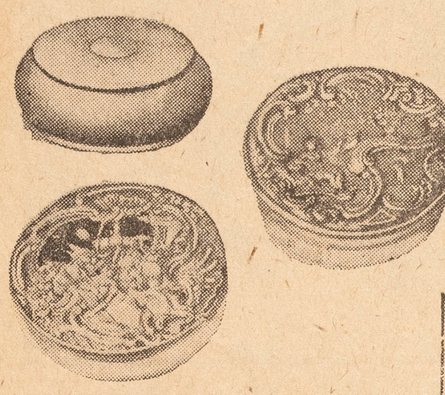
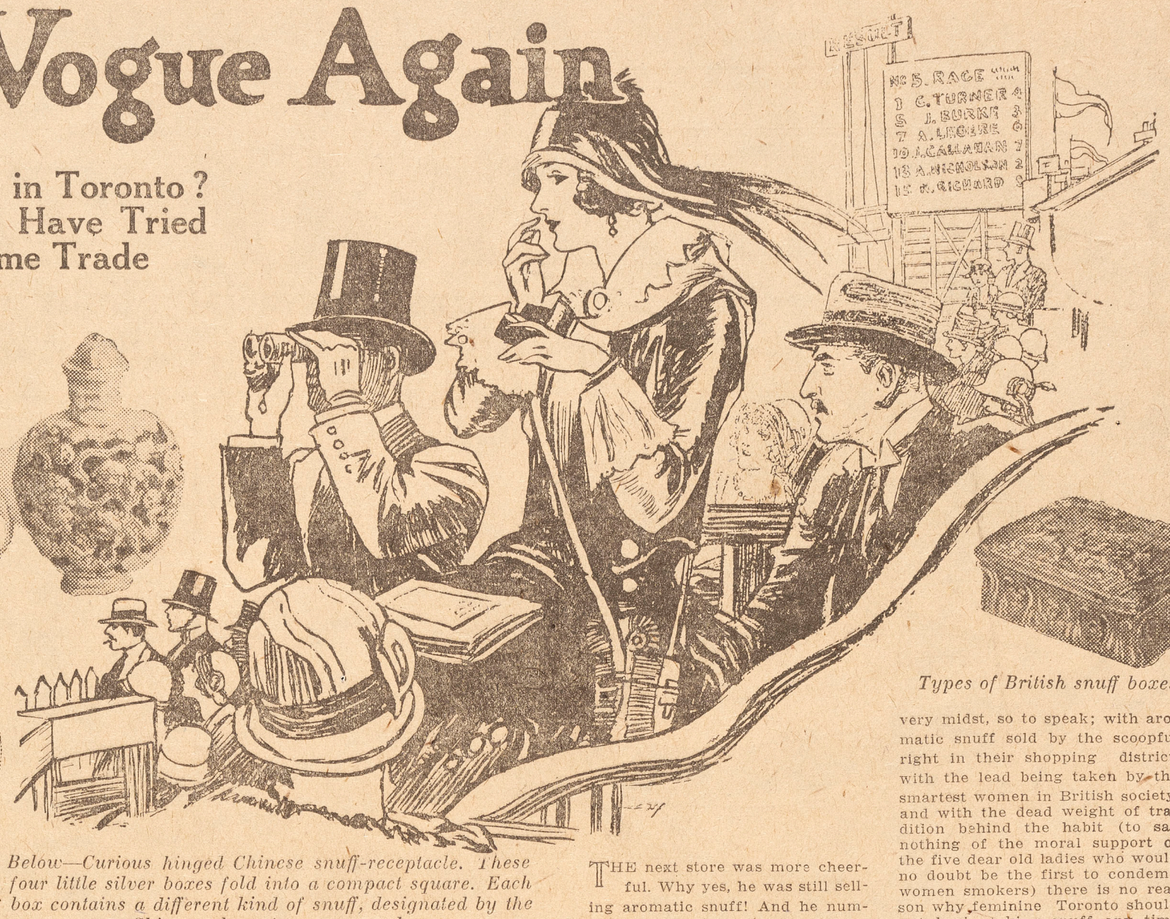
Pinch of Snuff" in Vogue Again

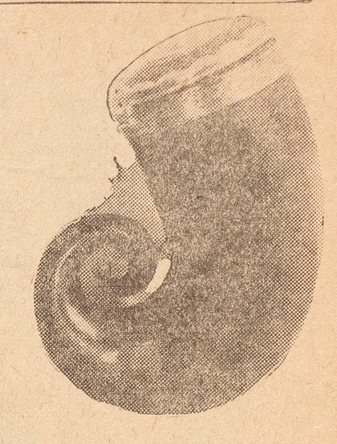
Are the Dainty Jewelled Boxes of Long Ago to Reappear in Toronto? Actress, Rebuked By Queen Mary For Smoking, Said to Have Tried New Fad---Local Tobacconists and Jewelers Report Some Trade

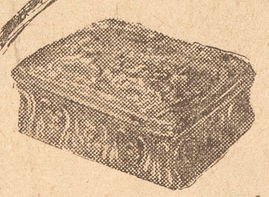


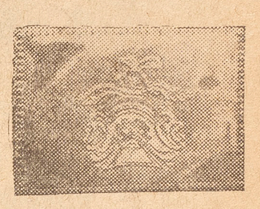
Above, left to right—Three snuff boxes typical of England of Beau Brummell's time, and three beautiful Chinese snuff bottles. At right—Beau Brummell in his youth. Brummell was very fond of snuff.



Below—Curious hinged Chinese snuff-receptacle. These four little silver boxes fold into a compact square. Each box contains a different kind of snuff, designated by the Chinese characters upon each.







Types of British snuff boxes, including one made of horn.

By A. K.

ON the mezzannine floor of a large Toronto hotel there was, not long ago, a sensation. A decided sensation. That atmosphere of cosmopolitanism, so dear to visitors from rural Ontario, was not proof against it. Blase people gaped.

It was in the late afternoon. The place was flooded with cool, damp shadows; a rich gloom. Ladies from various parts of the world (and Ontario) were enjoying classic inertia in huge carpet chairs. One woman was unmistakeably English. You could tell that, because her clothes lacked that overpowering English look common to North American garments of prevailing mode.

FROM somewhere she drew a little oval case that gleamed in the dull light. Others gazed covertly. (A new sort of vanity case. Where they on sale in Toronto yet?) She opened the case, and dipped her thumb and forefinger inside. And then pinched her nostril and—sniffed! She closed her eyes and inhaled with every evidence of sensuous enjoyment. The mezzannine floor sat up suddenly.

A dope fiend? An aromatic odor stabbed the heavy air. No. It was snuff!

Snuff. And so everyone went home and told her sister, and wondered, and waited to hear something about it. At last the rumor came. Englishwomen were turning from cigarettes to snuff. A return to a custom of past centuries. And with it, a revival of the snuff-box, that exquisite bit of workmanship that has set artistic standards never equalled by the vanity box or the cigarette case.

AND what has cause this revival? No one is quite certain. British doctors are blamed for a share of it. It is said that they favor snuff as opposed to cigarettes. But there is another story being told.

Her Majesty Queen Mary does not approve of smoking, insofar as women are concerned. Hence, through that courtesy due to queens, Englishwomen do not smoke before their Queen's eyes, even if they are not actually in attendance.

At the Ascot races, for instance, It is understood that women sitting in the enclosure just opposite the royal box shall not smoke. An actress, popular in ultra smart cafe circles, in a startling and bewildering costume, was occupying a seat in this choice enclosure. Either through ignorance of the convention which the courtesy of British women has established, or because she deliberately chose to ignore it, the actress lit a cigarette. She was informed that it was not customary.

The next time the actress was seen in public she was toying with a brilliant bit of jewelry. A snuff box. One could scarcely object to that, she held. Snuffing was quite in line with the finest traditions.

While many thought this scarcely in better taste than the actress's unrestrained smoking, it was impossible to disregard the novelty of the thing—and the beauty of the snuff box. So the fad spread. Jewelers have been making, exquisite cases for the powdered tobacco. Tobacconists have reported a decided falling-off in the sale of cigarettes, with a proportionate increase in snuff sales.

AND so Toronto's cosmopolitan hotel was quickened to interest by a lady who brought the habit from across the seas.

Not yet have Toronto's women smokers laid aside the cigarette case for the snuff-box. Toronto tobacconists verify that. But that they may do so to a certain extent in the near future is a fact that Toronto jewelers have established.

The first tobacconist called upon shook his head sadly.

"I don't sell 20 pounds of snuff a month," he said. Women were not among his snuff customers. He gazed out of his window with a far-away glance.

"I remember," he said, "when I used to sell all the finest snuffs on the market—lovely snuffs—aromatic snuffs. Snuffs to tickle the best noses. But now—no more."

"Then women are still buying cigarettes?"

"Yes; by the thousand, And why? I'll tell you why women are smoking!" He waved his hand along a fine layout of cigar boxes.

"In the old days a man kept a box or more of good cigars around the house. Women didn't smoke then. You never caught 'em trying a cigar. But now we have 'em running in by the dozen buying their cigarettes."

As the glass door closed gently he could still be seen, gazing into space and shaking his head, thinking of the days of aromatic snuff and still more aromatic gin. Surely, alas, the tobacconist, like the bartender and the barber, has suffered by the coming of rights for women.

THE next store was more cheerful. Why yes, he was still selling aromatic snuff! And he numbered women among his customers. No, there had been no recent influx of young women, Yet—wait a minute—there had been one young woman in there the other day. She had bought some—"good sunff too.' His other woman customers were all middle aged, or older. There were, he said, reflectively, five of them.

The five old dears! One came in a huge limousine. She had a gold snuff-box ("It must be mighty weighty, too.") Another always came by foot. At least, if she had a car, it was never noticeable. This one nearly always came around the third or fourth of the month. Another sent her chauffeur in, and only came herself once in awhile. Sometimes all five fell down on the job, and the snuff had to be sent around by message-boy. ("And I always hope none of them is sick when they don't turn up.") "And as for the men—they swear by snuff—keeps your head clear you know."

ONLY one of the jewelry stores called upon knew anything about the rising drift of snuff. But this one made up for all the rest. Snuff boxes? Certainly, they had 'em. All sizes, styles and shapes. For women? Why yes, some just came in. Right this way.

They were for women all right. No gainsaying that. Anybody could see that they were for women because they had mirrors inside the cover! And anybody could see that they were not vanity cases, because they were too deep, and besides they were oval.

SO TORONTO women may start sneezing at any time now. With dainty snuff boxes in their very midst, so to speak; with aromatic snuff sold by the scoopful right in their shopping district, with the lead being taken by the smartest women in British society, and with the dead weight of tradition behind the habit (to say nothing of the moral support of the five dear old ladies who would no doubt be the first to condemn women smokers) there is no reason why feminine Toronto should not begin taking snuff any time now, Of course, they may elect to pass the fad up. Not every wrinkle that originates in Europe finds its way to our shores.

MANY people look upon snuff-taking as a none-to-cleanly habit. Certainly, one is prone to believe that the only worth-while development that has arisen out of it is the art of making snuff boxes. So many of these are delightfully beautiful that the collecting of snuff-boxes ranks high among hobbies. All sorts of designs have evolved, and artists of the Orient and the Occident have vied to make jewel-cases worthy to hold the precious powder.

This artistry has reached no higher level than in China, where snuff bottles are made of stone, amber, agate, amethyst, glass, topaz, jade, tourmaline, porcelain, precious metals, jewel-encrusted, and in fact of any material that lends itself to beauty of design, or in itself or its colors can be taught to express beauty. Glass bottles, small, with tiny scenes painted inside the glass are striking examples of high cultural development.

GARDENER TEAL, in his book, "The Pleasures of Collecting," tells of one such piece of work, in design symbolizing a beautiful Chinese legend. Some 1500 years ago, there lived a painter, Wu Tao Tzu by name, whose art was magical. To him one day came the Emperor, commanding that a beautiful piece of landscape be expressed for his royal pleasure. For a day the painter was left in solitude, contemplating this scene. He returned to the palace empty handed. Where was the landscape? To the Emperor's wondering question the artist bowed low. "I have it in my heart," he replied. And then with infinite pains he reproduced the work.

The Heaven-born one was amazed. Yes, it was all there. The river, the bamboo, the majestic rocks. His praise was freely given. The creator of this masterpiece again bowed, and facing it, clapped his hands. And lo, a cavern opened in the majestic rocks, and he stepped inside, and was seen no more.

"Surely," comments the author, "no legend could better illustrate the Chinese point of view, that a painting is the home of the painter's soul." And all of that legend, the whole story, was expressed in a tiny painting on the inside of a glass snuff bottle. There was Wu, stepping into his cavern, there was the river, the bamboo, the majestic rocks, and the Heaven-born emperor, all done with infinite pains on the inside of a tiny glass bottle!

So modern snuff-pinchers may point with pride to the fact that their habit has at least fostered the arts, and has been by them ennobled.

TO RETURN to England; the much envied Beau Brummel was a confirmed, albeit daintys snuff-user. Captain Jesse, in his life of Brummel, refers with a touch of disapproval to that fact

"—that most nasty operation, the only deviation from the practice of personal purity in which Brummel indulged," he says.

"The Prince of Wales took snuff, a sufficient reason for the almost universal adoption of the custom. But even this Brummell did in an elegant manner, scarcely inferior to that of His Royal Highness; like him, he opened the box with peculiar grace, and with one hand only, the left. One of the great amateurs of this nasal pastime, and a friend of Brummel's was Lord Petersham, whose cellar of snuff—not wine—was said by the tobacconists to be worth three thousand pounds."

Yes, thinking it over carefully, one must admit that backed up by tradition, by artistic support, and—in Toronto—by the Five Dear Old Ladies, the habit of snuff-using may go farther among the fair sex than that of cigarette-smoking.

British Royalty At Home

The Duke of York, Who Has Inherited King George's Great Modesty, is a Serious Thinker and Reader Along Sociological and Political Lines ---"Little Queen Elizabeth," as the Prince of Wales Calls Her, is a Practical Woman, and She Has a Mind of Her Own.

By
HON. MRS. SHARLES STRUTT,
One-time Lady-in-Waiting to Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, the Queen Mother.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

IN the spring of 1923 a good-looking young man was married to a beautiful little girl in the presence of a great crowd at one of the best-known London churches.

The church, to be exact, was Westminster Abbey. The good-looking young man was H.R.H. Prince Albert, Duke of York, and the second son of King George and Queen Mary, while the beautiful lady he married was the Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne.

Still, though the streets were gay with flags and thronged with cheering crowds on that occasion, and an imposing array of notabilities, British and foreign, were bidden to the ceremony, that golden day meant for the two people who were most concerned just the glorious fulfilment of a long-felt desire.

Albert and Lady Betty—that is what we all love to call her—would have been every bit as happy had they been united in the smallest of our country churches by a simple-minded parson, with For theirs was a real love match. only a few villagers for onlookers.

I shall never forget the face of the royal bridegroom as I saw it on that memorable day. The Duke normally looks a little serious. But then, as he stood in the Abbey amid all that colorful pageantry, there was a trange radiance in his blue eyes that seemed to light up his whole face. I knew as I watched him that that radiance could be caused by one thing only—a true, ardent love in his heart for the lady he was making his wife.

That it was a real romance was recognized by everybody at court, and by the outside public too. Never have I come up against the suggestion that there was any pre-arrangement. It is quite obvious that the young couple are—well, why not say madly in love with eah other?

I REMEMBER how very plain this was in the weeks just preceding their marriage, when they spent a period of quiet enjoyment in London, going like ordinary gentlefolk to the theatres and to small dances. Once they dined together at a fashionable hotel, but few people seemed to know who they were.

An elderly lady near me pointed them out to her husband.

"That fair-haired, slight young man, and that elegant little girl in mauve!" she said delightedly. "Isn't it perfectly plain that they're very much in love?"

"My dear," replied her husband, "That's the Duke of York and his future bride!"

"I don't care who they are," was the old lady's reply. "But it's real romance they've found!"

She was quite right. And, speaking as one who has the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with both the Duke and his bride, I will say that I doubt if it would be possible to find anywhere in England two more ideal figures for the centre of a romance.

To begin with, the Duchess is a strikingly lovely girl. She is dark, with the most wonderful wild-rose complexion imaginable, and blue eyes and wavy soft hair. Though she is petite, with the daintiest of feet and hands, she has the bearing of a queen—"little Queen Elizabeth," the Prince of Wales, her brother-in-law, has been heard to call her.

Despite her slight figure, Lady Betty is a strongly built little person, who has stored up a wonderful lot of good health by her outdoor life on the moors and hills round Glamis, her parent's historic home in Scotland. Glamis has associations with Shakespeare—it was here, you know, that Macbeth murdered Duncan.

There is hardly any sort of attire, or any sort of occupation, in which the Duchess does not look very charming. Scotland is extremely proud of her, and (thus ran the message from Edinburgh on the occasion of the marriage), "It gives Scotland's capital sincere pleasure that the King's son should come to Scotland for his bride." They showed keen appreciation of the romantic side of the match in Scotland.

The Duke of York, too, might be the heroic Prince of some fairy-tale. He is fair, like his brothers, with a clean-cut English face and a pair of steadfast blue eyes. I should feel inclined to call it a typical sailor's face—of his naval service I shall say something later. He is taller than his wife—which is as it should be. Also, he has seen real war service—the Prince in fairy-land tales is always a warrior!

AND now, before I go on to tell how these charming people met, and fell in love, and became man and wife, let me try and paint a brief pen-picture, first, of the Duke and then of his bride, as I know them.

First, then, the Duke of York has inherited his father's great modesty—in the days when he was not so much in the public eye, you might even have said that his Royal Highness was very shy. Perhaps the effect of shyness was increased by the slight hesitancy of speech from which he suffered. This defect was merely due to nervousness, and as he has been obliged to come more into the limelight the Duke has almost got rid of it—though as yet he hasn't succeeded in overcoming it absolutely.

I have said that he looks thoughtful. He is, as a matter of fact, naturally a thinker, and a deep reader too. The subjects that interest him most are questions of sociology. Modern social and political developments have been very interesting to him. Indeed, on one occasion he presided at a meeting of members of Parliament during a discussion on industrial questions, and the speech he made then showed that he has a solid knowledge of present-day industrial conditions.

He has a sincere desire to do all in his power to promote mutual understanding and good-will between the different classes of the community. His name is specially associated with the organization of annual camps, where fellows from the public schools and from the factories and mines might meet on equal terms.

Duty—that is the keynote of the Duke's life. He, like his brothers, was brought up to ideals of strict obedience to superiors. When receiving naval training at Dartmouth he was taken ill and some special dainties were added to his rations. He refused them. "My father ordered," he said, "that I was to be treated no differently from the other fellows, and I cannot disobey him."

Such little stories as this about Prince Albert, I may say, are rare. I recollect someone or other asking one of his most intimate friends whether he knew any anecdotes about him. "No," was the reply. "Happy is the prince who has no anecdotage—as happy as the ordinary man who has no history."

As a boy he was not very strong, and with a somewhat delicate constitution went a serious devotion to his lessons. Later, when he went to the naval college at Dartmouth, he worked just as hard, and became a "really accomplished naval officer—no carpet seaman," as a famous old admiral remarked.

His health was rather severely tried by war service with the North Sea fleet, but he shared the "rough stuff" with his comrades, unflinchingly, and his war-time record on board ship and afterwards as Wing-Commander in the Royal Air Force made us all—and especially the King and Queen—very proud of him.

After the war, the state of the Duke's health caused some anxiety, and he had to have an operation. He has been stronger ever since.

If he has not seen quite so much of life as that marvellous brother of his, the Prince of Wales, he has at any rate thrown himself heart and soul into the duties that have come his way.

HE'S a keen sportsman—ask him! He knows all there is to know about horsemanship, is "great nuts" on polo, and shoots straight.

A specialty of his is tennis—he has beaten champions before now, and it is an open secret that the Duchess's present splendid form at the game is largely due to his coaching.

You have only to hear the way he says to his intimate friends, "I just love dancing!" to feel sure that there couldn't possible be a keener dancer on the floor. I can honestly say that he dances excellently—step, sense of rhythm, and body-balance are alike perfect. His wife loves dancing too, so that's alright!

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DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

A SHOOTING-PARTY near Glamis Castle in Scotland, one day something over ten years back, suddenly realized that one of their number had mysteriously disappeared—a little blue eyed girl by the pretty name of Lady Betty Bowes-Lyon. At the same moment came distant cries for help. They found her ladyship lying in a brook, in which she had finished up after a thrilling roll down a heathery hillside.

The little girl had become bored with the "guns", gone off exploring on her own, and come to grief over a loose tuft of heather. To-day that little wanderer is Elizabeth, Duchess of York, but her independent spirit has not deserted her.

"Betty" thinks for herself, forms definite opinions and sticks to them. She is, too, very practical—though her love affair has not been any the less romantic for that! Perhaps it is her practical turn of mind that prevents her from being a great lover of poetry. But history and biography she has read—and still reads—a good deal.

She loves animals. There are countless photos of her at all ages in which she appears in the company of favorite dogs, and she was brought up to know all about ponies and horses, and pigeons and chickens as well. To anyone with conventional ideas of royalty it would be an amusing experience to hear Lady Betty and her sister-in-law discussing poultry-breeding together—but really they know all about it!

I remember the Duchess giving me an amusing account of a pet tortoise she had as a little girl. He rejoiced, I believe, in the name of "James". When the winter came round, James would regularly disappear without warning and bury himself—no one knew where, until next spring one of the gardeners turned him up with his spade. One tragic winter James disappeared for good and all. Spring brought no signs of him—and there was grief in those blue eyes of Lady Betty.

The Prince of Wales, when a little chap, said to somebody: "When I'm a man I'll make a law to stop them cutting off puppies' tails." If he ever takes this matter up again, I know he will find an enthusiastic backer in his brother's wife!

"My education is absolutely nil, you know," is a frequent protest of the Duchess's. That is just the little lady's charming modesty, for she has been very well educated indeed. Among other accomplishments, she can speak French and German fluently, and sings very sweetly.

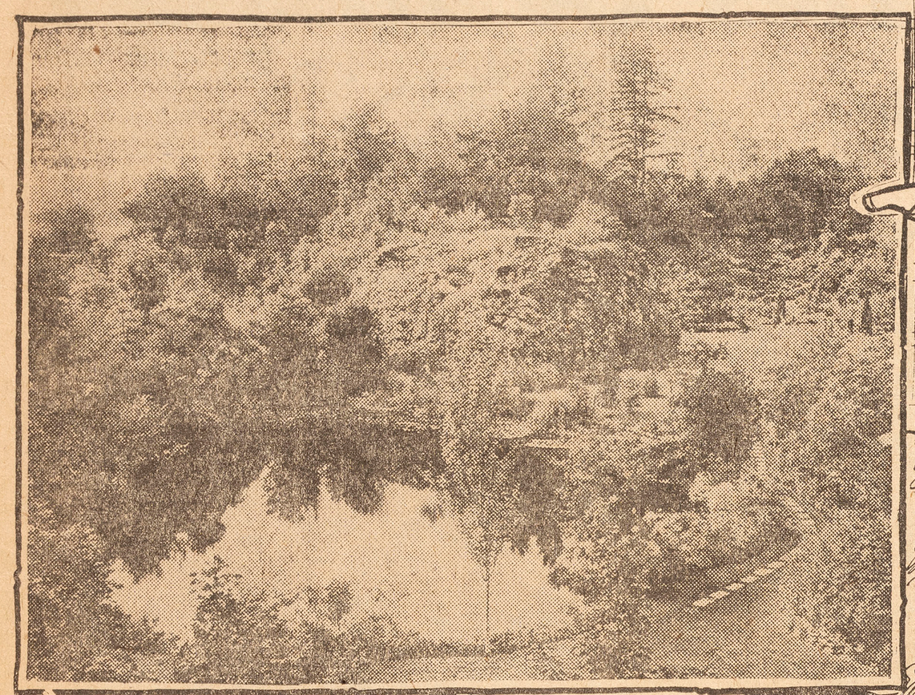
As for sport, I have already said — haven't I — that the Duchess is a good tennis-player. She told a friend once, I recollect: "I don't know one end of a hockey-stick from another," but then she is gifted with a sweet, old-fashioned womanliness that doesn't lean towards "mannish" games for the gentler sex.

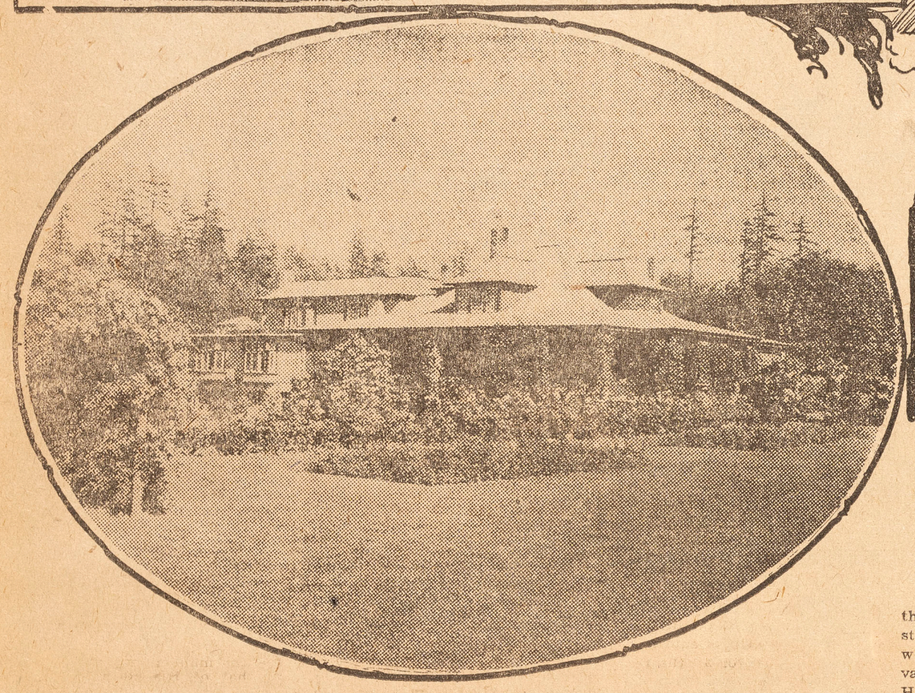
She is a splendid horsewoman, and used to hunt a lot, though she gave up following the hounds for a few years before her marriage. Perhaps the Duke of York will succeed in bringing back her keenness for the chase. Someone asked him in the

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.

Sunken Garden Is Wonder of The World

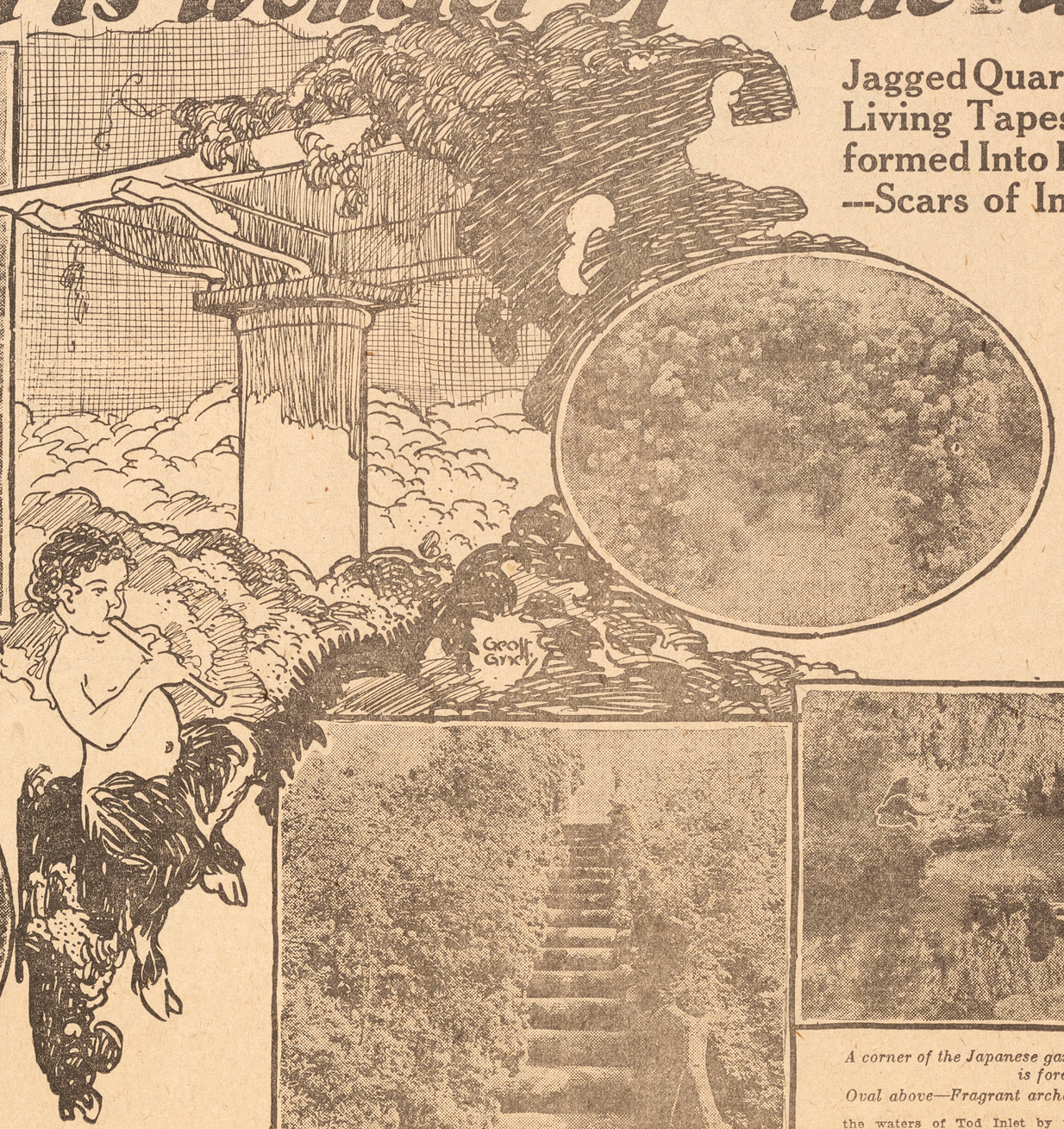
Jagged Quarry is Hung With Living Tapestry and Transformed Into Bowl of Beauty ---Scars of Industry Miraculously Healed--- Butchart Gardens Unique on Earth--- Public Wanders Freely Over Magnificent Vancouver Island Estate.





Residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Butchart, "Benvenuto", Tod Inlet, Vancouver Island.

Above—One of the placid little pools in the transformed quarry. Every tree and shrub in the foreground has been selected with a view to color harmony.



Flight of steps leading to the sunken gardens. These realistic logs and gnarled hand-rails are built of cement.

A corner of the Japanese garden, where a porcelain mannikin is forever fishing.

Oval above—Fragrant arches of roses in the upper gardens.

By NORMAN FRENCH.

A MIRACLE of rare device has been wrought in a deep romantic chasm on Vancouver Island. A yawning pit has become a bowl of beauty sunk in enchanting surroundings surpassing in loveliness the world's most wonderful gardens.

There is nothing at Versailles, at Sans Souci, at Kew, nor yet in the luxurious estates of Southern California, to which these Butchart Gardens can be adequately compared. They are unique in the glorious beauty of their perfection, unique in their scenic setting, like a flashing jewel on that finger of water known as Tod Inlet, and unique in that these acres of sensuous delight prove the triumph of the imagination over ugliness.

GREATER in extent than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, these Butchart Gardens owe their existence to a wonderful combination of fortunate circumstances. Chief of these is the fact that the owners, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Butchart, are wealthy philanthropists with the souls of poets; they love beauty and long to share it with their fellow-man.

The Dominion of Canada is rich in noble citizens who have done much to spread good cheer and gladness, but it is safe to say that Mr. and Mrs. Butchart give more pleasure to more people in one single year than any other two private persons in a decade.

In the prosaic business of manufacturing Portland cement, Mr. Butchart has accumulated a large fortune, and so is happily able to gratify his artistic desires without having to count the cost. He started the first Portland cement mill in Canada, near Owen Sound, in 1888, and since that time has been instrumental in the building of other large mills at Lakefield, Ontario; Todd Inlet, B.C.; Montreal; Calgary; Oswego, Oregan; and is also financially interested in a number of other Portland cement companies in the United States and Canada.

TWENTY years ago Mr. and Mrs. Butchart left the east and settled in Victoria. At Tod Inlet eleven miles distant, Mr. Butchart established a cement mill which for many years manufactured practically all the cement used in British Columbia. Thousands of tons of cement-making material were dug out of the earth, and in the course of time the resultant hole assumed the proportions and general appearance of a small volcanic crater.

After a few years, Mr. and Mrs. Butchart established their residence on Tod Inlet. They built a spacious, rambling house, surrounded by wide sweeps of formal lawn bordered by long narrow flower beds. Ramblers trained over pergolas and trellis work, and a discreet box hedge here and there, formed welcome breaks in the smoothness of the general scheme.

It was a charming home among charming surroundings. One more beautiful garden in a district justly famous for beautiful gardens, trim lawns, and well-kept homes, but not surpassing in beauty the other gay gardens and trim lawns so greatly admired by envious visitors year after year.

A few hundred yards from the house was the great hole gouged out to feed the cement mill. Not all the material in this quarry had been suitable for manufacturing purposes, and so the chasm was of irregular shape. The side looked like a miniature mountain ridge set edgewise, with gaping fissures forming network of grey against the red of the rocks. Huge boulders littered the floor, and the centre of the quarry was a stagnant pool. One great rock towered to a height of fifty feet, its sides and top smooth and bare of soil or vegetation.

GAZING at this scene of desolation one summer day, Mrs. Butchart felt unutterly depressed. The gloomy, forbidding pit seemed a reproach to the cement industry, and though the healing hand of time would smooth the ragged outlines, and throw a curtain of moss and brambles over the precipitous walls, the process would be slow and uncertain.

"If only we could help nature just a little!" she sighed.

Then came the great inspiration, fired of imagination and love of beauty.

Mrs. Butchart determined to transform the sombre quarry into a sunken garden, the like of which the world had never seen. She stood there, one the edge of the crater, and for over an hour her keen perceptions played with the possibilities of the place. In her mind's eye she could see the finished product almost to the last little detail, and she was supremely happy.

In her husband Mrs. Butchart found a willing and able ally. For a hard-headed, practical, and successful business man, he is unusually gifted with the power of appreciating the finer things of life, and this idea of converting the cement pit into a bowl of beauty appealed to him as something singularly worth while.

Difficulties they foresaw. Obstacles they could see in plenty. Setbacks they knew were inevitable, and early mistakes were to be expected. But all these things merely acted as spurs to press on towards the great achievement.

In the fine frenzy of their first enthusiasm, the Butcharts made a splendid and extremely sensible resolution. This was that they would not reckon the cost of the building of this garden of beauty, and and that there would be no limit to the necessary expenses. They have adhered to this resolution ever since. They keep no books, and have only the vaguest idea of the annual upkeep of their spacious domain on which a little army of gardeners is constantly employed.

"What it costs does not matter in the least," says Mrs. Butchart, "it is the pleasure we receive, and the pleasure we are able to give others, that is of real importance. It is quite impossible to assess Beauty in terms of dollars and cents."

THE herculean task of transforming the quarry into a sunken garden was begun immediately. For twenty months landscape experts and gardeners and laborers swarmed over the estate, working ever so hard and apparently accomplishing ever so little.

At the beginning there was not a cubic foot of soil in the quarry. The steep walls were bare rocks; the uneven floor was rubble and stagnant water. Along the walls were broken and uneven ledges at varying heights from the ground. Here and there a trickle of water seeped from a crevice, and found its way to the pools below.

First the quarry was thoroughly drained, then the floor cleared and levelled. Sunken pools of cement were built, also buttresses of the same material, colored to harmonize with the immediate surroundings. High up in the walls wide ledges were cut, reached by numberless steps, cunningly devised to look like natural formation.

Day after day and week after week long processions of loads of clay and sand and fine soft soil, rich in decayed vegetable matter, trundled from distant points to the cement quarry. Then came thousands upon thousands of loads of fertilizers to be worked into the soil now spread over the levelled floor, and destined soon to become a vivid green carpet of soft yielding turf, pleasantly broken by straggling paths.

Every possible nook and cranny and ledge on the perpendicular walls was filled with soil, often at the cost of infinite pains; every place where a flower or a plant was needed to enhance the general effect, a nest was made for it.

IN ITS finished state to-day, the sunken garden is a monument to the men whose labor built it, from the humblest laborer painfully clearing rubble to those artists who designed it, and to those benevolent owners whose wealth made the undertaking possible.

The visitor to the Butchart Gardens comes upon his first sight of the old quarry unexpectedly. He stands on the edge of the great pit, awed and amazed, drinking in the beauty spread so lavishly in the depth below.

For a little while he is almost dazzled by the mass of efflorescence, like one who gazes too ardently at the strong sunlight. Too far away to identify the various flowers, he sees only waves of brilliant colors, zones of restful green, and crystal-clear pools of water. The flaming floor of the garden holds his rapt attention for a while, then his gaze wanders to the sheer cliffs that form the semi-circular walls—for the sunken garden is shaped somewhat like an irregular figure "8", and the smaller garden at the far end is hidden and unsuspected when one first glimpses the pit from ground level.

The walls are alive with blooming flowers. Overhanging faggots of roses, held in place by invisible supports, spread color and perfume all around. Brilliant creepers stretch gaily forth from a thousand nooks and crannies. Great ropes of greenery trail from the summit, swaying slightly in the gentle breeze.

IN a thousand little hollows the gentle tracery of maidenhair fern is seen against the grey rocks. In numberless seemingly inaccessible places flowers are blooming in profusion, sometimes at such dizzy heights that their planting and tending must have demanded the heroism of a devotee, rather than the service of a paid hireling.

Dozens of waterfalls tinkle cheerily down those steep walls, issuing forth from such natural surroundings that one unconsciously assumed them to have sent out their tiny showers of spray from time immemorial. But such is not the case. Every waterfall is artificial. Miles of hidden pipes conduct the water to the sunken garden, and an ingenious mechanical arrangement enables the course of the waterfall to be altered at will, or to change a placid trickle into a sudden geyser, with startling effect on the unsuspecting stranger.

The steps that lead down to the floral crater have a comfortable pitch, and their twists and turns and broad landings are designed to give a dozen different views of the glorious garden. The descent is a long procession of sensuous delight. So superlatively beautiful is the old quarry, seen from the vantage point of this moss-covered staircase, that scores of visitors hesitate to advance farther, lest the harmony of the ensemble be marred by a closer view.

Their fears are groundless. On the lavish scale on which this garden is laid out, it has as many brilliant facets as a well-cut diamond. Tiny beds of flowers of rare beauty, too small to be seen from above, flash into view at unsuspected places. Every bend in the winding path brings a sudden change, a surprise of taste, a new arrangement of color, a blending of beauty.

The broad path itself adds to the enchantment. It is of great flagstones, worn smooth by the feet of a mighty army of lovers of beauty. The flagstones are somewhat uneven; many are broken and nearly all are cracked. Green grass grows in these cracks, and where the breaks are wide there is a profusion of starry-faced sedums over which the visitor steps tenderly.

AS the path winds under arches heavily burdened with perfuming blooms, pale petals of dead roses are scattered underfoot, and the deep hush of the place is broken only by the twittering of the birds, the soft murmur of bees busy amid this wealth of nectar, and the tinkle of tiny waterfalls.

In the little lakes vari-colored fish dart and play among the water lilies and other aquatic plants, occasionally leaping up to snatch at a fly buzzing too close to the broad leaves floating on the surface.

A giant boulder, rejected as useless for cement material, looms up in the sunken garden like an ancient fortress. Its grim ruggedness, only slightly softened by trailing plants, does not strike an incongruous note. Rather, it has the effect of entering fairyland to solid earth; it has the saving grace of preventing one from being cloyed with too much beauty.

A steep trail leads to the summit of this miniature mountain, on which is built a lookout giving a wonderful bird's-eye view of the quarry. Only the young and adventurous essay the climb perilous.

From below one cannot see those at the summit, and so it is a favorite retreat for lovers.

THERE is a rule that visitors are to leave the estate by dusk, and groundsmen go the rounds to speed the laggards. It is rare indeed that they find the rocky summit unoccupied by amorous couples waiting patiently for the moon to rise.

The jagged stone quarry hung with living tapestry is only a part—and a small part—of the Butchart Gardens. There are great stretches of velvet lawns bordered with flowers of every description; there are acres of roses on parade, their fragrance borne far out on the waters of Tod Inlet by the gentle breeze; there are great beds of flowers in the formal geometrical and architectural style introduced by the family of Medici of Italy; there are homy little gardens in which modest little everyday flowers seem to grow of their own sweet will.

It is useless to attempt to detail the flowers and plants found in the Butchart Gardens. The thousands of names would read like a dull catalogue of botany, and leave the reader little the wiser. Here is a most complete gathering of native Canadian and acclimatized flowers, supplemented by the spoils brought from foreign lands by Mr. and Mrs. Butchart, whose frequent journeys far afield always result in rich embellishment and fresh marvels for their beautiful home.

Yielding to repeated requests from visitors, Mrs. Butchart has consented to the selling of surplus seeds, but she declines to benefit by this revenue. The seeds are the perquisite of the head gardener, and the purchase money is divided as a bonus among the staff.

One of the most fascinating gardens is patterned after the Japanese miniatures brought to such a state of perfection in the Flowery Kingdom. Here are little ponds and tiny rivulets, spanned by ridiculously small bridges connecting midget islands on which flourish groves of stunted Japanese trees, dwarf palms, and brilliant flowers hardly big enough to peep above a fallen blade of grass.

THE Japanese garden is the children's delight, for here they find fairies and gnomes and pixies and brownies, and other 'little folk' in which all kiddies believe, but seldom see except in the land of dreams. But they are all here, life-size and so life-like that tiny tots approach them with awe and lisp a gentle greeting. Sometimes the children put out a trembling hand and find the pixies strangely cold, for they are made of porcelain!

One saucy brownie rocks himself in a swing suspended from the crotch of a dwarf tree, his cheery grin an everlasting challenge to all sombre thoughts, Gnomes without number sit in meditative silence on the cool grass or on stumps, keeping watchful eyes on passers-by. A quaint little brownie with a philosophical cast of countenance, serenely smokes an old-fashioned Dutch pipe, while a little farther on a more waggish member of the family drinks eternally out of an empty stein with an air of perfect relish. In the shady nooks on the banks of the little stream recline diminutive disciples of Izaak Walton, waiting with exemplary patience to hook a fish that forever remains a scant inch from the tempting bait.

THOUSANDS of visitors wander at will through these lovely gardens, bathing their senses in the sweet benediction of beauty in the spring, summer and fall, for fresh flowers bloom daily as the season advances. It takes many hours to ramble over the estate, and the exercise is a wonderful appetite stimulant. Many bring their lunch and picnic on the grounds. For the convenience of these, cosy tea pavillions have been built overlooking the Inlet, and here groups may sit and rest in peace.

For a time the hospitality of Mrs. Butchart went so far as to provide hot water and dishes, cups and saucers and spoons, with an attendant to look after all troublesome details. But, alas for the ingratitude of frail humans! This supreme gesture of courtesy to strangers had to be discontinued because souvenir hunters stole all the spoons, cups, saucers and most of the teapots.

THE hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Butchart does not stop at throwing open their wonderful gardens to the public; they even go so far as to throw open the doors of their luxurious home. Not to all and sundry, of course, but to large groups of distinguished visitors, and to conventions from distant points. It does not matter whether the strangers are members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, or a little party of zealous Sunday school teachers, the welcome is every bit as hearty and sincere for the one as for the other. There is no affectation, no ostentation. All the generous owners ask is that their guests share with them the full measure of enjoyment of this foretaste of Paradise.

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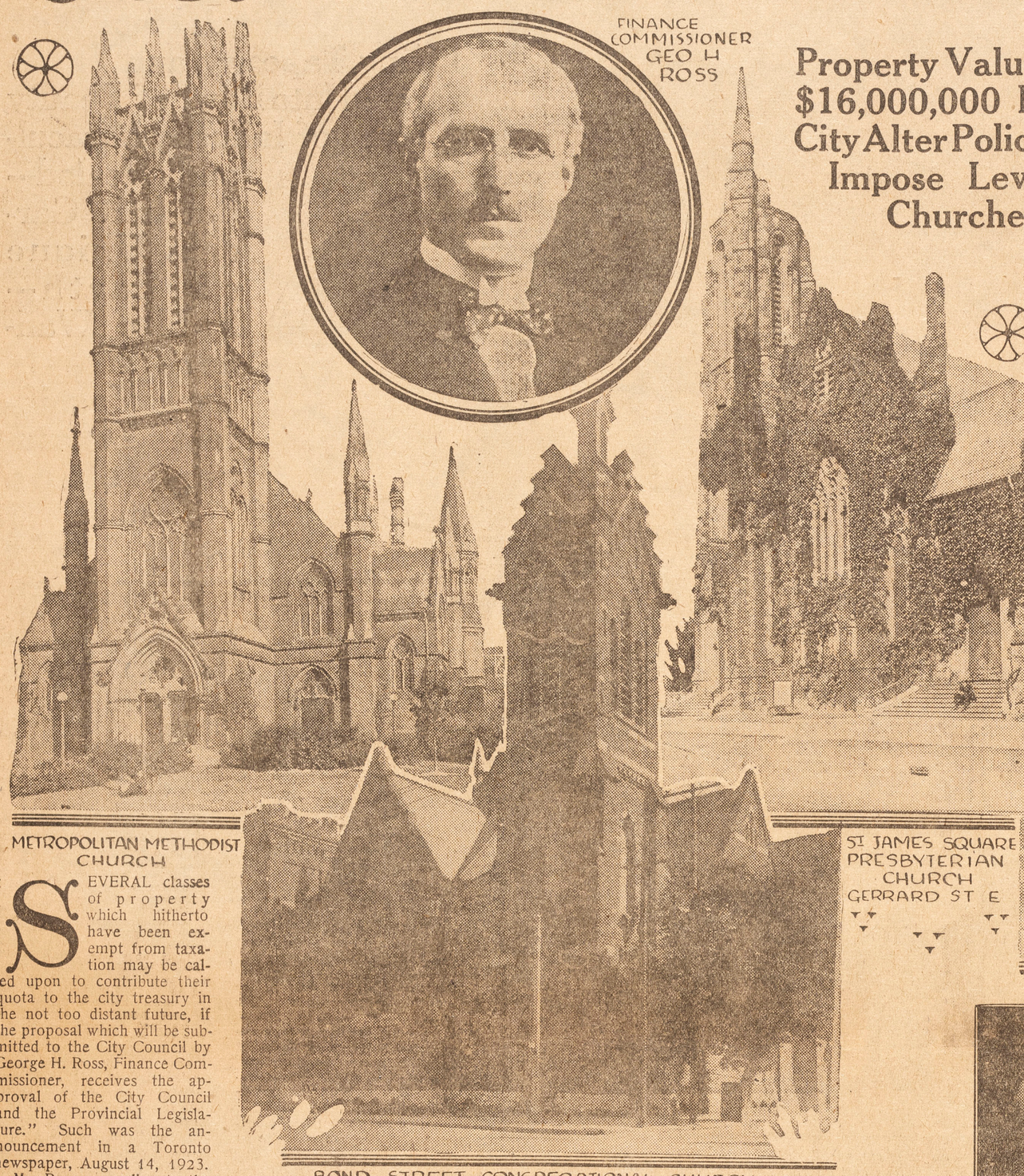
Should Toronto's Churches be Taxed?

FINANCE COMMISSIONER GEO H ROSS

Property Valued at More Than $16,000,000 Involved Should City Alter Policy and Impose Levy on Churches.

REV CANON CODY D D



METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH

ST JAMES SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH GERRARD ST E

ST JAME'S CATHEDRAL

BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

ST MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL

SEVERAL classes of property which hitherto have been exempt from taxation may be called upon to contribute their quota to the city treasury in the not too distant future, if the proposal which will be submitted to the City Council by George H. Ross, Finance Commissioner, receives the approval of the City Council and the Provincial Legislature." Such was the announcement in a Toronto newspaper, August 14, 1923.

Mr. Ross, according to the newspaper, "recommends that all church properties, Toronto Hydro-Electric properties and Toronto Transportation properties should no longer be exempted."

The other day Commissioner Ross was asked for a statement regarding his attitude on the tax exemption of church property, but he declined to make a statement.

IN Toronto there are more than 400 churches. In 1924 the value of all land and buildings exempted in the city amounted to $111,040,568, of which $16,447,021 is represented by church property. These churches are exempted under the Assessment Act. In 1918 the city legislation committee proposed to tax church lands as well as private schools. The City Council vetoed the church lands clause and sent the rest to Queen's Park, where it was carefully buried by sending it to a special committee.

Many years ago, before the British conquest of French Canada, the civil authorities levied a tax on the property of the Sulpicians of Montreal, as well as other religious communities, to meet the expense of enclosing the town with a wall of masonry. Of the six thousand livres a year to be raised for this purpose, from the whole inhabitants, religious and secular, two thousand, or one-third of the whole was payable by the Seminary. When the fire of June, 1722, had destroyed half of Montreal, including the best houses and diminished the revenue of the ecclesiastics, the amount payable by the Seminary for the next three years was reduced to a thousand livres a year, and the payment of the other four thousand livres during the next three years, by the rest of the inhabitants of that city including other religious and secular communities was allowed to cease altogether. This was the first instance in Canada in which church property was taxed.

IT is a well-known fact that when the city grants exemption from taxation on church property the exemption received is never taken into consideration should the church decide to move to some other location. Here is an instance:

Many years ago, in fact more than a century ago, a young man from the State of New York settled in little Muddy York. He opened a tanning business and bought a large area of vacant land which, as the town grew, laid the foundation of a large fortune. The young man was known by the name of Jesse Ketchum, a name revered in the city of Toronto today on account of his many philanthrophies.

At that time there were few churches in York and when a group of Scotch immigrants got together and decided to form a Presbyterian Church, Jesse Ketchum took part in the discussions and donated two acres of land for the purpose of erecting a church. In November, 1820, when the Rev. James Harris (who later became Mr. Ketchum's son-in-law) called the people together to discuss means to raise money for the building of a church, Mr. Ketchum again came to their assistance by promising to defray the cost of building the church.

The church building was erected on a portion of land where now stands the Robert Simpson Co. store, the front of the building being turned toward Richmond Street. In 1844, when a number of Scotch disruptionists came over from the St. Andrew's Church and united with the York Presbyterians, the name was changed to Knox Church and a frame addition was added. This was destroyed by fire and the church was built with the front facing Queen Street, and was the home of the congregation until 1905, when the Robert Simpson made an offer of $206,000 for their building, which was accepted.

They then erected a new edifice, which is situated on Spadina Avenue, near Harbord. The building is a very handsome structure of Credit Valley stone with Indiana limestone decorations and is built in the modern Gothic style of architecture and has a gallery at the front of the church. The seating capacity is about 1,200. The whole plan, including the grounds and Sunday School, cost $225,000. When they left Queen Street the church did not sell all their lands and a considerable part of the land on which stands the Robert Simpson Co. and the A. R. Martin's stores are leased by the Knox Church Corporation and the value of the land is estimated by the city assessor at $350,605. While the land increased in value the city drew no taxes until 1905 and the church alone got the benefit of the increased value. To-day the Knox Church is one of the wealthiest corporations in the city.

THERE are many churches in this city located on business streets on sites that, if sold for business purposes, would bring in an enormous fortune.

St. James' Cathedral, according to Bishop Sweatman in his History of the Church of England, was completed in 1853 and cost $60,000, yet to-day the assessor values it at $840,000.

Bond Street Congregational Church cost $58,000, but is now valued at $110,600.

St. James' Square Presbyterian Church cost to build $60,000 and is valued at $62,612.

The Trinity Square Anglican Church, famous as the church where Bishop Strachan preached, was built through the generosity of a lady in England, who contributed $15,000 for that purpose. The building is valued by the assessor at $113,750.

The Metropolitan Church on Queen Street east, between Yonge and Church Streets, cost $109,000 to build and is valued to-day at $724,800.

The Jarvis Street Baptist Church, in which Dr. Shields preaches, cost $103,000 to build, has decreased in value and is rated at $76,681.

THERE are several instances in which the city has expropriated churches, as in the case of the Grosvenor Street Presbyterian Church, which was moved to make way for the Teraulay Street extension. When the city approached the church officials the price demanded was $120,000, but the price finally given by the city was $65,000. The church was built in 1877 and if it had paid taxes during these years the sum paid would have amounted to $55,000, yet in cases like the above the property exemption is never taken into consideration when the congregation is forced to sell to the city.

Another instance that may be cited is that of the Christ Church (Anglican) expropriated for the widening of Yonge Street, north from its junction with Lawton Avenue. The price paid by the city was $97,000.

OPPOSING views on the subject of taxation of churches were expressed by two clergymen seen by the writer.

"You may quote me as saying that I am in favor of the taxation of church property," said Rev. Dr. T. T. Shields, pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church. "On principle I believe that church property should be taxed. Why should people be called upon to pay for institutions that they do not believe in? For a number of years Jarvis Street Baptist Church paid taxes to the tune of $12,000, hoping to force the issue by so doing. As nothing was done our church stopped paying the taxes."

Rev. Canon Cody, pastor of St. Paul's Anglican Church, holds a different opinion. "I believe the land and buildings on which churches stand should be exempted from taxation," he said. "The principle of tax exemption originated because the church represents the intellectual and spiritual forces and it would have meant double taxation. I do not believe that to tax churches would lighten the general burden of taxation. It would simply mean that the taxpayer would be called to pay. I would emphasize the fact that if taxation is to be lightened public bodies should cease spending so much and should consider before taking over any new public services until the burden of taxation has eased a little."

REV. T. T. SHIELDS
Pastor of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, who upholds traditional view of his congregation that church should pay taxes. Opposed to this opinion is Rev. Canon Cody, who holds that an impost on churches would be in a sense "double taxation."

Exemptions of Downtown Churches

Church.	Value of Land	If Assessed at 30 Mills	Value of Buildings	If Assessed at 30 Mills	Total Value of Buildings and Land	Total Value of Exemption
Bond St. Congregational	$ 35,600	$1,068.00	$ 75,000	$2,250.00	$110,600	$3,318.00
Jarvis St. Baptist	26,681	800.43	50,000	1,500.00	76,681	2,340.43
St. James Sq. Pres.	22,612	678.36	40,000	1,200,00	62,612	1,878.36
St. James' Cathedral	660,000	19,800.00	180,000	5,400.00	840,000	25,200.00
St. Paul's Anglican	95,388	2,861.64	280,000	8,400.00	375,388	11,261.64
St. Michael's Cathedral	131,195	3,935.85	169,000	5,070.00	300,195	9,005.85
Metropolitan	604,800	18,114.00	120,000	3,600.00	724,800	21,744.00
Trinity Sq. Anglican	74,750	2,342.50	39,000	1,170.00	113,750	3,512.50
	$1,652,026	$495,907.98	$953,000	$9,530.00	$2,604,026	$78,260.78

Exemption Value Nearly Half Million

The following table represents the value of Church properties exempted from taxation and what the city would receive if they paid taxes:—

	Value of Land.	If Assessed At 30 Mills.	Value of Buildings	If Assessed At 30 Mills.	Total Value of Land and Buildings.	Total Value of Exemption
Anglican Church	$1,857,820.00	$ 55,734.60	$2,139,603.00	$ 64,188.09	$3,977,423.00	$ 119,922.69
Methodist Church	1,439,308.00	43,179.24	1,887,100.00	56,613.00	3,326,408.00	99,792.24
Presbyterian Church	1,031,116.00	30,933.48	1,858,458.00	55,753.74	2,889,574.00	86,687.22
Roman Catholic Church	911,117.00	27,333.51	1,636,470.00	49,094.10	2,547,587.00	76,427.61
Missions	267,668.00	8,030.04	244,116.00	7,323.48	511,784.00	15,353.52
Baptist Church	407,266.00	12,217.98	635,750.00	19,072.50	1,043,016.00	31,290.48
Salvation Army	376,339.00	11,290.17	361,300.00	10,839.00	737,639.00	22,129.17
Synagogues	153,708.00	4,611.24	307,961.00	9,238.83	461,699.00	13,850.07
Congregational Church	67,548.00	2,026.44	112,000.00	3,360.00	179,548.00	5,386.44
Miscellaneous Churches	269,342.00	8,080.26	503,001.00	15,090.03	772,343.00	23,170.29
	$6,781,232.00	$ 203,436.96	$9,685,759.00	$ 290,572.77	$16,447,021.00	$ 494,009.73

Note:—Figures given above are those of assessed valuations as shown on records at the City Hall.

OVER ONTARIO'S ROOF

Continued from Front Page.

low pearl of airy-light texture, only even still more softly tinted than any pearl could be, and all-space wide in dimension.

Below us, hardly giving a semblance of reality, a tiny steamer dragged the barely distinguishable V of its wake behind it. It seemed an infinitesimally tiny white stick which hovered far beneath, weirly upheld, from which arose a faint mist, and about which floated a few grains of fine, white dust.

Over Slate Island, past Les Petits Ecrits (the Little Writings), to the north, and over Wilson, Salter and Simpson Islands we flew. Isle St. Ignace floated gently and slowly below us, its central lakes heliographing a message to us from the sun itself. Then, when the cross-shaped shadow of our plane had slipped softly across the blue surface of Nipigon Bay, we found beneath us once more the land of forest, lake and stream, the little sharp, white flakes which were waterfalls, and the occassional clusters of the ant-sized dwellings of man. The gleaming white wings of three Liliputian seaplanes, drawn up upon the shore at the foot of Lake Nipigon, marked our landing-place at Orient Bay, and presently, with our engine shut off and occassionally backfiring, we were swooping downward to it in a gigantic spiral glide.

IN winter time Orient Bay must doubtless be inhabited mostly by Indians, but here, in summer, is a hunting and fishing lodge operated by one of the railways, and a coming and going of those who seek rare sport with gun and rod. The Indians were still there, however, the men acting as guides, and the women making and selling their baskets of scented grass and their beaded moccasins. By a tepee in a grove of dark pines a maiden worked upon a rabbit-skin blanket.

"How much?" I asked.

"I dun'no," she responded vaguely. "Maybe fifty dollars. Maybe less."

"What tribe are you?" I queried further.

"Tribe?" she countered.

"Yes. Are you Iroquois?"

"Yes, I think so."

I learned later that they are not Iroquois but Ojibway. They are not in the lest worried by the Ontario Temperance Act, having learned the art of making their own. Later in the evening, from a large cabin at the edge of the black forest, came a yodelling chorus of gutteral voices, a stamping of feet and the thin, atrocious scraping of a fiddle. A myriad stars gleamed in the dark blue vault of the night and the wind crooned a gentle lullaby in the tops of the tallest trees.

"Some of these natives are 'not so good,'" remarked one of the foresters to Maxwell and me in the parlance of the north, when we were clumping our way campward along the darkened railway track. "One chap has a shack upon the point opposite our place. He goes away visiting for weeks at a time, and leaves his huskies tied up, without food or water."

"What happens?" we asked.

"Oh someone usually hears them yelping their heads off, and goes across to cut them loose."

OUR line of flight the next day, after we had crossed Lake Nipigon, passed over one patch of country at least five thousand square miles in extent, from which, practically speaking, the entire forest growth has been removed by fires. Much of this area has been burned over so often that its very soil had been completely destroyed. The grey out-cropping of rock appeared as far as our eye could see. There was no hope, here, of reforestation—not, at least, until many decades have passed and gone and the kindly but sparsely laden wilderness winds have had time to carry earthen dust and the seeds of grasses and flowers and trees in quantities sufficient to rehabilitate this devastated district. During all our trip, indeed, it was a rare moment in which we could not see, from the vantage point of the sky, some part of the forest carpet which had been stained and discolored by the passing of fire. My whole experience in this trans-Ontario flight, therefore, leads me to say this—that if we, as citizens of this province, are to protect our forests from the further ravishment of fire, if we would save for ourselves the timber wealth we still have left to us in this day and generation, and if we would endow future Canadians with the potential wealth of timber now maturing, we must stand behind our foresters and our airmen and support and encourage them to the very limit of our influence and power.

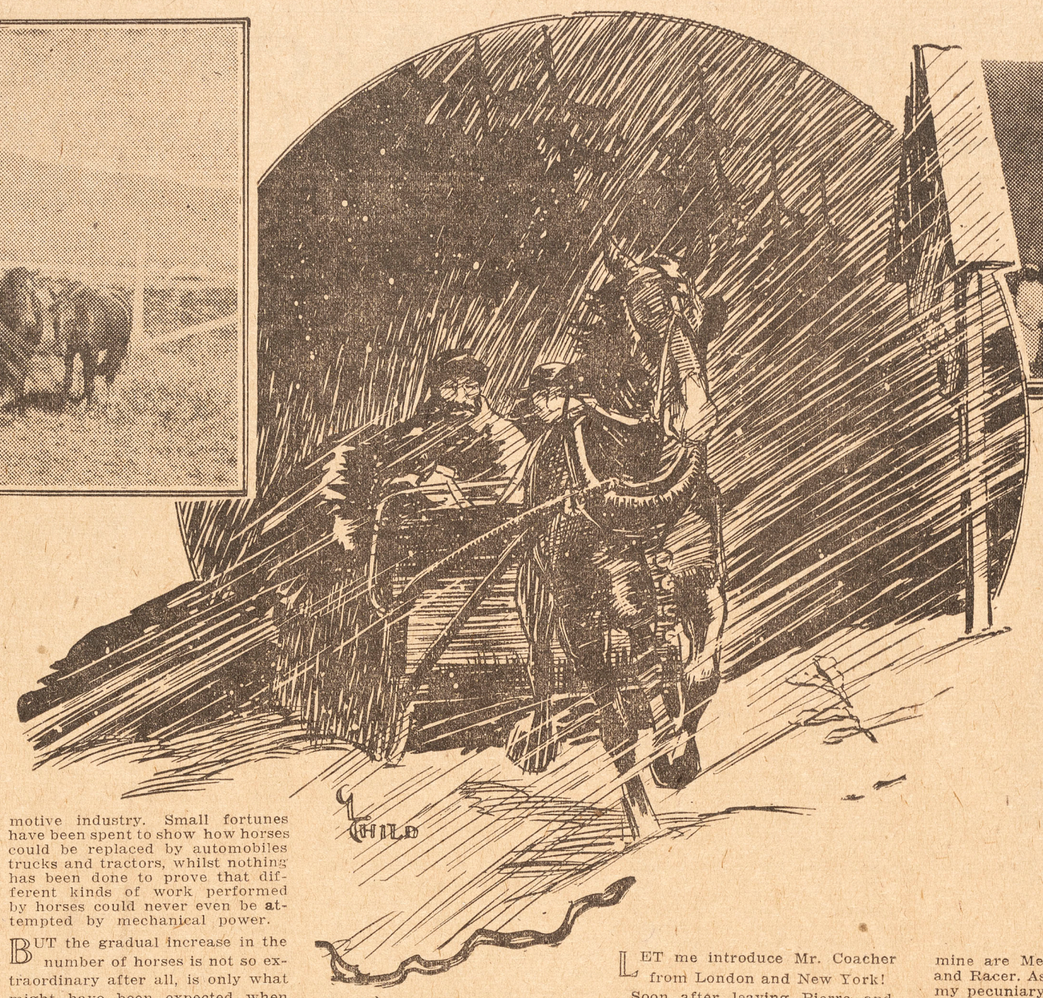
Noon time of the fourth day's flight brought us to Sioux Lookout, the last hour of flying being a race between ourselves and an eastward driving storm. It was nip and tuck at the last, but while the first pellets of rain stung our faces like bees in the final glide to the surface of Pelican Lake, we were safely ensconed in the mess tent before the storm's fury broke.

THE major portion of Ontario's colossal bulk had slipped, slowly and majestically, beneath the keel of Seaplane 'OE.' in eleven hours and fifty-five minutes of actual flying time. For the greater part of the trip, Roy Maxwell's sure hands had guided us along the top of the watershed. We had seen, from high places, the great drainage basins of the south, and had strained our eyes into that far north toward which Canada's development must ultimately trend. We had looked upon the wide-meshed network of railway lines which had thus far been inlaid upon our wilderness floor. On these lines like tiny knots upon a thread, are our first little settlements. Apart from such evidences of civilization, and from a few unmistakeable signs of timber operations, the greater part of even the southern slopes from the height of land appeared uninhabited.

It seems strange to look forward into the future, to know with complete assurance that Ontario's resources in timber, in minerals, in water power and in agriculture are such that, in time, great clearings will appear upon that slope, that the knots upon the thread will grow into villages, towns and cities—and that, to imprison our resources and to make them ours, the meshes of our railway network will grow smaller and smaller. To me, of the South, has been granted this vision, yet with it has come a greater appreciation of the necessity for the closer welding together of the interests of both North and South. Each has its problems. They of the North have done and are doing high, fine things, after the splendid fashion of pioneers. They are convinced of the great richness of the land of their adoption, and chafe at what they think is our disinterestedness. We of the South are not really apathetic, but we are confronted, particularly just now, with difficulties, which have had to do with mere living. If, jointly, we can study each other's problems, and have just a little patience, there is a time coming in which we shall be able to work together in complete unity toward the full development of our Northland treasures.

Making Canada's Own Breed of Horses

Two-year-old French-Canadian Fillies.



Albert de Cap Rouge and a few of his sons and daughters. For years they have won more prizes at the leading shows in the Province of Quebec than the progeny of all other French-Canadian stallions.

Government Ranch at St. Joachim, Quebec, Largest of Its Kind East of Manitoba, is Devoted to Rearing of "The Little Horse of Iron."

By DR. GUS. A. LANGELIER.

Of time immemorial the praise of the noble steed has been sung and it would be hard indeed to find a more beautiful description of the war-horse than that by Job: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

THE love which some people have for horses is shown in a little story which was related to me a few years ago. Edmond Tremblay lived away back in the concessions, on a new farm, some twelve miles from the nearest village, and one stormy winter night his young wife was very ill. After getting an elderly woman from a neighboring house to stay with the mother to be, he hitched up his little French-Canadian mare to go for the priest and the doctor Blinded by snow, the man could not see the road, but Alsacienne felt her way and managed to pull through high drifts for about half the distance. As the weather was getting bitterly cold, Edmond, nearly frozen to death, decided to stop for a few minutes at a friend's place to warm up a little. Great indeed was his surprise when he came out, to find that the mare was gone. After looking around for her quite a while, the friend hitched up his own horse so that Tremblay might hurry to the village. On the way out, Edmond did not notice a cariole at the door of the doctor's house away from the main road, and at the presbytery he was greatly surprised to hear from the old housekeeper that the priest had started a while ago for his own place.

Edmond was further perplexed when, on his return, he was told, at the doctor's that the latter had left with Reverend Father Dufour to go and attend to his wife. After changing horses at his friend's, for he had not Alsacienne to wade through the snow like a caribou, he went back home where he found the men of religion and science, also a lively and plump daughter. At first, the whole thing was like a dream but it was soon as clear as the bright day which had now taken the place of the stormy night. Alsacienne, no doubt finding that it was cold waiting for her master, had gone to where she had been driven every Sunday for months, to the church. The curate had heard the bells outside and as nobody came in, he went out to see what was the matter. He recognized the little mare and noticed that the sleigh robes were missing (the wind had blown them out on the way) and understood that something had befallen Edmond. But he knew that Simonne was soon to be a mother, that his duty was to be near the sick woman and that she required the services of the doctor.

He was at the door, waiting for the latter, when Edmond had driven past. Alsacienne brought them to the humble cabin, way back in the concessions, without ever missing the road, and very soon afterwards Jeanette was ushered into the world.

TREMBLAY had come home after driving back the priest and the doctor and had spent quite a while talking with his young wife, now and then looking at his pretty little daughter. But, there was a cloud on his horizon of perfect happiness and he quietly slipped out to the stable. He glanced at the mare furtively and muttered something to himself, as if in fear. But Alsacienne was of the sturdy French-Canadian breed and when, towards the end of the next day, she dropped a sprightly filly one night under the big pine tree, in a little stumpy pasture, Edmond exclaimed: "I am as happy as a King; I had Jeannette a Simonne and I now have Jeanne a Alsacienne."

THIS true story well illustrates man's need of the horse, as a friend and helper, but even from the hard and fast business angle it is admitted by all disinterested persons, that the days of the horse are not past. The automotive industry may as well look pleasant about it. It is a long way between Job and General Pershing, but this is what the latter has to say on the subject: "I believe that ther is a sphere for the horse, for the economical use of the horse in many practical ways on farms and in cities. If we had had more horses in the World War, we might have done a whole lot better than we did, because there were times when a good many of us—like the character in Shakespeare—would have given his kingdom for a horse. I sometimes think that we do not quite appreciate what the horse has done for us through our entire history, especially during the war."

No one now doubts the permanent usefulness of the horse.

When the steam plough was first used, when the electric tramways commenced to run, when the bicycle, the automobile, the tractor and the truck were put into service, many saw a horseless age not far distant. Cartoonists depicted a nag as a curiosity to be found only in museums within a very few years; men of good intentions wrote articles in the papers and the feeling became widely spread that it was only a question of time for the horse completely to disappear. And still the official records show that despite the large exportations during the Great War there were more horses in Canada in 1918, than there ever were in any year since the discovery of the New World.

That this should be so is at first sight, remarkable, if one takes into consideration the fact that the horse has had practically no advertising agent to extol his merits whilst the very best talent has been employed to push the automotive industry. Small fortunes have been spent to show how horses could be replaced by automobiles trucks and tractors, whilst nothing has been done to prove that different kinds of work performed by horses could never even be attempted by mechanical power.

BUT the gradual increase in the number of horses is not so extraordinary after all, is only what might have been expected when one thinks about the very congested city districts where trucks will never be profitable on short hauls, the long winter months, in most northern sections, during which automobiles and tractors will necessarily be idle, and the hilly or even very rolling farms where too much power is lost in propelling the machine itself.

It must be admitted that some of the ordinary work of horses can be done as well and sometimes more cheaply with machines. But this is also true of the labor of men, yet, though during the last three or four decades machines of every description have been invented and placed in factories still manual labor is scarcer than ever.

Besides these considerations, the average farmer is not a mechanic any more than the average mechanic is a farmer. On the other hand, the care of horses has been known from generation to generation, and even if one animal is laid up, the whole work does not stop.

That the automotive industry is rendering a service to the country at the same time as it is piling up dividends is admitted; that it will in time crowd the horse away from farms is not believed by anybody who has given the question serious consideration.

TRACTORS are oftentimes useful as an aid to put in and harvest crops early but only on large, level areas, and it would be foolish indeed to expect them to completely replace horses on the land. The main difference is that no tractor can handle more than 100 per cent. overload whilst horses, for a short time, can pull an overload of 300 to 400 per cent. In the spring, when fields are in perfect condition for work except for occasional irregularly distributed soft spots, horses can go through whilst tractors must leave patches of work undone or be mired. Horses also have the advantage that four of them on a large double disc harrow can, if required, be divided into two teams for different lighter jobs. The horse is a flexible source of power and the tractor is not.

Never have I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with such equine celebrities as Carnot, Farceur, Baron's Pride, Lockinge Forest King, Polonius, Rex McDonald, Lou Dillon, Dan Patch, or Exterminator, But I have known thousands of their relatives and, during a life long intercourse with many of them, have gathered quite a few family secrets which would not be divulged now, if these good friends of mine did not always give themselves away as they do to careful observers. No personal affairs will be mentioned, and I love them all so dearly that "on their faults I will pass lightly."

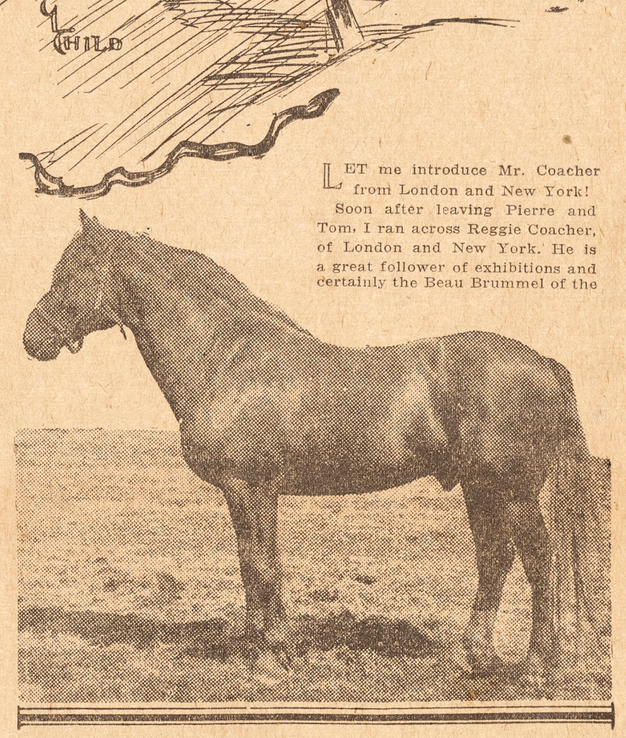
AMONG my good acquaintances is what many of his admirers call the "lordly" drafter. Mr. Reader, Meet Mr. Lordly Drafter! He is the heavyweight of the equine world and traces back to Flanders where some of his kin no doubt found a premature grave during the World War. Like many families of well known men, he was not always "big," however. Horseshoes found in Roman and Saxon tumuli were only of a size sufficient to fit small hoofs, and as the size of the shoe indicates, to a great extent, the size of the animal whose foot during life it had protected, it is reasonable to assume that my friend's ancestors were small. And this is why the breeder of to-day, to keep up size, has such a constant fight against atavism. For over a century, the tribe of Drafters has had a peaceful existence, has been praised by most agricultural writers, has been intelligently advertised, and has gained much popularity as an efficient worker on flat farms of heavy soils. They have lived on the fat of the land and quite a few of their small cousins pretend that this is the reason why they are so soft. But, of course, there will always be bad tonguers in this wicked world.

KNOWING that this will not get any further, I do not mind relating a confidential chat which I lately had with Pierre Percheron, from the West, and Tom Clydesdale of Ontario. Both were remarking with some alarm that the big level farms which suit them best are just the thing for their rival, the tractor, and asked what could be done. As they belonged to a sect who do not mind bringing eugenics into their affairs, I knew that they would not be shocked when I advised them to regulate all matrimonial business in such a way that only sound, heavy, sturdy children be born and raised.

While we were together, some funny Aleck threw a booklet before Pierre who quietly picked it up and then suddenly got into a terrible rage. This was a surprise to me as all the family is known to be rather quiet. When the big chap had calmed down he handed the printed matter to me and I read what follows, over the name of Professor Davenport, of the Universiity of Illinois: "Besides the heavy draught, let us have a useful, intelligent horse of medium size, with a deep, thick chest, upstanding neck, full forehead and large, bright eye, an open nostril and erect ear, a short leg, heavily muscled, with a long, low stride that brings the foot lightly to the ground; then, with a short back and strong loin, we shall have a horse of good action, of great endurance and one that will give good promise of rendering service for twenty years. For such a horse there is a strong and growing demand. Who will breed him and out of what blood lines will he be produced?"

"The idea," said Pierre, who was now frothing at the mouth, "of a man talking that way who is probably the best known authority amongst the agriculturists of the State where live the largest number of Percherons."

"My advice to him was to cool down and to quit thinking that his tribe is the only pebble on the beach, also to advise his interested admirers to cease forcing their services on the majority of the farmers of America who naturally do not like drafters because, to use a present day slang, they are too slow.



Albert de Cap Rouge, the horse who is becoming the father of a regenerated breed.

LET me introduce Mr. Coacher from London and New York! Soon after leaving Pierre and Tom, I ran across Reggie Coacher, of London and New York. He is a great follower of exhibitions and certainly the Beau Brummel of the equine world. As usual, he was all dolled up, and had the costliest kind of appointments. Reggie has always been somewhat of a snob, you know, and does not like to associate with the working classes. His forebears have been used to an idle life, (I would not like you to repeat this), with "valets and serfs at their sides" and nothing to do all day except a short drive with Madame through the Park in the afternoon. This kind of empty life, I abhor, but I can't help loving Reggie, even with his snobbish ways, because, after all, he is a horse.

AND next, Mr. Saddler, of Kentucky! Though this aristocratic chap only mingles with rich people (this is strictly "entre nous") he is not always sure of his parentage. It is too bad to have to go into measly personal details about acquaintances of mine, but I promised to tell the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth. The American Saddle Horse, the Thoroughbred and the Hackney have so much intermarried with this family that very few of the present generation of Saddlers can talk with ease about their genealogy. Strange to say, even with this cloudy past, they have forced their way into the highest social circles, with the swells, the 400!! And possibly, for the good of the every day workers, they may as well remain there.

MR. DRIVER, from the "States", always appeals to me most when I call him by a pet nickname.

"Fleetie" is an American product, which means that he must keep on moving fast, and he is certainly doing so. The continual training and keeping in trim, for generations past, has made the Driver family a delicate looking one and poor little Fleetie, behind his back, is now often called the "wasp-waisted good for nothing." It does seem as if he would have a hard time to earn a living on a farm and my advice to him has always been to try no back to the land movement. His company delights his admirers who are mostly well off, but if he ever loses them, through the automobile or something else, he is done for. This would be another sad case where a poor innocent creature was spoilt by friends. His family would die out if ruthlessly abandoned, by its admirers.

I don't have time or the money to associate with the "fast" guys, but some other distant friends of mine are Messrs Trotter, Pacer, and Racer. As they are quite above my pecuniary rank, it is very seldom indeed that I come into close contcat with them. Their way of living costs so much money that only the rich can associate with them, and I have known men of ordinary means—amongst them a few foolish farmers—who lost all they had because they tried to follow the extravagant chaps. These fast guys are not good company for the agriculturist or the average pocket book and I am glad indeed that they are not generally allowed to marry the daughters of some of my more staid acquaintances.

THERE is a tribe which is as useful in Alaska as in Florida, in Ungava as in California, one which had very few spokesmen to chant its virtues, but which has consistently done real hard work during peace or war, the "general purpose" horse. Praises of the drafter, the coacher, the driver, the "fast guys" have been sung by many who believe that something extraordinary, a big record of some kind, is what counts in the every day drudgery of this world, while it is the hard, unostentatious worker who really helps to keep the cogs going. Hardly anybody has ever stood up for this big and varied family, but we should remember that monuments have been erected all through the country to great statesmen, to well known warriors, to astute politicians, to captains of industry whilst there are no monuments to the mass of humble workers—farmers and laborers—who made possible the fame of these men. Monuments have been erected to women who shone in art, literature and the sciences, whilst there are no monuments to the Canadian mothers who have suffered in silence, who incessantly toiled, to give to their country the boys and girls who have made it what it is. Mr. Unostentatious Worker, like the quiet, clean-living man, does not require anybody to help him on in the world. His family has always been satisfied with honestly doing their part to the best of their ability.

NEVER giving out no matter what he is at, always full of life, sturdy without being coarse, game to the last minute, let me now introduce to you one who richly deserved the appelation of little horse of iron. I have named the French-Canadian. Having had charge for a few years of the largest family in the world of these versatile chaps, I must admit that they are the real cake. Never have I seen kids willing to play at such an early age, and hardly ever one sick at all. They are always ready to frisk around and you would think that when time came to go to school, they could never be broken in to learn their lessons. But they must study on the quiet or be easy of learning, for they immediately settle down to work when asked to do so. Once they are old enough to get in harness, they can outdo all competitors, for their weight. Yes, sirree, they are a mighty fine bunch and I never heard any of their employers say that one of them had baulked at anything. And the beauty of it is that they can change their everyday clothes for better ones and never look out of place in the surrey going to church or in the buggy driving around with the boys.

Certain people object to the term "dual purpose" being applied to horses, contending that a "dual purpose" horse is nothing but a misfit, a cull produced in breeding drafters. These persons are wrong, as a horse which is true and will pull all day at anything it is hitched to, which is a quick walker and a fairly good driver, is really a general purpose horse. It is not expected that this animal will be as strong as the heavy drafter, nor as fast as the specially bred driver, but he is faster than the drafter and stronger than the driver, so that he has his place, as do the others.

CONTRARY to others whose ancestors were mixed up with Royalty and the nobility and who could not adapt themselves to adverse environment, the French-Canadian has held his own after going through what would have exterminated a less rugged breed. Possibly he had not heard of Darwin's pet theory of the survival of the fittest, but the unerring law of nature certainly kept working for him overtime.

His story reads like a romance, intermingled as it is with the history of early Canada. The first individuals were sent from France by Louis XIV in whose stables some of them had lived so that the old folks at home may well be said to have been royally bred. Others were the very best which could be found in the country, as the King had given instructions to his Minister Colbert to choose the choicest specimens. There were about twenty of them in the first lot which came over and eight died during the trip, so that this natural selection of the fittest started at work right away, to leave only the most rugged to perpetuate the race. There were in those days, no sumptuous, padded boxes on board ship, nor palace cars on land.

THESE French-Canadians after arriving in their new country, continued to be the property of the King during three years, but were distributed amongst the best known people of the Colony. This provision was a very wise one. It enabled the authorities to change them from one man to another until it was found out that they were in good hands. But even if they were in good hands feed was very scant at times, buildings were of the crudest kind, winters were long, and roads well nigh impassable. These horses, taken from the best stables of France, where they were no doubt used to deep bedding, comfortable quarters, plenty of feed, smooth farms, were now often eating what would hardly have been used for litter in their former homes were stabled in shacks which would have scarcely been called fit to shelter wagons in their old country, and were hauling loads and people on new roads, belly deep in snow during the winter. The selective process of the survival of the fittest was going on, and those which managed to pull through, by their courage, pluck and perseverance, plainly showed that besides the blue blood of their ancestry there was flowing in their own veins the real red blood without which no living thing, be it man or beast, can make good under adverse circumstances. They were not only doing what was asked of them, but they were no doubt helping to keep up the spirits of the new settlers and it is not an exaggeration to say that without them, the opening up of the country might have been very much retarded. The people of Canada really owe a debt of gratitude to these beloved acquaintances of mine, the sturdy little French-Canadian horses. And this debt of gratitude is now being paid by the people of Canada, as the Dominion Department of Agriculture has at St. Joachim, twenty-five miles east of Quebec City, the largest horse ranch east of Manitoba, devoted to the breeding of the "little horse of iron."

THERE are many well known instances where these gritty chaps did work which surprised even the most disinterested parties and it was a pleasure indeed for me, a few years ago, to read what follows in the Breeder's Gazette, of Chicago: "A lumberman bought a Canadian horse not weighing over 1050 pounds and worked him beside a horse weighing 200 pounds more on an even whiffletree. The Canadian kept up his end at all times and never showed as much weariness as his larger mate. After they had worked together two years, the big horse died. When asked what was the matter, the driver said! 'The Canadian worked him to death.' A large horse that was mated with him afterwords died within a year leaving the Canadian still well and sound." This was written by an American, Mr. J. W. Ingham, of Bradford County, Pennsylvania; and here is now what Mr. A. W. Smith, ex-M. P. for North Middlesex, Ontario, has to say: "There are quite a number of these horses which I had the pleasure of handling personally and I know of the good qualities which they possess. I have in mind one particular team which was typical of the large number that I was conversant with.

THIS team weighed 1,250 pounds each as nearly as possible. They were very well matched. They were black. They would travel up to ten miles an hour and continue it for a couple of hours or more; I have seen them do it. On a ten-mile gait they would continue for three or four hours without any trouble whatever Besides that, they would walk with a good ordinary-sized load at about four miles an hour. I think that is one of the best qualities you could have in a farm horse and the French-Canadian is an ideal farmer's horse. Besides that, I have seen the same team matched against other heavier horses that would weigh probably 1,600 to 1,700 pounds. The French-Canadian horses would draw a heavier load than heavier horses. That is one of the characteristics I have found in these French-Canadian horses and I fancy that we have not yet developed any breed, or mixture of breeds, that would come up to the French-Canadian as a general purpose horse. It is perhaps the most valuable horse that the farmer could have either in Quebec, Ontario or in the West."

Gus. A. Langelier and His Hobbies

GUS. A. LANGELIER—he signs it that way himself, and it is a safe wager more people call him Gus than Doctor—was the second or third man to whom Laval University granted the degree of Docteur Sciences Agricoles. Before the Dominion Government bought his farm at Cap Rouge he was busy there breeding Clydesdale horses, Ayrshire cattle, Yorkshire swine, Shropshire sheep and White Wyandotte poultry, beside making a specialty of seed oats and seed potatoes. From 1900 to 1911 he won more prizes at exhibitions than any other man in the Province of Quebec.. He has the record of winning at the Pan-American-Boston Poultry Show at Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, St. John and at Quebec.

The soil and what grows on it, and the animals which make its operation a success are Gus Langelier's hobbies. Now he is at work recreating a breed of horses and acting as superintendent of a Government experimental farm upon which over two hundred projects are being worked out for the benefit of the great basic industry of agriculture.

Forerunners of Great All-Canadian Breed of Horses

MAY 31, 1913, was a red letter day for the breed of the French-Canadian horses. That day Albert de Cap Rouge was born. At one month he tipped the scales at 190 and at three months 465 pounds. He was exhibited that fall and an offer was refused for him which would nearly have paid what his dam cost. He was developing so well it was decided to keep him. He has matured into a horse of between 1,300 and 1,350 pounds. A small but select band of pure-bred mares had been collected at Cap Rouge. Each and every one of them seemed good when purchased, but they were not as uniform as they might have been. In color they ranged from a light bay to pure black; in weight from 1,100 to over 1,400 pounds. They were gritty and would pull all day at a barn without balking. They never looked tired or drawn up after a hard day's work, and they were hearty feeders. In 1916, Albert's first two daughters arrived, Delphine and Dianora de Cap Rouge. Their mothers were quite unlike in size and shape and color but the colts looked very much alike. At three years they weighed 1,175 and 1,215 pounds respectively. This was the beginning of Albert's family which now numbers more than fifty, all of them showing the fine qualities of their father! He is shown in the picture above—the first horse to the left of the centre of the picture—with a few of his sons and daughters who are the forerunners of a great all-Canadian breed of horses.

HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

SIDELIGHTS ON PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES

General Dawes, of Peace Plan Fame, Reproved by Pershing During War For Failing to Button Overcoat

Life Story of Man Whose Name Has Become Household Word.

NEARLY every issue of a newspaper during the past few months has had a reference in its headlines to "the Dawes Peace Plan," and many people who do not follow the news closely have asked themselves repeatedly, "Who is this Dawes anyway?"

As chairman of the experts committee which drafted the plan for reparations and guarantees which is likely to prove the basis for a permanent peace settlement, Charles Gates Dawes has attained greater publicity for his name than he would ever be likely to achieve as vice-presidential nominee of the Republican party in the coming United States elections.

In both his political capacity and his executive capacity as chief purchasing agent of the American army in France, he is less interesting to the world at large than in his capacity as an organizer of world peace.

In his days of comparative obscurity as a Chicago business man and army executive, he was known as "Hell'n Maria" Dawes, a sobriquet which was supposed to have some reference to his habit of employing strong language, but which, it appears now, had its origin in a pet family catch word. His "melody in A minor", first performed by Fritz Kreisler as an anonymous composition, betrayed that the Chicago financier was not only a martinet but also a musician.

Yet, (says a writer in a New York newspaper), for all the efforts to make it seem that he has never played any part except patron of arts and fond father, it is probably as the profane, untidy soldier that Dawes will catch the public fancy.

GENERAL DAWES.

IT will be almost impossible for the public to believe that Dawes is shy, sensitive, and artistic; he has played the other part so well. Even if the public were to believe so, it would not necessarily increase Dawes' reputation; simplicity may be a political asset and complexity a liability.

Certainly the dominant trend of his life has been in the "Helen Maria" vein; he has been a man of unlimited energy and activity, impatient of restraint and drudgery, set on making his way in the good old American style, his horizon bounded by the necessities of conservative finance and the traditions of the American business man, a banker of skill and genius, but scarcely a prophet of a new social order.

If there is a concealed vein of the artist in Dawes, American civilization with its emphasis on the commercial has crushed it. His career from his graduation from Marietta college at the early age of 19 through his law education and experience, and rapid rise as the organizer of various public utilities and trust companies in the Middle West to his appointment as controller of currency in the first McKinley administration, has shown no such hesitancies as beset the creative mind; he has been the executive par excellence but not the critic of contemporary society. His artistic expression has been confined to composing melodies in A minor for anonymous performance.

DURING the war he was never able to be the model of sartorial elegance that all officers of the United States army should be. Before an interview with Marshal Foch, Gen. Pershing observed that the purchasing agent of the American army had neglected to button his overcoat, Pershing, who had known Dawes since they were young men in Nebraska, sent over his chief of staff, Gen. Harbord, to fasten the recalcitrant officer's coat.

So, too, the famous Dawes briar pipe may be construed as an expression of the subliminal artist. Black as sin and equally odorous, it always forms part of the general's equipment.

Dawes was born in Marietta, a river town, one of the oldest settlements in Ohio, on August 27, 1865, the son of Gen. Rufus R. Dawes, one of the commanders of the famous "Iron Brigade," from Wisconsin, which went through the Civil war, and of Mary Gates Dawes.

But his origins were eastern, an ancestor being William Dawes of Sudbury, England, one of the Pilgrims who came to America on the Planter in 1628, settled first at Salem and then went to Boston. His great-great-grandfather, also William, in direct line from the first Dawes in this country, rode with Paul Revere to warn the colonials of the coming of the British troops.

At the age of 19 he was graduated from Marietta college, where he recently attended his 40th reunion, having specialized in engineering and paying his way through college by working during vacations with a tripod and transit on an uncle's railroad. From Marietta he went to the Cincinnati Law School, where a Civil war friend of his father's was dean, being graduated before he was old enough to take the bar examinations.

WHILE waiting to become of age so he could take his examinations, he married Miss Cora D. Blymer, the daughter of a Cincinnati beet sugar manufacturer; and after dallying with some more railroad building, he moved on to Lincoln, Neb., where resided another uncle, who had been governor of the state.

He began the practice of law, organizing his own firm. Apparently the law was not for Dawes; and he soon saw it. In the meantime, however, he had met William Jennings Bryan, who then retained his boyhood title, "The Boy Orator of the Platte"! although they never agreed, especially on the free silver and the gold standard, they met often socially and professionally.

In 1894 Dawes wrote a treatise on "The Banking System of the United States," which has been called masterly. His knowledge of finance was humorously called secondhand then as he was at that time eating his lunches at the 15 cent lunch wagon where John J. Pershing, just out of West Point, drilling the cadets at the state university, took his meals.

The seven years spent in Lincoln were lean years. But Dawes gained a measure of fame by fighting for the farmers against the railroads. The farmers believed they were being unjustly discriminated against by high rates; and Dawes agitated so successfully that the Interstate Commerce Act was finally passed.

The law had proved unfruitful for the young Dawes; and his anxious family began to take thought for the morrow. They provided the young lawyer with capital which he used to buy stock in a bank, of which he soon became the president. He shifted to a gas supplying company at La Crosse, Wis., and then settled in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, organizing gas companies in several other central western cities, including Akron, O., and merging the Northwestern Gas, Light and Coke Company of Evanston, with the People's Gas, Light and Coke Company of Chicago.

About this time Major William McKinley of Canton, O., a Civil War comrade of the elder Dawes, was running for President. Dawes, then 29, took command of his campaign in Illinois, defeating the machine which opposed McKinley and carrying the state convention for him. When McKinley took over the duties of the presidency he offered Dawes the position of controller of the currency. Although there was opposition to the appointment due to Dawes age, he disproved the gloomy prophecies of his opponents, collecting more than $25,000,000 in cash from the assets of banks that had failed in the panic of 1893.

AFTER five years in this capacity he became a candidate for United States senator from Illinois, but was defeated and organized the Central Trust Company of Chicago, of which he became president. He became absorbed in his private business, only appearing before the public when asked by some publication to express his opinions on current financial problems or to give an address.

By 1907 he was the typical business man, prominent in affairs, with a great talent for organization and a great contempt for all other sorts of effort.

The death of his only son, Rufus Fearing, who drowned in Lake Geneva, Wis., in 1912, affected him deeply. At the funeral he read a threnody which showed how great was his parternal love and trust. In memory of his son, the father founded the famous 10 cent hotels, with branches in Chicago and Boston, known as the "Rufus Fearing Hotels for Destitute Men." "Bed, bath and breakfast" were available for a dime. When the "guests," as the residents were described at his direction, were penniless, these were furnished free, as well as a small loan in the morning.

When the United States entered the war, Dawes tried to get into the artillery, finally securing a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the 17th railway engineers, but was soon made chief purchasing agent for the American expeditionary force.

UPON his return from France after disposing of $400,000,000 of unused supplies, Dawes urged the ratification of the Versailles treaty and the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations. He was not very active, however, in his advocacy of these points and slipped back into the mental attitude of "business as usual," emerging in 1920 to urge a national governmental budget and co-ordination of the departments.

Then came the episode which put Dawes on the front page. His utterances before the House committe investigating the conduct of the war blazoned his name with the picturesque prefix "Helen Maria," (now made clear to a wondering public) upon the nation's consciousness. His well-time "cussin" put an end to a probe whose origin was largely partisan politics.

Rumor has it that Dawes was offered the position of secretary of the treasury in the Harding Cabinet, but declined with thanks—or should one say an oath? He suggested that he would rather have a bureau in the treasury, the bureau of the budget, and got it. He agreed to take the job of coordinating the various departments and effecting economies in administration for a year. And in that time he cut expenses $1,600,000,000, saving $100,000,000 the first three weeks.

"Use common sense," he was wont to say, "run the government as would a private concern."

WHEN SIR T. LIPTON WAS TOO GENEROUS

SIR THOMAS LIPTON tells an amusing story about the days when he used to work in Glasgow for half a crown a week. His staff consisted of a little boy and a black cat. Seeing the little boy was shabbily dressed, Sir Thomas gave him a sovereign to go and buy a new suit. He never came back.

Meeting his mother later, Sir Thomas inquired the reason. "Well," she said, "he looks so respectable now that he has been able to get a much better job."

TWINS PROVIDE A LIVING FOR PHOTOGRAPHER

Takes Pictures of Them and Then Sells Them to Mothers.

TWINS! Six hundred of 'em! That's Hugo Goldsmith's hobby. Not that they are all his, you understand.

Like many others, I was always under the impression that twins cost money and lots of it, but when I dropped in to see Goldsmith, who has a flourishing little stationery shop on one of San Francisco's busiest streets, he told me that he was making a fine living from his twin hobby, says a writer in "Opportunity."

"Here's sheafs of 'em, six hundred pairs, every kind almost, and all taken within the last six months. They were all born here in San Francisco, and range in ages from a few weeks up to fourteen years.

"I find them mostly in the parks," he continued, "I'm fond of them, and they're not hard to find, because twins nearly always dress alike, especially the girls. Can tell them a mile away.

The sizes of the pictures vary, Hugo, says, from 3 1-4 x. 5 1-2 inches, for which he gets fifteen cents, to the largest size that he retails for seventy-five cents each. He has some measuring 5x7 and others 7x9 inches which sell at a proportionate figure. Goldsmith does all his own developing, printing, enlarging and finishing, in which he takes great pride.

Fannie Hurst Was Too Comfortable

Woman Writer Tells Why She Left Home.

HOW she attained success in the face of the obstacles presented by a life of comfort was recently outlined for "Success" magazine by Fannie Hurst, the noted writer of short stories.

"I have found it most difficult to overcome the tendency toward sleeping sickness presented by a comfortable home environment," she declared.

"It took an enormous amount of determination on my part to make up my mind, after leaving college, to take the plunge into the world of struggle for attainment. I was under no economic pressure. I was a snug member of a snug home, at the end of a happy period of education completed, and with full liberty to launch into the pleasures of my little world.

"It was not easy to want anything badly enough to endure torment for it. But when, finally, I did forego the creature comforts of my parents' home, did find myself wanting to write so badly that nothing short of achievement could lay that torment, I was strong enough then to take the plunge.

"And so I left home in the face of every possible kind of opposition, the opposition of indulgent parents and kind friends, and started out to tilt at windmills. I have been tilting ever since, only I hope that my windmills have become castles, and in them lies achievement, and I shall tilt until I break down the castle walls.

THE ONLY NAVY MAN ALLOWED MUSTACHE

"I am the only man on the payroll of the Royal Navy allowed to wear a moustache," says Mr. C. G. Ammon, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty. "The admirals tell me not to remove it because it is a mascot."

Eyes That Won England

It has been said that a too beautiful face will often keep its owner from becoming a successful actress, but Miss Dina Harris, said to have the prettiest eyes in England, is disproving that theory by her stage triumphs.

Close-ups of Toronto's Women Artists

No. 15.—MAIDA PARLOW KNOWLES.

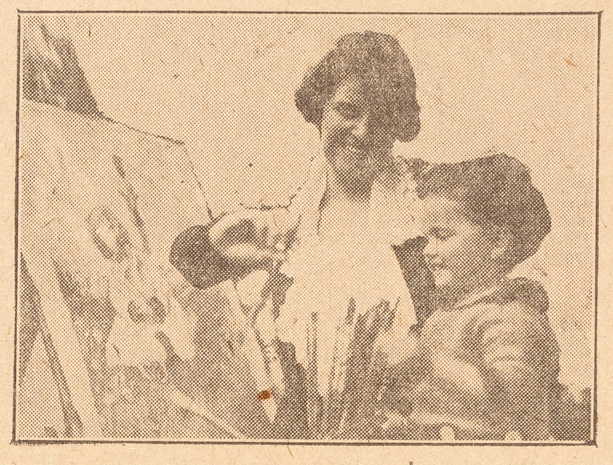
By IRENE B. HARE.

HOW to keep house, bring up two lively and attractive small boys, and still keep up with one's art and progress steadily in it's development is something of a puzzle for most women, but which is being very successfully solved by Mrs. A. R. Knowles, formerly Miss Maida Parlow. Perhaps it is that her subjects are ever before her, and in their changing moods seize constantly upon her artistic interest as well as her maternal, that this young artist is so successful in her figure subjects of children.

Many visitors to the Art Gallery will remember for a long time the freshness of her study of child life, "Forbidden Fruit" at one of the exhibitions this year, in which one small figure is standing on one side of the fence in a sunny garden watching another small person devouring the dainty he longs for, but must not have. There is character in the two small faces, and sunshine and summer in the landscape.

MRS. KNOWLES was before her marriage, a pupil of Mr. McGillivray Knowles, and was his assistant in teaching for quite a while. She afterwards had a studio in New York for several years before going abroad to continue working at her art. There is a great deal of poetry about the work of this young painter. In her studio over on Sherbourne Street, she has two studies which are most interesting. One is the picture of a young girl on a hill-top, the fresh breeze which blows the white clouds across the bright blue sky ruffling her unbound hair and blowing her garments about. The other is a study of a little child, also among the hilltops, and equally breezy in it's conception. Mrs. Knowles works in oils a great deal but is fond of using pastel for sketching the little ones. It is much quicker to use than the oils and you must be quick of you are going to catch the fleeting charm of childhood, for they cannot and will not pose, and the smile of one moment is lost the next, unless caught with an instant impression.

Such an impression Mrs. Knowles has seized in a characteristic sketch of a small girl's head and shoulders, the whole thing giving one the impression of life and color. There is a good deal of delightful blue in this picture which seems to be particularly suitable to the subject. Mrs. Knowles has a number of these quick sketches, some finished and others mere suggestions of children at play, but most of her pastels have been sold as soon as finished, for she does not confine her sketching to her own little ones.



THE artist plans to spend the Summer with her children at Iroquois, on the St. Lawrence River, where the Parlow family have a U.E. Loyalist grant of 300 acres of land, where she will be living a great deal in the out-of-doors and where the little ones will be in their most natural environment, and where she may sketch them and their little playmates in a hundred and one natural poses.

On these Summer days Mrs. Knowles goes back to her oils, even for painting the children, for she can have an opportunity here for more extensive work and less danger of the mishaps which sometimes come painting in a studio with little ones.

MAKING INCOME MEET DEMANDS, DOUG'S CREED

Husband of Mary Pickford Tells of His Struggle for Success.

"IT HAS always been my creed to make my income meet my demands. Somehow it seems to have worked out all right. If I needed anything to help me on to success, I never said, "I can't afford it." Thus speaks Douglas Fairbanks, famous movie star and husband of Mary Pickford, in an article in "Success" magazine.

"I believe," he continues, "that you develop a capacity for success by putting yourself at a disadvantage and then overcoming the disadvantage. The more obligations a fellow has, the better off he is, providing, of course, he doesn't allow them to stump him. He has to achieve a certain amount of success by swimming out of the obligations he has assumed.

"I wanted to go to Europe. I needed the trip to push me forward to the top of the heap. George M. Cohan had promised to give me a job some day as an actor. So I borrowed a thousand bucks from him.

"I got back with exactly eleven dimes. I spent a dime to get home and opened an account with the Union Dime Savings Bank with the rest. Then I took a job in the brokerage house of DeCoppett and Doreums in Wall Street, intending to recoup in a hurry. I succeeded in becoming head of the order department but never a tip worth playing came my way.

"SO I went back on the stage, playing a year in support of Alice Fisher in "Mrs. Jack." It was the hardest struggle to put money into that bank account. There was always something I wanted—wearing apparel, or one of those innumerable requirements indispensable to an actor fighting for success. I would sit down and figure out how long it would take to save a thousand dollars at the rate of ten cents a day. If you want some good mental exercise, I recommend this highly. After see-sawing back and forth I met Lee Shubert in London. He engaged me for a part in the London production of "Fantana," my first and only role in a musical play. While I was still playing in this, Mr. Brady cabled me to accept a five year contract. I was so surprised, I cabled back to know if he was really serious. Then followed five years some of which were successful and some were not.

"WHEN "A Gentleman of Leisure" failed to win public approval, Mr. Brady called me to his office and asked if I would permit the cancelling of the contract.

"It was then two o'clock in the morning. At ten that same morning I had signed with Cohan and Harris for five years.

"But just before lunch that same day, I took a couple of grips to the Union Savings Bank; drew out a thousand dollars in dimes; lugged it up to George M. Cohan's office; deposited it on that wiry little producer's desk and said, 'Here's that thousand dollars I borrowed from you seven years ago. Much obliged.'

"But Cohan called out, 'Just a minute. If you don't mind, put this money in your vest pocket and consider it your first week's salary.'"

Owner of Famous Holstein Has Quick Retort for Man Who Favors Jersey Breed

The "Silver Dollar" Test for Milk Turned Against Its Advocates.

BY P. W. LUCE.

DAIRYMEN disagree as to which of the two great breeds of cows, Jerseys or Holsteins, it is more profitable to keep. The Holstein gives the greater quantity of milk but the Jersey excels in butterfat, and the arguments usually rage around whether it is better to have much milk and little cream, or much cream and little milk.

Dr. W. M. Locke, of Williamsburg, Ontario, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Holsteins. He should know something of their good points, for his two-year-old heifer "Williamsvale Pontiac" recently established a world's record by giving 2783.3 pounds of milk in thirty days, this being manufactured into 142 pounds of butter.

A NEIGHBOR who is an admirer of the Jersey once twitted Dr. Locke over the reputed "thinness" of Holstein milk.

"Whenever I am in doubt as to the breed of a cow," he said, "I put a silver dollar at the bottom of the pail before I begin milking. Then, if I can still see the dollar when I get through, I know the cow is a Holstein."

"When I am in doubt," retorted Dr. Locke, "I put a dime in the pail. If it is not covered when I get through, it's a safe bet the cow is a Jersey."

LLOYD GEORGE ON HOUSE OF LORDS

A witty retort was once made by Mr. Lloyd George when he was discussing Chief Justice Hughes with another well-known American.

Mr. Lloyd George asked if Mr. Hughes had not changed a great deal since the days when he was Governor of New York. "Well," said the American, "for the last six years he has been sitting in the Supreme Court. If you had sat for six years in the House of Lords, I guess you would have changed some, too."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," was Mr. Lloyd George's reply. "But the House of Lords would."

WAS GLAD TO DIE

There has lately been proved the will of a Manchester man in the building trade who, in making his will a few weeks before his death, left all his property to his daughter, saying: "I desire that my wife shal not receive one penny from my estate, for she and her son have led me a hell-upon-earth life, and when it pleases the Almighty to call me, it will also please me to be taken from such a woman."

Discovered "McIntyre"

Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage was easily outdone by Sandy McIntyre, prospector, who discovered the famous McIntyre gold mine at Porcupine and sold it for $125. The purchaser resold it for $300,000 and the mine has since paid over $3,000,000 in dividends. "Sandy" is still prospecting.

SPENT HONEYMOON IN AFRICAN JUNGLE

A HONEYMOON in the jungle! One of the strangest, most adventurous, and most novel trips ever undertaken has been that of Colonel J. C. B. Statham, the famous big-game hunter, and his wife, who recently traversed many hundreds of miles of the uncivilized wilds of Portuguese West Africa, in the course of which they faced death many times.

The bride, who is only twenty and the eldest daughter of Mr. F. A. Macquisten, K.C., M.P., wished to see the country in which her husband had earned his fame as a hunter, and they decided to take a honeymoon trip across Africa—a distance of over a thousand miles. Traversing as they did a country in which savages and wild beasts, including lions and rhinos, abounded, they experienced many thrilling incidents.

Their most exciting adventure was with a mad Englishman in whose territory the travellers made a halt. He had homicidal tendencies and the bride and bridegroom narrowly escaped with their lives. Soon after they left they learned that he had killed a Greek neighbor and then committed suicide.

Although Mrs. Statham has had enough adventures to last most people a lifetime, she declares she would like to go back again!

CAPT. FARQUHAR IS A VETERAN SEALER

ALTHOUGH he shipped before the mast as a boy and has never been to school in his life, Captain J. A. Farquhar, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is now, at the age of eighty-two, the president of two steamship companies.

Captain Farquhar was brought up on Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, and as there was no school his mother became his teacher, and she saw that he always learned his lessons. When still a boy he went before the mast, and after many years at sea took his master's ticket. Later still he inaugurated Canada's first steam-fleet seal fishery, thus making his entry into the ranks of shipowners.

VIENNESE TENOR IS AN ENGLISHMAN!

THE principal tenor of the Viennese National Opera is an Englishman, who, however has never before sung in England! He is Mr. Alfred Piccaver, and he was an electrical engineer until the time when he went on holiday to the Tyrol. He was singing one day when he was overheard by the director of the Prague Opera House, who there and then offered him an engagement.

"Baby With Thousand Mothers"

This is "Frances Pauline," whose destiny is different from that of most babies, satisfied as they are to sleep, feed, stare, smile, scream, chuckle, chortle, kick, gurgle, and be otherwise naughty and nice, cussed and cute, in a thousand and one ways. This little lady, the baby with a thousand mothers, is both useful and ornamental in the capacity of "practice child" in the Home Economics Department of the University of Maine, where the women students take turns in caring for her in true maternal fashion, this delightful combination of duty and pleasure being a part of the regular course of instruction.

All Around The Town

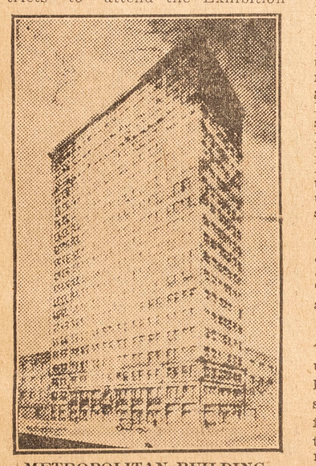
City Life in Pen and Pencil

NEW BUILDING TO BE HIGHEST IN THE EMPIRE

Metropolitan Structure Will be Next Holder of This Proud Title.

ABOUT a year from now the Royal Bank building will no longer have the distinction of being the highest building in the British Empire. For by that time it is expected that the Metropolitan Building, which is now in course of cosntruction at the south west corner of Adelaide and Victoria streets, will have been completed. This structure will contain twenty-one stories, which is one more than the Royal Bank building, and it will be approximately thirty feet higher than the latter is from sidewalk to roof.

When the Traders' Bank Building was erected it was Toronto's only skyscraper. It was our nearest approach to some famous American commercial edifices, and—as every visitor was informed over and over again— it was the loftiest building in the whole Empire. Hundreds of people who came from rural districts to attend the Exhibition



METROPOLITAN BUILDING

went away more impressed by this monument to big business than by anything the Fair had to offer.

THE favored few who achieved admission to the roof of this elongated tier of offices were wont to describe, on return to normal levels, how Lilliputian the pedestrians appeared from the great eminence. A street car, one was informed, looked like a toy wagon. An automobile—which was then such a rarity that even on Yonge street it caused citizens to rubberneck—seemed from such proximity to the clouds as though it might be easily stuffed into one's vest pocket.

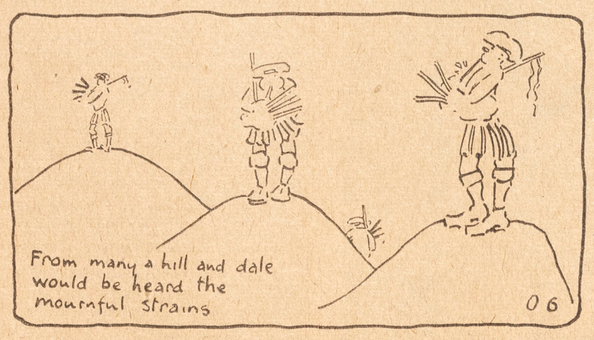
And then this great wonder was superseded by the C. P. R. Building. More adjectives expressive of height were called into use after the completion of this structure than even etymologists knew were in the dictionary.

Later came the Royal Bank, which has held its proud title undisputedly longer than either of its predecessors. It was contended up to a few months ago by some citizens whose opinions are generally considered weighty that the said title would be held by this building for all time. At least, it was argued that Toronto would never see a taller structure; from a town planning point of view skyscrapers being undesireable, and so on.

But this is only another proof of the risk a man takes when he sets nimself up as a prophet. The Metropolitan Building is under way, and no doubt in due course it will rise to its appointed height.

Perhaps before its roof is on another skyscraper will be started for the Empire's Highest Building title. At any rate no one dare say that the Metropolitan Building will hold the distinction for many years.

Bagpipe Concert Drew Bouquets and Brickbats



By OWEN GURNEY.

A SHORT time ago we were visited by a Scotch-Canadian family that reside about fifteen miles out from Toronto.

The head of the family is a bagpipe enthusiast.

My wife, also being Scotch-Canadian, requested him to bring his instrument!

During the evening some friends from Glasgow came along and when darkness fell we went out to the back, where my friend paraded up and down the lawn to the tune of his pipes. Our neighbors were away on their summer vacations, but I believe every other family on the street was at home that night.

Having played most of his repertoire from Cock o' the North to Blue Bonnets O'er the Border, my friend called for some suggestions from the gathering. As I was the only Englishman present I diffidently mentioned Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road and Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins, but I was immediately squelched by the Glasgow contingent amid a torrent of r-r-r-'s hitting on all six.

The following day I was visited by two delegations—one composed of English residents who threatened me with dire consequences. The other of Scots who tendered a vote of thanks.

A SCOTTISH pig-stealer was the inventor of the bagpipes. He used to carry a sack with him on his expeditions. Into this he would slip a young pig, but as the youthful porker advertised the event too widely by his squealing, some means had to be devised to offset this. A pipe with a mouthpiece was inserted in one end of a leather bag which now took the place of the sack, and another pipe with holes bored in the side was fastened to another part of the bag. The resourceful Scot would then slip his captive into the bag, and to the accompaniment of lively squealing, paraded down Sauchiehall Street while pretending to play his instrument, followed by an admiring crowd.

His reputation as a producer of music grew rapidly and there were many requests for him to attend sports gatherings and Labor Day events with his wonderful instrument. As a good, healthy young sqealer was not always obtainable at short notice, and in view of other foreseen difficulties, it was necessary to make the instrument play without this aid.

And so evolved the real bagpipes.

IT IS only right and proper that the Scots should love the skirl of the pipes considering what they have done for Scotland.

On the east coast they warded off many an invasion planned by the Vikings and, later on, the Danes and Saxons. As a marauding vessel swooped down upon the village, sounds of the pipes came across the water from the cliff tops. The Vikings trembled, then detoured south until they reached the coasts of Northumberland, Durham and Yorkshire where they plundered and burnt. That's why the English do not like the bagpipes.

During the early days of golf the bagpipes were very much in evidence on the golf links in Scotland. Each player carried his bagpipes with him. If he lost his ball and did not find it by nightfall, he would play a lament on the pipes. Famous among these laments was the Brassiemashnibblickie. From many a hill and dale would be heard the mournful strains at twilight. It took one Scots golfer three years to find his ball. In the meantime his golf fell off considerably but he became a wonderful bagpipe player.

A CURIOUS thing about the bagpipes is that they are never heard playing with other instruments. For instance, who has heard of a duet with bagpipe and harp? The only thing that I have heard them play with is the drum and they are probably used to the knocking anyway.

Some public-spirited citizen has recently written to one of the dailies of London petitioning Parliament to prohibit bagpipe playing south of the Tweed. One reason was that it turned milk sour. When our visitor from the outskirts of Toronto came with his pipes my wife ordered an extra supply of milk. When she went to prepare refreshments, towards the close of the evening, to her consternation and surprise there was no milk in the pitcher. All she could find was a chunk of rank butter. Our piper guiltily hid his bagpipes under the buffet.

What's In a Name Or How 'Tis Spoken?

Al Jolson is quoted as having said that it doesn't matter much how we say a thing, so long as it is understood.

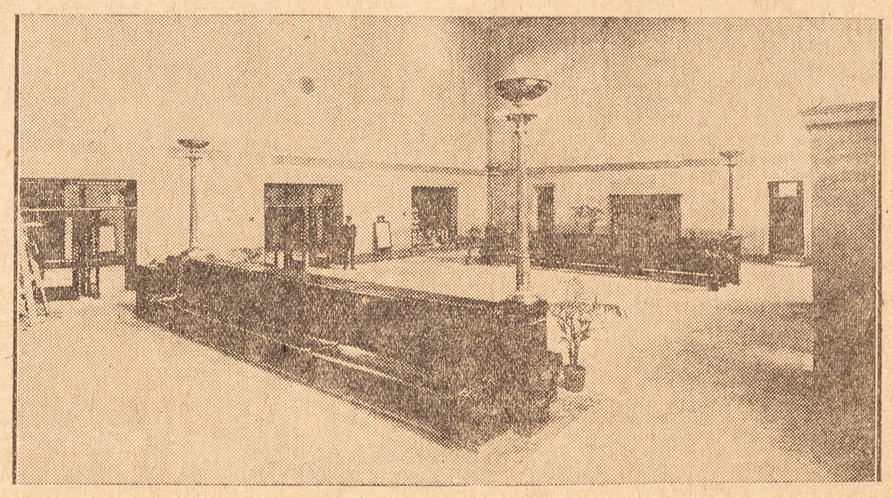
Among the common English family names used here to designate streets, buildings, etc., and which are pronounced quite differently locally from the way which the Old Countrymen prefers, is Connaught.

There is, for instance, the Duke of Connaught school. The pupils attending it, the teachers and the public generally say Conn-nawt, accenting the second syllable as though the word were French. The Englishman, on the other hand, accents the first syllable—in fact, some of them seem to forget there is anything more to the word—thus: Conn-ot. . . . . .

Colonel Alexander Fraser, Director of Provincial Government Archives and A.D.C. to the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, tells The Sunday World that in the Duke of Connaught's family the word is pronounced in this latter fashion. Indeed all over England and Ireland, he says, it is so spoken.

Col. Fraser explained that the word is of Irish origin, Connaught having been one of the five old provinces of Ireland. The MacDonald clan traces its lineage back to "Conn of the Hundred fights." The appendage was originally "Acht," signifying "belonging to." Some authorities claim, Col. Fraser added, that the appendage was a form of the Gaelic word for "field."

Toronto Has Reason to Be Proud Of Record of New Union Station



No Person Has Ever Missed Connections At Our Wonderful Depot, Nor Has A Single Train Been Late In Arriving or Departing—This Ideal Institution Only One Of Its Kind In Whole World.

By R. K. HALL.

FOR years now it has been a habit with would-be humorists to indulge in raucous, pointless jibes at the expense of our magnificent new Union Station. Indeed, this structure has become a common laughing-stock from one end of the province to the other. Even cities as far distant as Halifax and Vancouver have published stinging witticisms directed at this splendid pile of architecture. The thing has grown to such incredible proportions that no matter where you may go in the Dominion, the instant you reveal the fact that you are from Toronto some talkative person will at once lean forward and remark in coarse, infuriating accents, "Ha, ha ha! that's a fine new station you have there, isn't it?"

The incomprehensible part of it is that no one—barring not even the Toronto newspapers—has ever taken the trouble to inform the country just what a really remarkable building the new Union Station is. As it stands, it is easily the most extraordinary station on the continent.

IN the first place, let me call attention to the fact that, although it has been built for some years, not a single person has ever missed a train in it. Is there any other station in the world that can point with pride to a record equalling that? No answer is required. It is doubtful whether any other station ever built could boast of its freedom from missed trains for more than a week at most. This astounding record alone should turn the laugh on every detractor of our superb station.

But that is far from being all. During the entire period of its existence, positively nobody has been injured or killed in the new station. No one has carelessly stepped in front of an incoming train. No switch engine has run amuck, scattering death and havoc. No woman has attempted to step off a moving coach backwards. In fact, not even a conductor has stubbed his toe as he stepped aboard his train, or an engineer squirted oil over his jumpers, or a passenger jammed his fingers trying to raise a refractory car window. The absence of accidents of any description has been phenomenal and absolute.

FURTHERMORE, there is never any irritating line-up at the ticket wickets. On a holiday like Empire Day or Labor Day, when thousands of people are funnelling out of the city, you can enter the new station, and find an utter abscence of waiting queues. You can step right up to the ticket window, and plank down your money on the ledge without an instant's delay. Duplicate that, if you can, in any other sneering city in Canada!

Owing to the adoption of daylight saving time in the summer in Toronto, and the fact that trains run on standard time, there is plenty of opportunity for confusion and mistakes. But nobody can complain of the train service at the new Union Station in this respect. Daylight saving time or standard time—it makes not one iota of difference. No one ever needs to phone there to inquire regarding the arrival or departure of trains. So simple and unchanging is the schedule that everyone knows it by heart. Any citizen of Toronto can tell you without hesitation and with equal ease when the early train for Hamilton leaves the new station or when the through train for Winnipeg pulls out. The fact that the railways have not troubled to mention the new station in their time-tables amply proves all this.

ANOTHER point in favor of the new station is its unusual cleanliness and freedom from noise. Sullying smoke, in the New Union, is unknown. Not the rasping of a car wheel, or the hissing roar of a steam exhaust is ever heard. Wayfarers never bump into one another. So simple is the schedule that announcers need not lift their practised voices in far-reaching warning and notification.

The truth of the matter is that we have an ideal station in almost every respect, but no one has yet bothered to point this out. It is possible, of course, that the new depot has certain defects; none has yet been built absolutely perfect, utterly beyond improvement. But there is no use dwelling upon the imperfections. The thing to do is to study the matter in its broader aspects, and, where the advantages are so manifold, to refrain from adverse criticism.

FIVE THOUSAND NEW PUPILS AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

And About Same Number Promoted into Collegiates.

By H. R. C.

APPROXIMATELY 70,000 public school pupils resumed their studies at the close of the vacation period. And contrary to the general opinion of adults, most of them were glad to get back. They had been away long enough to no longer find any great novelty in freedom from mental work, and besides the beginning of a new year holds in prospect many uncertainties.

"We got a new teacher in our room," shouted one little fellow to a noisy crowd of his playmates at York Street School. "That's nothin', we got sixteen new kids in our class," came in reply from the group.

Perhaps in the down town sections these excited groups of happy little folks were most conspicuous. Principals had a busy time of it registering new-comers and arranging classes. Mothers came by the hundreds leading timid "beginners."

It is estimated by the chief inspector's voice that about 5,000 little tots received their first introduction to the schoolroom on opening day. And about that number of promoted pupils passed into the High Schools. As one teacher appropriately remarked, "Children come and go, but schools go on forever".

Exactly ninty-seven schools were opened to begin the new term. The new General Mercer school, opened for the first time in May, had a good increase in attendance. As evidence of a growing east-end Earl Haig school added over one hundred and fifty new pupils and several new teachers.

And so the dear old golden rule days have begun again, and far-off summer resorts are a vision of the remote past.

Smoking Prevents Decaying of Teeth

DR. MARY STEWARD DEACON of Birkenhead speaking at the closing session of the Royal Sanitary institute congress at Liverpool, suggested that smoking acts as a preventative against decayed teeth.

Afterwards Dr. Deacon said that during the war she examined the teeth of thousands of men and women who were to be engaged in munition factories. "Invariably I found," she remarked, "that the teeth of men who smoked were badly discoloured by the nicotine, but they were sound right through. The class of women engaged in munition work were certainly not heavy smokers, and I found their teeth decayed to a far greater extent than those of men."

Detours Were Ten Times as Long as the Tour In Twin's Attempt to Motor to the Mountains

"WHERE you been?" inquired "High Dome" Finnegan. "You look like the latter end of a misspent life."

"Not no worse than that?" I comes back. "My worst enemy shouldn't feel half so bad as I does. The next time I goes touring in a buzz-wagon "ll be some snowy Thursday late in July, along about the 32d or 33d of the month."

"So you had a rotten trip, eh?" remarks Finnegan. "Where'd you go?"

"Oh different places," I answers, evasive.

"I thought," says "High Dome," "you was gonna go to the mountains."

"So did I," I answers, "when we started out, but I didn't get no nearer a mountain than a guy with a pair of deuces comes near winning a pot against seven pat hands."

"Car lay down on you?" asks Finnegan, sympathetic.

"It done more tricks than that," I tells him. "It lay down, climbed trees, slid down gullies, stood up on its hind legs, but them wasn't my real troubles."

"Come on," urges "High Dome," soothing, "lay your head on mamma's knees and tell her everything."

"WELL," says I, "to begin with, I didn't never wanna go on the trip, but the frau kept after me so long that I finally flopped, figuring that everybody's got to go through a tour oncet and I might as well get shut of it right away, like they says in Arkansas. So I goes out and buys me a lotta maps and a flock of other junk, but I forgot the only two things that is worth a hoot."

"What's them?" Finnegan wants to know.

"A shovel and a rope, feller," I returns. "When I didn't need one or the other I needed 'em both. Going touring without them things is just like going to bed without a bed or going to work without a job. We starts out early on a Sunday morning and the first town we comes to is a place called Detour, and"——

"Go on," says Finnegan. "What happened next?"

"I takes the road the finger is pointing to," I continues, "and pretty soon the car stops. I looks out and the wheels is all gone and I can just barely see the running board."

"Where'd the wheels go?" inquires "High Dome."

"Thats the trouble," says I. "They didn't go no place. Some mud comes along, took a look at my bus and got stuck on it."

"And then?" invites Finnegan.

"And then," I tells him, "we had pretty fun. I kept trying to pull the car loose, but pretty soon I hadda stop on the account of the slush beginning to come in over the doors."

"You sure got in deep," remarks "High Dome." "How'd you get out?"

"I FINALLY decides," I goes on, "that I gotta get somebody to pull me out, so I hikes a coupla miles to a farm-house and gets a bimbo with a pair of horses to come back with me. When we gets to the oil can he asks me for a rope. I ain't got none, so the apple knocker has to beat it back to his dump to get one. While he's gone it starts raining large cats and good-sized dogs and on account of the mud I ain't able to move around to put up the one-regiment top. Pretty soon the wife's taking a hip bath in the rain water and making a few pleasant remarks about me and my family. What mud ain't on the road is on me and my folks before the yokel comes back with the rope, but this time he forgets the horses and is gotta go back after them. The first yank the nags give the rope busts, besides pulling out the bumper. It takes us a coupla hours to get drug out, but we finally makes the grade. Then I says to the hick:

"'Does this road take us to Pazzasusville.?"

"'It does,' he answers, 'mosta the time, but the bridge is out and you gotta go back and around the other way."

"'You means,' I howls, 'I gotta go through that mud again?'"

"'You don't have to,' grins the fathead. 'You can settle around here, if you wants to. I got a forty I'll sell you'——

"I don't listen to no more, but turns around and tries to get through the sink hole quick. I gets stuck again and I gotta be pulled out on the other side. The jake asks forty dollars for this work.

"'The only difference,' says I, 'between you and Jesse James is that you got two horses.'

"Alla this time it's raining and we wanders around about twenty miles to get to a dump that was only a mile away from the place where we was stuck. We finally hits Pazzasusville with one flat tire, a hanging bumper and so darn much mud on us you can't tell whether we is driving a motorcycle or a prairie schooner. We was some covered wagon, bo."

"Pretty tough," remarks Finnegan, "but you didn't have them troubles all the time, did you?"

"Not them same ones." I tells him, "but I had some just as good, if not better. The second day out the gas tank springs a leak while we is about thirty miles from the nearest filling station and we has to wait about three hours until a bobo comes along and gives us enough to drag onto the next town. When we gets there they ain't no place to flop, so we spends the night in the boat. For two days straight it's been raining."

"Where was you headed for?" asks "High Dome."

"How do I know?" I comes back. "Every joint we started for was blocked off by a detour sign. Places that hadn't repaired a road for eighty-six years all of a sudden got the yen for highway work. Oncet I was going along a stretch and doing pretty good when all of a sudden I sees a bimbo walk out and slap a detour marker right in front of me. As the crow flies I don't think we got more'n ten miles away from home, but we musta gone at the leastest a hundred miles.

"You gotta expect them troubles on a tour," says "High Dome."

"I wasn't on a tour," I returns.

"No?" inquires Finnegan. "What was it then?"

"A detour," I tells him.

"So I goes out and buys me a lotta maps and a flock of other junk, but I forgot the only two things that is worth a hoot."

Left-Handedness Is Not An Isolated Condition

"THOUGH left-handedness has never yet been classified among diseases, yet a most striking feature is the intolerance shown towards it," says Dr. W. S. Inman, senior physician at the Portsmouth Eye and Ear Hospital, in an inquiry, into the origin of this peculiarity and of squint and stammer.

"Once the individual has been able to weather the storm of disapproval from parents and teachers, he is left alone, and may even be commended if the left-handedness be applied to games.

"Superficially regarded, the left-hander is as other men. Often, however, he is different from his fellows in certain subtle ways, and the difference seems to be connected with the difficulty experienced in childhood in establishing his right to do as he pleases.

"THE relationship of left-handedness and stammering has been shown by the onset of the latter where forceful restraint of left-handedness has been practised. On the other hand, stammering appears sometimes to have resulted from an attempt to make a right-hander ambidextrous."

Dr. Inman states that he has known of only one case where a lefthander developed a squint when an attempt was made to enforce right-handedness. "A boy of seven or eight was sent to a school where the master insisted upon his becoming right-handed. The boy found difficulty in compliance, was beaten, and at each beating developed a temporary squint."

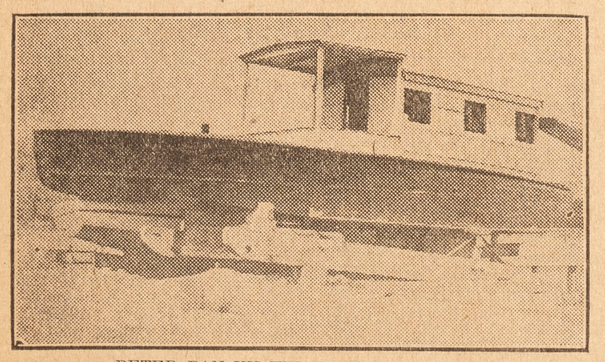
Dr. Inman described the case of a boy who was referred to him because he saw double.

"The natural inference was that he was developing squint; but investigation showed that when copying from the blackboard he doubled the letters and figures thus—229977 for 297; in fact, he might almost be described as having a 'stammering eye.'

"He was the youngest of six, of whom all but the first two were left-handed until seven or eight. All these left-handers have tended to write backwards, mirror fashion."

"The moral of the story," concludes Dr. Inman, "seems to be two-fold: first, that these conditions, hitherto regarded as separate and unrelated, appear to be determined by defects in the personality as a whole; and secondly, that the emotional difficulties of the child in meeting social demands have an importance which has till now been hidden from all save the psycho-analyst."

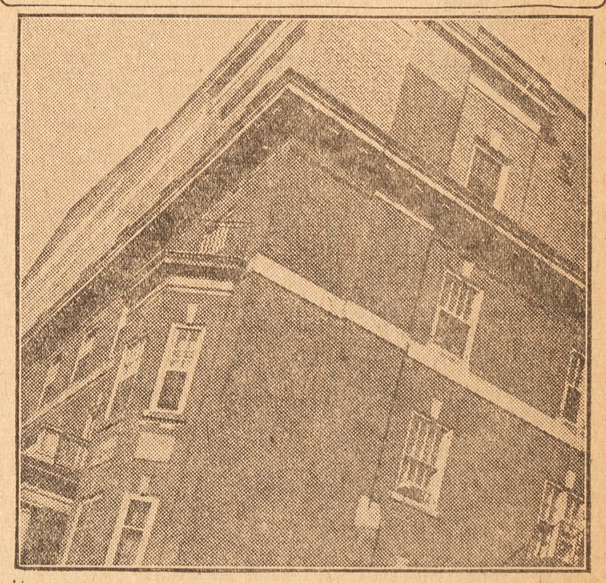
From Speed Plane To House Boat



PETER PAN VII WILL RACE NO MORE.

This is what the former super hydroplane, Peter Pan VII, looks like now, while she is being transformed into a house boat. She once made a mile a minute on the Bay, shortly after she had been bought by Mr. J. P. Bickle for $10,000. Recently the hull was sold for $25.

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.

Not in the Testimony

The Man With a Cell-Bred Monomania for Revenge Comes Back to Demand a Reckoning.

By Richard Washburn Child

Complete in This Issue

ONE chief inspector of police. One district attorney and assistants. A dozen expert reporters of blotter news. Twelve good men and true, serving on a jury. A hardened judge. This is a partial list of those who had a hand in a successful prosecution and yet would never be able to say what happened.

Not one of them will know, until they read it, the explanation of the most mysterious behavior on the part of one person pronounced guilty, which ever came to their notice. Evidence is a curious thing. Testimony is not always complete. Justice runs in strange courses.

On August fifth of last year, the lights in the house of Mr. Christopher Mace, the banker, apparently were all extinguished except one, which burns low all night in the front hall. Behind the dark curtains of the cellar windows the lights in the Negro maids' rooms were still going full flare but were not to be observed from the street.

Mr. Christopher Mace, after sixty-five, had retired from active interest in the bank. He dropped out of the presidency and into the chairmanship of the board of directors; he maintained a visiting relationship with the offices, including visits to his safety deposit box. Nothing in his life promised that he would be murdered unless it were the fact that he, with years, had grown eccentric, and one of his eccentricities was to sleep in the same room he had shared with his wife ever since he had come east from Ohio, eighteen or twenty years ago, and bought this old fashioned brown stone front edifice in the park. It is necessary to add when speaking of his expectancy of being murdered, that after his wife's death he insisted on leaving every article she had ever owned in the place she had left it. This, without his knowledge, included a rope of pearls, valued in several tens of thousands, which for some reason she never put with her other jewelry in her lock box at the bank.

On August fifth, the prospect that Mr. Christopher Mace would be murdered was not within the scope of any reasonable person's thought. His house had a sleepy appearance, like that of smug, well guarded, old fashioned homes, where yawns begin at nine and eccentric old trusty persons are snoring at ten-thirty. It was exactly at ten-thirty, that a well dressed man of cadaverous figure but graceful carriage walked up one of those long brown flights of steps which made the houses built in the seventies and eighties so inviting. He rang the bell as if he had legitimate business more in keeping, perhaps with the hour of ten-thirty of the morning.

The visitor did not ask for Mr. Mace! the visitor told the Negro maid, who finally appeared, tying on a white apron, that he wished to see a Mr. Thornton Fellowes.

Mr. Thornton Fellowes, as the maid knew, was that silent, patient man who for many years had acted for the old gentleman banker as housekeeper, accountant, assistant, secretary, and whose attentions were sometimes even in that class of services called, when given with less devotion and affection, valet attendance. Thornton Fellowes, who was not young himself and had a curious restrained almost saddened dignity, on certain occasions had been seen helping old Christopher Mace to maintain his lifelong reputation for foppishness. He had helped him to tie his white evening dress cravats.

THE maid, glancing up at the old hall clock which ticked austerely like an inexorable personality, said that Mr. Thornton Fellowes was out.

The other now showed the first sign of feeling that he was master of the situation. He said, "He is not out. He is in. I have full information. I must see him."

"What name?" said the two white rows of frightened teeth.

"Say it's Mr. Reckoning."

If the maid considered this a strange name, she made no comment. She allowed the late visitor to put his hat on the table, and pulled back the portiere into the library so that the gentleman could enter its warm smelling interior, still redolent with the odors of living rooms just vacated by those who have gone to bed. When the light had been switched on, she left him blinking about curiously at his surroundings. She said afterward that he appeared to her a good deal like a corpse which had learned to walk and talk again. She said he had strong muscles in his jaws—always chewing imaginary articles.

When the maid descended from above she said, "Mr. Fellowes will be right down." She then opened a stair door which led to the kitchen and servants' basement, and descended heavily. The stranger who had slid silently to the top of these steps listened as if weighing the question of sound penetration in this house. He was satisfied. He nodded. He locked the door which closed off the cellar stairs and returned to the library.

When Mr. Fellowes came through the portieres, the stranger stepped back so that the light from the ceiling fixture would fall upon his own face. He was fixing the gaze of his deep set, intense eyes upon the countenance of his host.

"Mr. Reckoning?" began Fellowes.

"You don't know me?" The other man had a voice strangely incongruous. Looking at the man one would say that he should have a bass voice. It was almost feminine. It had a kind of piping quality but there was an ugly vigor in the piping; it bored like an auger; it was like a thin surgical probing instrument.

"I'm very sorry," said Fellowes in a stilted tone, "I cannot say that I do. I was about to retire, but if you will state your business——"

The visitor made no answer. He was leisurely. He was contemplating the man before him. He scrutinized the other man's face with sad and patient mien as if to discover whether that sadness was bitterness and whether that patience was the result of some kind of triumph or some kind of failure. Fellowes had a smaller frame than the visitor, but it still retained a stocky, sturdy quality and the laugh lines at the corner of his eyes, well remembered, were still there.

The visitor evidently reached a conclusion because he said outright, "Happy—eh, Thorny?"

At this nickname Mr. Fellowes eyes suddenly started forward.

"Who are you? he burst out.

"I'm just dear, old Phil." He paused. "That's right, Thorny—turn white, damn you! It's been nearly twenty years. Turn yellow, blast you! I've lost my hair and I am thinner and look at my age compared with yours—an old, old man, eh? Old? I'm forty—eight, but you'd say I was sixty and the truth is that I'm eight hundred and four score. Shake and tremble! You're right! It's dear, old Phil Dilling—and here I am!"

The first words the other man could summon were words of self-defence. He said, "If you've come to wreck my job for me you've come too late."

Dilling nodded. "O, I know. Trusted employe. Well established and all that. It was all hushed up for you, eh? Nobody knows but that cranky old fool of a master of yours? Took a shine to you? Let you out? You were honest? Were you? Better than the other two of us? Better than me? Better than Goodwin, who shot himself in Paris before they could get his extradition?"

Fellowes stared at the other and then looked down at his hands held palm upward as if holding an imaginary saucer. "No," he said painfully. "I never pretended that. You used to say I had two personalities in me. Do you remember? One good and stupid—a wheel horse? And the other bad and clever—devilishly clever? Remember what you said? It was true then, it's true now." He spoke of it sadly, as one speaks of some chronic disease which has caused endless suffering and grown too old a subject to be interesting.

Then he looked up quickly. "What do you want, Phil? What are you doing here?"

"I came for you," said Dilling in his surgical voice. "That's the first thing I did when I got outside. A crazy thing to do! Certainly. I'm no fool. I'm not fool enough not to know how the hours make a man crazy. I'm crazy, Thorny, old man. You don't know about the hours—the hours—the hours! You've never been there. You were clever—smart. You squirmed out. You don't know what it is to work on account books all day long until the figures dance like little devils. And in the night when there is insomnia—ha! ha! Sitting on the side of the little cot! Thinking and thinking. Little ideas grow and grow on the flat side of the dark and then you fall in love with one of them as you would with a woman. The idea becomes your dear, dear wife. You live with her—day and night!"

Fellowes smiled painfully. "Well?" he asked. "What was it, Phil?"

"To get square with you, Thorny." He put a revolver down on the table in front of him.

"To kill me?" the other said almost cheerfully.

Dilling shook his head. "O, no! That would be silly—unless I had to. It would send me back—there." He shuddered as if suddenly exposed, naked to a cold, damp blast of imagery. "No, what I had in my mind was that if either of us went up there why it would be you." He smiled an ugly smile. "Or else we might go together."

The first exposed troubled look came into Fellowes' eyes. He smoothed his rather thin hair down the gray patches over the temples.

Fellowes began a painstaking labor of turning the brass knob on the thick oak door.

"O, I know," said the ex-convict, seeing this flittering ghost of fear. "I know all about you, Thorny. I had word brought to me while I was still inside. I had a report made on you. I know how you restored the stolen money and got your job. That was a good many years ago. Then you married. I hear you've got a daughter, seventeen already. Nice wife, eh? And all the time I was up there? Well?"

"Well, what?" asked the other patient man. "There's nothing you've got against me."

"Haven't I? When we got away that night with the money from the bank, you were the one who had it. What did you do? You gave it back, eh?"

Thornton Fellowes' thin lips curled a little as he said, "are you charging me with dishonesty?"

"I'm charging you with double crossing!" the convict exploded.

"Are you?" replied Fellowes. "What about your promise not to shoot whatever happened. You double crossed Goodwin and me. We never bargained with you for manslaughter."

"Pah!" Phil said. "Neither of you two had any experience. I did what I had to or we given my right hand to have had Mr. Mace find those pearls. Good God, Phil, they haunted me like a fiend! I could tell you about them, of course, but the voice said, 'No, perhaps—" and I thought of the money involved. I could send Grace to college. And nobody had ever been very liberal with me! But if the pearls had disappeared, without any act on my part and gone out of my life forever, I would have felt like a man cured of leprosy! don't you doubt it! Like a man cured of leprosy!"

His face was all twisting and writhing in agony.

Dilling saw the perspiration on the other man's brow, and said brutally, "I guess I'll decide this question for you, Thorny. My conscience is in better tune than yours—if you know what I mean."

"You want me to go get those pearls?" Fellowes asked in sudden horror.

"Get 'em and other things," Dilling asserted evilly.

"Do you know where they are?"

"You have said."

"They are in Mr. Mace's bedroom," Fellowes said, his voice dropping to a whisper. "They can't be reached—now—to-night!"

"O, yes, they can!" growled Dilling. "You love your life too much not to go."

He picked up the revolver. "I'd kill you like a dog if you turned me down. Why wouldn't I? I've lived my life haven't I? I'm a wreck. I came to make you perform, dear old Thorny, and I came to get you into trouble, and if you don't do as I say I'll wipe —you—out!"

Fellowes stared again stupidly at the contorted face of the other man. He did not glance about him like the proverbial rat caught in a trap. Instead he allowed the corners of his mouth and eyes, where the wrinkles of age were beginning to accumulate, to curve into a kind of silly grin.

While he spoke this same silly grin remained on his face and in his voice there was a peculiar note suggestive of one who apologizes in a good natured way for his existence.

"Now listen, Phil!" he said. "I want you to be reasonable about this. You remember how you used to say I was like one man with two personalities. You said one of them was stupid and rather good, eh? And the other was bad and devilishly clever. Now, don't awake my bad side, Phil! I prefer to say good-by again to you after all these years. I could let you have a little money, too. I'd like to help you. But I beg you to go away and leave me just as I am—an old wheel horse. I'd even agree to fight out my temptation about the rope of pearls, all by myself. You better go, Phil. Just don't waken my bad and clever side."

Dilling snorted. "You talk like a sore foot."

"No, no, no!" the soft voice went on. "Don't say that. Suppose you awakened my clever side, Phil? He was grinning in this silly way. "No, don't do it, Phil. It would be the worse for you. Don't drive me back into the old thing. Don't make me clever again. It might go all wrong for you. I think it would. I tell you, Phil, leave me to my wife and daughter and my boy. Just let it go at that. Don't make me clever again. If you do, Phil, you'll be sorry!"

"I'll be sorry?"

"Yes, you'll be sorry. I don't know just how, but somehow I'll get the better of you, Phil. I'm too clever for you. I warn you."

Some flick of memory and perhaps the softness of the voice and this benevolent grinning face brought, for a passing second, a look of fright into Dilling's sunken, evil eyes.

"Bunk!" he said finally, exhaling a long breath. "Cheap bluff and bunk, Thorny, You're clever. But I've got the two guns!"

The other man's body suddenly lost its stiffening, as if indeed his last appeal to Dilling having failed, all courage and nerve had leaked out on to the floor.

"Good God! Dilling! What do you want me to do? Do you want me to go into my chief's room? Well, it will just mean that if——"

"Yes," finished the other, "that if he wakes up you'll make some excuse and come out. There would be a poor one act play, sure! He'd recognize you and, of course, you'd make some excuse and come out and the performance would be over. No, I don't see it that way."

Dilling took a piece of paper out of his inside coat pocket. Let's see," he muttered. "Yes, this is the plan. You see, Thorny, I had the whole business before I came east. I didn't have to make any incriminating inquiries around here. I just landed this afternoon, and came right up. Plans of the house—and everything! The man who brought the report to me last year did a good job. Yes. Right over this room is Mace's study. That's where we go next. And just back of it is the bedroom where the old crank sleeps."

He was glancing down at the paper when he saw Fellowes' trembling fingers come creeping across the table toward the revolver. He snatched it up and swung its muzzle pointing between the other man's staring, frightened eyes.

"Don't! For God's sake!"

Fellowes was almost saffron color. He shook and had to hold on to the desk. "D-d-don't!" he gibbered. "I know you. You're mad. You'd kill. You're—not—like—me. You haven't—anything—to—lose!" Fellowes was panting as a man with some terrible disorder of the heart.

"Behave yourself—you cringer!" growled Dilling. "I'm going to give you a sporting chance. I never thought when I used to think of you during those hours that I ever would, but I'm going to. I'm going to make it a game—a sporting chance."

"What you going to do?" If the other had been dissembling courage and threats, the picture was all gone now. His voice shook; his posture was that of a begging mouse.

"Tell you presently," Dilling said. "We're going upstairs. Walk! Walk ahead of me. Feel that in your back? It's cold muzzle—metal, Thorny, curse you for a yellow quitter. Clever, are you? Well, walk! Tread easy. One sound and I'll blow you open in the middle."

"I though it was c-coming to this," whined Fellowes. "Heaven help me! I know why you brought the two guns."

"Walk!" repeated Dilling grimly. "Up you go. Into the study—into the front room. Quiet, now!"

FELLOWES had left the light burning in Mr. Mace's study. Papers were spread out over the desk as if Fellowes had been at work there after the eccentric banker had retired for the night in the bedroom beyond that closed door.

"I hear the old boy always sleeps with a gun under his pillow," whispered Dilling with a grin.

"A dead shot!" said the victim in a trembling voice. "O, Phil, listen now! I'm smarter than you are. This may mean the finish of us—both of us."

The ex-convict made no other reply than a self-satisfied smile; he was taking account now of his surroundings. With an inborn instinct for the dramatic, he had put his cadaverous, sloping shoulder, angular body into a half crouching posture, like some sneaking animal of prey.

Finally he said with a note of triumph, "I paid through those years, Thorny. I guess you'll pay now."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to send you in there. Go ahead into the bedroom and bring me out something that will keep the wolf from the door."

Fellowes' lower jaw fell; it was as if he had been shot already. He clapped his hands to his eyes, and in a low tone, unpleasant to hear, begged for mercy.

"No! No! No!"

"Listen," said Dilling, "I'm not here to argue. "I've thought the whole thing out. Nice respectable, honest Thornton Fellowes? Better than I am. Going straight? Well, to-night's the night you join me again."

Fellowes considered this, gazing into the upturned muzzle of Dilling's revolver. Once he glanced at the door. Perhaps he was thinking that if he could pass beyond that door he could lock Dilling outside and raise a hue and cry from the banker's window.

Dilling appeared to read these thoughts. "O, no," he said, "It's not so eay as that Thorny. Did you ever see this stuff?"

He dangled a roll of black electrician's tape.

"What for?" gasped the other.

"Better than a mask," Dilling informed him. "A black silk handkerchief might fall off your face. Then Mr. Mace would know you. Just wind this around your upper lip. Here's the first piece."

"You aren't going to send me in so I won't be recognized!" whimpered Fellowes.

"Yes," said Dilling. "That's it! Not even by your voice. Here's a mouthful of cotton, Thorny. Stuff it in yourself before I put this sticky plaster around your mouth and chin."

The other cringed, and Dilling raised his gun. "I mean it!" said the ex-convict with the maniac look in his eyes. "I'd rather kill you outright, but I'll give you a chance. Go in and bring back something to keep the wolf from my door."

"You've been taking a drug," accused Fellowes.

"None of your business. Do what I say. Take that cotton in."

Fellowes obeyed, using his trembling hands. When he had closed his mouth over the gag, Dilling unwound a yard of the adhesive tape and bound its clinging contact twice around the lips and chin of his victim. Then he laughed softly.

"Don't you look funny?" he asked. "Your own mother would think you were a stranger."

He examined his silenced prey critically.

"Now, then, Thorny, let me tell you what I've fixed up for you. Perhaps you know already. If your boss wakes up and sees you, he'll shoot. He'll keep shooting. When the morning comes, you'll be stretched out and your family will know your true nature—a thief, a man who tries to rob his own master! And where will I be? Far, far away!"

Dilling laughed triumphantly.

"But listen, Thorny!" he went on. "Of course, if he wakes up and you are quick, you might shoot first. Maybe it's his life or yours. Then you might shoot. Self defence, eh? Now, you say you won't have a gun. O, yes you will, Thorny. I brought one for you. And if you use it, well, then, you and I are good old pals again. And to-morrow morning, if luck is good, dear old Mr. Mace will be stretched out and you and I will be far, far away, eh?

The victim raised his hands as if to shut out the horrors of what he had been made to see. It was his last protest.

COME on, now," said Dilling. "I don't hear any noise. The old man's asleep. If you're quiet as you do your work, he may not wake up. Turn your back. That's good. Now take this gun. Keep it pointed at the floor until you get inside the bedroom. Keep your back turned toward me. When you come out—back out. If I see anything but your back, I'll fire—understand?"

He regarded his arrangement with satisfaction. Then suddenly he perceived that his victim was looking down at the sleeve of his own coat.

"Ha!" said Dilling. "So that's it, is it? You hope dear old Mr. Mace will recognize your coat, eh? Well, I'm smarter than you are. Give me that gun. Now take off your coat. Here's mine. Yours dark and plain; mine's grey and checked. O, you'll be a complete stranger! Put it on. Good. Now here's the gun. No, in your left hand. Keep your back turned."

He surveyed his work as if he had been some great sculptor who had finished a masterpiece. Thornton Fellowes was completely changed. He was the picture of a masked marauder with ill-fitting coat, who had climbed in out of the night, weapon ready.

"Lights out!" whispered Dilling. "There's moon enough to see you. Keep your back turned and gun pointed down. Close the door after you."

Fellowes began a painstaking labor of turning the brass knob on the thick oak door. Once it gave forth an almost imperceptible squeak. The victim caught his breath. When he began to turn again, the latch having slipped back far enough, the door suddenly yielded and swung out from the bedroom until the crack was wide enough to admit a man. No sound came from this bedroom into the silence of the night, except the hysterical ticking of a watch evidently placed on some little table which acted as a sounding board. A shaft of moonlight fell upon the back of the man who slowly and on cautious tip toe advanced through the opening.

Dilling, watching this moonlit back, was seized suddenly with a tremendous surge of the old hate. All the hours he had spent contrasting his own hideous sufferings with the freedom and the progress of the man who had reformed and made restitution and built his own life anew, came pouring into his veins. He knew himself no doubt, that his abused nerves were those of a man half mad, but in this irresponsibility to normal action he felt a savage joy. He could shoot Fellowes in the back! But there was no need for that. The edge of the half opened door was in his fingers.

He uttered a snarl—a loud, ugly incoherent exclamation of hate; then with an oath he slammed the door with all his might!

He had thought with joy of this crash. Now it struck his ear drums like the message of a pleasure for which the appetite had waited a whole lifetime. What happened to himself, he cared not; he had slammed the portal upon Thornton Fellowes' destiny.

He put his knee and shoulder against the panels waiting, in the pause that follows a terrible shock to the senses. Then he heard the sound of an exclamation and saw the light spring up in the thin crack under the door. The two men within the room were looking at each other—that moment of hesitancy before action!

When the first shot sounded Dilling stood back. His own nerves went into a horrible discord.

"Mace!" he gasped.

Before he could take another breath there followed the second thudding smash of a revolver's explosion.

Both of these shots were muffled behind the heavy door. Dilling waited—listening. The night was deadly still. He could smell the aromatic odors of the smoke. Everything behind the noncommittal door was silent. He pressed his weight against it again, wondering what one would have to see if they were in that brightly lighted room.

He waited trying to lick his dry lips, trying to think clearly and decide, without evidence, what the answer to the riddle of that room would be.

There was now—at last—a feeble tapping on the door.

Fellowes! Fellowes had done it!

Dilling opened the door cautiously.

"Back out!" he said. "If you turn your face, I'll kill!"

Again the moonlight fell upon the shoulder blades of the trembling bent figure and, as if it were an accuser, upon a revolver hanging limply in a limp hand.

"Drop the gun!"

The weapon slid down on to the rug. Dilling closed the door and switched the lights.

"Take that stuff off your face," he commanded. "Sticks hard, doesn't it? Spit out that cotton!"

He stared at Fellowes' countenance. It had grown dead, oyster shell white. The man's face had fallen into the ghastly lines of a face of a corpse. His body drooped and shivered.

"You did it!"

"I had to," said Fellowes.

"He missed you!"

The victim nodded, and then with a cry of loathing he covered his face with his hands.

"Look!" he whimpered. "Open the door and look! See what I did! What will I ever—just look, Phil! Do it for me! See what I've done! It's in the full blaze of light!"

"No," said Dilling with a revulsion of feeling. "Not for me! Did you get anything?"

"All locked up!" said Fellowes. "His wife had a little safe in the wall. Do you want to see? Well—it's our luck, Phil—it's locked to-night. You haven't got any tools?"

Dilling shook his head.

"Come on, then," begged Fellowes. "Let's go. You've got to help me now, Phil. Say you'll help me now!"

The other picked up the fallen revolver and began to examine it; he was taking his time. He enjoyed seeing Fellowes squirm in his agony.

"Throw it away! Hide it!" chattered the victim.

"Not me," said Dilling with a leer. "I'm not through with you, old Thorny. If I break my own neck, I'll make you pay! I sat on my cot when I couldn't sleep nights and planted a seed and it grew and it grew and, by heavens, now I gather my peach crop."

The other stared at Dilling. "You aren't going to desert me now!" he gibbered. "You wouldn't, Phil? What would my wife say? What would my little daughter say? Can't you see, Phil? We must stick together."

Dilling motioned with the point of his revolver. "Sit down!" he commanded. "Sit down here in the desk chair. I'm a respectable citizen now, Thorny. You're only a murderer. How do you like the sound of that word? Murderer! Why, I could kill you now and be quite a hero."

The other man had sunk into the chair; Dilling looked about the room with his quick, nervous glance of inspection.

"All right," he said at last in a tone of satisfaction. "I see it."

"See what?" The other's body leaped and twitched in fear.

"Never mind," replied Dilling. "Take off my coat. Here's yours. That's right. Now then—"

He stepped to the window and with a turn of his wrist about the curtain cord he jerked several yards of it down.

"Hold out your hands," he commanded.

"I won't!" Fellowes wailed. "No, I won't. You're going to double cross me. You're going to squeal. You're going to make me pay for everything."

"I could do that now," said Dilling coldly. "O you're smarter than I am, are you? Well, I could kill you now—you, the clever fellow who threatened me—and then I could make my get-away or stay by and say that you asked me here and I wouldn't stand for murder and I killed you trying to defend that—that poor banker—in there." He pointed. "No, you better behave. I'd kill you for a pin!"

Fellowes shut his eyes as a man at the end of his rope. His lips twitched. He extended his limp wrists.

Dilling made a skilful job of tying him up. He lashed his wrists behind to a cross bar at the back of the chair seat. The chair was massive and without rollers. The worker bound Fellowes' ankles to its legs.

Again he surveyed his labors. Then he dropped the revolver into a distant corner and laughed aloud.

"Phil—for all that's good—Phil!" begged Fellowes.

"Don't move," said the other. "I'm going to show you something pretty. A clever man like you will be glad to learn the trick I'm going to play."

Fellowes' head sank on his breast; it almost rolled about there like a heavy bloom on a broken stem.

But Dilling was all activity and briskness. On the other side of the desk, he picked up the telephone instrument, and said in a voice sufficiently dramatic, "Give me police headquarters."

Apparently Fellowes did not even hear him.

"Hello," said Dilling. "This is the house of Christopher Mace—the banker. There's been a murder here. Yes—a murder. Bring a couple of inspectors and some men. I can't leave this room. I'm guarding the man. The servants are locked into the basement. Just break the front door lock. There's no other way. Yes, the house of Christopher Mace, the banker. Come up to the second storey."

Still Fellowes did not move; his eyes were rolled slightly upward, as are a man's who is coming out of ether. In the ten minutes of waiting, he apparently heard nothing clearly. A blanket of fog had come over his senses. To the constant, low, ugly abuse heaped upon him by Dilling, he made no response. Only once did he speak; then he said with panting breath, "I'm sick, Phil. Send for my wife."

The other man laughed. He mumbled on—a kind of slow, thick current of hate—just as if a mere flow of words could clean out the terrible perversion which had encrusted all the cells of his brain. He talked automatically and, as he talked, he thought and planned and rehearsed.

Only when they heard the burr of the electric patrol wagon and the warning of its gongs, did Fellowes recover his sensitiveness.

He said then in a horrible voice, "It's the wagon, Phil!"

Dilling nodded; he sat up straight and ironed out his face as one does who prepared for a good appearance.

"They're ringing the door bell and they're breaking the lock, Phil!" came Fellowes' voice. "Listen, they're on the stairs now. O, Phil, let me loose!"

"Keep your mouth shut."

THE door from the hall was swung open and a short, stocky man, who had the appearance of dressing hastily after being in bed, jumped in first. His quick blue eyes swerved about like a searchlight on a battleship.

"What's going on here?" he growled. I'm the inspector."

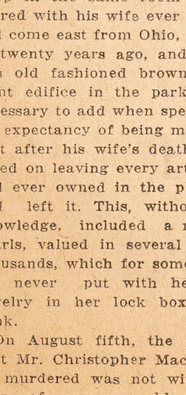
Two other men in plain clothes and a uniform strolled in after him.

"Listen, inspector," began Fellowes.

"Don't you listen to him," Dilling exclaimed. "He's the one who did it. He killed him."

"Killed who?" asked the police in-

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.



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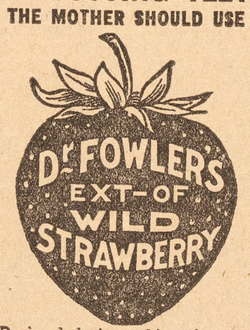

During baby's teething time, especially in the hot summer months, the bowels become loose and diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps, etc. manifest themselves; the gums become swollen, and cankers form in the mouth.

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This "plain tale of the hills" that won the 1924 Pulitzer prize has for a moral to its sequence of violence, passion, love, killing, a tempest and the dynamiting of a dam, the following: "You can do a lot of good with religion if you use it right."

By Hatcher Hughes

NEW THEATRICAL HITS IN STORY FORM

After they were married Sid might tell Jude of the French girls he had seen when he was in the army.

"I NEVER knew anyone to get me riled up like he does!" exclaimed Matt Hunt irritably. "That's the kind of help, Sid, I've had to take sence they started buildin' that dadburn dam out here!"

The individual against whom were directed Matt's uncomplimentary remarks was Rufe Pryor. Rufe was a peculiar type who had lately "got religion," also getting on everybody's nerve except the women's, at the same time. There was something small and underhand about Rufe that made male adults with healthy blood in their veins swear. Particularly was Rufe addicted to an orphan-like sensitiveness of soul.

"Yes," remarked Sid, Matt's tall son, newly returned from the war, temperately. "Kinder techy, but I reckon he don't mean no harm."

"Course he don't," put in Sid's mother Meg, in warm defence. "And he wouldn't be techy neither if your paw, and grandpap wasn't allus a-pickin' on 'im jist 'case he aint so big an' strong as they aire."

To which old David, the rugged eighty-year old father of Matt replied epigramatically: "You don't ketch Matt and me a-pikin' on chil'en," he said, "jis caze they aint so big and strong as we aire. I've noticed 'at if folks gets picked on it's ginerally 'caze they desarve it."

Matt—"Yeh, I expect if we laid awake o' nights figgerin' how to keep from hurtin' his feeling's—like you do—and if I didn't expect him to do no work. 'Taint only he's techy—though God knows, I'm sick o' hearin' him belly-ache—but he's lazy, or born tired. Why, when it comes to work he aint worth his salt."

David—"Specially sence he got that camp meetin' breed o' religion. I never seed a man so hell-bent fer heaven as he is!"

Rufe—(entering with the pack Sid brought home with him) "Thar 'tis."

Sid—"Much obliged, Rufe."

Rufe — (ingratiatingly) "No 'casion, Sid I'm glad to do anything I ken fer Matt."

Matt—"Well, I got jist one more thing fer you to do. I want you to pack up your duds and make tracks away from here."

Meg—"Matt! You aint a-goin' to turn him off at this time o' year?"

Matt—"O' course! I didn't adopt him fer life. I agreed to keep him until Sid come back!"

Meg—"But he caint git another clerkin' job, and it's too late to start a crap now."

Matt—"He'd orter thought o' that before. He knowed a month ago 'at Sid was comin' home."

Meg—"Yeh, but when you didn't say nothin' more 'bout his levin' he natchelly thought 'at . . ."

Matt—"Now, Meg, aint a-goin' to argue 'bout it—he caint stay here."

MEG was silenced. She looked helplessly at Rufe and the latter, having listened throughout this discourse without a show of injured feelings, now turned to Meg with an air of martyrdom.

"He's right, Meg," he said. "I might ha' knowed this would happen." Then to Matt, "But, Matt, I'm a-goin' to tell you sompen fer your own good. The Scripture says as how anybody as wants to can be saved. But you're never took advantage of the offer. I caint understand that in a close trader like you, Matt. If the offer o' free salvation was a hoss swap er a case o' free goods fer the store you'd never let it git by. (Matt starts to interrupt). Understand I'm a-saying this in a true Christian sperit. The Scripture says to love our enemies and do good to them that despitefully uses us."

Matt—"Dadburn you, I don't want you a-lovin' me ner doin' good to me nuther!"

Rufe—"I know you don't, Matt. But I jist cain't help it. An' you caint neither; that's one thing you ain't boss of."

Matt—(exploding) "Go up and pack your duds!"

Rufe—(backing away to stairs) "All right, Matt, you're boss o' that. You kin hector me and bully me about the things o' this world but you caint keep me from lovin' your immortal soul. (He starts upstairs). An' you caint take away my reward, which is in Heaven! An' you caint escape your'n, which aint! Unless you have a change of heart."

Meg—(as Matt glares after Rufe) "It's the truth that hurts, Matt! Your reward aint in heaven!"

Matt—"I hope it aint, if that's whar he's goin'!"

David—"I caint make him out. If he was jist a plain hypocrite I could understand him. But he 'pears to honestly believe that everybody's got to be like him afore they're saved."

Rufe's next important appearance that evening was some little time later. He did not have to leave the Hunt home after all—at least not just yet. Sid had generously intervened, and, on the plea that he needed a month to himself, had persuaded his father to keep his unwelcome man that much longer.

As one of the family once more Rufe insinuated himself into the conversation. He voiced grave objections to a target shooting contest between Sid and his lifelong chum, Andy. The reason he gave brought renewed sparks of anger to the eyes of Matt aand David.

"It 'us at a shootin' match that the feud started twixt your two grandaddies, and they wus both fetched home on stretchers, 'long 'ith lots more o' your kin on both sides, afore it 'us patched up. I know 'taint none o' my business ——"

RUFE'S words sank like a poison into the hearts of all who heard them. To the Hunt family they meant a remembrance of a hated past and a fear for the future. To Andy they were like a vague pricking of an old wound.

No one had mentioned the feud in years; no one wanted to. It was a dead subject. Both families buried every sign that could tend to awaken it. Rufe blundered onto it in his characteristic way.... Blundered? That was a question that bothered old David not a little. There was Jule, Andy's sister. She was to be Sid's, But Rufe acted strangely in her presence.

Sid and Andy laughed off Rufe's dire predictions as easily as they could under the circumstances. They might have been forgotten had not Rufe made another of his blunders. He was not able to overlook a business opportunity, and when he came across some fine old whiskey cheap—what was a man who did not know when he would be turned out on the street to do? He offered Andy a taste when the others had gone out.

When Andy emerged from the testing operation he was in high spirits; and in this frame of mind he heard Rufe whisper into his ear: "Rickollect the last time the Hunts an' Loweries fought they wus three more Loweries killed 'n they wus Hunts!"

Andy—(with superhuman calm of the drunken man) "Did Sid brag about that?"

Rufe—"I aint sayin' what Sid done. I'm a-talkin' to you now as a friend fer your own good!"

Andy—"Three more Loweries 'n the Hunts! (Weeping with rage) The dirty skunk! Where is he? Where is he?"

Rufe—"Ca'm yourself, Andy! He'll be here any minute!"

Andy—"Rufe, are you fer me or agin me?"

Rufe—"I'll stick to a friend, Andy till Jedgment Day!"

Andy—"Then gimme your hand! Fer jist as shore as sunrise I'm a-goin' to equalize things!"

Rufe—"I'm sorry to hear you talk this way, Andy."

Andy—(pulls out his pistol) "You b'lieve in Provydence, don't you, Rufe?"

Rufe—(staring at the pistol) "Yeh—I—I—believe in Provydence."

Andy—"Look! (He opens the pistol) It's a-goin' to take six Hunts to make things equal, an' I got jist six caterdges in my pistol! That's Provydence!"

Rufe—(with a strange mingling of fear and fascination) "My advice to you, Andy, is to drop this. The Hunts are dangerous folks! Sid in pertickler, now 'at he's been through the war! You'd a heap better pocket your pride an' live in peace with him if you can, fer if he gits started he won't stop at nothin'! I know him!"

Andy—"Ah, but you don't know me, Rufe! You think I'm skeered! Well, jist wait! This is a free country, an' everybody in it ought to be equal!....Three more Loweries 'n Hunts—that aint equal."

FOR ten minutes Sid's life hung in the balance that evening. Then he managed to disarm Andy. Sid was disturbed more than he was willing to admit. He could understand Andy cutting up wild when drunk but he could not understand his sinister insistence on the memory of the three extra Loweries who were killed in the family fight with the Hunts. Sid could not get rid of the thought that the animosity awakened in Andy by Rufe's casual words and his liquor went beneath a drunken man's ravings.

Meanwhile, while Sid, Matt and David had led Andy outside to sober him up, Rufe was taking advantage of a few minutes' privacy with Jude, who had come in to see Mrs. Hunt a little while before.

"If you marry Sid," Rufe was saying in answer to her questions as to how the fight had started, "you'll find out lots o' things about him that you didn't know before. I know you think I'm a-sayin' this fer selfish reasons. But I aint. Since I jist told you I loved you, Jude, I've learned to 'sing less o' self an' more o' thee!' It's not my own good I'm after now—but your good, only yourn. An' I tell you, Jude, ef you marry Sid you're a-goin' to rue it the longest day you live!"

Jude—"I got too much else to think about with killin' in the air."

Rufe—"But I want to explain afore it's too late. I want you to know that my love for you wus ordained from above. The first time I ever thought o' marrying you, Jude, wus when I seen you in church the day I got religion."

Jude—"Mebby you wouldn't ha' thought o' it then if you'd been a-studyin' 'bout your religion like you'd ought ha' been!"

Rufe—"I was, Jude. That's jist the p'int. The whole was spiritual! (Jude turns to him and is somewhat moved by the religious trend of his appeal, in spite of an instinctive distrust of the man.) I mind it jist as well as if 't 'us yistidy. Preachin' wus over an' they wus a-singing', and when they come to the verse:

'I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned fer them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Savior by,
His love laid hold o' me'.

I looked across the aisle an' seen you a-setting thar a-singing'. An' sompen hot swep' over me jist like fire! At first I thought it 'us Satan a-temptin' me, an' I tried to look the other way. I don't never look at the women's side o' the meetin' house. Anybody 'at knows me 'll tell you that. But I couldn't look no other way then. Some power greater and stronger'n me seemed to have holt o' my neck a-twistin' around towards you! I 'us absolutely helpless, jist as helpless as a child. But I didn't know what it wus till they got to the last verse. You know it goes:

'Thy pleasures lost, I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee.
Till grace my sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.'

"It 'us then the scales dropped from my eyes an' I seen the Truth! An' when I did, everything in the whole world 'us changed fer me! (Going toward her, his arms outstretched) I wus so happy I felt jist like I 'us a-floatin' away on a ocean o' joy."

SID came in and interrupted Rufe's rhapsodies.

"Rufe says," Jude told him with partial seriousness, "that he can tell all his thoughts about women. That's more'n you can do, I expect!"

Rufe—"Taint nothin' to laugh about! A man aint got no right to look at a woman, much less marry her, till he can think right thoughts about her!"

Sid—"How's he a-goin' to know what sort o' thoughts he can think about her till he looks at her?"

Rufe—"All my thoughts about 'em are right thoughts. But o' course, I aint never seen them French gals you 'us a-tellin' about a while ago."

Jude—"What 'us he sayin' about French gals?"

Rufe—"Don't axe me. I aint a-carryin' no tales."

Sid—"You've said enough already."

Rufe — "Why, I aint said nothin', Sid!"

Sid—"Rufe—you've got me guessin'. I dunno whether you're a trouble breeder or whether you're jist teched in the head with religion. But whatever it is I want you to git this much straight; me an' Jude's a-goin' be married an' anythin' I want her to know about them French gals I'll tell her myself."

ANDY recovered from his overdose of whiskey and recovered also his senses. When they brought him into the house again he was a regretful young man and thoroughly ashamed, but there was a restrained attitude about him which Sid regarded as no more than natural under the circumstances. The latter made haste to put him at ease. He brushed away the forboding incidents of the past hour and clasped Andy's hand in warm friendship. And as a token of how little he thought of the late unpleasantness, he returned Andy the pistol he had taken from him.

It was arranged that Sid would accompany Andy part of the way home, Jude remaining with the Hunts, since a bad storm was brewing. They left, but not before Rufe had the opportunity to put in his oar once more.

Sid, he insinuated in his naive manner, had not decided to go with him in a storm for no reason. "I aint a-sayin' what I would do," he observed with complete detachment, "but I know one thing I wouldn't; I wouldn't wait for him to git the drop on me! I'd be the early bird!" And once again Andy was harassed by doubts. Was Rufe right? What was he to think?

The storm broke and raged with a force that surprised even the hardy mountaineers, used as they were to unusual eruptions of nature. Then between the peals of mighty thunder two shots rang out. A few moments later Rufe stationed at the window, announced casually that it looked bad.

"What looks bad, you dad burned fool?" David glared at him angrily, his own suspicions aroused though he was unwilling to admit it before Meg and Jude.

"Nothin'," Rufe replied in an injured tone, "only that was Sid's horse runnin' by with the saddle empty."

The facts had to be faced. Grimly Matt and David took down their guns.

"Matt," Meg cried fearfully. "Don't take the guns! If Sid's dead, fightin' won't bring him back!"

"I never said it would." Matt replied. "But if he's dead my business is 'ith the man 'at killed him."

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,'" Rufe put in sententiously. "'I will repay.'"

"He has to have an instrument to work through," said David pointedly and followed Matt into the storm.

MEG and Jude couldn't bear to be alone with the fear of what had happened out there on the desolate mountain road tugging at their hearts. They wrapped shawls around them and went to look for what they were afraid to find.

Rufe was left alone. He suddenly staggered back with a cry of terror as Sid appeared at the kitchen door.

"Is—that—you, Sid?" the words came fearfully from his lips.

"I sorter thought mebby it wus. What's the matter with you, are you havin' a fit?"

Rufe quickly recovered his composure. He scented a new opportunity. Disappointed by Sid's story that Andy had fired at him and missed when he had got off his horse to fix the saddle, he told him that his people, thinking Andy had killed him, had set off in pursuit of the supposed murderer.

This was just what Sid had feared. Unless he caught up with his father and David in time, and if Andy was caught, nothing could prevent the dreaded feud from beginning over again. He was about to rush after them when something in Rufe's talk arrested his attention. Rufe tried to detain him, to point out numerous obstacles, to the difficulty of finding his father in such a night, and lastly, to the parcel of lies which Andy would be sure to tell even if they did catch up with him.

As he spoke, the truth began to dawn upon Sid. He seized Rufe by the throat.

"By God," he cried, "I believe it was you nagged him on——"

"No, I didn't," Rufe screamed. "I didn't Sid. I swear I didn't All I said wus 'at you wus a dangerous man and not to cross you ——"

"So! I'm right then," Sid tightened his grip, "You wus at the bottom of it! Did you do it a-purpose?"

"God forgive you for such a thought," Rufe whimpered.

"And God d—— you!" Sid flung the shivering Rufe to the floor and rushed out. It was too late to head off the pursuers. There was only one thing left to do. He would telephone from the dam down below to a station up the river. He might in this way be able to send word to his father and grandfather that Andy had not killed him. Rufe had said that the path to the 'phone in the tool house below the dam was impassable because the torrential rain had flooded the river; but with tragedy impending that was a minor consideration.

RUFE was left alone once more, and in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. Sid was alive and he knew; and as long as he lived Jude would be out of his reach and his own existence endangered. He suddenly fell down on his knees. He clasped his hands.

"Did you hear what he said, God?" he muttered rapidly, "I can put up with his insults to me, but when it comes to blasphemin' thy holy name it does look like its time to call a halt! But you know what you're a-doin', Lord, an' I don't. I'm only an ignerunt sinner! You know more in a minute than I do 'n a million years. It bothers me, though, Lord, that you left the wicked prosper more'n the righteous. They get the best o' everythin' in this world! (Half-rising in his fervor) It wasn't so in Bible times, Lord! Then you cut the wicked down afore the congregation o' Israel. An' the dread o' you an' fear o' you wus on all the people! But now your name is a by-word among sinners! You hyeard that yourself jist now. I aint presumin' to give you advice, Lord! You know your own business. But if you'd make an example o' this blasphemer—if you'd strike him down in the abomination of his wickedness by a bolt o' lightnin' it'd serve as a warnin' to all like him and they'd be sich another revival o' oldtime religion in these mountains sich as you've never seed sence the earthquake!"

"In your holy word, Lord, I know you commanded your servants to slay all blasphemers! (He pleads with greater fervor) But I'd ruther you did it yourself, Lord! You can do it better'n me! An' it'll have more effect. But I want you to understand I aint no coward—if it don't suit you to do it yourself—I'll do it fer you—I don't keer if they hang me. You died fer me once and I'm a-willin' to die fer you if you want me to! You can do with me what you please, Lord! If it's your will that this blasphemer shall die, I've got a whole box o' dynamite out thaar in the store, an' a time fuse long enough so's I can get back here afore it explodes! I can blow up the dam while he's under thar a-telephonin' an' the waters o' your wrath'll sweep over him like they did over Pharaoh and his hosts in olden times!"

There was a blinding flash of lightning followed instantaneously by a terrific crash of thunder. Rufe rose, his knees trembling.

"I hear you, Lord!" he cried triumphantly, "An' like Joshua of old I go to do your will!"

ANDY was brought back to the Hunt house a prisoner. He insisted that he had not killed Sid. Fortunately David had counselled patience, else Andy would have been beyond further consideration.

Sid was missing. They had not taken stock of the dull boom of an explosion that was heard soon after they had arrived. It was thought to be a clap of thunder. The water of the river had risen to unusual height and that also was attributed to the great storm.

But the events of this fateful evening for the Hunts were drawing to a close. When Andy had been locked up in the cellar to await verification of his story by the coming of Sid, and the family had gone to save the cattle from being washed away in the flood, a figure staggered in. And once more Rufe had to see the resurrected Sid accost him. This time Rufe could not regain his composure. Sid to him was not a living being. This ragged, drenched, wan man who stood before him could not be the Sid he had sent to death in the explosion; no mortal could escape the bursting of the dam and live....No; this was the spirit of Sid come to haunt him and Rufe fell down prostrate in terror.

But since Sid was very much alive he could be conscious of the situation and take advantage of it. Playing upon Rufe's delusion, he dragged out every word of that miserable man's intriguing and with this confession the dark shadows that had so suddenly appeared for the Hunts and Loweries cleared away. It cleansed the released Andy's mind like an antiseptic; it re-affirmed Sid's faith in Andy.

THE question now was what to do with Rufe. Sid gave his word to Andy that he would let him have the privilege of dealing with him, providing of course that he be allowed a little share of the punishing. Rufe had taken refuge in the cellar and bolted the the trap-door. There was another entrance to the cellar from the outside but David, who had the key, seemed unaccountably to have lost it.

"Now hold off a minute," the old man said, grabbing Andy by the arm as the latter was making his way to break open the cellar trap, and holding Matt at bay, "an' listen to me! You say the Lord didn't punish Rufe. But He might yit, if you give him a chance. And arter what happened here to-night, we'd orter be willing to foller the Lord uphill back'ards 'ith our eyes shet."

Andy—"Arter what's happened to-night?"

David—"Edzactly. Seems to me He's been workin' fer us from beginnin' to end."

"Jist run it over in your minds and see. (To Matt) You wanted Rufe to make tracks away from here, and he'll do it if you'll let him. Andy wanted a war of his own caze he couldn't go to France, and he got it. An' they aint none o' us scratched. Take it right straight through, an' the Lord's been on our side every pop—even to blowin' up that dadburn dam that never'd orter been put in."

Grudgingly, they had to admit to force of David's arguments. All but Andy. The latter was not in a mood for "the love your enemy truck," as he expressed it and hastened to the cellar. Just as he did so there was heard the slam of a door.

"By ganny!" exclaimed David in high surprise, "he's got away."

"Listen," said Andy, inspecting his gun to see if it was loaded, "how'd the outside cellar door come to be unlocked?"

"It must ha' been the Lord's work," David answered blandly.

Andy reached for the door handle, gripping his gun firmly. David caught his hand. Andy paused doubtfully. He looked around him at faces which were not very vengeful. Then he threw away his gun.

"You durned old Christian," he turned to David with a laugh. "You'll save me from Hell yit."

"Anyhow," said that patriarch. "I've saved a lot o' folks from a run-in with the sheriff. Matt, open up that bottle o' coneyack Sid brought home. You see," he turned to those around him, "you can do a lot o' good with religion if you use it right. Now let's see if these here French drinks can beat our own popskull!"

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The Business Girl

What Will Women Do Next For Beauty?

New Devices Roll Off Superfluous Flesh, Turn Mouths Into Cupid's Bows, Remove Wrinkles, and Add to Height.

WHAT will women do next for beauty's sake?

To judge from the large numbers of beautifying devices which are continually being patented at the United States Patent Office in Washington, there seems to be no limit to the lengths to which women will go in their effort to preserve and improve their good looks.

Some of these new "get-beautiful-quick" machines employ methods never heard of before for correcting or preventing defects of face and figure. And the results which the inventors claim for them are nothing short of marvelous.

What will appeal strongly to nearly every woman is the fact that she can operate most of these new beauty devices herself in the privacy of her home—without the aid of a plastic surgeon or beauty specialist or even of a maid. The only expense involved is the initial cost of the machine or face harness or whatever the device is.

Another advantage of the ingenious contrivances which so many inventors are patenting is that most of them are designed to do their work while a woman sleeps. She adjusts the device on going to bed at night and it stays right on the job until it's time for her to get up and look in the mirror to see what benefit she has received.

One of the newest inventions is a "nose shaper," for altering and improving the shape of flat noses, one-sided noses, upturned noses with distended nostrils.

It is a nose piece of thin and flexible sheet aluminum, lined with chamois skin and having a projecting tongue, which when bent into position clamps the bottom of the nose and helps to hold the device in place. When adjusted it is secured by tapes sewed to the lining, which are buckled behind the neck and carried up and buckled across the forehead.

The nose piece is bent into the shape desired for the nose. If the latter be too flat it is pinched. If one-sided, the nose piece is made to press against the side toward which it turns. If tip tilted, the end is pushed downward. Slight but continuous pressure is expected to effect the alteration.

ANOTHER contrivance consists of a plate of hard rubber shaped to fit over and around the mouth, with wing extensions conforming to the contour of the cheeks.

The lips, protruding through the mouth opening, are thereby so shaped as to produce a Cupid's bow effect. At the same time, the lines at the mouth corners are "ironed out" by gentle presure, and the afore-mentioned "wings" tend to do away with bagginess under the eyes. The whole thing is held in place by elastic bands passed around the head.

Greatly desired is the "Cupid's bow," but the woman who can boast that her lips form one is rare, indeed. If handsome noses be exceptional, pretty mouths (upon which so much of expression depends, the nose having no expression of its own) are decidedly more so.

It is the shape of the upper lip that gives the Cupid's bow effect, and to produce it artificially a woman has invented a device consisting of a small metal bar that supports a narrow strip of resilient steel, the latter doubled upon itself to form a spring. The strip passes through guides which are secured to the bar, and its two ends carry little rubber pads between which the middle point of the upper lip is gripped and held.

This is accomplished by first adjusting the pads suitably upon the lip, and then gently pulling a handle connected with the doubled extremity of the spring. By pulling the spring outward in this way its padded ends are made to grip and contract the middle portion of the lip. They are made to remain in that position by turning down a lever which acts as a clamp.

The metal bar at the end which contacts with the lip flares outward in a pair of wings with curved concave grooves. When the spring is pulled in the manner just described the upper lip is forced into these grooves and is kept there by the locking of the contrivance.

By the use of this device a depression is formed in the middle of the upper lip, which at the same time is molded by the grooved wings, thus giving the lip the shape of the much-desired Cupid's bow.

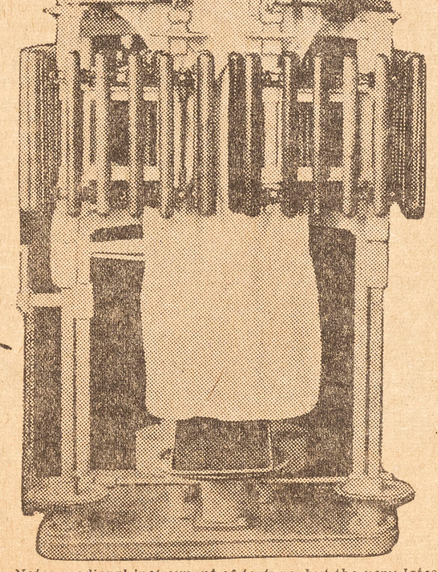
Grotesque mask and gloves worn by a patient while undergoing a bleaching treatment to make the skin of her face and hands several shades lighter, to remove wrinkles and a double chin.

The latest contrivance for flattening "bat" ears.

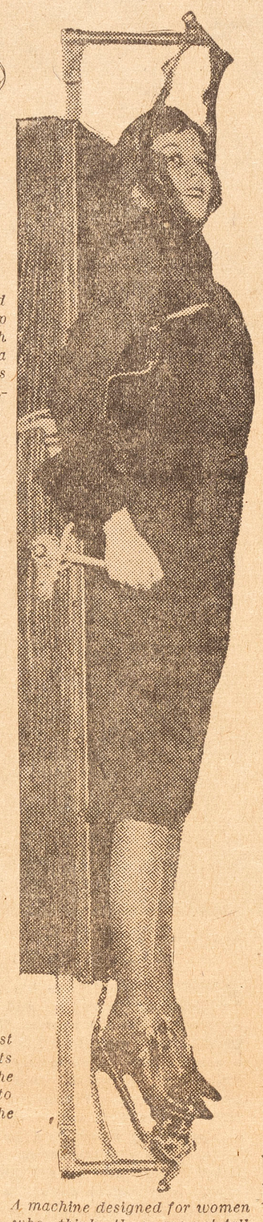
Sleep with this steel spring clamped to your upper lip and your mouth will soon become a perfect Cupid's bow, so the inventor says.

A "nose shaper" of aluminum and chamois skin, designed for improving the shape of flat, one-sided and upturned noses, and also those having distended nostrils. Like most of the other new beautifying devices, it does its work while you sleep.

A woman's invention for ironing out wrinkles at the mouth corners, giving the lips a more pleasing curve and doing away with bagginess under the eyes.



Not a medieval instrument of torture, but the very latest machine for taking off superfluous flesh. Two sets of wooden rollers, operated by electricity, massage the body in a way that is claimed to break the fat up into particles small enough to be eliminated through the blood.



A machine designed for women who think they are not tall enough. It is claimed that it will add inches to one's height by the simple but sometimes painful process of stretching the bones and muscles

DIMPLES are for any young woman a much-prized gift of nature. Even "dimpled knees" are thought highly desirable nowadays. Another woman inventor has originated a device by which she claims facial dimples may be produced.

It is a wire mask, to be worn at night, and it is fitted with an arrangement of screws by which blunt pegs of wood are made to press upon the cheeks and chin at the points where dimples are desired. They produce after a while distinct impressions, and it is said that if the treatment is continued it will make these impressions sufficiently deep and permanent to be recognized as full-fledged dimples.

A "finger taperer" is another idea. A woman can use just one or as many as ten of these, putting them on when she goes to bed. They are of thin steel, shaped somewhat like clothespins, but tubular and narrowing at the ends. Slipped over the finger tips, they reduce any tendency to bluntness which the latter may show.

The inventor of this device expects a large demand for it from stenographers, whose fingers often lose their slenderness as a result of the continual pounding on the typewriter keys.

"CHEEK plumpers," which a Wyoming woman developed, are meant to be worn in the daytime. They are flat, round pieces of celluloid, to be placed inside the cheeks and so fastened to the teeth that they cannot come loose.

Decidedly ingenious are the new artificial eyelashes. These are fastened to narrow crescent-shaped pieces of a very thin and transparent fabric and are attached with a waxy preparation to the outer edges of the eyelids. A skilfully placed bit of make-up renders the joining invisible.

What is known as "plastic surgery" has achieved a wonderful development within recent years. Practitioners who remake noses and alter faces are skilled anatomists and physiologists. The making over of a person's face should be intrusted only to such men and never to the so-called "beauty doctors," who are often without even a rudimentary medical education.

The plastic surgeons remodel noses and mouths, "lift" faces to get rid of the sag at the lower corners, inject paraffin beneath the skin to eliminate wrinkles and do various other remarkable things.

FOR the "sewed smile," as it is termed, the lips are cut at the mouth corners and caught with one or two stitches, to make the mouth smaller. The fullness of the lower lip is reduced by removing a strip of flesh from the inside, the edges being thereupon sewn together. The stitches are removed forty-eight hours later and the beauty seeker is told that all traces of the operation will disappear inside of two weeks.

Fat is generally recognized as fatal to feminine beauty. To get rid of an excess of it women resort to a great variety of expedients, one of the newest of which is the "roller massage."

The apparatus used is driven by an electric motor and consists principally of two sets of wooden rollers, between which the woman stands on a platform. The rollers pass over and around her body, massaging her flesh in a way that is claimed to break up the fat into particles small enough to be carried off by the blood and eliminated.

By this means the weight is reduced without requiring either exercise or dieting, both of which are obnoxious to a fat person.

TO MOLD the face while it is growing is the newest way of insuring a young girl's being beautiful when she grows up. It is based upon the fact that in early youth the bones of the face are partly cartilaginous and relatively soft. The nose is composed mainly of cartilage, which does not become really hard until adult life. It therefore is possible to shape the features of a growing girl to quite a considerable extent.

The shaping should begin as early as possible, by the time the girl has entered her teens or before, and while the developing bones of the face are still plastic.

The framework of the ears, of course, is nothing but cartilage, and this is so soft in early youth that it is very easy to modify them. It is simply a question of making them set flat to the head, and a thin bandage of muslin with a couple of little pads sewed on it will soon accomplish this.

There is no excuse for "bat ears," which in adult life are a lamentable disfigurement. Men often have them, for no other reason than that in early childhood their baby caps were tied on with strings passed behind the ears, causing the latter to stick out.

A RECENTLY patented invention for flattening "bat ears" is a strip of thin, resilient steel, bent hoop-fashion so as to pass from the tip of one ear over the head to the tip of the other ear It thus holds both ears close to the head during the hours of sleep and after a while they get so they stay in this position. But not much can be done for the cure of this deformity after the cartilaginous structure has hardened.

The nose, which more than any other feature gives the face its character, lends itself especially to formative treatment in youth. In babyhood it is no more than a little lump of flesh, and the development of its bony cartilaginous structures is not fully accomplished until adult life is reached.

Hence its eventual shape, though not its size, may be modified while it is growing. With some perception of this fact many mothers make a practice of gently pinching their babies' noses at frequent intervals.

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New Way to Study History By Women's Style Periods

Hard Times and Prosperous Era Reflected Accurately in Feminine Apparel of Past.

A NEW method of teaching history was recently explained to the delegates at the City of London Vacation Course in Education. Mr. W. Hughes Jones, an authority on history, produced drawings of wonderfully dressed women representing different centuries, and urged that children should be taught how and why these fashions fitted with certain centuries.

"Look at this monstrosity," said the lecturer, holding up a drawing of a woman in elaborate crinoline skirts. "Would you place that in the thirteenth century? No, for in that century there was not much money and material was expensive.

"The skirt at once indicates the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. People were getting rich and extravagant in the sixteenth century, and such a monstrosity as this is at once associated with Queen Elizabeth, who was probably the most vain woman who ever lived. She had eight hundred dresses.

SO he went on. "Here is a lady in a rich dress, bediamonded headgear and wearing ermine furs. It is a little nouveau riche, isn't it?" observed the lecturer. "That places it in the fifteenth century, when the middle classes were beginning to get rich—profiteering. They were beginning to 'swank,' and the ladies were spending on dress all the money their husbands earned."

Another design not quite so extravagant followed. "But," as Mr. Hughes Jones said, "It shows that the lady is a little bit of a woman of the world. This low neck touch takes us to the fourteenth century—which was not too good an age, you know," he added.

We are going back with sure instinct to the effort and achievement of the gem of the centuries, the thirteenth, he declared. "We need not worry too much about Magna Charta because our liberties are safe but we should worry about the dresses of the thirteenth century, because our taste is not safe. All the best-dressed women of the twentieth century approximate more to the style of the thirteenth century than to those of any other women in English history."

Likes Politics

HON. MRS. NOEL BLIGH.
One of London's most popular society women, who says she is going to enter active politics.

Pageant Costume Choked Turnstile

AN amusing incident—though an embarrassing one for the person concerned—occurred at Wembley recently.

One of the performers in the Pageant of Empire, a woman in Elizabethan costume, arrived with her husband while the Scouts' Jamboree was in progress, and she decided to pay for admission through the turnstile rather than wait for the opening of the gates.

But she had overlooked the dimensions of her Elizabethan costume. She got stuck fast in the turnstile, and was unable to move either forward or backward.

At the end of a ten minutes' struggle some of the other women in the pageant who had arrived formed a screen around her while her husband lifted her bodily out of her costume.

CHANGE FACE BY TATTOOING IN TWO HOURS

London Expert Gives Permanent Tint to Complexions.

IN a little London shop is a man who in a couple of hours will transform the palest of faces into the peaches and cream complexion of permanent beauty.

He is a tattoo expert. His business card reads:

Complexions permanently tinted,
Eyes Shaded. Lips Shaped and Colored.
Moles, Tattoo Marks, and other Blemishes removed.
Scars Tinted, Noses Whitened.

A very fine needle attached to an electrical instrument is used, he says, and natural pigments are carefully worked under the skin. The process is practically painless, and the new complexion, besides being life-lasting, defies detection.

A Parisian actress has just been treated. She has magnificent red hair, which, of course, is dyed, and has been given orange-tinted cheeks. She looks magnificent.

Dark brown tattooing under the eyebrows is a favorite system of improving the looks, and a young woman from Calcutta, in addition to the eyebrows, is having her cheeks tattooed an old rose tint, with a grey shade under the eyelids.

DYING MAN MARRIED DAY BEFORE DEATH

THE funeral took place in London recently of Alex Fewster, a man of 35 years of age, who was married 24 hours before his death. Fewster fell 14 ft. from a ladder about a month ago, and until his death lay in hospital. It was at his request that the marriage ceremony took place there. A screen was placed round the bedside and Fewster reached out of the bed to place the ring on the finger of his bride, Miss Isabel Shadforth, of Hartlepool. At the final blessing the bride knelt beside the bed and the couple exchanged kisses.

YOUNG PARISIANS FORM "MARRIAGE FAIR"

IN ORDER to encourage matrimony in France, the Friendly Society of Parisian Youth has organized a "marriage fair" at Chatou.

Three hundred and twenty-eight young men and women left Paris with a band at their head, went to Chatou, and started the Fiances Fair by an alfresco lunch, followed by a ball.

Each of them had previously filled up a form, giving details as to their situation and prospects, and making known their ideas regarding their life partner-to-be. In return for these forms each person received a numbered badge.

If, at the ball or elsewhere, a young woman was attracted by the wearer of a certain number she could find out all about him by simply quoting his number.

Most of the men wanted wives who were "fond of home," while the principal stipulations made by the girls were that their prospective husbands should have safe jobs and satisfactory incomes.

DRESS SHOW IN SPAIN.

An exhibition of regional and local dress will be held at Madrid in October. There is probably no country in Europe where local dress and custom is more jealously preserved than in Spain. The dresses worn by the peasants in Jaen, Asturias, Upper Aragon, Galicia, Valencia and Catalonia are as varied as they are quaint and tasteful. The costumes worn in almost every region are typical with special "trajes de gala" for weddings and "dias de fiesta."

Seven-Eleven Earrings

DON'T BE SHOCKED.
The young lady has dice dangling from both ears, but these are the very latest in ornamental earrings.

Second Marriages Are Desirable | Dorothy Dix | Resents Vows Made to Prevent Remarriage

It Is Not Love, but Selfishness, That Seeks to Bind a Perpetual Grief About the Neck of Another—Second Marriages a Compliment, Not an Insult, to the Memory of the Deceased

DO YOU wish your husband or wife to marry again if you should die? Foolish question No. 999,999 that all newlyweds ask each other continually during the honeymoon is: "Darling, if I should die would you ever marry again?" The invariable answer to this query is: "No, never. If a cruel fate should snatch you from me, I would pine away and die, too, of a broken heart." Whether the lovers who thus forswear themselves speak with all sincerity, or with a mental reservation, none but they and the Recording Angel know.

OF COURSE, it is a natural and a human thing for us to cherish the fond belief that we are absolutely necesary to those we love, and that under no circumstances could they ever forget us. It is also a natural and a human thing for us to shrink from the thought that another could ever take our places in the hearts of our beloved ones; that another could come to fill the niche in their lives that we fill; that another could be called the same old endearing names we are called; that another should sit in our chairs, and use our old familiar things that are hallowed with a thousand tender memories.

SO IT is not surprising that men and women resent the thought of some stranger stepping into their shoes when they are gone, and that they try to wring a vow from their wives and husbands that they will never marry again.

Men are particularly prone to this post-mortem jealousy, and it is no uncommon thing for a husband to attempt to keep his wife faithful to his memory by making her forfeit her share in his estate if she marries again.

OCCASIONALLY a woman with property likewise ties a tombstone to her bequests to her husband. But generally wives content themselves with a mere verbal promise from their husbands that they will not be matrimonial repeaters. And, after a while, they cease demanding even that pledge, and reconcile themselves to the inevitable, for they perceive that widowers of long standing are almost as scarce as hen's teeth.

SOMETIMES they even rise to the height of a woman I know who says that when she was first married she used to make her husband swear that he would never marry again.

After a few years, when she realized how domestic he was, and how miserable he would be drifting around hotels and clubs, she told him that she would be willing for him to marry again, if he would wait four or five years.

But as time went on, and he reached a state of helpless dependence in which he could not find a handkerchief for himself, or remember what he liked to eat, or think to send a suit of clothes to the presser, she begged him not to wait until the grass grew green on her grave before he took unto himself a wife to look after him.

FORTUNATELY, the promise that husbands and wives make not to marry again is one that is more honored in the breach than the observance, because it is not right that the dead should bar the door of happiness to the living. It is not love but selfishness that seeks to bind a perpetual grief about the neck of another, and make a home forever a house of mourning.

Nor can anything but a morbid spirit make any one see a second marriage as an insult to the memory of a first husband or wife. Rather is it a compliment, because the more congenial a couple has been, the happier their marriage has been, the more bereaved and desolate the one is who is left alone.

THE man who has a good wife who made him a comfortable home, and who has been accustomed to spending his evenings by his own fireside is as bewildered and helpless as a lost child when he loses his wife. He has forgotten his bachelor ways, and they no longer appeal to him. He gets enough of the society of men in his day's work and is bored to death by the gossip of the clubs. He loaths the effort of ordering his own meals, and has no appetite for the handiwork of even the finest chef. He shudders when he thinks of being sick with none but hirelings to wait upon him.

EVERY woman knows some such forlorn old man as this, some old widower who needs to have his coat collar brushed, and somebody to buy him the right neckties, and see that he puts on his heavy flannels, and gets nourishing food, and be fussed over and made happy instead of wandering around like a stray cat. Seeing this, how can a wife be cruel enough to wish this fate on her husband.

And if the widower is pitiful, the widow is hardly less so. A woman can make herself a home, but a home without some man to make things bright and cheerful for, some man to get up good dinners for, some man coming in from the outside, with the breath of the fighting world about him, is as savorless as an egg without salt. The woman who has never been married can be content with her Adamless Eden, but not the woman who has had a strong arm to lean on, and a husband on whose tenderness she could throw herself as on the tenderness of God.

And how any man can begrudge the woman he loves finding another sturdy oak to cling to when he has been laid low is a revelation of the egotism of affection.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I was raised very carefully, and I thought that all I had to do was to be modest, ladylike, jolly and friendly, and Mr. Right would be on the job.

I am twenty-five now, and I have been a good little girl. Men have come into my life, but when there were no kisses and midnight parties they didn't linger, but would say, "Wake up, little girl." I have watched silly, irresponsible, little seventeen-year-old kids go out and make a sensible man look and act foolish, so I have come to the conclusion that that is what men want and that I am a 1900-year model and out of date.

This is the year 1924. Shall I continue to be a real nice girl or shall I get into the game and, through paint, lipsticks and foolish talk, give the debs a run? When the men ask what about a little party shall I go and dance and flirt as all the other girls do? My instinct tells me that is the wrong way to go after a husband. But I long for a domestic life. I have tried the good, little, stay-at-home way and I am twenty-five, and if I continue this way I will always be

GOOD BUT LONELY.

Answer:

Perhaps, my dear, it is better to be twenty-five and good but lonely, and have your own self-respect, than it is to be married to the kind of a man who picks out his wife at wild parties and who mistakes the effects of bootleg liquor on his system for love. Drink makes many men amorous, and any woman can inveigle a gentleman who is pleanantly lit up to the altar. But the trouble is that when the effects of the liquor die out the man's affection also dies out, and the poor wife is left regretting her bargain.

Of course, if you just want to have a good time for a little while there is no doubt that you can have more fun traveling with the fast crowd than the slow one. Theoretically, men admire the good, little, modest girl. That is the kind of a girl they want their sisters to be and the kind they try to marry. But they prefer to play around with the girls who are not particular about what they do and who have no scruples with which to "wet-blanket" a party.

But my long observation has been that worth-while men seldom marry the wild, wild women. They have had enough of the female rounders, and when they pick out a wife they want some girl who hasn't been kissed and pawed over by dozens of other men and whose main accomplishments are not cigarette smoking and booze punishing.

Of course, the girl who belongs to the midnight frolic crowd does marry—usually a man of her own kind, and we see the results of these unions in the divorce scandals in the paper.

It may be, Good But Lonely, that you are in the wrong environment and that you need to go away from home and meet strange men. Often a girl gets sort of pocketed in her own little circle and she has to break away and go where people are not accustomed to her to make them realize how attractive she is. I don't believe any girl is passed over just because she is good. God help the world if the time ever comes when men cease to admire modesty and purity in women!

DOROTHY DIX.

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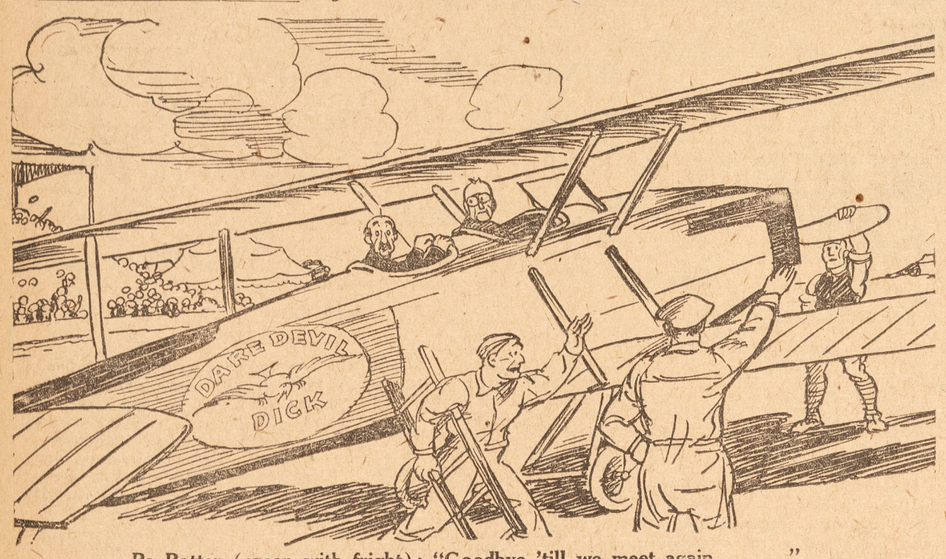
THE POTTERS

By J. P. McEVOY



Pa Potter (green with fright): "Goodbye 'till we meet again . . . "

PROLOGUE.

THE feelings of our readers (or HE feelings of our readers (or reader, as the case may be) will be spared the agony of the hearing in which Bill Potter was fined $100.00 and costs for speeding while slightly spiffed . . . Naturally, Pa paid it, and also stood the loss of his car, which Bill wrecked . . . There are threats in the offing—an impending doom of a law-suit for damages to be started by the two unfortunates whom Bill sent to the hospital . . . As yet the cloud is no larger than a man's hand, but we fear it will grow . . . Meanwhile, let us be merry as we may . . . A County Fair is in progress but a few miles from the Potter domain and Ma has conceived the idea that it will be a snookly affair to grace with the presence of the Potter family . . . Pa's instinctive "No!" was drowned in a chorus of "Aye's," as usual . . . The congregation will join in singing One Hundred and nine after which we will file out as orderly as possible, and follow the Potters to the County Fair.

SCENE I.

BEFORE you reach the exhibit of overgrown vegetables and prize cattle who would certainly be compelled to exercise if they were human you must run the gauntlet of various devices calculated to separate you from your surplus. Ma Potter has just run foul of one of these . . . We will hover in the offing.

RAUCOUS INDIVIDUAL:
Guess your weight, lady; guess your weight!

MA (with spirit):
Guess you won't.

RAUCOUS INDIVIDUAL (with easy familiarity):
You weigh, now—let me see—(takes Ma by the arm, I should say about a hundred and—

MA (furiously, shaking him off):
How dare you! It's none of your business what I weigh.

PA (sardonically):
Go ahead, tell her!

RAUCOUS INDIVIDUAL (unabashed):
I can tell, I never fail. Let me guess it. If I don't guess it right, you don't owe me anything.

MA (dragging Pa:)
Come on, get away from here.

RAUCOUS INDIVIDUAL (following her):
You weigh a hundred and fifty-nine pounds . . . (louder): One hundred and fifty-nine pounds.

MA (her day practically spoiled):
You miserable . . . you . . . . . .

FAIR PASSERBY (with one of those figures that helped send the corset manufacturers to the poorhouse):
Well, I'd say she weighed all of that!
(And in this manner a perfect day dawns for Ma Potter.)

ESCORT (lovingly):
Goodness, dear, she'd make two of you.

JUNIOR POTTER (spying ferris wheel):
Oh, Daddy, I want to take a ride in that.

PA (mechanically):
Y'cant!

JUNIOR:
Why can't I?

PA (firmly:
Because I said so.

JUNIOR:
Can't I, Muvver?

MA:
Certainly you can.

JUNIOR (shooting evil glance of triumph at Pa):
T'ank you, Muvver.

PA (mirthlessly):
What's the idea of telling him he can do something I said he can't? How do you expect to get any discipline that way?

MA:
You're a fine one to talk about discipline. One word from you and the children do as they please.

PA:
Well, they wouldn't if you didn't back them up all the time. Look at the scrape I just got Bill out of—that was your fault.

MA (buying tickets for junior and herself for ferris wheel).
My fault, I like that: come on, Junior . . . My fault . . . Well of all the nerve . . . Hurry up, Junior. (Shouting back to Pa):

Pa (moodily):
YES, I WILL.

MA (to Junior, as they are crowded ahead):
What did daddy say, dear; could you hear him?

JUNIOR (truthfully, with childish disregard for emphasis):
He said, "Yes, I will."

MA:
That's good.
(The Ferris Wheel starts with Ma and Junior tucked in swinging seat and proceeds to make its revolutions to the accompaniment of ascending shrieks and descending squeals. Pa watches with quite satisfaction and assured of temporary liberty, goes on his way rejoicing. He meets an old friend, a dirt farmer, so called because everyone does him dirt. For years he has been crawling out from under one mortgage and diving under another one the resulting exercise giving him that healthy outdoor look . . . A real son of open spaces and closed accounts, where men are men and the interest is compounded semi-annually . . . dialogue).

PA:
Hello, Sam. Well, well, if it isn't Sam. Hello, Sam.

Sam (the dirt farmer who has been cleaned):
Well, well, if it ain't Peter. What's the matter, you look like the last three days of grace?

PA:
I'm all right, I can't complain. How's farming?

SAM:
Oh, the same old stuff. You stick it in the ground and try to dig it out again. Sometimes you get your seed back.

PA:
That's good.

SAM:
That's very good.

PA:
Hasn't the present administration done a lot of good for you farmers?

SAM:
The only administration that would do the farmers good would be one that would swear themselves into office on the fourth of March and swear themselves out again on the fifth. With four year's rest we oughta get somewhere.

PA:
Don't you think this third party will be pretty good?

SAM:
It'll be good and hungry. So long as we gotta have a party in power I'm in favor of always keeping the present encumbrances in — they've got theirs, and chances are against their being as greedy as any new gang that would get all four feet in the trough soon as possible.
(So saying, talking and walking, Pa Potter and Sam, the farmer, find themselves at the edge of the Fair Grounds, where an aviator with low ideas for money-making is taking up all comers at $10.00 a head . . . The aviator meets them with honeyed words . . . Would they like to go up? They would not. What's the matter, are you scared? Scared? Who? Me? I should say not.)

AVIATOR:
I won't do any stunts with you. Just straight flying, that's me. Safety first.

PA:
You won't do any stunts with me. I'll fly as far as you want with you as long as I can keep one foot on the ground.

SAM (judiciously):
Them things are gettin' to be a darn nuisance. One of them dropped a wrench down on my best cow last week and she hasn't given a drop of milk since.

AVIATOR (with professional disgust):
Trouble with you, you ain't twentieth century. There ain't any more danger to flying than there is to driving an automobile, not much. (To Pa:) You're just scared, that's all that's the matter with you.

PA:
Who? Me? I'm not scared; I just got sense.

AVIATOR (shewdly):
Maybe your wife won't let you?

PA (expansively):
My wife has very little to say what I do, or don't do.

SAM (suddenly):
Speak of the devil—I mean, I beg your pardon, there's Mrs. Potter now, isn't it?

PA (turning):
Sure enough! Now, how the devil . . . I left her in the ferris wheel.

SAM:
That's easy, she probably saw you from the top of it.

MA (drawing up):
I thought you said you was gonna wait for us. What's the big idea, makin' me chase all over the place lookin' for you.

PA (trying to be jocose):
I just thought I'd come over here and take a little fly for myself.

MA (decisively):
You'll do nothing of the kind. (Sam and aviator exchange smiles. Pa reddens.)

PA:
Oh, is that so!
The very idea! (Sarcastically): Besides, they couldn't get you in one of those things unless they dragged you.

PA (nettled):
Oh, is that so!

MA:
Yes, that's so. Come on, let's go.

Pa (with a great moment of heroism, born of desperate pride):
I'll just show you whether I'm game to go up in one of these things or not. (To aviator:) Come on, I'm gonna take a ride with you.

AVIATOR:
Atta boy!

MA (Sceptically):
The very idea! That's good! (Laughs merrily.)

PA (bitterly):
Laugh all you want to. I suppose you'd laugh yourself to death if I fell and got killed. (Climbs into aeroplane with sinking heart and quivering knees.)

MA (still incredulous):
Come on, let's go, stop your nonsense. You're not going up in that thing.

AVIATOR (deftly strapping Pa in):
Oh, yes, he is, lady. (Assistant grabs propeller, making ready to spin it. Aviator climbs in, adjusts goggles.)

MA (suddenly realizing that Pa is actually going up);
Pa, get out of there. It's going to start. PA! DO YOU HEAR ME? (Pa pays no attention.)
PA, PLEASE, PLEASE, I WAS ONLY JOKING.

PA (green with fright, but steeling himself for one magnificent gesture):
Good-bye . . . Till we meet again ....

AVIATOR:
Hang on, back there. (To assistant, barking): CONTACT!

PA (as assistant whirls propeller:)
If anything happens ....

PROPELLER:
BBRRRRR-R-R-R-A-AH.

MA (screaming, in pursuit of Pa, as aeroplane starts bobbing down field):
COME BACK HERE PA! ... PA! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! (Aeroplane rises and circles field over Ma's head. Pa waves a pale green hand over the edge .... the moan of the propeller is nothing to the moan that Ma is making. As for Pa, he clenched his teeth when they hopped off, a providential act, otherwise his heart would have jumped out before this .... The aeroplane is rising .... Look! What is that fool aviator doing? .... He's going straight up. He's turning over .... HE'S LOOPING THE LOOP!)

MA (screaming):
EEEEEEE-K!

And that's that, until next Sunday.

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New Beauty for Blonde Hair

IF your hair is fair you can give it the sheen of spun gold by using Evan Williams Camomile Shampoo Powder.

This famous, luxurious hair-wash also prevents any loss of the natural color and keeps the scalp healthy, It does not color the hair.

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The Sportswoman's Section

"EX" SHOWED HOW OUR GIRLS HAVE IMPROVED

Results of Meet Must be Shock to American Sportswomen.

THE Exhibition "came through" as a record-setter in girls sports.

The Ex. has done a good deal to foster girls sports, and there were many who looked to it to indicate, this year, just how far the Canadian girl has progressed in her athletics. They did not look in vain. The big fair was just the attraction to bring together the best that Canada and the United States have to offer.

As a result of Saturday's meet, Canada has proven that her girl athletes are unbeatable in the sports that they have taken to. Rosa Grosse is the finest sprinter on the continent. She beat the two leading United States sprinters, Helen Filkey and the hitherto unbeatable Francis Ruppert. She beat them easily, and not only she, but Fanny Rosenfeld as well, led the American girls to the tape. Myrtle Cook, who had previously been injured when in her own heat ran against a too-tightly held tape, finished about an inch behind Francis Ruppert in the final. Myrtle beat Helen Filkey both in her heat, and in the final.

P. J. Mulqueen says Rosa Grosse is the finest sprinter in the world.

The C.N.E. relay team established a world's record, 440 yards in 52 seconds flat is might fine running which shows that either the girls have improved wonderfully since their defeat in New York last winter, or else that defeat was an accident, owing to several tumbles on the track. Before the race, Elwood Hughes said that the Toronto girls were not in as good condition as they were during the winter. Heaven help their opponents, then, if they are in condition when they next run.

THERE were two girls who showed unexpected form, Helen Small, of the Hydro, finished second to Helen Eilkey in the final 100-yards girls under 18. It was a close finish. Ethel Smith, also of the Hydro, defeated Grace Conacher in the fourth heat of the 100 yard dash, running second to Frances Ruppert. It was the general impression of the public that the first four Toronto girls to finish would be chosen for the relay. However when the relay team was picked, neither of these girls were included.

Presumably, it was thought that the more experienced girls on the relay team would have a better chance to defeat their still more experienced American opponents. No doubt that was the reason why these little girls were not given the chance—which the public thought they earned—of representing the Exhibition in the relay race. Nevertheless, it is too bad the impression went aboard before the race that outsiders had a chance of making the C.N.E. relay. It must have been a bitter disappointment to the Hydro girls and their numerous supporters.

However, one should not criticize too freely under the circumstances. The results were certainly all to the good. The C.N.E. team defeated the best in America and established a world's record. One can scarcely ask more of them. And as far as the two other girls are concerned, they can console themselves with this reflection, that if they can duplicate their performances and beat any of those Four Fastest females who form the relay team, then it will be impossible to keep them down. They are bound to be heard from very soon.

IT was a wonderful day for the Toronto Ladies' Basketball Club.

Janet Allan, when Rosa Grosse led the field to the tape in the dash, stepped out upon the track and gave her famous 'war-whoop'. The Toronto Ladies responded nobly and swooped out in a body to embrace Rosa, Myrtle and Grace, their three-star sprinters. The basketeers won the club relay too, much to the delight of Mr. Cooper and Dr. Babcock, two of the men-about-town who have done much to help girls to run their own sports.

The hurdle races were watched with a good deal of interest, not only by the grandstand but especially by the Canadian athletes. This is a form of track work with which they are unfamiliar, and the only Canadian entrant, a western girl, was entirely out-classed. Next year it may be a different story. With Canadian girls capable of travelling 100 yards in 11 2-5 against a brisk wind, it is not unlikely that we will have some mighty fine hurdlers before another year is over. Meanwhile, we must admit that on this continent the Americans have got this sport entirely to themselves. One reason why Canadian girls can be expected to take hurdling up, is that the race on Saturday was such a pretty one to watch.

"Ex" Ball Tourney Will Foster Sport

THAT C.N.E. softball tournament was certainly a success. Ten thousand people a night, packing the Coliseum to see a game that up to a season ago was an experiment. And the brand of ball served up to the fans was such as to make many converts to the sport. People come to the C.N.E. from all over the world. Certainly all parts of Canada are well represented. It is, then inevitable that many of those who saw this sport at the Coliseum, for the first time, will return to their own communities, tell what they saw, and awaken local interest in softball.

Next year, then, one may hope that the Coliseum games will be truly representative of the Canadian championship; that in the meantime, softball teams will spring up in various parts of the Dominion, and that this wholesome sport will enjoy a run of popularity still greater than anything it has hitherto enjoyed.

WHO'S WHO IN GIRLS' SPORTS

The Art of Swimming

Ways to Acquire the Best and Latest Strokes and How to Improve.

LESSON No. 10

How to Float, and Its Advantage in Conserving Energy

By L. De B. Handley.
Coach of American Women's Olympic Swimming Team and the Recognized Authority on Natation.

IN so far as safety is concerned, ability in floating stands out as the most valuable asset of the swimmer.

Whether one tires far from shore, suffers from an attack of cramps, is caught in a current too swift to overcome, is accidentally cast into the water fully clothed, or otherwise faces the danger of drowning, floating in most cases will afford the best chance of rescue.

Comfortably stretched out in supine position, able to breathe unhampered, one may await assistance indefinitely, recover from cramps, undress without trouble if necessary, and in all instances husband energy while sizing up the situation and deciding on the best course to follow.

And this must be made clear while on the subject: Clothes do not drag down, as the majority apparently believe. They impede swimming, true enough, but actually they buoy up if a person turns on the back and rests quietly. Always there is air caught between body and garments at first, and until the fabrics become soaked and cling, forcing it out, the imprisoned air acts as a supporting device. Therefore, one need not worry for a while after being thrown into the water in street attire. There will be time to think and prepare if one takes to floating.

One should learn to float, whether one can swim or not, at all events during the swimming novitiate, and here is how to go about it:

Standing in water a little more than waist deep one extends the arms at right angles to the shoulders, leans gradually backward, and as the body overbalances springs off gently from the bottom, bringing the feet to the surface and stretching out flat.

A deep breath should be taken as the feet leave the bottom, then held. At first the face will have a tendency to drop below the surface as the body falls back, and if the mouth is open or one tries to inhale at that moment water unavoidably will be absorbed. On the other hand, if the lungs are full and the mouth closed the ducking will cause no inconvenience and the face will come clear as soon as the bobbing incident to stretching out ceases.

Once the body adjusts itself one resumes breathing, but in the early stages it is advisable to breathe intermittently, exhaling and inhaling quickly, then waiting a few seconds before repeating. The method keeps the lungs well filled and increases buoyancy.

If the feet begin to sink the arms should be moved backward along the surface until above headline. If the feet will not rise, it will help to open the legs and bend a little at thighs and knees. Failure to float when this position is assumed probably means lack of natural buoyancy, as a small percentage of men, and a smaller of women, are heavier than water and must resort to supporting movements of legs or arms to stay up. A fluttering motion of the feet, like a miniature and effortless crawl thrash generally will suffice to overcome lack of buoyancy.

After acquiring the knack of getting into floating position from standing on bottom, it is well to learn to turn to it from prone posture, as one usually strikes the water that way in going in accidentally.

The turning process is best practiced by starting from a push-off, face down, as explained in connection with the lessons on crawl swimming.

After leaving the wall and stretching out, one presses down with one hand, as in beginning a crawl drive, and at the same time lifts the other arm and throws it across the body overhead. That will cause the body to roll and turn face up, in floating position.

A good stroke to use for emergencies, while floating, is one in which the feet execute an alternate fluttering motion and the arms perform quarter circles along the surface, driving with hand turned palm toward feet from height of shoulders to thighs, then recovering over the same route, palms down. It does not propel very fast, but it is so effortless that even an exhausted person can make headway with it.

This is the tenth of a series of articles on the art of swimming. The eleventh will describe life-saving.

THE SPORTSWOMAN

(Title registered)

Excellent Tennis—Where Golf Handicap System Should be Dropped—Learn One Course Well—The Gentle Art of Sitting on a Horse.

By NITA HOWARD.

LOOKING back at the management of the women's title tennis matches, we must comment on its excellence. The seeding of the players was accomplished perfectly. All but one of these came through to the round before the semi-final.

The seeding is done by dividing all the players into two halves, upper and lower, and putting half of the best players and the others in the upper, and the remainder of the field in the lower. This insures a survival of the fittest to the final rounds and makes for a much more interesting tournament.

Of course, it was fortunate that there were three absolutely first rate players, Miss Wills, Mrs. Mallory and Miss Browne. This meant that one of the two in the same draw, in this case, Mary Browne and Helen would have to be elliminated before the finals. The logical finalists were those two. Mary Browne gave Helen the hardest fight she has had on this side of the water in a year, as evidenced by the 6-4, 4-6, 6-3 score.

The fight between Helen and Molla in the finals was really nothing compared to that semi-final meeting of the two California tennis peaches. Mrs. Mallory has little of her old-time game, except in rare streaks. None of those streaks turned up in the meeting of present and former stars. Molla still has it in her to gain No. 3 ranking this year (Mary Browne will more than likely place second) but we doubt she will ever regain No. 1 form.

THE entry list of 90 in the American natfonal golf tournament completed this week shows again the increasing interest of women in such events. The committee has found it necessary to restrict competitors for the medal play to recognized players, and the number grows each year.

The handicap system is still kept up in the qualifying round, contrary to the way most such tournaments are held. It should be dropped. There are enough women golfers who can hold their own without handicaps.

WE recommend to all golfers, if they have hopes of making a score which they are willing to admit to their friends, that they learn to play one course well!

The difference in a game between playing on a familiar course and a strange one is really underestimated. There are several important things to become acquainted with. You get to know where the traps are. That is especially important when you are playing a concealed or partially concealed hole. Of course, the direction flag will show you where to play, but few enough of us can hit a ball straight toward a direction flag.

Then again, you learn the right length of a hole. Length is often deceiving on a golf course. An uphill fairway may appear longer and a "hill hole," where the green is far below the tee, may look shorter than it really is. Familiarity gives one a distance guage.

The principal of "knowing your course" is followed by all the tournament players. In last week's national matches, all players were on hand several days before the opening. They went around a number of times, until each hole was memorized.

Know your course. Know the bunkers, the rough, and the length. Know which clubs to use, where, and what to expect on each stroke.

THERE was a fat lady, Miss Snider,
Who thought she'd reduce as a rider.
She went riding one day,
But the poor horse gave way—
Now Snider gets wider and wider.

We Go Riding.

This is by way of confession, especially to those of our readers who are under the impression that we are an expert horsewoman. We had our first riding lesson over the last week-end.

To be frank, we were motivated by a perfectly stunning pair of riding breeches and the fact that we wanted to get our picture snapped on a horse. Mounting a horse had always seemed so simple and graceful, but when we frantically threw our right leg around in a pathetic attempt to get it across the horse's back, we shudder to think how we looked.

No sooner were we in position, than we cried: "Let me off. I've had enough," but our instructor said we were getting on swimingly, meaning, we guess, the way we lay on our good steed and the lovely Australian crawl we used to subdue him.

Round and round the ring we rode, the groom by our side. Then he deserted us. The horse moved at least an inch a minute. We insisted that he galloped. Just to fool us, he did. Whenever he went down, we went up and when we descended, he met us more than half way with a thump that must have resounded for miles.

We have heard that horses knew whether their riders were worthy of their respect. Well, we know what vanity thought of us. His behavior was obvious. He stopped every few feet to munch the grass that grew around the ring. When we tugged at the rein he would turn and look at us with such disgust that we let him eat. After all, a horse is human.

The camera snapped. "It's beautiful," said the amateur photographer. "The horse kept his head up."

We vowed that we'd ride on street cars thereafter—but what's a promise between friends? We already have an appointment for a lesson next week.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Sports As Important As Votes For Women, Says Glenna Collett

AMERICAN women, in the first quarter of the 20th Century have won two rights: the right of exercising the sufferage and the right of participation in sport. says Glenna Collett noted golfer in the Woman's Home Companion. The second of these seems to me at least as important as the first for the happiness and welfare of women themselves and of the world at large.

"Perhaps the most simple and obvious proof of the revolutionary effect of sport on the life of the modern woman is to be found in the change in her manner of dress. Doctors lectured for years on the evils of tight lacing, but it took Dr. Athletics to abolish this practice. Thanks to the same agency, not even Paris has been able to force most women to go back to the insanitary, clumsy, long skirt for daytime wear. Common sense never persuaded the average girl to wear low heels and broad toes, but the flapper, who plays games, finds such footgear desirable. And she has achieved the complete freedom of knickers for riding, skating, hiking and other vigorous sports.

"SPORT'S beneficial effects have however, gone deeper than clothes.

A London doctor announces recently that anemia is almost unknown among the younger generation of English girls. Several American physicians, after making a study of statistics kept by the physical welfare departments of girls colleges, have found that the college girl of this generation is taller, heavier and better developed than the girl of her mother's generation.

How soon should a girl's sport education begin? Just as early as we begin to educate her in other ways—that is, in the kindergarten. The sound body is as important as the sane mind. Unless she is repressed and forced to conform to a false ideal of what is "ladylike," a girl enjoys playing games and being outdoors as much as a boy. She responds to the direction of those interested in sport as naturally as a flower blooms.

To call a girl a "tomboy" was once a term of reproach. But the tomboy ideal—that of a free, vigorous, outdoor girlhood—is far more healthy than the old-fashioned conception of a little girl who must, like Goldilocks, 'sit in a corner and sew a fine seam'—because, if she indulged in any more vigorous activity, she might tear her clothes! Poor child, how did she ever endure existence! But today's little girl with her khaki knickers, her middy blouse and her sports is being treated more like her robust brother, and is being taught that sports will help her to attain a physical fitness and grace of carriage that could not be reached if she were careless of her physical condition.

"CAN the girl adopt all the boy's sports? Girls and women appear to be participating in nearly all of them; for instance, running, jumping, vaulting, basketball, hockey, to name only a few of the more vigorous. Nevertheless, it seems to me that golf, tennis, swimming, skating and riding are best suited to women, since these offer as much diversion and exercise as any and are less rugged in their demands on the players.

Naturally, I consider golf a particularly fine feminine sport, although I realize that not all girls and women can find sufficient time to play it. But it keeps them out of doors and walking, besides working all the muscles of the body in the actual play. One can start playing it at any age; but I believe, if possible a girl should begin around the age of 14. If she is not strong, she will gain strength as she goes along. However, strength is not the all-important factor in golf, and under proper instruction any girl should develop into a fair player.

The more enthusiasm and time she can deyote to her game the better, although she should remember that it is as easy to evertrain in golf, if not easier, than in any other game. The overtraining is more mental than physical.

The greatest handicap to women's golf, at present, is the difficulty of finding a place to play. It is not impossible for a family in the country or the suburbs to have a private tennis court for the daughters. But they can hardly build them a private golf course!

MISS VERA LESLIE, OF THE INTER-CHURCH SOFTBALL LEAGUE.
Trinity's brilliant shortstop, an outstanding product of this season.
—Photo by J. Kennedy.

Our Sportswomen Of Highest Type

WHAT a wholesome brand of womanhood girls' sports is fostering in Toronto! On the last Friday night of the Ex., when the final softball game was being played in the Coliseum, the place was packed to the roof with girls, girls, girls and their escorts. On Saturday night when the softball was all over, the place was again packed to the roof with music lovers. And among these were hundreds of the girls who had gone to see the softball game the night before, as well as many of those who had participated.

The OUTLINE of SCIENCE

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

THE BODY MACHINE AND ITS WORK

Teeth, With All Their Wonders, May Be Among Doomed Structures of the Body---Hair a Dwindling Vestige of Warm Fur Coat of Long Ago.

THE most perfect machine in the world is the body of man. The further we advance in our knowledge of it, the more we wonder at the ingenious mechanisms which are crowded into its structure. Almost every decade we discover new operations in it which have a profound influence over our life yet are so subtle and unexpected that many generations of scientific men were entirely ignorant of them, and it may take still many generations to tell how they bring about their marvelous results. Here, as in other fields, the advance of science creates one mystery while it explains another. But that story of evolution which we studied in a preceding section sheds a clear light upon the body machine, both of animals and of man, and enables us to under stand the high efficiency of most of its parts. The machine of the animal body is not only the most perfect in nature; it is immeasurable the oldest.

For at least fifty million years —how much longer no man bnows —the world forces have been making the animal body, developing and improving the various organs and co-ordinating their functions. During all these tens of millions of years the machine has been subject to the fiercest stresses and trials, and the human body, as we know it is the final and finished outcome. We wonder no longer. Time itself makes nothing; but if we grant a vast period of time to the real shaping forces of the universe, acting upon the most sensitive material in the universe, the perfection of the final stage becomes intelligible.

Traces of the Past.

WE speak of the body as a machine, but it is hardly necessary to say that none of the most ingenious machines set up by modern science can for a moment compare with it. The body is a self-building machine; a self-stoking, self-regulating, self-repairing machine—the most marvelous and unique automatic mechanism in the universe. It differs from our ordinary machines, moreover, in this: when a part becomes superfluous or out of date, it will linger for ages, even for millions of years, in the structure, slowly changing and shrinking on its way to disappearance. It will be useful to begin our examination of the human body from this point of view, especially as some of the first things we notice about it are precisely shrinking structures of this kind.

Why have we hair on our bodies? We need not notice here the specially luxuriant growth of the head, or on the man's lips and chin. This has been artificially fostered or cultivated during the course of man's history. Men, in mating, chose women with rounded forms and smooth chins. Women chose men with strong muscular forms and, in our own branch of the race at least, hairy mouths and chins. We quite understand that in the course of tens of thousands of years this has evolved rich growths of hair in certain parts. But we have hair on our trunk and arms and legs; there are tiny pits in the skin, out of which hairs grow, all over the body except on the palms of our hands and the soles of our feet. Before birth the human body is, in fact, almost entirely covered with a fine coat of hair.

There is not a word to be said in favor of this part of our wonderful body machine. It harbors dirt, microbes and vermin, and sometimes favors skin disease. As a coat it is ridiculously thin and ragged, and it has been superseded by clothing. Its plain meaning is in the story of life in the past which was told in an earlier part of this work. The hair is a dwindling vestige of the warm fur coat which mammals developed to meet the conditions of an ice age. It is vestigial, not rudimentary, as is sometimes said.

The pieces of gristle or cartilage on the sides of the head which we call our "ears" are similar organs. They do not catch waves of sound, as many suppose, and guide them into the real ear inside the skull. They are too flat to do so. But if we compare them with the useful, pointed, movable ear of a horse, we see what they mean. They were once similar organs, but they have fallen out of use and are dwindling away. Underneath the skin we still have seven muscles attached to the shell of cartilage, from which it is obvious that the ear could once be moved in every direction to catch the waves of sound. Now only an individual here and there can use one or two of these muscles. The pinna or "ear trumpet" is a surviving structure that tells us a little about the body's remote past.

There are many similar muscles in the body to-day which merely tell us about a strange past. Some men can twitch their nostrils. Some can move their scalps. They do so by means of muscles which in most of us have gone completely out of use. Underneath the skin in many parts of the body there are dwindling muscles of this kind.

In the inner corner of each eye we have a little pulpy mass which recalls to us even remoter ages of the body's past. It is of no use whatever in the body to-day. To understand it, one has to watch a parrot or an eagle in a cage, and notice how the bird flashes a white film (the "third eyelid") occasionally over its eyeball. Our superfluous bit of tissue is the shrunken remainder of this. We have in our eyelids a better apparatus for sweeping the dust off the eyeball, and the old membrane is disappearing. Man is not, of course descended from birds, but almost all mammals have a well developed third eyelid.

We know from fossil remains and from examining the bodies of living reptiles that in remote ages —somewhere about the era of the coal forests—there were animals with a third eye, in the top of the head. We find this third or pineal eye in the heads of a few reptiles to-day, but the skin has grown over it, and it is degenerating. In the birds and mammals it has sunk still deeper into the head, and degenerated further. In man it has become a small body, about the size of a hazelnut, rising from the middle of the brain. We call it the "pineal body." It is a mysterious little organ and we will not say positively that it has no function. But, whether it has or no, we clearly trace it to the third eye of millions of years ago.

The "vermiform appendix" is a well known vestigial organ. It is a little wormlike tube, about four inches long, arising as a blind alley at the junction of the small and the large intestine; and as a source of disease (appendicitis) and danger it is notorious. Some have tried to find that it has a use in the body, but the plain fact is that it has been removed from hundreds of thousands of men in modern times, and no harm has ensued in any single case. It is the vanishing remainder of a large, useful chamber in which early vegetarian mammals let myriads of bacteria break up their coase food.

In short, expert investigators of the human body have found 107 organs, or parts of organs, that have to be understood as more or less vestigial. We have the vestige of a tail in the block of bone at the lower end of our backbone, and sometimes children are born with distinct and movable—though very short—tails. We have bones, muscles, and glands in many parts that are now the almost or quite useless relics of a remote past. Evolution beautifully explains them. The body remains a wonderful mechanism because these were once useful and most cunningly contrived structures.

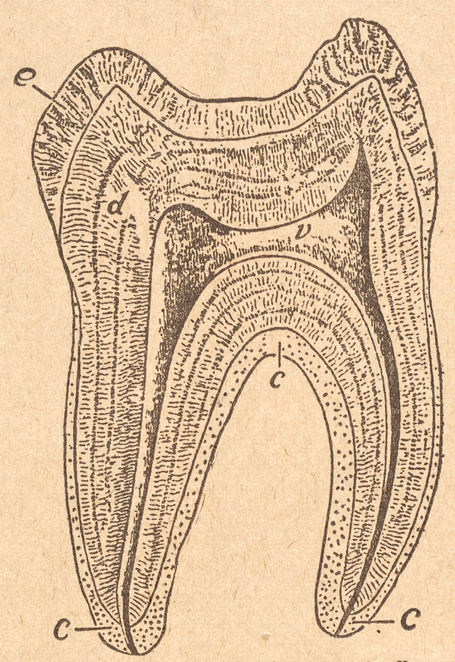
The Ivory Gates of the Body.

TURNING now to the body machine in its active life, we shall find it most interesting to follow the progress of food until it is built into the frame. We can if we like do this literally to-day. We can mix an opaque powder, e.g., of bismuth, with a mouthful of easily digested food (such as meal), and then by means of X-rays we can photograph its progress along the alimentary canal until what remains of it is dumped in the waste chamber. This is useful for some purposes, but in the main we rely on the minute studies of the anatomist and the experiments of the physiologist for our knowledge of that part of man's body that is concerned with the utilization of the food.

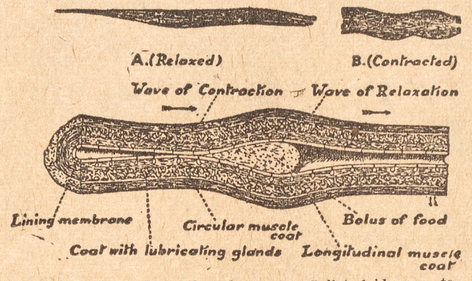
The receiving office, so to say, or the mouth, is itself so deeply interesting and full of ingenious contrivances that a whole section of this work might be devoted to it. Above the mouth are the sentinels, the eyes and nose, which we shall consider later, Then, on the upper surface of the tongue, there are myriads of sensitive little organs, taste buds, ready to apply a final test to the food. The juices of the food penetrate the thin skin which covers and protects them, and probably have a chemical action on the little nerve endings in them. If the message which they automatically dispatch to the brain is "O. K." other nerves set in motion the muscles of the lower jaw, and the grinding of the food begins.

In modern times a volume could be written on the teeth alone, and it would be a remarkable story. Teeth began ages ago in fishes of the shark and dog fish type. Their rough scale covered skin was drawn in to form a lining of the mouth, and long practice in crunching shell fish, and so on, led to the evolution of the hard scales on the skin into teeth. In the course of time the teeth on the ridges of the jaw were particularly developed, and the others disappeared. But we must not suppose from this brief hint of their origin that teeth are simple things. Each tooth is a remarkable structure. Coats of dentine and enamel are built round a pulpy cavity into which nerves and blood vessels run, and roots, coated with cement, fix the tooth in its socket. It is strange how few people wonder why our jaws do not ache and jar from the crunching of a hard crust. In mammals there is a provision which obviates this: the teeth do not fit tightly in the sockets. They are "packed" in with a material that lessens the shock of the daily grind.

A special regiment of the cells which make up the body is told off to see to this business of the teeth and our wonder increases when we see these strange microscopic, unconscious "bone-builders." They have, in the baby, to select, atom by atom, the cement and dentine and enamel which (in other forms, of course) somehow exist in the food of the blood stream. They have to build the stuff into structures of which our artificial teeth are clumcy imitations. They have to do this at the right time—to wait until suckling is over and eating begins. Then they have an even more difficult problem to face. The jaws of the adult will be much larger than the jaws of the young, and, naturally, it is not possible to alter these solid structures of enamel and dentine. So the bone builders absorb the greater part of the first set of teeth, the milk teeth, and meantime prepare a new set underneath them. The cast tooth which your child shows you is, as a rule, a mere shell. The microscopic bone builders have re-absorbed the material.



Vertical Longitudinal Section (after Owen) of a Human Molar Tooth—The lower part is embedded in a socket in the jaw and surrounded by the gum—the derma of the dense mucous membrane of the mouth. Two roots or "fangs" are shown, surrounded by a thin layer of bone called "cement" (c). Through the basal openings shown there enter blood vessels and nerves. In the centre of the tooth is the vascular pulp cavity (v), from which fine processes extend into the ivory or dentine (d). Over the crown there is the enamel (e), the hardest tissue in the body.



A Portion of the Oesophagus or Gullet laid open to show a Bolus of Food Passing Down—It will be seen that the muscular wall of the gullet relaxes in front of the the bolus of food and contracts behind it.

A, a small fragment of the outer muscular coat magnified to show the individual spindle-shaped muscle fibers of which it is composed in a relaxed state. B, the same muscle fibers or spindles, greatly enlarged, showing the contracted state.

(Reproduced by permission from Keith's "The Engines of the Human Body," Williams and Norgate.)

YET the teeth, with all their wonders, may be among the doomed structures of the body. Some authorities believe that they will gradually drop into the class of vestigial organs, like the hair, though they will give a vast amount of trouble as they grow weaker. Their purpose is to break up the food into smaller particles, and in modern civilization this is done in the preparation and cooking of the food. So the teeth are already going. In ancient skulls and among the savage peoples the teeth are often much worn away by sheer hard work; in conditions of civilization much worn teeth are rare. The jaws have not the hard work they once had; they therefore get a smaller supply of blood, and the teeth grow weak and less numerous. Normally we have thirty-two teeth, but in many people the so-called "wisdom teeth" (which might very well be called unwisdom teeth, as they are superfluous) do not develop. On the other hand, a few people have thirty-six teeth, and when we turn to the monkeys we find that some of them have this number. We are, in fact, slowly shedding our teeth in fours, along the corridors of time, and it may be that in the distant future man will be toothless. Perhaps, however, a fresh enthusiasm for physical vigor will save the race from any such degeneracy.

But our "grinding stones" are only part of the mechanism of the mouth. As soon as the grinding begins three pairs of glands pour saliva into the food. Here again we have an automatic nervous machinery of a remarkable kind, for, as everybody knows, the mere sight of food may set the glands at work, or "make your mouth water." In the glands themselves the microscopic cells which make the saliva are such remarkable chemical machines that we cannot yet understand them. They not only help to make a soft pulp of the food—the saliva is 99 per cent. water—but they pour into it certain chemicals which begin the digestion of starchy food converting it into a kind of sugar. That is one of the reasons for thorough "mastication." One must not suppose that it does not matter, since the food is so short a time in the mouth that there cannot be much chemical action on it. The chemical action of the saliva goes on, for half an hour or more, while the food is in the stomach. A great deal of illness is due to neglecting to mix plenty of saliva with our bread, etc., before it leaves the mouth.

The Process of Digestion.

WHEN teeth and salivary glands have done their work, and the taste buds on the tongue have had their moment of satisfaction, the mouthful of pulp is swallowed. "Swallowing seems such an easy and automatic act that we are quite unaware of the elaborate system of signals, side shunts, and level crossings which have to be manipulated to permit the busy traffic of the pharynx to pass unchecked." Food does not "go down", as children think. The whole mouth changes. Certain sensitive spots at the back of the mouth—electrical press buttons, we may call them—give the signal that the food is ready. The powerful muscles which closed the back of the mouth while we are masticating relax. The lower jaw is pressed against the upper. The soft palate forms an inclined plane. Other muscles close the air ways to the nose and the great air ways to the lungs. The whole complex machine acts together and pumps the food into the first part of the alimentary tube, the pharynx. Only rarely does a little food "go the wrong way"—into the air passage —and then another set of muscles automatically blow (or cough) it out. The mouth is a rather complicated cavity. How many communications is has—with the nasal passage by the posterior nostrils, with the ear passages by the eustachian tubes, with the pharnyx, and with the windpipe through the guarded glottis. It is obviously very important that the mouth be kept in good order.

Investigators Find 107 Organs in Human Body That Merely Are Vestiges Surviving From Remote Past --- Fossils Tell of Animals With Third Eye.

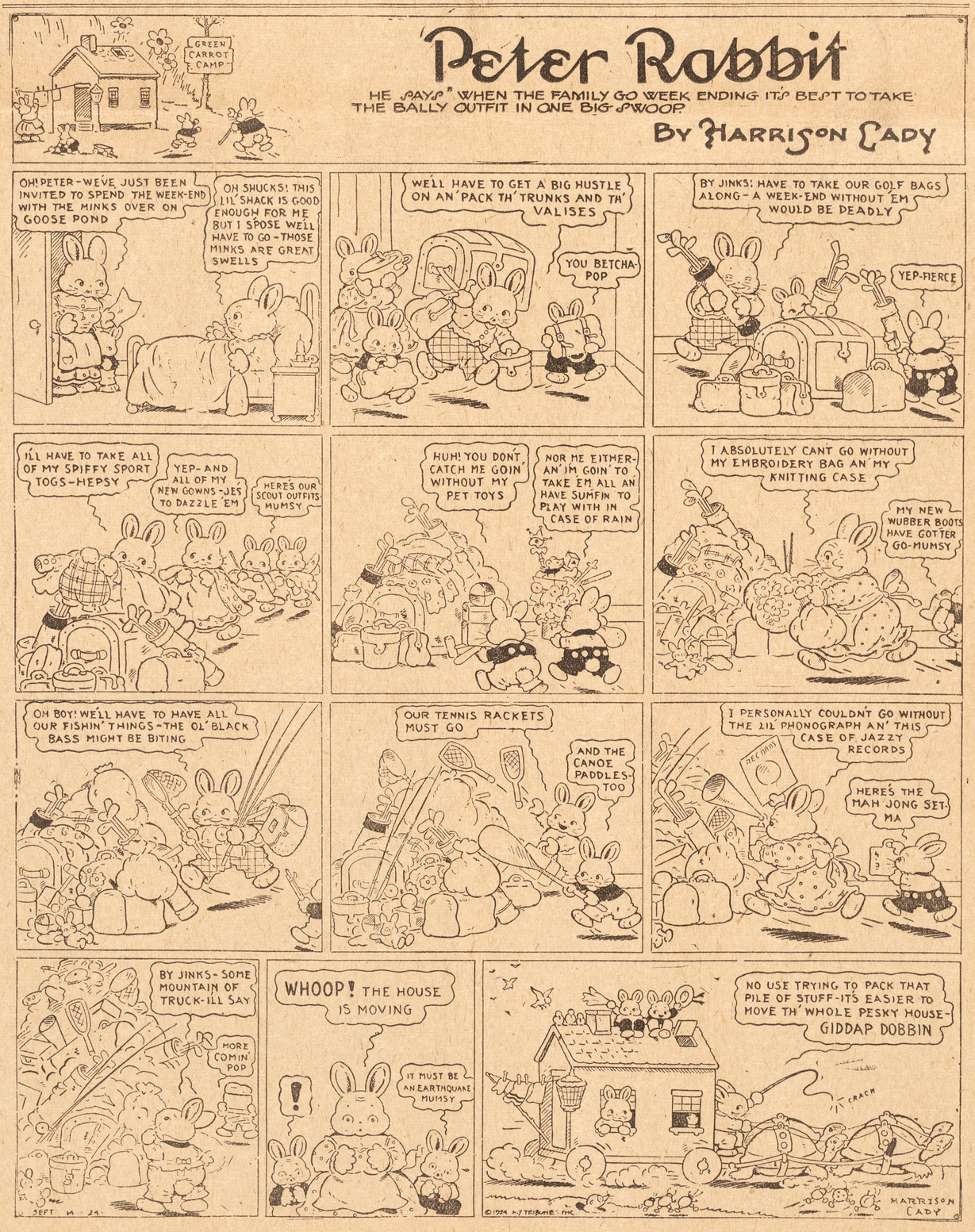
THE food now enters upon a long journey. Most people are surprised to hear that the alimentary tube is yards long in a man or woman of medium height, about twenty-eight feet long from the mouth to the vent. But few people reflect—there would be far less misery and discomfort in the world if they did —what digestion really means. Our food has to be broken up, physically and chemically, and even then it cannot pass into the blood. From the pulpy mass myriads of tiny organs have to select the matter which the body needs, and let the remainder pass away. So the food has to pass slowly through twenty feet of a long tube, the small bowel or small intestine, to give these "selectors" the chance of taking the nourishment from it.

However, let us begin at the beginning. The food passes to the stomach down a one foot tube (in a man of medium height), the upper part of which is known as the pharynx, and the lower part as the gullet or oesophagus. As we said, it does not slide down.

Sir Arthur Keith describes graphically the transport of a bolus of food toward the stomach. "The instant that a bolus has been pushed through the doorway leading from the pharynx, and that doorway has closed, we see a ring of contraction form behind the bolus and commence to creep slowly downward, forcing the bolus in front of it. The bolus, on entering the oesophagus, has touched a 'button,' and the ring of contraction is the result. As the bolus is driven forward it comes in contact with a succession of such buttons, with the result that it is kept moving onward. Not only so; a ring of relaxation precedes the bolus and eases the passages.

(Copyright, 1922.)

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



BRITISH ROYALTY AT HOME

Continued from Page Eighteen.

course of a chat: "And what do you think are your three favorite recreations?" I can visualize at this moment the Duke's keen young face as he answered, "Hunting, hunting and hunting!"

I really ought to mention that the Duchess has tried her hand at cricket, too! That was during the war, when the old castle of Glamis was turned into a hospital, where mostly wounded Australians were nursed. Lady Elizabeth, as she was then, had been fully trained at a London hospital, and she took an active part in the management of the temporary nursing-home. She used to play cricket in the grounds with "Tommies" who were convalescing.

Another occasion when her hospital training proved of great service to Lady Betty was that of the terrible earthquake at Messina, where she happened to be staying at the time of the catastrophe.

She is sincerely interested in all sorts of "movements" and institutions—just as her husband is—and like Princess Mary she holds the rank of Commissioner in the Girl Guides.

AND now you'll be wanting to know just how these delightful people met and fell in love.

Well, as is the case with so many happy marriages in high life and low, a loving sister had a hand in it. Lady Betty Bowes-Lyon was once a companion to Princess Mary, and the two girls were tremendous friends. So it came about that Prince Albert met his future bride.

Love at first sight? Of course! And that was where the Princess came in useful. You can imagine how the Prince—though he was a Prince!—"pumped" his sister—tried to draw her out about her pretty little companion. And it is an open secret at court that kind-hearted Princess Mary did her best for them both.

To us who saw the young people in those days it was soon quite evident which way the wind was blowing. For some time after that they did not enjoy much of each other's society except at intervals. But I think both of them had definitely made up their minds on a very important question.

Later on came further opportunities of being together. And then—the Prince at last spoke.

I said a while back that he is naturally inclined to nervousness. But—I am not going to divulge where I get my "inside information"—when it came to the crucial moment, his Royal Highness' nervousness altogether deserted him.

After all, Lady Betty can't have looked a very terrible person to speak of love to—and I rather think that such an observant young man as Prince Albert must have been fairly confident of the kind of answer he was going to receive.

AND I think he was about the happiest young man in the Kingdom when dainty, brown-haired little Lady Elizabeth said "yes."

The Earl and Countess of Strathmore were delighted—there is no other word for it—the Duke of York having always been a special favorite of theirs. The King and Queen, too, did not hesitate to show how glad they were to welcome this fascinating little Scottish lady as a daughter-in-law. Of course, they had known the way things were working—the Queen especially, since mothers are just the same all the world over.

I SEE that I have waxed so talkative about the love-match that I have left myself very little space to speak of the married life of the Duke and Duchess. The first year has not proved very exciting to outsiders, at any rate. But I imagine the happy pair have found it quite thrilling enough!

Their residence is the beautiful mansion of White Lodge, Richmond, which formerly belonged to the Duke's great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, who placed it at the disposal of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the parents of Queen Mary, who was largely brought up and educated there.

"I love the dear White Lodge," the Duchess of Teck once said. "It is so very English." She was quite right. Richmond lies a few miles up the Thames above London, and the White Lodge stands in Richmond Park.

The Duchess has confessed to her friends that she is charmed with the place. What matters much more—and it is all such a happy affair that I must run the risk of repeating myself—is that she is very, very charmed with her husband, and he with her.

Both of them are fond of entertaining, and guests at the White Lodge will always remember their visits with real pleasure. I don't think they will run their menage on very formal lines, though "Betty" had early experience as a hostess.

In 1921 the Queen visited Glamis. At the same time Lady Strathmore was taken suddenly ill, and the task of entertaining a large house-party fell unexpectedly on Lady Betty's youthful shoulders. She came through the ordeal with flying colors. Perhaps she received a good deal of encouragement from the fact that the Duke of York was among the guests!

WHEN BABY IS ILL

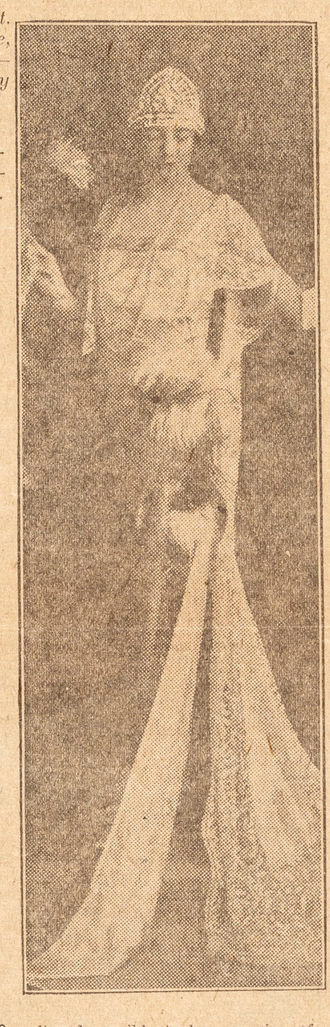
When the baby is ill; when he cries a great deal and no amount of attention or petting makes him happy, Baby's Own Tablets should be given him without delay. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make teething easy. They are absolutely guaranteed to be free from opiates and narcotics and can be given to even the new-born babe with perfect safety and always with beneficial results. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"My Black Magic Will Get You"

How the Weird Incantations of an Arab Witch Woman Almost Overcame the Resistance of a Lone White Woman Explorer

A Christmas Day camp in the desert. Rosita Forbes, at right in white robe, listens to the tales of her followers—and perhaps thinks a bit wistfully of snow and holly wreaths.

Right—
The distinguished woman explorer is at home in court circles no less than in the desert.



TERRORS OF THE EAST.

No. 3—Black Magic in the Desert

Described by King George as "the nerviest woman in all England" because of her daring in traveling among the sheiks 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 third of these "Modern Arabian Nights" appears herewith. Next Sunday Mrs. Forbes tells of "Drugged Coffee and a Strange Escape."

By ROSITA FORBES.

"With a sound that was inhuman, Fatma leaned forward, her hand curved like a talon over the drawing in the sands—a crude representative of a woman's form. For a second the hand hovered in devilish expectation, then it dived, clawing into the centre of the drawing."

THE merchant caravan with which I had been traveling for thirty days across the Sahara was nearing the oasis of el Garuni. It had been an unpleasant journey, for my black slave Hauwa, had attracted the attention of Sheik Suleiman.

"Paradise will not be of a size to hold sufficient houris for thee, ya Suleiman," laughed the men of the caravan, and spread the thickest blankets on the most comfortable trotting camel for my little henchwoman. It was a different matter with the women. Fatma had long made her husband's life a burden with her shrewd, grumbling tongue, and now for the first time she had cause for her complaints.

"Allah is merciful!" retorted her faithful Khadija, a slave who laid claim to the powers of a wise woman. "Perhaps the black one may sicken and die."

IT seemed as if such hopes were likely to be realized, for as soon as we had left the last well and with water-skins filled to bursting had started across the great desert which stretches to the dunes of el Garuni, Hauwa began to complain of strange aches. What she really said was, "I have a pain which eats my belly like a rat," but I tried to translate this in terms of diseases known to European pharmacy. My medicine had long since run out, so I was reduced to alternating concoctions of herbs, concerning whose properties I was rather doubtful, and massage, whose vigor I hoped would make up for its lack of science. One morning Hauwa was obviously in greater pain than usual.

"I have a scorpion inside me," she said. "He eats at my heart, and his tail lashes me. Ai-ee! I am bewitched. The Jinns are crushing my lungs!"

"Shall I say the prayer of the wives of the Prophet for you?" I asked, feeling that serious measures must be adopted. But, as the sky flushed to rose and the camp stirred with groan of camels and creak of baggage saddles, Hauwa recovered.

"Allah is merciful!" she announced. "It may be that I shall live."

But I was puzzled. These attacks synchronized with the hours of dawn and sunset, and knowing something of harem intrigue, I wondered if some strange poison was being used. We marched late that night and camped in the hollow of the first sand wave. I was tired and hardly waited to eat before I rolled myself up in my blanket in the darkest corner of the tent, which I shared with Hauwa. For a minute or two I heard the slave shuffling and then I slept dreamlessly.

A WHIMPERING sound woke me. Moonlight streamed through the open flap, and I could see Hauwa writhing with pain, while she attempted to stifle her cries by gnawing at the folds of her "barracan" I tried the usual remedies, but when hot poultices and massage had failed I ran across to Fatma's tent. It had been set a little apart, and, to my surprise, in spite of the late hour, sound issued from the closely laced flaps. My foot caught in a hummock so that I stumbled to my knees, and the pause while I picked myself up gave me time to realize that the sound was a chant, rhythmic and low. There was something uncanny in the refrain with its undercurrent of passion. The greeting died on my lips and, with sudden caution, I slipped around the tent in search of a peephole.

Fear clutched me with intangible fingers. I had to clench my teeth to prevent them chattering as I discovered a peephole between the stays and stooped to peer through it.

It was dark inside the tent, but a small flame lit a circle in the centre. It was burning in a hollow of sand and, by its light, I saw Khadija tracing hieroglypics with a withered finger. The wise woman was throwing herself back and forth in a frenzy of imprecation. She looked as if she were having a fit, for her eyes were bloodshot and foam dripped from the corners of her mouth. I could not see Fatma's face, for she crouched in the shadows, watching the slave with an intensity that made me shiver. I had no further desire to interrupt. My gaze was fixed on Khadija's finger, while my brain strove to pierce the mist of words. It was an incantation but the name of Allah had no place in it! I remembered with excitement that, long ago, the Bedouins had known strange worship, in which black polished stones, relic of the earliest of all human faith, had played a part. My eyes sought a dark object in front of the flame. It was only a stone, but, beyond its surface value, what implement of magic, what incarnation of forbidden sorceries?

WITH a sound that was inhuman, Fatma leaned forward, her hand curved like a talon over the drawing in the sands—a crude representative of a woman's form, with the essential features marked by dots. There was something so venomous, so animal in the gesture, that my fingers closed instinctively as if on the butt of a weapon. For a second the hand hovered in devilish expectation, then it dived clawing, into the center of the drawing. So great is the power of imagination that for a second, I felt agony shoot through me! Then I pulled myself together with an effort which brought the sweat out on my forehead. My mouth opened, but Fatma's face moved into the candlelight and its expression froze the words on my lips. The shadows seemed suddenly to move and condense, and fear such as I had never believed possible took possession of me. Something loomed beyond the priestess of evil and, without reason, I felt that only my will kept the thing formless. If it materialized I should be doomed!

Minutes passed, but I had lost all count of time, just as I had forgotten my reason for being there at all. Without warning the chant ceased, and a voice which came from Khadija, but which bore no resemblance to her usual tones, announced:

"It is enough. I am tired."

With a gasp I shook myself free of emotion and felt the blood tingling back to my fingertips. After all, what had I seen? shadows wavering in the candlelight, a couple of harpies practicing hypnotism by a method as old and well-known as the alphabet, on the most plastic of all subjects—a primitive Sudanese slave girl.

DESPISING myself for my terror, I went back to my tent, where I found Hauwa sleeping off the exhaustion that is the aftermath of pain. I looked at her meditatively, and wondered what I ought to do. Knowing the widespread belief among the black races in the power of the evil eye, I realized that I had only to tell Hauwa of the scene I had just witnessed to make her death a certainty.

I determined to speak first to Fatma, but somehow I could not broach the subject till the sun was high next day and the night's adventure appeared as chimerical as mirage among the dunes.

At the noon halt I joined the Sheik's wife. "I saw all that you did in your tent last night," I told her. "I know now who is responsible for Hauwa's illness, and it's got to stop." Though I spoke Arabic, the curtness and vigor of English phrasing had taken the place of the usual Oriental subtlety.

"What business is it of yours," retorted Khadija, "if we prayed to Allah after the rest of you slept?"

"It was not to Allah that you prayed," I observed significantly. I thought that the women looked uneasy, but Fatima insisted,

"You know nothing, lady. You were dreaming."

"If I have another dream like that, I shall tell the Sheik, and he will know how to avenge the faith." There was a silence, pregnant with defiance. "If Hauwa suffers again," I continued, "I swear you shall suffer n double measure."

"What is written is written," muttered the wise woman. "If it is the will of Allah that the black one dies, you cannot prevent it."

"No, but your death will follow as the moon the sun, be assured of that."

The two whispered together in discomfited silence, and I left them without a backward glance.

After this the thyme-scented days passed peacefully. Hauwa forgot all about the "Jinn" (evil spirit) who had caused her such inexplicable pain, while I began to wonder if I had dreamed the night of witchcraft.

WE reached the oasis and camped under the palms of el Garuni. One night, tired, after a heavy day's work in preparation for the next stage of the journey I sank into a sleep so deep that I felt I was dropping into another world. From this I woke suddenly, imagining that fingers had touched me, yet the moonlight showed the tent empty. It took me a second or two to realize what was happening. Then an oppression intangible yet pleasing swept over me, I recalled my meeting with Fatma and her wise words.

"So it's to be a battle," I said aloud, and recalled stories of vivid suggestion I had heard in Fiji, in Zululand, in other outposts where the Anglo-Saxon wars with superstition. It's only a matter of keeping calm, I told myself, and gathered my resolution to repel the waves of terror which lapped at my brain. Surely the moonlight was creeping out of the tent. I visualized the women bent over their hieroglyphics in the neighboring tent and revulsion seized me. The inherent dominion of the West stirred my fighting blood, and I bit my lip to conquer the numbness that was creeping up me. It seemed to me that once again I marshalled my strength to fight something inchoate which threatened to materialize. Waves of nausea shook me and my breath came with difficulty.

"It's absurd!" I told myself, but I felt the shadows were inimical. They seemed to be pressing in upon me as a prelude to suffocation. The pressure increased until I could hardly sit upright, and I had the curious fancy that my body would decompose under the strain. But there was a certain triumph in me as I resisted the wise woman's hypnotism. "I shall succeed, I shall win," I repeated grimly, till the words became an incantation on which hung Hauwa's life and my own.

IN AN effort to return to the commonplace I tried to catalogue the various objects in the tent. Here was the striped rug which Sheik Suleiman had given to Hauwa and there the stewpot for the morning rice. The shadows seemed clearer and I noticed the little slave curled up in her usual intricate position.

But what was that nebulous thing which hung in the doorway? It was coming nearer, floating some feet above the ground. My breath came in gasps which tore my throat, and my heart pounded apparently somewhere in my head, but I knew that I must not, dared not, give way. The thing materialized scarcely a yard from my face, and I looked into the eyes of the wise woman, whose bodiless head appeared to sway between the shadows. The glare in the eyeballs was maniacal and the mouth appalling in its insensate evil. Triumph radiated from it and for an abysmal second, my endurance wavered. Inchoate pressure stifled me, my senses dulled and the face moved forward till I imagined its breath on my face. With a final effort, whose intensity seemed to concentrate and exhaust all the life in my body, I lifted a hand to push back the horror which confronted me. The thought flashed through my brain—"If I don't win I shall die" and, in furious revolt, I laughed. Was it a laugh? The cackling screech seemed to echo round the tent and its sound was so extraordinary that I laughed again.

THE face disappeared and the shadows withdrew. Weakly I fell onto my knees and to the accompaniment of Hauwa's snores, which sounded like the purring of a contented cat, I uttered disconnected thanks, and realized that my garments were drenched with sweat.

The aftermath of victory is singularly uninspiring and in the placid days which followed, I often wondered if I had dreamed the night's struggle. The only thing that dissuaded me from such a simple explanation was that Hauwa's cure remained permanent and there was a furtive but very pronounced respect in the manner of Fatma and the wise woman.

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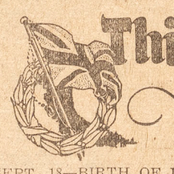

This Week's Great Day

Memorable Events in the history of the Empire.

By Charles Conway

SEPT. 18—BIRTH OF DR. JOHNSON.

TWO hundred and fifteen years ago, on the 18th September, 1709, Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the great outstanding figures in the annals of English literature, was born at Lichfield, where his father was in business as a bookseller.

His early education at local schools was very scanty, but he made such a profound study of the books in his father's store that he was a fully qualified scholar when he went to Oxford at the age of 19. Owing to lack of funds he was compelled to leave the university two years later without taking a degree, and during the next five years was in turn a school usher, a tutor and a publisher's drudge.

In 1735 he married an eccentric widow twice his own age, who made him a model wife and to whom he was devoted, and started a school at which David Garrick was one of his few pupils. Two years later master and pupil with only a few pence in their pockets tramped to London where in a very short time Garrick gained fame and fortune on the stage, but for 25 years Johnson had a hard struggle with poverty, although his writings speedily attracted attention.

In 1754 he completed his colossal Dictionary, on which he had toiled for 7 years, and which brought him lasting fame but little money, and it was not until 1762, when he was granted a life annuity of $1,500 by King George III, that he was for the first time in his life placed beyond the reach of want.

It was in 1763 that he first met James Boswell, a young Scotch lawyer, and from this meeting resulted the peculiar life-long friendship between the two men which gave Boswell the opportunity of gathering material for the most wonderful work of biography ever written. For the next 21 years Boswell made frequent visits to London, during which he was Johnson's shadow, never losing a chance to turn the conversation on to subjects about which the doctor was likely to say something remarkable, and all the time filling notebooks with verbatim reports of the great man's utterances. In this way he compiled his famous "Life of Johnson," which immortalized not only the doctor but himself, and gave to the world an imperishable record of the most striking literary character in British history.

Johnson gathered around him an intimate circle of brilliant men, who sat in reverent silence while the great man talked, and in spite of his overbearing and uncouth manners, his untidy dress and his unpleasant appearance, the uncrowned literary monarch of the day enjoyed the love and respect of such celebrities as Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, Fox, Garrick, Burney and Sheridan. It was in conjunction with these men that he founded several clubs, at which they would periodically meet for intellectual conversation and the exchange of wit.

He was a most charitable man, always ready to share his scanty means with any person in distress, and after the death of his wife he filled his house with ungrateful pensioners, who made his life miserable with their complaints and grievances.

Johnson had a life-long and morbid fear of death, but he met his end with calmness and fortitude on the 13th December, 1784, and was laid to rest in Westminister Abbey at the side of his friend Garrick.

(Copyrighted.)

Not in the Testimony

Continued from Page Twenty-four.

spector, wiping his mouth with the back of a red-haired fist.

"Mace—the banker!"

The other plainclothes men uttered exclamations.

"Keep still," said their superior gruffly. He was staring at Dilling with a scowl—the scowl given to all those, innocent or guilty, who are involved by crime. "Go on you!" He pointed at Dilling. "What do you know?"

"I'm an ex-convict, inspector," said the other, "I came here to-night to get help and a new start from an old friend—this man. He said for me to come up and talk to Mr. Mace, who was charitable. Well, I did. Mr. Mace had gone to bed, but he got up and stood in that door there and talked to me and he refused to help me. He told this man—who is his secretary—and used to be my friend a good many years ago, that he had no business waking him up for anything like that. He talked harsh. There were strong words used and I got frightened. I started going down the stairs. I called out once and said, 'Thornton, this will only get me into trouble.' Then this man Fellowes came out and came down the stairs with me and suddenly he said, 'Wait a minute. No man can call me that—even Mr. Mace,' and he went back and I heard shots. I've just got through a long term, inspector, and I don't want any trouble. I was tempted to run, but instead I went back."

The inspector said, "Go on."

Dilling was breathing hard; he was doing a wonderful piece of acting.

"Yes, sir, I went back and here on the table I found one revolver—the one I've got in my hand now."

"Give it to me," the officer said. Dilling put it in his hand.

"I found that revolver and I saw smoke coming out from that bedroom and then Fellowes came out and he said, 'I've killed Mace,' and I said 'Throw up your hands.' Then I bound him into that chair and telephoned you. That's all."

No protest had come from the victim. He looked back and forth from Dilling's face to the inspector's face and back again with a curious blank, stupefied expression, as if the weight of misfortune carried its own anesthetic to soften its devastating shock.

The inspector turned toward his men and raised a silencing hand. Then he pointed toward Dilling.

"Arrest him," he said. "Put the bracelets on. He may be a nut and may be worse. He talks like a crazy man."

Dilling gave forth a cry of rage. "What's this for?" he whined, shaking the gleaming steel on his wrists. "What have I done? What's the charge against me?"

A little flicker of a smile was on Thornton Fellowes' face—a little cynical but sad and patient smile. He rose from the chair from which the uniformed man had cut him loose, and stretched his body painfully.

"Well, what have you got to say?" the inspector demanded of him.

"I'm Mr. Mace's private secretary," Fellowes answered. "There is a great deal in this man's actions which I cannot explain."

"There's no charge against me!" Dilling bellowed.

"Oh, yes there is," replied Fellowes. "Just put your hand into his inside coat pocket, inspector."

The officer made a quick dab. He drew forth from the bottom of the pocket a beautiful long rope of pearls.

"They were the property of Mrs. Mace!" said Fellowes sadly. "When this man came and asked to see me to-night, he first covered me with two revolvers, brought me upstairs and fired twice over my head and tied me into this chair and then his search revealed these pearls. They are worth enough—well—enough to tempt any poor devil. You ought to hand them over to the executor of the estate, inspector. I'm glad to get them out of my care." He added with a little mocking laugh, "I heard a man say once that relief from temptation is like a cure of the leprosy."

The inspector said, "That's right, Mr. Fellowes. I didn't know you were the one in charge here."

Dilling, wild eyed, thrashed about. "Don't you listen to him, inspector!" he screamed. "He's slick! Just look in that bedroom."

The officer opened the door and stared about.

"The body! On the bed!" shouted Dilling.

"Whose body? There's nothing on the bed."

"The banker—Mr. Mace!"

"What ails you?" replied the inspector. "You don't read the local papers? Mr. Christopher Mace, the banker, sailed yesterday for London."

And Mr. Fellowes' eyes, meeting those of Dilling as he passed between two officers of the law, were patient and sad—the eyes of a wheel horse—the eyes of a man who has a little home somewhere with a wife and a daughter of seventeen and a boy and, at last, is delivered from temptation.

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ELAINE at the GATES

By W. B. Maxwell

THE STORY THUS FAR.

ELAINE FLETCHER at 10 is left an orphan and a distant relative takes her into her home, the beautiful Nuns' House at Tudor Green, and there Elaine grows into beautiful womanhood. 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. 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 Esdailes have a great contempt for all of Tudor Green except Elaine's guardian.

MRS. CASTLETON, whose one other interest in life besides her love for Elaine is her devotion to

THE REV. MARK AWDREY, for whom Elaine feels a personal aversion. When he suddenly announces to Mrs. Castleton that he is leaving Tudor Green she is overcome with grief. The day after Awdrey leaves Mrs. Castleton becomes ill and dies shortly afterward. Mrs. Castleton's solicitor tells Elaine that because of a faulty will she will not inherit her aunt's property, and also informs her that Mrs. Castleton had married Mark Awdrey the day before he left Tudor Green. Elaine goes to live with her uncle and aunt,

MR. AND MRS. MARSH. They are Elaine's only other relatives. Arnold Thorne renews his proposal of marriage and Elaine joyfully agrees to share his comparatively modest income. That night Pearl Esdaile tells him that he is the father of a child that is to be born to her. Arnold marries Pearl and Elaine guesses the reason for his desertion of her. Awdrey returns to England and induces Elaine to come up to London and help him in his parish work. He asks her to marry him and she consents on his promise that she will be merely his companion and fellow worker. Arnold Thorne and his wife move to London and Pearl comes to Awdrey's church. She tells Mark that she and Arnold are unhappy together. Awdrey asks Elaine to call on Pearl, and against her will Elaine goes to see Arnold's wife.

INSTALMENT XVI.

The Truth About Adela.

THE shock that this change of manner caused Elaine, the evidence of his suffering, swept away all her self-possession, shook her with a sympathetic distress. She knew that she had blundered horribly, that she had torn open the wound, that she had probed down to the latent enigmatical origin of Arnold's sorrow, which Mark's finer intuitions had felt and spared. Too plainly she understood now that this was no ordinary grief, that things mysterious and cruel were bound up with it.

"If you can make Pearl keep quiet—and he hid his eyes as if to shut out something hideous or terrible, and beneath his raised hand she saw his mouth twitching until he went on speaking. "Stop her going about—to plays and dances. When I think of her dancing now—after what happened—I feel as if something was snapping in my brain. I feel that I shall certainly go mad. Elaine, if you can only do that for me, you'll be an angel of mercy. You'll—you'll——"

He was clenching his hands, distorting his face; and for a moment she had a dread that he would weep, and thought, "If I see tears in his eyes I cannot answer for myself."

He spoke more quietly, but with an overwhelming earnestness. "Things may be easier soon. Awdrey says they will. In time he will give me strength enough—and then I can begin again. Elaine, on my honor, I mean to do my duty to Pearl—to the end."

She did not speak, she dared not speak. His use as if unconsciously of her old name instead of her new one, the sound of it on his lips once and then again, had robbed her of the last remaining vestiges of that kind of impersonal unthinking power which had come to her from Mark and been fastened by her for so long. Her sympathy now was blind, impotent, it flooded out of herself, melting her as it flowed. But she knew without a shadow of doubt that Arnold was feeling it, was being a little comforted by it.

Neither of them spoke. They stood there, and in their silence it became presently as though they were really talking to each other, telling each other perilous things. At least she had this illusion, and for a little while possessed no force that could dispell it. She was telling him of her yearning pity; and he was telling her of his gratitude, his reverence for her, and of his love. More plainly than in words he was telling her that love like theirs never dies; that it cannot die, that it can change and purify itself, but only to deepen in all the cleansing pain and grow stronger with each change.

THE door at the back opened and Mr. Wright appeared.

"Mrs. Awdrey," he said, "they'll be leaving directly;" and his air was more important than before. He seemed to imply that it would be most undesirable that members of the league should have to pass a woman on the threshold, even though the woman were the wife of their president or chieftain.

"Good night," said Elaine to Arnold.

"Good night. When will you see Pearl again?"

"To-morrow."

She looked back from the dark street and saw the gas-lit room and the door behind it. Mr. Wright had seated himself at the table, and Arnold was standing at his elbow. She saw his whole figure, from his fine, well shaped head to his brown shoe. He was wearing exactly such clothes as he had always worn—blue shirt, blue suit, brown shoes. Men's fashions remain the same for a comparatively great length of time, and it is this probably that makes many men seem so much alike; but to her he was not like any other man who had ever lived.

Next day Pearl put an end to the mystery.

Elaine had spoken to her of the inadvisability of going to public places while the bereavement was still of such a recent date; then she said: "There's something about it that you haven't told me."

"I've told you that he thinks it was my fault," said Pearl sullenly. "Isn't that enough?" and she sat pouting and staring at the floor. Then all at once she wrung her hands and sobbed. "Elaine, I'll tell you all. Yes, I want to. Ask me any questions you like."

And Elaine, questioning her, had pieced together her reluctant admissions, her fragmentary exculpations, her sobs, her cries, until the ugly story was complete.

While Arnold was away in Paris and the child was lying ill, Pearl had gone one night to a dance at a newly-opened club. She had not intended to go, but "a pal" came in quite late in the evening and "overpersuaded" her. But she had not enjoyed the dance, not a little bit; her thoughts were with her little girl whom she had left ill at home, very ill, as the event proved; and it was probably this solicitous preoccupation that had led her into imprudence at the supper table and the buffet. "I got squiffy, Elaine—no more than that. O, I make no pretense. I have owned up to Arnold. I did not lie—not about that."

SHE had come home then at heaven knows what hour, but at any rate before dawn, parting with her pal on the doorstep, and had gone straight upstairs to the sickroom. There she had had an accident. The child was restless, and in a paroxysm of maternal love the wretched Pearl had taken her out of the bed, carried her in her arms—and had tumbled with her. As she said all this Pearl was wringing her hands.

"Nana and I were both frightened—much too frightened to tell. We bathed her head—we did everything . . . and we said she had got out of bed. And why? Because it wasn't that room and fallen against the fender . . . The doctor believed—they all believed . . . Elaine, it made no difference. The doctor said so himself. If not, there would have been an inquest. He said at first there ought to be, but then he said there needn't be. And why? Because it wasn't that—it wasn't that. O, Elaine, it wasn't that."

Although believing what he was told on his return, Arnold had dismissed the nursemaid as guilty of gross negligence. In spite of Pearl's entreaties and the girl's protests, he made her leave the house within an hour and put a hospital nurse in her place. Then after the death and before the funeral the dismissed girl had come back and had told him the truth about the accident, including the facts as to Pearl's condition at the time.

"I 'spose I ought to have given her more money to hold her tongue. But, Elaine, Arny simply was like a madman—and he's been nearly as cruel to me ever since. I tell you, it nearly finished me. He used to lock himself in the room with Adela, and I could hear him accusing me to her, praying to her to forgive him for not protecting her. He wouldn't let me. He never let me see her again—no, not when they came and closed the coffin." Pearl was wailing now, pulling at her yellow hair. "O, it isn't true. It made no difference. I'm not a murderess."

Elaine could not stir. She was sick and faint; all her training had become useless; she felt a blank horror, a dread and a disgust. As they sat there, she seemed to hear Arnold's prayers of anguish while he knelt in the room upstairs beside the motionless little form; it seemed to her as if the whole house must be haunted by the dead child, that on the landings and the stairs and in the hall below one must see the white little face, the swathed body.

Pearl had moved. She was walking about the room, speaking fast. Her eyes were dry and feverish.

"What more can I do for him, I'd like to know. I wear black, don't I? That is, out of doors, Elaine, I can't wear black at night. And I can't stop in. I can't stick here alone. He doesn't. He goes out. Why shouldn't I? Listen? My compliments to him"—she was fierce and wrathful again—"and I give him warning. He'd better not overdo it with me."

That evening there was rain, and Rothersey grew dim and blurred even in its better lighted parts. One heard the railway trains vaguely, like muffled thunder, as they crossed the iron bridges; the trams looked like comfortable, brilliantly lighted rooms that had somehow become detached from the houses to which they belonged in more favored districts of the town and then gone drifting away on a dark stream with foggy banks to it. foot people flitted past one silently and vanished in the damp mist; there were no shouts or songs even at the gin shops. The whole place seemed silent, unsubstantial, unreal.

ELAINE, who for the rest of her day had been striving to make up for time spent at Earl's Court, arrived home wet and tired. The house was empty and desolate. She ate a little food, and then while she sat thinking she heard Mark outside in the darkness of the diminutive garden speaking to somebody else. At once she hurried upstairs. She knew who that other person would be, and she shrank from seeing him.

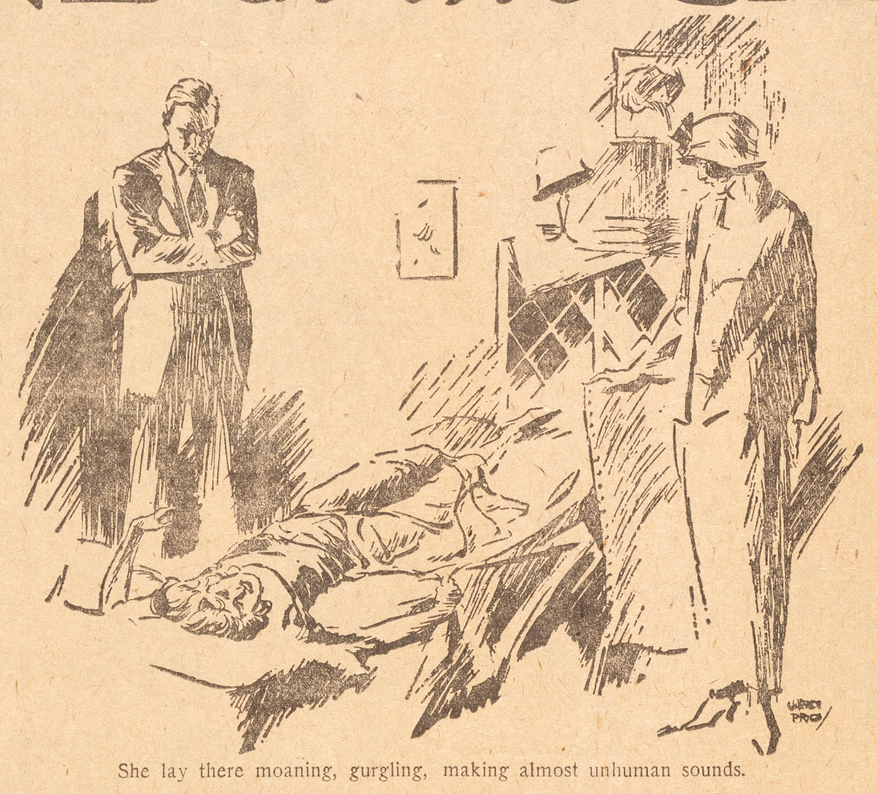
But alone in her room she went on thinking about him. Time passed and she did not undress, knowing she could not sleep so long as he was there in the same house with her. She could not sew or read or write letters—she could only think. It was midnight and he had not yet gone. She walked about her room, going to the window and looking out at the darkness all round except where the lamplight that came from the bay of the room below shone faintly on the gravel; going to the door of her room, opening it and listening, struggling all the while against a wish or a temptation.

At last she ceased to struggle. Mark had kept him here too long—they had worn her out. She went softly down the stairs and stood listening outside the sitting room door.

Arnold was talking, not Mark. She listened. His voice was like a sweet, sad music that vibrated in her bursting heart and sounded echoes in a thousand memories. She tore herself away from it.

She crept upstairs, undressed, turned out the light; and as she lay there in the dark it was as if from out of some further darkness the entire past came rolling in long, slow waves, sweeping over her, submerging her—drowning her in its black misery.

She had made up her mind to avoid seeing him again, and yet always she longed to do so. Her thoughts had concentrated themselves with such strength upon the tragedy of his life that he himself was always in them; and the pictures they evoked were so vivid that the actual surroundings through which she continued to move, along the familiar path of duty, seemed as if they were beginning to lose distinctness, if not to fade altogether.



She lay there moaning, gurgling, making almost unhuman sounds.

And worse than this; there were times when in the midst of her old work she felt completely overwhelmed. There came a blankness, an emptiness, a stoppage of energy; as of a mechanism that has run down and needs a replenishment of power, or an exhausted animal, say a beast of burden, that plants its feet and seems to say, "Beat me. Kill, me, if you like. But I can't go on."

At such times she used to steal away from the crowded pavements and go to an old churchyard not far from the river.

In this retreat she would sit for an hour without movement, recovering herself, fighting her supreme wish, and gradually gaining sufficient strength to resist it. She wanted to see him—so badly, so terribly; and thought, "This evening, if I went to their house, I might find him there, as if unintentionally. He has promised Pearl to spend some evenings with her. Or I could go now to his office in the city and find him. I could easily pretend I wanted a trifling subscription for something—that Mark had sent me."

Or in imagination she allowed him to come to her here in the churchyard. Yes, he was coming through the arch, beneath the trees, with the sunlight and then the shadow on his face as he drew towards her. He was coming to her as he used to come in the garden of the Nun's House, suddenly lighting up her garden and her world with innocent childlike joy.

But at last she regained possession of her will; she controlled her thoughts and banished the loved phantom they had created for her. After an hour she rose from the bench and went back to her work.

One morning she knew that dreams had tired her throughout the night, although, except that they had the same central figure, she remembered none of them; but she realized that her longing was to be at its strongest and she herself at her weakest. To-day would mean a protracted struggle.

He was to come here this evening for an assembly of the guild. Very likely he would be at the house before the meeting.

DURING the afternoon she went into a public call office and telephoned to the house, asking the servant if her husband was there. The servant said no, but Mr. Awdrey had been in a little while ago and had told her that he would bring Mr. Thorne and another gentleman to an early supper at seven-thirty.

"Tell Mr. Awdrey," said Elaine, "that I probably won't be back to supper;" and she gave orders that it was to be a good supper, adding that she would send certain provisions at once.

She went then to one or two shops, purchasing things with the business air of a careful housewife—some wine as well as food; and, yielding to a purely feminine instinct, some fruit and a few flowers. All these things she carried to the house herself.

Then she returned to her work, thinking, "What have I to do next? What is most pressing?"

Quite late Elaine climbed the three flights of stairs to the rooms above the grocer's shop where Miss Twining had lived for nearly twenty years, and asked for hospitality.

"May you feed with us!" cried Miss Twining, delighted. "My dear Elaine, this is the greatest treat to us."

There were three or four other women there, and they all welcomed Elaine rapturously. They were genuinely fond of her, these fellow workers of hers. They gave her the best chair; they insisted upon waiting on her and not allowing her to fetch and carry as they were doing. The meal was of the sketchy, untidy order that always prevailed at Miss Twining's. Somebody was making tea in the adjoining bedroom, somebody else opened a tin of sardines, another made sandwiches on the window ledge. And during their preparations, and afterwards while they ate, they talked unceasingly.

Elaine did not join in the talk, except automatically. She sat watching the clock on the mantel shelf. It was eight o'clock—it was five minutes past; she had been here nearly an hour, and in every moment her temptation had grown more intense. She thought of him sitting in the little room at home, with the clumsy imitation oak table, the cheap sham blue and white china, and the garish color of the walls; he had his hands clasped as he listened to Mark and the other man; or perhaps he was eating some of the grapes or looking at the flowers that she had bought for him. If she went now, she would still be in time. She would see him for a minute or two.

AND once she nearly went. It seemed to her she had broken down, that she had gone—that, at least, she was telling Miss Twining she had forgotten something and must rush off. But she remained mute, she did not stir.

Only the others were talking.

She lowered her eyes. She could not bear to see the little jerks made by the long hand as it crept on, remorseless as fate, certain as death, throwing her heart beats behind it like lost chances dropped into the grinding obliterating mill of eternity.

The others went on talking, noisily, in chorus, but through all the noise she heard the clock ticking. At last she looked at the mantlepiece again. It was too late now, and the dull pain she felt was that of a person stunned by a blow or stupified by a disaster. There was neither peace nor pride in her victory.

When she got home, after still more work, the servant Catharine had long since cleared the table in the empty dining room. The fruit, in a blue and white dish, stood upon the sideboard and obviously had been untouched. In reply to her question, Catharine told her the other guest tonight was the big gentleman who came last Sunday—Mr. Kaye.

THIS Mr. Ellis Kaye was a wealthy American who had endeared himself to Mark in a simple fashion. He had brought with him something better than any letter of introduction—a check for a hundred guineas, which he put into the offertory plate after listening to the sermon. Mark then took possession of him, dragged him back to the house for luncheon, praising him, paying him extravagant compliments, and altogether displaying a childlike hope of repetitions of his lavish generosity. Probably he had invited him to spend an evening with the league.

On the Sunday that followed ths evening visit he came to the church again, and although he put in the plate nothing that bore his name or could otherwise be traceable to his handsomely open hand, Mark brought him back to luncheon again. Mark was still like a child, but a disappointed child; he paid none of those effusive compliments, and rather left it to Elaine to do the honors, merely throwing out a few naively direct hints from time to time.

Mr. Kaye was a big man of little over sixty, gray haired, clean shaven; with the charming differential courtesy which Americans show to women, whatever their age or social status. But Elaine had a sense of the force and purpose that lay behind his calm manner and gentle smiles. He was, she felt, a man of indomitable energy, and yet also of high aims; and above all else he was a man of kindness. As certainly as Mrs. Castleton was kind, he, too, was kind. She felt greatly drawn to him. He talked well, as Americans do, using language instead of symbols to convey their thoughts.

"My life work," he said, replying to her questions, "lay in the iron interests till seven years ago. I have also interests in shipping, in electric plants—all propositions of sound and improving value. But" and he paused, smiling again—"but I have lately adopted an interest that is going to take from me all I have got, before I go."

"What is that?" asked Elaine.

"My town. My perfect city that is going to be. I should not rightly call it mine, because I have two friends associated with me in it, but it is more to me than to them. And I saw it first. I saw it twenty years before they did. They could not have seen it then, because, Mrs. Awdrey it did not exist."

"Did not exist? I don't quite understand."

"I was on a hunting trip, returning down a river in the fall of the year. You have heard of the glorious foliage display of our fall. Amongst others Nathaniel Hawthorne has noted happily its warming, heartening effects. There is no sadness in our fall." And he himself described adequately enough the scene of which he had spoken; the full strong river flowing peacefully through the wilderness thirty miles from the nearest human habitation, rich flat stretches of land on either bank beneath the walls of crimson and golden woods, and beyond them great forests and high mountains. . . . "And I was figuring out the untapped capacities of all this fruitful land and friendly helpful water when we came round a bend and I saw the whole thing, the towers and chimneys, the docks and quays and bridges, lying there on both banks in the glowing sunset. You follow me." There was nothing—no, nothing at all except the trees, the sunlight, and the river. The rest was in my brain. Mrs. Awdrey, if I may so express it without boastfulness, it was the dream that never comes to dreamers, but only to workers. It was my vision splendid. And I said to myself that I would have it so. I would not die until I had seen it there in fact. A great deal is there already, and the rest is coming. I could not get freedom for a longish while; then I was fortunate enough to interest two others, and we started just seven years ago. We have a population of fifty thousand souls. . . . But I shall weary you."

"No, indeed. Please tell me more about it."

He obeyed her cheerfully, and with quiet enthusiasm described how they had planned their town rationally and scientifically, how the citizens worked very, very hard, but yet lived the lives of human beings.

"Have you any poor people?"

"Mrs. Awdrey, on our side we are apt to use the word poverty as a synonym for failure. There are failures everywhere; but we have as few of them as possible, and we do the best we can for them. We address ourselves strenuously to raise up the children of such people. No doubt you hold to the theory that the new generation offers a fresh, untainted material to work upon, and that with it, a fresh start can always be made. Well, we have the chance of putting that theory into practice. It is a wonderful chance that has been given to us."

And he went on to say that young men and women, of whom many were newly married couples, came to the town with the intention of never leaving it. They would grow up with the town; their fortunes would expand with its fortunes; they were certain of a career.

HE SAID he proposed to stay a year or eighteen months in Europe studying the older civilizations at close hand, and all the time looking for possibilties of improvements in his beloved town. He hoped however, to interest certain people in his ambitions.

"What do you call your town?"

"Marion City. That is the name of my late wife."

"Marion City," and Elaine thought, "if I ever found life too difficult for me here, I should like to go out there."

"I'd venture to put it to active minded imaginative men—and women, too: 'Europe is no place for you during this period of exhaustion and chaotic disintegration. Turn your back on it, and seek an open road and a journey that leads somewhere.'"

Mark Awdrey, looking at Elaine, had a bored laugh and spoke languidly: "Well, Mr. Kaye, you have made one convert already—my wife."

Elaine started. He had divined some part of her thought.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Kaye with [illegible] smile.

"Mrs. Awdrey, that helps me more than a little." And again he spoke of the opportunities he could offer to youngish men. "It is to be an American town from A to Z; but there will always be room in it for specially valuable workers from other lands. On this side there are such men by thousands—the last great wastage of the war; for they are being wasted to a terrible degree. I want to pick a few of the best of those men."

Awdrey's interest had awakened.

"Wasted! You and I must thrash this out," he said gaily. And the meal being over, he took Mr. Kaye into the other room, plainly letting Elaine perceive he now wished to be alone with him.

She remained sitting at the table for a few minutes, and thought of Mr. Kaye and his town. It must be true, what people said of America, that everything was on a huge scale out there; that freedom was a spirit of its climate, its yet untrammeled waterways and still trackless lands, as well as an acquisition in the hearts of men; that out there more was given to life, and more, much more, was taken from life. And something she had heard of as characteristic of its highest and most successful citizens, the queer mingling of poetry and idealism with business power, was shown clearly in this big gray haired man. His vision splendid of the unbuilt town stirred her imagination.

"Marion City," she repeated the name; and once more she thought that out there it would not be too late to begin again; that out there work not unlike the work she was doing here would be useful and beautiful, instead of precarious and faltering; that it would have in it the seeds and hopes of permanence. During these few moments the imagination of it became a dominating idea; so that she said to herself in effect, "If Mark ceased to want me I would go: I would try that last chance of being born again, of forgetting myself in a newer, healthier way, in a land where no one knew me or had ever seen my face, and where to the end of my days I should never meet a ghost out of my old dead life."

She little guessed that in the next room her husband had just asked Mr. Kaye to find in his wonderful city some post of trust and importance for exactly the sort of man described as being wanted there—a man called Arnold Thorne.

She roused herself from her brief reverie, thinking, "What is it I have to do? Of course! The children's service at the church. She was to play the organ at this informal service, which would be conducted by Brother Matthews, a young, enthusiastic priest. Mark Awdrey himself evinced little enthusiasm for the leading of tnese immature minds.

IT was a chance that brought Elaine and Arnold again into a room together.

For several days Pearl had been sending telephone messages asking for a visit, and late one afternoon Elaine reluctantly turned once more to a task that had become horrible to her.

Pearl received her rudely, saying that the visitor had come so late it was scarcely worth coming at all.

"If you think so," said Elaine, "I can go away again."

"No, you may as well stay now you are here. Sit down—and don't stare. What a'y' starin' at? Is there anything funny about me?"

Unhappily, there was—in the sense of the word as employed by Pearl. She had been drinking, and was now in a state of semi-intoxication, although, except for a slight thickness or slurring, her speech was not affected. Nor did she betray any difficulty in movement. But her face showed a red flush that had not been painted with any cosmetic, and her blue eyes had a dull veil or curtain of stupidity, behind which smoking fires of wrath might burst into flame on the least stimulation.

At the moment, as she flopped upon the sofa, after marching round the room, she looked merely stupid and sulky.

"I'm kept in," she said, morosely. "I'm the naughty girl ordered to keep the house all day."

"Do you mean your husband has asked you not to go out to-day?"

Pearl's emotion altered her expression; she looked strange, reckless, bad.

"Elaine, my good old dear, you have changed sides. That's what you've done—gone over to the enemy. You've broken your word. You aren't tryin' t' help me."

"That's not true, Pearl. I have done all I could. But now can any one help you, when you give way like this?" And Elaine talked to her about the fatal drinking habit, telling her of the ruin that she herself had seen wrought by it; using every argument, every method of appeal that she could think of as likely to be most penetrating and convincing in this particular case. "Pearl, believe me, I'm your true friend in all I say. I do beseech you, for your husband's sake, for your own sake, too. Summon your will power—make up your mind to stop it now and forever."

Pearl rose from the sofa with a rather ridiculous stateliness.

"Excuse me," she said. "Back directly," and she went out of the room.

She did not return for what seemed a long time, and on her reappearance Elaine saw with disgust, another change in her aspect.

"Pearl, what have you done?"

"I will not call your lecture dry," said Pearl, seating herself; "but it made me thirsty. I have, therefore, been upstairs and given myself the p'scription as before. Chartreuse—if you wish to know," and she laughed loudly. "Not a headache in a hogshead." Then she spoke sullenly, grumbingly. "Elaine, don't bother any more. No," and she almost shrieked, "go to blazes. You're altogether too damned superior. You can keep away, drop it, and don't interfere with me."

THEN, just as she ceased speaking, and as much to her surprise as that of Elaine, Arnold Thorne came into the room.

Having implored Pearl to remain in the house, he had struggled to get through the day's business and, leaving the office earlier than usual, had hurried home to break her solitude and share her society for the rest of the evening. He had prepared himself to be forbearing, to show every semblance of kindness, and he entered with a smile on his face and cheerful words on his lips. But Pearl was neither grateful nor kind.

"O, it's you, is it?" she said, and her cheeks grew redder. "To what do I owe this honor? But that's easy to guess, Eh?" And she gave an angry, scornful laugh. "You've come trotting back because you knew you'd find Elaine here. It isn't me—not much—it's her—has brought you home."

"No," he said gravely. "I did not know I should have the pleasure of finding Mrs. Awdrey here."

"Yes, isn't it a pleasure?" said Pearl, raising her voice again. "But I don't believe a word of it. Elaine, you aren't a liar. You told him,—didn't you—that you were coming?"

"No," said Elaine.

Pearl looked from one to the other suspiciously; and then in a moment she was seized with one of her worst fits of wild anger and began to assail her husband with violent abuse.

It was a horrible scene. Once she would have struck him and he was obliged to hold her at arms' length while she writhed and raved at him. She used street curses, foul language; she said the sort of things that one tries not mentally to record at the moment of hearing them, and that one remembers long afterwards with a shudder. Then she lapsed from coherence, uttered hysterical cries; and finally it became a mere nerve storm from which she sank or allowed herself to be put upon the sofa completely exhausted. She lay there moaning, gurgling, making almost unhuman sounds.

After a time they got her upstairs to her room; and alone with her Elaine helped her to undress, put her to bed. She stayed with her till she slept. Then methodically she searched the room, finding at once a half-full bottle of chartreuse in a wardrobe, and afterwards three empty bottles beneath a pile of undergarments in a drawer. She left these where they lay hidden, and took the still unfinished bottle down to Arnold.

"Can you lock it up anywhere?"

"Yes," he said, "in my dressing room. But it will make no difference. She'll get more—when she wants it."

Down below in the hall he put on his hat and asked if he might walk with Elaine to the station.

"Oughtn't you to remain with her? I mean, is it safe to leave her?"

"Yes," he said. "She won't stir now. She'll sleep for ten or twelve hours. She always does."

They walked away from the house together in silence. When he spoke it was to say quietly: "To-day is Adela's birthday. Three years old to-day"; and he said it exactly as if the child had been still alive.

She wanted to tell him that she now understood the real nature of his grief, that she now knew all that there was to know about his daughter's death; but she refrained. She feared to blunder and cause distress instead of bringing comfort. She was not Mark.

PRESENTLY he asked her to go to South Kensington instead of Gloucester Road station, and then he asked if she felt disposed to walk as far as Sloane Square.

"It is not really far."

She hesitated, then consented, and they walked on, speaking to each other very little. She felt quite calm and at peace with him; indeed, she had an illusion of there being an extreme calmness in the night itself. The people on the pavements, little crowds waiting at corners for omnibuses, the rapid whir of small cars and the slow, noisy clatter of big vans, the lighted shop windows, seemed to become vague to the eye, unobtrusive to the mind. Everything was giving repose to her nerves instead of disturbing them. It was as if he and she had been alone; as far removed from the life of these streets, as completely unconscious of all these glaring lamps, as if they had been walking through a wood path with no light but the stars to guide them.

He talked, as though instinctively, of her husband; telling her what Mark had done for him—"More I think than one man ever did for another."

"You know, I was down, Elaine—right down—and I'm not sure I could have got on my feet again. I scarcely wished to. It was not cowardice—it was hopelessness."

Once more she wanted to say that she understood, that she knew it was the shock of the facts surrounding his child's death that had knocked him down; but again she held herself in and refrained.

"I could not tell you how he began to help me. But now he is giving me back my sense of proportion, and teaching me the true scale of values. Things that seemed too big are getting small again—including myself.

"What happened just now, what you saw, didn't affect me as it would have done a little while ago. Already he has given me enough strength for that—to be sorry for her and not just to pity myself. Soon I shall put myself together and take up all responsibilities, Elaine, I swear I'll do all I can for her. I'll get her round, even now, if it's possible. I'll devote myself to saving her, if she is to be saved."

What was Mark's influence? She thought of it while Arnold recited these fresh proofs of its extent. It lifted one, it forced one to a higher level of thought, to a nobler line of conduct—but how, and why? It was essentially the same always, and yet the manner in which it was applied varied so extraordinarily. Sometimes he appealed to people's mysticism, to their innate love of the marvelous or their hunger to comprehend that which is incomprehensible; at other times he cajoled them, commanded them, stung them with scornful words, and there were times when he was simply brutal to them—but always he dragged them with him in the way that he had determined they should go, upward instead of downward. In her own case he had used contempt, he had driven her, lashed her to the upward path; with others he was brutal, merciless; and now, strangest of all, with Arnold Thorne he had been gentler than any woman, as reticent as a delicate minded young girl, as careful to avoid inflicting pain as the nuns who nursed the wounded in convents that had been changed to hospitals behind the French front. He was a physician of souls, and infallibly he used the medicine that each soul disease required.

Was the true source of his influence one's certainty of his own supreme conquest of self?

At any rate, his influence was upon them at this hour, guiding them both, calming and holding them steadfast. She felt now that there had been no need to avoid Arnold; that there was no peril in believing he still loved her, and she knew, as surely as she drew her breath, that he and she were moving on a higher plane than they could have ever reached if there had been no pain, no grief, and no Mark Awdrey in their lives.

They parted calmly at Sloane square.

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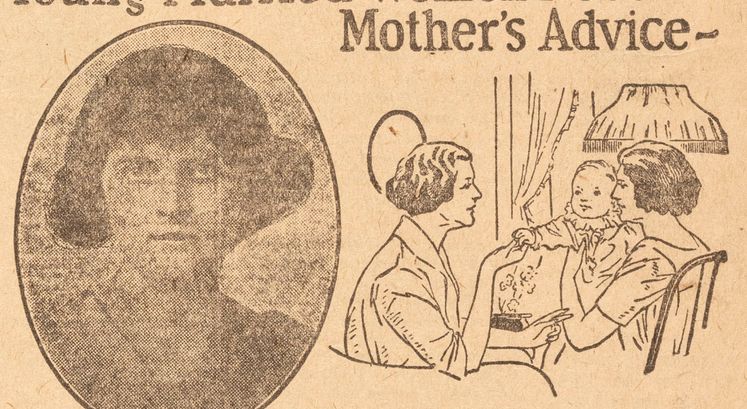
(To be continued.)

Young Married Women Need Mother's Advice—



MRS. PEARL STEELE
HOLDEN, MISSOURI

A GREAT many women after childbirth get up too soon and, too weak to care for the child and perform their household duties, often bring on serious derangements.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid tonic to take at this time; it is an excellent restorative, contains no harmful drugs, and can be taken in safety by nursing mothers. Thousands of mothers advise their daughters to take this grand old root and herb medicine for such conditions because of their own favorable experience with it.

Following We Publish an Interesting Letter from Mrs. Steele of Warrensburg Which Should Interest Every Mother in the Land:

Warrensburg, Mo.—"When my second child was born I got up too soon as my mother wasn't able to do for me. I could not stand on my feet without being dizzy and my back would ache so badly that I would have to lie down at times through the day. My mother had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and had a bottle of it at the time, so she begged me to take it, which I did, and I cannot tell you how much better I felt after taking it. Then a year later my husband got back from overseas and we went to keeping house by ourselves and I got all run down again. I couldn't work long at a time but would have to sit down and rest. My husband kept begging me to take the Vegetable Compound again, so I have done so. I recommend it when I can as I know it is good for women's troubles and I thought you might like to know what it has done for me."—Mrs. Pearl M. Steele, 203 Main Street, Warrensburg, Mo.

Ontario Woman's Interesting Case

Mount Forest, Ontario.—"I am proud today to think I have a fine big baby boy, as healthy as a trout, and I never felt better myself. Before I took your medicine I felt weak and miserable, and had pains all through me. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to get stronger and those pains all left me. I am glad I found out about this medicine. I think there is none other equal to it for women who have troubles of this kind. I cannot praise the Vegetable Compound too highly for the good it has done me. Whenever I know of a woman suffering I am glad to tell her of it."—Mrs Wm. Ridsdale, R. R, No. 1, Mount Forest, Ontario.

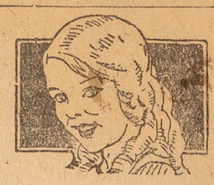
Many such letters prove the reliability of

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

SPORTS GAMES PUZZLES

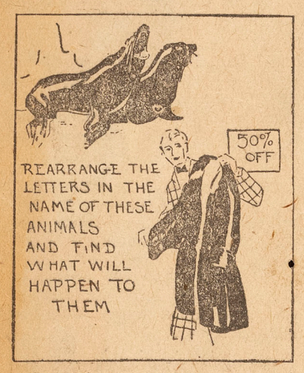
A PAGE FOR BOYS and GIRLS



JOKES STORIES RIDDLES

"Walk Into My Puzzle Parlor"

1. Find three girls' names which are concealed in this sentence: "Ted or a friend of his will arrive rather late."



2. Make a word square of four words meaning: (a) a long, slender piece of wood or timber; (b) egg-shaped; (c) a young sheep; (d) the name of a river in Germany.

3. Fill the three blanks below with the same four letters arranged in different orders: "Of the two pigeons, one we kept to ———, but the——— we killed for———."

4. Form a word square of the following words: (a) old-time hotels or hostelries; (b) orderly and cleanly; (c) a title; (d) a stalk.

5. Gertrude was having Marion over for dinner, so the two girls went shopping to get everything ready. They made out their shopping list, just for fun, in the form of puzzles. First, they stopped at the grocer's and bought the following:

C plus twenty quires of paper.

The twentieth letter of the alphabet.

A famous American poet and short story writer plus T A plus part of the foot plus S.

Then they tripped over to the meat market where they bought:

A pointed piece of wood.

Then, to make the meal complete, they went to the bakery for:

A salad plant plus one penny plus to move by means of wheels plus S.

Answers to Puzzles.

1. Dora, Willa, Vera. 2. pole, oval, lamb, Elbe. 3. tame, mate, meat. 4. inns, neat, name, stem. 5. cream, tea, potatoes, steak, crescent rolls.

Answer to to-day's picture puzzle: Rearranging the letters in the names of the animals give the following: seal, sale.

George Pfann Gives Boys Points On How To Play Star Football

"GEORGE PFANN was probably the greatest football player of the season and the highest scorer in the entire country."—Athletic World.

To-day, Pfann, famous quarterback will answer another question on the game of which he is a master. Pfann is writing especially for the boys reading this page. This year he is coaching and is telling the "green" ones who came out for the team exactly the same valuable things about the game that he tells the readers of this page.

Just what is the use of the stiff arm and how is it worked?

The stiff arm has a three-fold purpose. It is used mainly to ward off tacklers by keeping them away from the runner's legs, but may also be used to help the runner start (by shoving off from a tackler), and a shock absorber to break the force of an unavoidable tackle.

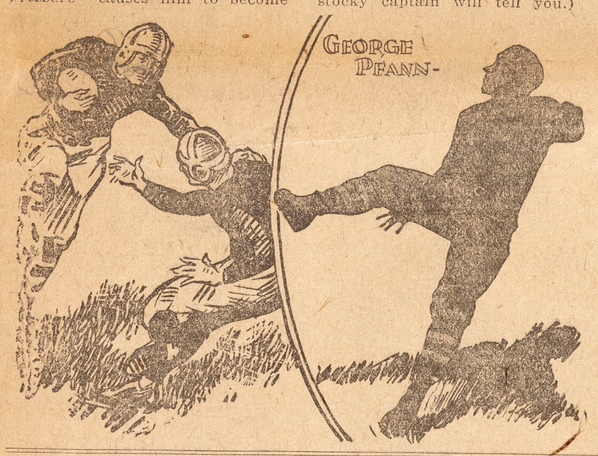
In warding off tacklers who are running low, the hand may be placed upon the shoulder or back of the tackler, and the resulting pressure causes him to become overbalanced. Thus the force of the charge is wasted on the ground. The tackler who is standing upright may be overbalanced backwards by the stiff arm in the face.

In using the tackler as an aid to running, the force of his charge is absorbed by the stiff arm and a brace is offered in which the hand as well as the legs are used to aid the runner.

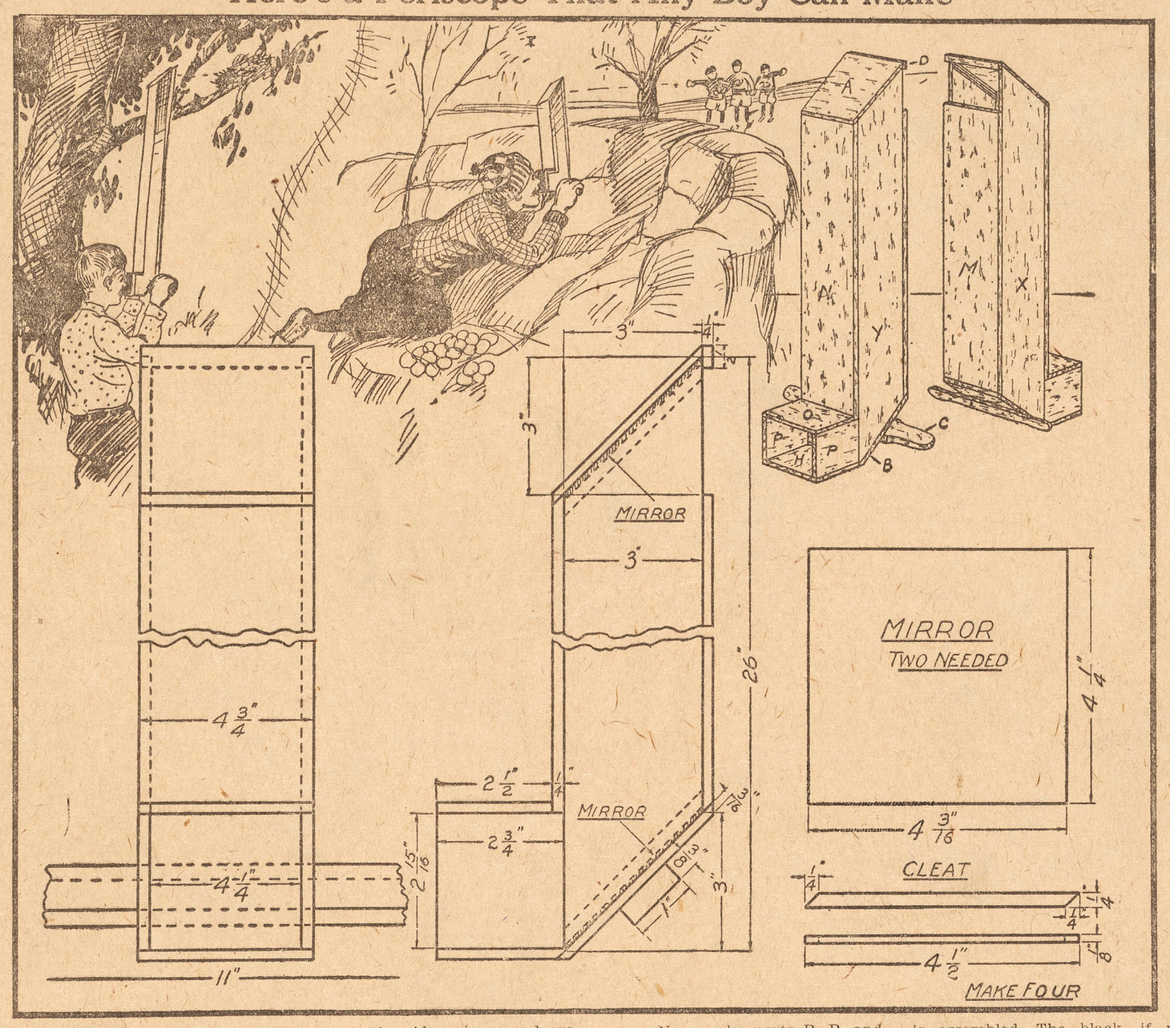
When it is impossible to avoid a tackle, either because the other man is too fast or because of the position in the field of play the stiff arm which yields gradually with the charge breaks the tackle and saves the runner a possible injury.

The stiff arm should be used only in a broken or semi-broken field, and then only after the ball is securely held. The arm is held stiff like a lance except that it is in a rotating socket and the business end is the heel or palm of the hand.

(Next week Pfann will give some pointers on forward passing. This is a part of the game that he knows a lot about, as players who have come up against the stocky captain will tell you.)



Here's a Periscope That Any Boy Can Make



By FRANK SOLAR.

YOU can make a real periscope, just like the men in the trenches used to peep over the top with, if you follow carefully the drawing above.

You'll find a lot of uses for your periscope—studying birds and small animals, for you can keep yourself out of sight, looking over the tops of rocks during sham fights, and keeping an eye on the enemy when winter comes with its snow forts and exciting snowball battles.

This really isn't a difficult article to make—you can get your material from an orange crate, cigar box, and broken looking glass. The parts are assembled with 3-4 in. No. 18 wire brads or cigar box nails. The one in the picture is just about the right length to be carried about conveniently, but of course your periscope can be made any length that you wish.

Start by making the two sides, X and Y, which are 3 inches wide and 26 inches long. Measure up from the lower right-hand corner three inches and from this point draw a line to the opposite corner. Cut carefully along the line.

If you have followed the dimensions carefully the end will be cut at an angle of 45 degrees. Make the same layout on the other end of the side piece and cut it out also. This cut must be made parallel to the first and at an angle of 45 degrees.

Next get out four cleats and nail them parallel to the 45 degree ends. They should be nailed on the surfaces that go inside of the periscope box and as far from the end as the mirror is thick.

The front board, M, comes next. It should be bradded to the sides. The lower end is to be planed to 45 degrees after it has been fastened in place.

Make the back, N, and before nailing it to the sides nail O to it. Also plane the top end to 45 degrees. Now make parts P. P, and H. Brad them in place.

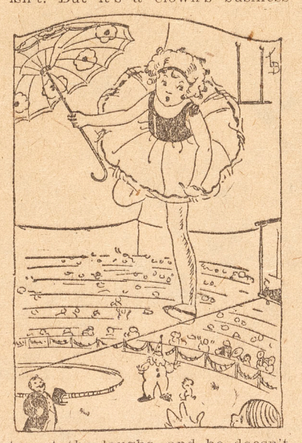
Borrow a glass cutter and cut the pieces of mirror to fit in the ends of the periscope. Make the top and bottom, A and B, of cigar box wood and fasten handle C to B. Place the pieces of mirror in the ends and brad A and B to the sides holding the mirrors in place. The little strip D is fastened to the sides by brads and keeps the upper mirror from slipping out.

The periscope may be finished, or the wood may be left in its natural state. It will be improved however, if the inside of the box is painted a dull black before it is assembled. The black, if not glossy, will eliminate any reflections that might interfere with working the periscope right.

To use the periscope, hold it by the handles and look through the box visor at the bottom end.

Bravery Under the "Big Top"

BEING a clown isn't as funny as it seems. There are times when the clown falls or gets struck when it seems to the audience that it's all part of his stunt—and it isn't. But it's a clown's business to get the laughs, and he doesn't expect any sympathy. "It's the clown's second nature to get hurt," says Will Delavoye, a famous "old school" clown.



"But clowns don't take the risks the other performers do," he says modestly. "I remember, for instance, the bravery of a little tight-wire walker, a girl named Zazel, that shows the kind of pluck you will find in the circus.

Star Actress.

"The Adam Forepaugh Shows were playing in Butte, Montana. The big tent was crowded with people eager to be thrilled by some dare-devil performer, Zazel, a star actress, was introduced by the ring master. She climbed to her wire stretched twenty-five feet above the ground. The crowds gasped at her daring stunts. Suddenly Zaza slipped. Down she crashed to the earth twenty-five feet below.

"The audience was hushed. Surely Zazel had been killed. Attendants rushed to her. She made an effort to arise. They prepared to carry her out of the ring to the dressing tent. She wouldn't let them, however. Pushing them all aside, she got to her feet. With a smile and a wave at the audience she walked slowly but determinedly toward the entrance of the dressing tent.

Bows to Crowd.

"When she approached the entrance she turned to the crowd. The people were all shouting and applauding wildly, for they realized that Zazel surely must be suffering some pain from her fall, though apparently she had been no more than a little stunned. Zazel smiled at the crowd and gave her little bow.

"Then she stepped inside the dressing room and collapsed, really badly hurt."

Nadine's Secret and a Lock on a Cabinet

NO one really knew anything at all about Nadine. She was some sort of distant relative of Mrs. Hancock, the wealthy woman who was sending Nadine to Glenwood School, so the story went. Nadine had said simply that her parents were dead and she didn't live anywhere.

She was such a good sport and so altogether likeable that in that school where most of the girls boasted fine families she was accepted as she was and the air of mystery about her was forgotten.

At vacation times she usually visited one of the girls, for someone was always eager to take her home. Mrs. Hancock, who sometimes wrote to her but never came to see her, seemed to provide her with enough money to care for her well enough, for Nadine was not extravagant.

It was the beginning of Nadine's third year in the boarding school. She and Gracie Abbott had a room together right next to that of Mrs. Seaton, housekeeper in their dormitory. The two girls, one late afternoon, were sitting in their room studying, when suddenly there were loud screams in the hallway. They ran out into the hall at the same time that Mrs. Seaton also rushed out of her room.

Down the hall came little Eleanor Potter, one hand streaming blood. Her room-mate, who ran after her, explained breathlessly: "Eleanor was opening a can of preserves from home, and she got a bad gash on the can. Oh, dear, someone call the doctor!!"

Mrs. Seaton was very pale. "The doctor has gone over to Bergerville for the day. And—and I just discovered this morning that the key to my medicine chest, which I always keep locked, is lost. I sent for old Tom to fix it, but he hasn't got around——"

"Oh, her hand ought to be bandaged up right away. It might get infected!" exclaimed Gracie, frightened.

Other girls had come up and they looked at each other helplessly a moment, while Eleanor sobbed and moaned.

Nadine stepped forward, her face drawn, an odd look in her eyes. "Mrs. Seaton," she said quietly, "if you will leave me alone in your room for a few moments I think I can open your cabinet." Before they could answer she had gone into her own room, to return with some scissors and a small knife. Then she went to Mrs. Seaton's room and shut the door.

A few minutes later Nadine came out. "The cabinet is open," she said, in a dull, lifeless voice. "You'd better fix Eleanor's hand. I picked the lock." They stared at her round-eyed. Sudden tears came to her eyes. "Oh, I might as well tell you. Mrs. Hancock took me out of a reform school she was interested in. She wanted to educate me. They paroled me to her. I was arrested with a gang of pickpockets and burglars. I'd never known anything different. I—"

She turned and started quickly for her room. But she didn't get in. Gracie's arms were around her, and then she was nearly smothered in an avalanche of hugs offered all at once by the girls of the exclusive Glenwood School.

GIVING HIM COMPANY.

Aunt: "Oh, Bobby, how cruel! Why did you cut that poor worm in two?"

Bobby: "He seemed so lonesome."

The Lucky Idol

"IF only dear father had left us something beside all this junk," sighed Natalie.

The two girls were sadly cleaning out their father's library, the week following his sudden death. They were orphans now, and since they couldn't very well run the house themselves they were being packed up to go home with Aunt Florence, who had promised their father to look after them.

"Anyway," said Natalie, "It's nice for Professor Atkins to agree to buy father's collection. It's no use to us." She looked scornfully at the strange bowls and daggers and idols which Professor Davis, their father, had picked up in his travels.

Marion took up a queer looking little clay idol, oddly painted. "I think I'm going to keep this one. Father was especially proud of it. It's some rare kind of lucky idol he got in a hidden temple in the hill country."

"I can't see it brought him much luck," sniffed Natalie.

"Maybe you have to rub it, like Aladdin's lamp," smiled Marion. "Then maybe you make a wish, or something."

Natalie looked with some scorn at her dreamy sister, so like her impractical father. "Well, wishing never gets any one anywhere. If it did you'd be taking those dancing lessons you always talked about. Father always said he 'wished' you could, but that's all it got you. Well, I'm going to pack up these things. You can keep the old idol, if you like."

"Natalie!" Marion's voice trembled with anger and tears. "Don't you dare talk that way about father. He was so good to us. Of course he never had any money, but if he had he'd have given us anything. He always wanted me to study dancing and felt badly because I couldn't.. And Aunt Florence is so set against it—"

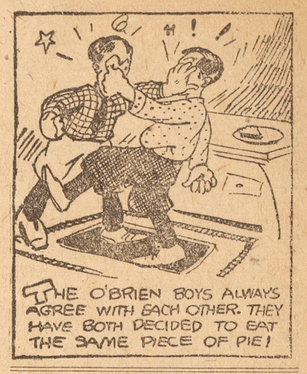
Her shoulders shook, and as she raised one hand to wipe her tears the idol slipped from her trembling fingers—slipped and fell to the floor, breaking in little pieces. "Natalie!" Marion was down on her knees among the pieces. She held up a shining yellow lump of gold. "Natalie, look, inside the lucky idol! It must have been hidden there when the idol was made by the priests. It must be worth——"

"Oh!" Natalie stooped beside her. "It's your Marion," she said quietly. "It means your dancing lessons. And—and I guess it serves me right."

RIGHT EFFECT.

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to his new son-in-law, "that you are aware that the check for fifty thousand dollars I put among your wedding presents was merely for effect."

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning."



A Queer Idea of Beauty

IN Malayland when a girl is fourteen she's considered grown-up, so she gets married and has her teeth filed.

The Malays have queer ideas of beauty. It isn't enough to them that a girl should have an expensive wedding gown, all embroidered, and that she should have jewels about her neck, but she must have her teeth filed, for this is to them the final touch of beauty.

Takes Place Before Wedding.

On the day before her wedding the filing takes plac. The teeth are filed down to a third, a fourth, or sometimes even a smaller fraction of their usual length. According to our ideas, this makes a wreck of the prettiest mouth, but the Malays don't think so.

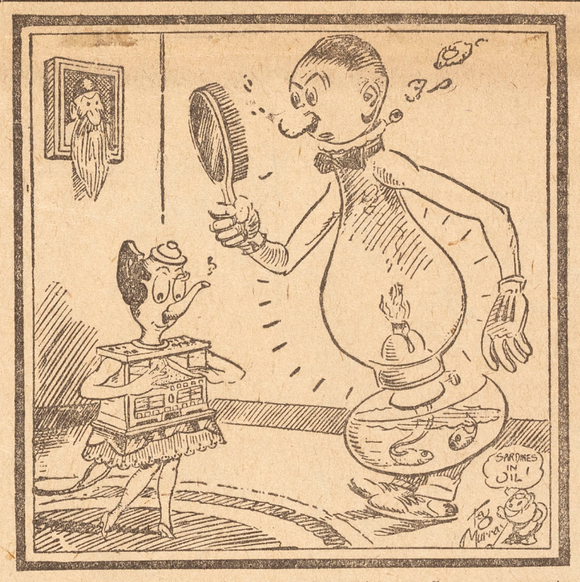
All the time the filing is being done, the bride-to-be's friends and relatives are gathered in the house feasting and celebrating. If the poor young bride groans, nobody can hear her anyway above the music of the feast, in the next room.

The teeth are filed and chipped with files of steel and rasps of steel-like Sumatran stone. It takes about an hour to complete the job. After it's over the gums swell up and the mouth becomes very sore, so the bride doesn't feel like having very much fun at her wedding feast.

Has Hair Cut.

Three days before the marriage the bride has her hair cut short across her forehead to form a little narrow fringe. Then her finger nails are stained red. This is supposed to be very fashionable for young brides.

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER



"GOLLY, I need a shave," said Aladdin Diogenes Snop one morning, as he looked into the hair brush, thinking it was the mirror.

"Silly," said his good wife. "It's a shade you need—a lamp shade. I can see right through you."

"Never mind, old lady," replied Mr. Snop. "Your nose is shiny—you should talk! Is breakfast ready?"

"Yes, the toast is—a toast to my former husband, whose picture hangs on the wall!"

"Oh, if his beard would only stop growing," muttered Al. "Here I am, always oily to bed and oily to rise, yet I'm neither healthy, wealthy or wise!"

"Lamps are old-fashioned—out of date. Look at me!"

"Yes, look at you—you, a perkletoaster, who, if she doesn't burn the toast, lets the coffee boil over—you—you snoppyflapper!"

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, Snop."

Here Mr. Lamp went out and the fight was called on account of darkness.

Fountain of the Desert

THE cactus plant is the fountain of the desert. When a traveler's water supply has become exhausted he can obtain water by supporting a cactus trunk on stones, building a fire at either end, and making a hole in the middle. The effect of the heat is to draw the water out of the hole.

Another way to procure water is to cut off the top of a barrel cactus, pound up the pulp and squeeze it. The water is rather salty and bitter, but is clear and palatable.

Plants Are Shrubs.

Cactus plants are easily identified as shrubs, with juicy stems bearing small, scale-like leaves and bunches of sharp spines. They vary in size from plants about three or four inches in height to trees sixty feet tall.

The plants are widely distributed in European countries, and with the exception of a single species, all are natives of America. Here they grow in the hot, dry sections of the country, particularly in southwestern United States and northern Mexico.

Use Cactus as Medicine.

The "mescal button," or "payote" cactus, is a strong stimulant, and can temporarily quiet all hunger, thirst, or fatigue pangs. The Mexican Indians use this cactus for medicinal and religious purposes.

The Indians use the juice of a certain species for healing cracks in their feet and for other medicinal purposes when on long journeys.

The cactus flowers are usually large and vary in color from white, yellow or orange to rose red, deep red or purple. The fruit is lasting, and in many cases, is charmingly colored.

RIGHT EITHER WAY.

Employer: "Really, Tomkins, your figures are disgraceful. Just look at that three; any one would take it for a five."

Clerk: "It is a five, sir."

Employer: "Well, I should have sworn it was a three."

TOO MUCH.

Pat: "How much do you charge for a funeral notice in your paper?"

Editor: "Fifty cents an inch."

Pat: "Good heavens, me poor brother is six feet high."

LOTS OF ATTENTION.

"Helen," said a father to his little daughter who had just returned from a children's party, "did you have any attention paid you?"

"Oh, yes," answered Helen. "One little boy made faces at me."

HIGH-TONED.

"Waiter, what is this on the bill?"

"Bungalow fluff, sir, at 40 cents a portion."

"But what is it?"

"Formerly cottage pudding, sir, at 15."

PUZZLED HIM.

Boy: "Say, mother, this book says that in the ocean the big fish eat up the little sardines. Is that true?"

Mother: "Yes, I believe it is."

Boy: "How do they open the cans?"

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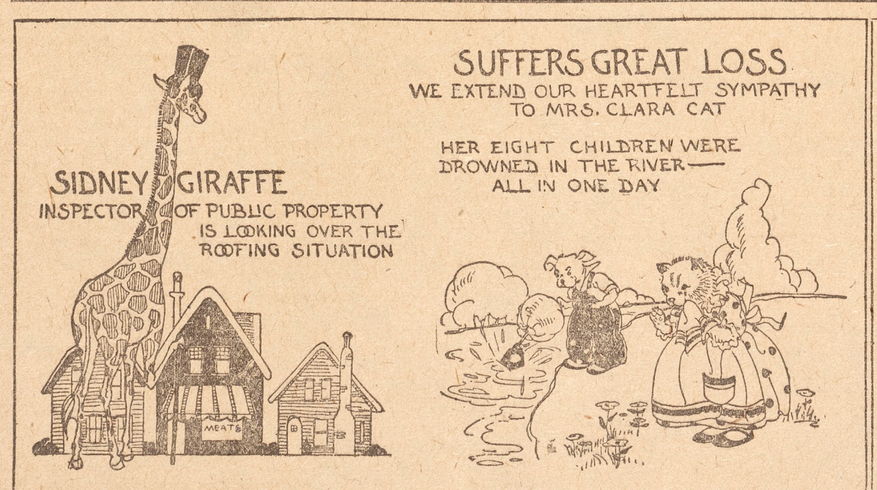
THE ANIMAL NEWSPAPER

SPECIAL 1924 OFFERING A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION--FREE



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Extra Baggage.

JOHN BURROUGHS, the greatly beloved naturalist, must have known just how the average person feels when he packs up to go home after a vacation.

"The older I grow," said Burroughs once, "the more inclined I am to reduce my baggage."

But Burroughs was not thinking of trunks and hat boxes. He spent most of his life in the woods and mountains where he reduced the machinery of living to the lowest terms. He wasn't so cluttered up with the business of living that he had no time to live.

Changing fashions, meetings, parties, appointments, meant little to him. Now and then he had an appointment with a woodchuck or a red-wing, or the tender green on the young birches. But he never had to stop to pack a dozen trunks or see his brother, or wait till the box came from the tailor, before he kept them. He just walked out of his cabin and arrived.

The life of a hermit, the philosopher, the true son of nature is only for the few. But the conclusion of Burroughs to dispense with extra baggage remains sound.

Cutting down extra baggage is just a question of sorting out the essentials. A good many people who have learned to "do Europe" in a suit case carry too much baggage all through life.

We can't all follow in the footsteps of John Burroughs, but we can come a little closer to doing so and find that we are considerably happier.

Old Age.

ONE hears all sorts of definitions of age.

That old saw that a woman is as old as she looks or that a man is as old as he feels is only one of many.

The doctors will tell you that a man is as old as his arteries, while a famous sport writer tells of champions who never played their favorite game until they were well over thirty, and says that men and women are really only as old as their enthusiasms.

Perhaps that, then, is the best definition of all of the way to beat old Father Time. In reality, Time cannot hurt us if it cannot rob us of our enthusiasms.

"Time," says this same sport writer, "generally makes unwelcome advances only when encouraged. Ignore the old gentleman, or call the policeman known as activity, and the old bore will disappear."

Time does play queer tricks with us. He whispers in our ears, "You are doing too much, you are getting on, you ought to slow up a little." Then we listen to him and he gets in his best licks. The more we believe we can't be very active, the less fit we are for activity.

Sometimes fate is kind to us and sends us the prod of cruel necessity. Then we let the help go and get to work. The more we do the more we can. Slowing down is mostly a matter of the mind. You can prove that any day by checking up on your enthusiasms. The things that you are interested in seem easy to do.

Many a woman works like a day laborer in a garden, who would be far too frail to wash the dishes. It is all a matter of enthusiasm.

Youth? There's a fountain of it for every one who keeps interested and who knows enough to eat the right kind of food. But that's another chapter.

Humor the Ball.

"THE worst duffer and the most brilliant star in golf are alike in one respect," says Walter Camp. "Both score better when they try to humor the ball instead of trying to beat it."

That's true of more than golf, in spite of all that the exponents of will-power, determination, the will to win, and all the rest that the success psychologists have to say.

Once in a while, a long while, we get what we want by smashing right after it. But the times are few and far between.

Life has a way of unfolding for every one slowly, gradually, but steadily. But snatching at the strings that hold us only snarl them.

WHEN FOOD FAILS

Defective Digestion is the Cause and Misery Follows.

There are thousands of people who do not get the proper nourishment from the food they eat, because their digestion is defective. Food that lies undigested in the stomach is not merely wasted, but will ferment and poison your system. Flatulence and sour risings in the throat follow and unless you are careful you will become a chronic dyspeptic.

By toning up the stomach to do the work nature intended, you will remove the cause of the trouble. Nothing will more promptly restore the digestive organs than good new blood. Stomach, nerves and glands all depend on the blood, and when it gets thin and watery they are at once weakened. It is because of their action in building up and enriching the blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful in so many cases of indigestion where ordinary medicines have failed. The new rich blood quickly tones up the digestive organs; the appetite improves and you are able to eat with comfort and get full nourishment from your food.

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

THE MILL RUN

LAWBREAKING SPECIALISTS.

As one of the questions to be asked of the voters on the occasion of the O. T. A. plebiscite we suggest the following:

"Are you in favor of giving the two dollars to the doctor?"

* * *

The great bootlegging industry that has sprung up in Ontario in consequence of the prayerful cogitations of Sir William Hearst, Hon. N. W. Rowell and others, is following the example of such kindred industries as the United States Steel Corporation and Standard Oil, and is being divided into numerous branches. The latest which we have heard of is carried on by a handful of Toronto merchants who supply the honest, retail whiskey bootlegger with scripts. Members of this group do business with country practitioners, taking their whole monthly output and paying cash at the rate of $1.50 a prescription. They sell them to the bootleggers in Toronto at $3 each, making a safe modest profit of 100 per cent. The business is safe, none of these merchants being in danger of arrest. The bootleggers are willing to pay the advanced price for they can easily recover it from their customers, who are satisfied to stand a little gouging for the sake of getting stuff which the Ontario Government is supposed to guarantee.

* * *

And the country doctors from the hinterland, whose chief occupation is the purveying of Epsom salts under various Latin names, are more than satisfied. In the first place, they are provided with a market for all the prescriptions they are permitted to sell, which would be impossible in their own remote constituencies, and in the second place, they can occupy the impregnable position of never selling a script at all.

* * *

"What!" exclaims one of these doctors, when some stone-faced yokel suggests that as Thanksgiving is at hand and his birthday follows in late November, with Christmas and New Year's Day not a great way off, he would like official authorization to buy a bottle of rye. "What!" he exclaims for the second time, after the necessary interval for indignation to well up in him. "Do you think I would debase my profession and help fasten the hellish craving for liquor on you? Certainly not! I never give prescriptions for liquor."

Finally, a real family doctor cannot afford to charge his regular patients for scripts. On the other hand, he cannot afford not to charge somebody. So the little arrangement pleases everybody, and incidentally supports in modest luxury the several brokers who were bright enough to establish a liaison.

* * *

THE ATHLETESSES.

The most thrilling feature of the Exhibition last year, was, to us, the appearance of the Leander crew. This year it was the game of softball played between the Old Orchard ladies and the Supreme K. & C. team. Not for years have we so unstintedly enjoyed and admired any sporting event. When we saw girls tossing the ball around with the same easy motion and the same precision as good ball players, we were inclined to think that we were the victim of an optical illusion. We had been taught that among the most important differences which God had insisted on when He was fashioning Adam's rib and about to compose His masterpiece, was a moulding of the female shoulder and supporting muscles which made it impossible for a girl, however well favored otherwise, to throw a missile as a boy throws it. The inaccuracy of irate wives who in the comic strips hurl objects of art and vertu and other bric-a-brac at husbands has long been a subject of ribaldry. We had supposed that the beauty of the female shoulder blade was intended by God as some slight compensation for a structural formation that in a man would be considered a defect. But the way those girls tossed the ball was a revelation, and we had either to abandon on the spot the notion that female thews were gravely lacking, or assume that all these sprightly dames had been graduated by Bonsetter Reese.

* * *

The way these girls handled the ball was the major eye-opener, something more extraordinary to us than anything in the way of abnormalities purveyed on the Midway. Their triumphant impersonation of a team of professional male ball players in all other respects was hardly less successful. They did not wear spiked shoes, nor, so far as our close inspection revealed, heavy woollen underwear; nor did they chew tobacco. Otherwise their imitation was as realistic as any that Cissie Loftus ever gave. On approaching the plate they swung the extra bat. When play was temporarily interrupted the base runners sat on the bags in the correct professional manner and dabbed in the tan bark. They spat on their little paws and chewed gum, and when one pitcher indulged in a couple of wild heaves her team-mates gathered round her and gave her a pat, and, no doubt, told her to take her time and that she was a bear.

It was only because the game was so one-sided that there was no crabbing of the umpire. Decisions were accepted in the light of wisdom revealed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and not as the baseless opinions impudently hazarded by the corrupted hirelings who are generally employed as umpires.

—J. V. M.

AMONG US MORTALS By Richard Vincent Culter

The Elastic Conscience

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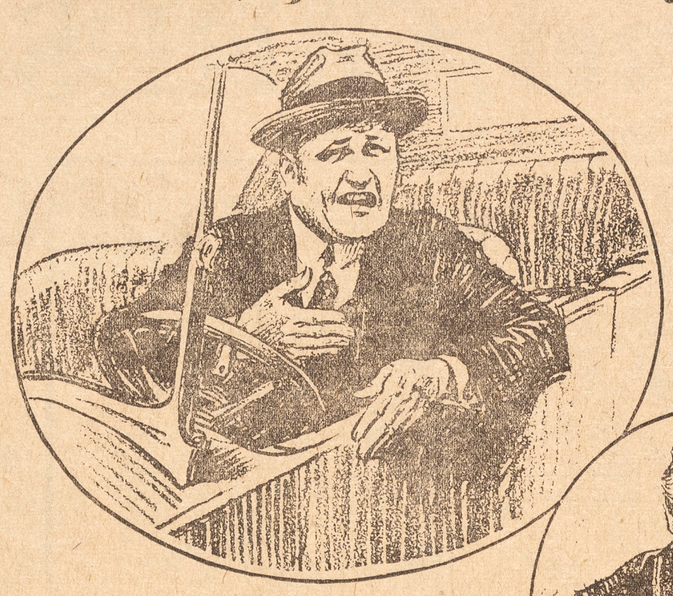


Our Statistician reports that out of 40,000 reputable motorists who are signaled by traffic cops to pull up at the curb—39,999 2-3 swear to heaven that they were only going fifteen miles an hour.

Mr. Quibble is informing his generous host that while it is true he never refuses the stuff whenever it is offered him—still he has not yet been guilty of breaking the law of the land by purchasing it.

Even the strongest champion of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" will find himself unconsciously trailing off into the field of fiction when left alone for a few hours with his income tax blank.

Mrs. Dodge thanks the salesgirl very very much for dragging down the entire stock to show her. But Mrs. Dodge won't decide to-day, she'll think it over and will be in again to-morrow—maybe. In the meantime it has been a most agreeable way of killing time until the Matinee, and besides, isn't that what salegirls are for?

Dear, dear! Eddie has accidentally stumbled over his boss's ball and kicked it out of the hoof print. Oh, well—a good score means a good tip, and nothing puts a golfer in a worse humor than a bad lie, so Eddie won't bother to mention the incident.

"Now, Elizabeth, here comes the conductor! Remember to keep scrooged down low in the seat, and DON'T contradict Mamma when I say you're only six!" One of Mamma's proudests boasts is that she didn't have to pay fare for Willie until he was ten. Elizabeth, wearing spectacles, is not so easy.

Perhaps after all it is only a coincidence that the rugs Mrs. Fenster had sent home on approval happened to arrive on the very day that she is giving a large bridge party. But after the party Mrs. Fenster will decide that she doesn't quite like them and they will all be sent back.

Anxious moments—showing a lady who has just found a purse and wonders if anybody saw her pick it up. She is just itching to open it, but will wait until she finds a secluded spot. Wouldn't it be just terrible if the owner's name and address were in it?

The Larsons, on their tour, are anxious to make Lake Mahonkapacanac by night, so are getting an early start from the hotel. And, of course, the toilet articles are still wet, so Mrs. Larson will just wrap them up in one of the hotel towels so as not to ruin the other things in the suit case.

Dog Meals Versus Dog Banquets - - - By Albert Payson Terhune

OLD Man Negley had been telling Hiram Wylie, Vine Street's new multimillionaire resident, how foolish was the latter's idea of spending a large sum for the erection of costly dog kennels; and had explained to him how the same general results could be obtained at an almost negligible price.

"That's all right, so far as housing goes," responded Wylie, reluctantly, "if you're content to let your dogs live in cheap places. But food is—"

"Food is along the same lines," Negley caught him up, "And as for dogs living in cheap houses, there's no question of their quarters being cheap or costly. The only point is to have them where they'll thrive and where they'll be comfortable and happy. They'll do that as well in the kind of houses I have just been building for them as they would in Buckingham palace. If you really want to build some showy and expensive edifice, why bother to build it for a dog? He doesn't need it."

"As for food—well I worked for a rich dog-fancier once who had a kennel of about forty dogs. His kennel manager, by the way, retired after five years, with more money than I should have needed to keep me for life. Being a grafter, he has since gone flat broke. Well, the bill for feeding those dogs was larger than for feeding three times the same number of children.

"WHOLESALE quantities of meat at from 36 to 48 cents a pound; —something like sixty pounds of it a day. Other kinds of food in proportion. Why, no ordinary human's food bills could have equalled the food bills of any one of those dogs. Fresh eggs, for instance—seven dozen a day for them. Fresh unskimmed milk by the gallon, every day, and a gallon a day of pure cream.

"There were other items. I'm no anarchist. But when I thought of the hundreds of undernourished human children that that cream and meat and those new laid eggs would have been a godsend to,—well, it made me sick. That kennel cost a fortune to maintain,—just in food alone; apart from the upkeep of its costly houses and the pay of the manager and his four helpers.

"The funny part of it was that the dogs were often getting sick and off their feed: and they'd turn up their noses at dishes that used to make my own mouth water. They were pampered, and they knew it. No normal dog wants to be pampered. The veterinary bills began to add themselves to the rest of the weekly expenses.

"I left there and came back to my own kennels. I was living on a little farm of my own at that time. It was only one or two straggling acres but I kept my own cow and raised a few vegetables. I fed my dogs in my own way. And they thrived on it. They were in gay spirits, too, and had good appetites and kept in grand shape. They were altogether different from the pampered pups I had been feeding before."

"Table scraps (except for poultry bones, which are death to a dog) formed the bulk of my dog's diet. That and stale bread-scraps (that a restaurant let me have for taking them away) soaked in skim milk. For fifteen cents at a cheap butcher's shop, I could buy a huge box of meat-scraps and bones. These, with my own vegetables and a little rice or macaroni or corn meal, male a great feast for them cooked right.

ECZEMA You are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and Skin Irritations. It relieves at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c. stamp for postage. 60c. a box; all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"THERE was a wholesaler who sold me broken macaroni for $3 a hundred pounds; and off-color rice for $4.50 a hundred weight. These and the other things I've told you about formed my dog's diet with once in a while a dog-biscuit to gnaw on or a handful of prepared food for a change.

"At a show, a year later, one of my dogs won the Winner's Rosette, over the best dog in the kennels I used to work for. Two of the points he won on were 'condition' and 'spirits.' My old boss was so furious he wouldn't even congratulate me.

"Next day he drove across to my farm. He said he had come to inspect the kennels. He said he was curious to see kennels that could breed a better dog than his own ten thousand dollar kennels could produce. I took him around.

"He looked at my cheap pine dog-houses and kerosene-barrel coops and cheap wire runs and the like. Then he began to laugh. I could see he was thinking of the difference between them and his own architectural kennel buildings. He looked at that kennel of mine as you might look at a man who wore nothing but a ragged horse blanket. Then he said:

"'Not much like my place, is it, Negley? Quite a come-down for you, I should think, after working for me.'

"'Yes, sir,' says I, for he riled me with his superior way of talking. 'Yes, sir, it's not much like your kennels. But if I had such quarters and such food as you have for your dogs, I'd use them for the housing and feeding of my own family; and not waste them on dogs that would be just as happy in kennels like these of mine.'

"I said: 'I wouldn't give much for myself or for any other man who put dogs ahead of humans and gave them the things that rightfully belong to humans. Yes, sir, if I had those marble and concrete kennel buildings of your, with their cooking room, and their steam heat and their running water and electric light, and all the steak and cream and fresh eggs in their store room, I'd live there in luxury with my wife and children; and I'd build kennel quarters like these here of mine, for the dogs.

"'A man who puts dogs above his own family; isn't fit to have either a family or dogs. Nobody is fonder of dogs than I am; but nobody knows better that they must be kept in their own place and that place is not ahead of he interets of the humans of the family, nor anywhere within a thousand miles of them.'"

(Copyright, 1924.)

The Merry-Go-Round

By R. K. H.

RUM RHYMES.

Full many a man
From Montreal
Comes wearily back
Having spent his all—
And swears an oath,
Oh, a terrible oath,
Ne'er again to frolic
With the fiend alcoholic.

Yet in spite of it all
Full many a man
From Montreal
Comes wearily back
Full.

Although there is reasonable doubt as to whether bobbing conduces to baldness, it is incontestable that it is making thousands of sensible girls more light-headed.

The ring-leaders in this civil war in China are Generals Wu Pei Fu, Sun Yat Sen, and Chang Tso Lin. We are thoroughly in sympathy with all three of them. With a name like one of those, we should feel like perpetrating something much worse than a mere civil war.

The one question of burning importance:—Is it better to order egg mixed with nut or stove mixed with pea?

The Ontario Education Department has announced that new Readers and Spellers will be issued in 1925. If the same old compilers have been let loose on these new text-books, the youngsters of the Province have every reason to feel grateful for the reprieve.

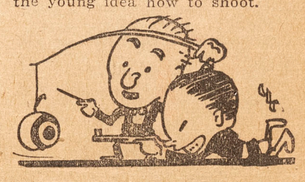
Hollyhock—On Friday, September 5, at Western Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Hollyhock (nee Hazel Rosebush), a son, both doing well. . . . Typical item in birth column of Toronto newspapers.

It seems to us that too many married women are displaying their nees nowadays.

While we are discussing birth control in America, Europe is torn on the equally interesting subject of earth control.

He wondered why men to whom he had lent money freely, avoided him. Finally, the reason dawned upon him. It was halitosis.

If the warring factions in China learn that there is a surplus of teachers in Ontario, they will probably offer handsome inducements to the unemployed pedagogues to go over there to teach the young idea how to shoot.



A monster new freight locomotive with enormous traction power has just been completed for the Canadian National Railways. It has not yet been officially announced whether the purpose of this is to transport Sir Henry from point to point or to pull the people's railway out of debt.

Toronto at present holds no more fascinating spectacle than that provided by the staid business man who sits in one of those open-to-the-public-gaze restaurants and expertly bites the golden kernels from a cob of corn, four rows to the lap.

There is one thing to be said in favor of reckless motorists: They often treat the poor pedestrian to a bier.

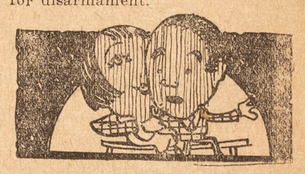
The abolition of the waterfront level crossing and the opening of the new Union Station are both assured. Only a single finishing touch is needed: Some impressionable mother ought to name her child Viaduct.

Complaints have been made to Mayor Hiltz that the price of gasoline is too high in Toronto, and the City Council is going to see what can be done about it. As an authority on cheap gas and its allied subject, hot air, the Council is eminently well-equipped to deal with the matter.

The reopening of the Detroit schools was postponed two weeks owing to the prevalence of infantile paralysis. Any Toronto teacher will agree that as soon as school recommences many pupils are stricken by a mild form of infantile paralysis.

The freight rate on rice shipped from Vancouver to points in Eastern Canada is to be increased $8 a ton. The Government evidently has an eye for the votes of all future brides and bridegrooms.

A good many of the girls you see on the upper deck of the night boat are evidently not at all keen for disarmament.



The most embarrassing remark we have heard in recent times was made the other day by an old gentleman who walked up to a salesman in the clothing department of a local departmental store and asked querulously, "Where are your trousers?"

For years Toronto has had a Union Station that the trains couldn't get at, and now the trouble at Rawlinson School draws attention to the fact that the city has a palatial school that the pupils in the immediate neighborhood cannot get into.

FEATURES

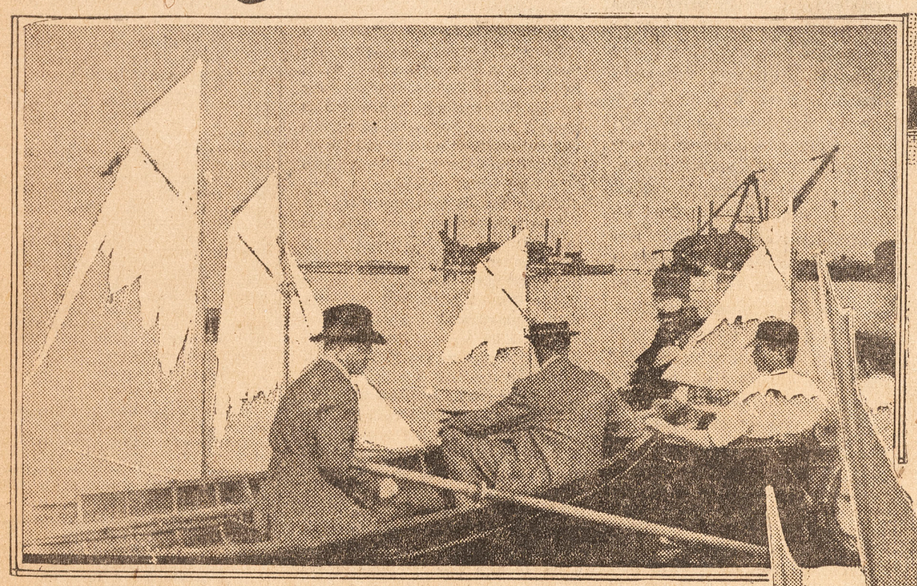
Music ~ Theatrical ~ Automotive

The Toronto Sunday World

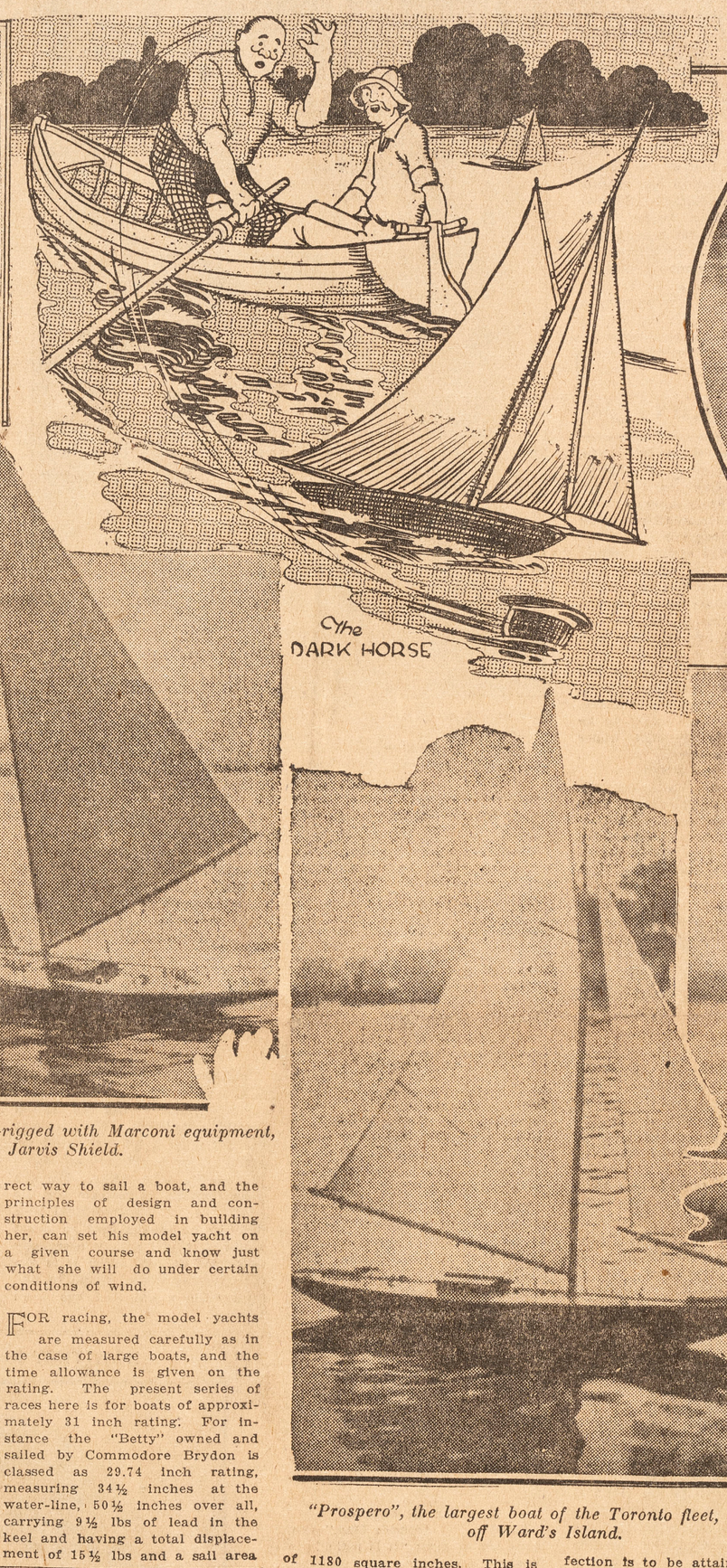
FEATURES

34TH YEAR—ISSUE NO. 14,939. TORONTO, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1924. 10 CENTS PER COPY—PAGES 33 TO 44.

Tiny Yachts Race on Toronto Bay



Commodore Brydon and Sir John Tulleken sailing the "Prospero", to the right.



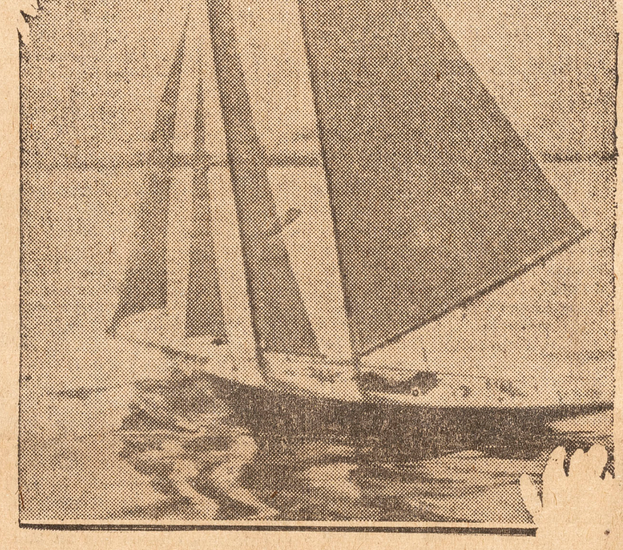
Brains as Well as a Breeze Required to Manipulate Fleet of Smart Little Craft Over Two-Mile Triangular Course Off Ward's Island---Model Yacht Sailing is a Scientific and Fascinating Sport.

NO one can deny that there is something bordering on the comical in the spectacle of grown-up men deeply absorbed in the pastime of sailing what at the first glance appear to be toy boats.

Happy days of childhood are brought to mind and such a sight affords a glorious outlet for the wag's stock of witty stuff and the bright remarks of the maker of merry quips. But these scoffers know not whereof they jest. The sport they are inclined to scorn is far removed from the juvenile play with which they associate it so lightly. The boats they smile about command admiration on closer inspection, for they are model yachts, wonderful and graceful miniature craft constructed with mathematical exactness for detail in the intricacies of yacht design, and they are handled on strictly scientific principles of sailing as applied to the big boats.

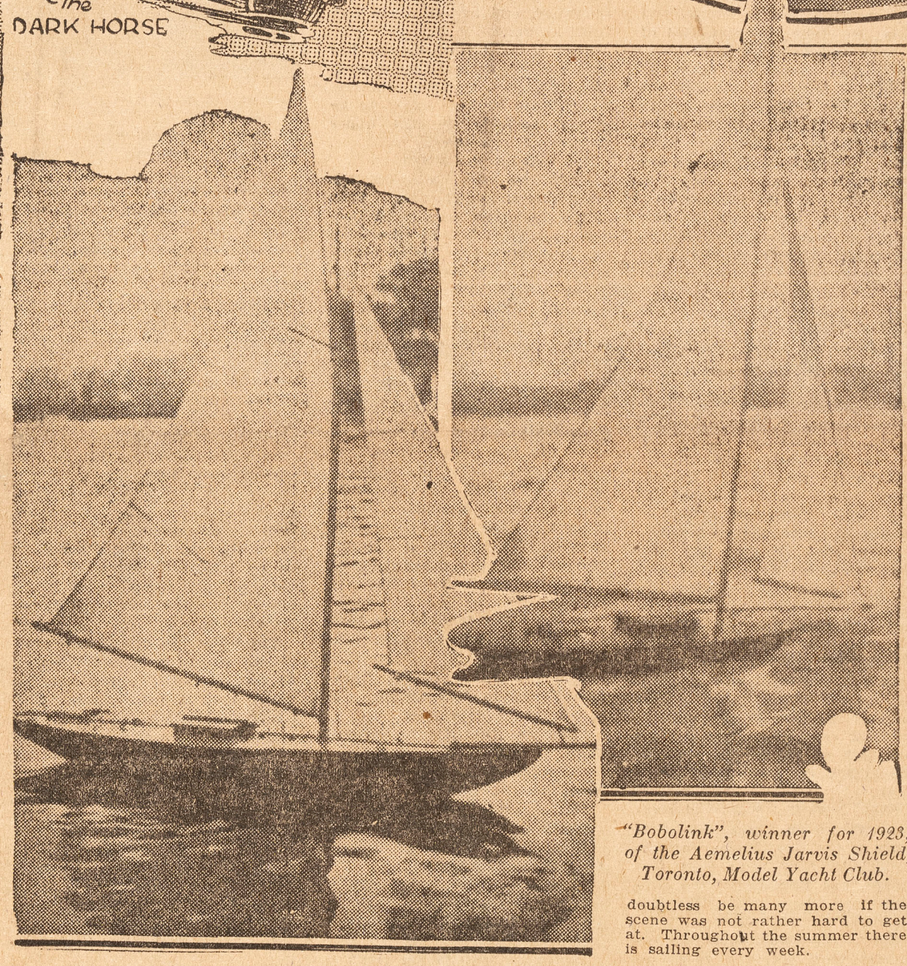
MODEL yacht sailing does not consist of merely placing the boat in the water and waiting to see where she will go. The direction she is to take is selected for her, and when she is launched her varied sail has to be trimmed in such a manner that she will proceed in the course desired. It requires brains as well as a breeze to make her do that, and those who know declare that it is one of the most delightful forms of aquatic sport known.

These model yachts engage in exciting races, conducted with as much zest as will be found in any form of competition on the water. On Saturday afternoon the fleet of the Toronto Model Yacht Club presented a pretty picture in one of a series of races for the Aemilius Jarvis Shield, which is competed for annually, and is the banner trophy for the sport in local waters. The race was held over a triangular course approximately two miles in length on the comparatively quiet stretch of water in the Bay off Ward's Island, between the quarters of the Queen City Yacht Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Three races are sailed to decide a winner for the trophy. The first was held a week ago, and the last one will take place next Saturday, all over a course decided before each race by the committee. The yachtsmen who handle the stately little craft in these contests are all business or professional men, who own their own boats in which they take a lot of pride, for most of them designed and made their boats themselves at the cost of much labor. They must know a lot about sailing, too, in order to be a factor in the races for however perfect a model may be, unless she is handled by a yachtsman who has a fair knowledge of the principles of sailing, she may be badly beaten, both for speed and direction by an inferior boat. He who has a knowledge of the correct way to sail a boat, and the principles of design and construction employed in building her, can set his model yacht on a given course and know just what she will do under certain conditions of wind.



The "Betty", which has been re-rigged with Marconi equipment, racing for the Jarvis Shield.

FOR racing, the model yachts are measured carefully as in the case of large boats, and the time allowance is given on the rating. The present series of races here is for boats of approximately 31 inch rating. For instance the "Betty" owned and sailed by Commodore Brydon is classed as 29.74 inch rating, measuring 34½ inches at the water-line, 50½ inches over all, carrying 9½ lbs of lead in the keel and having a total displacement of 15½ lbs and a sail area of 1180 square inches. This is one of the nattiest boats in the Toronto fleet and it is Mr. Brydon's first love although he has another beauty in a considerably larger class, a replica of the "Prospero," a British model yacht owned by W. J. Daniels a world-wide authority on all phases of model yachting whose boat the "Endeavor" represented the British Model Yacht Racing Association against the "Polka Dot" owned by Mr. Bull and representing the American Yacht and Navy Association in an International competition. Mr. Brydon built both of his boats himself and gets a lot of keen enjoyment out of them.



"Prospero", the largest boat of the Toronto fleet, sailing off Ward's Island.

WHEN the model yachts are racing the rules allow each skipper to follow his craft in a row-boat. He has placed his yacht in the water with the sails trimmed according to his estimate of the wind conditions. The boats have more than one set of sails to suit different weathers. Much depends upon the care taken in tuning up the boat and trimming the sails before the boat is put in the course. Then, after the start has been made and the yacht does not act as she is expected to, owing to a shift of the wind or an error of judgment in the first trimming, the skipper is allowed to row alongside and alter her trim. The boats in the present races are sloop rigged and call for considerable close study, and no small amount of skill, if perfection is to be attained. When, in the skipper's judgment, the time has arrived to make a tack he is permitted to put his boat about but he must not handle it otherwise or push it along. A boat may require to be touched many times during a race but it must be borne in mind that the skipper penalizes himself in the loss of time at every occasion upon which he stops his boat. A boat must not be picked up unless repairs are required. In the international race between England and United States the American boat was touched by its skipper over fifty times over a three mile course. That would be proportionate for the local races over the two mile course and two or three minutes less than an hour is rated as fast time for the distance.

The local course is so situated that it is far enough away from the disturbance in the water created by the Ward's Island and Royal Canadian Yacht Club ferry steamers and small craft getting into the area is usually considerate of the model yachts, although a little facetiousness is not at all unusual. For instance, an Argonaut shell will come along and one of the oarsmen will yell to the skipper of a model yacht, "Did Santa Claus leave you that?" and the skipper will reply in truth, "Let's change places and I will bet you that I can make a better fist of handling your boat than you can with my yacht." There is plenty of that sort of jovial exchange in repartee. Voices carry far and clearly over the water in the direction the wind is blowing and it is not uncommon for the yachtsmen to hear such remarks as "We can't go over there; too many toy boats in the water." While the races attract quite a number of spectators there would doubtless be many more if the scene was not rather hard to get at. Throughout the summer there is sailing every week.

"Bobolink", winner for 1923, of the Aemelius Jarvis Shield, Toronto, Model Yacht Club.

ORGANIZATION of the sport of sailing model yachts is a comparatively new thing in Toronto it being but three years ago that the Toronto Model Yacht Club came into being. The growth of the club has been retarded because there is only open water available for the pursuit of the engaging pastime in the city and the sailor has to be an enthusiast able to spend considerable time coming and going to the course off Ward's Island which, while far from perfect for the purpose, is the most suitable the manipulators of the minature yachts are able to find in these parts. The father of the club is A. McKenzie Brydon, who has been a follower of the game for many years, in Scotland before he came to Canada where his smart little boats, made by himself, attracted attention in the waters about Ottawa. After coming to Toronto he placed two model yachts on view at the Canadian National Exhibition and attached to them was a card explaining in brief fashion that such boats were more than a toy and that a truly scientific and fascinating sport was to be found in model yachting. So perfect were the boats on exhibit in all details of construction in replica of regular yachts that Col. Noel Marshall donated a special prize for them although there was no class for novelties of that nature.

As a result if the model yachts being placed on show Mr. Brydon received communications from a number of interested persons and the formation of the Toronto Model Yacht Club was the result. Until last spring the club held monthly meetings in a room at Brown School and the gatherings were largely devoted to lectures on boat construction, design and the mathematics employed. These talks were all along useful educational lines appropriate to the school room environment but the Board of Education spoiled the arrangement with an edict that a rental of six dollars per night would have to be paid for the use of the room. The club decided to do so no more and now the meetings are held at the homes of the various members but are not so well attended and offer little or no opportunity for swelling the list of membership. The officers of the club this year are: Honorary-Commodore, Amelius Jarvis; Com odore, A. McKenzie Brydon; Rear Commodore, Duncan Carmichael; Secretary, Charles Barker. Not all of the members actually sail model yachts, in fact there are only about one dozen who are active participants in the sport.

Bobolink, Prospero (schooner), and Fairy, behind the brakewater at Sunnyside.

IT is freely admitted by the members that Toronto is far behind other large cities in regard to model yacht sailing. In recent years the sport has made great strides in England, Scotland and some parts of the United States where it now engages serious attention of the sport-loving public and the circle of its devotees widens as its delights as a pastime and the practical lessons to be derived from it when intelligently pursued become more and more known. The model yachtmen when entering upon his career in this charming and instructive sport is most likely to have very indistinct notions as to the merits of the different types of yachts, or the meaning of the many nautical terms used to distinguish the various parts of a sailing vessel and her gear, and which indicate the movement of a yacht under varying conditions. However, he soon learns with practice and the game as a rule gets a stroong hold on him. Montreal boasts the most progressive model yacht club in Canada and it is a flourishing organization using a lake some distance outside the city. A good story is told of one of its well known members. In the early days of the club the yachts were sailed on a large pond in the city where they naturally attracted many of the curious and there was much good natured joshing. This man while passing the sailing place was heard to remark to his wife, in a tone of sarcasm, "Look at those over-grown children sailing their dear little toy boats!" The couple stayed awhile to look before they went away laughing. On the following Saturday, and several succeeding Saturdays, the man turned up again until eventually he came along with a little boat under his arm and after laying it on the water he followed it as he saw the model yachtsmen doing with theirs. Not long afterwards he appeared with a larger boat and asked some questions regarding the methods of sailing it. The Commodore asked him in a jocular way if it was not about time he joined the club and he replied that he had been waiting for three or four weeks for somebody to ask him to do so. This emphasizes the way in which the sport takes hold after those who try it out begin to see what there is in it.

HALIFAX has a model yacht sailing club and its fleet includes fishing schooner models. Vancouver has a club which is making good progress. Around Toronto there are a number of model yacht sailors who are not linked up with the clubs. The sailing of model yachts has become a common sight in the waters of the various summer resorts. A week or so ago a model yacht figured in a star role in a County Police Court case at To-

Continued on Page Thirty-nine.

THE FUNNIEST THING I SAW LAST WEEK

"WHAT was the funniest thing I saw last week?" ask yourself this question, then write down the answer, in not more than 200 words, and address it to the Editor, Observation Contest, Toronto Sunday World. A prize of $3 will be given for the funniest incident, and $1 each for the second and third, or others it may be deemed desirable to publish.

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

The funniest incidents reported during the week ending September 6 were, in their order of merit, as follows:

By NELLIE GRAY,

Parkview Mansions, Parkdale, Toronto.

WHILE transferring from a King to a Carlton Street car on Saturday I saw a little chap, about seven years of age, standing on the corner crying bitterly. Big tears rolled down his cheeks, and his hand clutched an enormous bouquet of cut flowers, while half a dozen youngsters, his own age, danced about him, chanting in unison, "Oh, Donald! Oh, Donald!"

A policeman happened along.

"What's the matter, son?" he kindly questioned, patting the heaving shoulders of the infant in distress.

"They—say I'm married," he wailed at the top of his voice, "and—and I'm not. My teacher gave me these flowers."

By SCOUTER.

Main Street, East Toronto.

A PARTY of the First Toronto Troop, Boy Scouts, went into camp last week, all kit and foodstuffs going by car to within a mile of the campsite. The first load was carried to the campsite by all the boys, who returned to the dump for the rest, leaving the two youngest in the party to watch until all supplies were carried in.

These latter two decided to go in swimming while waiting, and on returning to the campsite were surprised to see several cows feeding amongst the kits, one cow walking around with long white whiskers.

Surprise quickly changed to horror when it was discovered that the bovines had been having free lunches from the belongings of the party, one boy's kit having been robbed of bread, flour, sugar and eggs. Both boys who went in swimming had their undershirts half eaten, one of them lost his scarf, while the other had holes chewed in his khaki shirt and badges.

When the rest of the party returned, the boy who lost his foodstuffs decided to make the cows pay for the damage done (or else apologize), so he started out to track them, later returning with the whiskers from the bearded cow, which proved to be just about half of his towel, which, by the way, was a new one of the Turkish variety.

By VIVIAN E. GRAFTON.

125 Osgoode Street, Ottawa.

GOING to work on the car one morning last week we stopped at the market corner to take on a bunch of housewives, laden with mostly everything from the farms except live stock. One grim-looking Amazon, weighing close to 200 pounds, and carrying another hundred in onions, beets, carrots, etc., heaved herself into the car lobby, and as she passed the fare box leaned over and dropped a nickel into it from her mouth. The surprised conductor glared after her, then indignantly exclaimed, "I wonder if that dame thinks this box is a spittoon!"

The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob

LONG DISTANCE GLIMPSES OF THE BROADWAY STAGES

By PERCY HAMMOND.

JOHN FARRAR, editoor of "The Bookman," and Stephen Vincent Benet, one of that periodical's most learned contributors, joined hands this week in presenting a war play called "Nerves." Coincidental with the production was "Havoc," another essay upon the same topic, in which a party of English actors illustrated some dramatic episodes presumed also to have occurred on the Western Front.

Neither of them is a battle play, like those which followed long after the Rebellion; but both suggest that the dramatists again are ready to teach us something of war. Messrs. Farar and Benet in "Nerves" investigate the psychology of the soldier, contending that a man may be physically a coward while mentally courageous—and vice versa. It is a very, very young play in which they do this, since it is inclined to gurgle a bit in its lighter moments.

Lieutenant Jack Coates (Mr. Kenneth MacKenna) was an American aviator, though ill fitted for that ticklish occupation. He had a lion's soul, it seems, but his heart was that of a hare. Eager to do, as the saying used to be, his bit for democracy, he enlisted with a number of his pals in the Tiger Squadron, a unit famed for its bloodthirsty manifestations against the Boche. But when the bugle summoned him to ascensions he found excuses for remaining upon the ground. The whir of a propeller imbued him with agues. While his vengeful companions were ridding the clouds of the pestilentian Hun he slunk in the messroom, battling with his besetting weakness.

Upbraided for his poltroonery by his captain and best friend, the pusilanimous lieutenant was goaded later to desperate deeds. He undertook a flight in search of a lost comrade, and fell permanently disabled. Thereafter he was a noble sufferer. His fortitude extended so far that he smilingly gave up his fiancee, as the authors term her (Miss Winifred Lenihan) to his cruel superior officer. That audacious warrior (Mr. Paul Kelly) was of the type that smiles at drawn daggers. Valor was his boon companion, and he was fond of jeopardizing himself in situations of considerable peril. But when confronted after the war was over by crises of the soul he cringed and took to drink. He, too, had "nerves" .... The play, like its hero, is weak but willing.

In "Havoc," a heartless English beauty comes between two soldier friends and causes them to quarrel. One of them is so jealous of the other that he gives him false orders in time of battle, and causes him to be blinded. Remorseful over that mischievous deed, he shoots himself in despair. While all of this is going on, the fickle beauty betroths herself to a wealthy stay-at-home peer.

"Pigs."

Even a subject so untidy as "Pigs," it seems, can be made cleanly by Mr. John Golden's burnishing sapolioes. Mr. Golden is a sunny chimney-sweep who, with a song on his lips, clears life's flaming smokestacks of their sootiness. Dirt is an obnoxious thing to him, he abominates the grimes and smudges. Fumigation is his fad. In "Turn to the Right" he scrubbed the sin of burglary, and in "Lightin'" he washed, if he did not iron, the evil of inebriety. When I heard that Mr. Golden's passion for laundering had let him in "Pigs" to the backyard sties and wallows, I feared that he had become too enthusiastic.

But the pigs in the new play are nice pigs, not merely hogs. By purchasing 250 of them the hero and heroine are enabled to lift the mortgage and to get married in the last act. "Piggs" is by Miss Anne Morrison and Patterson McNutt, who writes of sporting events for New York newspapers with wit and intelligence. He is the younger and handsomer brother of William Slavin McNutt, whose fiction you may have read in "Collier's" and "The Saturday Evening Post."

"The Easy Mark."

"The Easy Mark," by Jack Larrie is a delirious curio, treating of a small-town imbecile and his experiences with empty oil wells and copper mines. Though a terrible dunderhead, he finishes $190,000 to the good and engaged to be married to the shapeliest and shrewdest girl in the hamlet. Mr. Walter Huston, who became famous last season for his acting in Zona's Gale's "Mr. Pitt," repeats that impersonation in "The Easy Mark." This drama may be included safely among the not-so-good class.

The new year begins a little feebly. So far the plays are only shows and the musical comedies are scarcely that. Perhaps on the threshold are incidents that will cause us to throw our hats in the air and be glad that we are drama lovers. Such eventful playwrights as Mr. Anthony McGuire, Samuel Shipman, William Hodge and Willard Mack are yet auspiciously in the offing. John Barrymore plans an impersonation of Edgar Allan Poe, and no doubt Mr. Belasco has several masterpieces up his sleeve.

WEEK-END THOUGHTS OF A MONDAY NIGHTER

IT is peculiar how an undertaking like the Hart House Theatre seems to stir people to be more than usually hyper-critical. They appear to take a magnifying glass to search for defects. Not that it isn't easy to find faults in the work of any art theatre in the world. But the type of critics to which we refer overlook nothing that is wrong, and seem to take a great deal of pleasure out of saying so. Yet, they would strenuously deny any feeling of antipathy towards the undertaking, or any prejudices in the matter. They might claim to be moved entirely by their artistic conscience, and perhaps they are.

Ever since the Hart House Theatre opened, the editor of this page has been keenly interested. He never claimed at any time that it was above criticism, and always had his own ideas about what was worth while, and what could be improved. But he has tried to maintain some balance in his critical comments, and he has held that only through the activities of such institutions can we ever hope to have a native drama in Canada.

The Early Days.

When the theatre first opened, many people came forward to find fault. They were critical of the list of plays selected for production; they did not like the happy-go-lucky first, second and third nights; they objected to the acting, and so on and so on. And we used to be continually on the defensive because of our friendly criticisms of the presentations at the Hart House Theatre. One of the funny things is that some of the persons who used to be most censorious at that time now talk as though those were the golden days at Hart House Theatre.

Some beautiful pieces of staging were seen during the first years at the Hart House Theatre. Pictorially, they were very fine indeed, and only prejudiced persons can deny that "The Romancers," "The Chester Mysteries," and one or two other offerings were dramatic events to be remembered. The general feeling seemed to be that the acting depended too much on the personal ability of players like Nella Jefferis, Basil Morgan and Dixon Wagner. The best actors who needed no guidance carried the performance, but there was no co-ordination and the rank and file of the acting lacked direction. The first nights were always more or less of a gamble. In fact, we saw many higgledy-piggledy presentations of plays while the performers were finding themselves. In those days, the frames were memorable, the pictures not so good. It used to be our contention that a beginning has to be made, and, considering the handicaps of launching the undertaking, the director had accomplished a good deal. We remained an enthusiast until the end, in spite of discouragements. We had faith in the Hart House Theatre.

Then came a change of management. We did not expect the carping criticism to cease, and we were right. Let us admit that the productions have not been as good pictorially as they used to be. In fact, there was not much to praise in the way of staging last season, except "The Bonds of Interest." With that one exception, the sets used by the class in the Summer school for the performance of the Elizabethan Masque were better than any of them. But what we have lost in stage beauty, we have more than gained in the quality of the acting. In addition to excellent individual performances at Hart House Theatre, there has been, in the last few years, a remarkable improvement in the ensemble work. Their ensemble acting is now good enough to satisfy the most exacting critic. What is more, they are always perfectly smooth at the opening performances. So much so, that it is now the proper thing for the hyper-critical group to jeer at efficiency, and to use words like "drill master."

This little bit of history has been given to suggest that if criticism is good for an undertaking, Hart House Theatre ought to be sailing serenely in the upper reaches of prosperity.

About the Plays.

From the very beginning, the anvil chorus has started as soon as the plays were announced each season. Each bill in succession has been picked to pieces industriously as soon as it was announced, often without much consistency. We know one patron of the theatre who complained bitterly for the first two seasons because they had not selected Chesterton's "Magic," and then dubbed it "passe little theatre stuff" when it was offered the third year.

No bill has been perfect. At first, they stressed the classics too much, and the line-up looked academic and uninviting. But there has been an improvement, and last year, in spite of a couple of very weak spots, averaged on the whole the best of any of them.

Most of the fault-finders have failed to suggest what they considered a good bill, and for that reason the action of the Canadian Forum in drawing up a list is a welcome departure.

"Fanny's First Play"—Bernard Shaw.

"The Tragedy of Nan"—John Masefield.

"Dr. Faustus"—Marlowe.

"Marsh Hay"—Merrill Denison.

"The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet"—Bernard Shaw.

"Riders to the Seu"—Synge.

"The Cenci"—Shelley.

"Hindle Wakes"—Houghton.

"The Clouds"—Aristophenes.

Personally, we do not think it as good a list as one or two offered by correspondents of this department about fifteen months ago.

Some Objections.

There are a number of obvious objections that would be made at once if the line-up was announced from Hart House Theatre. "Hindle Wakes" was splendidly acted here by the Cameron Matthews Players about eighteen months ago. At Hart House they could not hope to equal the performance. As everybody who cared to see Houghton's drama had such a recent opportunity to do so, why repeat it? That would be one wasted week.

No one objects to plenty of Shaw, though if the English Players return they might stop "Fanny's First Play" as they did "The Romantic Young Lady" last season. But why does the Forum jibe at the Shaw plays already done at Hart House. Anyone of them is better than "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," which belongs to Shaw at his second best. It would be chiefly interesting because the censor once stopped it here.

According to a letter from R. S. Milne, published in this page several weeks ago, "The Tragedy of Nan" will probably be staged here this season, so that would be another one out.

"The Cenci," after having been kept off the British stage by the censor for nearly a century, was presented by Miss Thorndyke last season, and even a hundred years of publicity did not make it an interesting drama from a theatrical viewpoint. It would probably be an important event, of utter boredom, and such weeks have always produced fault-finding at Hart House.

The writer in the Forum says rather weakly in support of two of the choices, "'The Clouds' is better than a pantomime. 'The Cenci' is better than 'The Monkey's Paw.'" That assertion might be debated, and if considered as "theatre" and as entertainment, as well as literature, one doubts whether it could be upheld. Dramatic values have many aspects.

We cannot see why "The Clouds," "The Cenci" and "Dr. Faustus" are better worth doing than "The Hostage," "The Toils of Yoshitomo" and "Rosmersholme," and they would be just as dull.

The Wrong Reason.

Speaking of "Marsh Hay," the same writer says: "It is ridiculous to avoid a Canadian play because it happens to be strong and uncomfortable." They have not been timid about using strong and uncomfortable plays at Hart House. Some of the knockers blame them for that. But "Marsh Hay" is not Merrill Denison at his best, and that is probably the reason why producers prefer the short pieces that have so many fine qualities of observation, humor and humanity. If "Marsh Hay" was as good as "From Their Own Place" it would not be discarded because of its strength or discomfort.

In speaking of the fact that the list contains no contemporary foreign plays, the question is asked, "Why should there be, unless we are first willing to face the 'strong stuff' in our own tongue."

That position can hardly be taken in connection with any little theatre. The inconsistency of it is indicated by the inclusion of a Greek drama, "The Clouds," in the list. If we want to see what sort of plays the ancient Greeks wrote, why shouldn't we want to see the sort of plays that modern Japanese, modern Russians and Modern Frenchmen are writing? If we do not see them in our little theatres, we are not likely to make their acquaintance at all. It is not because they fear the strong stuff in our own tongue that the little theatres seek representative dramas from other lands. Most of us have heard of the Expressionist Plays that the Germans are writing. Where are we to get to know what they are, if not at Hart House Theatre. The Syndics of Hart House Theatre are to be commended for the wide field they have covered in selecting their plays, even though some of them were only interesting as novelties and as examples of the native drama of other nations. If the Forum policy of all-British bills was adopted, the shrieks of the critical intelligentsia would rend the heavens. And they would be largely justified.

We have only said a few of the things that the knockers would say about the Forum bill, if the Syndics adopted it. We have not got space for a lot more that we might think of. We are not doing so merely to be nasty. We are merely trying to indicate for the benefit of the hyper-critical that it is by no means easy to select a bill that will satisfy everybody in all its details. Also it is the easiest thing in the world to find fault with a bill that has been selected.

"CYRANO" LATER.

According to an announcement recently received from the management of Walter Hampden, Toronto will not see "Cyrano de Bergerac" this season. This big revival, which was the event of the Broadway season last year, will go on the road, but it is booked to visit only a limited number of critics, and Toronto has not been included.

Hampden will not remain for a run in any city, but intends to get back to New York to put on his productions of "Othello" and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," both of which are new to Broadway, even though we have seen them here. Of course, he will also do "Hamlet."

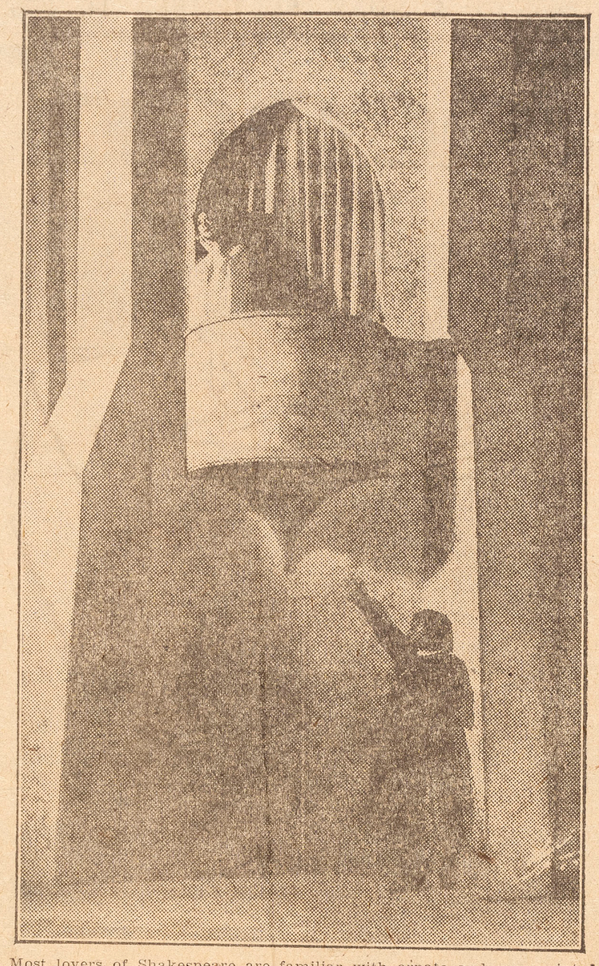
It is a long time to look ahead a year, but the circular promises that "Cyrano de Bergerac" will be carried next season to those cities that are now being overlooked. Cheer up, we shall get it eventually.

Another of the outstanding hits of Broadway last season was Charlot's London Revue. Perhaps we should not mention it in the same breath with the Rostand drama, but of its own kind it was about as good as they are made. We are to see it locally before the end of the present year, with the cast that includes Beatrice Lille and Gertrude Lawrence. There ought to be a great welcome for the inimitable English comedienne, Miss Lille, in her home town.

AN ANCIENT HAMLET

An old play—three centuries old—was given for the first time in England recently by William Poel at the Playhouse in Oxford. It was "Fratricide Punished; or, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," it being an English version of a German version of a Hamlet play as it was played by a company of English players visiting the Continent probably during the life of Shakespeare. The German manuscript dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century and is obviously derived from an older transcript.

THE BEAUTY OF SIMPLICITY



Most lovers of Shakespeare are familiar with ornate and over-painted balcony scenes for "Romeo and Juliet." How much more satisfying to the eye, severe lines and well-arranged grouping may be, is indicated by this design, made by Rollo Peters for Jane Cowl's production. Mr. Peters plays the role of Romeo.

HOW THEY REWARDED HER.

Last season, Winifred Lenihan played the title role of "St. Joan" with the Theatre Guild, and she made such an excellent impression that a New York manager has rewarded her with a star's position in "Nerves", a new play that according to Percy Hammond is not worth much. Consequently, Miss Lenihan will not go on the road with "St. Joan". It seems to be the way of managers when an actress does good work with an unfeatured role in a great play to reward her by casting her in a big part in a poor play.

OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN GOES TO THE MOVIES

ONE of the things that it is hard for a movie fan to defend against the knockers of the pictures is the take-a-peep actresses who perform on the screen. They are usually beautiful women, and they appear to think that every man is at heart a peeping Tom. It is not very flattering to the male fans, I am sure, and yet it cannot be for the benefit of the women that these actresses are almost seen in the bath and almost seen at other piquant moments. Some person may want to rebuke me with the saying that to the pure all things are pure. But the jibe has been used until the point thereof is very blunt indeed. As a matter of fact, any normal person knows perfectly well when things bearing the gloss of purity are intended to be impure in their suggestion. There cannot be much doubt about the intention of the take-a-peep scenes in the movies.

"The White Moth."

About the best example of that sort of thing that I have seen in recent months was "The White Moth." It tells a preposterous story that has no dramatic value. The heroine is a Parisian dancer, the type of woman that you find only in the movies, notorious, but oh, so very pure. A young American fell in love with her, and his elder brother, played by Conway Tearle, decided to save the youth by marrying the woman himself. He believed that she would marry him for his money, and did not realize that she accepted him because she loved him so. You must understand that the elder brother intended to make the dancer his wife in name only, so that the boy could not marry her. Elder brothers are in the habit of making that sort of sacrifice, aren't they? Need I tell you how it ended? He fell in love with his wife, as E. P. Roe put it so tersely many years ago. That meant that each one was in love with the other. Then one evening, she dressed herself in a lovely nighty, and went peeping into the room where he slept. He was sitting disconsolately on the side of his bed, ready to sleep, but so lonely. She threw a cushion and hit him with it; then she rushed delightedly back to her own bed and pulled up the covers; at that moment she turned off the light. On that beautiful lyric note, "The White Moth" finished its version of the song of love—if white moths may be said to sing songs of love.

They tell me that in spite of the opposition of persons like myself, films like "The White Moth" remain popular with the largest movie public. All that I can do is express my sorrow at the information.

The film is full of take-a-peep episodes. Barbara La Marr entertains the movie fans, as it were, in her bath. You walk right over to the tub, and zip, the water is soapy. When half-clad, she hides behind a screen, and it falls over, but zip goes the film. Then there is a leg-scenting episode. I wonder who thinks up these things.

The take-a-peep taint gets into the captions. Early in the story, the dancer declares that before she surrenders herself, she wants her price. You may form your own sophisticated conclusions, but you will be wrong. At last you learn that she meant "My price is to marry the man I love."

"Thy Name Is Woman."

Barbara La Marr's lack of ability as an actress did not greatly matter in "The White Moth," but it stood out so that you could not overlook it in "Thy Name Is Woman." It is easy to understand why she has been made a star. She is a very beautiful woman, even though her pictures leave you with the impression that there is not much grey matter behind the pretty mask. The efforts of her directors make her over-act most of the time. She exaggerates all the grimaces and actions that are intended to indicate emotion. You never forget for a moment that she is acting and acting and acting, and the result is fatal to illusion.

They had a good dramatic story to tell in "Thy Name Is Woman." The play used as the basis for the picture was as swift and violent as a Summer thunderstorm. It contained plenty of clash and passion. An old Spanish smuggler was married to a young wife, who despised but mothered him. The commander of the forces in a neighboring barracks selected a handsome young soldier to win the love of the woman, so as to betray the smugglers. The old man told his wife to lead the soldier on, in order to make a fool of him. But the young man and woman did fall in love, which led to a general betrayal of trust all round. The young man was willing to betray the army; the woman was willing to betray the gang; and the husband being intensely annoyed at the turn in events, was willing to avenge his honor in the familiar, sharp-pointed Spanish manner.

Poor judgment was used in padding out this picture. The young soldier is saved in the end by the love of the commandant's daughter—rather a senseless conclusion. Ever so many scenes were introduced that had nothing to do with the story, which possibly explains the exasperation of the American critic, who said of the picture, "Thy name is "hockum." In fact, a good story is distorted and over-weighted, so that it does not turn out to be as good a film as it should have been.

The acting is one-sided. Barbara La Marr does a great deal of acting, but it is very bad. The men who appear with her do only a small amount of acting, but it is good. You may give her a good mark for quantity, but you must give them the prize for quality.

"Let No Man Put Asunder."

Maybe I have a distorted notion of what is comic but when it was announced that Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen would appear together in a picture entitled "Let No Man Put Asunder," it did strike me as funny. That is the trouble with movie publicity. Somehow you cannot help getting the careers of the stars mixed up with their art.

But "Let No Man Put Asunder" was not a humorous picture. Anything but that! It was all about the horrors of divorce. Basil King wrote the book, and Mr. King is nothing if he is not in deadly earnest. Whenever he takes his pen in hand, he does so with a purpose. He sees in his mind's eye a social problem looming before him, and he proceeds to expose or remedy it. He found divorce a subject after his own heart. In "Let No Man Put Asunder" there are three separate and distinct divorces, and all of them turn out badly, just as so many marriages do in every country and under widely different conditions. Most of the men and women in the picture live hectic lives. They have money and titles and artistic temperaments—that combination creating a condition under which—so they say—divorce flourish. Anyway the various divorced couples live to rue the day when man put them asunder. According to the drama, it is possible for a man and woman who have discovered their mistake to take to cover—in other words, to be remarried. That happens in "Let No Man Put Asunder."

It is one of those pictures in which society and the stage are presented in a lurid light. You are shown all the luridness—none being taken for granted.

"Let No Man Put Asunder" is a warning against something—perhaps against marriage. You cannot fall off a ladder and break your neck unless you are foolish enough, in the first place, to climb it.

"The Perfect Flapper."

Colleen Moore has found her medium, and she evidently intends to work it to the limit. I believe that "Flaming Youth" was a tremendous success, and because of its popularity, we now have "The Perfect Flapper." I am quite convinced that if there had never been a "Flaming Youth" there never would have been a "Perfect Flapper"—and this is not intended as a jest. The latter is merely an echo of the former, showing that strange creature, the American flapper, disporting herself in her native haunts.

It is a pretty story that "The Perfect Flapper" tells. Once there was a sweet and innocent little girl, who was so well behaved that none of the boys paid any attention to her. That made her very lonely and very miserable. She went to a party, and, being neglected, she began cutting up with a married man. They got intoxicated together, and went to a neighboring road house. Their behavior was such that next day the newly-created flapper found herself mixed up in an unsavory divorce case. Right away, all the young men became interested in her. She received invitations and presents galore—the cake-eaters and neckers and lounge-lizards being aware that a perfect flapper had come into their midst. I am not going to attempt to tell you what the moral of it all is. Being elderly and rather stodgy, the point eluded me. Maybe it is there and will be most helpful to the young folks who see it.

You are shown a perfect flapper disporting herself, but she is rather sorry about her behavior when she falls in love with a serious-minded young lawyer. He knows of the divorce, and he is not aware of her sweet and innocent and unappreciated side, like you and I who have watched the film. After some emotional delay, he learns the truth—for truth will out. Then the end comes swiftly.

Colleen Moore wins her public by her vivacity and her cute tricks. I do not think that anybody would contend that she is pretty. Though I have not been greatly impressed by her, it seems that she is capable of better stuff than "Flaming Youth" and "The Perfect Flapper."

TWO O'NEILL PLAYS.

The Provincetown Players, who staged Eugene O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings" last season, will do two more of his dramas in the course of the next few months. A great row was expected when they put on "All God's Chillun," but nobody got angry, and it turned out to be a squib, so far as sensation went. But there is a big O'Neill public in New York, and the play has continued for many months, with occasional rests to gather breath. The Provincetown Players will shortly present "Desire Under the Elms," described as a play of New England peasant life. We gather that it may be peasant—but not pleasant. Charles Ellis, who was seen in "Diff'rent" some years ago, is to have the leading role. O'Neill is completing a second play entitled "The Great God Brown," the character of which is still unannounced.

The Provincetown Players intend to open their season with a play entitled "The Murder in the Whistler Room," but it is not a mystery drama. The play is said to be highly impressionistic in treatment, and the murder spiritual instead of physical. Mary Blair, who consented to play opposite a negro in "All God's Chillun got Wings," will have the leading role.

Stark Young, formerly dramatic critic of the New Republic and recently appointed critic of the New York Times, will have two dramas done by the Provincetown Players. The first of them is "The Saint."

A STRANGE COMBINATION

Aldous Huxley is one of the most modern and disillusioned of English writers, and yet he has undertaken to collaborate with an 18th century lady in the writing of a comedy—not by Ouija either. Mrs. Sheridan, the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wrote a comedy entitled "The Discovery." It has recently been unearthed by some students of the drama in England, and they propose to stage it after Aldous Huxley has written portions of it so that they will be made playable. The result should prove highly interesting.

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Excellent Romance And Mary Pickford

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" to be at Hippodrome.

"As the spirited heroine of Charles Major's very popular romantic novel of many years ago (Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall) she (Mary Pickford) is superbly suited. As a romantic film of action, 'Dorothy Vernon' will take front rank. It is red-blooded all through. Mary Pickford herself is at her very best in every mood—and she runs the gamut of the emotions. Her costumes, too, will delight the feminine eyes. It may be safely predicted that 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' will have a foremost place among the big successes of the season."—The Evening Telegram.

"'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall!' is easily the best of the costume comedy romances with which it will be grouped, like 'When Knighthood Was in Flower' and 'To Have and To Hold.' It is a really stirring piece of entertainment."—The Mail and Empire.

"'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' is the best entertainment that Mary Pickford has given the public since she began devoting herself to the making of super-pictures. 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' is both amusing and romantic and it gives Mary Pickford an opportunity to play her most successful type of role—that of a capricious hoyden.....has all the qualities to make it one of the most popular of recent pictures."—Sunday World.

"Beauty in all its most gracious phases is the dominant note of Mary Pickford's latest photoplay, 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' and under the magic of Mary the fine old romance takes on the spirit as well as the form of reality, the little star not only shinning with undimmed lustre but revealing new and unsuspected charms as she breathes life into the role of the captivating maiden who loved John Manners and led him such a dance."—The Star Weekly.

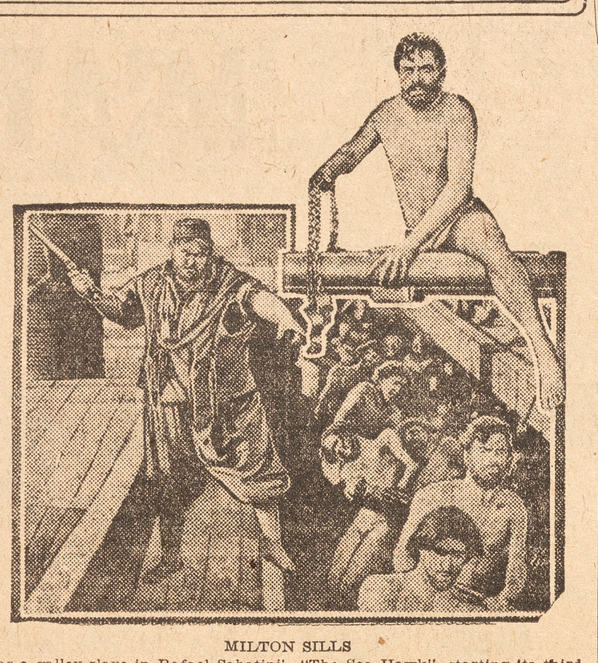
This is what the Toronto press thought of Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" when it was last here. It reflects also, just what Toronto itself thought of the picture. Mary strengthened her hold on the hearts of her admirers.

Appearing with her in this fine romance of old English life are such sterling artists as Anders Randolf, Marc MacDermott, Mme. Daumery, Allan Forrest, Wilfred Lucas, Claré Eames, Estelle Taylor, Courtenay Foote, Colin Kenny, Lottie Pickford Forrest and a host of others.

Clare Eames gives in the role of the great Queen Elizabeth, one of the eminently distinguished portrayals of the screen. Clare Eames has been on the stage since 1915 and has won an international reputation for her portrayals of England's famous queen.

An entire Summer was spent in England, where she studied through intimate research the character she was to portray. In that time Miss Eames viewed every known portrait of the Queen and visited places made famous by Elizabeth.

The villain in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is played by Marc MacDermott. Mr. MacDermott has made a name for himself on this continent since crossing the water with Mrs. Pat Cambell. His role in "The Sea Hawk" is one not soon to be forgotten, as the guardian of the Hawk's fiancee. He is one of the pioneers of the motion picture art and is one whose merit has kept him at the top while others have long ago faded from the scenes.



MILTON SILLS
as a galley slave in Rafael Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk", starting its third week at the Regent.

MUSICAL PROGRAM AT THE HIPPODROME

Selections from "The Dream Girl" is the overture this week by the Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra, John Arthur and Lloyd Collins conducting. Other items included in Jack Arthur's program de luxe are an elaborate, atmospheric prologue to the feature picture, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" with Mary Pickford, Ernest Dainty in one of his famous Wurlitzer programs, a Hippodrome comedy creation and a Hippodrome news review.

Public Delighted By "The Sea Hawk"

Stirring Romantic Picture Enters Third Week At Regent.

"The Sea Hawk" enters its third week at the Regent Theatre starting to-morrow. It is the picture that has captured the heart of Toronto. Capacity houses are the rule.

When Sabatini wrote "The Sea Hawk," he wrote a stirring novel. And when Frank Lloyd translated it to the silver sheet in the way he has, he produced a master motion picture. Lloyd has caught to a degree the spirit of the book. But, then, Lloyd is the man who made Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" for the screen, and such other successes as "Ashes of Vengeance," with Norma Talmadge, and "Madame X.," with Pauline Frederick.

Scene after scene in the picture holds the audiences spellbound. Particularly are the naval battles strong. Four gigantic vessels of the sixteenth century, exact in every detail, and manned by over a thousand sailors, corsairs, galley slaves and officers, take part. These scenes do not, however, by any means overshadow the earlier ones in England, when the Hawk was still the English gentleman.

Milton Sills, as the Hawk, is practically as perfect a portrayal on the screen as has yet been seen. Wallace Beery, Enid Bennett, Marc MacDermott, and, in fact, the entire cast of more than 1,000 persons, give memorable characterizations. Among these, the work of Wallace Beery will be regarded as something well worth having seen.

The prologue, arranged especially for this picture by John Arthur, immediately precedes the feature, and lends much in the way of atmosphere. It has been entitled "A Page From the Elizabethan Era." The curtain rises on a drinking tavern for sailors by the seas, and we hear a rollicking crowd of them singing sailor songs of the day. The curtain closes on the landlady pushing them out when it is time to close.

The special music arranged for the picture does much to create a medium to bring the picture out fuller and truer and closer. The Symphony Orchestra is under the direction of Dr. Frederick Nicolai.

"The Sea Hawk" is shown at 2.30 in the afternoons, and at 8.15 in the evenings. All seats are reserved. It is to be noted that "The Sea Hawk" will not again be shown at any Toronto downtown Theatre.

HOPE WAS STUNG.

Hope Hampton bought more than 100 gowns while she was in Paris. She says that francs were selling at twenty-eight to the dollar when she selected the gowns, but that when she went to pay for them only seventeen francs could be purchased for an American dollar. She now believes in paying spot cash.

Two Popular Stars In "Flowing Gold"

Picture at Pantages Based on Story by Rex Beach.

Milton Sills and Anna Q. Nilsson are becoming known at the "perpetual screen lovers," due to the large number of recent pictures in which they appeared together. If one of them is signed up for a new production it is also a ten to one shot that the other will play opposite. "The Isle of Lost Ships" is one of the pictures in which they have had the parts that lead to the altar.

And now they can be seen in "Flowing Gold," Rex Beach's famous story, outrivalling "The Spoilers."

Sills is cast as Calvin Gray, a debonair adventurere, who appears in a small Texas oil town for the purpose of wreaking vengeance on one who had injured him. Miss Nilsson is shown as Allegheny Briskow, an awkward girl, who lives in the town. Their paths cross and recross, but neither realizes the love that has grown up in their hearts until after a series of thrilling adventures had threatened their lives.

The others in the cast are Alice Calhoun, Josephine Crowell, Charles Sellon, Bert Woodruff, Cissy Fitzgerald and John Roche.

"The Gumps" Appear In Movie Comedy

"Wandering Husbands" Will Be Feature Picture at the Tivoli.

Has a woman the right to spy on her husband? Is it ethical for her to hire a detective to watch him, or should she disdain to do such things? This is the problem that confronts Diana Moreland in "Wandering Husbands," which commences a week's run at the Tivoli Theatre, Richmond and Victoria Streets on Monday. Excitement is at a high pitch throughout this production, as it would be with a theme of this sort. Here is a thrilling triangle story, well acted and beautifully staged. James Kirkwood and Lila Lee who are happily married in real life, play the principal parts in this picture. As an extra attraction. America's most popular family, "The Gumps," will be seen in a gigantic shipwreck on their way to Uncle Bim in Australia. Here is the laughing hit of the season. Continuous performances will be given from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. each day during the engagement and the price will remain the same.

Picture Was Made From Hardy's Novel

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is the Attracion at Loew's.

Blanche Sweet bids fair to win for herself the title of the screen's outstanding interpreter of emotional roles. Miss Sweet has undertaken to transfer "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" from the pages of Thomas Hardy's classic novel to the screen, under the direction of her husband, Marshall Neilan, who made the picture for Metro-Goldwyn. This production will be the attraction at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre this week.

Tess is one of the most pitied and beloved heroines in all literature. As she is portrayed by Blanche Sweet, the girl is invested with rare beauty and charm of personality that immediately wins unending sympathy. In expressing the varied emotions experienced by Tess during the course of her colorful and dramatic history, Miss Sweet brings to the role the ability she has shown in her long career as one of the foremost actresses of the screen. Conrad Nagel, one of the most popular leading men appearing on the screen, is exactly suited to the role of Angel Clare and gives the finest acting performance of his career. Stuart Holmes, whose screen villains are too numerous to mention, makes Alec D'Urberville a real and convincing figure. George Fawcett, Courtenay Foote, Joseph J. Dowling and other prominent players contribute performances that are exact portrayals of the familiar Hardy characters.

ROSE FROM NEWSBOY TO BE CINEMA KING

ANY lad might do worse than to consider the career of Marcus Loew (pronounced L-o-w and not L-o-w-e-e, by the way.)

Chances are that no spinner of yarns for boys—Horatio Alger, G. A. Henty or any of the rest of them—ever succeeded through the magic medium of fiction in crowding any more achievement into any imaginary character's life than Marcus Loew wrote into his own by his hard work, far-sightedness and will to get ahead.

Shooting Indians may be thrilling to the youthful mind, but it's an open question whether shooting millions isn't about as nerve-wrecking. Mr. Loew has spent his time shooting the latter. And as a result he probably hasn't had any more difficulty paying the rent than the most noble Indian collector of them all.

Mr. Loew makes 'em, he sells 'em and he shows 'em.

And (again) if the only fact necessary to make Mr. Loew's career of more interest to the average lad—or the average grown-up, for that matter—is that he either was a farmer's boy or a newsboy when he started out, why write it down and remember it, that he was a newsboy.

Mr. Loew got his first slant of a theatre at the age of seven. He saved his money till he had 10 cents, and then he bought a seat in the peanut gallery of the old National Theatre.

He didn't actually begin his career of collecting theatres until a couple of years later, however, when at the age of nine he became a newsbody. It's doubtful if Mr. Loew himself knew that he had actively embarked upon the task of being the greatest theatre collector of his day. But he had. He had begun collecting the necessary capital anyhow.

After a short period as a newspaper distributor, the youthful Loew joined up with a map printing outfit. His remuneration from this connection was 35 cents a day. There was a strike for 5 cents more a day. Loew went in for it more or less heartily. That's how, at the age of ten, our business man found himself without any job at all.

The next venture toward coralling theatres and motion picture industries and things like that made by Mr. Loew was the launching of the East Side Advertiser. Of this newspaper Mr. Loew was editor, manager, reporting staff, circulation department, collector, advertising staff, and whatnot. He and his partner made $20 a week, a huge sum in those days. The partner's wife, it appears, could not quite stand for the spectacle of Mr. Loew making $20 a week. It looked absurd, not to say ridiculous and unnatural to her. So there was a bit of argument; and Mr. Loew ceased being all those things mentioned above and concentrated on being an errand boy in a shop in Grand Street—which was then as now the Fifth Avenue of the East Side, not to mention the grand boulevard and the centre of the social life of that far-famed neighborhood.

Mr. Loew steadily progressed to the age of twenty-three, trying out the profession of messenger boy, weaver and salesman on the way, and finding himself at that time the possessor of a few hundred dollars of (hard earned, of couse) savings. And that isn't mentioning a beautiful wife who had agreed to share Mr. Loew's luck.

A business venture of which little need be said here, except that it was extremely unfortunate and left Mr. Loew with nothing except seven dollars and a clear conscience, came next. A jobbing venture in women's capes and coats followed, in which Mr. Loew and his partner weathered bad times so successfully that about seventeen years ago, when Real Opportunity walked up to the Loew door and tapped on it, not only did the Loew ear pay due attention, but the Loew pocketbook was sufficiently well equipped to entertain the royal visitor royally.

True, Opportunity came in the form of a Penny Arcade in Fourteenth Street. Mr. Loew extracted $40,000 from the family stocking and invested it. At the end of six months he had doubled his money.

The recent achievement of Mr. Loew in merging the Metro company, of which he already was head, with the Goldwyn company, has made him in the opinion of many persons the greatest figure in the entertainment field in the world. Not only does his company release the combined pictures made at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, but also it distributes the products of Cosmopolitan, Distinctive and other companies.

BULL MONTANA GOT MIXED WITH APE

IT would seem that considerable confusion has developed in Hollywood during the screening of "The Lost World," due to efforts of the directorial staff to tell Bull Montana apart from an ape which plays opposite him. It is said that Bull, made up to look like the man-sized simian, could not be distinguished from the real one at fifty feet from the camera, but privately we think that statement is exaggeration. Ir would probably be difficult at ten feet.

Bull, who has had to sit patiently for hours while being turned into an ape with the help of patches of hair and some glue, freely gives most of the credit to his make-up man, but admits that his own face must also be taken into account. Whether the ape has received Bull's salary by mistake is not made known.

Bull turns out to be quite a hero in the picture, in spite of his whiskers. He kills a dinosaur, which is more than Douglas Fairbanks can claim to have done. The dinosaur is one of the prehistoric monsters of millions of years ago which comes alive in this picture and is represented as running amuck in London of to-day, just like a member of the society of Bright Young People. It is Bull who stops the 50,000-pound dinosaur dead in his tracks with a well-directed poke in the ribs. Probably Bull can't be seen by the dinosaur, concealed as he is in his own underbrush.

Thereupon Bull, uplifted by his exploit, tells the world about it by drawing crude sketches on the wall of his cave, there being no picture newspapers in those days. And, of course, the fact that nothing remotely resembling a man existed at the time the dinosaur has nothing to do with the case. This is a movie.

SHEIK WANTED TO BUY HER.

Hope Hampton, who in private life is Mrs. Jules E. Brulatour, and her husband recently returned to New York, after a honeymoon trip in Egypt and Europe. In one place they were thought to be a Count and Countess; in another Mr. and Mrs. Brulatour met a real Sheik, and in one city an enterprising insurance man insisted on getting a policy on Mrs. Brulatour's feet.

The Sheik saw Hope Hampton enter the perfume shop of Mohammed Soloman in Cairo. He surveyed Miss Hampton inquisitively for a while, delaying his purchase of amber paste, and then looked at Mr. Brulatour. According to what Mr. Brulatour understood, the Sheik announced coolly that he wanted to buy Miss Hampton and that he would be willing to give as much as ten thousand English pounds for her. Mr. Brulatour was in a humorous mood, and quick as a flash he told the Sheik that Miss Hampton's jewels were worth more than that. To this the Sheik retorted that Mr. Brulatour would keep the jewels and that he would pay the amount he suggested. Mr. Brulatour frowned, and it is said to have suddenly occurred to the Sheik that somewhere he had read or heard that Americans did not sell their wives. The story goes on to say that it was learned later that this Sheik already had four wives.

Miss Hampton had several motion picture offers abroad, but she refused them, as she is going to appear in a musical comedy in the Autumn.

Your Next Door Neighbor Has Seen it! Have You?

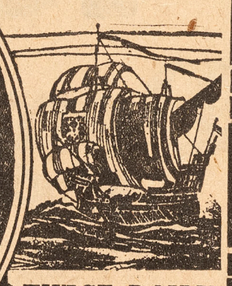
Don't Put It Off Too Long—It Can't Stay Always.

NOW ON ITS THIRD BIG WEEK

Regent Entertainment

ALL SEATS RESERVED

Mats. 50c; Eves., 50c, 75c, $1.00. Sat. Mat. 50c, 75c. Holiday Mats. Same as Evening Prices.



By RAFAEL SABATINI

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.15 p.m.

The Sea Hawk

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

MAMMOTH SEA SPECTACLE WITH

MILTON SILLS
WALLACE BEERY
ENID BENNETT
LLOYD HUGHES

THEY SAY:

". . . A rollicking pirate yarn that is virtually a-tingle with action."—Edith Bayne in The Star Weekly.

". . . A picture so astoundingly good that almost no praise of it would be exaggerated."—Evening Telegram.

"'The Sea Hawk' has all the elements of old nautical romance, and is quite a marvellous picture."—The Globe.

THEY SAY:

". . . The fans have seldom seen anything more striking in the movies. 'The Sea Hawk' is a picture that can be heartily recommended."—Fred Jacob in Mail and Empire.

". . . Nothing could conceivably be more picturesque . . . The production inevitably causes a greater sensation than 'Scaramouche'."—Hector Charlesworth in Saturday Night.

NOTE—This picture never will be shown at any other downtown theatre.

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 15 TWICE DAILY 2.10 AND 8.10

EMPIRE THEATRE

COLUMBIA BURLESQUE

BEN—BARD and PEARL—JACK

OFFER MILES OF SMILES WITH THEIR

"GOOD LITTLE DEVILS"

An Up-to-Date Production and an All-Star Cast of Sixteen

Including

CHARLIE ABOT
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MARY ELLIS
ART HARRIS
CHARLOTTE VAUGHAN
EDDIE AKIN
JEWEL SERVANY
ANTHONY AMBROSE
NEOMI GARNELLA
HARRY MAY

AND THE

24---GOOD LITTLE DEVIL DANCERS---24

LADIES' BARGAIN WEEK-DAY MATINEES

An open letter to the Public—

TIVOLI

RICHMOND AND VICTORIA STS. "Just around the corner"

Mr. and Mrs. Theatregoer
1444 Blank St.
City

TIVOLI THEATRE
Richmond at Victoria St.

Dear Mr. + Mrs. Theatregoer:-
Yours to hand, Its a lovely theatre! You liked the show! Your seats were comfortable and the music, grand, and you enjoyed the picture, Thank you, Come again
Yours very truly
Will J. Stewart mgr.

TIVOLI THEATRE

CONTINUOUS 10 A.M. TO 11 P.M. ALL SEATS 25¢ ADMISSION 23¢ TAX 2¢ KIDDIES 15¢ ANYTIME

An Amazing Story of a neglected wife and a philandering husband.

STARTS MONDAY

James Kirkwood and Lila Lee in "WANDERING HUSBANDS"

LOOK! THE GUMPS

Andy, Min and little Chester are shipwrecked on the way to Australia.

At the Theatres -:- What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

Praise of Critics Won by Jane Cowl

"Romeo and Juliet" to be Seen At Alexandra Theatre This Week.

To Jane Cowl, in "Romeo and Juliet," to be seen at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, beginning Monday evening, enjoys the unique distinction of the longest consecutive run in a Shakespearean role that has ever been achieved in any part of the world. This fact, significant in itself, becomes more impressive in the light of the universal praise which has come, not only from representative American opinion, but from notable foreign critics as well. During the past season distinguished artists and stage directors from Russia, Germany, England, France and Spain have visited New York, and have paused long enough to voice appropriate sentiments in regard to the impressive acting of the American star in "Romeo and Juliet." Professional eulogy was only a forerunner of the more personal tributes received in letters to Miss Cowl. Gilbert Canman, the distinguished English novelist, wrote as follows: "I think you can imagine what it is for an Englishman to come three thousand miles and find Shakespearean poetry suddenly shining clear of all the dusty pedantry that has coated it these many generations; a Juliet lovely with the deep, subtle, all-pervading passion of a young girl possessed by the sudden miracle of complete attraction; an actress with a technique marvelously sure, so that none of the beauty need escape the audience; a Romeo gentle enough and true boy enough to surrender to beauty. The poor, old abused theatre is suddenly flooded with the drama, and there is at last an authentic, undeniable event. I am only too happy to be going back to London to spread the good news, and to tell the public what is coming over."

William Lyons Phelps Lampson, professor of English literature at Yale, wrote as follows: "I have one great advantage over you; you cannot see yourself acting Juliet, and I can. I could not help telling you how wonderful your performance is—I wish everybody could see it." "She brought more beauty within four walls than the stage has known this season," said Heywood Broun. And the usually caustic Alan Dale went on record with the statement: "It would be a crime not to see this Juliet." The critics of the weeklies, including Stark Young in the New Republic, Ludwig Lewishon in the Nation, and George Jean Nathan in Judge, subsequently joined in general rejoicing that the character of Juliet had at last found complete interpretation.

"SWEET LITTLE DEVIL" WITH CONSTANCE BINNEY

Original Broadway casts are very often promised, but they are very seldom seen outside of New York. It is therefore unusually gratifying to announce that when Constance Binney comes to the Alexandra Theatre on Monday, September 22, in her musical comedy success, "Sweet Little Devil," this charming young star of the stage and screen will be supported by the same notable cast which shared her New York run of this piece at the Astor Theatre. Among the principal entertainers in "Sweet Little Devil" are, William Wayne, Ruth Warren, Irving Beebe, Bobby Jarvis, Edna Dare, Rae Bowdin, Olivette, Billie and Billy Taylor and two score other clever people.

LIFE OF IRVING BERLIN.

Alexander Woollcott, the greatest dramatic critic that ever graduated from Hamilton College, is reported to be busily engaged writing a biography of Irving Berlin, for which the suggested title is "From Rags to Riches."

A PLAY BY VAJDA.

Brock Pemberton has a new play by Ernest Vajda, tentatively called "The Little Angel," which will probably be his initial production this Fall, though that will not be its title when it finally takes flight. Edward Emery has already been tagged for the cast, showing that Pemberton means business.

MARY HAYNES
who will be at Shea's this week singing exclusive songs.

Our Mail Bag

WHERE ARE THE PLAYS?

Dramatic Editor, Sunday World:

Dear Sir,—What are our theatres coming to? Last Sunday I got my Sunday World to find what show to attend with some Exhibition visitors who were with me for the second week of the Fair, and to my surprise I found that there was nothing in the city but the Dumbells. Now the Dumbells are good, but my friends wanted a dramatic attraction. There were six of them, and their tastes varied, but they all would have liked to see a play. And here in Toronto, which the people from the smaller Ontario towns regard as the centre of all things, there was not a single dramatic attraction for the second week of Exhibition. There were good movies, but my friends are able sooner or later to see all the movies in their own towns. So we ended up by not having an evening at the theatre at all.

I have heard a great many people commenting upon the fact that our theatrical managers do not take the trouble to provide us with the good plays that they used to give us. When our population was 200,000 less than it is to-day, we used to have two high-class theatres open all the time, with god plays every week from the beginning of Exhibition to the end of April. Why the change in the last three years. I gather from my Sunday World that there will not be a good attraction for drama lovers until Jane Cowl arrives here the middle of September. It did not used to be that way. Can you give me any adequate reason why the theatrical managers are not catering to us as they once did.

Yours etc.,
A PATRON OF GOOD PLAYS.
Crescent Road, Toronto.

Several letters have been received along the same lines as the one given above. But they must not blame the local managers. It was not due to any neglect on their part that Toronto was without a good dramatic attraction during Exhibition week. They felt as concerned about it as any playgoer. They wanted shows, but the powers that be in New York failed to supply them. That is why we went without. Of course, the American show business is badly tangled up these days, for one reason or another. Still, it does seem odd that Toronto was not given a show for the Fair weeks. However, playgoers should not scold the Toronto managers. It meant a big loss to them.—Editor.

ENCOURAGES THE FAN.

Dramatic Editor Sunday World:

Dear Sir,—I am glad that you have brought back the Special Fan. Playgoer on Spadina Road says that she found him an amusing fellow, and that sometimes she had to laugh at him. If that is true, Special Fan should be booked solid for the rest of his life with a music hall circuit at a four figure salary. The reason we laugh at other people, Playgoer, is because—"O wad some power, etc." Special Fan is doing splendid work for the people who work to make rich people richer. These people seldom have time to attend the movies, but they have flapperage children that frequent them. They shut down on Gloria, but they make a special efort to see the pictures recommended by Special Fan.

Spadina Road enjoys reading Percy Hammond's criticism. But his remarks about Lady Diana Manners being the most perfect impersonation of the Madonna we thought were annoying. Lady Diana Manners can never be anything but her own self. We can look at pictures of the Madonna and Mona Lisa and be reminded of service, devotion and love. The Madonna should be played by no milk and water aristocrat, but a full strength woman, who can nourish not nauseate. The Madonna was not a lady or a gentlewoman, but a kindly courageous woman who lived, loved and won. Lady Diana Manners is an artificial lady, and cannot act a woman's part. It would be just about as appropriate to have Emily Stevens play little Eva, or Mary Pickford as Mrs. Micawber, or Douglas Fairbanks as Enoch Arden, or Charlie, Harold and Buster as the three wise men.

Percy Hammond may be a genius. But it requires more than a genius to milkfeed, and that is what Special Fan is doing. Abuse and mockery must be expected from the people who regard themselves as the superior section when something worth while is being done for the "lower" classes. Do not be discouraged, Special Fan, by the disapproval of these who prefer the Monday Nighter. You are appreciated in simpler homes. Playgoer writes as though she were the Queen of Hearts. Are the movie people so powerful that we dare not encourage an honest critic. It is the only way to get better pictures.

I trust that Percy Hammond did not form his opinion of Lady Diana Manners because of her title. To be born an aristocrat is unfortunate; to remain one shows indifference; to cash in on being an aristocrat is impudence.

I shall write myself as one of the "worst section" that does not prefer Monday Nighter and Percy Hammond. Would it surprise you to learn that the "worst section" can make neither head nor tail of the "Potters." Yet all on page 32 has the happy knack of pleasing everybody.

One of the Worst Section,
Yours truly,
SPAD-EYE-NA.
King Edward Ave., Toronto.

PREFERS MAETERLINCK.

Dramatic Editor, Sunday World:

Dear Sir,—It came as a surprise to me to see George Bernard Shaw described as the "greatest living dramatist" in The Sunday World. He writes amusing plays, but I would not call a man great who has done nothing in his plays to uplift playgoers. I have seen several of his plays that were so clever that it was impossible not to enjoy them. The ones that I liked best were "Pygmalion" and "You Never Can Tell." But even in the best of them there is an undertone of jeering at the things we all hold sacred, even things like the home and family life that I thought everybody accepted. If "Candida" said anything, it seemed to me to say that a good woman, for Candida was a good woman, would be justified in leaving her husband if another man needed her help more. I cannot think that a dramatist is great unless his influence is for good.

It seems to me that the man who gave the world the beautiful message of "The Blue-birds" was a greater dramatist than Shaw will ever be. "The bluebird for happiness." That idea has passed into the language like phrases from Shakespeare. I have read plays by the Frenchman, Eugene Brieux, and they teach finer lessons than you will find in Bernard Shaw. However, I am inclined to think that it is a mistake to refer to Shaw as the greatest living dramatist while Maurice Maeterlinck is still alive, with his noble symbolism.

Yours truly,
G. M. LITTLE.

"RUST" OR "REST"—WHICH IS CORRECT?

There has been so much discussion about Jane Cowl's use of the word "rest" in the final scene of "Romeo and Juliet" that the authorities are worth quoting. To begin with, the eminent Shakespearean scholar Horace Howard Furness, whose Variorum Shakespeare is regarded as the most complete compendium ever issued, shows his preference for "rest" as opposed to "rust" by using the former word in his printed text of the play where the line under discussion reads: "O happy dagger. This is thy sheath (stabs herself); there rest and let me die."

Furness adds the following notes culled from the works of all the famous commentators and the opinions in favor of "rest," if not unanimous, show a definite leaning toward the word that Jane Cowl uses:

(There rest) Steevens. The alteration from "rest" (in quarto 1) to "rust" (in quarto 2) was probably made by Shapespeare when he introduced the words, "This is thy sheath."

Dyce: "Rest" appears to me the more natural expression; at such a moment the thoughts of Juliet were not likely to wander away to the "future rusting" of the dagger; she only wishes it, by "resting" in her bosom as in its sheath, to give her instant death.

Lettsom: True. (MS. marginal note in the present editor's copy of the above.)

White (Shakespearean scholar): "There rust" is an obvious misprint for "there rest".

Dyce (ed. 1): I believe "rust" to be a decided error. Steeven's remark (as above) I do not understand.

Hudson: Dyce is surely right.

Collier: "Rust" is altered to "rest" in the MS., which word we, on all accounts, prefer. (Dyce quoted.) It may be added that if shorthand were employed in the original publication of this play, the words "rest" and "rust" would be spelt with the same letters.

White: When I was green in judgment I hastily agreed that "rust" is a misprint. Juliet's thoughts do not, as Dyce says, wander; they go forward, though not to the literal end. Her imagination is excited, and looking beyond her suicidal act, she sees her dead Romeo's dagger, which would otherwise rust in its sheath, rusting in her heart, and with fierce and amorous joy, she cries: "This is thy sheath; there rust and let me die."

Clarke: The expression "Oh, happy dagger!" though meaning "Oh, happily found dagger!" "opportune dagger!" yet conveys an included sense that is in keeping with the word "rest", which also affords antithetical effect with "let me die". Poetically calling her bosom the "sheath" to Romeo's dagger, "rest" seems more in harmony than "rust" with the image presented.

DRAMATIC NOTES HERE AND THERE

"My Son."

The theme of "My Son," now under development by Gustav Blum dimly recalled an uncommonly true and wistful novel by Meade Minnegerode which came out last summer. It was called "The Seven Hills" and dealt (as does "My Son") with the rising tide of Portuguese labor on the New England farms. Marta Stanley's play uses the same environment and personalities, but it is closer to "Romeo and Juliet" than to a study in immigration problems. A Portuguese girl loves a New England boy, and their parents are as disagreeable about it as only such parents can be, once they put their minds to it.

JOLSON STILL PROSPERS.

Al Jolson, of course, could carry "Bombo" on tour forever, but it would not be surprising if he returned to New York next season in a new production. Jolson is now one of a handful of stars who are credited with the ability to attract overwhelming patronage to the box office, regardless of vehicle, atmospheric conditions and all of the other things that not infrequently operate against profitable trade.

POOR NEW YORK.

"Abie's Irish Rose," it is reported, has contracted for another year at the Republic Theatre in New York, and it now seems certain to break the run record of "Lightnin'." The latter play endured for just three years at the Gaiety; Miss Nichols' comedy, however, has a chance to go much longer. For that matter, "Lightnin'" could have run a fourth and perhaps a fifth year as easily as not; "Abie's Irish Rose" is to be given the chance to do so.

MAKING A MUSICAL SHOW.

The Shuberts are now casting the musical version of "The Charm School," the play by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton, which is presently to be restored to Broadway's loving arms, with a chorus dextrously drawn from the girls in the charm school. Lynne Overman will be the centrepiece.

WILL REVAMP POLLY.

Margaret Mayo has made a musical comedy version of hsr early success "Polly of the Circus," for public consumption. By the way, in view of all the "Polly" plays that have been rampant of late years, one is surprised that nobody has ever used the title "Polly Wants a Wise Cracker."

A SHEIK IN THE LEGIT.

Samuel Shipman is seeking to obtain the services of Trini, eyes included, for his musical comedy, which he has called "The American Sheik" (thereby stealing a march on the movies). It is denied that Louis Mann is to play the title role, since, it is vehemently pointed out, Mann won't be back from Europe for some time.

MRS. HARRIS PRODUCES.

Mrs. Henry Harris will come soaring back into the producing field this Autumn with Fred Ballard's new comedy, "Out o' Luck," which will ruffle its feathers for the first time in about a month. Mrs. Harris has been casting as busily as a rceruiting sergeant the last week, and has already induced Harry Beresford, of "The Old Soak," and Andrew Lawlor, Jr., well-known boy actor, to toe the mark.

FOR DORIS KEANE.

Gladys Unger has written a new play for Doris Keane called "Starlight," which Miss Keane will try out on the Pacific Coast, where she has been playing "Romance" to a regal reception, in order to determine whether the latest work will sit well on her shoulders in New York this season.

Quality and Charm
Distinguish
"SALADA"
TEA
H 332
"The most Delicious Tea you can buy"

HIPPODROME
CITY HALL SQUARE
Direction Famous Players Canadian Corporation, Limited.
STARTS MONDAY
First Time at Popular Prices!
A Marshal Neilan Production

Our Mary--
—Never More Beautiful
—Never More Bewitching
—Never more artistic
In This Wondrous Romance of the Halcyon Days of "Good Queen Bess"
SAY THE CRITICS:—
"Beauty in all of its gracious phases is the dominant note of Mary Pickford's latest photoplay, 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.'" —Edith Bayne in The Star Weekly.
"One of the best that Miss Pickford has ever made."—Mail and Empire.
"'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall' is the best entertainment that Mary Pickford has given the public since she began devoting herself to the making of super-pictures." — Fred Jacob in The Sunday World.
"As a romantic film of action 'Dorothy Vernon' will take front rank." —Evening Telegram.
—Beauty
—Romance
—Drama
—Comedy
MARY PICKFORD
in
"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"
from the romantic novel by
Charles Major
PROGRAM DE-LUXE
Overture—Selections from "The Dream Girl" - - Victor Herbert
By the Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra, John Arthur and Lloyd Collins conducting.
Prologue—An elaborate, atmospheric prologue to the feature picture.
Ernest Dainty—At the Wurlitzer.
Hippodrome Comedy Creation
Hippodrome News Review
Program and Presentation by John Arthur.
—COMING—
CORINNE GRIFFITH
In "Single Wives"

THIS WEEK
The greatest love story of modern times
LOEW'S
BLANCHE SWEET
"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES"
IN
with CONRAD NAGEL
STUART HOLMES
GEORGE FAWCETT
—A METRO-GOLDWYN PICTURE—
6 GREAT VAUDEVILLE ACTS 6
THE 27th DIVISION BOYS present
"GETTING IT OVER"
A spectacular comedy revue—Big Headliner
6—BIG ACTS OF SUPERB VAUDEVILLE—6

Fast Workers

by George M. A. Cain

IF IT had been any one but Rodney Anderson the experience of making a survey across the mountain passes from Quito down to the head of steamboat navigation on the Ruridos would have had him toughened to face the threats of the two Dons, with a grim grin at the reflection that he could easily beat them to the killing stuff by all the time in the world. But Rodney was the kind born to smile, not to grin. And the look on his face was simply troubled as he read the second promise of prompt and violent death to reach him in an hour:

Sr. R. Anderson,
a casa de Revdo. Padre Flores
Doro, Duguite. Per mano de mansajero.

Son of Yankee Swine:

If such a bruite as you consider your self possessed of a soul, you do well to confess yourself immediately to the padre. For you is not a duel. A duel is an affair of honor. Of honor you know not the definition. For you I promise the death of the pig. You cannot escape me. I have written.

EMILIANO DRAGO,
Gubernador.

Don Emiliano could afford to indulge in such a premature boast of his purpose. Owner of a vast rubber plantation that reached from Duguite to the mud dock of the monthly steamboat, he knew well enough that Anderson's only escape from his hand would be into the hand of Don Jaime Maduro. And Don Jaime's vast plantation stretched to the north and west of Duguite. And Don Jaime was Ysobel Maduro's father, to whom the news of the American's perfidy must have come before descending the river.

Don Jaime Maduro held his governorship under the Republic of Ecuador. Don Emiliano was a subject of Brazil. The very nature of their positions made them, in fact, not governors, but the most absolute of monarchs in their realms. And the Indians and half-breeds of their territories obeyed them fearfully.

Duguite, being too near the uncertain boundary and across the river from the trail leading along it from one "state" to the other, was a more or less neutral territory. But its neutrality would hardly protect the American in any attempt to stay in the wretched village, nor yet the influence of Padre Flores, who managed the jungle hamlet of shacks by consent rather than any earthly authority.

Don Emiliano was perfectly right about what Don Jaime purposed to do to Rodney Anderson. The letter from Ysobel's father had arrived just fifty-three minutes ahead of that from her espoused lover. And he was perfectly right about Rodney's chance of getting away.

THE jungle back of Duguite was such that, should he attempt flight through it with such equipment as Duguite could supply him, both his enemies might rest assured that he had madly done their job for them. The river for the thirty-odd miles to Drago's town and real navigation, was impossible for any canoe. Between these two governors, any man in Duguite was as good as caught, if they both wanted to catch him.

But what neither of these certainly boastful gentlemen knew, Rodney's surveys had shown him. It was a cavern about a hundred and fifty yards up the cliff that frowned down on Duguite from the opposite bank of the river, with a little ledge. Rodney had got up there with a theodolite. He could get up there with his three rifles and a beltful of cartridges. And any man who ventured along the trail or across the ford to the village would be at his mercy. He was a fair shot. He would be given as many shots as he needed.

Thus he could afford to grin. But he didn't grin. His bronzed cheeks and almost delicate mouth hadn't been fitted up for grins at all. He didn't want to kill Don Emiliano Drago, whom he really respected and liked as a mighty capable young man; he didn't want to kill Don Jaime Maduro, whom he admired for a rough and ready old war-horse who had done his bit toward turning the jungle into industrial civilization.

What he fairly ached to do was to sit down with these two men and explain that it was all his fault. His intentions and attentions to Ysobel Maduro were most strictly honorable. He was ready, willing, and anxious to make her his wife. And if that contemptible half-breed secretary of Maduro's had seen him kissing the beautiful lady in the Jardin de Palacio, it had been because the warmth of his devotion had caused him to express it in the rashion of his own country.

He knew well enough that he had done it all wrongly. He knew how Maduro must feel about it. Of course he should have kissed the old man instead of the girl; should have furnished Don Jaime a financial statement instead of talking love to Ysobel; should have proposed to the father instead of the daughter. But it was not done that way in the barbarous country of his rearing; and he had relapsed into his native custom under stress of tender emotion.

That was what he wanted to tell Don Jaime. And he wanted to explain that he had not known before the kissing event that Don Emiliano was at all concerned. That ought to satisfy the defeated rival, since the girl obviously preferred the American. One did not kill people over such things—not if one were of Don Emiliano's breed and standing. And they should remain friends and go on with the negocio of finishing up the survey, have bowed to the sweet will of the lovely girl, even if it were so much sweeter for the American than for the young Spaniard.

But how in the dickens was he going to bring about this pleasant and amiable settlement of the matter with the pair of them all ruffled up and settled on his destruction—that was the problem that had Anderson's brow puckered and his eye blinking, for all the world like a good baby who faced a spanking instead of getting what he wanted, and was just a little too game to cry over either.

And it was in this frame of mind that he absently picked up Grace Williams' photograph, which had fallen face down on the rickety solid-mahogany table poor Padre Flores had provided as one item in an utterly irredeemable debt of hospitality. He stood the picture against the rough plastered wall, eyed it a moment, and sighed. Of course, he regretted Grace in a way. But he was glad now that he had merely hinted intention to propose on his return to America instead of actually doing it before he left the States. Grace was a darned nice girl—but this little Ysobel was a dazzling dream.

And he could no more think of marrying Grace now than he could consider any solution of his more immediate problem which did not leave him the thrice happy husband of Ysobel Maduro.

IT WAS but a moment or two later that he swatted a fly—there were plenty of them to swat. The jar knocked Grace Williams' picture back down on the table. He did not notice it.

He wished Padre Flores would get back from the distant sick call. He felt that the padre might do something about this mess. It was beyond him. Grace's picture had no power to divert his mind from the rather desperate situation. But he could almost forget it in memory pictures of the dark-eyed Ysobel. So—he lit a brown paper cigarette and watched the smoke.

Almost forget—but not quite. Those letters and the power of their authors to fulfill their promise of death—or to drive him to killing them in self-defense—were a sort of demand and got some of the most unwilling attention.

Suddenly Rodney Anderson's brow cleared a little. He had thought of it—the right idea!

But, no—that would only set them killing each other, and leave a possible survivor for him to kill.

No—they would never get quite that far. And he would not have to do any killing either. For he would be Maduro's son-in-law before the old man got back. That would prevent further hostilities from the north and west. And Drago would never dare attempt the life of a member of the other's family. Eventually they would all be friends again.

It was a great idea—that was what it was. Why—it made every one happy. It left the men who craved blood to go as far as they liked to satisfy their thirst. It left him, the man who craved love, with the girl as his bride.

Padre Flore's ridiculously large and inefficient household possessed in Pablo whatever the rest of his name was a more than usually intelligent muchacho. Rodney made quick work of getting the youth before him.

"Can you write?"

He put the question in Spanish.

"Not Spanish—much," the boy admitted.

"Lingua de Duguite?" urged Rodney.

Pablo could write that. There was no danger that either of the desperate Dons could not read the Indian dialect. Rodney went into session with his improvised secretary. Grace Williams' photograph still lay face down on the table. Anderson was smiling.

SAN JUDAS, the city of two hundred population and the seat of Maduro's rough, ready and effective government, is but two miles above Duguite along the other bank of the river. Sao Pao is eighteen miles down the river, where the boats land. It was geography made for Anderson's scheme.

An hour and a half after Anderson had got busy with Pablo, the muchacho, an all-but-naked Indian walked humbly into Don Jaime Maduro's presence and handed him a coarse bit of paper.

"What's this?" the Don interrupted his irate pacing to demand.

"No sabe," grunted the Indian.

"Who sent you?" inquired the Don, unscrambling the rumpled message.

"Francesco," the native was loquacious enough to admit. But the governor was already deep in the pencilled scrawl:

That American senor runs away from you. He walks south. But he hides himself inside the bamboo woods at the bottom of the smoke mountain, for fear of Don Emiliano. He will wait until there is light of the moon. So I have heard him speak with Padre Flores. He is disguised as Spanish caballero like your illustrious self. At first I have mistaken him for the Senor Gubernador Don Emiliano himself. In the bamboo thicket he hides himself. But he has only the pistola, and I have drawn out the bullets. You can kill him like the pig he is.

Your most humble and obedient servant,

FRANCESCO.

"Aha!" rasped in the old man's throat. A comic supplement would have written the sound, "Gr-r-r-r."

"Who is Francesco?" he then inquired.

The Indian shrugged his shoulders. The Don wasted no more time with foolish questions. He wanted the Senor Americano's blood too much. In fifteen minutes he was riding down the trail at the head of half a dozen armed citizens of his domain. A little thing like crossing with soldiers into the territory of a foreign power was of such insignificance he probably never thought about it.

From the cavern up the cliff Rodney Anderson watched the little cavalcade vanish to southward. He figured that the donkeys would hardly make the bamboo clump at the base of Mount Puntral before nine. He did not grin; but he smiled. He was not armed. He had given a thought to his pistols, but had decided against them. He climbed down and headed for the city of San Judas.

Reaching the road—if one could call it that—he donned the best possible disguise for the country he must traverse. Padre Flores had provided him with a ragged and musty cassock.

But the good padre had urged only continuous and high-speed flight straight on through Maduro's country and out at its other end. He made very clear that he had no use for the elopement Rodney Anderson proposed. It was only when Rodney had explained the grounds of the two Dons' wrath against him, that the priest gave even qualified assent to exercise his quasi-episcopal authority to perform the marriage service, should Rodney succeed in bringing Ysobel Maduro back with him to Duguite. And Rodney carried off the well-defined notion that this contest was by way of repairing the lady's sullied honor.

IT was almost 8 o'clock when a winded Indian who showed all the physical structure of a long-

Continued on Page Forty-four.

With the Vaudevillians

Attractions on Programmes of the Variety Theatres

Popular Comedians Coming to Shea's

Clark and McCullough Have Appeared in Music Box Revue.

Clark and McCullough, who head the bill at Shea's Theatre this week, were the featured comedians in Irving Berlin's production "The Music Box" during its entire Broadway engagement and on tour. Clark and McCullough come into vaudeville for a few weeks where they will be seen in two of the hits which they do in "The Music Box." One, "The Interview," and the other, "The Bath Between."

Mary Haynes sings songs in a sweet captivating voice. Her forte, however, is her manner of singing songs, and she is really a tone actress. Rath Brothers are known as "The Supreme Athletes of the Day," and have also been featured with "The Music Box Revue." Harriet Rempel is one of vaudeville's favorite dramatic players and comes this season in one of Tom Barry's best sketches, "The Tropical Storm." Clara Barry and Orville Whitledge have assembled bright patter and songs and call it "For Just a Few Moments Only," and there is real amusement in every moment. Betty Washington and Garcinetti Bros. and Crissie and Daley, comedy pantomimists, and Shea's News Review complete the show.

A big all feature act bill has been booked for Shea's for the week of September 22nd. Ted and Betty Healy in "Fun in a Healy Manner" will be given a warm welcome, and "Syncopated Toes," a dance fantasy, is one of the season's novelties. Jay Dillon and Betty Parker present Joseph Santley's "The Little Revue" with a group of eight singing and dancing girls and boys.

Artie Mehlinger Tells Comic Tales

Other Vaudeville Offerings on the Bill at Pantages.

The Pantages Theatre has gone back to its six-act vaudeville policy and six acts will be offered each week with the expection when big acts that take an unusual amount of time and when the picture is very lengthy. The current six-act bill is headed by the dynamic songster, Artie Mehlinger, in a very entertaining program of comedy stries and songs offered in Mr. Mehlinger's own inimitable style. Howard Anderson and Rena Graves have a brand new comedy entitled "Living on Air," about a couple who decided to beat the high cost of living and move into a blimp and live up in the clouds; Jewell's Mannikins present "Circus Day in Toyland," with a company of tiny life-like performers which has taken many years to bring to its present day state of perfection; Paul Murray and Gladys Garrish offer a series of impressions of Broadway stage star and bits from musical comedy successes introduced with special electrical effects; Bob Alexander and Ruth Elmore, two musical comedy favorites, are distributing many laughs with their breezy line of dialogue and comedy songs, and Goldie and Edie, two novelty ancers, are seen in many novel an original steps in the art of terpsichore. Up until last week, the Pantages Theatre here was the opening point for the acts playing the circuit of forty weeks, but on Labor Day the Newark Theatre started to play Pantages vaudeville with the acts all opening their "out of New York" and coming intact to Toronto. This arrangement will insure local playgoers better vaudeville than ever before as the New York bookers will have a chance to see the shows at Newark and if there is any conflict or acts do not play well together, the show can be rearranged before it starts on its circuit tour.

"Getting It Over" Done by Soldiers

Tabloid Khaki Revue Will be Presented at Loew's Theatre.

There's snap and action in every one of the six excellent acts of vaudeville arranged for this week at Loew's Yonge Street Theatre.

The bill will be headed by the 27th Division Boys who will present "Getting it Over," a spectacular comedy revue that leaves nothing to be desired in the way of amusement.

Opening upon a particularly clever number, the acts swings right into peppy dance numbers, syncopated music and song and surprise numbers that keep the audience in a happy frame of mind throughout.

The fascinating dainty danseuse, "Valda" is next in line of importance on the bill. Valda, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House will present a variety of artistic dances. Lynn Burno assists her at the piano. Others who will assist in providing much good entertainment for Loew's patrons are; Lewis and Rogers, the famous laugh provokers in a character comedy offering; The Singer Sisters, the irresistible pair, in a reportoire of popular tunes; Wm. Bohn and Grace Bohn, who will appear in "Just a Rehearsal" featuring some clever hand balancing; Ray and O'Donohue in a real bit of humor.

Bard and Pearl Have Merry Show

"Good Little Devils" Will Be Seen At the Empire Theatre.

"Good Little Devils," Bard and Pearl's magnificent revue announced at the Empire Theatre this week, comes to this city most highly recommended. It has proved to be a most popular attraction with Columbia Burlesque fans everywhere. In two acts and sixteen gorgeous scenes it moves with swiftness and comedy at a pace that leaves the audience gasping. Equipped with eighteen tuneful musical numbers, there is a constant flow of mirth and melody. Ben Bard and Jack Pearl, the producers of the piece, are also the authors of the book, while Mr. Bard, together with Jack Stern, have furnished the lyrics. Jack Stern is the composer of the many musicianly numbers. The entire production is under the personal supervision of Bard and Pearl. The young producers have furnished a cast of sterling worth and ability. It is headed by Art Harris, Jewish comedian; Charles Abot, late comedy lead with Ted Lewis' "Frolics," and includes Leona Earl, ingenue formerly in Keith vaudeville and Greenwich Village Follies, Mary Ellis, Healy and Carnella; Servany Sisters, specialty dancers and soubrettes; Mae Daly, famous for her mammy parts in vaudeville; Dolly Vaughn, Eddie Bisland, the Four of Us Quartette, and Harry Scherr, the latter direct from "Artists and Models" at the Winter Garden last season.

MARY ELLIS
prima donna with Bard and Pearl's "Good Little Devil" revue at the Empire Theatre this week.

"WHITE CARGO" SEEN ON LONDON STAGE

REVIEWING "White Cargo" on the occasion of its first performance in London, at the Playhouse, Hubert Griffith writes in the Observer:

"This play is not good drama, but it is pretty good melodrama. It provides fine acting parts for its four chief characters, all of them exceedingly well played. It has already run for eight months in New York, and is likely to run equally long over here. It keeps up a continual stream of incident, and it passes very much more quickly than do most plays.

"What more does one want? I will try and explain. The action takes place in a small unhealthy station on the west coast of Africa, where in time, the author tells us, the heat and damp of the climate rot and decay the character of the few white settlers precisely as they rot and decay the beams of the huts in which they dwell. (We take this on trust. The only man I know who lives in West Africa comes home on leave once every six months, and seems to spend most of his time when on the Dark Continent playing polo. No doubt climate and stations vary.) There are four men in the station. One, Weston (Mr. Franklin Dyall), has already had seven years of it, has become ill and envenomed and bitter, and has so far "gone native" as to live with a native woman. There arrives a new young man from home, Langford (Mr. Brian Aherne), immaculate in white ducks, rather a snob and a prig, very convinced that he will fall into none of the errors of the others. He inspires an immediate enmity in Weston's bosom, and—the best point in the play—when he in turn becomes demoralized and finds himself attracted by a halfcaste woman, he decides he will marry her, not particularly with any illusions as to the nobility of this arrangement, but chiefly to spite Weston, who has always prophesied that he will end by doing exactly the usual thing in exactly the usual way. The rest of the play shows us the hopelessness of this marriage, and ends by the young man (whose copper-colored wife has tried to kill him a soon as she gets tired of him) being shipped back to England.

"This, as aforesaid, makes good melodrama, more especially as the author knows enough about the stage to waste no time and to drive his situations quickly forward. It remains melodrama instead of drama, stage journalism instead of literature, chiefly because the author has no discernible point of view of his own to put into it all. It is written with the sincerity of a best-seller, and is probably a very good best-seller. But whether Mr. Gordon wishes to convey that one should not go out to West Africa wearing white ducks, or that one should not go out there at all, or that, being there, everything that happens is merely inevitable reaction to the sun's rays, we do not learn. Drama has no need always to "teach a lesson"? Perhaps not, though the point is doubtful What remains true it that in all plays that approach the first rank the attitude of the author to his characters, however subtly implied, is usually there for those who care to look for it. In 'White Cargo' it is blissfully absent.

"The cast, being provided with strong acting parts, made the best of a good job, Miss Mary Clare savagely ferocious as the half-caste woman, Mr. Brian Aherne engagingly ingenuous as the young man, Mr. Horace Hodges conveying beautiful subtleties into the parts of the broken down doctor. (He is one of the few actors who can hold the house by remaining silent. The succession of emotions that flit across his face do not need the expression of words.) Mr. Franklin Dyall had the biggist part, that of the embittered Weston, and made of it a very fine and powerful performance indeed."

FRENCH ACTORS VERSUS ENGLISH

WILLIAM POLLOCK, in "The London Daily Mail," has this to say of English and French actors: "The coming of Mlle. Cecile Sorel and some of the players of the Comedie Francaise to London this Summer will revive the usual 'of courses' about the French theatre and French acting. Many people are certain to explain that 'of course' we cannot hold a dramatic candle to the French.

"Some of us, including Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, cannot quite see the reason for these 'of courses.' Writing somewhere the other day Mr. Maugham remarked: 'I do not know if it is still the fashion to say that in order to see good acting one must go to France or Germany, but if it is it can only be because when you have once said a foolish thing it is easier to say it again than to say a sensible one.'

"The belittling of our theatres and players in favor of those of France—and other nations—is probably born of a little knowledge and a great deal of distorted hearsay. People have heard about, and in some cases seen, Rejane, Bernhardt, Coquelin (who was not a very great actor, really), Gemier and Lucien Guitry, and they have become imbued with the idea that the majority of French actors are remarkably talented, and that the Comedie Francaise sets a standard that most French theatres strive to attain.

"Everyone who has any personal knowledge of the Paris stage knows that this is not so. The London theatre, with all its imperfections, its frequent silliness and its present lack of really great figures, is in no way inferior to the Paris theatre. In some ways, in fact, it is superior.

"There are more playhouses in Paris than there are in London, but a good many of them are small and uncomfortable, and they are run on out-of-date lines. Many of the so-called 'private' boxes are just about as private as a Sunday morning meeting in Hyde Park. You are pestered for service by the girls who show you to your seat, dunned by the program sellers for more than the printed price of their wares and almost stifled by the system of steam heating.

"It is a freely believed thing that France has produced far more great actors and actresses than has this country. Actually the reverse is probably the case. And, in my opinion, the Paris stage cannot at present show so many good players as can the London stage. This is markedly so in the case of actors and actresses who just miss being regarded as stars, and also where musical play and revue performers are concerned. Nowhere in the world are so many admirable studies of secondary characters to be seen as on the London stage, while the ascendancy of such comedians as Leslie Henson, Nelson Keys, W. H. Berry, George Robey, A. W. Baskcomb, Jack Hulbert and Jack Buchanan is absolute over their French brothers in comedy.

"More seriously, we have not, I think, an actor so good as Lucien Guitry; but, on the other hand, I do not know three French actors who are the equals of Seymour Hicks, Gerald du Maurier and—at times—Leslie Faber.

"And now that Rejane and Bernhardt are no more, where are the outstanding French actresses? Can the Paris stage match six actresses with Sybil Thorndike, Gladys Cooper, Irene Vanbrugh, Fay Compton, Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Edith Evans? I do not think it can."

SOME NEW PICTURES.

Metro-Goldwyn expects to establish a record this year for the number of films made and distributed within that space of time. Their program calls for nearly sixty important productions and of these twenty-three already have been completed. Among the new pictures finished and to be shown here shortly are included Jackie Coogan in "Little Robinson Crusoe," "Sinners in Silk," Fred Niblo's "The Red Lily," Laurette Taylor in "One Night in Rome," Mae Murray in "Circe the Enchantress," Erich von Stroheim's "Greed," Robert Vignola's "Mrs. Paramor," "Along Came Ruth," with Viola Dana and several others. Then "Ben-Hur," Jackie Coogan's "The Ragman" Monta Bell's "The Snob," and the famous Gerald Beaumont sporting films, beginning with "The Sporting Venus," are all scheduled. It is an impressive program.

HAS MADE A SUCCESS.

The National Academy of Motion Pictures, sponsored by Lou Tellegen, has met with such a cordial reception, according to a publicity announcement seething with joy, that the inevitable result has ensued. Lou Tellegen has set out for New York to have 196 conferences, 369 consultations and 432 discussions on the matter. The name of his next picture, unfortunately, is omitted.

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SHEA'S PICTORIAL REVIEW

MARY HAYNES
in "EXCLUSIVE SONGS"
EDDIE LITCHFIELD at the Piano.
SEPT. 22nd TED & BETTY HEALY

MUSIC

Greatest Masterpieces Found in Musical Art

THAT excellent musical magazine, "The Etude" of Philadelphia, lately solicited the opinions of a group of distinguished musicians upon the question, "What Are the Ten Greatest Musical Masterpieces?" with the idea of "presenting a symposium which would have a real significance in reflecting the contemporary opinion of eminent musical minds in this first quarter of the twentieth century."

"The Etude" assembled a musical World Court whose twenty-six members represented their countries in the following proportions: America, eight; Russia, four; England, three; Poland, three; Italy, two; France, one; Belgium, one; Spain, one; Germany, one; Austria, one; Australia, one. The members of this World Court were Leopold Auer, Fanne Bloomfield-Zeisler, John Alden Carpenter, George W. Chadwick, Frederick Corder, Charles M. Courboin, Vincent d'Indy, Clarence Eddy, Arthur Foote, Robert Fuchs, Amelita Galli-Curci, Percy Grainger, Mark Hambourg, Josef Hofmann, Alberto Jonas, Edwin W. Lemare, Josef Lhevinne, Moritz Moszkowski, Giacomo Puccini, Olga Samaroff, Edward Schutt, Cyril Scott, John Philip Sousa, Walter R. Spalding, Siegfried Wagner and Owen Wister. Of these twenty-six musicians nine are composers, seven are pianists, three are conductors, three are organists, one is a singer, one is a violinist, one is an educator and one is (according to "The Etude's" classification) a "publicist." There is not a single critic amongst the lot. This struck us at first as a little odd, for there must be one or two lost souls among "The Etude's" readers who might have liked to know which "Ten Greatest Musical Masterpieces" would have been picked by Mr. Ernest Newman, or Mr. H. C. Colles, or Mr. Edward Dent, or Monsieur Henri Prunieres, or Dr. Leopold Schmidt, or Mr. W. J. Henderson, or Mr. Philip Hale, or Mr. H. T. Parker.

A Pianist Speaks.

But let us see what this musical World Court has to say about the Ten Greatest Musical Masterpieces.

Mr. Josef Hofmann sincerely indifferent to the convention that requires one in a consideration of this sort to choose the "accepted" masterworks—the Ninth Symphony, the B minor Mass, etc.—goes his own way and hands in this unconventional list:

Chopin: Ballade in F minor.
Chopin: Sonata in B-flat minor.
Wagner: Funeral March from "Gotterdammerung".
Schumann: C major phantasy.
Brahms: C minor symphony.
Beethoven: C minor symphony.
Schubert: "Der Doppelganger."
Schubert: "Gretchen am Spinnrade."
Schubert: "Erlkonig."
Brahms: Quintet in F minor.

Mr. Hofmann is a brave man. How did he dare omit the B minor Mass and the Ninth Symphony in favor of two Schubert songs!

Almost equally brave and independent is Mr. John Alden Carpenter; for though he bows dutifully to Bach's great Mass, he turns blithely about and leads into the Temple no less a gamin than Irving Berlin's "Everybody Step"; and here, bless our souls! is "Pinafore", which Mr. Carpenter appears to prefer to "Tristan und Isolde", the Ninth Symphony and the "Missa Solemnis." But perhaps Mr. Carpenter was spoofing the more solemn members of the Court. Here is his list in full:

Bach: B minor Mass.
Beethoven: Seventh Symphony.
Berlin: "Everybody Step."
Bizet: "Carmen."
Chopin: C-sharp minor Polonaise.
Debussy: "Pelleas et Melisande."
Moussorgsky: "Boris Godounoff."
Stravinsky: "Petroushka."
Sullivan: "Pinafore."
Wagner: "Die Meistersinger."

"In the case of Berlin and of Chopin," explains Mr. Carpenter, "the choice of the particular composition is arbitrary. Any one of half a dozen masterpieces of the same type by either composer would serve as well."

* * *

Monsieur Vincent d'Indy is refreshing in his statement of preferences. He has no doubts; he is completely confident, completely assured. "I am not embarrassed in sending a list of the Ten Greatest Masterpieces of Music," he writes, "as I believe that real musicians will not differ in their appreciation of these works." Here is his list—in which only one work, the B minor Mass, appears also on the list of Mr. Carpenter—"a real musician," beyond any question, yet in this matter of taste how shockingly irreconcilable with M. d'Indy!

Monteverdi: "Orfeo."
Bach: B minor Mass.
Bach: St. Matthew Passion.
Gluck: "Orfeo."
Beethoven: Missa Solemnis.
Beethoven: Quartet No. 12, in E-flat.
Beethoven: Ninth Symphony.
Wagner: "Tristan und Isolde."
Wagner: "Parsifal."
Franck: Quartet in D major.

* * *

Galli-Curci's Choice.

That tireless and subtle student of musical history and aesthetics, Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, did not, we think, quite earn her fee. Her method is altogether too easy. "There are so many forms," she tells us, "that a masterpiece can only be designated as a masterpiece in its idiom." Nevertheless, she "will try." For example, the literature of the piano is "so rich" that she "will not attempt to single out a masterpiece. One thinks of Beethoven, Sonatas; Chopin, Two Sonatas, Ballades, Etudes, Nocturnes, Waltzes." One does indeed think of these things, madame; but of which in particular? Her coda is delectable: "The same is true of Schubert's, Hugo Wolf's, Brahms's and Schumann's songs." Yes, indeed; but which? On one point, however, Lucia is adamant: "The greatest melody of the folksong type is 'Suwanee River'—I say this without hesitation." And this, together with Kelley's "Paradise Lost" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever" (obligingly voted for by the composer himself), is the only American music that appears.

* * *

Percy Grainger is another courageous soul, for in his choice of the greatest masterpiece among symphonies he comes out flat-footed for that tear-stained, blowzy drab, the "Pathetique," which, as we all know, is beyond praying for. But there are puzzling things in Mr. Grainger's list. For example, he classifies Bach's St. Matthew Passion as "the greatest oratorio," and Cesar Franck's three chorales for organ as "the greatest religious music." But surely the St. Matthew Passion is "religious music," is it not? And what was in Mr. Grainger's mind when he listed Grieg's "Norwegian Folk Song," Op. 56, for piano, as the "greatest harmonic work"?

Here is his complete list—an intelligent and independent one:

Bach: St. Matthew Passion (greatest oratorio).
Wagner: "Tristan und Isolde" (greatest opera).
Delius: "Song of the Hills" (greatest "nature" music).
Tchaikovsky: "Pathetique" (greatest symphony).
Franck: Three chorals for organ (greatest religious music).
Chopin: Sonata in B minor (greatest sonata).
Grieg: "Norwegian Folk Song" for piano (greatest harmonic work).
Bach: "The Well Tempered Clavier" (greatest polyphonic work).
Faure: Quartette for piano and strings in C minor, op. 15 (greatest chamber work).
Debussy: "The Afternoon of a Faun" (greatest descriptive orchestral work).

Here is a Summary.

Here is a summary of the deliberations of the World Court, as analyzed by the "Etude":

Of the masterpieces enumerated, the following lead: "Die Meistersinger," 14; Mass in B Minor, 10; Fifth Symphony, 9; "Tristan und Isolde," 9; Ninth Symphony, 7; "Carmen," 7; "Pathetic" Symphony, 5; "Don Giovanni," 4; First Symphony, Brahms, 4; Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn, 4; Sonata in B flat minor, Chopin, 4; Piano Concerto, Schumann, 4; "L'Apres-midi d'un Faunce," 4; Sonata, Opus III, Beethoven, 4; Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, 4; St. Matthew Passion, 4; Unfinished Symphony of Schubert, 4; Schubert's "Erlking," 4; "Parsifal," 4.

The composer whose name appears most frequently is Beethoven, who is mentioned thirty-six times. The rating stands as follows:

Beethoven	36
Wagner	33
Bach	24
Mozart	14
Brahms	14
Schubert	13
Chopin	12
Schumann	12
Mendelssohn	8
Tchaikovsky	8
Debussy	7
Bizet	7
Franck	7

This would seem to show that regarding individual masterworks—which, after all was the subject of the symposium—Richard Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" is, in the opinion of the twenty-six judges, an uncommonly worthy score. Who will dispute it?

MARY PICKFORD
in a scene from "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall", which will be seen for the first time at popular prices at the Hippodrome this week.

BRAVE ARTISTS WHO KEPT FAITH

"Vesti la giubba"

How many times, I wonder, has this not been applicable to more plays than "Pagliacci."

Mephisto in Musical American tells of a violinist playing at a concert in a city not far from New York who received in an interval in the program a message that his wife had suddenly become insane. He finished the concert, but was severely "panned" by the critics next day for playing badly.

The Eva in a "Meistersinger" performance by the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden, London—Sarah Fischer her name—was handed a cable telling of her mother's death just before she went on. Remember, please, that "Meistersinger" is a comic opera.

And now it is Titta Ruffo who has been called upon to keep on the make-up and to keep up the make-believe under tragic circumstances.

He was singing in "Rigoletto" at Bogota, Colombia, when there arrived a cable from Italy notifying him that his brother-in-law, Giacomo Matteotti, Socialist Deputy, was missing. When a politician of Matteotti's prominence is "missing" in Europe, the imaginative person can picture what is likely to have happened, which in this case was murder. But Ruffo continued the performance because there was no understudy. The opera over, he immediately took passage to Italy; but nothing prevented him from keeping faith with his audience.

So the play goes on, the player remaining loyal in his service of the public. He will not whimper nor flinch, no matter how heavy the blow, and nothing short of absolute physical incapability will halt him in the pursuance of his duty.

We build monuments to heroes in many walks of life. Why not a monument to heroes of the operatic stage and concert platform?

MUSICAL CRITICS WRITE FOR LAYMEN

ANSWERING M. D. Calvocoressi's attacks upon music critics in general, Basil Maine springs, in the columns of the Daily Telegraph, to the defence of newspaper writers upon musical subjects.

Mr. Calvocoressi, speaking before the British Music Society's Congress at Liverpool, said:

"I am sure there is no editor of a newspaper who would not be heartily ashamed if every column of his journal showed the same shortcomings that the music column usually did."

Replying, Mr. Maine says, in part: "What kind of criticism would he (Mr. Calvocoressi) have a daily (or weekly) paper provide? Is he minded of the facts that these papers are read by a public which is essentially the laity of music; that to write in technical terms of (say) a new work is merely to render that notice unreadable for 95 per cent. of that public; that, as Edwin Evans said at the same congress, the musical critic writes not so much for the profession as for his editor?

"Of natural course, there must be a certain amount of technical writing in recital criticism, for here the critic has the recitalist in mind as well as the public, especially where the performers are at the beginning of their careers. But as a general rule concert notices in the daily press are valuable only in so far as they present clearly and unobtrusively to an average reader the critic's impressions (in the case of new music) and opinions (in the case of well-established works).

"As an average reader of the cricket news, unversed in the inner secrets of the game, I have every right to go to the cricket column and expect enlightenment. This does not mean that my mind is static so far as cricket technic is concerned; on the contrary, whereas I was at one time in ignorance as to the meaning of 'good length slow leg turner', now I know the full and weighty implication of that term, and incidentally the knowledge was gained from a newspaper column.

"So surely does the average reader of music news and criticism advance his knowledge and interest. But remember that there would be no advancement if musical critics formed themselves into a kind of Masonic body, performing signs and wonders whereof no man could know the significance."

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

Ben Loban, a former Canadian newsboy, won four medals and the final certificate of merit of the Royal Academy of Music of London, Eng., three years' course. Loban, a violinist, is twenty-two years old. He was born in Russia, and emigrated with his parents to Canada. He has already played before the Prince of Wales and Princess Louise and has conducted at the Philharmonic Hall.

At last it has been possible to secure a date with the world-famous Flonzaley Quartet. This premier chamber music organization has been definitely engaged by the Toronto Chamber Music Society for a concert at Massey Hall early in January, 1925. It is three years since this heavily booked quartet was heard in Toronto, and Massey Hall was on that memorable occasion, packed to the doors. A similar attendance is anticipated this season. The exact date of the concert will be announced later.

The Cleveland Orchestra has been re-engaged for next season's festival of the Oratoria Society next February. The chief work to be taken up will be Mendelssohn's "St Paul" an oratorio that has not been done in Massey Hall for a great many years. While in England again this Summer Dr. Broome visited the leading English Composers and brought back with him several new works by Frank Bridge, Von Holst, and Vaughan Williams. He also has several composer programs of songs which he intends to do at the Conservatory this season with his vocal pupils.

Rehearsals for the Oratorio Society will commence Oct. 6th, but application for membership may be made any time.

Mr. W. H. Thornton, tenor singer of St. Catherines, won the gold medal in the vocal competition held at the Canadian National Exhibition on Sept. 3rd. Mr Thornton is a pupil of Mrs. Annie Wildgust-Kadwill A.L.C.M. who was also his accompanist.

Nellye Gill, the brilliant Toronto soprano, and soloist of Bloor St. Presbyterian Church, is preparing for a busy season in concert. In response to many requests, Miss Gill has decided to re-enter the field of teaching, and is accepting a limited number of pupils.

Mrs. Irene Stevenson, who won the silver medal in the mezzo-soprano contest at the Toronto Exhibition, is a pupil of Miss Mildred Walker.

Miss Sternberg is opening her studio at 205 Avenue Road with a two weeks normal course for teachers, beginning Sept. 15th. The regular classes re-open on Wednesday, Oct. 1st. A class for the new ballroom dances will also be opend early in October.

Mr. Charles Shearer, baritone, has returned to the city after taking a summer course in voice culture and interpretation with the eminent American baritone, Arthur Middleton.

Mr. Dalton Baker, the eminent baritone and former conductor of the Orpheus Society, who returned very ill from New York last winter, is back in town again very much improved in health after a two months sojourn on the shores of Lake Simcoe. Mr. Baker has rejoined the faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, with which institution he has been associated for the past ten years as one of their most distinguished teachers of the art of singing, and to which art he has contributed so much as an exponent. Mr. Baker resumed teaching on Monday, Sept. 8th, and is already planning the formation of a music club details of which will be made known at a later date.

Music lovers of string ensemble will be pleased to know that The Hart House String Quartet, Geza de Kresz, first violin; Harry Adaskin, second violin; Milton Blackstone, viola; and Boris Hambourg, cellist, are planning a subscription series of five Thursday night concerts for the coming season. This organization makes a fair bid to become one of the finest chamber music interpreters that have appeared in Toronto. Their initial performance here last season was an instantaneous success, and their second appearance, some time later, before the British scientists already showed signs of even closer understanding amongst the players. Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Elgar, Schumman, MacMillan, Mozart and Hayden will be represented on this series of programs. The concerts will take place at the Hart House Theatre on dates to be announced later.

Arthur Friedheim, one of the last remaining pupils of Liszt, spent several years as a teacher in Toronto. Two years ago he moved to New York, where he is now teaching at the New York School of Music and Art.

Boris Hambourg recently gave a successful recital at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, the well-known 'cellist being assisted by Mrs. Boris Hambourg at the piano and by Delphine Gagnon as solo pianist.

MUSIC ELSEWHERE

A rumor was current in New York musical circles recently to the effect that General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza, now in Italy, has made arrangements for the production at the Metropolitan next season of Arrigo Boito's "Nerone." The work had its world-premiere at the Scala in Milan last Spring, and, although it was given an enthusiastic welcome by operagoers, it was not so well received by the critics. The production is an exceedingly expensive one, and, it is estimated, would entail an outlay of at least $100,000 if Mr. Gatti-Casazza decided to give it in New York. In the absence in Europe of the opera house officials, the rumor lacked confirmation.

Several soprano songs by a blind girl will be sung by Amelita Galli-Curci in the course of next season. This composer is Beatrice Fenner. Her age is nineteen, and Los Angees is her home. She will move to New York shortly to continue her musical studies, with Mme. Galli-Curci, as one of her sponsors. Mme. Galli-Curci, who is at her home, High Mount, N.Y., met Miss Fenner last Spring in Los Angeles, and believes she will make notable contributions to the catalog of American compositions.

Pietro Mascagni is reported to be attracted toward "Seventh Heaven" as a subject for a new opera. The composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is always alert for material which can be worked into a suitable libretto, and is said believe that "Seventh Heaven" offers opportunities for effective musical composition.

Isadore de Lara, composer of "The Three Musketeers," has officially opened his campaign for subscriptions toward the building of an Imperial Opera House in London. One million pounds is needed to build the house and an equal sum is wanted for endowments. The committee hopes to find 1,000,000 shareholders at one pound each. Mr. de Lara's scheme, announced last December is, now more definite in its specifications. The theatre will, he says, seat 4,000 persons, with good seats for from one to five shillings.

Eugen d'Albert, composer and pianist, was injured in a motorcycle accident near his Summer home in Germany, and is now in the hospital recovering from the effects. Mr. d'Albert has been spending the Summer at a villa which he rented for the reason. He was negotiating for an American tour next season and it is not yet known whether the accident will interfere with his plans.

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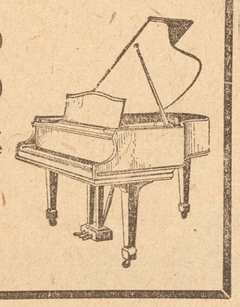

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CANADA'S WORST POETS

Poet Laureate of the Dominion Shared With Longfellow and Tennyson a Heavy Burden of Poesy---Book Published by Mistake.

By MATT PARADINE.

II—JAMES GAY.

IN the race of poets there are some who are shy and shrinking, and there are others whom nothing can stop in the fulfilment of their deadly poetic errand. James Gay, Poet Laureate of the Dominion of Canada and resident of Guelph, was of the latter. In 1883 he burst upon a waiting world with a volume that showed no doubt about its mission. There were only two others in the world whose worth he admitted. One was Tennyson. The other was Longfellow. When Longfellow died Gay wrote to Tennyson to remind him that the heavy burden of posey the three had borne must now fall upon the two of them.

LIKE many another poet gay had his book published by mistake. He had been tossing off an occasional jewel for the Guelph papers and some of his poems had found their way into American papers as being unique of their kind. One day an English publisher hearing of Gay, wrote to him asking him for a volume of his poems, expecting by return a copy of a book. What he got was an enormous batch of manuscript and expressions of satisfaction from Mr. Gay that at last the world wanted him. So with true sportsmanship the publisher brought out the works of the Canadian Laureate with an introduction of well written sarcasm that seems to have gone clean over James Gay's head. Gay's own dedication to his poems is a marvel of bon homie:

To Dr. C. L. Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England, Baron, etc, etc.

"Dear Sir:—Now Longfellow is gone there are only two of us left. There ought to be no rivalry between us two.

A poet's mind is clear and bright
No room for hatred, malice or spite.

"To my brother poet I affectionately dedicate these original verses not before printed. Other verses from my pen have been numerously printed in Canadian and American papers.

Giving a few outlines of my fellow-man
As nigh as I can see and understand.

"Almost the first poetry I can remember is the beautiful line 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do', and similar sentiments likewise occur in my own poems.

Up, up with your flag, let it wave where it will
A natural born poet his mind can't keep still.

'I do not know whether a baron or a poet laureate gets any wages in England. In Canada there is no pay.

Ambition is a great thing, of this I must say
This has been proved by the poet James Gay.

"It is a solemn thing to reflect that I am the link connecting two great countries. I hope when I am gone another may raise up. I believe you have one boy, dear sir, and I read in the papers the other day as he had been play-acting somewhere. I once exhibited a two-headed colt myself at several fairs, ten cents admission, and know something about play-acting and the like. Don't you let him.

"I hope to be in England some time during the present year, if spared, and shall not fail to call round, if not too far from my lodgings for a man nigh on 74, which, dear sir, is the age of

Yours always,
James Gay.
(This day.)

Poet Laureate of Canada and Master of all Poets, Royal City of Guelph, Ontario."

JUST what were the emotions of Lord Tennyson on receiving a book with this chummy dedication it is impossible now to say. Probably the only line in it he understood was the one about Satan finding some mischief still.

Gay had three chief ideas. The first was that he was the master of all poets. The second was that it was a poet's business to remove all rivalry from politics and life generally. The third was that he should speak well of everybody with the due precaution, however, that he should put him right after James Gay. This is how Martin Luther comes out after a hot tussle between Gay and the author of the "Old Hundred."

This old hymn I should say
Is one of the best solemn strains ever composed on earth
Still not composed by James Gay.
Composed by Martin Luther, one of the greatest reformers of his day,
And so is James Gay.

One wonders if Gay would have been as prone to publish his own merits if he had had a nice unrhymable name like Pshibishevsky.

HE does not bother much about history unless something unusual brings it into his life. Mary Queen of Scots would have loved this:

O Mary, Mary Queen of Scot
Your needlework is not forgot,
Three hundred years have passed they say
Your beautiful piece of tapestry is still in the hands of Mrs. Thomas Dunn, of Massagaway.

Mrs. Dunn evidently received it from the Queen. Her survival is much more remarkable than that of the tapestry. Gay goes on:

By what we read of you, I should dare to say
You were one of the finest queens that lived in Scotland in that day.
It is needless to say
Your handiwork is still beautiful after the space of three hundred years have passed.

IT will be observed that when Gay wants a few extra feet he takes them. Why not. Surely the Master of all Poets has some privileges. Here is a study in optimism. New poets since Gay have done worse with the same lofty thought:

We have the watchword on the sea
Where mariners all they should agree;
"Who goes there? Stranger quickly tell!
Friend! All is well! All is well!"
This shoud be the password on land,
On a dark night it would be a a good plan
If this be carried out all through
Our life would be a pleasant tale to tell,
When lying on our beds unwell,
"All is well! All is well!
Is this a contradiction in terms or merely a cult of faith healing?

GAY did not dabble very much in nature themes but when he did he was suitably pleased with himself:

Brightest of poets have passed away,
Never a one of them composed on the Elephant and the Flea,
At last it is composed by the poet James Gay.
Between these two there is a great contrast,
The elephant is very slow, the flea is very fast.
We can make friends with all beasts ever came in our way;
No man on earth can make friends with a flea.
All beasts and little animals seem to have a cunning way,
Just like the whales at sea they seem to know their foes
Upsets their boats in a moment and down they goes.

GAY was an intense patriot. Not merely "my country right or wrong", but "My country always right". He waxes hot over the war in Egypt:

It seems they are a wicked race,
The British flag they do not embrace:
I hope old England will come out right
No fear of death before their eyes,
Let's hope John Bull will take them by surprise,
Meet them fairly face to face.

There seems to be a contradiction here:

Brave Englishmen will overcome this savage race;
Let us all do what we can
For the good and prosperity of our fellow man.

A pious thought to end a war on. Gay's welcome to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise was warm and homely.

They have left their dear homes,
Their hills and their heather,
In Ottawa for a time will live happy together;
In our beloved Queen there is no selfish pride,
I hope she will ofter hear from her daughter and her husband by her side.

THE foregoing is a taste of James Gay. He was a prolific and repetitive bard and I have left out the bulk of his lines about how good a poet James Gay was. They make up at least a fifth of the volume. During his life he worked at many trades beside that of poetry. In 1810 he saw the light of day in Devonshire. In 1834 he came to Canada and settled in Guelph as a carpenter. Later he was a gunsmith, then going security for a tax-collector who came out short on his accounts, he lost his money. For a while he kept a hotel and for a while he exhibited the two-headed colt, from whose stage career he derived his deep and lasting knowledge of play-acting. At last, after many promises, he did go to England, but whether he and Tennyson, the two Laureates ever hobnobbed, history does not say. I suspect they did not.

In the late eighties James Gay died, leaving his matchless lyrics and his own pious hope that "when I am gone another may raise up."

JAMES GAY.

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Racing All the Year Round in Argentine—Some of the Best Horses in England Imported to Provide Thoroughbreds for Sport—Palatial Club Houses and Fine Tracks.

By J. V. McAREE.

ARGENTINA leads the world in horse racing. The season lasts all the year round. The same horses do not compete from January to December, of course, the art of keeping a horse fit to race for twelve months on end not having penetrated so far south of the Equator. Now and again an iron horse emerges, or rather an iron-hearted owner, who believes his horse is a powerful piece of machinery, requiring only oats, water, an occasional shot, and a couple of weeks' holidays in the Summer. The Argentines, or as they were called before the advent of Firpo, the Argentinians do not race their real champions in this fashion. And they have real champions. There are no fluckers purchased at the English sales, and if a great horse finds his way into the market for a record price the chance is that the successful bidder is an Argentine. Call of the Wild and Allan Breck, the former the sire of London Cry, the horse that won the Goodwood Stakes in the colors of King George, and both well known on the English turf, are the latest to be bought for the Argentine. That the Argentine had sportsmen whom nothing but the best would satisfy was brought to the attention of the world some twenty years ago when King Edward's Diamond Jubilee was sold to the far south. Since then some of the best English sires have followed h.m. and the country is breeding horses on the most scientific lines that probably would compare for average merit with those produced in the United States and Australia. We have no doubt they are much better than our Canadian horses. We have never had a Canadian pay anything like as much money for breeding stock as has been paid by half a dozen Argentines.

ARGENTINE is naturally a great horsecountry. It has vast plains, corresponding to western and southwestern prairies, and these, locally nicknamed the pampas, support vast herds and flocks the year round. The climatic conditions in Argentina are somewhat comparable with those of Australia, but the average South American fertility is greater and whole provinces are not devoted to the raising of sheep because the pasture will not support a larger and more vaduable form of animal life. The cruel drouths are also missing. In these ideal conditions the great land owners turned naturally to the breeding of cattle and horses. Some of the greatest shorthorns ever bred in England and Scotland have helped improve the native herds which were originally of the lean, long-horned type that used to infest the Rio Grande in the dear old dead cowboy days. The cattle made the ranchers rich and their life-long association with horses suggested that they should combine business with pleasure and purchase English thoroughbreds to improve their native stock and provide a bit of sport as well. The cross-ing experiment was not as successful as it has proved in other countries where thoroughbred sires were employed. The progeny lacked the sturdiness and hardihood of the native stock, and proved unusually nervous. The cross-breds, however, are said to be better than the natives for cavalry purposes, having at least improved speed.

LACK of success in making silk purses out of sows' ears did not discourage the Argentines. They decided to breed thoroughbreds to thoroughbreds and began to import English brood mares as well as English sires. The result was as successful as it has proved in every other country where pure English stock has been purchased and scientifically bred and where the saving of money in making the original purchases was not the main object. It is true that the Argentines have not yet reached the stage when they can sell their product-back to England. But what horse breeding nation has? Two or three Australian horses, notably Carbine, have been sent back to England there to add to their fame, and now and then an American horse like Rhoda P. helps make British turf history by becoming the dam of a Derby winner like Orby. Speaking generally, however, the Englishmen are able to breed their own. They did about all their importing a couple of hundred years ago. There is something in the climate apparently that gives them the edge on all other breeders of domestic animals and birds. They can sell their best, or what seems to be their best, and next year can breed better. Some doleful critics say that this practice has gone about as far as it can go, and that England ought to sell no more thoroughbreds to the foreigners.

TO resume the Argentine discourse, quoting from the Brooklyn Eagle: The Buenos Aires race track and its surroundings are wonderfully attractive. Instead of a bare field, such as is customary in this country, the track is enclosed by a park ornamented with flower beds, trees and shrubbery, while intersecting it are rivulets crossed by white bridges. In the centre is a splendid bronze statute of George Washington, presented to the Argentine Republic by American residents of Buenos Aires as a memorial of the 100th anniversary of independence. There are three tracks, one inside the other, the outermost being a mile and three-quarters in length. Spectators are provided with seats in a row of great white stands, the grandstand, reserved for members of the Jockey Club, being constructed of white marble. Behind the upper seats there is a spacious promenade, with tables for afternoon tea. Further back are finely appointed clubrooms. Persons of distinction, or those accompanied by influential friends, may secure an invitation to the official stand, where the president and his cabinet can be seen, on important occasions, in company with the chief officers of the army and navy. During the races music is furnished by an excellent band.

THE races at Buenos Aires are directed by the Argentine Jockey Club, probably the richest organization of its kind in the world, for the entrance fee is nearly $1,500 and the annual dues $90. Among its 2,000 members are some of the wealthiest men in South America. The club derives such a vast income from receipts at the races that it scarcely knows what to do with the money. The sale of tickets sometimes exceeds $300,000 in one year, while betting has amounted to as much as $20,000,000. A large part of the club's receipts is devoted to charity and to promoting interest in horses and horse racing. Large sums are also spent on club properties, the track and its buildings having cost over a million dollars. The home of the Jockey Club in Buenos Aires is admitted to be the finest clubhouse in the world, and it fairly rivals any European palace in the sumptuous character of its furnishings. The stairway to the second floor has steps of rare marble and balustrades of onyx. Priceless tapestries and paintings by such famous artists as Bonnat and Bouguereau adorn the walls of the state dining rooms, the drawing room, the library and other apartments. Among other notable features are rooms for card playing, fencing and other sports, a palatial bath room and a big swimming pool.

CATS AND MEN.

Torn from his comfort by the kitchen blaze,
Plunged forth upon the coldness and the night,
Kim, the philosopher, arched to full height,
Accepts the shift of fortune. All his days
End thus. He has grown used to human ways.
He knows that men, though strangely they delight
In such caprices, yet design no spite
And will to-morrow welcome him with praise
Sometimes he looks exactly as if he must
Be smiling at the thought that, soon or late,
Men to the darkness and the chill are thrust—
Like cats the victims of descending fate.
Nay, smile not, Kim; for, once outside the door,
Men come back to their House of Life no more.

—GEORGE S. BRYAN, in the Bookman, London.

Tiny Yachts Race on Toronto Bay

Continued from Front Page.

ronto. The yachtsman had been sailing his craft off Birchcliff, watching its progress from afar. Some folks happened along in a canoe and seeing the little ship concluded that they had come upon a derelict. When the yatchsman appeared to claim his property the self-appointed salvage corps showed inclination to dispute the claim and a fistic mix-up developed. Commodore Brydon had a similar experience a couple of years ago but it did not raise a fight. He was in a row-boat keeping an eye on one of his yachts when a canoeist took a fancy to it and only relinquished his prize after a convincing argument.

IT IS in the Motherland that model yacht racing has secured the strongest hold and this is very largely due to the fact that a number of municipal corporations have established special ponds for sailing model yachts in the public parks. These ponds are between a foot and a half and two feet deep and from two to three acres in extent, surrounded with a convenient curbing and are used exclusively for the sport. Glasgow has at least four of such ponds and that is where Mr. Brydon first became an admirer of the pastime while he was an enthusiast over sailing on large craft. Liverpool, Manchester, London, Llandudno and many other places have model yacht sailing clubs, some with as many as three hundred members, and racing days attract large crowds of spectators. Wherever the sport is given encouragement it grows. Its great fascination lies in there being no finality in it; it is an art, not an exact science; sufficient can be positively stated as to cause and effect to give confidence, and the interest is maintained in the following up of all the elusive factors which are called into being. It is really an all-the-year-round pastime for the designing and building of craft may occupy its followers indoors during the long Winter evenings, and the finished models provide healthy and pleasant recreation in the open air throughout the summer. The sport became well organized in the Old Land long ago and the craft has become a fine art, as is evidenced by some of the beautiful model boats in the fleet of the Toronto club. South Africa has one of the finest clubs at Cape Town and its races are said to attract "football crowds."

IN the United States, New York has a thriving club with a lake in Central Park. Boston has a club with large membership and there are several in New Jersey. Detroit has a club which is becoming very successful. There are clubs in other lake cities and the sport is reported to be booming.

Some time ago a cabled interview in a Toronto newspaper described Rudyard Kipling as having been playing with a boy's boat when he was talked to. The great author was really sailing one of his model yachts for he is among the enthusiasts in England. Sir Thomas Lipton of International yacht race fame is also a keen patron and has presented trophies to encourage the development of the sport, which attracts the best class of people for it requires intellect and no inconsiderable outlay. The cost of a model yacht may run into hundreds of dollars and even when they are homemade the cost is not inconsiderable. There is a lot of difference between the scale model yacht designed and built by the professional, or skilled amateur, and the cheap boats which are sold in many shops and cannot be controlled on the water at all. Building a model properly is not an easy job for an amateur to tackle, but there are many guides available for successful use by those who possess some mechanical skill and a lot of patience. Local men who have built their boats describe it as a most entertaining job.

MEMBERS of the Toronto Model Yacht Club do not see much hope of interest in the sport increasing to any appreciable extent until better facilities for sailing the boats are made available. They would like very much to see one or two ponds established by the Parks Department where they could sail their boats with more frequency and would not be so much at the mercy of the weather. The subject was broached to the civic authorities some time ago but did not receive favorable consideration at that time the ever present obstacle of expense being in the way and the opinion was expressed that Toronto being a waterfront city the model yachtsmen ought to be able to find some place on the shores of the bay suitable for their pastime. The matter was not pressed but it is likely to be revived. It is the intention of some members of the Model Yacht Club to enlarge the fleet during the coming winter by building several boats of a larger class than those now racing for the Jarvis Shield. These new yachts will be about 44 inches on the water line and 66 inches over all. Canada has had an international race for model yachts but failed to win when Montreal club boats met those of the Model Yacht Racing Association of America for a trophy awarded by a Montreal newspaper.

Local enthusiasts all agree that if Toronto had a little lake for the the encouragement of the sport it would become very popular here within a short time, but with the open water conditions as at present rapid progress can scarcely be honed for.

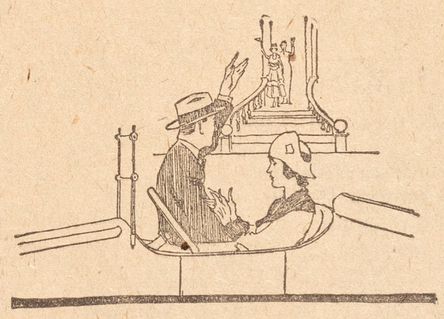
Their Future

Your Boy, For Instance

His ideas will be "steadied" by the knowledge of your plans for him.

His "preparation" expenses are provided for "no matter what happens."

Later on his training helps to win confidence,



Leading to his ultimate success, and your deep satisfaction.

If your boy or girl could speak now *with the wisdom of later years*, they would ask above all else for education—for knowledge of a business or profession which would give them a fair chance in the keen competition for success.

You want your child to be equipped as others are; and perhaps you are working to that end.

Why Not
Make Your Plans Secure?

Why not provide, as many parents are now doing, that, "no matter what happens," your boy or girl will have a fair start in life?

Let us tell you how this is done through the new Canada Life

Educational Policy

This contract brings into existence a life insurance fund for educational expenses, to be held in trust at interest. This fund cannot be used or converted, except by you, but when your boy or girl is, say, eighteen years of age, it can be paid in any number of separate amounts required, six months apart, or in monthly cheques, to cover the vital years of training.

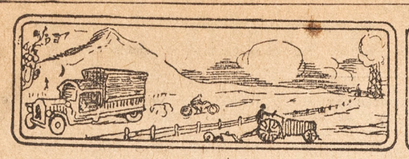
You have probably *thought* this matter over many times. Here is a chance to *do* something—tangible, immediate—yet quite easy.

We will send a proposal giving more complete information. A request will place you under no obligation.

Canada Life Assurance Company
"Seventy Seven Years Old"

Home Office
Toronto
Canada

Canada Life Assurance Company, Toronto
Dear Sirs—I would like to have more information about your Educational Policy.
Name .....
Address .....
I was born.....day of.....



AUTOMOTIVE SECTION

Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

City Councils Protest Against Centralization of Motor Vehicle License Issuing

Trans-Canada Highway to Be Completed in 6 Years--Lyons

Minister of Lands and Forests States that Kenora-Manitoba Link Will be Open to Traffic Next Summer, and That Kenora-Fort William and Port Arthur Road Will be Completed in Three Years, but That Last of "Soo" to Twin Ports Highway Will Not be Finished Until Three Years Later in Interesting and Informative Address at Annual Convention of Canadian Automobile Association—Doolittle Re-elected by Acclamation.

That motor tourist traffic yields an annual revenue now of ninety million dollars to the Province of Ontario, and that "the completion of the Trans-Canada Highway is an absolute national necessity as much needed to-day as was the construction of the C.P.R.," were two of the outstanding declarations of Hon. James Lyons, Minister of Lands and Forests for Ontario, who has charge of the construction of the highways in the province north of the Severn River, in the course of his very interesting address at the eleventh annual convention of the Canadian Automobile Association in Toronto last week.

Representatives of the motor leagues of the various provinces of the Dominion were present and unanimously re-elected Lieutenant-Governor Cockshutt honorary president; Dr. P. E. Doolittle, president, and W. G. Robertson, secretary-treasurer.

After touching on some phases of his recent Trans-Canada trip, part of which was made by motor in the company of Dr. Doolittle, Hon. Mr. Lyons dealt with his plans for forging the missing links of the Trans-Canada Highway in New Ontario. The contract for the only other missing link—a sixty-mile stretch in British Columbia—has been let by the British Columbia Government. Hon. Mr. Lyons stated that the Kenora to the Manitoba boundary road now under construction would be completed and open to traffic by next mid-Summer, and that the 90-mile highway from Kenora to Fort William and Port Arthur would be completed within three years. The Sault Ste. Marie to the Twin Ports Highway would be the most difficult and costly to forge of all the links of roads that form the Trans-Canada Highway, said Hon. Mr. Lyons, not excepting the Trans-Canadian Rockies Highway, because of the drainage and road material and depots problems. However, he left no doubt in the minds of his auditors that difficulties would or could swerve him from his empire building purpose of completing this road. Indeed, east from the Twin Ports he expects to have the eighty-mile road to Nippigon completed in the not distant future. Work is under way on this road now. From the Soo westerly he is having a 150-mile road survey made at present, and 40 miles of road is under construction. "I believe," he said, "that in six or seven years this last link in the Trans-Canada Highway will have been completed."

He stated that he believed highway construction work was the most important the provinces have in hand, not only because of the tremendous and rapidly augmenting revenue from motor tourist traffic, and that good roads are a fundamental requisite in the cultivation and development of this. (He declared that motor tourist traffic was now the chief source of revenue of British Columbia from natural resources—103,000 United States cars entered that province by the Blaine portal in July alone), not only because the motor car promises to do more than anything else to "bring the people of the nations together and establish bonds of sympathy, understanding, appreciation, community of interests, friendship, etc., and so unify the nation, but also because "transportation is civilization," and in his belief in a decade the nation will be very nearly 100 per cent. motorized.

As an illustration of the extent of motor tourist traffic, Hon. Mr. Lyons stated that on a recent motor trip to Niagara-on-the-Lake he was so struck by the numerical dominance of cars bearing United States license plates that he determined to gauge it. Starting at Grimsby he checked the passing cars until he had counted 100 with United States license plates. While passing this 100 United States cars, 47 cars bearing Canadian license plates were passed. On the return trip he started the count at Grimsby again. Only 26 cars bearing Canadian licenses passed while he counted 100 bearing United States licenses!

Hon. Mr. Lyons stated that the Provincial Government was very much alive to the importance of national and provincial parks as tourist attractions, and declared that it was the intention of the Government to develop its 20,000 square miles of provincial parks and make them accessible by the construction of motor roads.

Dr. P. E. Doolittle, in the course of his presidential report, gave a graphic and entertaining account of his recent trans-Canada motor tour. (He left for Vancouver by train, following the meeting, to drive back, having left his car there to return by rail to Toronto for the convention).

A. A. Prior, president of the Quebec Motor League, spoke of the better relations developing between English and French-speaking Canada as a result of motor intercommunication. This, he declared, would be expedited by the completion of the interprovincial highway and the bridges into Montreal. He solicited and received the association's support for the opening of the Quebec bridge to motor traffic. M. P. Titus, of the baby member of the association, the Prince Edward Island Motor League, told how following Dr. Doolittle's whirling campaign, the basic rule of the road was changed from left to right in the "Garden of the Gulf," without a single accident. Not the least of the services of the Canadian Automobile Association has been the standardization of the basic rule of the road throughout the Dominion. First British Columbia, then New Brunswick, then Nova Scotia, and finally "Canada's Cozy Corner," Prince Edward Island, were induced to abandon their "keep to the left" rule. During the current year, thanks in no small part to the activities of the P. E. I. Motor League, which has marked 460 miles of road and secured much better, faster and more frequent ferry service from the mainland, the tourist traffic has increased so far this year 60 per cent. on that of last year.

Reports from other provinces were, more or less, equally ones of progress, legislatively, in highway improvement, in tourist traffic, in road signing, and in general service to motorists and the state.

The presidents of the motor leagues of the various provinces with the elected officers mentioned, form the board of directors of the Canadian Automobile Association.

TRANS-AFRICAN ROAD.

According to the Royal East African Automobile Association, the road linking Buta with Aba and Rejaf is now ready for public motor traffic. As soon as this road is opened up it will be possible to travel across Central Equatorial Africa from Mombasa on the east coast to Boma on the west coast in approximately twenty-two days—a total distance of 2,992 miles. The new transcontinental motor road is 581 miles in length, and is so good the Ford Motor Lorry Service averages eighteen miles an hour.

Again Heads Canadian Automobile Association.

Dr. P. E. Doolittle, pioneer motorist and "Father of Canadian Good Roads", who was re-elected president of the Canadian Automobile Association at its eleventh annual convention in Toronto last week.

City Councils Opposed to Centralized Car Licensing

St. Catharines and Windsor Among Municipalities That Have Gone on Record, by Passing Resolutions of Protest, Against Retrogressive Move Proposed by Ontario's Department of Highways—Many Demerits and No Merit Found in Proposal by Representative Organizations That Declare it Would Prove Inefficient, Uneconomic and a Great Inconvenience.

So apprehensive are the people throughout the province at the proposed centralization of motor vehicle license issuing in Toronto that City Councils, in addition to Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce and other public organizations are passing resolutions of protest.

The importance of the automotive industry to the border cities is so well known that even mention of it seems superfluous. Certainly it will not surprise well informed motorists that the Windsor City Council should have been one of the first to go on record as opposed to the reversion to centralized license issuing in Ontario. The resolution passed by a unanimous vote of the Windsor City Council after it had been moved by Ald. C. R. Tuscon, Windsor Traffic Commissioner, who stigmatized the proposed retrogressive move as "one of the most foolish the Government could entertain," and seconded by Ald. C. E. Jackson. The resolution follows:

"Whereas information has been received by this Council that the Department of Public Highways is now giving consideration, on the grounds of economy, to a scheme whereby all motor vehicle permits and markers would be sent out from Toronto in future, eliminating entirely the local issuer and requiring individual applications to be sent in by mail from outside points.

"And whereas it is quite obvious that such a change would create confusion, inconvenience, delay and expense, and many other hardships to those requiring motor licenses, especially to the City of Windsor and adjacent municipalities along the border of the Detroit River.

"Resolved that this Council strenuously oppose any change that will interfere with the local issuing of motor licenses, believing that the present system is the best for service and convenience at this port."

Commenting on this the Border City Star declared editorially, under the caption "A Wise Stand":

"The Windsor Council is to be commended for its stand against the new plan of the Ontario Highways Department to distribute all automobile license plates from a central office in Toronto, thus dispensing with the services of the local issuer. This plan, it would seem, is being advocated by the Department for reasons of economy, but there are other considerations which should count as much in the final decision.

"The local issuer is a convenience to the motorists of each community. He makes it much easier for them to get their licenses. If it were necessary to send to Toronto for all the licenses used in Essex County the process would be an interminable one, productive of delay and confusion. The department should reconsider its determination in this case. The money to be saved the Provincial Government would be nothing compared to what the motoring public stands to lose."

That the automotive manufacturing centres are not alone in their agitation and opposition to the proposed retrogressive move is demonstrated on every side. The St. Catharines City Council, for instance, has passed a resolution, moved by Ald. Taylor and seconded by Ald. Dakers, protesting against the proposed "concentration of license issuing in Toronto," declaring that it would prove "a great hardship, an inconvenience, cause delay and would not produce economy or efficiency."

MANY WEALTHY MOTORISTS ON CAMPING TOURS

The campers this year have among their number many people of means, those who prefer that style of touring and to whom expense is not an item to be considered. The most expensive cars made frequently pull into the tourist camps, or are seen hauling trailers. Many chauffeur-driven cars are to be seen in tourist camps.

International Traffic in Stolen Cars Interrupted

Quebec's Queer Laws Made it the Clearing House for International Car Stealing Ring, the Operations of Which Have Been Largely Suspended, if Not Stopped, as Result of Activities of Automobile Recovery Bureau—A Number of Car Thieves Now Doing Time.

The operations of the international ring of motor car thieves, that functioned with Quebec as a clearing house, has received a staggering, if not fatal blow, and several of its members are serving time while some "higher-up" are being prosecuted as a result of the establishment in Montreal of the Canadian Automobile Recovery Bureau.

Repeated representations were made to the Customs Department by members of the automotive industries of Canada, the Automotive Retail Association of Quebec, the Retail Merchants' Association of Canada, the Canadian Automobile Underwriters' Association, the Underwriters Conference of New York, seeking the right to repossess stolen cars smuggled or brought into the country on the establishment of proof of ownership without payment of duty, sales tax, etc. This was finally agreed to by the department on payment of storage, seizure and other costs. Previous to this cars seized by the department were disposed of by public auction at which, it is alleged, the thieves or those working with them, bought them in at ridiculously low figures and in Quebec, it seems, establishment of lawful purchase on the part of the possessor legally establishes ownership.

The Canadian Automobile Recovery Bureau is located in the Transportation Building, Montreal, and is maintained by a group of United States insurance companies. Capt. C. N. Carter, formerly of the Dominion Police, is in charge. Under him are two efficient constables who are empowered to inspect suspected cars. This small but very efficient force has the generous co-operation of the municipal, provincial and federal police. So far it has been able to identify 95 per cent. of the cars of all types seized with mutilated serial and engine numbers and 100 per cent. of the high priced cars.

Heretofore, before a United States car, stolen in the States and seized in Canada was returned to its owner in the United States, customs duty, etc., as well as other costs had to be paid by the owner following establishment of proof of ownership.

The international traffic in stolen cars became so great in Quebec that it aroused the trade and industry as well as the insurance interests and so brazen that certain establishments would take orders for practically new cars of almost any make or model at ridiculously under market prices.

It is alleged that some fairly prominent men will face prosecution as a result of the bureau's investigations.

Motor Market Strengthening Steadily Reports N.A.C.C.

Production Which in June Reached Lowest Point in U. S. Since January, 1923, Was Increased in July and Again in August With a Considerable Increase Scheduled for September—Dealers' Stocks Pretty Well Liquidated and General Survey Indicates That Fall Business Will be Excellent—Light Truck Outlook Said to be Particularly Favorable—Comparative Outputs by Months of 1923 and 1924.

New York City.—Continued conservative improvements in the automobile business is indicated in the August output of 268,477 cars and trucks, the total estimated from shipping reports submitted at the directors' meeting of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

The figure is 2 per cent. above July, which in turn exceeded June by 6½ per cent.

The rate of production is 22 per cent. under a year ago, which is regarded by leaders in the industry as not unexpected since output in the early months of the year was much higher than in 1923. Stocks in dealers hands are well liquidated, and present manufacture is based on orders from the field.

Motor manufacturers believe that the gain in the automobile trade is a reflection of generally improved industrial and farming conditions. Dealers report that the Fall outlook is excellent, with expectation of sales much better than this Summer, and with farm trade exceeding last year.

Light truck market prospects are better than last Fall in Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburg and other large cities, with heavy duty vehicles promising business equal to a year ago.

Closed car demand is increasing, and sport models, except in a few popular lines, are less in demand. Monthly production totals this year and last are as follows:—

	1923.	1924.
January	243,554	316,278
February	267,955	367,527
March	355,073	382,474
April	382,746	373,201
May	394,190	312,858
June	378,615	245,700
July	328,105	262,376
August	345,303	268,477

More Hogs by Truck.

Ninety per cent. of the hogs received from within a radius of 50 miles of the Indianapolis stock yards are now delivered by motor truck, according to E. L. Browne, agricultural economist of the United States Bureau of Public Roads, who has just completed a study of shipping conditions in the Indianapolis district.

The transportation of live stock over the highways to markets where they are butchered, has become quite general. In Indianapolis the transportation of hogs by trucks has grown up where a steam and electric service unequalled in few agricultural areas has existed for several years, more than 20 such lines entering the city from all directions.

The use of motor trucks for delivering live stock from the farms to these stock yards, which are the largest east of Chicago, began in 1912, and since that time has increased rapidly. In 1913, the first year truck receipts of hogs were recorded separately, they amounted to 4.55 per cent. of the total, while in 1923 the truck receipts of hogs amounted to 32.54 per cent. of the total. The volume of such receipts has become so large in recent years that the stock yards company has found it necessary to establish a separate division for trucked-in stock.

Although the bulk of the hogs received at these stock yards comes from within the 50-mile radius, there are scattering shipments from territory 75 to 100 miles away. Normally these latter shipments move by rail, but with the number of miles of good roads constantly increasing in this territory, the trucking radius is being rapidly pushed back to the economic limits of truck haul on improved roads.

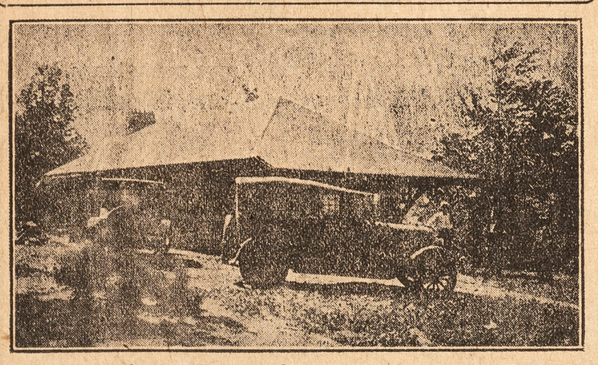
While no comparative figures are available, it is said that fewer hogs die in transit by truck than by rail. This is due largely to the fact that trucked-in hogs move by night during warm weather whereas rail shipments are often loaded and moved during the heat of the day.

With many farmers now owning their own trucks, or living near operators of trucks for hire, the opportunities for taking advantage of varying market conditions are greatly increased. Many farmers who own radio receiving sets, now catch the market openings and still have plenty of time to truck their stock to the best paying yards before they close.

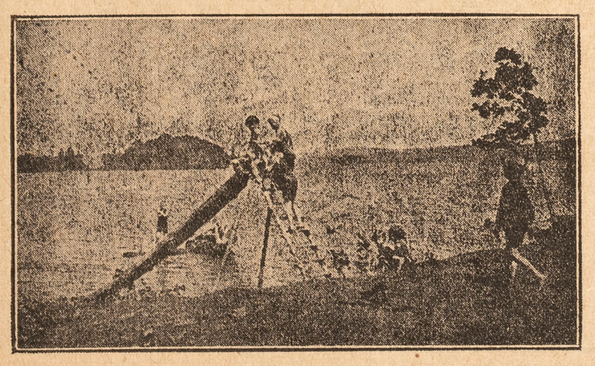
"DAD, MAY I USE THE CAR TO-DAY?"

Is that an echo of what you hear at the breakfast table almost every morning? Mother wants to shop, daughter has a picnic planned, the boy is thinking of a fishing trip. Any grown family needs more than one car, and just now when so many good-looking cars, in smooth running order are on the market at the lowest prices in the history of the automobile, why not save the appearance of your new car? Why not help out the situation at home with another car?

The Huntsville Motor Tourist Camp.



Two views of the recently opened motor tourist camp of Huntsville, located on Fairy Lake. The attractive camp lodge is shown. Dr. P. E. Doolittle, president of the Canadian Automobile Association, "snapped the snaps" from which these photo engravings were made.



Wagner To Make Lockheed Brakes

Will Also Handle Their Merchandising and Servicing Throughout Continent.

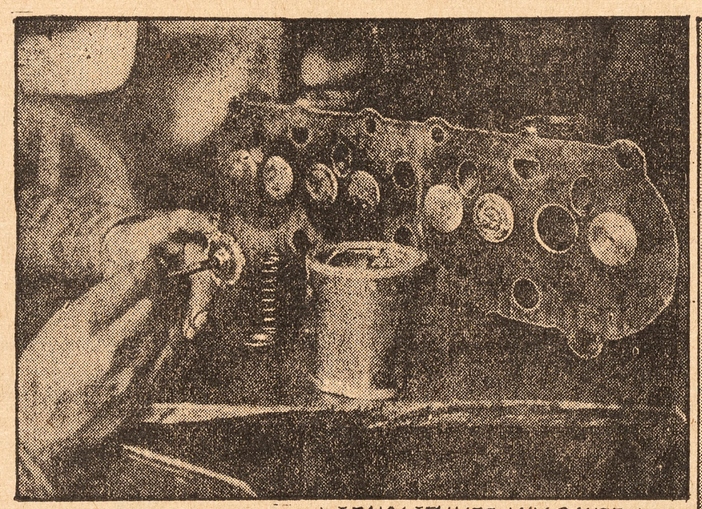
For the benefit of thousands of motorists whose cars now carry hydraulic four-wheel-brake equipment, the Hydraulic Brake Company, owing and controlling the patents of Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes, has entered into a contract placing the servicing of Lockheed four-wheel brake equipment in the competent hands of the Wagner Electric Corporation of Saint Louis.

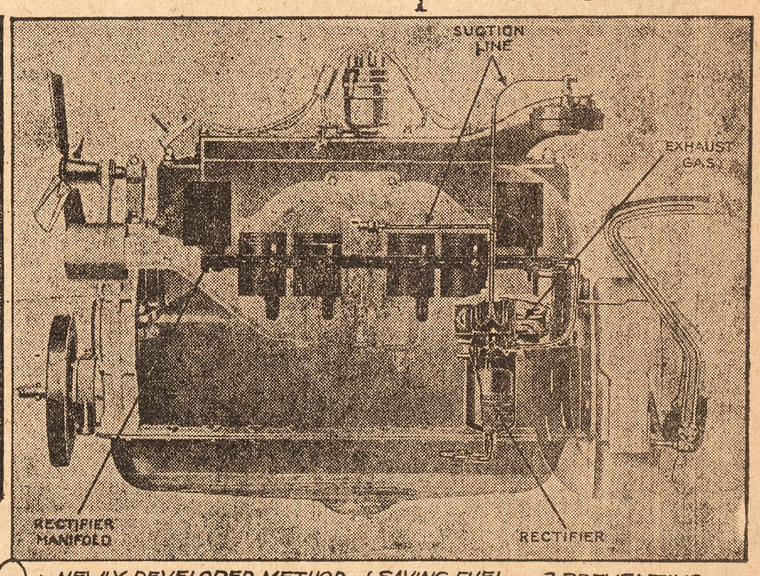
Under this arrangement the chain of Wagner Service Stations stretching across the continent, will offer expert assistance in maintaining Lockheed brakes at their full efficiency. The Wagner Electric Corporation is also made the sole licensee under the Lockheed patents for the manufacture of replacement parts, with authority to sell to the general public. These parts will be made in the Wagner plant at Saint Louis and Wagner Service Stations will be employed as distribution centres.

The Wagner organization is licensed to produce Lockheed equipment for new car installation and to make contracts with car manufacturers for the adoption of Wagner-built Lockheed brakes. Contracts have been closed by Wagner with a number of prominent automobile manufacturers, among which is the Moon Motor Car Company of Saint Louis.

As the popularity of Lockheed Brakes is rapidly growing and thirty automobile manufacturers already have specified the Lockheed hydraulic brake system as standard on their cars, the arrangement for servicing this equipment through the Wagner service organization is a timely move. Wagner prestige and performance are such as to assure both the Lockheed interests and the motoring public the highest satisfaction in this new extension of Wagner service in the automotive field.

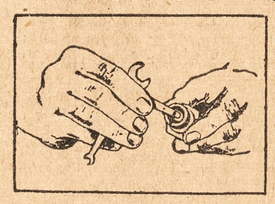
How to Cut the Cost of Car Operation

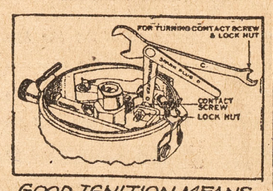




Adequate Lubrication Saves Operation and the Maintenance of Units in Proper Functioning Condition, Will Add Years to a Car's Life and Life to Its Years.

LEAKY VALVES MAY CAUSE A LOSS of COMPRESSION, CAUSING EXCESSIVE FUEL CONSUMPTION
GRINDING IS NOT A DIFFICULT OPERATION

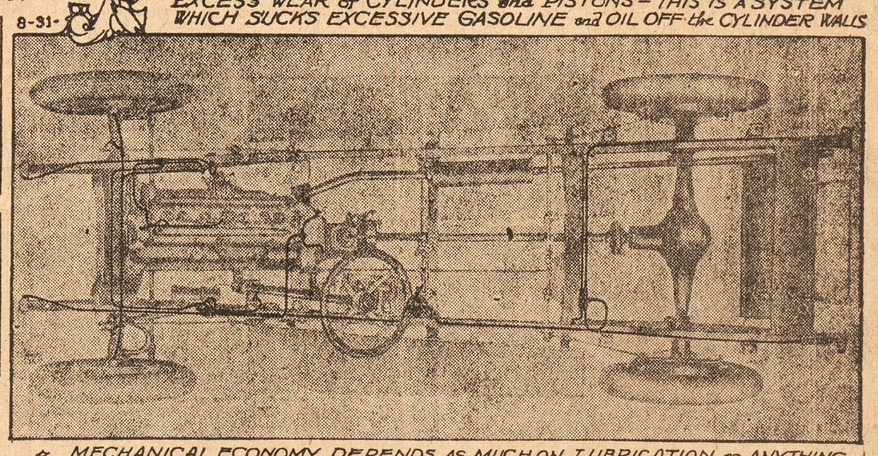




GOOD IGNITION MEANS GOOD ECONOMY, OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL, SPARK PLUG GAPS and BREAKER POINTS MUST BE CLEAN and PROPERLY ADJUSTED

8-31-

NEWLY DEVELOPED METHOD of SAVING FUEL and PREVENTING EXCESS WEAR of CYLINDERS and PISTONS—THIS IS A SYSTEM WHICH SUCKS EXCESSIVE GASOLINE and OIL OFF the CYLINDER WALLS



MECHANICAL ECONOMY DEPENDS AS MUCH ON LUBRICATION as ANYTHING ELSE — The PICTURE SHOWS a CHASSIS in WHICH ALL BEARINGS ARE LUBRICATED FROM A CENTRAL RESERVOIR CONTROLLED from the SEAT — ONE of the LATEST AUTOMOTIVE IMPROVEMENTS

Any car owner may easily obtain economical car operation simply by following certain fundamental rules. High fuel economy may be obtained, first by keeping the car, and particularly the engine, in good mechanical condition, and, second, by adjusting the carburetor to give a slightly leaner mixture than that required for best acceleration.

At the same time, the spark should be well advanced and retarded, only to stop spark knock when the engine is pulling slowly under heavy load, with throttle wide open.

Leaky valves must not be ignored. When the valves require grinding the job should not be postponed, because valve leakage not only causes fuel wastage, but leaky exhaust valves are likely to burn, so that their replacement is required, thus adding to the size of the repair bill.

Engine oil should be changed frequently—at least once every 1,000 miles, and 500 miles is better. High-grade oil should be used, and its consistency should be that recommended by the car or oil manufacturer. When in doubt, use the lightest oil consistent with reasonable oil economy. The heavier the oil, the more likely it is to carbonize the cylinders. Quality oil, changed frequently, not only minimizes engine wear, but it also reduces the frequency with which carbon must be removed and valves ground, and thus reduces repair expense and increases the average fuel economy.

Repair bills may be kept down by thorough lubrication of the whole car. Wear of automobile parts, made of the proper material, of adequate size and properly fitted, is almost negligible when adequately lubricated. This statement, of course, applies with full force to the engine, but it also applies to all other parts, including transmission, universals, rear axle, wheel bearings, steering gear, king bolts, spring bolts, as well as such small items as the starting motor, lighting generator, ignition unit, and fan. It is also important to keep all nuts tight, and a thorough inspection should be made for loose nuts and screws at least once every 5,000 miles. Tightening up should be a regular operation.

However, even with the best of cars, some repairs will be required, and here it must be emphasized that the size of the repair bill often depends on the repairmen. But, fortunately, by inquiry, it is not difficult to find a service station that is both capable and reasonable in charges. Once located, it is advisable to stick to this organization, as one carries on with the family doctor, because, if they know the history of the car and have a continued interest in its performance, they are in an ideal position to keep the repair bills at a minimum. Usually the official service stations are best and cheapest in the long run. Many now operate on a flat charge basis.

Much needless repair expense is occasioned by abusive driving and by avoidable accident. A little less haste and a little more caution will prevent most minor crashes, such as crumpled fenders and bent axles, while sympathy for the car mechanism will do much to eliminate abuses. Remember that careless gear changing, sudden application of the brakes and the continued operation of the car with serious defects, all tend to increase repair bills.—(Copyright, I.F.S.I.)

FINEST PARKING SERVICE STATION IN TORONTO

CENTRALLY LOCATED AT BAY AND TEMPERANCE STS. TWELVE STORAGE FLOORS WITHOUT AN ELEVATOR

TORONTO'S LATEST PALATIAL STORAGE GARAGE.

50,000 Square Feet Of Parking Space Available

ACCOMMODATES

300 Cars

Five-storey, fireproof, reinforced concrete, new building.

Staggered floor construction with wide ramps of easy grade. Drive your own car up the ramps to your own apartment.

Car may be locked and cannot be molested.

Special facilities for car-washing in the basement.

Clean, well-lighted, heated building. Easy of access and in the centre of the busiest part of Toronto.

No delay in entering or leaving—no shifting or transferring—no elevator except for the use of passengers to and from their cars.

Reservations should be made now with Mr. John Ayres, Manager.

Open Day and Night

Special Facilities For Transients.

A feature of the operation of this building will be the 40 hour parking ticket which will be sold for $5.00 and which will entitle the holder thereof to park his car periodically for either shopping, theatre or business. The time in the garage will be punched from this ticket. It is expected that this will be a great convenience to the public.

Central Motor Apartments Fill Long-Felt Need and Solves Parking Trouble

A car drives through the front door of the stately new building on the north side of Temperance Street. A smart attendant hands a check to the driver, "Fourth floor, sir," says the attendant. "Drive straight ahead."

A few moments and the car reaches the fourth floor and slides quietly into a place reserved for it. No mechanism other than the power of the car itself is called into use. It gets smoothly and easily up, much as if it were on a roadway.

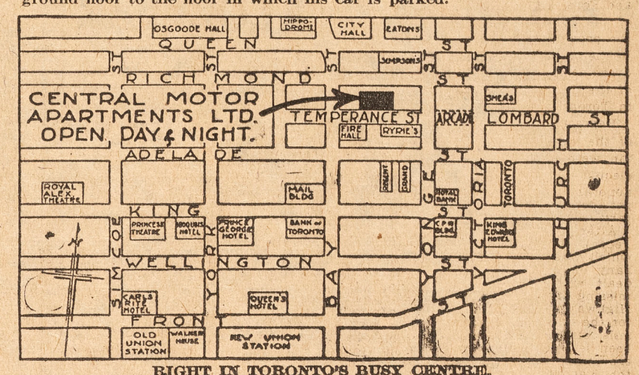
The building is Ontario's first motor-ramp structure. In many respects it is like a series of large factory floors, clean swept of obstructions and unmarked except for the lines of the car spaces. But the entire structure is different from any other building heretofore erected in Canada.

The structure has been built because of the increasing difficulty of parking cars in the downtown area. Heavy traffic has made parking in the congested shopping and financial districts almost impossible, and it has been evident for some time that extra parkng space would have to be made available.

Washing, oiling and greasing facilities have also been installed in one part of the building, though no garage work is done. In the eastern wing a store front has been set in, and there accessories and equipment are displayed. At the other end a large showroom has been built, while in other parts of the building rest-rooms and lavatories have been installed.

James, Proctor and Redfern, Consulting Engineers, the designers of the building, in order to provide easy grades and short runways, have designed the building with two floor elevations in what is known as the staggered floor construction. The photograph of the building shows this construction clearly. A car is driven from the street level directly on to the ground floor of the East Building, turning on to a ramp it reaches the first floor up of the West Building; thence on another ramp on the second floor to the West Building, and so on. In this manner cars may be directly driven from the basement on to the roof which has been designed for emergency storage.

Every car in the building faces on the aisle which is approximately 20 feet in width and which leads directly to the front door, thus no delay can be possible in connection with the parking in this building. An automatic passenger elevator is provided to transport the customer from the ground floor to the floor in which his car is parked.



RIGHT IN TORONTO'S BUSY CENTRE.

CENTRAL MOTOR APARTMENTS

40-46 TEMPERANCE ST.
(North Side, Near Bay)
PHONE ADELAIDE 5412

Special Rates for Short Period Parking for Shoppers and Theatre-Goers

No car is moved after it has been parked by the owner. No jockeying around. No soiled upholstery or dirty steering wheel. The car is driven to and from its location and is never tinkered with by an attendant. No fender crushing or crowding is possible. Park your car where it will receive the best of care.

Large Automobile Display Room to Rent on Ground Floor on Westerly Half of Building

U.S. Car Manufacturers Again Quite Optimistic

Large Surplus Stocks of Cars That Had Accumulated in Some Sections of the United States Have Been Considerably Reduced—Decline in Production Was Halted in July—Advance in Wholesale Prices Regarded as Indicative of Increasing Demand and Better Times—Car Output for First Half of Year Approximates Last Year's Record Production—General Automotive Industry and Trade News From U. S.

By F. ED. SPOONER.
Special to The Sunday World.

Detroit, Sept. 13.—Prosperity is just around the corner. That corner for the automotive manufacturers, dealers, distributors and in fact for every one interested in anyway in the automotive industry as it also applies to equipment, parts and tires, is very nearly reached. There are many reasons for this plain statement. The decline in production in basic industries was halted in July, according to the Federal Reserve Board's summary of conditions during July and August. While the statement also says that factory employment continued to decline, dropping 4 per cent. in August, wholesale prices advanced one per cent., this being the first advance since the first of the year. The advance represented chiefly the advance in farm products. Which indicates that the situation in the farming districts has direct bearing on whatever is going to happen in enabling the automotive makers to safely reach that corner where prosperity lingers. Some have dropped by the wayside and others will do so soon in the opinion of wise men of the industry who speak of real knowledge. There is published, it must be known, a monthly statement of the cars manufactured by all makers of the country, and a sales manager of one of the leading and most successful companies said that that report for July was an eye opener, while August was going to be far more of an eye opener. Certain it is that this present crisis in the automotive field is going to be fatal to many. With the corner so near and prosperity so certainly in the offing some critical cases will be saved and reveal strength sufficient to enable reaching the corner and rounding it.

Along the road since last Spring the U. S. automotive makers in every field, passenger car, truck, equipment and parts, have met with many obstacles and the success with which they have passed over obstructions has placed the automotive business on a high pinnacle in the business world. Had the makers taken into consideration the difficulties of 1920 and 1921 and held back production in the early stages of the year instead of aiming at another record breaking year and 5,000,000 car production, present difficulties would have been avoided.

While the gain in business during August was noticeable still it was not sufficient to brag about. The swings have been favorable, however, and indications are that gains will be made during the balance of the year. The movement has been slightly upward, showing somewhat improved markets. Sales have not hit a high stride, but reports of dealer stocks show the situation improved. Manufacturing schedules have shown an uptrend that is encouraging. Surpluses have been decreased in some instances. The surplus cars turned out in the hectic first six months of the year outnumbered anything ever known before. Stories of the number of cars which were placed in storage when the long cold wet Spring stopped sales are now coming forth, and it is really hard to guess the financial strain which must have been placed upon some companies. Dealers and distributors were whipped into line by the makers and forced to carry unheard of loads. Dealers have now cleared up surplus stocks in most sections of the United States, as the result of the fine Summer weather. But some of the U. S. makers are still stocked up with manufactured product, the extent of which may only be surmised from reports coming in from many important sections of the country.

The country is spotty as regards automotive sales. Some districts have improved, while others have gone back. Buyers have been hesitant about buying, due to far too early announcement of new models by some companies, and this has served to pass along the strain to the shoulders of those makers who flew too fast a pace in production in the first six months of the year.

It is stated now that the makers have generally adopted the policy of manufacturing to meet demand, a sort of death bed repentance for some, and that dealers are not to be forced to stock up cars beyond their limit. Cars will be made as wanted, and dealers will have the opportunity to catch their breath. However, it is known that dealers of certain manufacturers have had to take a decided stand to put a stop to over shipments, and that distributors have appeared at the offices of leading manufacturers to insist that further shipments stop.

Optimism has improved with dealer reports generally. Dealers state that improvement will go on with the entrance into the field of new buying factors. While the agricultural situation looks promising it is not a factor yet, according to statements. Indications are that the farming communities ultimately will prove a strong basis of return to prosperity for the automotive and other lines of manufacturing.

July production figures are close to 260,000, which is about five per cent. greater than June. The production for the first seven months of the year will run then very close to 2,250,000 cars. It will be recalled that in the first seven months of 1923 the production was 2,359,238, so that the total for the year has thus far not fallen off much. But it must be taken into consideration that many thousands of cars produced are still in storage and unsold in various sections of the United States, some makers went wild on production in the first six months of the year.

As regards the farmer as a factor in future markets the statement of the Department of United States Agriculture is mighty interesting. This shows that earnings of the farmers are not receiving an adequate return on their investment and that their earnings dropped 3.1 per cent. The farmers, as a matter of course, even with late increases in the price of farm products, will be receiving but average wages for their work. This report covers a period of five years. Other statements are more optimistic and state that the buying power of the farmers, especially in the middle west, has been increased millions of dollars. The automobile and the motor truck are absolutely essential to the farmer to-day and with added earnings he is certain to be a strong factor unless conditions change. At any rate it may be said that the automotive makers grow more optimistic daily as conditions change with the farmer for it is in the country districts that future business must be accomplished. Cities have almost reached the physical saturation point and sales are not going to be as much of a factor in the near future as of old.

All that may be looked for, while nearing the corner and the long run of prosperity just around it, is steady improvement. Nothing of a sensational nature is likely to occur.

"Prosperity Ahead" was the slogan of the convention of the 5,000 delegates of the National Council of the Travelling Salesmen's Association which met in New York recently.

The Cleveland Trust Company bulletin says that business will improve the rest of the year and will recover in 1924. In Cleveland the employment situation in 100 plants is on a level with 1921 and unemployment has been increasing steadily. Conditions in the tire industry are improving as the 4,000,000 cars put out in 1923 are now coming into the market for new tires.

The report of the General Motors Corporation for the first six months of the year, covering sales to dealers and the sales of the dealers to customers, shows improvement in the industry. During the first three months retail deliveries by dealers to customers, the actual sales to final customers amounted to 139,148 cars and trucks. The corporation, however, sold during this period to dealers 215,550 vehicles and in other words dealers took 76,402 more cars and trucks than they sold. In the second quarter, however, the situation changed materially. Retail sales by dealers aggregated 240,442 cars and trucks while the General Motors sales to dealers amounted to only 137,549. Thus the dealers actually sold 102,893 more cars and trucks than they received from the corporation in the period.

It is said that the August production of all makers will exceed July by about 10 per cent. and bring the total to about 250,000. At least this is the statement of "Motor" after a careful review of the field. The statement says that demand in the farming district has shown actual improvement. In the industrial sections it is found by Motor that there has been practically no improvement. Motor says that manufacturers are proceeding with the utmost caution.

A recent report in a daily paper said "Ford refuses to run." The report had to do with the endeavor to place Ford in nomination for Senator. Some years ago, a report in the Rochester paper said, "Ford hit by an automobile at Canandague," and Henry Ford himself said there was no point to the head and he saw nothing to laugh about. Writers of heads in a newspaper office get lots of fun out of the writing of captions having to do with Ford or the universally used fliver he makes. Likewise users of ancient Ford cars are having lots of fun nowadays with signs they place upon the ancient crocks.

In the financial circles of New York City the statement is made that many automobile makers are still troubled with inventories, but that, with others, the inventory situation has been pretty well cleaned up. Wall Street reports state that some of the motor car companies have been taken in hand by important moneyed interests. If that be so, no reports have been forthcoming from the automobile manufacturing districts.

When the Israelities took forty years to travel from Egypt to Palestine they knew nothing of the car which recently performed the difficult task of crossing the Sinai Desert along the same route in four hours. The desert is between the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Akabah, and the distance is 140 miles.

Charles W. Matheson, former manufacturer of the Matheson car in the days when Vanderbilt races gave prominence to that car and later vice-president of Dodge Brothers, has been elected vice-president and director of sales of the Oakland Motor Car Company, duties which he will fulfill together with the duties originally undertaken by him as assistant to the president of General Motors Corporation.

COLORADO AFTER CAR THIEVES.

The Colorado state law requires motorists to stop at the first court house they come to, give their names, addresses, make of car and engine number, and then they receive a guest tag. This precaution has done much to reduce automobile thefts, for when the car of a visitor is stolen, the county officials have all the information handy and broadcast it over the state.

Put Up, Judge, or Shut Up

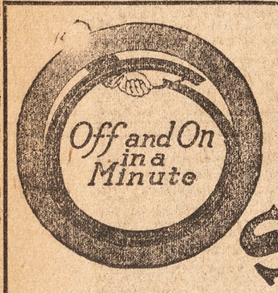
May—Is Jack a good driver?
Fay—Yes, but he is always short on the green!

MISSOURI SPENDING $60,000,000 ON ROADS

Montana has no system of state road maintenance and the roads look it. South Dakota is doing much relocation and road straightening. Within eighteen months' time the Custer Battlefield highway will be gravel surfaced across the state. Wyoming also is doing a great deal of road work. There are no long detours and the detours are well marked. The $60,000,000 road bond issue recently passed in Missouri is pulling the "show me" state out of the mud gradually. There is much gravel in Nebraska and the roads are well graded. Iowa's roads are proverbially splendid—in dry weather. There is more hard road activity noticed in this state this year than ever before. However, not enough to give the tourist on a rainy day much joy.

COLORADO ELIMINATES 24 RAILWAY CROSSINGS

Colorado has eliminated 24 railroad crossings in its relocation work.



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Sold by local dealers in most Ontario cities and towns and in Toronto, by over a score of agents. New rims for any wheels, or we will convert your present rims into collapsible rims at a small cost. This invention is PERFECT. Its performance is 100 per cent. You will never feel safe about taking a motor trip till you have Collapsible Rims. Easy, quick, clean. Touch a lever, and off comes your tire—just like that. See them and be convinced.

Ask Your Garage Man or See a Demonstration At Our Office

Your Old Rims Converted at a Small Charge.

Simplex Collapsible Rim Corporation
569 Yonge Street, Toronto

DON'T GRIND YOUR VALVES!

DON'T DIRTY YOUR PLUGS!

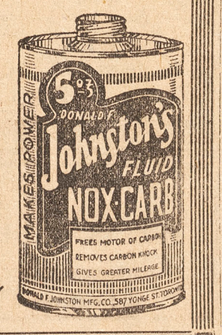
NOX-CARB banishes carbon and dirty plugs—and increases gas-mileage.

Carbon is the sure, relentless foe of your engine. It causes premature wear, carbonizes cylinders, dirties plugs at the vital spots—besides cutting down the mileage you get from your "gas". NOX-CARB is perfected and proved to overcome these faults. Pour a few cents worth of NOX-CARB into your tank when you "Fill up." It will absolutely clean out the carbon from your engine, causing your car to start quickly—adding to the mileage of gas, and doing away forever with the annoyance of cleaning spark plugs and the expense of having carbon removed from cylinders.

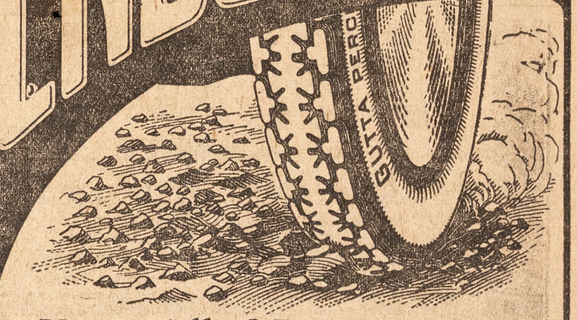
If your dealer or garage man does not keep NOX-CARB, write us direct. Send $1 for carton containing three 5 oz. tins (enough for 30 Canadian gallons of gasoline) bearing full directions for use.

Sold by all jobbers, dealers and garages.

Distributed by
STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS
587 Yonge Street, Toronto.



ENDURANCE



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Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited
Head Office and Factories - Toronto
Branches from Coast to Coast

MOTOR DIRECTORY

ACCESSORIES — SUPPLIES — USED CARS

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Cracked Cylinders, Fenders, Manifolds, Chassis and All Automobile Parts Welded by Experts. We have welded more than one million successful welding jobs.

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165 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO. Phones Adelaide 2841-4175.

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is the one sure and satisfactory way. Our high pressure system lubricates thoroughly, and does it while you wait, without leaving your car.

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GUARANTEED REPAIRS ON

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$10.00 UP AUTO TOPS $10.00 UP

AUTO TOP AND EQUIPMENT CO., LTD.

"THE HOUSE OF SERVICE"

270 Dundas Street West. Trinity 0773

AUTO TOP and SEAT TRIMMINGS Try **KLOEPFER**

ALSO AUTO SPRNG CLIPS FOR CARS AND TRUCKS.

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270 Dundas St. W. Main Service Station, 165 St. Patrick St.

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Authorized Electrical Service Station.

DELCO—REMY—AUTO-LITE—CONNECTICUT—CLUM—BENDIX

Battery, Lights, Generator, Starter—All Makes Repaired.

Use Genuine Parts. Repairs Guaranteed

Bosch Electric Windshield Wiper

—"AS NECESSARY AS BRAKES"—

AUTOMATIC CONSTANT SPEED NOISELESS

QUICKLY INSTALLED ON OPEN AND CLOSED CARS.

SOLD BY ALL CAR DEALERS AND GARAGES OR DIRECT BY

45-47 Elm Street. A. CROSS & CO. Adel. 2547

BRAKES We are experts—We re-line brakes with most modern RAYBESTOS High Speed Brake Machines.

Free Brake Inspection. Best brake service and re-lining in Toronto

TORONTO BRAKE SERVICE, Brake Specialists.

137 Richmond St. W., Toronto. Phone Adel. 3059

CARS ENAMELLED IN 24 TO 48 HOURS

BY OUR BAKED-ON PROCESS

FORD TOURING or RUNABOUT, one coat	$15.00
FORD COUPE, one coat	20.00
FORD SEDAN, one coat	22.00

Other makes of cars at proportionately low prices. Lasts longer than paint. Bring it in to-day—DIRTY. Take it out to-morrow—LIKE NEW.

Baby's Garage, Ltd., 200 Bedford Rd. (at Dupont St.).

ELECTRICAL REPAIRS TO ALL CARS

Flat rate system of charges. Our maximum labor charge is $7.00 for either starter or generator repairs, any make of car. Ford armatures $6.00.

WAGNER ELECTRIC

MFG. CO. OF CANADA, LTD.,

MAIN 5528. 215 DUNDAS STREET EAST.

AUTHORIZED UNITED MOTORS SERVICE Delco KLAXON REMY

Electrical Service for all cars

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE INCORPORATED

Phone Randolph 2510 490 YONGE ST.

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See Us First We Have Something of Interest

CRUICKSHANK & CO.

PREST-O-LITE BATTERY SERVICE

559A Yonge St. Randolph 6225. Service Car.

Ford Generators Exchanged

COMPLETELY REBUILT **$8.00** GUARANTEED 90 DAYS

AUTO STARTER AND GENERATOR REPAIR CO.

559A Yonge Street, Toronto. Randolph 6193.

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GABRIEL SNUBBER SALES & SERVICE STATION

CORNER OF CHURCH AND DUNDAS. PHONE MAIN 5375

Smoking Is A Bad Motor Car Habit

Indicates Excessive Amount of Oil or Gasoline in Combustion Chambers.

By H. CLIFFORD BROKAW.

Most cities have enough of a smoke nuisance represented by the chimneys of factories, homes and other places that belch forth this unsavory substance. Add to this situation a few thousand automobiles and if any considerable number of them are smoking badly, the conditions become increasingly less ideal. Dense smoke from motors is prohibited," has become generally recognized as an ordinance in many communities. Still dense smoke continues to issue from some cars.

Smoke, generally speaking, is a symtom of disease in the automobile engine—that is, smoke issuing from the exhaust of the machine.

In a large volume, smoke is a nuisance in that it is annoying to other people. It is unhealthful when any considerable number of cars on the street are all issuing a large amount of dark clouds. This has been so noticeable in some cases in the past that drives have been made against the practice by the police, laws and ordinances have been passed on the subject and arrests have been made.

Due to automotive engineers having paid particular attention to this point, smoking is not so much in evidence as heretofore. But there still may be found a large number of needless instances of smoking cars.

Aside from the inconvenience of motorists who have to associate with smoking cars, such cars are themselves suffering from the effects of over-indulgence in this habit.

Smoke comes from two general causes, first burning oil and second using or burning too much gasoline.

In the case of oil smoke the damage is caused by the lubricating oil working past the piston in excessive quantities. The oil is supplied to the piston from the crank case and is quite necessary as a lubricant. However, if too much is supplied or if the oil is an improper or raw grade or quality, too much will work by the piston into the combustion chamber where it will be burned. The same will be true if the piston and its rings do not fit the cylinder properly.

Running the engine for a long time with the throttle closed, as in idling when the machine is at a standstill, also causes an excess amount of oil to be drawn into the combustion chamber.

Another possible cause of smoking lies in putting too much oil in the reservoir. The remedy in such a case is quite evident. Drain out the surplus oil.

In regard to running with the throttle closed, this may easily be overcome by stopping the engine while the car is standing still. In the other cases it is not so easy to comply with the command when the officer requests you to "Turn off that smoke." These cases are usually a matter for an expert in a repair shop to handle.

Smoke from burning oil is bluish white in color, while smoke from using too much gasoline is blackish. This black smoke is caused by feeding more gasoline into the cylinders than the oxygen that it is possible to take in can fully consume. This comes from having the carburetor adjusted to give too rich a mixture or, more often, from too much use of the choke.

A rich mixture of gasoline would throw off a smoke that is barely discernable. It is only, however, when the mixture is extremely rich that the black smoke is definitely visible. In case of smoke from either too much oil or too much gasoline there is waste because greater quantities are being consumed than are needed to get the best results from the engine.

In addition to this waste the presence of smoke indicates that carbon is being deposited in the combustion chamber of the engine which in time causes knocking and impares its power. This makes it necessary to send the machine to the repair shop to have the carbon removed and to have the valves reground.

Smoking may be on the increase as far as human beings are concerned. Fortunately, however, there is plenty of evidence that shows smoking by motor cars to be decidedly on the decrease. But there is little, if any need for automobiles to smoke at all. It is to be hoped the habit will soon become ancient history as far as motor vehicles are concerned. (Mr. Brokaw is technical director of the West side "Y" automobile school, New York City.)

Big Pine Road Made By Convicts

Men Work on Honor System and are Paid Fifty Cents a Day.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Prisoners in the Los Angeles County Jail are doing their bit toward making motoring enjoyable in Southern California. Under the "honor system" 30 miles of highway leading into the newly created Big Pine County Park has just been completed. It represents the labor of inmates of penal institutions during the past two years, and has made available for motorists 540 acres of majestic pines overlooking the sandy wastes of the Mojave Desert.

The new county park is surrounded by national forests, and is 100 miles east of Los Angeles. It is designed to provide a perpetual recreation spot for Southern Californians before the rapidly increasing population absorbs all camping places.

The social experiment of building a road into the new playground with prison labor will be conducted in other county enterprises. It has been found that men sentenced to serve are eager to get out in the open and work, specially since they are paid 50 cents a day for their labor. This permits the accumulation of a fund wherewith to face the world again when their terms expire. In addition to the bank roll, the prisoner is liberated with robust health, steady nerves and habits of industry.

The newly opened county park is nearly 7,000 feet elevation, and will afford residents of snowless Los Angeles facilities for winter sports. The road will be kept free from snow by tractors, so that former residents of the north and east may recall joys of the past with snowball battles, bob-sledding, ice-skating and skiing by a motor trip of four hours into the Big Pine country.

Maxwell A Very Economical Car

Club Sedan Owners Report Average Gasoline Mileage 28 to Gallon.

"Seldom, if ever, has a motor car in its first year of production achieved the popularity of the Maxwell Club Sedan. Since its introduction into the Maxwell line of models last October, the percentage of club sedan production to total production has steadily risen and now represents an extremely high figure, the car having become one of the largest selling closed models in the industry," says an official of Packard-Ontario motor car distributors.

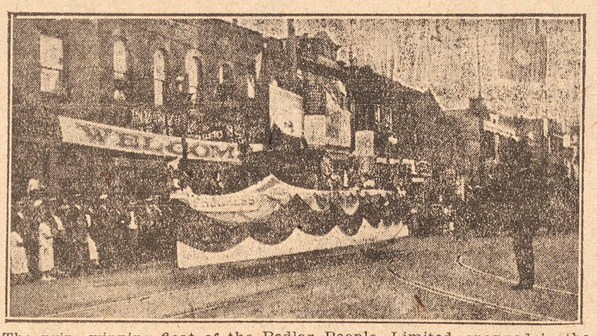
"The club sedan is of unusual construction, because of which it makes an ideal type utility vehicle. The bridge type construction of body framing produces unusual strength without adding undue weight. It will actually withstand more hard knocks than most touring cars.

"The same design that has produced good looks has likewise given practical answer to the particular business or social needs of its owners. Its doors are extremely wide. The seating arrangement is convenient and the seats are comfortable. A tonneau passenger may easily leave the car without disturbing those in the forward compartment. The rear compartment provides generous baggage space capable of receiving large, bulky objects—even a trunk or baby carriage—because the doorway is so wide and the seats in front tip forward to clear the entrance entirely.

"Using the club sedan, salesmen can travel with all their sample cases; commission merchants can carry their produce; the neighborhood tailor can deliver clothes; campers not only enjoy comfortable transportation but by a few simple changes of cushions and back seats, have a snug warm bed and shelter for the night without a hotel expense."

"Averages of more than 28 miles per gallon of gasoline and negligible upkeep and repair costs have been reported by hundreds of club sedan owners. Tire mileage, as with other Maxwell models, should be extremely high because of the well balanced construction."

Pedlar Float Wins Prize.



The prize winning float of the Pedlar People, Limited, snapped in the Oshawa Old Home Week Parade.

Forbes Sees Signs Of Better Business

Survey Made Through Continental Distributing Organization Leads To Increased Output.

Unmistakable signs of an increasing upcurve of business are reported by President Myron E. Forbes, of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company of Buffalo, N.Y.

"Because of their widespread distributing organizations, motor car manufacturers are able to keep an unusually close contact with the business world.

"In this respect the management of this company is singularly fortunate. Our truck representatives are in almost daily touch with more than two hundred lines of industry. In handling the distribution of our motor busses our men are constantly gaining first hand knowledge of day-to-day conditions in the field of passenger transportation, which is an important index of commercial activity. And in their contact with owners of our cars—both the higher priced and moderately priced models—our distributors and dealers have a most favorable opportunity to discuss the trend of business affairs with men who are leaders in commercial life.

"This network of contacts with the business world reaches throughout the continent, and we are virtually a clearing house for information as to conditions. It is because of this that we are quick to feel any change in the pulse of the business world.

"During the last few weeks we have recognized a pronounced quickening of business activity. This, of course, has reflected itself in an increasing demand for the products which we manufacture.

"The fact that we are planning increases in our production schedules indicates how much importance we attach to the picture of general business activities, which comes to us through our distributing organization."

William N. Greve, president of the Prudence-Bonds Corporation and Realty Association, says that prosperity is not more than one step away, and that the period of inflation and over-speculation is rapidly coming to a close. Stability is again in order, according to Mr. Greve.

Austin First In New Zealand Race

Two Chandlers, an Essex, Fiat, Ford Special and Mercer Win Prizes.

Of the eight events which constituted the program of the annual motor meet on Muriway Beach, New Zealand, the most important was a fifty mile race over a short course, for all classes of cars not exceeding a piston displacement of 2,800cc.

In this event a 12 h.p. Austin finished first followed in 55 seconds by a Fiat 501, the fifty miles having been covered in 46 minutes 55 seconds, which gave an average speed of practically 64 miles an hour. While not a record, the speed is very satisfactory for an engine of this small size on a beach which was in very poor condition on the day of the race.

The race for the New Zealand Cup, which united a large number of entrants, was won by a Mercer, with a Ford special second and an Essex third. In a 1½ mile race for ladies, with 13 starters, a Fiat 501 captured first place, and was followed home by two Chandler cars.

Olds. Completes Model Service Plant

New Detroit Structure Planned by G.M.C. Advisory Engineering Staff.

What is considered to be the last word in automobile sales and service building has been completed from plans drafted by the advisory staff, sales section, of the General Motors Corporation for the Detroit, Michigan, branch of Olds Motor Works.

This new building will serve as headquarters for the Detroit Branch, all wholesale business for the Detroit district being handled out of this building as well as serving as central service headquarters for Detroit and immediately surrounding territory.

Detroit Branch retail sales will be handled from the beautiful show rooms in the General Motors Building. In addition to this branch retail store there are affiliated dealers located in strategic sections of the city and suburbs. The used car business for the branch is also located in this new building.

Some of the chief features include a quick service department on the first floor where all cars coming in are inspected. From this leads a ramp driveway to the three floors above. Cars serviced are stored awaiting owners on the second floor. A check room is here provided where all tools, etc., found in owners' cars are safeguarded. Major servicing is done on the fourth floor, which is equipped with overhead monorails, metal work-benches with compressed air and electric outfits every 10 feet, and a modern machine shop where all precision work is done.

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Spark Plugs. Regular 80c, 3 for..	$1.00
Porcelain for Champion X.	.15
Ignition Lock for Ford. Reg. $4..	1.00
Spark Plug Wires. Regular 45c..	.30
Lighting Switch—2 gang 50c, 3 gang.	.60
Windshield Cleaner. Regular 80c.	.50
Windshield Deflectors. Reg. $15.00.	10.00
Stop Lamps. Regular $3.50.	2.50
Neville Steering Wheels. Reg. $15.	10.00
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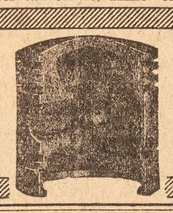

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AUTHORIZED DISTRIBUTORS FOR TORONTO DISTRICT

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Reaction Slow In Applying Brakes

Half Second Elapses on Average Between Signal and Driver's Compliance With It.

A delay averaging about half a second was found by the Bureau of Standards of the U.S. Department of Commerce to occur between the signal to an automobile driver to apply the brakes, and the actual application of them. During this time a car having a speed of thirty miles per hour would travel a distance of 22 feet, whereas a good set of four-wheel brakes can stop a car traveling at that speed in a distance of 45 feet.

Some of this delay, the Bureau explains, is accounted for by the reaction time of the driver. This is the time it takes him to get an idea into his head and to act on it. The rest of the time is consumed in the acts of shifting the foot to the brake pedal and in taking up the slack in the braking mechanism.

The tests were made with a recording decelerometer, the signal to stop being automatically recorded on a moving strip of paper on which was also recorded the decelerating effect of the brakes.

Chandler Climbs Bulli Pass On High

First Car to Scale Famous Australian Climb on Top Gear.

The Chandler has scored again in competitive tests in foreign countries against cars of various national make. This time Sydney, Australia, was the scene of the victory.

The Sydney Guardian has laid out a course over which cars of various makes are tested for reliability, acceleration, hill climbing, gasoline economy, etc. The test includes a climb over the famous Bulli Pass. The Chandler is the first car to make the entire course in high.

In describing the performance of the Chandler, the Sydney Guardian said: "A Pikes Peak Chandler, driven by J. R. Halihan, works manager for Marcus Clark and Co., Ltd., climbed Bulli Pass in standard top gear and averaged 26 m.p.g. petrol consumption. An outstanding feature was its flexibility.

"The cars that have covered the Guardian course in the tests have put up different performances which enable the discriminating buyer to purchase a car to suit his own requirements. It is only natural that there is healthy rivalry among those who avail themselves of the Guardian test.

"The Chandler's mission was mainly to be the first car to cover the course, including Bulli Pass, on top gear and put up a good petrol consumption, and it did both. When the car arrived at the Guardian office the gear shift lever was taken out and the gear hole sealed, and was not replaced till the test was over, and the standard gear ratio of 4.45 to 1 carefully checked by the 'Guardian' representative.

"The Chandler left with rain threatening, and although most of the journey was covered without the top it was put up near Liverpool, and when the slippery roads are taken into consideration the average of 24½ m.p.h. is satisfactory.

"The Pikes Peak Chandler, which rates as 30.6 h.p., under the R.A.C.A., covered the accelerated mile in 84 seconds, and the flying mile in 80 seconds, which is equal to 42.8 and 45 m.p.h. respectively and climbed Bulli Pass in 6 min. 46 sec. The Chandler did 65 m. p.h. in the flying mile on the 'Guardian's' three days' reliability contest, and on Wednesday a new car, which had done less than 200 miles, went over the course in the dark on a wet road, which necessitated easing up at the turns. The brakes, tested on Bald Hill, proved very effective and the car rolled 715 yards.

"An outstanding feature was the flexibility of the car, and although the times recorded for the slow and fast 350 yards are 3m 58s and 33s respectively, equal to 3 and 21.8 m.p.h., which is one of the best results over the 'Guardian' course, the Chandler gave a fine exhibition of crawling at less than two miles an hour during the trip.

"The flexibility course was very muddy, and atmospheric conditions were not in favor of the carburetor.

"This Pikes Peak Chandler, which has established a record for the 'Guardian' tests as the first car to climb Bulli Pass on top gear, was a standard car."

Five Class Winners In Udine Road Race

The suburbs of Udine, a frontier city which figured prominently during the war as the headquarters of the Italian army, has been the scene of a keen 287½ mile road race, the results of which were protested by some of the competitors and have only just been rendered official.

In the small car class the May Cup has been awarded to Madame Simonotti, driving a two-seater Amilcar. In the second division, where competition was particularly keen, Leone Bastianelli on a Fiat 501 came home first and was followed by three O. M. cars driven respectively by De Pippi, Calligaro and Danieli.

The respective winners in the third, fourth and fifth classes were a Bianchi, driven by Ricchetti; a Lancia handled by Venturi, and an Alfa-Romeo with Pelizzo at the wheel.

Lauds Lovejoy Shock Absorbers

H. H. McLean, manager of the accessory department of the Dominion Automobile Co., Limited, of this city, reports that in all his experience of selling various accessories and appliances, he has never had as much confidence in recommending anything as he has the Lovejoy hydraulic shock absober.

"The purchaser is not only satisfied and enthused with the comforts of riding with the Lovejoys attached, but periodical care and attention is negligable. One owner who was one of the first users of these appliances has driven and enjoyed 35,000 miles of travel, and recently transferred the same shock absorbers to a new car and is assured of many thousand miles more from the orignal investment."

HUDSON-ESSEX FASTEST SELLING SIX LINE

The remarkable sales success of Hudson and Essex cars in Toronto this year was made evident by the announcement by A. M. Thompson, vice-president and managing director of the Dominion Automobile Company, Ltd., that Hudson-Essex had been the largest selling six-cylinder line in this city the first half of 1924. "We are right on equality, too," said Mr. Thompson, "with several of the strong four-cylinder lines. The Coach is, without doubt, the largest selling six-cylinder enclosed model in Toronto. There is nothing magical about this—it is simply in line with Hudson success all over. In Detroit, the home of the motor car industry, Hudson-Essex is the largest selling line of cars outside of the two lowest-priced fours."

MOTOR DIRECTORY

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20.	4 ton

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Tire Patches and Cement.	.50	.35
Stop Lights.	2.25	1.50
Windshield Cleaners.	1.00	.55
Cowl Ventilators.	5.00	1.50
Electric Horns.	5.00	2.25
Windshield Cleaners.	2.50	.95
Vision Shades.	5.00	1.50
Radiator Ornaments (nickelled).	1.00	to 11.50
Seat Re-covers.	12.00	8.00
Pocket Flashlights (tubular)	1.50	.75
Porcelains for Champion Spark Plugs.	.40	.15
Rubber Grips for Steering Wheel.	2.25	1.95
Spotlights.	4.50	2.55
Tool Boxes.	3.75	2.50
Automatic Windshield Cleaners.	7.50	4.50
Luggage Carriers.	5.00	1.55
Spark Plugs.	1.50	.29
Parking Lamps.	2.50	.90
Tire Pumps.	2.50	1.50
Jiffy Brake Gripper (makes old brakes new)	....	.60
Corbin Speedometers (used by the police)	....	21.00
Waycross Windshield Cleaner (cleans whole windshield automatically)	....	12.00
Step Plates	1.50	.85
Floor Mats (Rubber)	Special Prices	
Socket Wrench Sets.	1.50	.75
Mirrors	2.50	1.50
Tires	Greatly reduced	
Visors—Leather, Glass, Steel, Celluloid, etc.	All Specials	
Through the Windshield Spotlights	15.00	7.00

Free screwdriver with every purchase.

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Keep Through Traffic Out of Congested Districts

Where Main Travelled Roads Intersect Large Cities by Pass Roads Should be Provided Around Them or Through Their Non-congested Districts for the Sake of Through Traffic and to Relieve Congestion—Main Highways of Future to Skirt Rather Than Run Through Important Centres, With Tributary Roads Running to and From Them.

By passing automobile "express" traffic by developing turnouts or run-arounds for the motor tourist who is not interested in making a stopover, and who is thus a liability to the community, is advocated as a civic necessity by Alvan Macauley, president of the Packard Motor Company, writing in the September issue of the Motorist.

Mr. Macauley, speaking as a member of the Traffic Planning and Safety Committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, says that because the modern tourist knows where he is going and travels on a schedule which calls for a stop at noon and another at night, he is not necessarily a potential customer in every community he traverses, and that heavy through traffic has not been an asset to those merchants and business interests who have insisted on leading it by their doors.

"The laying out of highways, now rapidly progressing, has a vital influence on city traffic congestion, on the convenience of tourist travel, on freight transport costs and on local business," Mr. Macauley explains. "Proper location of through routes can greatly aid solution of municipal problems, in which all motorists are greatly concerned. Civic bodies now deplore that five years ago they demanded interurban traffic through their business centres."

The article stresses the importance of interlocking the arterial road system, as now being laid out, with the routing of through motor travel. It is pointed out that with the corollation of the various road systems into one of national benefit, road authorities have been engaged in laying out roads which will carry over 80 per cent. of the highway traffic of the nation, but that despite the vision behind this great national movement very little active co-operation is being had from the cities.

"Left alone," says Mr. Macauley, "the majority of our highway departments with the aid and co-operation of the Federal Government, can, with a local and national viewpoint on the traffic situation, lay out a system of arterial highways which in addition to serving interurban traffic most efficiently will go far toward relieving many of the ills from which the majority of cities suffer.

"Our cities have just begun to wake up to the fact that it is not an advantage, but a decided disadvantage, to debouch into the malestrom of their downtown traffic, the through travel which has no desire whatever to be tangled up in city congestion, hampered and delayed by its necessary regulations and led by devious windings through main streets of business blocks where it does not wish to stop. Through traffic and intra-city traffic should be, insofar as possible, absolutely separated and it is odd that this apparently simple truth is only now beginning to be appreciated by the business and civic authorities of the average community."

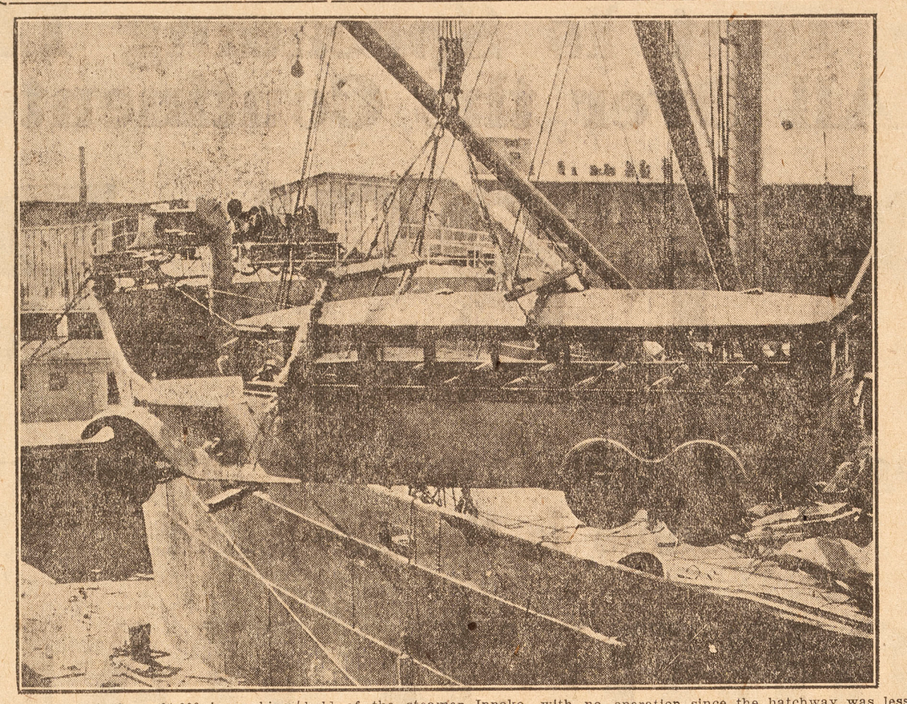
According to the view taken by Mr. Macauley, a main route that leads straight through the business and shopping section of a city is as undesirable as a main line of railroad that cuts through the heart of the community. Cities that are well planned allow the through traffic to pass by without business interruption, the article shows, yet allow for convenience of entrance into the business section if the steam road traveler desires to stopover.

"Making cities way-stations instead of terminals," is the way Mr. Macauley sums up the subject. A recent census taken in downtown Pittsburgh on the Lincoln highway, he contends, showed that some 20 per cent. of the vehicles represented the through travel which did not want to be in that part of the city at all and which, had it been possible, would probably never have entered the city.

"The way-station ideal is alive in New York," the writer adds, "with talk of elevated marginal ways to make midtown in New York a way-station for traffic from lower to upper Manhattan. On varying scales all cities need to study and work along these lines."

When a New Jersey justice of the peace set up court and had motorists brought to him right along the road to fine them without allowing defence of any sort, he was promptly brought into a condition of doubt by one man who knew the law. The justice precipitatedly closed court when he found the law did not allow him to carry on the old-time tricks of his trade. Now Commissioner Dill has the case, and the justice is likely to be called upon to answer for the hold-ups.

Ships Motor Bus Without Crating.



A saving of about $1,000 in packing and shipping expense on each vehicle handled, in addition to a more expeditious handling of the shipment, has been demonstrated at Philadelphia by a manufacturer of motor busses who is shipping his export vehicles uncrated.

A motor coach about 30 feet long and eight feet high, occupying 1,775 cubic feet of cargo space, was loaded into the hold of the steamer Innoko, with no covering of any kind over the vehicle. The loading was accomplished with ship's tackle, and the coach deposited between decks without the slightest scratch on its highly polished surface.

Locomotives have for years been loaded into ships' holds, but the question of insuring against surface damage does not enter into the handling of machinery. The loading of the coach aboard the Innoko was a particularly delicate operation since the hatchway was less than two feet longer than the vehicle. The coach, with the extra parts accompanying it, weighed about 11,000 pounds.

The shipment was from the Six Wheel Company of Philadelphia, to a consignee in Zurich, Switzerland, and is for discharge at Antwerp. Incidentally this is the first export shipment of a six-wheel motor coach, driving and braking on four rear wheels which are assembled as a unit.

PAIGE JEWETT SALES INCREASE

Retail sales during the month of July reported to the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company by its dealer organization increased approximately 22 per cent., according to an announcement made this week by Harry M. Jewett, president of the company. Actual sales to new owners for the month of July were 3,980 Paiges and Jewetts, states the announcement.

The Point Pinches

"What would you do, if you were in my shoes?"
"Er—I'd try balloons instead of high pressures, if I were you."

Wharton School of Finance, University of Pennsylvania, chairman of the committee; J. M. Eaton of the National Association of Automotive Mutual Insurance Companies; F. Highland Burns of Baltimore, of the Maryland Casualty Company; Fred W. Baer, president of the International Association of Fire Fighters; Ernest B. Burgess of Chicago, vice president of the Edward Hines Lumber Company; H. E. Stellwagen of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, New York city; and J. S. Kemper of the Lumberman's Mutual Casualty Company, Chicago.

Overland Eclipses Belgian Record

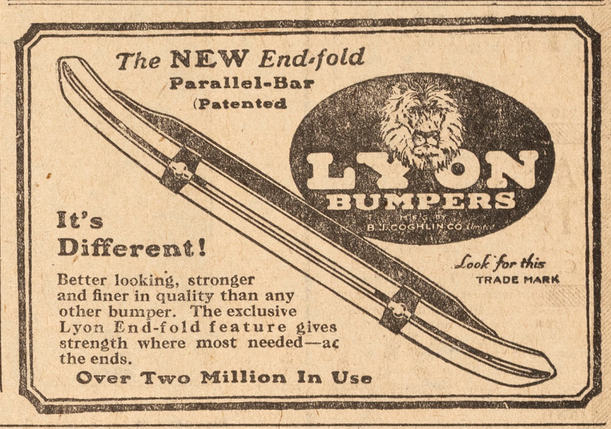
Wins "Cote de Malchamps" Climb in Record Time—Were 50 Entries.

G. Wilford, of the Import Company, Willys-Overland distributors in Belgium, driving a special Overland, won first prize in the recent hill-climbing contest at Spa, the race being known as the "Cote de Malchamps." This is a climb of about five kilometres, with four sharp turns, grades averaging about eight per cent., with a maximum of thirteen per cent. The contest is run off from a standing start.

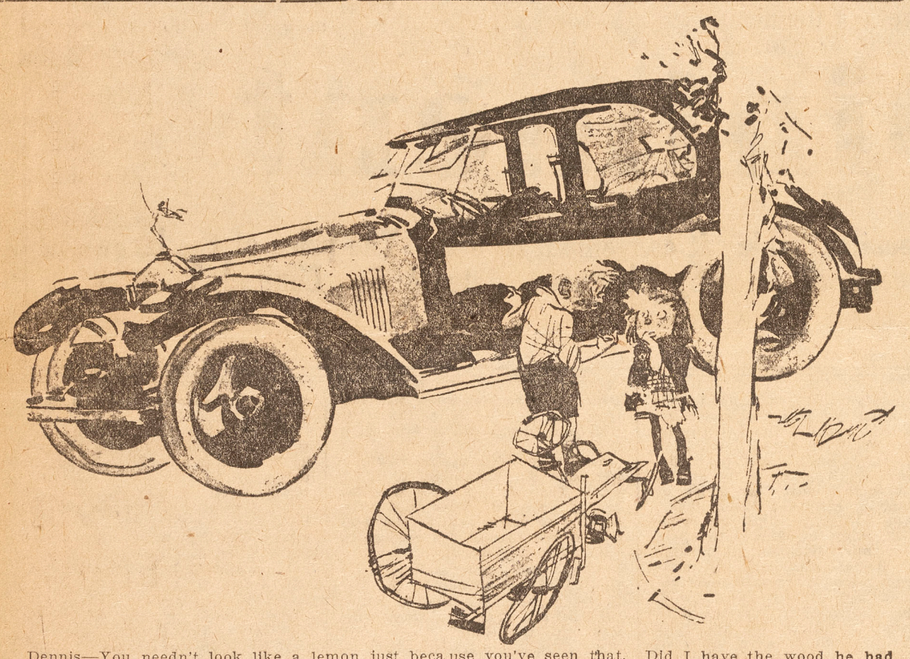
The best record for the climb was 2 minutes 58 seconds, set in 1912, an average speed of 102 kilometres per hour. The Overland's mark was 2 minutes, 42 4-5 seconds, an average speed of 111.6 kilometers, or 69.34 miles, per hour.

The entry list in this event included some of Europe's most prominent makes.

At Ostend, Mr. Wilford won the "Flying Kilometre" race from a field of fifty entries, covering the distance twice with an average speed of 155 kilometres—96.31 miles per hour.



Comparisons Are Malodious



Dennis—You needn't look like a lemon just because you've seen that. Did I have the wood he had when I made mine?

IN ANY CASE, the Goodyear Selected Dealer Can Meet Your Needs

THE Goodyear Selected Dealer realizes that motorists have varying tire needs. He offers a complete line of tires to meet those needs—but *all* Goodyear quality and Goodyear value.

Low price may be important to you. You may only figure on driving your car till Spring. You may need the unequalled road-grip of the All-Weather Tread. You may be going on a long tour and need absolute dependability. You may want the wonderful new comfort of balloon tires. You may like the new small wheels or you may want to use your present wheels and rims.

In any case, the Goodyear Selected Dealer can meet your needs. Goodyear makes a tire for each purse and purpose. But *all* give the extra value of the largest tire production.

See your Goodyear Selected Dealer. He can save you the time of shopping.

GOOD YEAR TIRES & TUBES
Selected Dealer.

Buy where you see the sign above

Goodyear means Good Wear

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

British Automotive Exports Greatly Increase Again

Cars Exported by Great Britain During First Half of Current Year Near Five Times as Numerous as Those Exported During Corresponding Period of Last Year—Hungary Imports More Cars—Canary Islands Continue to Motorize—U. S. Non-contiguous Possessions Take More Motor Vehicles—Value of Cars Stolen Annually in United States Nearly $150,000,000—Safety Conference Discusses Insurance.

Large increases in British automotive exports were recorded during the first six months of 1924, as compared with the same period of 1923. In the first half of the current year, 4,421 touring automobiles, valued at £1,209,257, were exported, compared with 940, valued at £394,215, a year ago. Commercial vehicles increased to 616, valued at £365,912, against 410, valued at £339,017, in 1923. In motorcycles and tricars, the increase was also striking, 20,059, valued at £881,118, being exported in the first half of 1924, as compared with 7,399, valued at £383,537, a year ago. On the contrary, imports declined considerably during this time, as compared with the same period of 1923.

Hungary Imports More Cars.

Imports of automobiles into Hungary during the first quarter of 1924 amounted to 304, a decided increase over the corresponding period of the previous year in which only 47 cars were entered. Italian, French, Austrian and German cars predominate, and Canadian and U. S. cars, grouped as "American," rank fifth in importance.

Sales in Canary Isles.

During the month of June, 44 passenger cars, 23 trucks and one motorcycle were registered in the Canary Islands. There is still no probability of railroad construction in Teneriffe and Grand Canary, the two principal islands of the Canary group, and, since the automobile furnishes the only available practical means of transportation, the progressive increase in sales of both passenger cars and trucks in post-war years is not surprising. Road repair work and construction is progressing satisfactorily, and it seems likely that this Fall conditions will be highly favorable for the sale of automobiles.

Ships Through Canada.

Canadian revenues were recently increased as a result of an American firm manufacturing low-priced automobiles routing a shipment through Canada for export. The shipment was consigned to Melbourne, Australia, and was railed through Winnipeg on the Canadian National Railways for Vancouver, and thence to Melbourne, via a Canadian Government steamer.

U. S. Possessions Buy More Cars.

Shipments of automotive products from the United States to its three non-contiguous territories, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Alaska, have amounted during the first six months of 1924 to more than 65 per cent. of those during the entire year 1923, according to the Automotive Division of the Department of Commerce. Over a period of ten years these shipments have mounted steadily and rapidly.

In the first half of this year the number of passenger cars, trucks and busses shipped to the three territories was 4,766, compared with 7,196 in all of 1923. The value of these vehicles and of parts and accessories was $4,213,135 in six months this year, and $6,470,235 in twelve months last year.

In the abnormal year of 1920, the number of vehicles shipped was 5,465, considerably less than last year, but the value of vehicles and parts was higher, being placed at $6,722,372. Lower unit cost and a growing preference for medium and low-priced cars explain this differential in value.

The three non-contiguous territories last year accounted for about four per cent. of the total exports of passenger cars and trucks from the United States.

Development of the individual markets shows many interesting phases. The largest is Hawaii, Porto Rico is second, and Alaska is third. All three showed a spurt in 1920 and a sharp decline in 1921, but since the latter year their growth has been uninterrupted.

Car Thieves Reckless Drivers.

That the rights of the creditor be made secondary to those of a person injured in an automobile accident in which the cars are not owned outright by the drivers, was one of the suggestions considered by the Committee on Insurance of the Conference on Street and Highway Safety which met last week in Washington with Secretary of Commerce Hoover, under whose leadership a number of U.S. national organizations are seeking ways to reduce the present drain on national resources due to traffic accidents.

The suggestion arose from the fact that not more than a fifth of the automobile owners have liability insurance and there is serious question as to the effect which any compulsory automobile insurance would have upon the accident situation. It was pointed out that the suggestion, based upon a maritime law principle of long standing would accomplish the same end—making persons operating cars on borrowed funds provide protection. Companies financing the purchase of automobiles now make insurance against fire and theft a condition to protect themselves, and extension of the conditions to include personal liability and property damage would naturally follow, it was said. Many states are making a practice of impounding cars involved in accident until bonds are furnished. Further study of the subject is to be made before the committee's recommendations are put into final form.

With the value of stolen cars in the United States amounting to nearly $150,000,000 annually, 16 states have adopted laws placing the burden of proof of ownership on the possessor. Maryland and Michigan have experienced a 50 per cent reduction in automobile thefts as a result of the laws, it was stated, the former's recovery of stolen cars being 90 to 95 per cent.

The Federal Government, since the Dyer Law placed the interstate transportation of stolen cars under federal jurisdiction, has brought about the recovery of more than 5,000 cars by Department of Justice agents. Police departments are making improvements in their methods of recovering such cars, and insurance companies are maintaining detective bureaus to carry on similar work, but neither these, nor other measures, solve the problem. While the export of stolen cars adds to the difficulties of recovery, it was shown that Canada has adopted restrictions which have closed that avenue for the distribution of such cars. Mechanical devices for the prevention of theft or identification of the car are being used with some success in defeating the amateur or delaying the professional thief, and many communities are making it illegal to leave a car unlocked on city streets, but more general state legislation for certification of titles and suitable penalties for violation will be the greatest single means for checking this huge loss, it was declared.

Maryland and Michigan it was reported, have found that cars stolen in those states are frequently taken by joy riders who abandon them after a brief time; where states having no certification of title law have to contend with a generally different type of theft. Stolen cars are intimately associated with the accident problem because of the greater recklessness with which they are driven.

Preparation of a model law will be undertaken as one phase of the work of the committee in this direction.

Study of liability legislation by various members of the committee showed that 45 bills dealing with liability legislation failed of passage in the various states in 1923 and that 34 such bills have thus far failed this year. More than 35 laws or city ordinances dealing with this subject were examined, all of which were found to refer to public vehicles.

Practically all of the large casualty insurance companies, it was stated, are engaged in an effort to lower the number of public accidents, both from a personal and public interest. Members of the committee declared themselves to be impressed by the activity of the companies, but noted a lack of co-ordination and uniformity in the work undertaken.

In many cases educational work was found to be carried on among owners of motor fleets through the closer attention to the employment of drivers, more careful and systematic inspection of equipment, and an awakening of the owner to the private benefit as well as public interest. Paid representatives of the insurance companies were found to be conducting schools for drivers and helping owners to put into effect bonus or other systems of reward for safe driving over given periods. Among individual car owners who are policy holders, the companies were found to be conducting consistent campaigns with safety literature, pamphlets on highway law, care of the car and drivers manuals.

Extension of education work through national insurance organizations along better co-ordinated lines was urged, not only in the training of drivers, but in the periodical inspection of equipment.

Meeting with Secretary Hoover were Col. A. B. Barber, director of the conference, Prof. S. S. Huebner of the

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Reliability

"IT never fails me" is the greatest tribute you can pay to your car.

It is a tribute earned by every Chevrolet. An unquestionable dependability under all circumstances and a happy faculty of avoiding the repair shop make Chevrolet a car to be trusted, as any Chevrolet owner will testify.

The reason for Chevrolet reliability is that Chevrolet is a standard, fully-equipped car, a product of General Motors and the result of a system of constant refinement and improvement. If you want a trustworthy car that is not an expensive car—your Chevrolet dealer can be of assistance.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
OF CANADA, Limited
Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited
OSHAWA and WINNIPEG

Duco finish and low-pressure tires optional.

Frank Anderson, Limited, 844 Bathurst St.
Dundas Motor Sales, Limited, 2295 Dundas St. W.
Giles, Rice & Peters, Limited, 2494 Danforth Ave.
A. D. Gorrie & Co., Limited, 354-360 Victoria St.
Lawrence Park Garage, Limited, 2637 Yonge Street.
St. Clair Motors, Limited, 791 St. Clair Ave. W.
Motor Sales & Machinery Co., Ltd., Port Credit.
P. C. Hill, Richmond Hill
Beare Bros. & Clayton, Markham.
J. T. Farr, Weston.
S. J. Collacutt, Pickering.

FAST WORKERS

Continued from Page Thirty-seven.

distance runner met up with a donkey-mounted party just outside the capitol town of Sao Pao. At its head rode Don Emiliano Drago, his black mustache fairly sparking a rage which had been able to waste no more time in waiting and was already on the march for Duguite.

"What's this?" he snarled.

The Indian panted and held up the rumpled bit of paper.

"And who was it that sent you?" demanded Drago.

"Francesco," wheezed the spent runner. There existed in Rodney Anderson's mind a faint suspicion that Padre Flores' muchacho harbored a grudge against some one named after the saint of Assisi. Don Emiliano read the letter to his lieutenant:

The Americano, Rodney y Anderson ride by donkey down the river. He plans to escape in canoe by light of moon. He reaches the clump of bamboos at the foot of the smoke-mountain between eight and ten, and will hide himself there. It is the place to ambush him.

He is disguised like aged caballero. At first I have mistaken him for the Senor Gubernador, Don Jaime Maduro. Some men of Duguite have started to accompany him; but I think their hearts will fail them in a surprise if their courage gets them so far into your country.

Your humble and obedient,
FRANCESCO.

"Aha!" rumbled in the deep basso of Don Emiliano's throat—"we have him already. It is but three miles. We ride, Pronto! He will find the bamboo forest occupied before him."

COULD any ancient troubadour of Spain—if Spain ever went in for troubadours—have beaten that for romance? Thus queried Rodney Anderson within himself, as he faded into the shrubbery of Don Jaime's gubernatorial and badly run-down garden. That interesting question had been in his mind two hours or more before Don Emiliano read the message that was to lead him to ambush Don Jaime.

It was just growing dusk enough so that the old guard at the gate had passed the ragged fraile without a questioning look. Rodney had held out his hand for the guard's kiss, with the bored expression of one whose hand gets kissed a lot, as happens to the hand of a fraile in Ecuador. Under a spreading mango tree he divested himself of the habit of religion and stood forth, resplendent in what a native laundress had left him of his whitest white ducks.

This flower and bush and tree-inclosed corner of the garden was situated directly under the windows of the palace's east wing. The lower floor was a disused stable. The entire upper end of the wing was Ysobel Maduro's apartment. Above him, through close-drawn bamboo blinds of the Venetian type, a lamp's light shone in narrow strips.

"Ysobel!" he called softly. "Ysobel— it is I—Rodney."

For a brief instant the shadow of the lady's dainty finger made a broken outline across the slits. He thought he heard her speak his name. He caught the faintest echo of a musical little laugh.

"Hurry, Ysobel," he urged "we must fly together."

It had occurred to him that her father's attitude toward the love affair had probably been made very definitely known to her. He was but encouraged by the thought; she would be the readier to elope with him.

"I come," reached his ears in soft Spanish.

Romance? It was like a page out of Sir Walter Scott! It couldn't have been beaten in the fourteenth century.

Yes, something told him as he awaited her coming, it could have been beaten in just one respect. The kind of knight chap who pulled that sort of Romeo stunt in those days wouldn't be on a surveying expedition to earn his living. Therefore he needn't care if the thing put the kibosh on the details of the last leg of the survey through Don Emiliano Drago's bit of territory to the proper destination.

The Brazilian Government was sufficiently behind the railroad project. But Don Emiliano had been holding out for what he considered certain advantages of route for his country. It was during the adjustment of these details that Anderson had settled in Duguite. It happened that Don Emiliano's ideas were just the opposite of those in Don Jaime's mind. It made little difference to Anderson which of the slightly divergent routes were chosen; and he had not hitherto thought anything of the matter, save as a delay in order to get the two friends together and arrive at some agreement.

But Don Emiliano could make things impossible for him. The Brazilian Government was a long way off. It would be slow in undertaking to enforce anything very obnoxious upon the remote Governor.

Romance had its strings tied to it in the twentieth century. Lovely bride from the tropics, or no bride at all, he was going to hate like the deuce to go home and admit that he had fallen down on this big foreign assignment. There were a lot of friends and an enemy or two back in the home town who had expected or feared that he would make good.

Grace Williams had expected it. Funny that he should think of Grace Williams just in this connection, while he waited for another girl to get on her things and rush off to the parsonage with him. But—Grace had been a mighty nice girl. And there was no denying that she knew her way around the kind of living he longed to get back to a lot better than Ysobel would ever learn it.

Ba-ah—what ailed him? He had heard from those who had been through it that a man always gets cold feet early on his wedding day or in his wedding evening. That must be it.

But where the deuce was Ysobel How long was she taking? Her light was out now. Why didn't she come?

Ah—here she came! At the approach of the feet through the thick shubbery, he straightened; stepped forward to meet her; his hands stretched forth to seize her in a strong embrace of greeting; his lips managed a compound of kissing pucker and smile.

Then he folded all these paraphernalia of romance up at once. From the bushes two strange Indians had leaped upon him. They nearly folded him up with the romance. There were two more on his back by the time he landed.

He did not entirely get the words of native dialect. But he had plenty of Spanish to teach the significance of "carcel." In those pleananter days when he had been a business friend and guest in the palace of Don Jaime, he had been accorded a view of that carcel.

It was two stories underground. On his last visit to it the only occupants had been rats. He had seen four of these in the three minutes Don Jaime had taken to explain the advantages of a punitive system that was really punitive.

As he was dragged toward the palace door he caught the echo of a musical laugh. It had grown quite dark now. But he was very sure that he caught sight of another person with the shadowy form of Ysobel Maduro, and that the two were headed toward the palace stable doors.

They took him to the carcel. It was the same dungeon. The same rats were there as before. He could not see the rats, but he could feel them jumping around him.

He thought that one of his captors had said something about shooting him. Another had objected with what Rodney made out as—

"Pedro Duque will do that when he comes back."

Pedro Duque was Don Jaime's half-breed Secretary of State. His position made him a sort of super-muchacho, or major-domo in the gubernatorial household. He was the sallow-faced, contemptible spy whose shocked eyes had glittered hate at Rodney, as a conclusion to the garden scene of love yesterday afternoon. He undoubtedly was the informant who had brought the two Governors' wrath to focus upon Rodney Anderson's immediate destruction. Apparently he was to gain further favor at court by saving his master a bloody task.

And Rodney Anderson wondered why in Hades the man didn't hurry back and get through with it. He had certainly made a sad mess of romance—or romance had made a sad mess of him. Down there in the dark among the rats he did not think much of Ysobel; and he thought less of her every time he thought of her at all. It could hardly be said that he thought much of Grace Williams. The rats gave him no time for pleasant thoughts. But he did squeeze a brief prayer that Grace would never find out just what idiocy had led to his untimely demise.

TIME had turned into eternity, and eternity had grown too long for Rodney Anderson. He had fought rats until he was exhausted. He had toppled to the floor, crawled to the wall of the dungeon and sat down to kick the squealing beasts away with his feet that ached past endurance. In spite of everything he had been bitten a dozen times. He had all but made up his mind to lie still and let the rodents finish him up. It was, like the killing of the two Dons, a little more than his mind would make up to.

The end came with a blinding flash. He would never believe that it was made by a single oil lamp with a smoky chimney. He could hardly see the men that helped him to his feet. It took a lot of blinking to make out, even dimly, the face of Don Emiliano and Don Jaime. The black rage upon them he could only imagine. It would suit him if it but hastened them in the finishing of his misery.

Then he perceived, with a groan, that neither of them had a weapon of any sort in his hand. Apparently they had not killed each other. Worse, they were not ready to kill him. He heard, but failed utterly to translate: "Excusami, senor—por mil veces, perdona Usted!"

Again and again the older man repeated the words. The younger added his voice to them. Both varied the program by woeful shakes of the head. At last it dawned upon Rodney Anderson that the gentlemen were begging his pardon for something.

Then he began to come to and get a little of it. It seemed that he was entirely exculpated. He alone had perceived that Ysobel —Don Jamie proclaimed that she was no longer his daughter—was that kind of a girl. None could be blamed for kissing such as she was.

And now she had crowned her deceit and infamy and ingratitude by an act worthy of such a child. She had eloped with that low-lived, unworthy son of a swine, Pedro Duque. Dios knew whether they had gone to Padre Flores or not—and Dios could care for such a detail.

No—they did not sorrow for her. She was unworthy of their grief. Their only sorrow was for having so threatened and for causing so much pain to one who had shown her all the respect of which she was worthy.

"But—look here"—they drove Rodney at last to defend the girl by their sheer injustice to her—"Maybe she was in love with Pedro all the time."

"And kissing you!" hissed Don Emiliano.

"And desperate enough to run off with anybody or do anything rather than marry the man she was so foolish as not to love," Rodney still sought to explain.

The gentlemen threw out their hands in a gesture of utter defeat.

"Love! that is for romance," jeered Don Jaime. "For that so foolish child there was honorable marriage! She has chosen."

But there was cynicism in that. The proper laugh for it was a grin. And so it did not suit Rodney Anderson's complexion. It was only when they had conducted him, his bites and scratches carefully dressed with weird old Spanish salves, back to his room in Padre Flores' convento, that he got hold of the right idea that there could be such a thing as a combination of love and honorable marriage.

Anyhow, the first thing he did was to set Grace Williams' picture up in front of him. Then he began a letter:

My Dearest:

I am writing with your picture looking up at me from the other side of the little table, and thinking that another three weeks will get me started back to where I can see your face itself again. And, believe me——

Right there he somehow shook the table, and Grace's picture toppled over on its face. This time he carefully set it up again before he resumed his writing.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Of course he should have proposed to the father instead of the daughter.

New Disease That Is Spreading Like Wildfire All Over the Continent

FLAPPERS' RASH

Bobs Cause Rash?

NEW SKIN DISEASE.
Flappers' rash, a skin disease prevalent among bobbed haired girls, is on the increase because of the fad for new styles in bobs, says Dr. Charles F. Pabst of Brooklyn, N.Y., medical examiner for the Civil Service Commission and a specialist in skin diseases. Dr. Pabst advises girls to stick to one style bob and prevent the rash.
(Newspaper Clipping.)

Warning given by New York Specialist—The Trouble is the Result of

BOBBED HAIR

Since bobbing the hair has become so general and the neck must be shaved if it is to be kept neat, women can sympathize with men in their shaving troubles as never before.

The tender skin is irritated by this process and a rash develops which is accompanied by itching and much discomfort.

But men have had long experience in shaving and its bad effects on the skin, and have learned that nothing brings such great relief under these conditions as the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Rubbed in sparingly after shaving and whenever there is irritation it soothes and heals the irritated skin and makes it soft, smooth and velvety.

In this way it not only affords relief from itching, but also adds greatly to the beauty and attractiveness of the neck.

FLAPPERS' RASH SAID TO BE ON INCREASE

Skin Disease Alleged Due to Fad for New Styles of Bobbed Hair.

Special to The Mail and Empire.

New York, Sept. 2—Flappers' rash, a skin disease prevalent among bobbed haired girls, is on the increase because of the fad for new styles in bobs, according to Dr. Charles F. Pabst, of Brooklyn, medical examiner for the Civil Service Commission, and a specialist in skin diseases.

The rash appeared along with bobbed hair and the patients gave it its non-medical name. Dr. Pabst investigated and found it was plain folliculitis, in other words inflammation of follicul or depression of the skin from which the hair grows. Blondes, because of their tender skins, were found to be more susceptible than brunettes. The rash is caused by close shaving of the neck or the use of dull clippers which pull out the hair instead of cutting it.

Dr. Pabst says frequent trips to the barber to have a straight bob turned into a shingle, and then into a boyish and finally into a pineapple is causing the number of rash victims to increase daily.

(Newspaper Clipping.)

Dr. Chase's Ointment

A special large size box has been prepared for the use of shavers, whether male or female, making it convenient to use. The price of the large box is $2.00. It may be obtained from any druggist or will be sent post paid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto

Security

under conditions once considered impossible

HERE is a new way in personal hygiene. A way that assures peace-of-mind, charm and exquisiteness under circumstances impossible with all conditions.

Dances, bridge, the theatre—the demands of business and social duties—meet them now, confidently *unhandicapped*. Wear, too, your filmiest frocks, your daintiest gowns!

Makeshift sanitary pads, say health authorities, are responsible for 80% of the lack of charm, loss of immaculacy expected of a woman.

Now millions have turned to a new way. Doctors advise it. 8 in 10 women in the better classes have adopted it.

This new way, KOTEX, is a wartime discovery, that absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. 5 times as absorbent as cotton. Once you use KOTEX no other method will ever satisfy. And millions will tell you this.

* * *

KOTEX is sold in all department and drug stores; two sizes—Regular and Super (extra thickness). Each box contains twelve immaculate, snowy white folds, ready-for-immediate-use, simply by asking for KOTEX

All leading hospitals today use Kotex

KOTEX

Funeral Service Men Elect Toronto President

Mr. F. W. Matthews, whose portrait appears in the Rotogravure Section of this issue, is the forty-first President of the Funeral Service Association of Ontario, formerly known as the Ontario Embalmers' Association. The annual convention of the association was held in the Arena Gardens, Toronto, during the past week. The association conducted a school of embalming a week prior to the convention, and had present as instructor Prof. Charles O. Dhonau of Cincinnati, U. S., the foremost professor of embalming in the United States. The annual banquet was held at the Sunnyside Pavilion, at which about three hundred members were present.

NATURE

By CALTHA

WE OF the temperate zone use many things in our daily routine, of which comparatively few know the origin. This is where our C. N. E. comes in, and it is as good as going to school, to go through the various departments (classes one might call them) and learn something of the plants, animals and insects, from which are obtained our foods and fabrics.

In the Venezuelan exhibit we are shown long strands that look very like blonde hair, but are the fibre of a plant something like a cactus. Of this cordage, baskets, hats etc. are made. The Sisal hemp, of the cactus tribe is used for rope-making throughout the tropics. I have a very beautiful bag made in Barranquilla, South America by the Spanish Indians, of this material. The rainbow-colors are very striking and it is made by means of a needle.

The palms contribute largely to our comfort. Outside of the large fans, so well known in our childhood, we receive from them fruit, cordage and wax.

The palm oil gives us the foundation for a largely-used soap. The cocoa-nut palm, sends us the big nuts with the monkey faces and the delicious milk. Also the coarse fibre makes our matting and our grandmothers used the heavy outer covering of the nut for sink-brushes.

The date-palm supplies the sweet fruit, also cordage.

Sago-palm supplies the sago not so much in use for children's food as formerly.

Carnauba-palm, produces the hard pale wax that is used in waterproofing leather, and is most valuable in a floor wax mixture, as it waterproofs the wood, and gives a fine gloss.

In one of the China exhibits we are shown all the wonderful and exquisitely beautiful forms that can be drawn out of a lump of clay. From the depths of the earth the gray lump comes of no value either artistically or commercially, primative man turned it into pieces of pottery for his very primative needs. As centuries went on, the pottery became more elaborate, and with the great powers of work to-day, behind him, man produces from pieces of clay, objects of great value, as well as of great beauty. Even to the production of all the dear figures which Dickens has portrayed in words, and which the workers of Lambeth-Burslem have reproduced in China-ware.

These are but snatches from the various "classes" I have attended during exhibition—just glints of what I have learned.