FEATURES

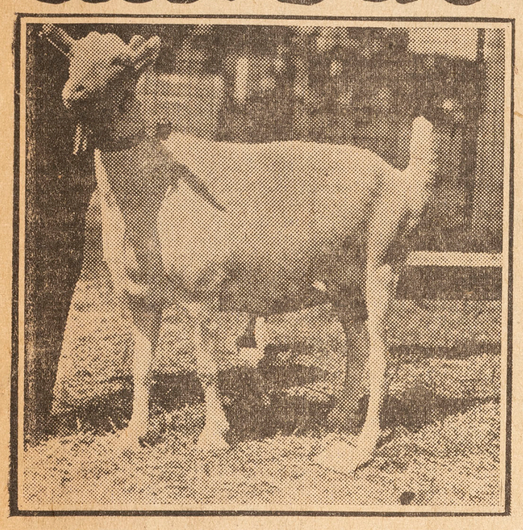
Music ~ Theatrical ~ Automotive

The Toronto Sunday World

FEATURES

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Mr. Suburbanite Buys Himself a Goat



A prize Saanen.

He Finds That Nanny Has Many Virtues, Not the Least of Which is the Ability to Convert Noxious Weeds, the Bane of Hay Fever Victims, Into Highly Nutritious Milk---And She's an Intelligent and Affectionate Pet for the Children.

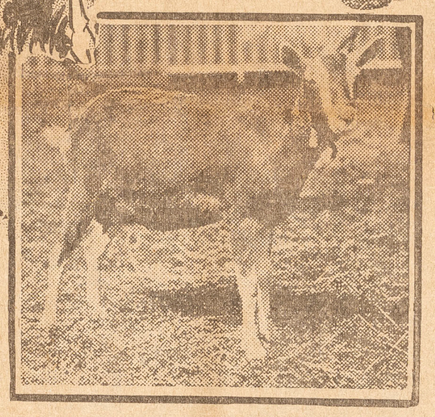


Perhaps a civic herd of goats might clean up the weedy areas in our suburbs.

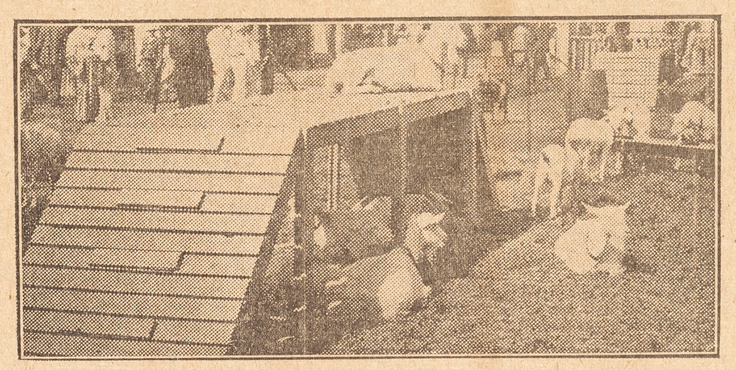


Most breeders feed kids for the first three months with milk from a bottle. The kid sucks through a rubber nipple.

A splendid Anglo-Nubian.



Right—A Toggenburg Nanny.



Goats love to run up and down fairly steep grades, and where these are not present in the natural state the animals will make good use of a simple structure as shown in the picture.

A FEW years hence a couple of goats in every suburban back yard may be no more uncommon than a dozen or so chickens are now. The Dominion Department of Agriculture and the Milk Goat Breeders' Association of Ontario are working together in an effort to bring this about, and it is a pretty safe bet that their combined campaign will soon show tangible results.

Of course, they are trying to make the raising of goats popular on a large scale also, and they contend that with a little experience a man can make a good living even now out of a herd of some fifty or sixty, which number would enable him to milk on an average twenty-five all the year round.

ONE of the ways in which an educational campaign has been conducted in recent years is through an exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition. There a number of pure bred does have been on show, with an experienced man in charge eager to tell of the pecuniary profit, better health and other advantages that accrue from the raising of the animals. And each year the exhibit has attracted greater numbers of interested enquirers.

George Bundy, who was in charge of the exhibit this year, had very few spare moments during the whole thirteen days of the big fair. He has a goatery of his own at Gravenhurst and being enthusiastic about the business he was glad of the opportunity to tell so many others about it. And no high-powered go-getter could have wished for a better opportunity. It would seem as if a lot of people had suddenly got the idea that goats aren't something to joke about, and were anxious to have this new idea changed into a conviction.

Mr. Suburbanite has already bought himself a goat or two in a good many cases, since last year's exhibit. And he was proud to make known the fact this year, while at the same time looking for any new tips that might be available to supplement the knowledge of the nannies which he has gained by experience.

A REPRESENTATIVE of The Sunday World caught Mr. Bundy one evening at the close of a busy day, when all the does had been stabled and he was preparing to lock up. He was, however, highly pleased to talk of his favorite animals again.

For some unexplained reason there has been a prejudice against goats in Ontario, Mr. Bundy admitted. The gentle animal has been the butt of the cartoonist, who likes to picture it as a more or less vicious and capricious beast. The belief seems to be widespread, too, that goats give off a strong odor, and while this is true of the males, or bucks, the fact is that the does have no odor whatever. And since no effort is being made to induce the public to keep bucks in their backyards, this objection is of no consideration excepting to those who raise the animals in a large way and require the bucks for breeding purposes.

To prove how free from odor are the does, Mr. Bundy took the writer to a shed where some thirty or more were tied up. The door had been closed before we entered and the night was rather warm, yet the place was as clean smelling as a field of newly cut hay. Indeed, hay was the only thing one could smell there, and this was what the doee were eating.

The only other prejudice that I had ever heard expressed against goats was that their milk had a strong and rather acrid taste. I mentioned this to Mr. Bundy, "That, in fact, seems to be the opinion of nearly everyone who has had no experience in the matter," Mr. Bundy observed. He walked over to a corner where some of the milk that had been got late that afternoon was standing in bottles and fetched me a glass full. It had a sweet and rich taste, not unlike that of fresh unskimmed cow's milk. Indeed, owing to my former idea in the matter I found myself asking if the milk had been treated in any way.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Bundy. "It is just as it came from the goats a short while ago. You will never hear a person who has drunk goat milk claim that there is anything objectionable in its taste, but rather that it is superior as a drink to cow's milk."

THE existing prejudice against goats has resulted in a comparatively small demand for the milk, and consequently very little production. But right now, Mr. Bundy declares, the demand exceeds the supply. He has had no trouble in disposing of his, and other breeders in the province have the same experience.

But how many breeders are there in Ontario? Mr. Bundy started to enumerate them on his fingers. Eight or nine altogether. Of course, there are many farmers who raise a few, and a suburbanite here and there has a couple for the use of his own family. But the trouble has been in most of these cases that the animals are of that undignified variety commonly described as "scrubs." They do not give as much milk as the pure-bred types, and they are not as nice in appearance. In fact, Mr. Bundy contends that, like scrub cattle, they are hardly worth the trouble of looking after them.

So the Federal department and the Provincial Breeders' Association are endeavoring not only to increase the popularity of goats, but also to have nothing but pure-breds raised.

A PURE-BRED doe, Mr. Bundy explained, should give a minimum of two quarts of milk a day, and a man who owns twenty goats which he is milking all the year around can make a good living from them. The wholesale price of the milk in Ontario at present is 25 cents a quart, so that even if no milk were sold retail the income from twenty would be ten dollars a day. The retail price is 40 cents a quart at the goatery, which would mean from 60 to 70 cents delivered at a Toronto home after expressage had been paid. As the supply and demand increase this price will naturally be lowered, as the milk will probably be distributed by the large dairies which now handle cow's milk only.

The slogan of some goat keepers in parts of the United States where the business is on a better basis is "Take the milk bottle off the front porch and put a goat in the back yard."

"Of all animals," said Mr. Bundy, "the goat requires perhaps less attention than any other. It is naturally very clean and will live on weeds, grass and small bush. Seven or eight goats may be kept on what it takes to feed one cow. And it is a splendid pet." In fact, Mr. Bundy contends it is more intelligent than a dog. It answers to its name readily and may even be taught "cute tricks" if desired.

Any suburbanite who has a little vacant land near him may keep a couple of goats without any inconvenience whatever. And the animals would not only supply the family with milk, but would rid the neighborhood of noxious weeds. Thus, the more goats in the suburbs the less hay fever would there be. And—if the contentions of eminent doctors are to be relied upon—there would be a very noticeable betterment in health of those who consumed the milk.

THE Journal of the American Medical Association, the official organ of over 60,000 physicians in the United States, under the heading "Dietetics and Hygiene," has declared: "The goat is the healthiest domestic animal in the world. It is immune from tuberculosis. Goat's milk is superior in every way to that of the cow, being nearly twice as rich in butter fat, which does not readily separate from the milk, unless heated. Goats milk is the ideal food for babies, convalescents and invalids, especially for those with weakened digestive powers. Goat's milk is the purest, most healthful and most complete human food known."

It would be difficult to find a more sweeping approval of any food. And the only thing that stands in the way of its general use is ignorance of the ease and cheapness with which it may be obtained, plus the groundless prejudices already mentioned.

Experience has shown that there are three types of pure-bred goats suitable for raising in Ontario: the Saanen, the Toggenburg and the Anglo-Nubian. These three breeds were shown at the Exhibition. The Angora, which figures greatly in the work of comic artists and jokers, is raised principally for its hair and is not adaptable to the climate here. All three of the suitable breeds are equally easy to handle, and there is very little difference in their milking qualities. Indeed, the suburbanite would be well advised to base his choice on looks alone. If his liking ran to flapping ears, he would take the Anglo-Nubian, and if he wanted a pure white playmate for a child the Saanen would be just the thing, while for those who prefer brown shades there is the Toggenburg.

A couple of goats could be kept in a small shed not much larger than a comfortable dog kennel. The animals would have to be housed every night, as they do not like the damp. They are milked twice a day, the same as cows.

A pure-bred doe may be bought for from $50 upwards in Ontario, but the quantity and quality of milk it gives will soon repay this and bring in good return, Mr. Bundy claims. To ensure a constant supply of milk it is necessary to have at least two does, in order that one may be milked while the other is with kid. And as it is easy to dispose of pure-bred kids the suburbanite can count on having his original investment returned in a short time if he wishes to sell the young ones. As a rule a doe has kids in twins.

IF THERE is a Toronto alderman anxious to perform a novel and useful service for the city he should lose no time in introducing a motion to empower Commissioner Daniel Chisholm, of the Property Department to purchase enough goats to keep the vacant lots owned by the city free from noxious weeds. A herd of at least one hundred would be required to do this efficiently, and the revenue from their milk would do something to ease the tax burden from which every citizen is now groaning.

Such an innovation would result in a lasting good-bye to hayfever, perhaps. And besides, how beautiful would the city look in a pastoral setting, with goats peacefully grazing throughout the livelong day all Summer and Autumn. In the Winter, forsooth, the little care needed to feed them would give employment to a few men. Thus the alderman who jumps on this idea first has a lot of good arguments to support his motion.

If a suburban family could not use all the milk they got from a couple of does, it could be profitably sold to neighbors or made into butter and cheese. As is well known, there is no better cheese on the market than that made from goat's milk.

MR. BUNDY gave me a booklet on "The Milk Goat and Her Milk, Its Utility in City and Suburban Homes," written by Professor H. M. Sherwood, principal of Stephen's School, Portland, Oregon. Professor Sherwood confesses that he is now an enthusiast for goats, and he tells briefly of his early experiences with them. An excerpt from these experiences as he relates them might be of interest here:

"I have, so far as I know," he writes, "the largest family of any school man in Portland—consisting of a wife and seven children. My wife and I, realizing the importance of milk as a food for young and growing children, had been buying a gallon of milk or more a day, but with the increasing demand for it and the increasing cost, we were unable on the moderate wage of a school teacher to supply the children with the milk which we knew they needed, and the only available solution seemed to be the milk goat, about which we had been reading and studying, but against which, in common with other people, we had a good deal of prejudice. But something must be done, so with all the children, including the baby, we up and away to a milk goat ranch nearby.

"As we approached the house we were all eagerness. We knew but little what a milk goat was like. To be sure we had seen a so-called "billy goat" or two in our childhood days, but that was all. The first thing that impressed us as we saw the little brown and-white animals was the large and, what appeared to us to be, the abnormal size of the udders, seemingly as large as those of small cows, and with teats as large as those of a cow. But it was noon; we carried our lunch and must try some of the milk. The rancher furnished us with a small pail of it, and, seated under the cherry trees overlooking the Columbia, we drank that sweet, rich goat's milk for the first time, and ate delicious Roquefort cheese made from it, and our hearts and our palates were won over to the gentle little creatures — much maligned and little understood and appreciated. We purchased three Saanen does in milk, which were shipped in a day or two; have become almost members of the family, and are still a part of our herd —much loved by the children and enjoyed by all."

A little further on Prof. Sherwood adds: "These are times of food economy and conservation, when every family should aim to be as nearly self-supporting as possible. There are thousands of vacant lots in the suburbs of our cities where goats could be kept and which would prove a source of wealth and comfort to our people, supplying hundreds of thousands of our children with certain elements of nutrition found in almost no other food, and yet so vital to child growth and development and thereby decreasing infant mortality and prolonging life."

As goats make intelligent and affectionate pets, they may be looked after by women and children as efficiently as well as by a man. In fact, Prof. Sherwood claims that the milk goat opens a new field for women in North America.

FOR Winter feed a little grain and hay are necessary, Prof. Sherwood has this to say in regard to feeding: "A single goat could almost be kept on the waste from the garden. They are naturally more browsers than grazers, but do very well upon grass pasture alone, especially if clover, alfalfa or weeds constitute a part. They will eat most weeds and are very fond of certain ones. They delight in being accompanied to the feeding grounds, seeming to enjoy your companionship, and will devour greedily any favorite bush that you may choose to bend over for them, appearing to regard it as a favor to you as well as to themselves. They are fond of most grains, liking a variety better than a steady diet or ration of one thing. Bran, oats, middlings and alfalfa meal are all good. I would place particular emphasis upon good bright oats and fresh bran."

MR. BUNDY says that an allowance of ten cents a day would be a good average for the cost of all the year around feeding in the suburbs, or elsewhere in Ontario where it is possible to let the goats feed on in the open in the daytime for the greater part of the year.

At the exhibition this year Mr. L. H. Baldwin, of Forest Hill Road, Toronto, captured more goat prizes than any other owner. Mr. Baldwin breeds very high-grade specimens as a hobby. His does took four first prizes, two seconds, one third and a silver medal. Mr. H. R. Duke, of Walker's Point, Muskoka, was awarded one first, one second, two third prizes and a silver medal. Three firsts, three seconds and one third were taken by Mr. G. Williams of Oakville. Mr. A. Panter of Gravenhurst, who is the largest Toggenburg breeder in Canada, got one third prize, and one second prize went to Mr. J. S. Mackey of Lindsay.

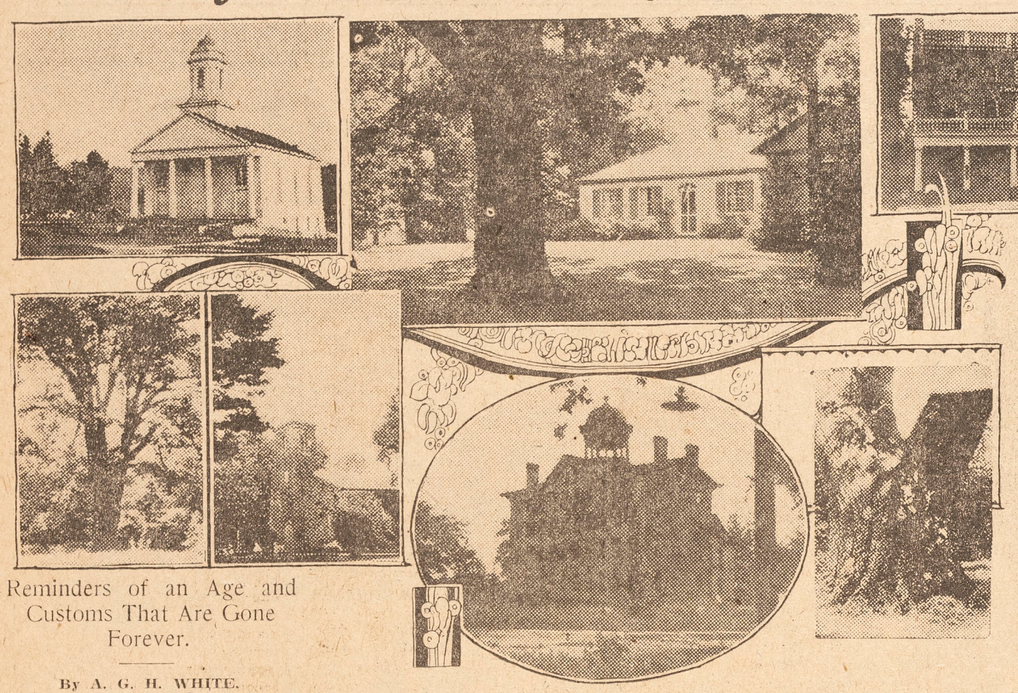
Hell'n' Maria Dawes and Underslung Pipe



BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES GATES DAWES

Lawyer, banker, business man and composer, smokes his pipe of peace in comfort and in public, even as you or I or Bill Jones. This characteristic snapshot of the American Republican Vice-Presidential nominee, shows two of his idiosyncracies—his trick collar and his "underslung" pipe —the third, his vocabulary, doesn't show in a photograph, but the expression seems to say: "Hell'n' Maria" just as clearly as his tongue snapped it out before the Senate.

Niagara Peninsula Contains Many Fine Relics Of Early and Gallant Days in Canada's History



Left to right, at top—The old Presbyterian Church at Lewiston, N.Y. "The Wilderness," home of Mr. W. R. Austin, Niagara - on - the - Lake. The Frontier House at Lewiston. Bottom row—Balm of Gilead tree, 150 feet high and 20 feet in circumference, at Niagara-on-the-Lake. St. Mark's Church, at Niagara - on - the-Lake. The old Academy, at Lewiston. Herne's Oak, 24 feet in circumference, spread of branches 150 feet, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Reminders of an Age and Customs That Are Gone Forever.

By A. G. H. WHITE.

OF the many thousands who journey across the waters of blue Ontario to its southern shore, comparatively few know of the wealth of interest, natural and historical, that makes the Niagara Peninsula a garden of delight.

Along this shore the feet of the brave old Jesuit fathers wended their way through trackless forests. Hennepin, La Salle, the brave Chief Brant, knew the innermost haunts of the wild animals with which the land abounded, and their canoes followed the bending shores of the Niagara River.

Now powerful steamers, carrying hundreds of passengers over the water pathway in the former track of the birch-bark canoe, touch at different points. The first of these is Niagara-on-the-Lake, where still are found many relics of the War of 1812.

A POINT of interest is St. Mark's Anglican Church with its ivy-covered walls and tower, its beautiful stained-galss windows and artistic interior.

Surrounding it are the graves of many old settlers—altogether it gives the impression of a quiet English graveyard of long ago. Among the graves are some that mark care and sentiment in a great degree. On one family plot English ivy creeps lovingly over the remains of those who sleep below. I believe that a sprig of the ivy was brought from an old English home and planted on the first-made grave. This sprig has spread and now covers, with its almost evergreen, the whole plot.

Another grave, that of the Hon. William Plummer Powell, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and resident of Toronto for many years has a personal interest. His grounds in Toronto were of some extent, and known as "Caer Howell." (He was of Welsh extraction). The old Caer Howell Hotel and bowling green, on University Avenue, Caer Howell Street, William Street and Dummer Street, Toronto, were all named from the original Caer Howell estate. On the corner of University Avenue and Caer Howell Street was the Powell graveyard, surrounded by a high brick wall.

When the writer was a small child, this wall was taken down and the remains of the Powell family sepulchred there removed. The aforesaid small child, on an investigation tour, entered the vault and carried off some of the wood of the decayed coffins. Taking it home and displaying her treasure trove with delight, she was promptly deprived of the pieces of wood and informed that she was "an awful child" and some dreadful end was prophesied for her. Years after, while seeking information and photographs through beautiful Niagara (her investigating propensities are still going strong) this same child found the tombstone in the cemetery of St. Mark's, with the name of William Dummer Powell inscribed, indicating that beneath it were the same remains which she had seen removed from Toronto.

A SHORT distance from there is the old estate "The Wilderness," which is now the residence of Mr. W. R. Austin, formerly of Toronto. The house was built somewhat later than the War of 1812, and is surrounded by trees of great size and age. One old oak tree might have given the theme:

"The song of the oak, the brave old oak
That has ruled in the greenwood long,
Here's a health and renown
To his broad green crown
And his fifty arms so strong."

It is called "Herne's Oak" for its resemblance to the Herne's Oak that was so celebrated in Windsor forest centuries ago. It is about 24 feet in circumference and its branches spread over 150 feet—the largest oak in Canada.

Another tree of the wilderness is a balm of Gilead—the tallest in the district. It has long been used by the fishermen on the lake to set their nets by, in taking a line from it to Brock's monument six miles away.

The Indians, when they met to receive their gratuities from Governor Simcoe, collected the buds from the balm tree to make a healing ointment. This tree is 20 feet in circumference, and about 150 feet high.

In the grounds of the Wilderness is a cave in which the wife of a Major of the Fort took refuge with her children.

Another church—that of St. Andrews, built about 1793—is after the colonial style, and struggled up through many vicissitudes in its early days. In those days a kind of church union must have existed, for it is recorded that members of St. Andrews held pews in St. Mark's, and even baptism of its children took place in the stone church of the Anglicans.

QUEENSTON Heights and its monument are too well known to need description. But in this region is found a group of trees that, I believe, are the only ones of the kind in Canada. Just a short distance down the hill in rather a marshy spot, grows the custard apple, or American banana (asimina triloba) also called North American papaw. It has three-lobed leaves, in the axils of which grow dark purple-red flowers. The fruit is about three or four inches long, tastes something like a mixture of banana, may-apple and mango, and is delicious. The tree grows to a height of some fifty feet. It is a rarity, well worthy of cultivation.

Some of these papaw trees have been transplanted from Queenston to the grounds of "The Wilderness" by Mr. Austin, who has also sown the seed. He has brought the fruit to the notice of the Horticultural Society, and hopes to have the "American banana" made marketable sometime in the future. It is well worthy of cultivation.

ACROSS from Queenston lies Lewiston on the American side of the Niagara River. The town has kept much of its old-time quaintness and its pleasant homes have more room around them than is possible in growing cities.

On its main street stands the old Frontier House, changed very little from the time when Daniel Webster (it is said), worked at his dictionary under its roof. I am also told that Fenimore Cooper wrote there some of his Indian stories so dear to boy's hearts. The "Frontier House" is still the principal hotel of Lewiston.

Some distance past the hotel is the old "Academy." This was the first institution of its kind in Western New York, I am told. It had fallen into disuse, but, I believe, is being restored to be a community centre.

In the interior of the town an old Presbyterian Church still stands, is in use, and well attended. The cannon balls of "our side" did a little damage in 1812, but it still looks as if it kept up the old Presbyterian motto of "Let everything be done decently and in order." Surrounded by its old graveyard, with the stones recording the names of the sleepers beneath, it is a quiet, restful spot, where one may dream an hour away, undisturbed by the bustle and rush of everyday life. One stone recalls the memory of a young aide-de-camp of an American colonel, who put up the headstone. After the name and date of death follows this inscription—

"Here lies a soldier—here a brave man rests."

Another quaint epitaph is to a man named Miller. After telling, in verse, about his coming to this new, strange country, it finishes:

"But when he saw his country given to gain,
And that she hugged the tyrant's chain
He lost in life all joy and pride,
And then poor Miller died."

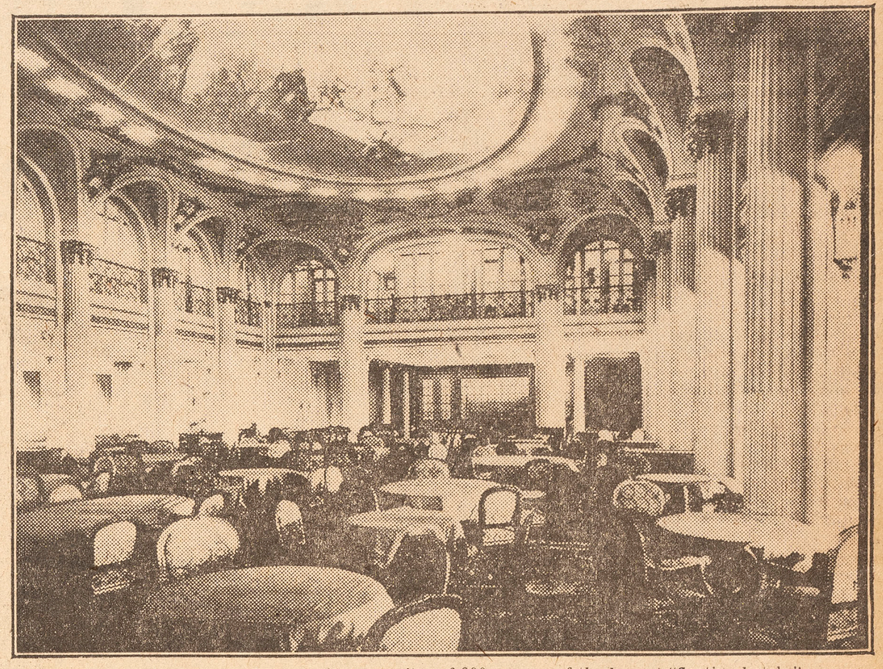
Poor man, what could have been the country, and what the treatment to have caused such a pessimistic verse?

Here and there throughout the old cemetery, gleam small American flags, over soldiers' graves. This is the work of the Grand Army, who see that the fallen are not forgotten, even though they were not victorious, for many of the sleepers fell at the battle of Queenston Heights.

These spots on both sides of the beautiful river, abound with romance and loveliness. Many of the landmarks are disappearing but not so fast as they do on our north shore of the lake.

The destruction of these footmarks of the old by the advance of the new, makes one wonder if in our country will be left to future generations any remnants of things that mark its past.

Old Fashioned Sea No Longer Exists For Passengers on Palatial Modern Liners



A dining-room, with a seating capacity of 800, on one of the largest "floating hotels."

Decks and Cabins are Foreign Words to the Crew—Beg Pardon!—Staff.

THE open sea.

It simply doesn't exist.

I grant you that there is a certain amount of water around the coasts of this and other countries, but the good old-fashioned sea—the raging main—beloved by poets and the authors of adventure books for the boys—is no more.

I know. I've tried to find it.

I took the largest ship afloat—an American one. It's a very good hotel.

Having answered all the very personal questions asked by Uncle Sam before one is allowed to leave his shores—how much money have you made, if any—have you paid your income tax, and, if not, will you do so NOW—where are you going and are you coming back, and if so, when and why—where have you left your wife, if any, and why?—I was taken in hand by one of the underporters, who escorted me up what used to be the gangplank. It's now an entrance hall, very carefully covered to prevent any sight of the sea, leading to the main or reception hall.

Here I was handed over to a bellhop, who ushered me into an elevator and showed me to my bedroom. He called it a stateroom. It was just a very good hotel bedroom. I told him I wanted a cabin. He explained that there were no cabins. I was disappointed. When I go to sea, I do like a cabin. Well, I sha'nt spend much time in it.

The under-porter arrived with my bags. I tipped him.

A GENTLEMAN who said he was my steward called on me. He was no more a steward than I am. He was just a hotel waiter. Why, he wasn't even dressed like a steward. We discussed arrangements for food. He suggested that I should call on the chief steward. I didn't want to I wanted to get up on deck and see the ship leave the shore. He was insistent, so I humored him. We called on the chief steward. He asked what restaurant I should like to take my meals, if any, in. I told him that on a ship I rather liked to have my meals in the dining-salon. He looked somewhat amused and suggested that I should find the Ritz-Carlton very comfortable. We finally compromised on the Palm Garden—a seat fairly near the fire and not too near the orchestra.

Now to get up on deck.

I finally found the elevator—companion-ways are no more. I said in that quiet, authoritative manner of the well traveled man, "Take me up on deck." The elevator boy countered with, "Which one, sir?" I explained that I simply wanted a plain, ordinary deck. I didn't like his look. Up we went. He opened the door and announced "Main Lounge."

I walked round the lounge; and a very nice lounge it was, but it wasn't a deck. I didn't want to meet the same elevator boy again, so I took the elevator at the other end of the lounge, and thinking that I might get better information from my steward, I asked to be taken to my room. After several inquiries, I reached it.

I RANG for my private waiter and suggested that he might obtain for me a plan of the ship—a guide book—or something of the kind. To my intense surprise, instead of appreciating the subtle sarcasm of my remark he simply said "Yes, sir" and disappeared, and I was left to await the arrival of the guide book.

He returned later—much later—and presented me with a volume of instructions. I immediately started on the study of it. How to get up on deck?

I was interrupted by the announcement of lunch. We had sailed. I didn't even know it. I was annoyed—still, lunch is lunch. I lunched to the lively music of the Palais Royal Orchestra Blues.

Back to my bedroom for further study of the guide book. Banks, Gymnasiums, Lounges, Swimming Pools, Tea Gardens, Travel Bureau, Radio, Restaurants. But the nearest thing I could find to a deck was a Promenade.

I'll have a short nap and have a shot at this.

I was awakened by the news that tea was served.

It's remarkable how hungry one gets. I suppose that they must have a system of pumping the sea air into one's bedroom.

I teaed. More music.

NOW to get up on deck. With much trouble I found the Promenade.

It wasn't a deck. It was a sort of a conservatory, with wicker chairs, and roses up the sides of the walls. No sea.

Going to dress for dinner. Dinner. Dance. To bed.

Oh, well, up bright and early for a brisk walk on deck. Foolish man!

On successive days I discovered the swimming pool—the gymnasium. I changed my money at the bank. I filled up the necessary papers to permit me to land.

When one has to eat five meals a day and attend a dance or a movie show every evening, this takes up most of one's time. I lost count of the days.

One morning on my way to the news stand, something happened.

Either the elevator boy was asleep or he had been informed that all restrictions had been removed; but we shot right past the main lounge and I found myself on a deck. Lifeboat and everything.

Hurrah—at last—the open sea—oh, joy. I dashed to the side.

We were in Southampton water—Nelson's flagship to the right.

I tell you it simply does not exist.

The Open Sea. C.

CUTTING the CORNERS

Two Prospective Heavyweight Champions Unearthed in England—Italy Also Will be Ransacked to Discover a Man to Beat Dempsey—The White Hope Crusade Recalled—Fighters Are Not Discovered By Tournaments.

By J. V. McAREE.

TEX O'ROURKE, American fight impresario, has returned from England with a couple of young heavyweights for whom he has championship hopes. They are the cream of the English fighters, whom he discovered as the result of a painstaking scouring of the British Isles. He traveled the country, holding tournaments, and at the end of his quest had found two men, either of whom may, in time to come, get a shot at the heavyweight crown. Dr. Leach Cross, the Demon Dentist, who was once almost lightweight champion, is in Europe on a similar pilgrimage. He will scan the prospects in Italy first, for Italy has already produced battlers of note. If the embryonic champion does not emerge in the land of Garibaldi and Johnny Dundee, Dr. Cross will penetrate into newer lands, whose postage stamps are just beginning to be listed. He will run heavyweight tournaments, and match the winners against each other, until there appears a citizen of the calibre, say, of Luis Angel Firpo. The goal, of course, is Jack Dempsey's throne.

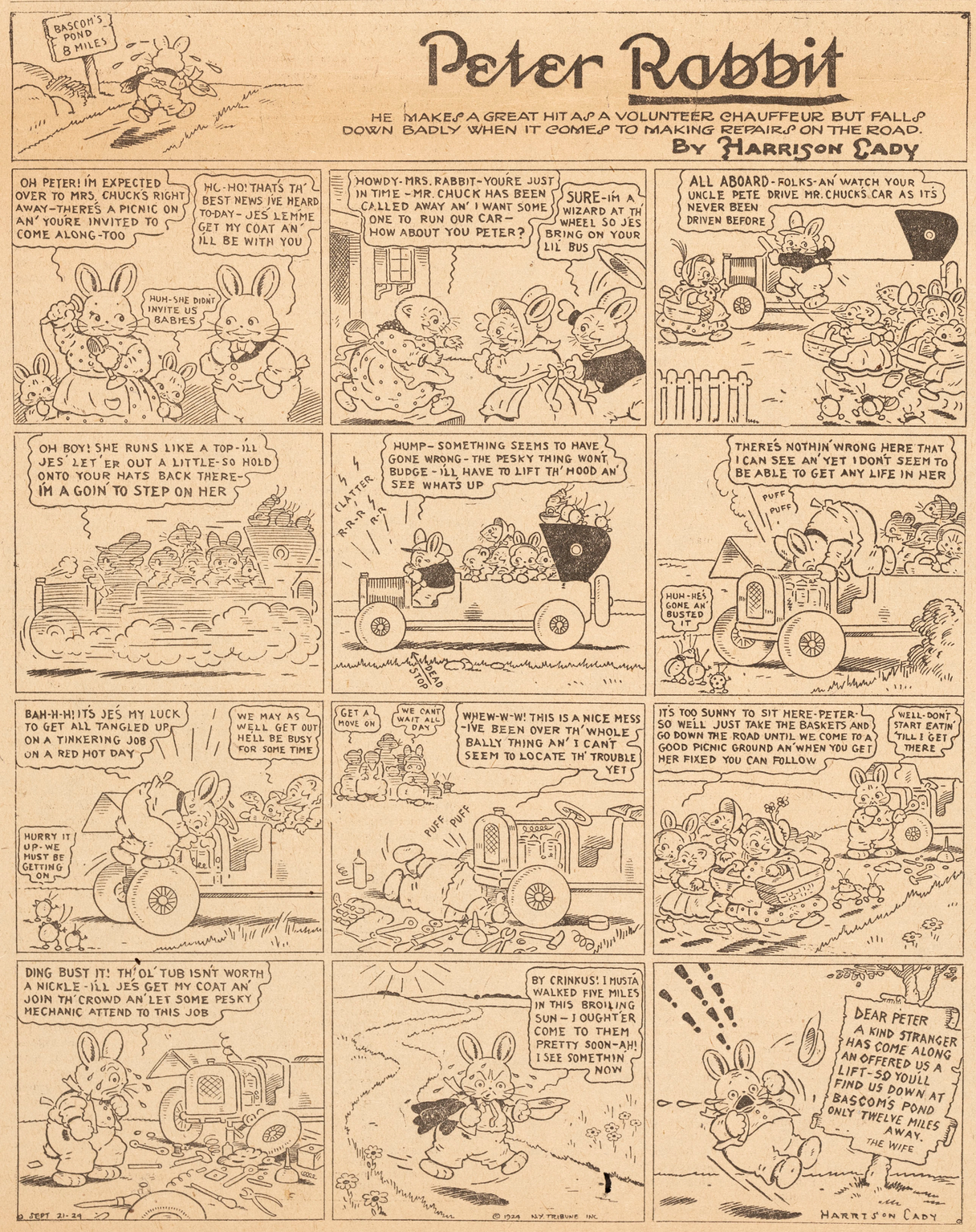
THAT is the way, of course, that champions are developed just as prizes offered by the Saturday Evening Post produce poets to threaten the long reign of Keats and Swinburne. That is, in fact, the way Jess Willard was brought to light, and no other champion, so far as we are aware, in modern pugilistic history. Willard was the product of the world-wide quest to find a man to re-establish the supremacy of the Caucasian. He was the ultimate White Hope revealed after a couple of years' panic-stricken research had flooded the ring with vast and hirsute plumbers, lumberjacks, barbers, undertakers and hall porters, who possessed, collectively, no more combativeness than would equip a spinster white mouse. They were all big and avaricious, and otherwise were devoid of the qualifications for champion prize-fighters. Willard was the best of these. He was a man of extraordinary physique, and by dint of training and the ravages which years made in Jack Johnson, advanced until he was able to set the white race free again by defeating the negro at Havana.

BUT in the circumstances in which those two fought, there were several men, not the product of any White Hope tournaments, nor correspondence school graduates of fisticuffs who could have done what Willard did. So we do not give any credit to those who originated the White Hope quest. We merely say that Johnson was a fat old man whom it was impossible to get into condition when Willard beat him, and that if there had been no White Hope crusade some other more or less white man would have vindicated the superiority of our joint race soon afterwards. The first time that Willard met a real fighting man in condition he received the most terrific walloping ever handed a champion in recent years, and both Kilbane and Wilde took a severe lacing before they finally vacated their thrones. Willard would have done as well as a wrestler or a weight-thrower had he been trained to these exercises, and had there been as much money in them he would have won distinction there. It was chance, not instinct, that made Willard a pugilist, just as it was chance rather than instinct that made him a Baptist or a Christadelphian, whatever his religious training has made him.

SO WE look at the quest of Tex Rickard and Leach Cross with extreme scepticism. We do not believe that either of them will come back with as much as a Firpo, and recent despatches from the Harry Wills front show that Firpo is not much. He has aggressiveness, strength and a knock-out punch in one hand. Willard had strength, a knock-out punch in either hand, and a good deal more skill and brains. In Wills, Firpo met a man who passed his peak three years ago, but whose craft and strength completely nullified everything that he had to offer. But Firpo was a natural fighter. He started with the one essential. He was aggressive and he loved to joust. Had he been taken in hand half a dozen years ago by such a man as Jack Kearns or Jimmy De Forest he might easily have been where Dempsey is to-day. But he was already too old, or too stupid to learn when he worked himself into line for a shot at the crown. He now steps out of the picture, and will be remembered as the man who knocked Jack Dempsey down. Jack Munroe, it will be recalled, once knocked Jim Jeffries down, and had in him about the same chance of being heavyweight champion of the world.

WE confess our inability to explain why England, for a generation has been unable to produce a heavyweight champion. Franch, Canada, Argentine, Australia and Italy have produced in the past twenty-five years better men than England, and the United States has produced dozens. The fighting spirit is not lacking, and the national physique has not suddenly decayed. We see Englishmen able to give the best in the world a hard fight, if not a beating, in almost every other line of strenuous sport. But in the ring they have lamentably failed, having listed but one real champion in a generation, and he a Welshman. An Englishman who became a champion could make as much money as an American who became champion. The incentive to excellence is therefore present. The sport is not more in disgrace there than elsewhere. It is patronized by Royalty. It was a native English sport, for which the rules framed in England are to-day the rules of the world like English maritime law. We pass up the mystery, and while we feel that Tex O'Rourke sought in the best place for a future heavyweight champion, we gravely misdoubt that he has found him.

No matter how badly silver and plated articles may be scratched, it is possible to remove the marks with a paste formed of olive oil and putty powder. The paste should be rubbed gently over the marks.



The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob

WEEK-END THOUGHTS OF A MONDAY NIGHTER

IT IS quite usual for an eminent actress to step down into a second-rate play and give an enchanting performance that wins a large public and produces a good balance at the bank—that being the purpose of the excursion. Did not Julia Marlowe make her career in the classics possible by her long slavery in "When Knighthood was in Flower"? Margaret Anglin has a policy of stepping up and down periodically, from Greek tragedies to "The Iron Woman," and from Shakespeare to "Lady Deadlock." It is not often, however, that an actress who has made herself famous in second-rate plays steps up suddenly into the rarified atmosphere of the classics and gives a performance that promises to take a permanent place in the history of the American stage. It could not be the training of Jane Cowl in plays like "Within the Law," "Common Clay" and "Smilin' Through" that prepared the way for her impersonation of Juliet. She sems to have cast behind her all the atmosphere of that sort of drama, an atmosphere which would cling to most actresses, and she has come to us as the first absolutely perfect Juliet that the playgoers of the present generation have seen.

The Ideal Juliet.

For some years past, Jane Cowl has been building up for herself the reputation of being one of the brainy women of the American stage. She has written one or two successful plays of the stencil variety, in which she appeared herself. There was a strong belief that she wrote "Smilin' Through", although credit for the "idea" was given to a young man who lives in Ottawa. But Miss Cowl has steadfastly denied it. A woman of her fine taste would probably have done so even though the play was from her pen, for the benefit of a certain type of public. "Smilin' Through" was pretty awful stuff, written with a keen understanding of what appeals to the lower average of intelligence. It was a tremendous spring for Miss Cowl from that low level to the artistic heights of her Juliet.

The creation of this peerless Juliet was not merely a matter of intelligence or of emotional power. Miss Cowl had other essential qualities to bring to the role. She had beauty that was the right sort of beauty, dark, tropical, girlish and vital. She makes you feel that here is an adolescent love, made articulate by the first blooming of passion. It is so young, so inexperienced, so soul searching. How you pity these youthful lovers as the dawn ends the ecstasy of their one night together. If young love is the most beautiful thing in the world, then Miss Cowl and Mr. Peters, as the most perfect embodiment of Romeo and Juliet, have brought into the theatre more sheer beauty than is usually found there. One never hopes to see anything more lovely and more moving behind the footlights than the balcony scene.

One must not forget that Rollo Peters completes the balance of the performance. Miss Cowl would have been a great Juliet even opposite the well-poised, drawing-room Romeo of William Faversham or the eloquent, stout and middle-aged Romeo of E. H. Sothern. But good fortune sent her a perfect Romeo, a youth straight from the middle ages, right out of a picture by Holbein. Nowadays we are in the habit of sitting beside Booth Tarkington to laugh at calf love. It is not easy to alter our seats even to look at Shakespeare's tragedy. Robust and mature Romeos bleating in Friar Lawrence's cell have made us impatient before now. The grief of the boy as impersonated by Mr. Peters became a pitiful thing.

Some Comparisons.

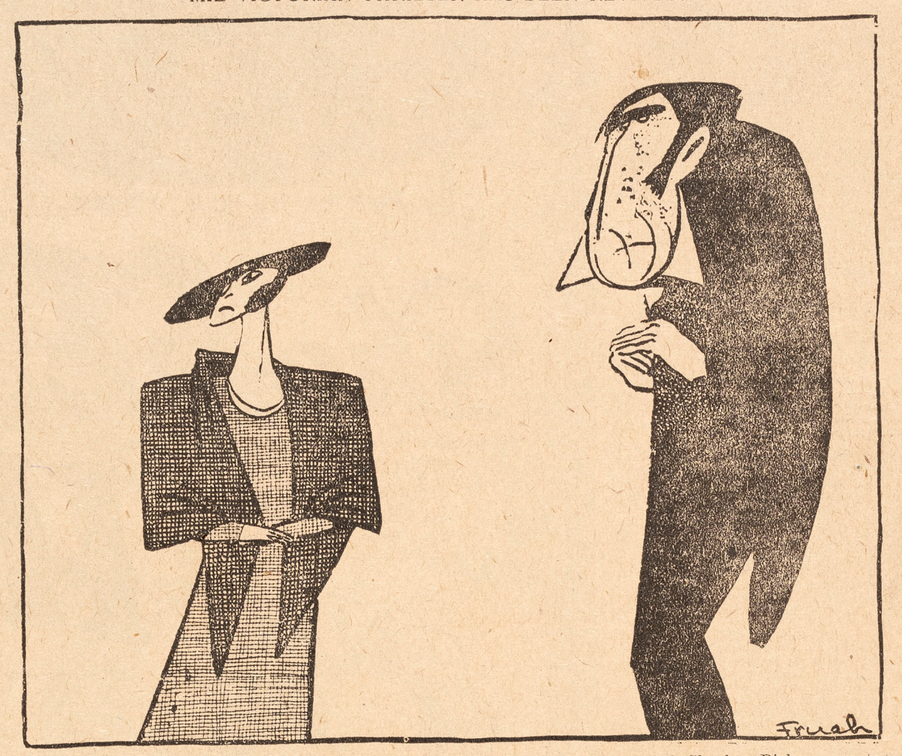
Looking back over the past twenty years, one realizes that there were not many notable Romeos and Juliets to be measured beside Miss Cowl and Mr. Peters. After seeing the Romeo at the Alexandra Theatre during the past week, you realize how much beyond the proper age were Mr. Sothern and Mr. Faversham, and poor Mr. Mantell's Romeo was a lyric grand-father. The role is quite outside Mr. Hampden's magnificent scope, and we have forgotten which of the Bensonians essayed it—so much for that one. Years ago, we saw a young Mr. Rosmer from England who had more of the humanness and boyishness than any except Mr. Peters, but he drifted into the little theatres in the English Provinces and did not become a classic actor. The Bensonian Juliet has shared the same fate in our memory as the Romeo. Glowing accounts are given of the Juliet of Julia Marlowe's youth, but in our time she has been too full blown. Miss Cecilia Loftus acted the role perfectly, but the ideal Juliet cannot possess a comic mask. Miss Genevieve Hamper might hamper a good Romeo, and Miss Faire, with Mr. Sothern, was good to look upon, but no more. They tell us that Ethel Barrymore and MacKay Morris in the roles were like an English squire wooing the statue of liberty.

But one does not have to have notable standards of comparison to know when a thing is exactly right. Jane Cowl has made Juliet live again. It was a great achievement for an actress who had newly come from the drama that does not count.

Although we like to hear blank verse declaimed by a Hampden, who knows how to find all its beauty, we found that it could be made very appropriate to play "Romeo and Juliet" in a natural key. There is no oratorical eloquence in the performance given by Miss Cowl and Mr. Peters. Everything is direct and human.

There has been the same simplification in their direction, but all the detail used was significant. We have always wondered how the boy Romeo managed to slay the bloody Tybalt, a fire-eater, who evidently picked a quarrel because he knew that he always killed his man. In this production, it was made convincing, for when Romeo attacked Tybalt he did it so quickly that Juliet's blood-thirsty cousin never got started. Maddened by the death of Mercutio, Romeo rushed upon him and accomplished his death. I believe something that I never quite believed before—that is was possible for the love-sick stripling to kill the swaggering warrior.

MID-VICTORIAN THRILLER HAS BEEN REVIVED.



"Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber", is a drama that all London went to see and Charles Dickens wrote about. The sketch shows Robert Vivian and Raphaella Ottiano in the revival now being offered.

"SWEENEY TODD" REVIVED AN OLD-TIME FAVORITE

SINCE the Provincetown Players evolved a peculiar and very individual entertainment from the revival of "Fashion," Mrs. Mowatt's convention old play, there has been something stirring in the theatre, born of a desire to duplicate the success of this performance, half burlesque, half satire, on the "palmy days." A few months ago "the world's worst play" fluttered for a night or two, and then departed to a voiceless waste. A melodrama, exactly which one we really forget, that had flourished in the nineties, again had its little day and soon returned to that limbo from which it had emerged. But "Fashion" still holds sway.

Early in the summer "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber" was added to the list, being produced by Wendell Phillips Dodge. It was not commented upon at the time by our own Percy Hammond, but it has lasted long enough to be described as a success. It has been described as "the most famous melodrama ever written," but superlatives are dangerous. There are many melodramas the titles of which are better known to the average playgoer than "Sweeney Todd"—to name only a few, "The Ticket of Leave Man," "The Silver King" and "Jim, the Penman." But "Sweeney Todd" is the best example of a melodrama run wild. People who see it to-day are surprised that it was once taken seriously by a serious public. However, it was the naivete of the play that drew at least a portion of the audience in the days of Queen Victoria. It was as a curiosity that it was commanded by Queen Victoria. It was as a curiosity that Charles Dickens went to see it again and again. It was as a curiosity that crowds of the sophisticated sought it out. Still it is peculiar to think that a large section of playgoers accepted it in noisy good faith.

A resume of the play is beyond the scope of a brief criticism. It concerns the authenticated practices of the leading character, famous in the Newgate Calendar, who was accustomed to get rid of his victims by use of a trap, killing them and passing them through a hole in the partition to a lady who kept a meat pie shop and promptly converted them into veal pies.

The revival of this strange old play recalls some peculiar features of the London stage seventy-five years ago. Until 1843 all theatres, except Drury Lane, Covent Garden and the Haymarket, were alike called minor theatre, and little or no distinction except from the accident of situation, was made between those of Whitechapel and those of the Strand. The same authors wrote the same kind of pieces for the Adelphi, the English Opera House and Olympic, as for the Victoria, the Surrey, and the City of London, Edward Stirling, Leman Rede, Fitzball, Mark Lemon, John Oxenford, and Douglas Jerrold wrote for all.

But there was another class of writers which was especially attached to these houses, and, after the new Licensing Act, become responsible for the entire repertory—Egerton Wilks, Edwin Travers, George Almar, Dibdin Pitt, the author of Sweeney Todd, Charles Hazelwood, and many others. The plays of these men, though destitute of literary merit, were usually cleverly constructed, with exciting plot, and plenty of strong situations. The writers were invariably actors, and for a salary of two pounds ten, or three pounds, played parts, and wrote a play a week. The London Journal and The Newgate Calendar were largely laid under contribution; originality could scarcely be expected at the price.

Although, on the broad lines, all East End dramas of this period were pretty much alike in their violent and exaggerated contrasts between vice and virtue—for the playgoers of Whitechapel, Shoreditch and Hoxton did not care for fine-drawn distinctions or "paltering in a double sense" between the angels of light and darkness—each house had a style of its own. As an instance, the City of London like a strong flavor of romance, and did not object to the supernatural. The Britannia had a preference for the purely domestic; the village maiden pursued by the libidinous Squire, in sticking-plaster boots, but always preserved by the serious countryman who spouted sermons by the yard, or by the comic chambermaid—as the manageress, Mrs. Lane, always chose those parts—who with an umbrella could put as many ruffians hors de combat as a Surrey sailor could with a quid of tobacco. Also, was preached the gospel of rags and 'orny"anded virtue.

The actors who interpreted these dramas were of course equally in accordance with the tastes of the audience, Edmund Kean was the model usually affected by the tragedians, and they initiated him by ranting and roaring without intermission. Yet many of them possessed considerable real dramatic power, such as N. T. Hicks, Bengough, Cobham, Pitt, and Mark Howard, the original Sweeney Todd. And there was not such a great difference between their style and that which obtained at the Strand; the colors were laid on more heavily; but the actors were scarcely distorted reflections of their West End types. Mrs. Lane, at the Britannia, could have held her own in broad comedy against Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

In an interview which Mrs. Lane granted not very long before her death, she remarked upon the change that had come over the audience. The Middleman had just been performed at The Britannia with great success. "I can remember the time, many years ago," she said, "when The Middleman wouldn't have drawn at all after the first night. In those days we used to put on Sweeney Tood, the Barber of Fleet Street, who used to murder the people that came to be shaved, cut them up, and sell them to Mrs. Lovett, a pastry-cook, to make pies of them. But," she added, "the play must have a good moral, whatever it is; our people wouldn't care for anything that hadn't a moral."

LONG DISTANCE GLIMPSES OF THE BROADWAY STAGES

By PERCY HAMMOND.

ALTHOUGH the authors of "What Price Glory" are relentless pacifists, they are willing to admit that war is not without its drolleries. Mitigating the hellishness of an odious occupation, they discover some grim facetiae in the practice of arms. Squalor and misery predominate, of course, among the soldiers, but there are also amending compensations. Even the most brutalized of the grenadiers in "What Price Glory" are amusing men with a grisly sense of humor.

"What Price Glory."

This play is the first real wallop of the season. Its authors, Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, were active not long ago upon the battlegrounds; and Mr. Stallings, as a captain of marines, was mutilated on the last day in Belleau Wood. Both, moreover, are notable journalists of "The New York World," one an editorial writer, the other a critic of so-called books. So their collaboration in a war play was bound to be authentic, sophisticated and picturesque.

I suspect that neither of them wished to be picturesque. To be sardonic was their aim, to expose in photographic terms, the superstitious ingloriousness of Earth's fundamental glory. But the call of those who love the drama summoned them to be a little theatrical. Gravy is the prime essence of the theatre, and so "What Price Glory" had to have its gravies in order to tickle the palates of the customers.

These sauces, however, are not apple-sauces. The play is a humorously bitter report of life in a company of United States Marines, operating in France on behalf of democracy. The captain (Mr. Louis Wolheim) is a brave, drunken, and amorous fighting berserker. His opponent, the first sergeant (Mr. William Boyd) is equally courageous and unworthy. Though members of the American corps d'elite, they profess no illusions about their necessary calling. They curse and swear and flirt and drink, and they hate one another as man to man. The captain, gulping his whiskey, glowers at the top sergeant and says, "Here's looking into your grave!" When the captain assigns the sergeant to a perilous errand he remarks, "Keep your head down, Quirt, I'm short of grave-diggers." And near the end they play cards to determine which one shall possess the pretty daughter of the innkeeper. . . . It is an intelligent, entertaining, humorous and different war-show, the very, very best of the series, a wise, humorous and bitter barrack room ballad.

The performances of Mr. Wolheim (recently a professor of Cornell) as the baboonish captain and of Mr. Boyd as the slim and eventful top sergeant were wonderworks of sententious comedy. American actors as a rule do not seem natural when wearing soldier clothes, but the players in "What Price Glory" deported themselves with an admirable fidelity to the atmosphere of war. Mr. Arthur Hopkins, the respectable producer, was a little ashamed of the profanity in the dialogue, and he apologized in the playbill for having been forced, in the interests of verisimilitude, to employ such blasphemies. While all the roles were acted more than competently, I thought that Miss Leyla Georgie's quiet characterization of a frail French girl, slipping gracefully from marine to marine, was a little masterpiece. I haven't enjoyed myself so much in a theatre since the first performance of "Rain." "What Price Glory," I think, is a ruddy gem. But, like several other pleasures, it is too good to be true.

"Havoc"

At the risk of irritating my 100 per cent. Irish associates in the New York Athletic Club, I have to say that "Havoc," an English enterprise, is a good show. It irks me, as a Son of the Revolution, to admit that the English, as a rule, write plays that are superior to our native product, and that they act them in a way that should abash our star-spangled self-satisfaction. "Havoc" is a meaty narrative, telling rather plausibly how much more disastrous a woman's wiles may be than all the implements of war.

In it, Violet Derring, a rich, chill and selfish London flapper with pretty legs and short hair, raises more hell with a couple of noble patriots than enemy machine guns and poison gases. She has panther eyes and the venomous instincts of a cobra. She is fond of dancing in the supper clubs, she says, while air raids are going on. Like Salome, she seems to believe that there are not enough dead men. Two of her lovers, Dick and Roddy, have weathered the gory Mons retreat, and she is a little disappointed to find them still alive. Though they are pals, in the best sense of the word, she separates them. The cling of her glacial lips and the icy caress of her white and shapely shoulders are more fatal to these warriors than bayonets in the hands of hot and pugnacious Huns. It is Sex, not War, that causes Roddy to blow out his amorous brains and Dick to lose his eyesight as the result of the vengeful treachery of his friend and superior officer.

"Havoc" is written in terms not revolting to such New York playgoers who may be mentally more than eleven years of age. It is a well-bred and conscientious melodrama, omitting, as far as possible, the gaudier fraudulences of the stage. I like to be fooled in the theatre in case the deception is expert and sincere. The shrewd writing and the good acting of "Havoc" bait me pleasantly many times. At "Havoc" I suspected myself of being an adult at an adult entertainment. But at Mr. Farrar's and Mr. Benet's "Nerves," an American war play, the other night, I felt that I was looking over a precocious infant in a cradle, and that it was up to me to tickle it under the chin and say "Cooche-coo!"

Other New Plays.

"The Green Beetle," by the author of "The Cat and the Canary," is not a drama that I can recommend to high-brow readers. It is about a ridiculous San Francisco Chinaman and his solemn feud with the White Devil who ruined his Chinese lady-love at an early age. . . . "Thoroughbreds," which was known in Chicago and elsewhere as "The Horse-Thief," is like something that you buy at a soda-fountain or a five-and-ten-cent store. . . . In "The Tantrum," Miss Roberta Arnold is exhibited as a loud and annoying resident of Long Island who raises the devil with her patient husband by her bad temper and worse language. It is an emphatic if not a convincing entertainment. . . . "Be Yourself," a musical comedy by Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly, our clowns de luxe, is an expedient pot-boiler, saved from utter stupidity by the efforts of Miss Queenie Smith, the most talented of the current soubrettes.

OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN GOES TO THE MOVIES

WHATEVER else Papini may be, he is a good business man. When I saw references in the movie news tor the first time to the fact that he had sold the rights to his best seller, "The Life of Christ," to the American moving-picture producers, I thought it was a mistake. So far as the incidents were concerned Papini followed the first four books of the New Testament in his successful work. He had nothing to add in the way of story. How could he? Accordingly, he has put over a unique deal in selling the movie rights to the Gospels to the manager who has announced a movie production of Papini's "Life of Christ." Just to think that it should have happened in an English-speaking country—one of the lands which has always boasted proudly that the Bible shall be free.

It is going to be interesting to see what difference there will be in a picturization of Papini's "Life of Christ" from a picturization of—say the Gospel of St. Matthew. It would be more exciting to have a picture of Papini's career. This Italian sensationalist discovered that it got him the limelight no longer to be an atheist in Italy, so he made a spectacular change to what he called Christianity. Then he cashed in by writing the most unchristian in its spirit of all the books ever written on the life of Christ. He used the same vitriolic, violent and uncharitable methods that were characteristic of him in his unregenerate days. The leopard had not changed its spots. Oddly enough, the book, which had no literary charm, proved a great success, and became a best seller—probably because of the notoriety of Papini. It was as a best seller that he sold it. That rancid Italian has certainly discovered the secret of making Christianity pay.

"The Ten Commandments."

Now that Papini has managed to make a producer pay for the rights to the Gospels, I am filled with regret that I did not get hold in some way of the rights to Genesis and Exodus. What a stroke of business it would have been to sell them to Cecil de Mille and get a chunk of the profits of "The Ten Commandments." Here is a picture that is bound to make a lot of money. It contains some of the most spectacular scenes ever screened in the movies; it contains a melodramatic story that shows you episodes of luxurious vice under the pretext of teaching you a lesson, and it has a so-called moral that cannot be missed by even the dullest moron. They tell me that that combination never fails to make money in the moving pictures.

There can be no doubt that Cecil de Mille is one of the technical masters of the camera drama. Nobody ever spends money to more spectacular advantage. In his Bible scenes, he has secured beauty as well as magnificence. He has put lovely grouping into the episodes showing the death of the first born, and his colored photography depicting the exodus is the finest thing of its kind that has been done. The pictures of the captivity are overwhelming in their bigness, and there are genuine thrills in the pursuit of the Israelites and the destruction of the Egyptian hosts in the Red Sea. These are the features of "The Ten Commandments" that a critic can honestly commend. Then he has to preface his remarks on the modern story with a great 'BUT'.

The acting of Theodore Roberts as Moses was one of the surprises of the production. I expected always to be thinking of Roberts with a big cigar in his mouth, but his acting was so good that he got the illusion, and I forgot the cigar.

Cecil de Mille showed that he does not know his limitations when he tried to make a picture of the voice of God giving the Commandments to Moses. The best he could do was to suggest modern English words coming into focus on a magic lantern. And that was more than a little weak.

He tampered a little with sacred history. Miriam was stricken with leprosy for interfering with the love affairs of Moses—real movie stuff, by the way— not for worshipping the golden calf. It seems to be physically impossible for these movie men to stick to the original of any story.

Magnificent as were the Bible scenes in "The Ten Commandments," they did not seem to me to contain as great a feeling of authenticity as those in the Italian film, "Seven Days." Not even Rex Ingram could have selected better types than the man who made "Seven Days." It did not give the impression of being as costly as "The Ten Commandments," but it had more reality.

The Modern Story.

A subtle man, a man with some refinement of mind, might have made a great picture out of the theme that Cecil de Mille had in his hands. He could have shown that the Commandments were not arbitrary laws, given to curtail man's liberty of action, but that they were guides to conduct without which social relations would become unbearable. He might have indicated that man in a world of men would create similar commandments out of his experience of life.

But DeMille was determined that not even the meanest mind would miss the point of his allegory. Accordingly, he made it so obvious that it became ridiculous. A very strict old lady had two sons, one of whom accepted her rigid religious views, while the other mocked at them. The sinful son was one of those movie creatures who have no redeeming qualities. He was unbelievably wicked. He started out to break the Ten Commandments, and had demolished eight of them when he died of a combination of leprosy and a storm at sea, leaving the ninth and tenth, so far as I could see, intact. Honestly, I don't believe that such a naughty man ever existed. The fact that Rod La Roque gave a remarkable performance of this role did not keep it from being incredible to the point of silliness.

By the way, I want to take back some of the things that I said about Nita Naldi several weeks ago. At last I have seen her do a remarkable and sinister impersonation as the leper who vamped the wicked son and blighted his life. I need not tell you which Commandment she was helping to demolish. It may be that the ninth and tenth escaped because no Hollywood producer can ever bear to get very far past the seventh.

The pious mother who tottered through the film with an enormous Bible in her arms was another example of de Mille's lack of a sense of proportion. She was intended to be pathetic and appealing, but it seemed at times as though the producer was making a deliberate travesty of a religious woman. It did become actual travesty when she sent her wicked son a picture of herself hugging the Family Bible, and when we learned later that the wicked son had tossed it in among the empties.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more tawdry than the modern story of "The Ten Commandments", though it was made hectic and exciting by melodramatic incidents.

We heard of a person who saw the picture and described it as follows, "It teaches a wonderful lesson. It tells about a woman who had a very bad son who wouldn't go to church. He said he would break all the ten commandments, and he did. But his poor old mother went off to church, and it fell on her."

You can split "The Ten Commandments" into two parts. The first half shows what magnificent technical photography they can accomplish in the pictures. The second half shows what puerile stories they will present in the movies.

"Triumph."

The leading movie producers seem to find that the public will tolerate stories that the leading dramatists and novelists could not use, which is one of the peculiarities of the movies "Triumph", the last Cecil de Mille picture that I saw, had the same defects as the modern story of "The Ten Commandments". In many respects the story was childish, and the characters did not behave like rational human beings. Then de Mille seems to have a peculiar idea regarding moral niceties. For instance, the heroine of "Triumph" was not a sympathetic creature. She always managed to love so that she landed on her feet financially.

I can remember that the two half brothers in "Triumph" were Silver and King. I start off by recalling the "triumph" that Henry Arthur Jones scored with "The Silver King in the year that I was born—I remember it distinctly. From that I work forward to Silver and King in "Triumph." How is that for Pelmanism?

King and Silver were the sons of a rich man who thought that King was a waster. He left all his fortune plus the works to Silver. Now Silver was an insincere Socialist, who lost his socialistic views as soon as he became wealthy. King's best girl deserted him for Silver, under the impression that Silver could finance her musical career. Among worldlings and crooks, Silver was as helpless as the Babes in the Woods. If I told you how they cheated him out of millions, you would not believe me. He was such a simpleton.

However, King had gone to work, and he cured himself so rapidly of being a waster that he was able to save the business when Silver nearly wrecked it. So King became top dog again, and the brothers were reconciled. I forgot to say that after a little gay life in Paris, the lady threw over Silver, and she returned to King just before he got back all the cash.

Some one really ought to select and handle Cecil de Mille's stories, and merely let him do the technical work of production.

"SAINT JOAN" COMING.

When "Saint Joan" goes on the road, Julia Arthur will play the title role, created in New York by Winnifred Lenihan.

Isn't it strange that a young actress like Miss Lenihan should have been willing to miss such an opportunity to make a name for herself up and down the continent in one of the greatest plays written in our time?

B. C. Whitney will have charge of the affairs of the Guild production on the road. It was announced from New York during the past week that "Saint Joan" will open its tour in Toronto on October 6th, incidentally re-opening the Princess Theatre. Toronto will be the third city in the world to see "Saint Joan," being beaten only by London and New York.

RIVAL ASSOCIATIONS.

In England there are rival theatrical unions, just as we have Equity and Fidelity in America, and they are just about as friendly. The Actors' Association, in its war with the Stage Guild, has now adopted the boycott weapon against its younger rival. Sir John Martin-Harvey, who is appearing at Newcastle in "The Only Way," and Eva Moore, who is playing at Huddersfield, were the first to be placed under the ban—union members in both towns having been asked not to appear with them. The boycott was a failure, however, and the two organizations are now trying to heal their differences.

"THE SHEIK."

At last "The Sheik," Edith M. Hull's flaming best seller of several seasons ago, is to be put on the stage, though probably not with so many horses as in the original. The novel, it will be recalled, was thrust on the screen a couple of years ago, and did much to make Rudolph Valentino's well-groomed hair an object of adoration in many a home. It will be first presented in the spoken drama as a musical comedy, but the sand used in it may later be saved for a straight dramatic version. This would reverse the customary process by which a story works its way from a novel chrysalis into a butterfly creation on the stage, thence makes a detour into the "movies" and finally reverts to the footlights as a musical show, all dressed up and going somewhere.

The Shuberts are to make the presentation, and it is reported that Walter Woolf will unleash his fine barytone in the title role, probably singing right through his flowing Arab robes. He will don the burnoose—that is, after he has cast off the noose of "The Dream Girl," in which he is at present chanting in New York. The role will, of course, be of the swashbuckling type, similar to the one he is now performing so well, and for which he did his preliminary setting-up exercises in "The Lady of the Rose," in which he played Toronto last season. Just who will transplant this fair flower of English literature to the stage is not revealed by the oracle.

At the Theatres -:- What the Press Agents Have to Say About This Week's Plays

Constance Binney in Musical Show

"Sweet Litle Devil" Comes to the Royal Alexandra Theatre.

The Royal Alexandra will offer Constance Binney, the popular little star of the stage and screen, in her New York musical comedy success, "Sweet Little Devil," for a week's engagement beginning Monday evening.

For six months "Sweet Little Devil" charmed Broadway at the Astor Theatre. Not only was the return of Miss Binney to the speaking stage an important and interesting event, but she had a vehicle which permitted her to do all those things at which she is expert. Although original Broadway casts are often promised, the promise is really performed in the case of "Sweet Little Devil." There will be William Wayne, Ruth Warren, Irving Beebe, Bobby Jarvis, Edna Dare, Rae Bowdin, Miss Olivette and Billie and Billy Taylor. George Gershwin, whose melodies have been played on every piano and phonograph in the land, wrote the music for the piece, among the catchiest numbers being "Virginia," "You're Mighty Lucky," "Someone Who Believes in You," "The Jijibo," "Under a One-man Top," "Hey Hey," "The Matrimonial Handicap," "Supposing" and "Sweet Little Devil."

The book of "Sweet Little Devil," by Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab, gives Miss Binney the role of Virginia, a little Southern girl, who comes to New York to follow her literary inclinations. She shares a roof-top bungalow with Joyce West, a Follies chorus beauty, and becomes interested in a long-distance flirtation between her companion and a young mining engineer in South America. The action of the story takes all the characters from the skyscrapers of New York to the Peruvian mountains.

Among the unusual features of "Sweet Little Devil" are a ballet for Miss Binney arranged by Michel Fokine, and new ideas in stage settings and costumes designed by Lee Simonson, who made the New York Theatre Guild productions scenically famous.



CORINNE GRIFFITH
in "Single Wives", the feature attraction this week at the Hippodrome.

'THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH' COMES TO ALEXANDRA

The Dramatists' Theatre, Inc., production, "The Goose Hangs High," an American comedy, by Lewis Beach, will be the offering at the Alexandra Theatre for the week beginning September 29th. An exceptional cast has been selected for this organization, which is making a transcontinental tour to give theatregoers an opportunity to judge for themselves the merit and type of plays to be presented by this new organization of the theatre. The players to be seen in the local presentation are George Alison, Lorna Elliott, Julia Stuart, Guy Standing, Jr., Monroe Owsley, Kathleen Middleton, Patricia Morris, Dallas Tyler, Geoffrey Wardwell, Bernard Craney, Frederick Smith, Forrest Cummings, Berenice Parker and Berry Middleton.



KATHLEEN MIDDLETON
in the comedy "The Goose Hangs High", which comes to the Alexandra Theatre during the week of Sept. 29th.

FRENCH DIRECTOR GUEST OF NEW YORK

It was James K. Hackett's successful performance as Macbeth at the Aldwych Theatre in London that formed the first link in a chain of many links leading up to the recent invitation of the American Government to Fermin Gemier, director the the Theatre National de l'Odeon of Paris, to present a group of plays in America.

Mr. Hackett opened in Macbeth in London in May, 1920. Some months later he was approached by agents of the Odeon, who asked him if he would consider an invitation from the Ministry of Fine Arts to play the title role in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" in Paris. In a few weeks an invitation was received, coming officially from the Minister of the Department of Fine Arts.

While preparing for his opening in Paris, Mr. Hackett received the following letter from Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State, which was transmitted through Hugh G. Wallace, American Ambassador to France:

"Embassy of the
United States of America,
"Paris, June 1, 1921.

"Dear Mr. Hackett:

"The President, having learned with much interest of the official invitation extended to you by the French Government through the Ministry of Fine Arts to appear at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, in the character of Macbeth in English, desires me to convey to you his felicitations, to which I add my own, on this well-merited recognition of your histrionic ability. The President perceives as well; in this action of the French Government, an implied compliment to the United States of which he is duly appreciative; and the fact that for the first time American, French and British artists will appear together at a national theatre by official invitation appeals to him as significant of those ties by which the peoples of three countries are bound in sympathetic fellowship. We trust that your presentation of this masterpiece of the great English dramatist will be the forerunner of many interchanges of dramatic talent between the United States and France.

"HUGHES,
"Secretary of State."

On the evening of June 6, 1921, Mr. Hackett appeared as Macbeth at the Odeon Theatre before an audience composed of the President of the French Republic, the members of the President's Cabinet, the Prince Regent of Japan and the Ambassadors of every foreign nation represented in Paris. It was declared one of the most brilliant assemblages ever present at a theatrical opening in Paris, and it marked the first time in the history of France that a foreign actor had played in a national theatre by official request.

Wins Paris Admiration.

The next day the Parisian press said Mr. Hackett's Macbeth was the greatest that ever appeared on the French stage. Then came an honor—one of the highest that French actors hope to attain. Mr. Hackett was presented with the Chevalier Legion d'Honneur. He is the first English-speaking actor to receive this distinction. He appeared in the finale of the Moliere tercentenary celebration as William Shakespeare. More than 3,000 actors and actresses were on the stage, representing various celebrated characters, when, at a given signal, Mr. Hackett appeared in the character of Shakespeare and spread a wreath in front of Moliere's bust. After his success in France, Mr. Hackett returned to England, where he played Othello, with Mrs. Hackett as Desdemona, at Stratford-on-Avon.

During all this time Mr. Hackett had been busy on a mission which he hoped would result in an exchange of international theatrical courtesies between France and the United States. He ascertained that Fermin Gemier, director of the Odeon, would accept an invitation to take his company to the United States, were it possible to arrange for an official invitation from the United States to the Ministry of Fine Arts. It was a difficult problem, Mr. Hackett felt, since there is no department in the American Government that resembles the Ministry of Fine Arts in France.

After negotiating with officers of the Ministry of Fine Arts and the American Ambassador, Mr. Hackett returned to America, going immediately to Washington, where he laid his plans before Secretary Hughes, who promised to cooperate. Mr. Hughes recalled President Harding's wish that such an exchange of international courtesies might be effected, and referred Mr. Hackett to J. Butler Wright, Third Assistant Secretary of State, who helped Mr. Hackett work out plans making it possible to extend such an invitation.

The Gemier Invitation.

There were several obstacles in the way of an official invitation. Mr. Wright stressed the point that America had no Ministry of Fine Arts. Another obstacle was the fact that in the United States there is no national theatre. This impediment was removed when Lee and J. J. Shubert offered the use of one of their New York theatres in the event that Fermin Gemier and his company from the Odeon could be brought to America.

The conclusion was then reached that an invitation might be extended through an official board of patrons having the approval of the State Department. Mr. Hackett, satisfied that Gemier might be induced to come to America under such an arrangement, hastened to New York to aid Mr. Wright in forming the board of patrons.

After weeks of interviews, telegrams, letters and cablegrams, Mr. Hackett succeeded in forming a board, headed by Otto Kahn, honorary president; James K. Hackett, honorary secretary; Lee Shubert, John Aspegren, Vincent Astor, George F. Baker, jr., James M. Beck, David Belasco, August Belmont, Nicholas Murray Butler, Lewis L. Clarke, Frederic R. Coudert, Paul D. Cravath, John W. Davis, Robert de Forest, John Emerson, Charles Dana Gibson, William D. Guthrie, Robert Underwood, Thomas W. Lamont, Clarence H. Mackay, William Mac-Monnies, Frank L. Polk, E. T. Stotesbury, Harry Payne Whitney, George W. Wickersham and Owen D. Young.

This board of patrons then framed an official invitation to the Ministry of Fine Arts to allow Fermin Gemier to come to America for a period of six weeks as the guest of the United States Government, and the invitation was formally presented to the French Government through the usual diplomatic channels.

Gemier and his company, consisting of twenty-five players, will arrive in New York in November and remain there for six weeks. In all, eight plays will be presented, probably at the National Theatre in New York. The plays include Emile Fabre's "Le Rabouilleuse" and "Le Procurer Hallers," Lenormand's "L'Homme et ses Fantomes," Normand's "Monsieur Beverly," Moliere's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "The Merchant of Venice," Anatole France's "Crainquebille" and "The Barber of Seville."



CONSTANCE BINNEY
who is appearing this week in the musical comedy "Sweet Little Devil" at the Alexandra Theatre.

Regent Entertainment

NOW ON ITS FOURTH WEEK

40,000 - - -

Torontonians have seen this marvelous screen masterpiece—have marvelled at its magnificence—applauded the thrilling sea battles between pirate ships and English frigates, and have been swept off their feet with its charming love story.

Don't You Let It Leave Town Until You Have Seen It!

"The SEA HAWK"

Rafael Sabatini's PIRATE ROMANCE

TWICE DAILY
2.30 P.M. AND 8.15 P.M.
ALL SEATS RESERVED
Box Office Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

FEATURING
Milton Sills
Enid Bennett
Wallace Beery

—NOTE—
This picture never will be shown at any other downtown theatre.

. . . "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 The Sunday World.



A First National Picture.

THEATRICAL NOTES HERE AND THERE

PEMBERTON'S PLANS.

Brock Pemberton, following his presentation of "The Mask and the Face," which was swiftly substituted for William Faversham's personal use when "The Ostrich Man" was shelved after the try-out, will probably make his next bid for flowers with "Say It With Flowers." This Prandello play will in all likelihood have Eleanor Woodruff, last seen in "The Locked Door," and Parker Fennelly embroiled in its fast life.

The play by Ernst Vajda which Pemberton is to offer later will have Mildred McCloud among those present, and the author himself is to cross to New York from Hungary and take a look at the box office receipts.

Arnold Korff, who made a strong impression when he was presented by Pemberton in his other "mask" play, "The Living Mask," has returned to Germany to direct the destinies of the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, in the original German.

STARS JOURNEY WEST.

It was reported that Peggy Wood was to do two new plays while acquiring a California tan, but it now appears that she will keep in trim only with "Buddies" and "The Clinging Vine." One of the plays she was to try out, entitled "Three Roses," has been postponed until it has received further hothouse cultivation—or, not to mince words, until it has been re-written.

Trixie Friganza, who has been the babbling infant of vaudeville for the past five years, has been engaged by Louis O. Macloon to support Miss Wood in "The Clinging Vine" at Los Angeles—and will this time play nothing less than a grandmother!

Macloon, by the way, who is now managing Pauline Frederick, after presenting her again in "Spring Cleaning" at Denver, will provide her with marching orders and transportation to London, where she is to break out a new play in January.

A VIENNESE OPERETTA.

Henry W. Savage has a new operetta by Emmerich Kalman, noted Viennese composer, called "Love in an Inn," which he may do this season unless his mind is too strongly diverted by his grapefruit plantation in Florida.

NEW PRODUCERS.

Wilmer and Vincent, having put "Be Yourself" on display, are now casting about for some one to play the prima donna role in "Maritza," their next musical production, which is to be presented about as sumptuously as a railroad terminal. They have another musical show, "Clo-Clo," for which Hope Hampton was destined until she was magnetized into "Madame Pompadour." Incidentally, denial is made of a report that Miss Hampton would alternate with another actress in the Dillingham-Beck production, and it has now been established to the satisfaction of every one that neither Lady Diana Manners, Rosamond Pinchot, Princess Matchabelli nor Mary Garden will substitute for her.

PLAY FOR GLENN HUNTER.

Glenn Hunter, after making another picture and going on a short road tour with "Merton of the Movies," will try out a new play, called "O. B. Gude," which was written by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, but, despite the title, was not inspired by any comic supplement. It deals with a young down and outer, who, after gambling with fate, makes a success that one would hardly believe if one didn't see it right before one's eyes on the stage.

MOROSCO IS ACTIVE.

Oliver Morosco has arranged a producing alliance with the Shuberts, now has offices in one of their buildings, and is preparing to flutter the bosoms of New Yorkers this season with several productions.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA — ONE WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT

Nights: 50c to $2.50. Sat. Mat.: 50c to $2.00. Wed. Mat.: 50c to $1.50.

First Musical Comedy Hit of the Season

LAURENCE SCHWAB BRINGS YOU

CONSTANCE BINNEY — STAR OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN (In person.)

In a Comedy of Youth, Music, Love and Laughter

SWEET LITTLE DEVIL



Just as presented last season at the Astor Theatre, New York, with the entire original cast—including

William Wayne
Ruth Warren

Irving Beebe, Bobby Jarvis, Edna Dare
Rae Bowdin, Olivette,
Billie and Billy Taylor

And the World's Greatest Dancing Chorus

Everything about "Sweet Little Devil" is of the superior sort—it's different, delightful, exquisite and superbly amusing—
Cleveland News, Sept. 8, 1924.

This Attraction Will Not Play Any Other City in Canada

Week Sept. 29th—Mail Orders Now—Seats Thursday.

THE LAUGHING HIT OF 1924!

The DRAMATISTS' THEATRE, Inc., presents

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH — LEWIS BEACH

Directed by JAMES FORBES

"An ideal cast—delightful performance."—Robert Welsh, Telegram-Mail.

Prices—$2.50 to 50c. Pop. price mat. Wed. and Sat., $1.50 to 50c.

TIVOLI — OPENS 10 A.M. DAILY

RICHMOND AND VICTORIA ST.

A Lion in Courage, a Fox in Strategy, his exploits will thrill you



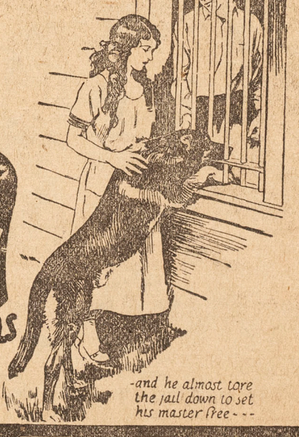
and the World's Greatest Wonder Dog

Here's an exciting Melodrama
FAULTLESSLY PRESENTED
and A NEW STAR on the THEATRICAL HORIZON.

JUNE MARLOWE
The Girl with the Soulful Eyes



RIN-TIN-TIN
"FIND YOUR MAN"
A DARING, BRISTLING ADVENTURES AMID NATURAL SCENIC MARVELS



-and he almost tore the jail down to get his master free---

EXTRA ATTRACTION
"TRAFFIC JAMS"
Here's a hundred laughs at the old cross roads of any big city.

ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
Children Always 15¢

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Corinne Griffith in "Single Wives"

Feature Picture Showing at the Hippodrome During Coming Week.

In "Single Wives," the outstanding feature attraction of the Hippodrome Theatre program all this week, there is a story of the first order and a cast worthy of such a story. For the first time on the silver sheet there will be seen in a single photo drama beautiful Corine Griffith and manly Milton Sills. There is not one person in Toronto who does not recognize these two names the moment they read them. Corine Griffith is to-day one of the most charming and talented players of the screen. Sills—well you need only think of him in "The Sea Hawk."

Corine Griffith has created an effect among patrons of the Hippodrome Theatre which becomes stronger with each picture in which she appears. When she was seen with Conway Pearle in "The Common Law," she surely left but one opinion. This impression was strengthened to a great degree through her work in "Black Oxen," and following pictures until to-day Miss Griffith is regarded as one of the stars from whom we have come to expect something worth while.

With Corine Griffith and Milton Sills will be seen Kathlyn Williams, one of the most dependable artists on the screen to-day, and Lou Tellegen, the eminent French actor, the man who was leading man for the three greatest actresses the world has ever had, Bernhardt, Duse and Nejane, and who was seen not so long ago with Pauline Frederick in "Let Not Man Put Asunder," by our own Basil King.

Henry B. Walthall, the "Little Colonel" of D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," also appears in the cast.

Phyllis Haver, one of the most beautiful of female screen players to-day; Phillips Smalley, Jere Austin and John Patrick are others in this select assembly, of which it may truly be said that it is one of the finest yet gathered together to portray the various and many roles of any one picture.

It is the story of a youthful beauty—a girl who found happiness in the romance of courtship, but who lost it in one short year of marriage. Was it the fault of her husband? Was it her own fault?

Dorothy Van Clark, preparing the decorations in honor of her daughter Betty Jordan's first wedding anniversary, is disturbed by her husband Tom, and Dr. Walter Lane, an old family friend. Tom, busy mixing cocktails, remarks that all this fuss over a wedding anniversary seems absurd, especially as Betty is not happy with her husband Perry.

Betty overhears this remark and tries to slip away, but is followed by Dorothey, who tries to comfort her. Hoping for the best, she phones asking if she might call for her husband, but Perry, on the excuse of business, refuses.

At home later Betty receives a present of pearls from Perry, and hoping for a little affection, tries to thank him, but he remains cold.

Times goes on, and Perry's interest in his business grows. He forgets at times that he has a wife—or does he? But now the action takes on a new tempo, things begin to move. Faster and faster is the action carried.

Days, months pass. The loneliness of the young wife becomes unbearable. Things like that can't go on. And so other men soon began to fill some of her hours. They begin to pay her little attentions.

Then it dawns on the husband one day, and the terrible realization comes to him that he is losing the woman of his heart. Is it too late? Has she allowed folly to get the better part of wisdom?

MUSICAL PROGRAM AT THE HIPPODROME

Jack Arthur's program includes the overture by the Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra, "Light Cavalry," by Von Suppe; Ruloff and Elton from the Russian Imperial Ballet in their famous Adagio. They have appeared in the leading theatres of Europe and America. Mr. Arthur himself saw them in the Los Angeles Metropolitan. They will appear for twelve weeks. Also on the program are the famous singing banjoists from the south, the Mitchell Brothers. Ernest Dainty will be heard in one of his recitals. Included, too, will be a Hippodrome comedy creation and a news review.



FRANK LLOYD
the director and producer of "The Sea Hawk", which opens the fourth week of its stay at the Regent Theatre to-morrow. He made this popular movie from Sabatini's novel.

LOEW'S YONGE ST.

Wow! A new thrill—a breathless story of love, adventure, comedy and speed.



WILLIAM FOX *presents*

Tom Mix

IN

"THE HEART BUSTER"

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
A Juvenile Frolic Featuring SCOVIL & DIEHL, Head
6-Supreme VAUDEVILLE Acts-6

Thomas Meighan Has New Picture

"The Alaskan" Will be Seen Shortly at the Hippodrome.

Thomas Meighan in James Oliver Curwood's virile story of the broad wastes of Alaska, "The Alaskan," is coming soon to the Hippodrome Theatre. "The Alaskan" is a powerful story that sizzles with swift action, thrilling fights, provoking mystery. It is the story of Alan Holt, in whose blood flows the very life and spirit of the North, and of Mary Standish, as mysterious as she is desperate. Estelle Taylor, John Sainpolis, Frank Campeau, Anna May Wong, Alphonz Ethier, Maurice Cannon and Charles Ogle, along with a host of others are seen in the fine cast.

Herbert Brenon, the man who made such screen successes as "Shadows of Paris," "The Spanish Dancer," "The Sideshow of Life," and others, is the man who directed Thomas Meighan in "The Alaskan."

"Sea Hawk" Grows in Popular Favor

Picture is Opening Fourth Week of Stay at Regent Theatre.

That "The Sea Hawk" which enters its fourth week at the Regent Theatre to-morrow is a masterpiece of the screen no one who has seen the picture doubts. Such a masterpiece, in fact, that it makes us forget the master brain behind it, the man who gave us the powerful silver sheet translation of Rafael Sabatini's fine story. Frank Lloyd is the man who accomplished this feat. Mr. Lloyd hails from Scotland. He came to America at the head of a repertoire company and later came to the screen. Among his more notable productions have been such outstanding successes as "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," "Ashes of Vengeance," with Norma Talmadge, "Madame X," with Pauline Frederick, "Oliver Twist" with Jackie Coogan, "Black Oxen," with Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle, and a long list of others.

Mr. Lloyd is unquestionably one of the greatest of all director producers. Every criticism has been a tribute to him. Fitting indeed is it that a production such as "The Sea Hawk" should come from such a man following such a brilliant career.

In the capacity houses at the Regent Theatre for three continuous weeks Toronto has paid homage to the art of Frank Lloyd. Milton Sills, Enid Bennett, Wallace Beery and Marc MacDermott have a splendid opportunity to give of their best. Frank Lloyd has made this possible.

The special prologue and the music by the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Frederick Nicolai, completes in every sense the production which has taken Toronto by storm.

"The Sea Hawk" appears twice daily at 2.30 and 8.15 p.m. All seats are reserved. The picture will not again be shown in any Toronto down-town theatre.

"The Heart Buster" Coming to Loew's

Tom Mix Has Leading Role in This Exciting Picture.

A western romance of unusual interest is "The Heart Buster," from the story by George Scarborough, which opens at Loew's Theatre this week. Set in the heart of the cow country in Arizona, this picture, the fiftieth in which William Fox has featured Tom Mix, can be truthfully acclaimed one of the best pictures of this star who never makes a bad picture.

The plot of "The Heart Buster" centres around Tom, in the role of Tod Walton, a young ranch owner, being desperately in love with Rose Hillyer, daughter of his neighbor. Rose has just completed her vocation in Europe and her homecoming is a cause of great excitement around her father's ranch. Speculation is rife, however, when she steps off the train, accompanied by a foreigner of distinguished bearing, whom she announces as her fiancee when Tom knocks him down for kissing her.

From this point on you will be kept on razor edge. Tom recalls seeing the gentleman who has won Rose's heart engaged in a pursuit on which the law frowns and although he tells the lady of his heart about it she refuses to believe, and Tom has the job of proving his accusations on his hands. This proves a hard task. For while he is doing it he must also prevent the marriage. His activity in this direction lands him in jail, where he is rescued in an extraordinary manner by his faithful horse Tony. The rescue was none too soon, as you will see if you attend a showing of "The Heart Buster."

Esther Ralston plays the part of Rose Hillyer entrancingly and as a blushing bride you will find her irrisistible. Others in the cast are Cyril Chadwick, William Courtright, Frank Currie and Tom Wilson. J. Conway directed.

Dog is the Star In "Find Your Man"

Feature Picture Showing at the Tivoli During Coming Week.

A photoplay featuring a canine star is to be presented at the Tivoli Theatre this week beginning Monday, the dog star is Rin-Tin-Tin.

Most of the action centres around this famous police dog whose athletic stunts will surprise you. His education began on the firing line in France and was continued in California under the direction of Lee Duncan. The production although staged in the Pacific northwest is not a R.N.W.M.P. story but a beautiful romance of the lumber country with a new screen discovery in June Marlowe "the girl with the soulful eyes." Here is a smashing melodrama beautifully staged amid scenic marvels with a thrill a minute supplied by the world's wonder dog. The Tivoli will show this production "Find Your Man" continuously from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily, commencing Monday.

Plenty of Thrills In This Melodrama

"The Man Who Came Back" Has Been Made Into Movie.

Few best sellers on the book stands recorded greater popularity than "The Man Who Came Back," by John Flem-



the wonder dog of France that plays an important part with June Marlowe in "Find Your Man" at the Tivoli Theatre this week.

ing Wilson. As a play by Jules Eckert Goodman, produced by William A. Brady, the story ran on Broadway for 467 days and in Chicago for twenty-one weeks. Now comes a picture version, the current attraction at Pantages, which promises to equal the book and the play in its run for popular approval.

George O'Brien in the title role establishes himself for all time as a young screen actor to be considered. Dorothy Mackaill also walks into the ranks of stardom clad as a dance hall girl from San Francisco's old Barbary Coast. Others in the company are cast with exceptional fidelity to the characters they portray and their work is without a serious flaw at any point in the picture. Emmett Flynn, who directed, may place another feather in his well decorated hat immediately.

The story tells of a wealthy young ne'er-do-well, the son of a New York millionaire, who is spoiled by his lack of nothing excepting will power. He goes to the dogs and to San Francisco—thence to Shanghai and the devil. His inborn first rateness coupled with the love of a girl, pull him back from the brink eventually, but not until he has lived a life which makes one of the best pictures ever filmed.

HOW FAME COMES.

An interesting story is told of one of the screen players in a current presentation. Five years ago, it appears, that a tall, well-dressed man suddenly halted at a news stand in Times Square, his gaze fixed upon the head of a girl on the cover of The Saturday Evening Post. His thoughts were only of the beauty of the girl. He did not know of the thrift, the suffering, the hope, and the subsequent cheque that arrived with the acceptance of the artist's effort and how much it meant to a man and a girl.

The couple were in Washington Square, and were still there when the drawing appeared on thousands of news stands. The young artist had sought renown with his brushes, but the model was discontented, as she had dramatic aspirations. However, it turned out that one was the inspiration for the other, with the result that the artist's work was accepted. Soon after the appearance of that issue of the weekly publication they left the shabby little studio.

The man whose attention was caught by the beauty of the girl was none other than Flo Ziegfeld. He gave instructions to his secretary to ascertain who the girl was, and he later engaged her for his Follies. The model was Billie Dove, who finally abandoned New York for Hollywood. She is to be seen in "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," a colored picture.

A SPORTING FILM.

Something novel in the way of a sporting film has been made by Hal Roach for Pathe, in "The Battling Orioles," a story of the famous baseball team of the '90s. With sideburns and full beards, the players went through their athletic work in a fine manner, and Ted Wilde, who not so long ago appeared in a soldier show which the writer presented, handled the directing of the picture. Wilde has had various experiences on the legitimate stage, in the "movies," and particularly in France, where he served well and came back wounded. Glenn Tryon and Blanche Mehaffey are the featured players in the picture, which is said to be different from anything heretofore done on the screen.

TITLES.

Ever since the German production of "Mme. du Barry" was renamed "Passion," producers have been keen to get "passion" in their film names in one way or another. We have just heard that Norma Talmadge was to appear in "The Fight." Then we got a hurried note saying that the title is changed. We gaze upon the new title with a smile, for "The Fight" has been switched to "Conflicting Passions." Hence one might suppose that "The Fool" could be called "Bereft of Brains," if it did not possess a box-office value through its stage success.

A GUESSING GAME.

To-day's greatest sport in connection with the movies seems to be "Who's going to play such and such a part?" Far more fascinating than even the crossword puzzles which drive men mad and families into the divorce courts, is the guessing game. Whether Charlie Chaplin will play "Midsummer Night's Dream," or Gloria Swanson do "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," or Rudolph Valentino portray "Little Nemo" is the great game indulged in by picture fans and enterprising press agents. But, seriously—there are several important guessing games going on relative to the stars who will do several important pictures. Who will play the principal role in the screen version of Papini's "Life of Christ," which the First National is to make soon? James Kirkwood and Milton Sills have been mentioned, and efforts are being made to obtain the services of Anton Lang, who for so many years was the Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play, but who refuses to act anywhere but in his native land. No one seems to know, even the producers, who will be able to successfully portray the Saviour in the screen play. Earl Hudson, who is to supervise the casting and making of the film doesn't know, and wishes he did. It is going to present a difficult problem for First National to solve.

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CITY HALL SQUARE

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For Husbands *For Wives*

Here is a gorgeous society drama that touches all marriages—that will interest all women, "The Colonel's Lady and Julia O'Grady."

A Lavish, Vivid Story of Women Who Listen to the Call of Folly.

A Feast of the Latest Styles in Gowns



A Screen union of two great players—Corinne Griffith as the beautiful but neglected wife, and Milton Sills of "The Sea Hawk" fame, as the indifferent husband.

"SINGLE WIVES"

The Best Dressed Picture of The 1924 Season

PROGRAM DE LUXE

OVERTURE—"Light Cavalry", Von Suppe, by the Hippodrome Symphony Orchestra, John Arthur and Lloyd Collins conducting.
RULOFF and ELTON—From the Russian Imperial Ballet, in their famous Adagio.
MITCHELL BROS.—Singing Banjoists from the South.
ERNEST DAINTY—At the Wurlitzer.
HIPPODROME COMEDY CREATION
HIPPODROME NEWS REVIEW
PROGRAM AND PRESENTATION BY JOHN ARTHUR



WITH

CORINNE GRIFFITH MILTON SILLS
HENRY B. WALTHALL KATHLYN WILLIAMS
LOU TELLEGEN PHYLLIS HAVER

Coming—THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Alaskan"

With the Vaudevillians

Attractions on Programmes of the Variety Theatres

Syncopating Toes Coming to Shea's

Ted and Betty Healy Will Also Have Headline Honors.

A vaudeville bill with a double headline attraction is offered this week at Shea's.

Ted and Betty Healy are clever comedians, and as the philosopher and the flapper create no end of fun in the Healy manner. Musical comedy has known these young artists, and vaudeville audiences are to have a treat in their offering this season.

A real surprise act is Syncopating Toes, the co-headline attraction with the Healys. Descriptive dances are included in the routine of this offering, which is beautifully costumed and displayed with special scenic effects.

Clarence Oliver and George Olp, legitimate players for many seasons, have a new playlet called "Wire Collect," written by William Anthony McGuire.

Al Fields and Johnny Johnston have brought Terry and Jerry together. They have put the two characters, which have brought them both into prominence, into a laughable skit.

Jay Dillon and Betty Parker in "The Little Revue," Frank Devoi assisted by Eddie Willis in musical comedy numbers, Jack Ryan in new singing numbers, and Dezso Retter, the man who wrestles with himself, complete the program.

The week of September 29th at Shea's Theatre the bill will include Dolly Connolly, the popular contralto, assisted by Percy Wenrich, who writes all the delightful songs that Dolly sings. Leo Donnelly, who is a splendid favorite with Sheagoers, will be seen in his novel production, "See America First," which is a cross-continent visit with the girls of America, and features Ryan and Ryan.



BETTY HEALY
who is one of the fair head-liners at Shea's Theatre this week.

Juvenile Stars in Musical Revue

"Birthday Greeting" is the Feature Showing at Loew's This Week.

Here's another announcement of big things arranged for those who love good vaudeville offerings: As a headliner for the week of September 22nd, the management has secured "Birthday Greeting," one of those dainty, delightful musical comedy arrangements that have become more than ordinarily popular with Loewgoers. This revue is one of particular merit. The sketch is a juvenile frolic and features Scovil and Diehl, a pair of stage stars that are hard to beat in revue and spectacular vaudeville work. It is a musical treat besides having enough novelty material to make it very unusual. The balance of the bill is good. The opening act is to be given by Arthur and Darling, presenting some unusual contortion feats. Winehill and Briscoe, two clever comedians in "Just for a Laugh." Orren and Drew present "The Town Clown," an original novelty; Frank Clark and Danny O'Neil will appear as melodious harmonists; and Martinet and his famous crow.

"Hollywood Follies" at Empire Theatre

Joe Hurtig Has Built Up Popular Burlesque Show This Season.

One of the most marvellous rain effects the theatre has ever produced is numbered among the eight superb stage settings of Joe Hurtig's "Hollywood Follies," coming to the Empire Theatre as this week's attraction. Others that win applause from the audience are a beautiful interior of an artist's studio, the outside of a California bungalow, a court-room scene and a motion picture studio, showing the actual taking of a movie. A cast of rare excellence is also promised. Marty Collins and Jack Pillard being the leaders. Others in the company lending adequate support are Jimmy Connors, Al. Sterne, Jacque Wilson, Juliette Belmont, Ursa McGowan, Ray Vee, Frances Chymer, Paddy Cliff, May Kennedy and the "Hollywood Serenaders." "Hollywood Follies" enjoyed a long and prosperous run on Broadway last Summer, where it met with the approval of New York's press and public. The show has not been cut for road purposes, there being fifteen musical numbers and twelve complete changes of exquisite costumes.



MARTY COLLINS AND JACK PILLARD
as the Wise Guy and the Fool in Joe Hurtig's "Hollywood Follies" at the Empire Theatre this week.

"THE SNOB."

Monta Bell will begin photography on Helen R. Martin's "The Snob." The cast so far selected includes John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel and Aimee Du Pont.

Russian Scandals Are At Pantages

"Old Ideas Renewed" Is Another Feature Act On the Bill.

The Russian Scandals, one of the season's biggest successes on the vaudeville stage, is featuring an excellent program at the Pantages this week. The well known impresarios, B. Fridkin and D. Makarenko, present a magnificent and tremendous production embelished by many artistic settings and effects in four big scenes of old and new Russia, with a cast of twelve clever artists offering a program of songs and dances depicting the joys and sorrows of this gigantic country of strife and storm. Another excellent attraction is Scanlon, Denno Brothers and Scanlon in their latest hit, "Old Ideas Renewed," a routine of real variety dancing that is the last word in terpeichore, featuring their own original waltz quadrille. Helen Moretti, the little girl with the big voice, offers a splendid program of classical and popular songs; Miss Moretti has a remarkable voice. Eddie Clark and company, assisted by Clarissa Rose Clark, have a brand new offering of original and artistic characterizations intermingled with some wonderful musical numbers; and Les Klicks presents "the Enchanted Forest," a beautiful electrical novelty of dancing silhouettes and the only act of its kind in the world.

AUTUMN STYLE REVUE IN PARKDALE THEATRE

The Senior Style Store Autumn Fashion Revue will be presented at the Parkdale Theatre all this week. Living models will appear on the stage, displaying the very latest sartorila creations from London, Paris and New York. The management of the Parkdale Theatre desires to make it known that this will be the biggest style show put on to date at the Sunnyside Theatre.

The Autumn Fashion Revue will make its appearance at 9 p.m.



DOROTHY MACKAILL AND GEORGE O'BRIEN.
in "The Man Who Came Back", the feature film now showing at Pantages.

SOUNDS PECULIAR BUT MAY BE TRUE

THE most curious contract which the theatrical world probably ever has known was brought to New York upon the recent return of Archibald Selwyn from Europe. It is that signed by Raquel Meller for "Rue de la Paix," the Continental revue in which Mr. Selwyn will introduce her to America in October. This revue will be presented on Broadway by Archibald Selwyn in association with Charles Cochran, of London. While Grook, the Swiss clown, Jean Nash and the Patou Mannikins, Maurice and Hughes and Ratoucheff's Russian Lilliputians will be featured in the big European show, the fact remains that the entire revue has been builded around the personality and genius of Raquel Meller, the Spanish singing-tragedy actress, who has for the last five years been a sensation of the music halls of Europe.

Some eighteen months ago Arch Selwyn heard Miss Meller sing and saw her mime at the Palace Theatre, Paris. Coming under her spell, like everybody else who ever has seen her, Mr. Selwyn immediately sought her for America. At the moment he did not have the slightest idea how he would frame her singular genius for this continent. Nevertheless, he engaged her. She was to have appeared in New York last November, but a serious illness in Paris in the early fall deferred her engagement. In the meantime her contract lapsed. So it came about when Arch Selwyn sailed for Europe last March his main objective was a new contract with the Spanish star. To achieve it he and Charles Cochran spent a week with Raquel Meller and her family in Spain. He anticipated no trouble; had no intuition that in the year since he had seen the fascinating singer of tragic songs her ideas about the great American theatre had undergone a great change. Miss Meller didn't demand more money. Nothing so simple as that, if you please!

The thing she wanted was insurance against publicity. Arch Selwyn had never heard of such a thing. Charles Cochran had never heard of such a thing. Nobody else who has even known theatrical stars ever heard of such a thing. Nevertheless, Raquel Meller was obdurate.

"I must insist upon a clause in my contract protecting me from the American press," she told the two flabergasted producers through her interpreter. "What your newspapers may say of my work is one thing. What they may say of me because of my art is in the same category. But what they know of me in my private life is another matter altogether. I want to be known only through my art," Miss Meller explained.

Arch Selwyn spent the subsequent hour explaining to the lovely lady that an artiste of her ilk hasn't a chance against the American press.

Whereupon the Spanish star dictated a paragraph for her contract with Selwyn and Cochran which stipulated that she shall never be asked to give a newspaper writer an interview during her American engagement; that she shall never be asked to pose for a photographer; that the Selwyns' publicity director shall never come near her during her American engagement; that nothing shall be sent out after her arrival in New York about her personal life; her personal tastes and habits.

So the matter ended in the signatures of the two producers and their star to the most curious contract which has ever reposed in a theatrical office in America—the contract between Raquel Meller and her managers, which stipulates that she shall never be interviewed; never photographed; never asked to contribute more than her art.

LONDON THEATRES OFFER NEW PLAYS

THE following review of Ernest George's "Low Tide" is from the London Telegraph:

"Pat Donovan was not at all a nice young man. When he got back into civilian life after the war he proposed to earn his living by robbing wharves; and, further, to force his timid little rat of a brother, Dan to help him. But Dan had married a good girl, one Mary Bailey, who wanted to keep him straight; so Pat knocked Mary senseless and drove Dan to go with him at the point of a pistol. His one mistake was to insult Mary's drunken old mother by telling her she was 'barmy,' for the old lady retaliated by warning the night watchman of the particular wharf in question that he might expect unpleasant visitors. Arrived at the wharf, Dan seized a favorable opportunity to bolt; whereupon Pat shot him, and then went back to Mary with the police on his heels. Finally Pat, after terrorizing Mary into promising to go away with him, and having been prevented by the arrival of the wounded Dan (in the arms of a Roman Catholic priest, whom Pat recognizes as his old regimental chaplain), issues a warning to all and sundry to beware of him in future, and swaggers out—to be promptly arrested by the police, who have been called in by the much-insulted and more than ever drunken mother.

"Mr. Ernest George, in describing his composition as 'a dramatic incident,' seems to be using the adjective in its journalistic sense, indicating that in it sensational and violent things happen. It is best defined as 'a slice of life,' a phrase which always suggests that the form of life in question is likely to be sordid and lacking in charm. Mr. George has been so anxious to keep his writing life-like that he has forgotten the claims of theatrical art. For example, he condemns the unfortunate Mary to spend practically the whole of the last act in one exhibition of uncontrolled grief after another. It is probable that in real life Mary's behavior would be exactly that which Mr. George has shown; but the fact remains that on the stage her continuous caterwauling becomes intolerable, and that the character loses sympathy in consequence. We felt keenly for Miss Olive Sloane, who, attempting something a little out of her usual comic line, had done very well in the first act; she could do nothing with the last act except give a photographic rendering of the part and hope for the best.

"Mr. Claude Rains was very clever as the brutal Pat, and as the cringing Dan Mr. Ivor Barnard was as cowed as anybody could be. But the best piece of acting came from Miss Ethel Coleridge, who fairly wallowed in the unpleasantnesses of the gin-soaked old hag. Messrs. Gordon Harker and Aubrey Mather did well as the night watchman and a policeman. This promising, if imperfect, piece of work was given a very good reception by its first audience."

The following reviews of recent London productions are from "The London Times":

"STORM," by C. K. Munro.

"No doubt Mrs. Bolland gained something by having a jest repeated to her, but Mrs. Boland was deaf. And whether Mrs. Boland is present or absent makes not a jot of difference to Mr. Munro. Sharp wit and plain speaking receive the same treatment; long passages of dialogue are carried over from one scene to another; the satirist is without mercy lest we should miss his satire. There is this excuse—that the wit is good and that we are witnessing necessarily similar phases of a battle; but it would have been better fighting with less pounding of the batteries and more variety in generalship.

"It is the Battle of Tinderly Down. In 1761, by the legend, it was fought in the meadows between the spinsters and the wives. Now it sways to and fro—that is the phrase which best describes its progress—in the lounge of the Tinderley Hydropathic Hotel, an establishment very clearly under the same proprietorship as Mrs. Beam's. Miss G. is there, a spinster who uses a little book on friendship as a bait for husbands who are misunderstood. Mr. Blount is there, a timid, good-hearted little man, who, persuaded by Miss G. that he is misunderstood, yet guards in loving secrecy socks of his wife's knitting. But Miss G. grows tired of Mr. Blount when the famous, pompous, handsome singer comes with his mistress Storm. Storm adored him once, wrote letters to him, abandoned much for him; now she sees him as he is and sees, too, that Mr. Blount, the great baby, is worth a dozen of him.

"Here at last (after how much preparation and how much scoring over and over of satirical outlines already drawn!) Mr. Munro comes for a moment to grips with his subject. Storm, who has hitherto, like the rest of them, been fiddling deftly enough with cynicism, is suddenly allowed to give dignity to a human affection. Miss Elissa Landi takes her chance. Before she seemed uneasy, as if she knew she was wasting time and that she was giving no light on Storm. Now, in a flash, with little Blount sprawling at her feet, she gives the play a centre and a meaning. What comes to her afterward matters little—we are away again in the repetitive syncisms. She would have gone with Blount, but Blount remembers the socks of fidelity and she is left with her singer. No matter; Mr. Hugh Wakefield and Miss Landi have had their moment in which to prove that cleverness, though it is clever indeed, is not enough for three hours of the stage. Miss Jean Cadell, with the spinster's shrill giggle and an acid frivolity, is a frequent entertainment. It is no fault of hers that the giggle is always in the same key."

"THE HONORABLE MR. TAWNISH," By Jeffery Farnol.

"'Some years ago, in 'The Honorable Mr. Tawnish,' Mr. Jeffery Farnol told the love story of Penelope Chester and the young nobleman who, hiding his identity and allowing himself for a time to be mistaken (even by Penelope herself) for a highwayman, eventually wins her. The tale has now been dramatized, and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry and Miss Mary Glynne have chosen the play for their first venture in management, in which they are associated by Mr. B. A. Meyer. The choice was a happy one, and the production had a hearty send-off at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on Saturday night.

"The story takes us back to the picturesque days of 200 years ago, and the players quickly create the right romantic atmosphere. The direct love interest is well balanced against the exploits of the so-called 'Mr. Tawnish,' the elegant young dandy, who, after a disheartening false start, sets out in the spirit of the true lover to overcome the hostility of Penelope's peppery father, Sir John Chester, aided by the two fond uncles who have helped to bring up 'Pen' and whom she twists round her little finger even more easily than she does her father, sets his would-be-son-in-law a formidable three-fold task to test his worth. By a combination of courage and wit the young man comes through the ordeal with flying colors, proving that an exquisite taste in dress, an elegant air, and a turn for sentimental verse are not incompatible with a stout arm, a manly heart and the honor of a gentleman.

"Mr. Neilson-Terry plays the part of the hero with an effective combination of confidence and restraint, and finds a good foil in Mr. Reginald Jarman as his blustering rival, with whom he fights an exciting duel in the final act. Mr. Clifford Marquand, as Penelope's father, and Miss Kitty de Legh, as her amorous aunt, are responsible for much of the humor of the piece, and are well supported by Mr. Henry Carlisle and Mr. John Turnbull as the two uncles. Miss Mary Glynne, as the roguish heroine, captures hearts in the audience as easily and naturally as Penelope does on the stage, and in a little speech at the fall of the curtain the author paid her the compliment of saying that he must have 'dreamt her into the part' when he wrote his book."

PHOTOPLAYS AND STARS

AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 22

BLUE BELL, Parliament at Dundas East
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Priscillia Dean in "THE STORM DAUGHTER" and "The Way of a Man". Big comedy. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Colleen Moore in "THE PERFECT FLAPPER". Two Great Comedies. Mat. Sat.

CLASSIC, 1300 Gerrard St. E. At Redwood
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Colleen Moore in "THE PERFECT FLAPPER". Jack Dempsey in first episode Fight and Win series, "Winning His Way". Clyde Cook, comedy. Thurs., Fri., Sat. Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels in "UNGUARDED WOMEN". Coming: "THE SIDESHOW OF LIFE".

COLONIAL, Queen at Bay, opp. City Hall
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Betty Compson in "THE ENEMY SEX". Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"THE WOMAN ON THE JURY", all star cast. Continuous 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

DUCHESS, Dundas St. W. & Markham
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"THE ARAB", with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Baby Peggy in "THE DARLING OF NEW YORK". Other attraction. Saturday Matinee.

MADISON, Bloor at Bathurst
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Elaine Hammerstein in "DRUMS OF JEOPARDY". Thurs., Fri., Sat. — "BEHOLD THIS WOMAN". Vaudeville. Complete change Monday and Thursday. Daily Matinee.

PARK Lansdowne and Bloor
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"THE REJECTED WOMAN", with Alma Rubens, Conrad Nagel. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"BETWEEN FRIENDS". Vaudeville. Daily Matinee.

PRINCE OF WALES DANFORTH AT WOODBINE
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Jane Novak in "THE LULLABY"
Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Richard Talmadge in "LET'S GO"
Vaudeville every evening and matinee daily.

RED MILL 183 Yonge St. Opp. Eaton's
Toronto's First Movie Theatre
WATCH OUR PROGRAMS

REVUE, Runnymede & Howard Park Ave.
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Virginia Valli in "THE SIGNAL TOWER". Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt in "THE LONE WOLF". Extra—Saturday mat. only, "THREE LIVE GHOSTS".

PANTAGES NOW PLAYING

14,030 MILES ON THE DOWN GRADE—AND THEN THE LONG PULL BACK

NOTE: "The Man Who Came Back", is now playing at $2 prices at the Lyric Theatre, New York City.



WILLIAM FOX presents
The MAN WHO CAME BACK
with GEORGE O'BRIEN and DOROTHY MACKAILL
JULES ECKERT GOODMAN'S PLAY
An EMMETT FLYNN production
Founded on the story by John Fleming Wilson
SCENARIO by EDMUND GOULDING

Big Vaudeville Program

FEATURING
B. FRIDKIN AND D. MAKARENKO'S
RUSSIAN SCANDALS
12 -- PEOPLE -- 12
A Tremendous Production in Four Big Scenes of Old and New Russia.

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SCANLON, DENNO BROS. and SCANLON
in "OLD IDEAS RENEWED"

STARTING NEXT SATURDAY
"FLIRTING WITH LOVE"
WITH COLLEEN MOORE and CONWAY TEARLE

WEEK SEPTEMBER 22 TWICE DAILY 2.10 AND 8.10

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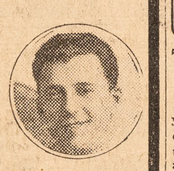
COLUMBIA BURLESQUE

JOE HURTIG Offers
BURLESQUE'S BRIGHTEST STARS



MARTY COLLINS "The Fool".

COLLINS AND PILLARD



JACK PILLARD "The Wise Guy".

IN THE NEWEST EDITION OF THE
"HOLLYWOOD FOLLIES"

Same cast and production intact that played to capacity houses for a run of two months at the Columbia Theatre, New York City.

24—HOLLYWOOD GIRLS—24

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MATINEES 25¢ & 50¢

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EVENING 25¢ 50¢ 75¢ & $1.00

Beginning Monday Matinee, Sept 22nd.

TED & BETTY HEALY
"FUN IN THE HEALY MANNER"

"SYNCOPATING TOES"
A Dance Fantasy—

Clarence OLIVER & Georgie OLP
in "WIRE COLLECT" by Wm Anthony McGuire, author of "Six Cylinder Love"

Al. - FIELDS and JOHNSTON - Johnny
as "TERRY AND JERRY."

JACK DEVOI & CO. MUSICAL COMEDY STARS

JACK RYAN in "SONGS YOU LIKE"

DEZSO RETTER "The MAN WHO WRESTLES WITH HIMSELF"

SHEA'S PICTORIAL REVIEW

"THE LITTLE REVUE"
with JAY DILLON and BETTY PARKER
Assisted by WILLIAM CLIFTON, JEAN LaMARR, CAROL GOODNER
CHARLESE RUSH AND JANE OVERTON

SEPT 29 - DOLLY CONNOLLY and PERCY WENRICH, LEO DONNELLY & Co.

The Opal Ring

by Edmund Snell



THE still air of the tropic night hung listless and languorous. A dusty halo, around the blackened glass of the oil lamp that swung from a beam, beat against the wooden walls. Beyond the veranda rail the blackness stretched like a cloth of jet in which no star glimmered. In that eerie silence—in which even the shrill-voiced lizards in the roof seemed to be dumb — Donald Bowen sensed the electricity with which the atmosphere was charged.

He pressed down the corner of a page with a moist thumb and tossed the book onto the table at his side. Crossing to the head of the flight of steps that led to the ground, he rested a hand on each supporting pillar and looked toward the sea. A couple of miles or so to westward, a cluster of twinkling lights, like will o' the wisps, showed where Dusun enthusiasts were spiking fish.

A tempestuous gust of wind, springing from nowhere, lifted the sago-thatch above his head and a drop of cool water fell suddenly on his wrist. A jagged flash lit up the heavens, a deafening crash broke upon his ears, and a deluge descended to the parched earth. He retreated to the living room and began filling a blackened briar from a jar that stood on a shelf.

The Chinese boy, in a pair of khaki trousers that were guiltless of braces, and tattered shirt, shuffled from the kitchen to rescue anything of a perishable nature that might still be in evidence on the veranda. Halfway across the floor he encountered a spider of unusual dimensions —and despatched it with his bare foot. He glanced back over his shoulder at Bowen, who was shading a match with his hands, then disappeared into the outer dampness.

Bowen, puffing cheerfully, reached down a square bottle and measured himself a generous helping of amber fluid. He was holding it at arm's length when a sudden sound attracted his attention. Setting the glass on the table, he waited until the peal of thunder had rolled grumblingly away into the distance. Above the hissing of the torrential downpour he heard the sound again—a woman's scream of mortal terror echoing and re-echoing in the jungle stillnesses. Before he could reach the rail a shadowy form bounded up the wooden flight, paused swaying on the threshold, then precipitated itself at full length at the district officer's feet. At that moment a spear, grazing the girl's back, slithered past Bowen and stuck, quivering, in the wooden partition. Swallowing to get rid of that peculiar sensation which seems invariably to be associated with a keen steel edge that has flown too close to be pleasant, Bowen swung around on his heel and possessed himself of the weapon with an effort. It was a native fishing spear, curiously fashioned and decorated with a series of barbs. In a brilliant flash of light that momentarily illuminated the clearing Bowen caught sight of a lithe figure standing irresolute halfway between the ground and the veranda.

"Come up here, my friend," he commanded in the vernacular.

The man hesitated for a matter of seconds and then, impelled perhaps by the sudden appearance of an orderly at the foot of the stairs, blocking all egress, obeyed.

HE stood presently before the Englishman, a swarthy ruffian clad in tattered loin cloth, a long straight parang with a handle of buffalo horn dangling in a bamboo sheath from a leathern thong knotted round his waist, his broad shoulders wet and glistening, his arms folded insolently. Bowen sat easily on the edge of the table, one leg swinging to and fro. The girl had crawled round behind him, her lustrous eyes just visible above the table top.

The district officer picked up the spear again and stroked the metal thoughtfully.

"Well!" he demanded with sudden fierceness. "Who are you that you invade the house of the Tuan-Hakin in the dead of night—to seek to kill him?"

The man shuffled his feet, a little less confident now that the keenest of grey eyes were fixed on him.

"I am a Murut," he began haltingly, "and I sought not to kill the Tuan-Hakim, who is wise, but the girl—who is very evil."

Bowen's glance dropped to the sword.

"And since when have the Muruts started forth with spear and parang —to kill women?"

"I am a chief's son—therefore I carry a sword. The sheath is solid and bound with rattan, unlike the false sheath that men carry in war; the spear is for fishing."

Bowen nodded.

"A man does not seek fish in the house of a white tuan," he said meaningly.

"The woman is very evil," protested the Murut. "It was in my anger that I threw the thing at her, forgetting everything because she had put a spell on me—and I could not see. Also it was raining," he added, extending a black hand toward the outer darkness as if calling upon the elements to bear witness.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Zarami," returned the girl softly in a voice that possessed a singularly musical intonation.

"The man tells me that you are evil—very evil!"

"It is a lie," retorted Zarami without emotion. "He is a thief—and the son of thieves."

Bowen's face twitched.

"You say that the girl cast a spell over you," he reminded the man.

"Yes! We were fishing at the edge of the black waters when I turned and saw the woman at my side. She was standing very close and her basket was almost full. From that moment, I caught nothing. Presently I looked at the point of the spear, but it was still sharp. It was then that she smfled at me."

Bowen rose to his feet, stretched out his arms and yawned. "Listen!" he said, emphasizing each word with an extended finger. "It is because I believe you that I allow you to depart freely. It is a serious thing to throw even a fishing spear into the house of a white man; but the woman had cast a spell over you—and you saw nothing but the trees and the rain. Is that not so?"

The man agreed quickly, evidently relieved.

"Therefore, I will keep this woman here so that I may observe what nature of devil she possesses."

The man retreated a couple of paces. On the second stair he paused, glanced swiftly downward, then his face contorting hideously swung the hand that held the weapon aloft.

The girl uttered a little gasp and ducked her head.

Bowen's clenched fist sent the native crashing to the sodden earth below. He picked up a whistle and blew it shrilly. A pattering of feet in the darkness answered his summons. He bent over the rail and shouted.

"Lock that man up. If he resists—shoot!"

Remembering something, he crossed to the living room and found the glass the sudden interruption had caused him to discard. He came back to find the girl grinning up at him.

"I have no devil in me," she declared, shaking her head slowly from side to side.

"I'm not so certain of that!" said Bowen in English, drawing up his chair. His glance fell on the ring and he saw that the stone in it was an opal.

"Whose girl are you?"

"Nobody's."

"Whose—were you?"

"The Tuan-Besar Faulkner's."

A soft whistle escaped his lips.

"Faulkner's, eh! Then it was he who gave the ring?"

She nodded.

"The Tuan-Besar gave it to me on the day that he heard the white men. was coming across the waters in the engine-kapal. Perhaps there is a devil in that," she added thoughtfully, "for he told me it had brought him misfortune."

Bowen smiled.

"And then the white mem came. That was particularly unfortunate—for you!"

"Let me look at the ring," he said. The girl hesitated, then drew the ring slowly off and dropped it into his palm.

He turned it over and over between his fingers, fully understanding, as he did so, the reason for the Murut's cupidity. It was a man's ring, broad and heavy, and inside he read "R. F. from J." and a date.

The corners of his mouth were drawn down when he tossed it back to her.

"I fancy I should bury that, too!" he said.

He rose somewhat wearily, stretching his limbs. Glancing at his watch, he remarked with surprise that it was close on eleven.

"The Tuan-Hakim has done much for me to-night," she murmured, still lingering on the threshold, "a thing that one does not easily forget!"

She turned slowly and went down. At the foot of the steps she looked back.

"Tabi, tuan—I will not forget!"

He saw her cross the strip of open ground, her black shadow moving with her over the sodden grassland. At the fringe of gaunt trees, she lifted one arm aloft in salutation—and was gone. "I don't think I shall forget—easily, either," he said to himself.

ABOUT a month after Zarami's encounter with Bowen, Joan Faulkner, returning from a ride, threw the reins to the coolie who was working in the garden and looked in at the window of the room in which her husband was working. He sat in his shirt sleeves studying a plan of the estate, and Joan noticed that the hand that held the pen seemed unusuaally shaky.

"Busy?" she inquired cheerfully.

Her husband looked up.

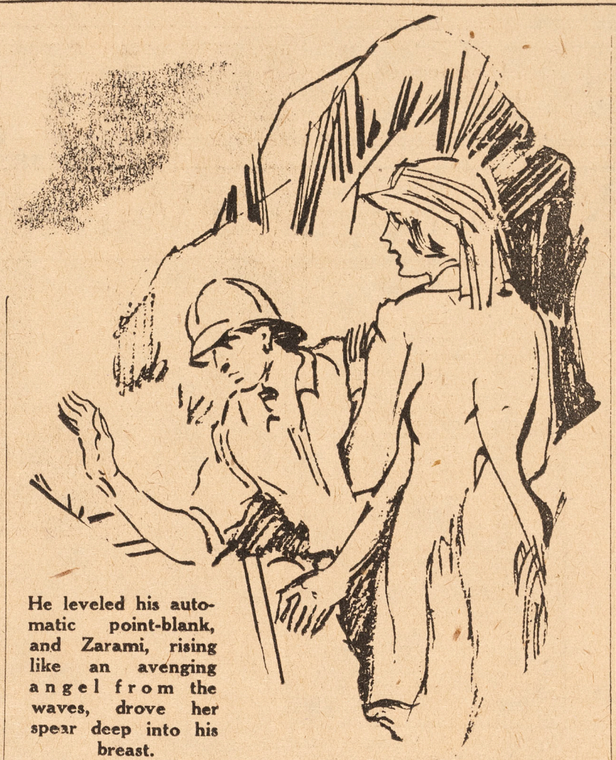
"Oh!—it's you, Joan! Yes, I'm up to my neck in it, as usual. Been ridin'?"

She nodded.

"It's frightfully hot. Down in the valley on Mr. Colbrooke's side, a woodcutter chopped down a tree right onto a coolie who was standing underneath. Aren't they fools? It seemed a pretty rotten business. The poor fellow was in a frightful mess. Did you hear about it?"

Faulkner picked up the plan and began pinning it to the wall.

"One of the watchmen told me. I rather fancy it looked worse than it really was. See anything else?"



He leveled his automatic point-blank, and Zarami, rising like an avenging angel from the waves, drove her spear deep into his breast.

She looked at the handle of her riding stock.

"Look here, Dick," she said suddenly. "I've something I want to talk to you about now. It's been worrying me a good deal. Also, I want to get this topee off. It sticks to my forehead and gives me a headache. May I come in?"

Faulkner bit his lip.

"Is it really as pressing as all that? I've a deuce of a lot to do."

She vaulted lightly onto the sill and swung her legs inside.

"What time did you come in last night?" said Joan, frowning slightly.

"Oh, late. I had a fresh plan of campaign to thresh out with young Owens. He's right over on the other side, you know, and I never manage to catch him during the day. Good feller, Owens!"

He spoke easily, but there was something underlying his smooth, level tones that did not altogether satisfy her. Besides, she did not at all share her husband's opinion of the assistant in question.

He came toward her, and Joan felt instinctively that he was going to place his hands on her shoulders. Suddenly the lines of his handsome face hardened and he slipped them into his pockets instead.

"Dick," she said, trying to make him meet her gaze, "haven't we made rather a mess of things?"

"Oh, I don't know." He reddened beneath the tan.

"You'll never admit it, but you didn't want me out here—and you're sorry in your heart of hearts that I ever came. I didn't bother to think much once, but now I do very little else. It's being borne upon me that the spirit of the East has laid its hands on you, and I won't let you go!"

Continued on Page Forty-four.

MUSIC

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

The New Symphony Orchestra have announced the outline of their concerts to be held during the season of 1924-25, and the dates for the first four of them have already been set. Of course the later programs are subject to change.

October 14th.—1, Jubilee Overture, Weber; Symphony C major, Schubert.

October 28th.—2, Symphony D major, Haydn; Piano Concerto (Senor Guerrero), Saint-Saens.

November 11th.—3, Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini; Aria (Arthur Blight); 7th Symphony in A major, Beethoven.

November 25th.—4, Overture, "Coriolan," Beethoven; Violin Concerto (Garton); Symphony in G minor, Mozart.

December.—5, Overture, "Iphigenia," Gluck; Serenade for Strings, Volkmann; Piano Concerto (Reginald Stewart).

January.—6, Overture, "Manfred," Schumann; Cello Solo (Lionel Bilton); 8th Symphony in F major, Beethoven.

January.—7, Overture, "Mignon," Thomas; Rouet d'Omphale, Saint-Saens; Violin Concerto (Geza de Kresz).

February.—8, Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; Aria (Murray-Davies); 4th Symphony in F minor, Tschaikowsky.

February.—9, 2nd Symphony in D major, Beethoven; Piano Concerto.

March.—10, Wagner program—Overture, "Meistersinger"; "Women's Pageant," Lohengrin; "Ride of the Valkyries"; "Good Friday Spell," Parsifal; Prelude and Death Scene, Tristan.

Novelties are promised by Mr. Leo Smith, Mr. Horace Lapp, Dr. Lyon, and extra popular concerts will be arranged later.

The Mendelssohn Choir resume their rehearsals on the last Tuesday of this month at the Conservatory of Music Hall. As a result of the examinations which have been held during the Summer, Dr. Fricker is satisfied that he has for next season a chorus that will be second to none in the history of the organization. In the course of the test he examined over two hundred new voices, apart from the chorus of last year. One of the principal requirements for membership in the choir, and one in which so many of the applicants were lacking, is a knowledge of vocal technique, and ordinary rudiments of music. Apparently thousands learn to sing well, badly, or indifferently, but few learn sight singing, many ignore the rudiments altogether, and all rely too much on ear and memory.

The complete programs for the concerts on March 11, 12, 13 and 14 will be announced shortly, but Dr. Fricker has already selected as the great work of study this year Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," with Robert Crooks, tenor, in the title role, and Madame Van der Veer is the soprano. This will be given on Friday, March 13th, and will be the first occasion in which Elgar's monumental work will have received an adequate performance in Toronto, with a symphony orchestra such as the Philadelphia, and a chorus trained by Dr. Fricker, who knows all the interpretations of the composer from frequent associations with him at Leeds.

For the opening concert of the series on March 11, the choir have secured Mr. and Mrs. Jose Lhevinne, in a dual piano recital. The choral part of the program will be unaccompanied.

On Saturday afternoon, March 14th, the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Mr. Leopold Stokowski, will, as usual, give an orchestral concert, and they will also assist the choir at the evening concerts on March 12, 13 and 14.



ALBERT DAVID

the popular local tenor who will give his first recital in Massey Hall on Monday, October 6th, in association with other artists.

The following item appeared in the Daily Telegraph of London Eng. on August 23rd, and is of special interest to Torontonians.—

"In connection with the recent visit of the British Association to Toronto, a special chamber concert devoted to Canadian music was given in the beautiful Hart House Theatre. The concert occurred at one of the regular scheduled meetings of the Association under the Education Section—something of an innovation, one imagines, at conferences of that august body, and an earnest, it is to be hoped, of future developments.

"The programme contained a piano trio by Healey Willan, a group of songs by the same composer, by Leo Smith and by Ernest MacMillan, a "Narrative" for piano solo by Colin McPhee, and a string quartet in C Minor also by Ernest MacMillan.

"The pianist was Madame Norah Drewett, the singer J. Campbell-McInnes—both of them artists with reputations founded in England—and the ensemble players were the newly-formed Hart House String Quartet—Geza de Kresz, Harry Adaskin, Milton Blackstone and Boris Hambourg.

"Dr. MacMillan, who prefaced this specimen programme by explanatory remarks, is, Mr. McInnes informs us, a conductor who wrote his "Mus. Doc. Oxon." exercise in Ruhleben Camp. (He had gone to Germany to study in 1914.) He is the son of Dr. Alexander MacMillan, the well-known hymnologist, is a graduate of Toronto University, and one of the most energetic of the younger Canadian musicians. Last year he gave the complete performance of the Matthew Passion, and repeated the work this year, conducting it from memory.

"Healey Willan is the Vice-Principal of the Conservatory, Leo Smith (formerly of the Halle Orchestra) is History Lecturer, and Colin McPhee, the youngest of the group, has left for Europe for further study, Geza de Kresz, the leader of the quartet, was brought up under Nikisch, and Boris Hambourg of course we know as the distinguished brother of Mark Hambourg. Another correspondent who has heard the Hart House String Quartet and known the circumstances under which they work considers their advent one of the most important of recent artistic developments in the Dominion."

The Toronto Conservatory Orchestra, under the direction of Luigi von Kunits, will start its regular weekly rehearsals in the first week of October, meeting on Monday evenings at the Conservatory. Mr. von Kunits will take up especially this season some of the earlier classical overtures and symphonies. A junior orchestral class will also be inaugurated this season in connection with the Conservatory. This will be under the direction of Milton Blackstone, and will meet in the afternoons. The Conservatory Orchestra is designed to afford practice in orchestral routine and training for students sufficiently advanced in their work to justify the conductor in assigning them places in the organization. Lady and gentlemen amateurs, not otherwise enrolled as pupils of the Conservatory, who reveal the requisite technical and musical qualifications, may make arrangements to join either of these organizations through personal interviews with the conductors, Mr. von Kunits and Mr. Blackstone.

Three concerts have been arranged for the fourth season of the Tuesday Nine O'Clocks, and will be given in the Margaret Eaton School before the end of the year, Mr. J. Campbell-McInnes being the singer with Dr. Healey Willan at the piano. The arrangements are as follows: Program 1, on October 14th, Folk Songs of All Nations; program 2, on November 11th, Songs Our Grandparents sang; program 3, December 2nd, Modern Songs. There will be an extra children's matinee on Saturday, December 13th, with songs and special features.

Hubert S. Martindale has opened his studio in the Nordheimer Building after a splendid holiday in Timagami, and the season promises to be a busy one. The summer course which he held during July was a decided success, so much so that requests have been made that he continue the night singing classes during the regular season. This he has decided to do. The wonderful method of natural singing which Mr. Martindale uses is proving a great boon to many singers.

Mr. Arthur Singer, the well known pianist, has resumed teaching at his studio in the Nordheimer Building.

The Russian Ballet Studio of Dancing under the direction of Leon Leonidoff, Director of Ballet, Hippodrome, and Florence Rogge, Premiere Danseuse, Hippodrome, will be located this season at the Ryan's Art Gallery, 515 Jarvis St., cor Wellesley. The classes will be resumed on Monday October 6th.

MUSIC ELSEWHERE

A new society of French and British composers has been formed with the purpose of giving concerts of native works in the respective countries. It is called the Franco-British Concert Society. The founders include MM. G. Faure (de l'Institut), H. Rabaud, Vincent d'Indy, J. Guy Ropartz, Maurice Ravel, Gabriel Pierne, Paul Dukas, Florent Schmidt on the French side, and on the British, among others, Messrs. Arnold Bax, John Ireland, Granville Bantock, York Bowen, Eugene Goossens, Josef Holbrooke, Thomas F. Dunhill, with Edgar Rueff and Louis Herve in charge of the administration.

A series of concerts of carefully selected works will shortly be announced.

The twenty-ninth season of the Queen's Hall Symphony concerts will begin Oct. 11 with Sir Henry Wood directing. The soloists to be heard include Rachmaninoff, Thibaud, Cortot, Miss Myra Hess, Toscha Seidel, Moiseiwitsch, Arthur Rubinstein, Mme. Suggia, Solito de Solis, Eugene d'Albert and Dohnanyi.

The Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians (J. M. Dent and Sons) has been published under the general editorship of Dr. Eagiefield Hull, who was assisted by an editorial committee consisting of Sir Hugh Allen, Professor Granville Bantock, E. J. Dent and Sir Henry Wood. It forms a compendious guide to modern music. It is specially valuable in the information it gives about current European music.

At the promenade concerts an orchestral work by a young British composer, E. J. Moeran, attracted attention. It is called "Rhapsodie for Orchestra, No. 1," and is a picture of the Norfolk Broads and English rural life with a strong intermixture of folksongs from the Norfolk country.

The Fair Oaks Players of Rogate, Petersfield, held a week's festival in the "prettiest open-air theatre in England." They gave "As You Like It," with incidental music by Malcolm Davidson; "The Priest of Nemi," by A. M. Allen, with a prelude by Adelaide Maddison; "Fete Lunaire," a series of eighteenth century dances arranged by Lady Georgia Chamondeley, music by Faure, Bruneau and Hahn, and "How the Knave Became an Honor," by Basil Thompson, with incidental music by Clive Carey.

Sir Edward Elgar wrote some music for "The Pageant of Empire" at Wembley. The words of the three songs, entitled "Shakespeare's Kingdom," "The Blue Mountains," "The Heart of Canada," and of the two choruses or quartettes "Merchant Adventurers" and "The Immortal Legions," are by Alfred Noyes, and the sixth piece is called "The Empire March, 1924."

The Italian Marionettes are in London at the Garrick Theatre. The musical side of the program, says The Morning Post, "is remarkably good and quite distinctive. The latest addition to the bill is a marionettic version of an opera on the subject of 'Ali Baba,' composed by Giovanni Bottesini. In addition to being a remarkable performer on the double bass, he was a composer of attainment. He wrote some ten operas and various oratorios, including 'The Garden of Olivet' (for the Norwich Festival of 1887). This example was produced at the Lyceum in 1871, when Bottesini conducted a season of opera. To-day it makes an excellent vehicle for the marionettes. The music is tuneful and pleasing, much in the French style, and its solos and concerted numbers are admirably sung by the company."

The French are following the example of their German neighbors; they will celebrate the centenary of Ambroise Thomas at Metz in November. Miss Mignon Nevada will appear as Ophelia in his "Hamlet." She has also been engaged for the season at the Theatre des Champes Elysees, which begins in October, under the direction of Albert Wolff. She will sing the principal role in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snegourotchka," which will be heard for the first time in Paris. Miss Nevada will also be in the revival of Herold's once popular opera, "Pres aux Clercs."

Visitors to Monte Carlo next season will have the opportuniey of seeing a new ballet by J. A. Carpenter, the American composer, which will be an attempt to express through mime various aspects of contemporary American musical life. A good deal of use is made of jazz, but the underlying inspiration of the ballet will be the vast activity of American industry and business. The work is to be produced by Serge Diaghileff, the director of the Monte Carlo Opera House.

Every district of Hanover was represented at the German Sangerfest which took place at Hanover, Aug. 25. More than 40,000 took part in the demonstrations. The whole city was decorated in honor of the guests, flags floating from public buildings and many private houses. America sent her greetings through Carl Hein, director of several New York choral societies, and Joseph Fischl, president of the New York Mozart Society. All German districts had sent delegates, all dialects were heard, from the Alps to the North Sea, from the Tannenbaum to the Rhine. The first concert was a treasure-trove of old German folksong, each section contributing its best. The general direction was in the hands of Professor Wohlgemut (Leipsic) and Professor Kehldorfer (Vienna).

It is announced from Berlin that an unpublished music-drama by the composer Ferruccio Busoni will be produced in the Autumn.

Many cities in Austria are observing the centenary of Anton Bruckner. He was borne Sept. 4, 1824, in the Village of Ansfelden, near Linz, and when he died, in 1896, he was considered one of the leading composers of the century. He wrote nine symphonies, the last unfinished, a string quintet and a great deal of church music.

The Concertgebouw of Holland announces its program for the season 1924-25. There will be a cycle of Mahler under the direction of William Mengelberg and Bruno Walter, and a performance of the Eighth Symphony of Bruckner in honor of the Austrian composer's one hundredth birthday. "Le Sacre du Printemps" will be given under the direction of Igor Stravinsky, who will also appear as pianist. A symphonic cycle will cover the field from Haydn to Cesar Franck. Among the soloists engaged are Fritz Kreisler, Alma Moody, Erna Rubinstein, Bronislaw Huberman, Alexander Schmuller, Louis Zimmerman, Gerard Hekking, Heeman and Marix Loevensohn.

From Sept. 14 to Jan. 8 the concerts will be directed by Mengelberg, from Jan. 15 to Feb. 8 by Bruno Walter, and from Feb. 19 to April 4 by Carl Muck. The Choral Society (Toonkunst) announces the following works: Symphonies by Gustav Mahler, "Sirenes," by Debussy, under Bruno Walter; "Messe in C Minor," Mozart, under Carl Muck, and the "Passion According to St. Matthew," under Mengelberg. There are 520 members in the society, 197 sopranos, 151 altos, 78 tenors and 94 bassos

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A memorial tablet has been fixed on the house in Rome which Sgambati occupied during thirty-seven years. He was a remarkable pianist, a friend of Liszt and Wagner. Among his compositions are two symphonies, a requiem written for the memorial services for Victor Emmanuel II., a piano concerto, chamber music, etc. He was professor at the Liceo di Santa Cecilia and founder of the Quintet Society.

Ottorino Respighi is at work on a new opera, "La Campana Sommersa," from the book by Gerhardt Hauptmann. Mario Castelnuovo Tedesco has finished an opera comique, "La Mandragola," founded on the comedy by Machiavelli. Amilcare Zanella has a new work to his credit called "Sulamita." The opera "Giocondo ed il suo Re," which won the Government prize, music by Carlo Jachino, libretto by Forzano, will be given for the first time at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan.

Felix Weingartner will spend a considerable part of the Autumn in the British Isles, conducting his new symphony, which has for superscription, "Written for the English people." He will direct the Beethoven C minor symphony at Glasgow.

The London Symphony Orchestra begins its season Oct. 20. The list of conductors is as follows: Albert Coates, Furtwangler, Weingartner, Schneevoight, Kussevitsky and possibly Bruno Walter. Among the soloists are Florence Austral, Canals, Dohnanyi, de Solis and Tudor Davies.

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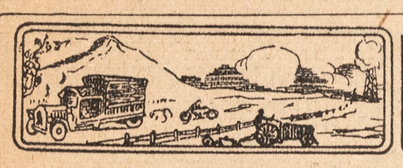
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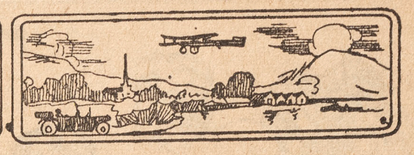
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AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
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Our Resources in Roads Worth Billion to Canada

Article Prepared Under Direction of A. W. Campbell, Chief Commissioner of the Dominion Government's Highway Commission, Declares That the Mere Roads of Canada Are Worth in Themselves $1,057,500,000 to the Country, While Their Value Greatly Exceeds This Figure—1,936,600 Motor Cars Entered Canada From U.S. Last Year—"The Direct Benefits of Good Roads Are Enormous But Intangible Benefits ... Are Beyond Calculation."

Good roads are assets of the state, both tangible and intangible. They may be purchased and sold as real estate, and, on the other hand they may be regarded as a great public utility, held in trust, of infinite value to the general public, beyond the mere capital investment therein.

In the Dominion of Canada there are, according to the latest information available, 423,000 miles of roads, improved and unimproved. To determine what this represents to the Dominion as a tangible asset, it must be remembered that the greater part of this mileage has received only characteristically pioneer improvements at small cost, but that in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec in recent years many thousands of dollars per mile have been spent upon a limited mileage of trunk roads, and that the same is true of the other provinces on a smaller scale. Taking $2,500 per mile as the average actual cost of all roads in all provinces, the mileage cited above means an actual resource to Canada of $1,057,500,000. This is a stupendous amount and at once suggests the proportions of our heritage. If the mere roads are worth so much what is the value of the territory which they serve, with is lands, forests, mines, fisheries, and water-powers?

It is evident then that there source represented by good roads, the connection between innumerable points of production and centres of sale and distribution, is of great importance to this country merely as a physical asset, but a little reflection will show that its importance from the viewpoint of contributory and potential values is even greater. One of the most commonly stressed benefits of good roads is the lowering of the cost of haulage. A very conservative estimate of the gain to producers of hauling their products to market over an ordinary gravel road as compared with an unimproved earth road is three cents per ton per mile. Assuming that all the grain raised in Canada last year was marketed at points 7.6 miles, on the average, from the farm, then the saving from the improving of roads to this extent to the producers of the 1,176,343,000 bushels of wheat, oats, barley, rye, etc., which constituted our grain crop of 1923 would amount to $6,705,167.95. This amount is the equivalent of 5 per cent. interest on a capital expenditure of $134,103,359 for the improving of such roads. And it will be noted that these figures relate to road haulage of one commodity in one direction only.

Go a step further and visualize for a moment an ordinary road map. It is a series of connected magnified spider-web lines that centre upon comparatively few points which represent our cities and large towns. The larger number of lines centre upon the cities provided with both waterways and railways, which proves that there is an inseparable interdependence among all means of communication and that while each means has a limited function peculiar to itself the roads are indispensible to the success of both steam and electric lines and of water transportation. Good roads are therefore valuable directly to those who use them and indirectly to those served by them—that is to all the people.

A trade of growing value to Canada which good roads produce is foreign motor tourist traffic. The reason is quite apparent. Up to July 1, this year, there were registered in the United States 15,523,898 motor vehicles, an increase of 19 per cent. over last year. The owners of many millions of these cars reside in the northern states and they have only to cross the border to travel upon some of the best roads in North America through varying scenes of great beauty. That they are taking advantage of this opportunity is shown by the fact that in 1923, 1,936,600 motor cars from the United States crossed the border into Canada; the number entering the different provinces being as follows: Prince Edward Island, 7; Nova Scotia, 381; New Brunswick, 7,315; Quebec, 100,696; Ontario, 1,756,199; Manitoba, 6,328; Saskatchewan, 746; Alberta, 983; British Columbia, 63,945. Estimated at $118,000,000 last year, undoubtedly the amount expended this year in Canada by motor tourists from the south will amount to a huge sum. More important still, international comity and better understanding of Canadian sentiment are promoted by this traffic.

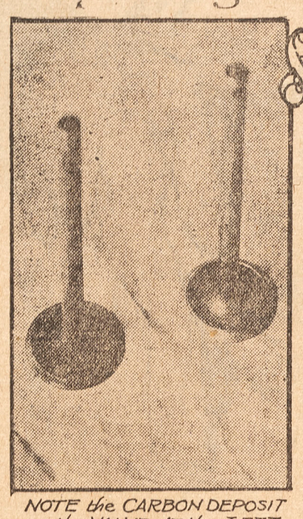
Not only do good roads improve international relations but they tend to break up provincialism. A motor car seen in the streets of one province bearing the license plate of another distant province, does more than, perhaps, anything else to convince citizens of the solidarity of the Dominion and of the interest one part of Canada has in all other parts. As has been shown, the direct benefits of good roads are enormous but the intangible benefits in quickened social relations both rural and urban, in the educative effects of travel, and in the promotion of a most desirable community of interest in things Canadian are beyond calculation.

(Prepared by the Department of the Interior under the direction of Mr. A. W. Campbell, Chief Commissioner, Canada Highway Commission.)

HAMILTON COUNCIL OBJECTS TO PROPOSED LICENSE CHANGE.

Yet another city has been heard from. The Hamilton City Council and the Hamilton Chamber of Commerce have both gone on record as opposed to the proposed centralization of motor vehicle license issuing in Toronto and in favor of the carrying on of the present system. Not content with resolutions of protest, both representative bodies sent delegations to Toronto to personally protest to the powers-that-be.

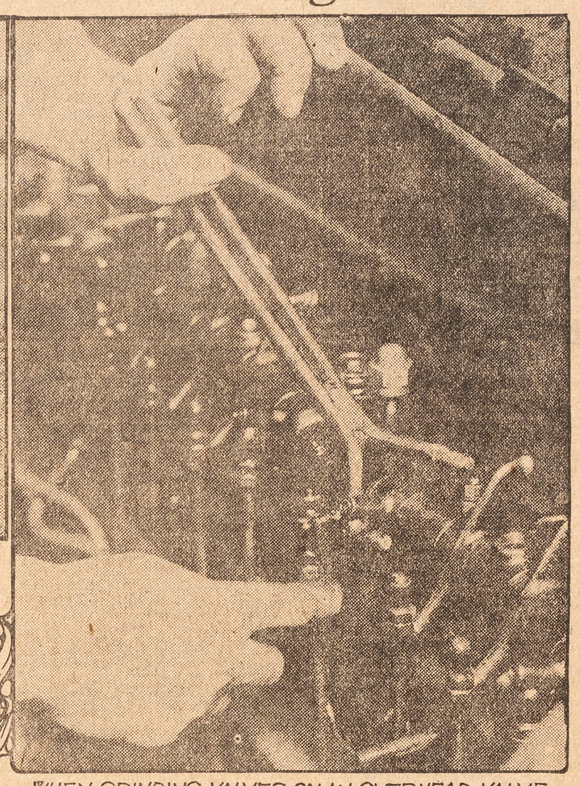
Keep Engine's Valves in Proper Functioning Condition



NOTE the CARBON DEPOSIT on the VALVE AT the LEFT, The VALVE on the RIGHT HAS JUST BEEN GROUND



IF the VALVES ARE TOO LOOSE THEY WILL BE OBJECTIONABLY NOISY, IF TOO TIGHT THEY WILL FAIL TO POUND CARBON PARTICLES from THEIR SEATS



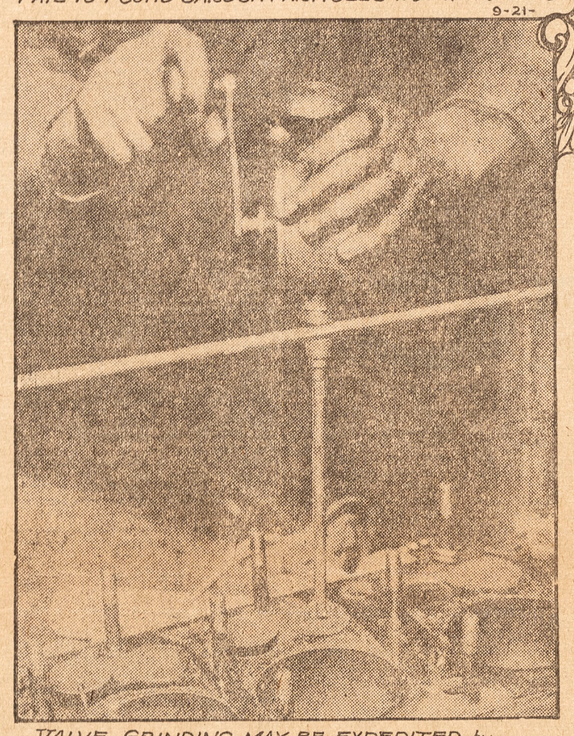
WHEN GRINDING VALVES ON AN OVERHEAD VALVE ENGINE, the ROCKER ARM MAY BE SWUNG OUT of the WAY. AFTER the VALVE ROD IS DISENGAGED

Carbon the Chief Cause of Valve Trouble — Valves Should Not be Set With Excessive or Inadequate Clearance of Tappets—When Shoulders Develop Reseating is Remedy.

A number of well-known automotive engineers hold the view that valves should not require grinding oftener than every 25,000 miles. Yet motorists who have been accustomed to having valves ground every 2,000 to 5,000 miles are likely to say that the high figure quoted is impossible of attainment. If it really is possible to run 25,000 miles or even 15,000 miles without valve grinding, every motorist, naturally, wants to know how it can be done and why he is not able to reach this figure.

The explanation is easy, although not generally understood. To begin with it is questionable whether valves would ever require grinding if carbon deposit were eliminated. The proof of this statement is that intake valves rarely do need grinding. It is true that the exhaust valves are subjected to the intense heat of the burned gases, but if the engine is properly designed the erosion of the valve face from this cause alone is slight. It is carbon that causes most of the trouble. Small particles of carbon formed within the cylinder are blown out of the exhaust now and then, and occasionally a particle of carbon will lodge on the valve face, preventing full closing of the valve. When this happens the excessively hot gases produced at the moment of combustion leak through the valve and "pit" its surface. In other words, carbon is the main cause of valve pitting. Just as soon as one particle of carbon lodges permanently on the valve face, other particles of carbon find it easier to settle on the face, since the first particle tends to hold the valve open and thus prevents the valve from pounding the carbon particles off. This action continues until the valve leaks so badly that regrinding is necessary.

The remedy is, first to use a high-quality oil of a consistency suited to the engine, and then the oil should be changed frequently—at least once every 1,000 miles, and preferably every 500 miles. In this way the carbon deposit will be minimized. Second, the exhaust valve should not be adjusted too tightly. There is a happy medium between excessive tightness and looseness. If the valves are too loose, the noise will be objectionable and the period of valve opening will be cut down. On the other hand if they are too tight, the pounding action of the valve against its seat will be insufficient to prevent particles of carbon lodging thereon.



VALVE GRINDING MAY BE EXPEDITED by MEANS of the TOOL ILLUSTRATED, ALTHOUGH GOOD RESULTS MAY BE OBTAINED from a SCREW DRIVER

It is obvious, of course, that the valves should be perfectly tight in the first place—a good job of valve grinding is essential. In addition, the play between valve stem and guide must not be excessive. If the play is too great, the head of the valve wobbles around to a certain extent, with the result that it does not always seat perfectly. This condition is often aggravated by the fact that the pounding of the valve against its seat develops a "shoulder" or ridge on the face at either side of the seat, the wobbling of the valve sometimes allowing the lower shoulder to come into contact with the seat, thus preventing full closing of the valve. For this reason it is advisable to have valves refaced from time to time.

A wide valve set is more likely to collect carbon than a narrow seat, and the life of the valve grinding job may often be greatly prolonged by narrowing the seat to somewhere between 1-16 and 1-32 inch. This may be done by scraping metal from the inner circumference. If play between valve stem and guide is too great, the remedy is new valves with oversize stems, the guides being reamed out to fit, or if the valve guides are removable, new guides and new valves may be fitted. The cost of this work is not great, and it often pays for itself by doubling or tripling the distance the car will run without valve grinding.—(Copyright by I. F. S. I.)

Ontario Surrounded By License Issuers

New York Has 83, Michigan 80 and Quebec 64 Motor Vehicle License Issuers.

There are eighty-three motor vehicle license issuing offices in New York State which abandoned, as an inglorious failure, centralized licensing of motor-vehicles some time ago in response to a widespread and insistent public demand that came to a head in near-riots in some sections.

These eighty-three license issuing offices include many of the automobile clubs as in Ohio, Michigan and other leading states, and in Quebec. In Michigan, by the way, there are eighty motor vehicle license issuers throughout the state, while in the Province of Quebec there are sixty-four.

In the United States as in Quebec, motor clubs were appointed as license issuers as the logical local centres, for to them the motorists of the district they serve turn for advice, guidance and service in motoring matters. For their great public service in dispensing touring information, in furthering the safe and sane use of the roads, in good roads activities, in stimulating tourist traffic and in their advocacy of salutary legislation and its equitable enforcement, the motor clubs practically everywhere have the approval and moral support of governments.

Many leading public and semi-public organizations throughout Ontario, including City Councils, Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, the Automotive Retail Dealers' Association, the Automotive Industries of Canada, the Retail Merchants' Associations, etc., have protested against the proposed centralization of all motor vehicle license issuing in Toronto, and have gone on record as favoring the continuation of the present system.

SARNIA COUNCIL PROTESTS PROPOSED LICENSE CHANGE

The Sarnia City Council has followed the examples of the Windsor and St. Catharines City Councils by passing a strong resolution urging the Government to continue the present method of issuing motor vehicle licenses and protesting against the proposed retrogressive move to revert to issuing them from Toronto only.

FIFTH OF MILLION VEHICLES IN AND OUT OF NEW YORK DAILY

More than 200,000 vehicles pass in and out of New York City daily between 7 a.m. and 7 p.m., according to a tally made in an effort to solve highway and transportation problems. The scoring was done by 200 students of the City College School of Technology aided by volunteers from the School of Economics. Only 8% of the total number of vehicles were horse drawn. When the Hudson River vehicle tube to New Jersey is completed next year there is expected a still greater number of vehicles in New York City each day, and the authorities are pondering ways and means to straighten out a difficult situation. The record showed in the recent count that Manhattan bridge had the lead with 32,753 vehicles while the ferries alone carried 25,276. Of the latter many will utilize the tube to New Jersey when it is completed and thousands will be added, as many New Yorkers, commuting in New Jersey by motor car, now make no effort to cross the ferry but park or store their cars on the New Jersey side of the river.

Company's Research Laboratories, was awarded the Nichols Medal of the American Chemical Society in 1923 for his contributions to the difficult and little known field of metallo-organic chemistry, upon which the ultimate process of manufacture of the ethyl fluid was based.

The experience, research staffs, patents and trade connections of both the General Motors Corporation and Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey will be available to the new company, and it is believed that this will make possible, in the most economical and efficient manner, the expansion of the ethylized gasoline business to cover all countries in which gasoline is used in substantial quantities for motor fuel.

Aside from the strictly commercial aspects of the new association, both parties feel that the relationship thereby created will be of benefit to their respective industries in dealing with the problems of the relation between quality of gasoline and engine design which have arisen out of the unprecedented expansion of the automobile industry.

The newly organized Ethyl Gasoline Corporation takes over the present business of the General Motors Chemical Co., and will immediately undertake to increase the production and enlarge the distribution of ethyl fluid. It is confidently expected that by the year 1925 there will be available an adequate supply of the material to meet the demands of the United States and Canada.

The directors of the new corporation are:—W. G. Teagle, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., W. A. Moffett, Jr., Chas. F. Kettering, E. H. Clark, Donaldson Brown, F. A. Howard, Thomas Midgley, Jr., A. H. Maxwell, John Thomas Smith.

The officers are:—Charles F. Kettering, President; F. A. Howard, 1st Vice-President; Thomas Midgley, Jr., 2nd Vice-President and General Manager; A. H. Maxwell, 3rd Vice-President and Sales Manager; Donaldson Brown, Secretary and Treasurer, and Chester O. Swain, General Counsel.

The offices of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation are in the Cunard Building, 25 Broadway, New York City.

Wot's Wrong With These Pictures?

Some well motivated people endeavor to drive home Safety Rules by pictures that are calculated to give one pause and intrigue the imagination. The Morris Owner cartoonist attempts some variations.

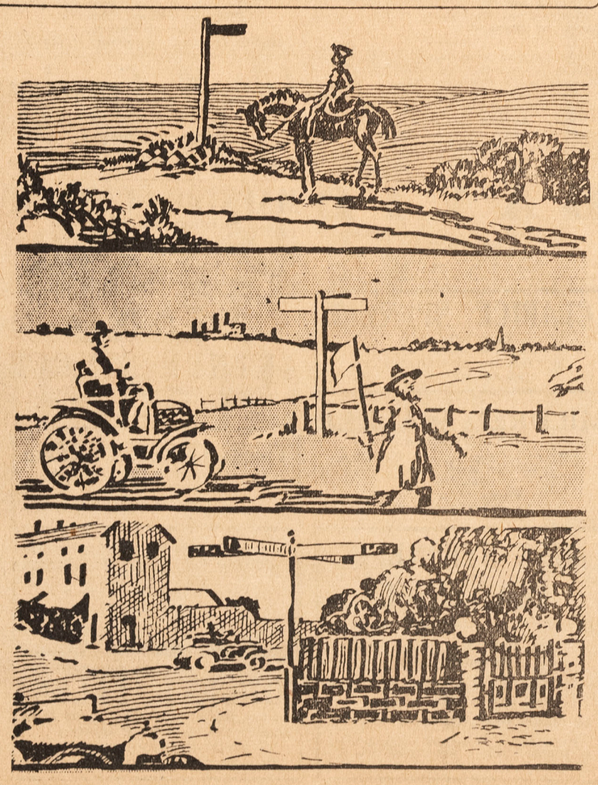
Sing a Song of Sign Posts

In the bad or good
Old days there stood
A post on a lonely heath,
And often there,
On his bold black mare,
Dick Turpin sat beneath.
Galloping Dick
Was there and hic
Et ubique at a canter.
Transit sic,
Says Galloping Dick,
Sic tempora mutantur.

Times changed,
And slowly changed the spot
With signs of speedier times.
Macadam had been
At work on the scene
Of the late Dick Turpin's crimes.
A three-armed sign-post
Marked the place
Where a new road branched off West,
And a red-flag chap
Appeared on the map
To herald the coming guest.

To-day as you pass
The corner where
The old sign-post once stood,
The newest brand
Of sign-post stands,
Of cast-iron, not of wood,
On arrows long,
And you can't go wrong
If you've time to read. To-day
You can read a bit
And the rest of it
Next time you pass that way.

If the shade of Richard
Haunts that spot
To-day he looks perplexed,
And Dick might say,
"This is this to-day,
And to-morrow that's that—
What next?
These signs appear:
To-day they're here—
To-morrow gone like a flivver.
But since motors came
It's the same old game,
When Robert says, "Stand and deliver!"
—Fred Gillett, in the Morris Owner.



Ethylized Gas Available Everywhere Next Year

New Corporation Formed to Increase Output and Provide for Distribution Throughout Canada and the United States of Tetra-ethyl-lead, Which When Added to Gasoline Prevents Preignition and Carbon Knocks and Makes Possible Much Higher Compression Without Detonation.

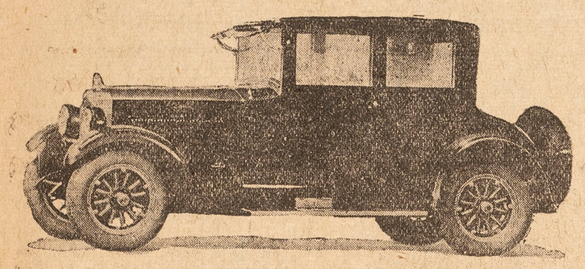
Walter C. Teagle, President, Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President, General Motors Corporation, have announced the organization, under the laws of Delaware, of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, a $5,000,000 concern, in which their respective companies are equal shareholders. The new company will take over the promotion and sale of ethyl fluid, which has in the past been handled by the General Motors Chemical Co., and will continue the marketing policies of that company.

The distribution of ethyl fluid will not in any way be confined to the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, or to any other single company or group of companies; the policy and purpose will be to furnish it generally and on equal terms to all of the responsible gasoline marketing organizations, subject only to the limited exclusive contracts originally made by the General Motors Chemical Co. for the purpose of introducing the new product to the trade.

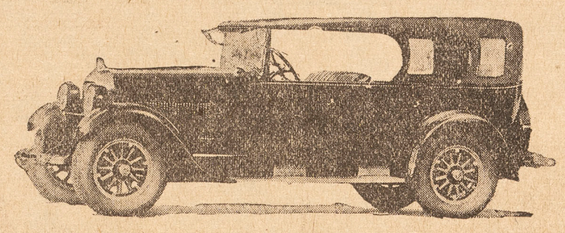
This assocation of the General Motors and the Standard Oil of New Jersey marks the culmination of years of research and experimental work, conducted independently but with rather free co-operation between the parties, in the effort to find a commercially satisfactory and feasible method of controlling the combustion characteristics of gasoline so as to avoid the detonation or "knock" which is experienced in automobile engines under extreme load or adverse weather conditions, or because of carbon accumulation or slight mechanical irregularities.

The credit for initiating this research work, as well as for first reaching a satisfactory conclusion thereof, belongs to C. F. Kettering and his associates in the General Motors Corporation, and Thomas Midgley, Jr., Vice-President of the General Motors Chemical Co., who was awarded the Nichols Medal for the American Chemical Society for 1922 in recognition of his personal contributions to this achievement. The research work of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey on the same problem resulted in the development of commercially essential improvements in the manufacture of the material which General Motors has found to be satisfactory for the purpose, thus opening the way to immediate expansion of the business on an economical basis. It is an interesting coincidence that Dr. Kraus, of Brown University, and of the consulting staff of the Standard Oil

Studebakers Have 4-Wheel Servo-Hydraulic Brakes



All the new Studebaker models have new lines as well as chassis revisions. This is the new "Special Six" four-passenger "Victoria."



The new "Big Six" with seven-passenger Duplex-Phaeton body. All three sixes have "duplex" bodies, the outstanding features of which are their steel tops with disappearing and overlapping side curtains, which are raised and lowered like window blinds.

Type of Four Wheel Brakes Adopted by Studebaker is New to This Continent—Three Six Series Changed in Bodies and Chassis.

The three new series of Studebaker sixes include: The "Standard Six," 113-in. wheelbase, engine 3⅜ x 4½, 50 b.h.p., with 6 different bodies, including duplex phaeton, duplex roadster, coupe-roadster, coupe, sedan and Berline; the "Special Six," 120-in. wheelbase, engine 3½ x 5, 65 b.h.p., with 5 different bodies, including duplex-phaeton, duplex-roadster, coupe, sedan and Berline, the "Big Six," 127-in. wheelbase, engine 3 7-8 x 5, 75 b.h.p. with 4 different bodies, including duplex-phaeton, coupe, sedan and Berline.

While the basic design of the three previous models has been preserved, the changes and improvements are so marked that the entire line is practically new.

The touring cars and roadsters on the three chasses have been superceded with a new "duplex" type of superstructure. In place of the folding top there is a permanent steel-shaped and steel-framed top with roller enclosing curtains to form the convertible feature. The framework of the steel top gives the necessary strength and room to mount and conceal the rollers.

The roof is carried on six steel U-section bows, which are spot-welded to the steel side quarters. The entire top is covered with waterproof fabric, which is carried on the steel bows, and where it covers the steel section it is cemented to the surface.

The new top is supported in front by pressed steel windshield uprights. On the sides back of the rear doors there are pressed steel supports. Of course, the rear corner sections support the back of the top.

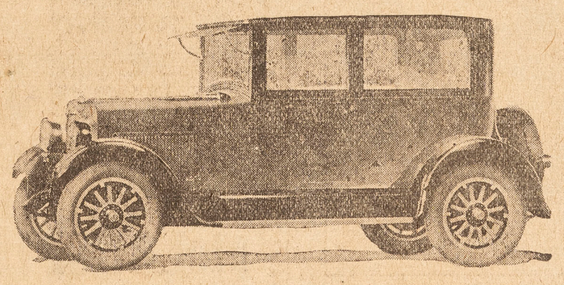
The lines of all models have been completely changed. The radiators are higher and distinctive in design. The body sides are higher. There is more seating room provided in each model. Incidentally the room in the front compartment is exactly the same in all three models, and the dimensions of the back cushions are the same in all models.

There are new head lamps and cowl parking lamps of original design and fenders which have been made exceptionally wide and deeply crowned to cover the extra large balloon tires.

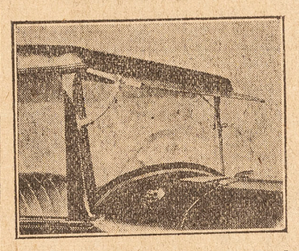
Dull lacquer finish in dark blue is used on all special six and big six duplex models. The bodies are striped in light blue and ivory. The standard six duplex models, the car which supersedes the light six, is finished in black enamel. The standard six closed models are in dull lacquer; the lower panels light grey; the upper panels dark grey with suitable light red stripings.

The special six and big six closed models are in paint and varnish. The color is dark blue with ivory stripings.

Balloon tires are regular equipment on all models. The sixes range from 21 x 5.25 to 20 x 7.30. Natural finished wood wheels are exclusively furnished on all models.



The "Light Six" has been superseded by the "Standard Six", of which the model shown above is the "five-passenger coupe".

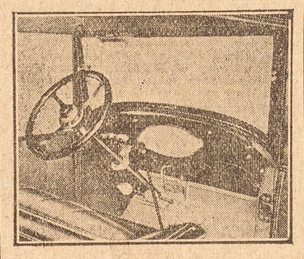


One-piece windshields, visors and cowl lamps and ventilators of a new design are features of all models.

A radical pattern in four-wheel brake design has been adopted and furnished as optional equipment with disc wheels on all models. The Studebaker four-brake system is servo-hydraulic in type. Hydraulic power is supplied by a gear pump housed in the transmission case and operated from the main transmission shaft. A single hydraulic cylinder is cast integral with the transmission case and at right angles with its length. In this cylinder two pistons, each traveling outward 2½ inches furnish the braking power. The transmission lubricant is used as hydraulic liquid. When the brakes are not in use the pump idles and the transmission liquid from the pump flows back into the transmission case. When the driver presses the brake pedal it closes a shut-off valve, which diverts the flow of oil from the pump to the cylinders. The amount of pressure can be adjusted by a coil spring by-pass valve.

Ordinarily the pressure ranges from about 45 pounds to the square inch for the standard six models, to 70 pounds to the square inch for the big six models. There is from 12 to 14 square inches of piston area upon which this pressure is exerted. The braking power is conveyed from the pistons to the brake drums by the conventional leverages and brake rods.

The pressure on the pistons is so great and it operates through such length of piston-travel that hand clearance in the drums can be very free and adjustments very simple. There is no adjustment at the front drums (where the brake operates externally) beyond the permanent adjustment made at the factory. The front wheels cannot lock nor the rear wheels remain locked, because the moment the rear wheels stop turning the braking pressure necessarily stops. The brake drums are extra large. There has been no drastic change in the motor design of any one of the three chasses, excepting that in the standard six the bore and stroke have been increased to 3⅜ x 4½. The peak at 2,400 r.p.m. and show a b.h.p. of 50 for the standard, 65 for the special, and 75 for the big six.



The ignition control lever has been eliminated, and a light switch lever mounted in its place. The instruments are grouped on an oval-nickeled panel under glass. The set brake handle, will be noted, mounted on the instrument board.

PARIS SALON OPENS OCTOBER 2.

The Paris Automobile Salon opens in the Grand Palais October second. It is the leading motor show of Continential Europe and only second to the Olympia show in London among the automobile exhibitions of the eastern hemisphere.

The same four-bearing crankshaft construction is used on all models with larger shimless bearing. The crankshaft on all three models is larger and completely machined on all surfaces. The fly-wheels have been made lighter to offset the extra weight of the shafts. The length of the connecting rods have been increased for the special and big sixes to 11¼", and the cross section to 1 1-16" x ¾" x 3-16". The wrist pins are 1" in diameter and oscillate on bronze bushings within piston bosses. The former splash oiling system has been changed to a force feed system. All oil is strained in circulation.

The engine is now in unit with the transmission and clutch, and the entire unit is carried on a sub-frame. A dry plate disc clutch of Studebaker make is used on all three models. There are 9 clutch springs on the two larger models and 6 springs on the Standard Six models. There is a ball-bearing throwout. The transmission, which is also Studebaker made, is now carried on ball-bearings, excepting the counter-shaft, which is stationary in the transmission case on all three models. The idler gears are forged integrally and revolve on the counter-shaft on wide bronze bushings. The shafts and gears are extra large and rugged, and six-spliced on the larger models.

The emergency brake is mounted at the rear of the transmission and acts on the propeller shaft. It is operated by a draw handle which is mounted on the instrument board and connects with the brake drum through a steel cable which runs over pulleys.

There is a full automatic spark control and the customary spark lever has been removed from the steering wheel and superseded with a lighting control lever.

There is an attractive grouping of instruments on the instrument board in an oval recess under glass. This consists of the usual instruments plus a good clock and a hydrostatic gasoline gauge on all models.

The Big Six models are furnished with complete equipment, including two Biflex bumpers, spare tire, tube and cover, Duplex motometer, in addition to the usual equipment of automatic windshield wiper, rear view mirror, stop signal, and so forth.

The cushion backs in all cars, Duplex and closed, are removable. Not only is mohair used for upholstering cushions and seat backs, but the same material in each car is used for both the top and side linings. There is a dome light in the Big Six Duplex-Phaeton, and extension lights in all models. All closed models are equipped with heaters, The roofs on all closed models are of the soft type, which means that the covering is waterproof, fabric laid over suitable supporting fabric which are carried on the bows.

There is a tubular torsion member at each end of the frame with serrate attachment in malleable casting which is riveted in to the ends of the frame. This casting also forms an integral bumper carrier which eliminates the necessity of attaching bumpers through the spring eyes and through bolts which pierce the side of the frame.

ROTARY AND KIWANIS OBJECT TO LICENSE PROPOSAL

That the service clubs "disapprove of the disservice proposal" to centralize motor vehicle license issuing for Ontario in Toronto is made clear by the fact that the London Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, in common with many municipal and other public organizations, have gone on record as strongly opposed to it and have declared themselves in favor of the continuation of the present method of issuing motor vehicle licenses.

You Were Enquiring About Condition of The Road To--?

Detours Still Abound Throughout Province Owing to Considerable Road Work Under Way—Department of Public Highways of Ontario Issues Bi-monthly Report on the Condition of the Main Travelled Highways of the Province.

Toronto to Quebec Boundary—302 miles—Toronto to Oshawa, excellent paved road. Oshawa to west boundary of Durham, road closed from Oshawa to Bowmanville. Detour north two miles to 5th Concession Darlington Twp., east to Hepburn, thence south to Bowmanville. West boundary of Durham to east boundary of Lennox and Addington, good road to Port Hope; detour east at Welcome to Gore's Landing road, thence south to Cobourg; good road Cobourg to Trenton; detour east of Trenton to Belleville; good macadam road Belleville to Shannonville; gravel road Shannonville to one mile south of Marysville; road under construction at Deseronto; good macadam one mile south of Marysville to east boundary of Lennox and Addington; boundary of Frontenac to Kingston, good macadam; Kingston to Brockville, good macadam; Brockville to Prescott, good macadam and gravel; detour at east limits of Brockville; detour plainly marked by signs and lanterns; Prescott to Cornwill, fair macadam except for canal bank roads at Cardinal, Iroquois and Morrisburg; Cornwall to Lancaster, fair macadam; construction proceeding near Lancaster; no detours; Lancaster to Quebec boundary, rough; macadam construction proceeding for five miles east of Lancaster; no detour; traffic to Montreal proceed via Coteau Landing.

Whitby to Lindsay—48 miles—Good gravel road throughout.

Port Hope to Peterboro—29 miles—Good gravel road north to Fraserville, thence macadam road to Peterboro, good.

Picton to Foxboro—30 miles—1¼ miles rough road south of Crofton under construction; remainder of road good.

Kingston to Ottawa—131 miles Kingston to Joyceville, good macadam; Joyceville to Smith's Fall, fair gravel; Smith's Falls to Carleton Place (via Perth), fair macadam; construction proceeding; no detours; Carleton Place to Ashton, fair macadam; construction proceeding; no detours; Ashton to Stittsville, gravel road, good; Stittsville to Ottawa, asphalt road, good.

Prescott to Ottawa—74 miles—Prescott to Carleton County boundary, good gravel and concrete road; Carleton County boundary to Manotick, fair gravel road; Manotick to Jock River, concrete road, good; Jock River to Black Rapids under construction, take detour Merivale Road to Base Line; Base Line to Ottawa, asphalt road, good.

Ottawa to Point Fortune—74 miles—Ottawa to Green's Creek, asphalt road, good; Green's Creek to Orleans, macadam road, fair; Orleans to Clarence, macadam road, good; Clarence to Wendover, macadam penetration, good; Wendover to four miles west of L'Orignal, clay road, impassable in wet weather; four miles west of L'Orignal to Hawkesbury, macadam road, good; Hawkesbury to Point Fortune, good gravel road; macadam work at Wendover, Alfred, Hawkesbury, no detours.

Ottawa to Pembroke—105 miles—Fair gravel road.

Toronto to Severn—Good throughout.

Port Credit to Owen Sound—103 miles—Port Credit to Cooksville, paved; road closed north of Cooksville, detour first line east; culvert construction south of Flesherton with ditch detours in good shape; grading and graveling five miles south of Flesherton; grading three miles south of Chatsworth, road in passable condition; construction work on Caledon Bridge, no detour; grading six miles north of Markdale; concrete pavement four miles north of Chatsworth with detour one mile north of Chatsworth to west for one mile; approximate distance of four miles around detour; grading and culvert operations south of Orangeville.

Toronto to Hamilton—43 miles—Via Lake Shore Road, concrete pavement; via Dundas Street, asphalt pavement; road closed from Bloor Street and Dundas Street to Eaton Side Road; detour half a mile north; truck traffic go via Port Credit and Cooksville.

Brampton to Sarnia—Brampton to Guelph, grading east of Acton; road not closed; drive carefully; construction work west of Rockwood; detour, follow Town Line south of Rockwood to Eden Hills; Guelph to Waterloo line, road good; from east boundary Waterloo County to Kitchener, good gravel road; paving in progress from Petersburg easterly 2.5 miles, detour south 1¾ miles to Bloom's Road through Mannheim; paving from 2½ miles west of New Hamburg to road 2¼ miles west of Shakespeare; detour at end of pavement east of Stratford and 2¼ miles west of New Hamburg to road 1¾ miles south and paralleling highway for distance of six miles; paving from Stratford south 3¾ miles, first two and a half miles open to traffic, then detour west 1¼ miles and south paralleling highway for 2½ miles, thence east to highway; paving east of Sarnia, detour south via Mandamin sideroad, thence via 4th Concession to Sarnia; remainder good gravel road, 10 miles paved.

Stratford to Goderich—47 miles—Paved to Sebringville; good macadam from Sebringville to Mitchell; new grading one mile east of Clinton and two miles west of Seaforth; drive slowly; remainder good gravel road; no detours.

Hamilton to Owen Sound—113 miles—Hamilton to Guelph, road good; Guelph to Owen Sound, culvert construction south of Arthur Village, bridge construction at Fergus; macadam construction 6 miles south of Arthur Village; fresh gravelling and redressing of road throughout from Guelph to Durham; Durham to Chatsworth, in good condition.

Arthur to Kincardine—67 miles—Macadam construction one mile south of Kincardine; grading operations two miles west of Mildmay; small stretches of gravelling throughout.

Hamilton to Kitchener—37 miles—Hamilton to Waterloo County line, road good; Waterloo County boundary to Kitchener, paved throughout, except short section of gravel road through Freeport; several dangerous curves at bridge approaches and in village; drive carefully.

Hamilton to Windsor—203 miles—via London and Chatham—Hamilton to Brant County Line, road good; Wentworth County boundary to Paris paved; highway under construction from Paris to Woodstock; through traffic from Brantford to London follow Burford Road from Brantford to within four miles of Woodstock, thence along road paralleling Hydro towers to Woodstock. Eastbound through traffic follow same route from Woodstock to Brantford local traffic between Paris and Woodstock can follow highway between Paris and Falkland, thence south on Brantford-Burford boundary a quarter mile, thence west along 2nd Con., Burford Township 1¼ miles and south to 3rd Con. and west on 3rd Con. to Woodstock. Eastbound local traffic from Woodstock to Paris to follow same route. This detour narrow in places and motorists should exercise great care, particularly at night. All heavy traffic should follow Burford Road between Woodstock and Brantford. Highway under construction from Ingersoll to a point five miles east of London. Local detours between Ingersoll and Thamesford, and also between Thamesford and end of present pavement east of London. Through east and west bound traffic between London and Ingersoll is advised to follow Hamilton Road through Dorchester, River Road between Dorchester and Ingersoll is narrow and motorists should exercise great care, particularly at night. Heavy traffic to follow Hamilton Road. Highway under construction between Lambeth and Delaware; detours clearly marked with signs and lanterns. Kent-Middlesex County, County line to 6 miles west of Chatham, gravel road and concrete pavement in good condition; gravel surfacing in progress, drive carefully; 6 miles west of Chatham to Tilbury, road closed owing to paving operations. Through traffic detour at Chatham and Tilbury, via Charing Cross and Merlin. Tilbury to Woodslee, good gravel road in fair condition; gravel surface in progress. Woodslee to Maidstone, gravel and clay surface; this section closed to traffic, owing to paving operations; through traffic detour from Windsor and Woodslee via Belle River, as per detour signs; detour is good gravel road to Belle River and concrete pavement from Belle River to Windsor.

Hamilton to Jarvis—28 miles—Road good to Caledonia, from there to Jarvis local detour; this road is fair.

Hamilton to Niagara Falls—48 miles—Road good from Hamilton to Red Hill, where we are doing repairing; motorists will drive slowly; from Red Hill to St. Davids road good; at St. Davids to Queenston local detour of 1¼ miles; this detour is fairly good.

Niagara Falls to Windsor—206 miles—Niagara Falls to Allanburg Road under construction; traffic will use local detour, which is fairly good; Allanburg to Welland road good; from Chamber's Corners to Haldimand line, road under construction; detour from Chamber's Corners on the Wellandport Road for a distance of five miles; this is fair; Jarvis to East boundary of Kent County, gravel road in fair condition throughout; grading operations under way at Orwell and New Sarum; traffic advised to proceed carefully; road under construction for one mile west of New Sarum; local detour clearly marked; Elgin-Kent line to Windsor, gravel road in fair condition and concrete pavement; west of Blenheim motorists should watch for sharp jogs in road; from Kingsville Division Road to Essex closed to traffic on account of paving operations; traffic detour from Ruthven and Essex, via Kingsville and Arner; gravelling west of Ruthven; drive carefully.

London to Sarnia—Gravel road in fair condition throughout.

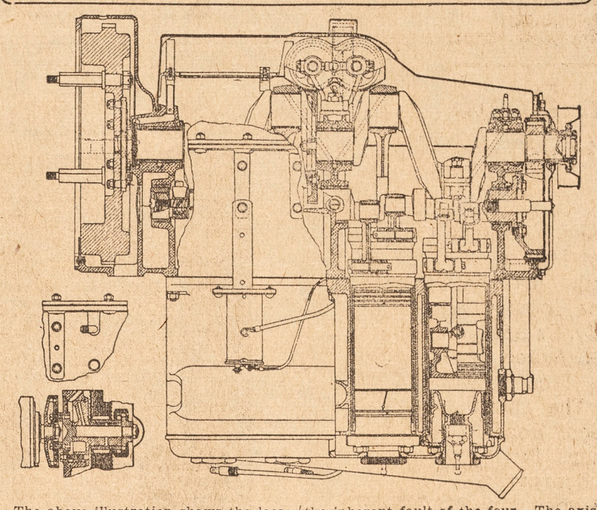
St. Thomas to London—Pavement in good condition.

ANOTHER MYSTERY OF MILEAGE

(From the Iola, Kan., Register.)

We have often wondered what the drive-it-yourself man thinks when he checks up with the young man who gets a car at 9 o'clock at night, keeps it till 3 o'clock in the morning, and has run it only 2.6 miles.

Willys-Knight Has Lanchester Balancer



The above illustration shows the location and manner of mounting the Lanchester Harmonic Balancer in the 1925 Willys-Knight engines. The balancer is carried in a malleable iron frame, which is supported by the centre main bearing crank case web. It consists of two bronze cylinders, solid, except for the three holes drilled in each to eccentrically weight them, so as to counteract the rise and fall in centre of gravity, at twice crankshaft speed, that is the inherent fault of the four. The axis of the two bronze cylinders mounted side by side is at right angles to the crankshaft. They are fitted with bronze bushings and rotate on their shafts, which are supported at both ends by the balancer frame. A helical gear is cut in the circumferential face of each cylinder, and they are driven in opposite directions by a helically cut ring gear, mounted in the crankshaft, which has, of course, twice the number of teeth of each of the cylinder gears, so that they rotate at twice crankshaft speed.

License Proposal Evokes "Uproar"

Border City Star Again Voices General Opposition to Centralized Issuing Proposal.

The following editorial from the "Border City Star," Windsor, is self explanatory:

"From the general uproar which has greeted the Provincial Government's proposal to issue auto licenses from a central bureau at Toronto, it must be apparent that the idea is unpopular. Nowhere has it been received with greater opposition than in the border cities, which are probably the most thoroughly motorized municipalities in Ontario.

"Most motorists find that it is about as inconvenient to secure an auto license, under the present system, as to fill out a federal income tax form. But if the data must be sent to Toronto, and the applicant is deprived of the assistance rendered by local issuers, the task becomes much more difficult. This is but one of many obvious arguments which could be urged against the change, and which will no doubt be presented when a border deputation waits upon the Provincial Government in the near future. If the Government doesn't want to irritate every municipality in Ontario, with the distinguished exception of Toronto, it will abandon this proposal."

NORMA TALMADGE USES 1904 CAR IN "THE LADY."

Norma Talmadge rides in a 1904 Franklin (No. 790) in her latest First National photoplay, "The Lady," now being filmed for Joseph M. Schenck productions by Director Frank Borzage at the United Studios. The car was thoroughly overhauled in Los Angeles before going out to the studios, and "functioned nobly" when Norma Talmadge, at the wheel, drove around the "lot" with Wallace MacDonald, Alf Goulding and Dorris Lloyd as guests. All wore motor goggles and linen dust-coats of 1904 pattern.

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SAVE $500
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They are built of such specialized units as CONTINENTAL Red Seal motors, TIMKEN front and rear axles, DELCO starting, lighting and ignition, BORG & BECK clutch, WARNER transmission, FEDDERS radiator, STROMBERG carburetor.
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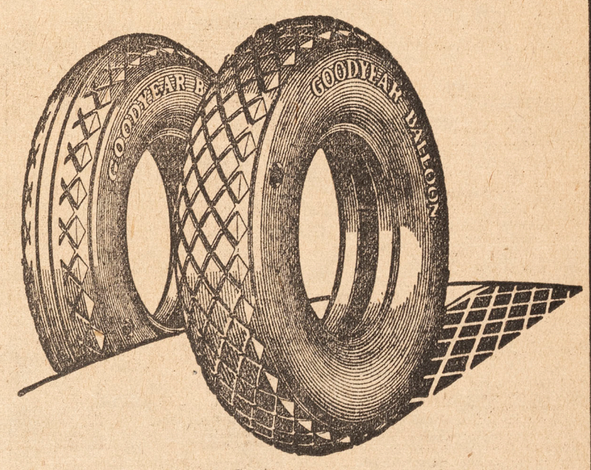
Goodyear Balloons Cost Less Than You Would Expect

THE great body of motorists who use the popular sizes of straight-side, high-pressure tires (31 x 4, 32 x 4, 33 x 4, 32 x 4½, 33 x 4½, 34 x 4½, 33 x 5) enjoyed a year ago the lowest prices in the history of the automobile business. *Today* they can have *all* the advantages of Goodyear *Balloon* Tires to fit the same wheels, *for even less money.*

At one stroke, Goodyear has greatly increased the value you get in Goodyear Tires. You get *Goodyear* quality, Balloon Tire comfort and saving, and you pay less per tire than you have been paying.

And this Goodyear quality has been further increased by the invention of SUPER TWIST, a new, exclusive Goodyear Cord fabric with many advantages.

See the Goodyear Selected Dealer regarding a pair or a set of Balloon Tires for your car. Goodyear makes Balloon Tires to fit six sizes of wheels—the wheels now on your car, or new smaller wheels if you prefer their appearance or if you need them for fender clearance.



Goodyear means Good Wear

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MADE IN CANADA

MOTOR DIRECTORY

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CORNER OF CHURCH AND DUNDAS. PHONE MAIN 5375

Prove Cleveland A Great Performer

Challenge Issued Based on Extraordinary Official Trials Made Early in Week.

A truly remarkable demonstration of the unusual flexibility and hill climbing prowess of the new Cleveland Six was made early in the week under observation of the manager of tests and controls of the Ontario Motor League.

The car (serial No. 60209) was a fully equipped touring model with top up and windshield closed. Equipment included 5 balloon tires and four-wheel brakes. It carried the driver and observer—both men of considerably above average weight. The tests were high gear throughout. There was no riding or slipping of the clutch. Examination showed that the standard gear ratio was employed. The ignition control lever was set full advanced and not touched during the trials. At no time did the engine "pink" or buck despite the extraordinary loads to which it was subjected—a striking demonstration of the efficiency of the new Cleveland engine and its Ricardo-type head. The car, prior to the tests, had done approximately three thousand miles.

The following results were not the best of a series of attempts as another predetermined condition was that only one attempt, whatever the result, should be made. This, of course, was strictly adhered to.

The first trial was on Scarboro Road Hill—Toronto's most precipitous road. With the rear wheels resting on the cobble stone that is the line of demarcation between the asphalt of Queen St., East, and the brick pavement of Scarboro Road, with car stationary, engine running at idle and gearset in high the clutch was abruptly engaged. Without a stagger the car moved away and up to the crest of the hill. From start to finish at the top of the grade (Hydro Post 18) just 34 2-5 seconds elapsed by the tested O.M.L. stop watch.

The second test was made under the same conditions (standing start, high gear exclusively, etc.), from the foot of Avenue Road Hill (front hub in line with centre of Hydro post 117) to the top of the hill (Hydro post 133). Time: 30 seconds flat.

The third test was a heroic one. Over the same course as the second and with the same conditions except that the engine was stopped and the gear lever was placed in high at the start. Then the ignition switch was turned on and the starting switch stepped on. The car moved up making the run between the two Hydro posts (117 and 133) in 32 3-5 seconds—truly a remarkable feat even in these days of unusual performances!

Better Business To Be Convention Theme

"Alf." Reeves of N.A.C.C. To Be Among Speakers at M.A.M.A. Convention.

New York City.—Sessions devoted to the improved business outlook, to improved merchandising methods, to foreign trade, and to the handling of credits, will make up the annual convention of the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association, to be held in Cleveland, October 15, 16, 17.

The convention will be given variety by the assignment of separate chairmen for the various sessions. M. L. Heminway, general manager of the M. and A.M.A., announced that G. Brewer Griffin, president of the association, and head of the automotive division of the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., will preside at the opening session, when the subject will be "The Outlook for Better Business." One of the speakers at this session will be an internationally-known financial authority, who will talk on the general outlook. This will be followed by a three-part discussion of the automotive outlook, by Alfred Reeves, general manager of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce; W. O. Rutherford, president of the Rubber Association of America, and director of the M. and A. M. A., and vice-president of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, and Mr. Griffin.

At the second day's session, on "Better Merchandising as the Foundation of Better Business," E. P. Chalfant, chairman of the board of the Gill Mfg. Co., will be chairman. This session will continue morning and afternoon, with speakers on selling through the jobber, distributor and other channels, and with a talk on tie-up of manufacturers' and wholesalers' advertising activities. One of the speakers at this session will be J. H. Mehan, manager of the Research Club, an organization of non-competing jobbers, who will talk on "The Jobber's Place in the Automotive Selling System."

On the evening of the second day, F. G. Titus, second vice-president of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., will preside over a discussion on "The Foreign Trade Opportunity: How to Take Advantage of It." Speakers will talk on the foreign trade outlook and on selling the foreign trade through an export department and through an export sales agent. One of the speakers will be J. F. Kelly, export manager of the Electric Storage Battery Co.

The third day will be given over to credit work, with a manufacturers' and foreign trade credit session, the morning presided over by M. A. Moynihan, secretary and treasurer of the Gemmer Mfg. Co., and a session on jobbers' credits in the afternoon, with R. S. Harvey, vice-president of the Rees Mfg. Co., as chairman.

Sessions will be held at the Hollenden Hotel, in Cleveland, with the local arrangements in charge of C. E. Thompson, president of the Steel Products, and a director of the M. and A. M. A.

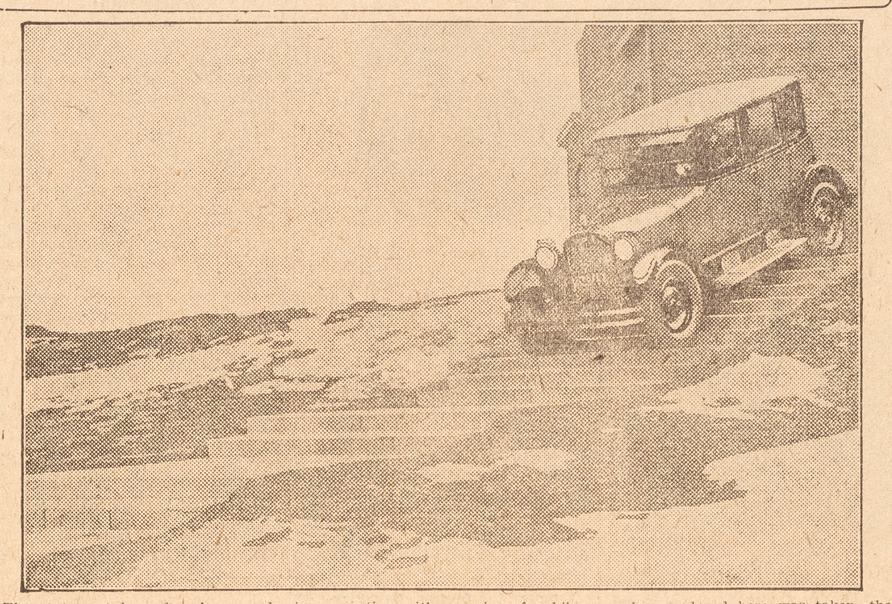
Maxwell-Chrysler In Strong Position

Is Best in History of Maxwell Corporation Reports Walter P. Chrysler.

New York City—Maxwell Motor Corporation's financial position is now the strongest in its history according to Walter P. Chrysler, chairman and president of the Chrysler and Maxwell companies. Official figures, as of July 31, reveal some interesting contrasts, as compared with January 31, 1924. Cash on hand July 31 amounted to $3,521,798, as against $2,705,000 in January. Inventories, which in January amounted to $12,610,000, had been reduced up to July 31, to $10,486,000. Sight drafts drawn on customers against shipments were $1,595,000 in January and $2,716,000 in July. Net working capital of the company which in January amounted to $7,678,000, had increased by July 31 to $12,978,352. The company has no bank loans. The company's forward commitment for materials is approximately the lowest in its history and represents only about five weeks' requirements at present rate of operations.

Earnings of the Maxwell Motor Corporation and subsidiaries in July totalled $609,869 after depreciation and interest. This is at an annual rate of more than $7.00 a share on the 611,475 shares of class B stock outstanding, after depreciation, interest, taxes and allowance for full 8 per cent. dividends on the class A stock. Estimated earnings of approximately $500,000 for August which is ordinarily a dull month, indicate that the July rate of earnings should be pretty well maintained in the Fall months.

Balloon Tires Aid Control



The statement has often been made that the use of genuine balloon tires improves both comfort and safety to be derived from the motor car. "It is probable, however, that this statement has never been more logically proven than it was a short time ago in Milwaukee, when Reo representatives conducted the test pictured here," says Wm. Cain, of the Reo Motor Sales Co.

"The descent of the steps was made in connection with a series of exhibitions used by the Reo distributors to interest Milwaukee motorists in low-pressure tires. This particular phase of the balloon tire exploitation is of interest to all owners of motor cars, however, since it substantiates the statements of tire manufacturers and automobile manufacturers who have been using genuine balloon tires.

"Prior to the time when the photograph reproduced here was taken, the Brougham Reo had been driven slowly up the long flight of steps. At the top it was turned around and just as slowly driven down. At no time did the car escape the complete control of the driver. Disinterested passengers stated that if there were any shocks when the car descended from one step to another, they were not perceptible within the car."

LOST—A BALLOON.



The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., of Canada, Ltd., is poorer to the extent of one balloon as a result of one of the big gas-bags breaking loose from its moorings and being carried over the lake.

There was a strong northerly wind blowing at the time, and officials of the Goodyear Company expect that the balloon will be driven a good many miles south of the international boundary line.

The balloons are produced by the Goodyear Company in its aeronautics department at Akron, Ohio, where a semi-rigid airship, the "S.R.1," is now being built for the United States Government. "There is a strong probability that the escaped balloon will come to rest pretty close to its original home at Akron," says an official.

Two Passenger Coupe Business Favorite

Olds. Reports Large and Increasing Demand for This Model.

To meet the demands caused by the growing and diversified uses which the two-passenger coupe type of automobile is successfully filling, the Olds Motor Works has started to produce the coupe in a variety of color finishes. At the present time the factory is finishing the coupes in shades of blue, maroon and brown, and it is probable that other colors will be added in the near future. In each case, duco, chosen for its satin finish and durability, is used.

Several sound business reasons have prompted the adoption of a wide color range in the finish of this general utility Oldsmobile model. Investigation has shown, factory officials report, that the two-passenger coupe is used more universally for business purposes than any other body type, and that its use in this field is of the widest possible range. A survey of sales records shows that it is one of the most favored models for physicians, lawyers, clergymen, commercial representatives, business men who drive to their offices from suburban homes, and wives who desire the independence a car of their own affords them for shopping, visiting, etc., regardless of whether husband has the family car down town or not.

So diversified a sales field as this has created a demand for cars finished in different colors. The deep, rich blue which recently was adopted as the standard color for practically all model Oldsmobiles, has proven the greatest favorite, particularly among women and professional men.

Business houses which supply their travelers with automobile transportation have shown a preference for cars finished in some distinctive shade, say factory officials, and this growing field for the sale of two-passenger coupes has eagerly taken to the new color finishes.

The Oldsmobile business coupe is also trimmed inside to the option of the buyer. For those who intend using the car for commercial purposes, a grey Spanish Fabrikoid upholstery is used, while for those desiring more elegance, the car is upholstered in velours.

Features that are reported to have made the two passenger coupe a favorite in business, professional and home circles are its comfort in all weather and its roomy passenger space and large luggage carrying capacity, the locking compartment under the rear deck containing 13 cubic feet of space and that in back of the seat, five cubic feet.

What Does Public Want In Motor Cars

Quarter Million Questioned in Comprehensive Continental Survey.

What is said to be the most extensive survey ever undertaken by an automobile company to determine what the public really wants in its automobiles has been completed by a well known motor corporation in the United States. The survey showed that the public to-day demands style, four-wheel-brakes, balloon tires, mechanical excellence, in the order named.

During the first week, following the introduction of its new models, by actual count, 255,000 persons visited salesrooms displaying them in the larger cities in the United States and Canada. Every person visiting a salesroom was questioned as to what they were looking for in a car and the results were as follows:

1—Style was the one thing the people were interested in above all else.

2—Cheaper closed cars were next in demand.

3—Mechanical excellence was demanded off hand by 50 per cent of the public.

4—More than 90 per cent of the people demanded either balloon tires or four-wheel-brakes and about 40 per cent demanded both.

In the larger cities, such as New York and Chicago, the public was 100 per cent for cheap closed cars and four-wheel-brakes and balloon tires.

In this connection it is interesting to note that prior to the announcement of these cars the corporation sent out a questionnaire, through an anonymous source, to more than 10,000 dealers to get their opinion, as reflected from the public, on four-wheel-brakes and balloon tires.

There were more than 1,200 dealers who replied, and these replies were most interesting as they reflected the attitude of the man who must sell the public. No misstatements would be made in such a questionnaire as the dealer is interested only in the product he can sell.

These replies showed that dealers, to the ratio of about 5 to 1, favored the balloon tire above everything else. Four-wheel-brakes was favored by the dealer by a ratio of three to one.

In those counties where good roads abound the dealers were about 100 per cent in favor of both the new tires and the brakes. On the other hand, the dealers in the hilly country were more inclined to favor balloon tires than hydraulic brakes and the cities where traffic is heavy favored the brakes by a ratio of 12 to 1.

It is also interesting to note that the dealers of the country report in a ratio of 7 to 1 that both brakes and tires of this type are necessary to the success of a medium priced car.

Record Demand For New Nash Models

More Orders on Hand Than Ever Before At This Time of Year.

Indications pointing to a record-breaking volume of sales are seen by E. H. McCarty, general sales manager of the Nash Motors Company, in making public the fact that Nash now has on hand more orders than ever before at this time of year. "Not only does the volume of orders for the new Advanced Six and Special Six series exceed any previous September in the company's history," said Mr. McCarty, "but it also surpasses any single month of the last six months' period of all previous years."

"The reception accorded the new Nash series by the public has been highly gratifying, even greatly exceeding the factory's expectations. Since the new Nash lines were announced requests for information about the Nash franchise and actual applications for territory have been received from 378 competitive dealers in all parts of the United States.

"We have every reason to be optimistic at this time, and look forward to excellent business the rest of the year. As far as Nash is concerned, the big season is on in full swing, and our problem now is to supply the demand.

The Kenosha factory is rapidly reaching the point of peak production, and it will not be long before that stage has been attained. Our records show that the demand has been increasing constantly since the introduction of the new line, and there is no reason to believe that it will not continue for an indefinite period. Consequently, we are preparing to respond to the full limit by taking whatever steps may be necessary to increase our production.

"Orders for the Nash Special Six series made at the Milwaukee plant also are exceptionally heavy, but because of the tremendous task of changing the plants over for a six-cylinder product from a four basis, the Wilwaukee production, naturally, will be slower to reach to its full capacity; operations there, however, are being stepped up to meet heavy demand."

The NEW End-fold Parallel-Bar (Patented)
LYON BUMPERS Made by B. J. COGHLIN CO. Limited
It's Different!
Better looking, stronger and finer in quality than any other bumper. The exclusive Lyon End-fold feature gives strength where most needed—at the ends.
Look for this TRADE MARK
Over Two Million In Use

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King Bee Spark Plugs, by the set, $1.00 each.
We also carry all parts for these plugs. FIREZONE OIL, put it in your gas tank, cuts down carbon, increases mileage, lubricates the upper part of your motor not touched by ordinary lubrication. Boyce MotoMeter Service. We can repair or replace your broken Meter.
See our stock of tools and accessories before buying elsewhere. The prices are right, and a large range to choose from.
OPEN EVENINGS.
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WITH GLASS OR CELLULOID
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TORONTO DURANT COMPANY
Largest Distributors of Motor Cars in Canada.

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The first car standard in design and operation at a low price.
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ALEMITE SERVICE
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It's a Real Knockout.
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HUDSON 1700—WORK GUARANTEED

Big Business Boom To Arrive In Late Autumn

Meanwhile Automotive Manufacturers Are Increasing Production Cautiously, Gauging It to Demand—Improvement to Be Most Marked in Domestic Agricultural and in Export Markets—General Feeling Very Much Better Than It Has Been for Months—Further Advances in the Price of Cars Predicted — General Automotive Industry and Trade News.

By F. ED. SPOONER.

Special to the Sunday World.

Detroit, Sept. 20.—A big business boom freely predicted by bankers and business men has not materialized, but is due in the later Fall according to some authorities. The automotive industry is moving cannily, and while higher than during the past three months, the operations of the makers are still relatively low. There has been a slight overall increase in production, and some manufacturers are on high schedules. High pressure selling and consistent advertising is responsible for the success of the few in maintaining high speed. Many makers, due to low pressure business, have been compelled to check sales and advertising expense very materially. Several makers have reached the end of their route. As July production went ahead of June so August went slightly ahead of July. The makers are turning out cars to meet demands only, and are not pressing dealers. Contracts for 1925 are being offered, and dealers are being required to contract for 10 per cent. more cars for 1925 than were handled in 1924. Exclusive handling of one line is being asked. In some cases it is being demanded. As a consequence dealer organizations throughout the States are being disrupted. The statement is made that retail sales have improved, but dealers are said to be taking no chances. They are not stocking up, but ordering from hand to mouth in the present situation. Makers and dealers propose to play safe.

All indications are that the business among the farmers and business men in Europe will be much larger for 1925. Middle west farms report a brilliant outlook. Kansas and Nebraska, as a result of change in the weather, are likely to give an average crop, and that with the advanced prices spells prosperity for the farmer and automotive buying. It is reported that corn promises to make an average yield. Corn at a dollar a bushel means profit, and wheat at its present figure also means profit. It is stated, however, that the farmer will have to use as high as 90 per cent. of his wheat money to pay debts to maintain credit and so secure finances for future crops. The new crop will not be marketed for two months, so immediate results to the automotive trade are showing but slightly. Some indication of the gains for the farmer by present prices is to be seen in the Kansas report that $110,000,000 will be added to the income of farmers in that state. Farmers are starting to cash in on wheat, but will pay indebtedness first off, and then have the balance to spend, probably on motor cars. The Sante Fe railroad in one week in August handled 4,800 carloads of grain as against 2,300 in the corresponding week of last year. Farm products have risen in exchange value, reaching the highest point in 47 years, according to the Department of Agriculture. The department says that an early frost would knock calculations in the head, but that frost is not likely.

Prospects for sales have increased in the automotive industries with the improvement in farm conditions. The automobile outlook is, therefore, much brighter in September than in August, and immeasurably brighter than in July.

Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank, said that bank clearings in August indicated a business boom. He said that there had been but one week this year when New York bank clearings were lower than last year, and throughout the country there has been but two weeks when bank clearings were lower. The merchants have been liquidating stock without replenishing, and so have money in hand, and this money will be reinvested in the Fall months, and so cause tremendous business activity. He says that there has never been the business depression which the people thought existed.

Experts generally forecast a revival in trade, and declare that America will share in the benefits of European economic stabilization, but that all this will take time. Alfred Reeves, general manager of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, who recently returned from a survey of Europe, says that more of the products of the American automotive manufacturer will be bought abroad within a year than ever before. He found a big demand arising for American made motor cars. The demand is growing rapidly. More than 400,000 American cars will go to 114 foreign countries in 1924, and this number will be increased greatly in 1925. The low price and high quality of the American made cars insures a favorable trade.

With the farmers buying and the European situation cleared the automotive industry is bound to show big gains. So it comes that in the present situation there is a lack of pessimism. In fact the men of the automobile trades have never been pessimistic. George W. Hinman says regarding general business that there has been too much pessimism, too much hysteria, and too many fears with too little hope, too little faith and too little confidence.

It is predicted that another boost in automobile prices will be made to meet decreases in production and consequent mounting costs. The manufacturers are cautious, and are working to avoid a boost in prices if possible. The farmer demand may be such as to allow prices to remain at the present levels. It is stated though to be the consensus of opinion in the automobile manufacturing circles that prices will have to go up. The parts and equipment makers are demanding a profit on their business. They have yielded profit in the past to aid in rebuilding the business, and now that production is down the motor car manufacturers are said to be demanding the same low prices that were made when production was high. If the second half of the year shows better than expected it may be possible to go on. Some price raises scheduled for August did not occur. The present situation where the 15 leading makers who turn out about 85 per cent. of the cars purchased, are enabled to keep prices down, is one that is sure to bring about the elimination of small makers. All makers are in position to resume full time operation when conditions warrant.

Speed, then more speed, and death. The ink had hardly dried in recording the death of the young Detroit millionaire racing driver, Joe Boyer, in the race at Allentown, Pa., when there came the report of the death of the Anglo-Italian speed king, Dario Resta, on Brookland track, London. Resta had only recently left for London, and was driving his Sunbeam car for a 50 kilometer record. He was traveling at 120 miles an hour when the car hurtled through the fence. Resta was dead when picked up. Dario Resta was an English-Italian as his great rival, Ralph de Palma, is an American-Italian. Each called the other a "Wop" and smiled as they did it. Resta came to America in 1913, and in 1915 won the Vanderbilt race and the Grand Prix race at the San Francisco Exposition. In 1916 he won the Indianapolis 500 mile race after finishing second to De Palma in the 1915 race at the Hoosier speedway. Resta won his spurs in England and Europe before he came to America. Like Boyer he had retired several times to enter business, but the lure of the game took him back, and to his death also, strange as it may seem, but a few days after Boyer. "All events come by threes," and there are those who are wondering who will be next among the big stars of the speedway to pass.

Charlie ("Mile-a-Minute") Murphy, the man who made cycle racing famous, and whose mile in about 58 seconds back of a railroad train for pace, did not "stay put" in Los Angeles. Murphy was one cycling star who did not enter the automobile business. He became a policeman, and became well-known to motorists because of his consideration. He had countless friends in motoring because so many of that faith in business and in pleasure were graduates of cycling. Murphy retired as a policeman after many hazardous episodes, and deciding to live in Los Angeles with his wife, made his removal. "When real estate agents tried to get $2,800 for a lot hardly big enough to hold a fair-sized garage and located far out of the city in a former rice field," he says, "I gave up and moved back to Brooklyn, where I am building a home." Murphy claimed he did not get good juicy steaks. He said Los Angeles was all right for those who do not know Long Island. Anyway, whatever Murphy says, he did not stick in the land of movies and so on.

What Chicago likes and takes to New York does not like and does not take to. That is the double-decked buses with the seats above covered. New Yorkers like to ride out in the open on the tops of these big buses, where they may see and be seen, and incidentally consume ozone. John Hertz, of the Yellow Cab Mnfg. Co., and the bus company which is an outgrowth of that organization, tried out the covered double-deckers in New York, and the papers recorded that the upper covered seats did not altogether meet with approval.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. West and their daughter, Remona West, with their fox-hound Brandy, are en route to the Pacific Coast. They started from Port Huron, Mich., and travelled eastward in an elaborate house on wheels. The chassis is a Chandler. They have closed their home, and will spend five years in travelling in their house on wheels, covering the United States and Canada. The home of the Wests is elaborate, in fact, it is complete to the smallest detail. As "social tramps" they will hold a prominent position among the road travellers of America. The body is 7 feet 6 inches wide, 14 feet long and 6 feet high. It is equipped with radio, window screens, victrola, ice box, folding beds, electric lights, rocking chairs, clothes press, kitchen cabinet, stove and a stationary washstand. There is a 16-gallon water tank and a hot water heater. There is a cellar under the car which is 3 feet by 4 feet and 8 inches high, and which carries 30 days' provisions. The car, with passengers, weighs 6,500 pounds, and the only change made in the chassis is the change in tires to seven-inch cords. The Wests will travel eastward to New York via Washington, and then head west to the Pacific Coast. Travel is as fancy dictates, and stops are made at delightful spots for there is no hurry. All of the family are delighted with the new life and plan to visit every state of the Union and all the Canadian provinces. They say that others would take up the same style of life did they but know of the advantages and real pleasures to be derived.

When news of the suit against the estate of George W. Houk was received there was brought to mind thoughts of the day when "Bob" Burman, "speed king," asked F. Ed. Spooner and "Billy" Houck (no relative of George) to join him in bringing the wire wheel into popularity. Burman said that he was going to fit his car for racing with wire wheels, and so bring them to the attention of motorists. Burman received no sympathy in his quest, and George Houk, who overheard the conversation, left the bunch and with not a penny to his name that he could call his own, started out to form a company to manufacture wire wheels. He succeeded, and on his death had retired worth $2,500,000. The Houk Wire Wheel Company later, and to-day the Wire Wheel Corporation of America, was the result of the tip given by Burman so many years before. The suit to-day is by C. S. Ash, who says he was promised a substantial interest in the Houk Wire Wheel Company, for which he created wire wheel designs which he patented.

When Lieut. R. C. Moffatt, U.S.A., flew from Boston to New York and return in two hours and twelve minutes, a distance of 385 miles, there was brought to mind the sensational drive of Harry Harkness in a Mercedes automobile from Boston to New York. The year was about 1906, and the millionaire was checked out of Boston by the Boston Athletic Club officials and into New York at Central Bridge by the New York Motor Club officials. He made the run early in the morning, and his time was faster than made by the crack fliers on the railroad. But his performance was doubted in those days, for such speed over the roads, such as they were then, had never been known before. Harkness was compelled to stay out of New England for years, for he was subject to arrest at a number of points. His trip caused quite as much of a sensation as the remarkable flying trip of Lieut. Moffatt.

Charlie Splitdorf is in hard luck, but still going strong. The health of the real old-timer failed many years ago, and he was forced to give up business. He finally became a well man again and joined his old company, the Splitdorf Electrical Company, and made a road trip. He was successful, as he was always successful in old days. He came back from his trip and again suffered a nervous breakdown. But Charlie says he is not through yet by a long majority. His improvement from the last attack has been rapid, and he expects to again be in harness shortly.

Herbert R. Hyman, sales and advertising manager of the Stutz Motor Car Company, has resigned. The future plans of Mr. Hyman are not known. He is now on a vacation in Canada.

W. C. Poertner, for many years a distributor of automobiles on Broadway, New York, has been appointed New York distributor for the products of the Ohio Body Company, Cleveland, O. Mr. Poertner is a brother-in-law of Charles and Frank Howard, Buick distributors on the Pacific Coast, and recently returned from a European trip with Charles Howard and his two sons. Mr. Poertner will add accounts of manufacturers in the equipment and parts field who desire representation in the Metropolitan district and the East. He has secured a fine corner display room in the Empire Hotel building at 63rd Street and Broadway. The master body of the Ohio company makes "a Ford car look like a Rolls-Royce," and a demand has already been created by the veteran, who has surrounded himself with a corps of well-trained employes who had been with him for years in the automobile distributing business.

Berlin despatches state that 90 per cent. of the automobile owners of that city employ chauffeurs. The proportion is so large as to excite comment in New York, where but about 10 per cent. of the motor cars are driven by chauffeurs. Americans question as to the reason for Germans so generally employing drivers when Germans are noticeably good drivers and capable of acquiring the driving art. Many great race drivers have come from Germany. In America paid chauffeuus "got in bad" by extortions, requiring commissions on everything purchased for their employers, and by other methods, such as using cars without permission for joy rides.

The Champion K. & S. Supremes.



The gold medal winning "Supremes", the soft ball lady championship team of Canada, played before larger crowds during the latter part of the season than were attracted by Toronto's International League team. The team holds two cups in addition to the gold medals. W. J. D'Alesandro, the team manager deserves no little credit for the co-ordination and balance of the team. Back row, left to right: Dorothy Crane, Bessie Smallshaw, Marie Crane, Ida Marshall, Lela Marshall, Reta Dixon. Centre row: Dave Fox (coach), Greta Liggett, Marion Burke, W. J. D'Alesandro (manager), Billy Smith, Reta Beaune, Tommy Marshall. Front row: Norman Moberly (bat boy), "Buddy" McDonald (mascot), M. Smith (assistant coach). It will be recalled that the K. & S. men's hockey team won the Industrial League championship last season for the third time.

BIG DEMAND FOR RICKENBACKER EIGHT.

"The new Rickenbacker Vertical Eight, has met with public approval so rapidly", states Captain E. V. Rickenbacker, Vice-president and Director of Sales of the Rickenbacker Motor Co., Detroit, Mich., "that our last month's business was considerably above our estimate.

"Every effort was made to attain a large production on the Vertical Eight immediately after its final design was okayed. But due to the great reception which greeted this moderate-priced fine car, as well as a great improvement in the basic conditions of prosperity, we have been swamped with orders and re-orders. Even the increases in factory facilities which we provided in anticipation of the demand have proved inadequate.

Big Increase In Motor Bus Lines

Nearly Sixteen Hundred New Bus Lines Started Since January.

Rapid expansion in the motor bus industry is indicated by the fact that 1,593 bus lines have started operations on this continent since January. Figures prepared by the editors of bus transportation show 5,400 motor buses were purchased in that period at a cost of approximately $30,000,000. On the basis of present indications, the total number of buses purchased during 1924 will be well over 8,000, as compared with 6,000 last year. Electric railways have bought 1,000 buses so far this year for operation in connection with trolley lines, the publication states. On that basis, they will have purchased 2,000 buses before the year is out.

August reports show seventy new bus lines started. Most of these are for use on inter-city lines. The greatest expansion is noticeable in the south, especially in Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina. Those States are now covered by a network of bus lines linking all the important cities in that section of the country.

Several Wealthy Race Drivers Killed

Joe Boyer, David Bruce-Brown and Frank Croker Were Multi-Millionaires.

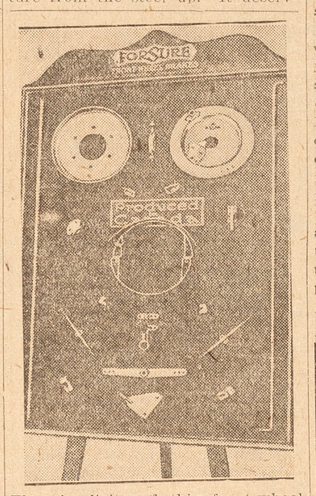
Joe Boyer, who was killed in an automobile race at Allentown, was winner of the Indianapolis classic and a millionaire in his own right with more than $3,000,000 held in trust for him. His father divided $10,000,000 among his children some years ago, the money to be held in trust for some and given direct to others. Joe had friends by the thousands, he had close friends on every side and all begged him again and again to stop racing. They asked him and they pleaded with him to cease taking long chances. Joe did retire at one time and start in business, but the lure of the speedway held him and he returned once more to the game which had so enthralled him. And now he is gone, another man of wealth to yield his life to a dangerous pastime. David Bruce-Brown, Frank Croker and many more moneyed men have passed away in the same game. Boyer was young, full of life, and very democratic. Disliked being known as a millionaire and asked friends among the newspaper men not to forward the impression of wealth. The writer recalls the first time he saw Boyer in action. It was at the Michigan State Fair track some 14 years ago and Boyer was out for a mile record, driving his Hispan-Eniza car. The rear rim and tire were hanging by the valve, and Boyer knew of it, but carried on, glancing back and driving like mad. When informed of the fact that Boyer was a millionaire the thought came that he was a fool. Later when acquaintanceship ripened it was found that Joe drove for the very love of the game and with no thought of danger. He was not what might be termed of championship fibre. He was consistent in performance and sensational in the extreme. He took long chances in his races. Some said that he lacked real nerve, but close friendship with him proved the opposite. For instance, just before the start of the closing race at the Los Angeles speedway, held February 25 last, Boyer was talking with the writer and his family in the grand stand and his hands shook. He was perceptibly nervous at the time and gave orders for changes in his car to fit the windy day. He changed from disc to wire wheels, as he said disc wheels caused a bad swerve at one point on the course. Boyer had had no real serious accidents prior to the fatal one at Allentown.

4-Wheel-Brakes for Fords and Chevrolets

An Efficient, Simple Canadian Invention That is Now Being Manufactured Locally.

Forsure front wheel brakes for Ford and Chevrolet cars are now in production. Coupled with the service brakes of these cars, they provide a smooth and efficient four-wheel braking set that is delightfully simple and ingenious in design and adjustment.

This brake is the invention of a Toronto man and is of one hundred per cent. Canadian manufacture from the steel up. It deserv-



The simplicity of this front-wheel brake is indicated by the units on the above parts-board.

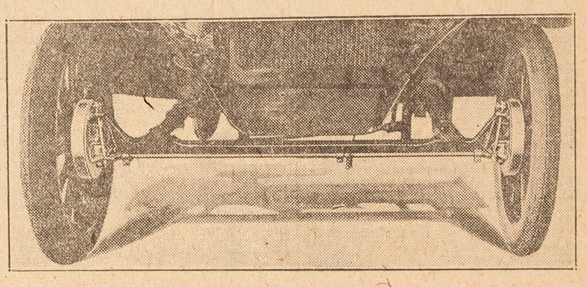
edly proved the most attractive automotive equipment display at Canada's National Automobile Show.

A recent demonstration with a Chevrolet equipped with these brakes—the writer drove throughout the tests—failed to reveal a single weakness or fault. Indeed steering seemed to be facilitated by the brakes, due doubtless to the fact that the design is such that the braking efficiency increases on the inside front wheel on a turn and decreases on the off wheel. This differentiating action is simply and ingeniously achieved. The car could not be made to side-skid during the test.

No four-wheel brake set the writer has seen is more easily adjusted. In type the Forsure resembles, possibly, the Isotta-Fraschini, which has been adopted by Pierce-Arrow, Rickenbacker and other well-known makes with excellent results. The brake is cam, not toggle, operated, and is of the internal floating type, with interchangeable and reversible shoes—an economy and longevity feature. The compensation is through lever and ball joints that provide universal action; the brakes, drums, etc., are fully constructed of steel. The best Canadian brake lining is used and bushings throughout are of bronze.

That the brake is applicable with entire success to cars of all sizes has been proven on large cars that have been equipped.

Anyone who has driven a four-wheel brake equipped car knows their many advantages — that braking area is doubled, that side-skidding is practically eliminated, that tire and brake mileage is much increased, that they are the greatest safety device developed in years. Indeed so marked are the advantages that on cars announced with four-wheel brakes as optional equipment the demand has been almost entirely for four-wheel brake equipped cars. The price of the Forsure equipment installed is only thirty-five dollars.



Showing the front-wheel brakes mounted on a Chevrolet.

DISTRIBUTOR Prest-O-Lite STORAGE BATTERY

NEW SERVICE PREST-O-LITE STATION

1223 DANFORTH AVE.

COR. LADYSMITH AVE.

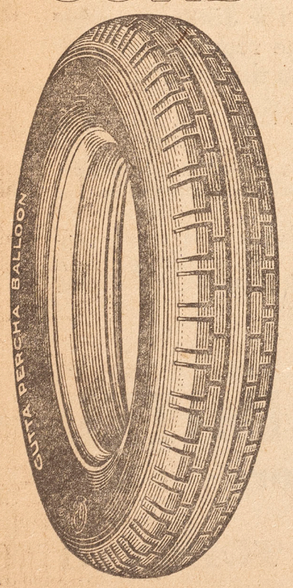
Mr. A. Goulston, for years associated with the Toronto Battery Service Co., Limited, has opened a new and fully equipped plant for re-charging and repairing all makes of Storage Batteries.

IGNITION AND CRANK CASE SERVICE

GASOLINE, OIL, GREASES AND ACCESSORIES

Phone Grover 5923.

"GUTTA PERCHA" BALLOON CORD TIRES

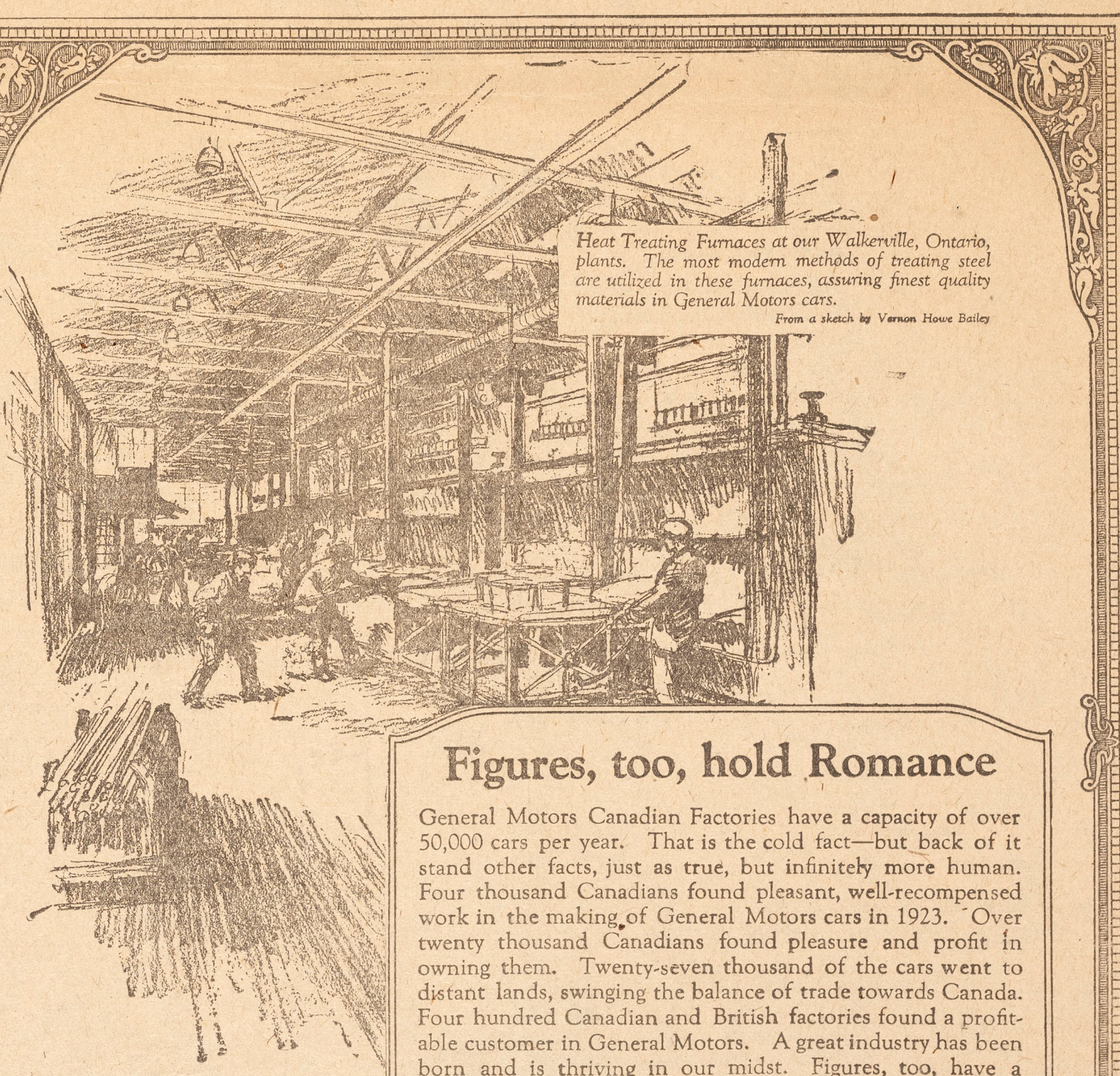


"Gutta Percha" Balloon Cord Tires "cushion the road" and, no matter how rough the way, the soft, yielding tread of these low pressure Balloon Tires absorbs all shocks and jars. Balloon Tires make riding in a motor like riding in a Pullman.

Gutta Percha & Rubber, LIMITED

Head Office and Factory TORONTO.

Branches in Principal Cities of Canada.



Heat Treating Furnaces at our Walkerville, Ontario, plants. The most modern methods of treating steel are utilized in these furnaces, assuring finest quality materials in General Motors cars.

From a sketch by Vernon Howe Bailey

Figures, too, hold Romance

General Motors Canadian Factories have a capacity of over 50,000 cars per year. That is the cold fact—but back of it stand other facts, just as true, but infinitely more human. Four thousand Canadians found pleasant, well-recompensed work in the making of General Motors cars in 1923. Over twenty thousand Canadians found pleasure and profit in owning them. Twenty-seven thousand of the cars went to distant lands, swinging the balance of trade towards Canada. Four hundred Canadian and British factories found a profitable customer in General Motors. A great industry has been born and is thriving in our midst. Figures, too, have a romance all their own.

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED

OSHAWA, CANADA.

CADILLAC CHEVROLET McLAUGHLIN-BUICK 624

OAKLAND OLDSMOBILE GMC TRUCKS

THE OPAL RING

Continued from Page Thirty-nine.

Faulkner spread out his hands hopelessly. His wife was showing him a side of her complex nature that he had never seen before, and it frightened him.

"Come!" he said, almost gently. "I'll send the clerk down for some books and I'll squeeze that hour in somehow. Now run along like a decent little sport and let me get out this report for the mail."

At the door she paused and looked back.

"You never wear that ring now," she told him

Faulkner started.

"Ring?" he echoed.

"The opal one I gave you when we were first engaged."

He extended his broad fingers in front of him.

"I found it interfered with my work," he explained lamely. "I use my hands a good deal more than I did."

She shut the door again and leaned against it.

"I suppose I'm criminally sentimental," she declared, "but I'd like you to wear it sometimes. It might help things a little."

Joan, from the cushioned depths of her long cane chair, watched the line of sweating coolies winding its way down the slope, saw the red sun dropping in the heavens until it had disappeared altogether, leaving behind a leaden sea and a darkening heaven flecked with tongues of fire. Night, like a spangled garment, came swiftly on the heels of a brief tropic twilight, and the mournful shriek of the hornbill rose from the clump of waving palms at the water's edge.

Suddenly, out of the darkness, a solitary light glimmered in the distance like a beacon.

She turned to the boy who was trimming the lamp.

"Whose house is that?"

The servant came behind her chair.

"That is where the Tuan-Hakim lives," he explained.

"The Tuan Bowen?"

"Yes, mem."

"Thank you," she said in English, not knowing the Malay equivalent, and the boy went back to his duties.

She sank back into the cushions, her cheeks flushed.

Half an hour later her husband strode up the steps. He walked wearily, his shoulders bent, his forehead deeply lined.

"Hullo!" he said, a trifle coldly. "Aren't you going to change for makan?"

"I was wondering if you were coming in at all."

He ejaculated something which she did not catch, put down his glass rather noisily on the tray and went down the passage. She heard the door of his room open and slam to. Apparently her effort at reconciliation had met with a bad beginning. She shook out her curls, as if to dispel any doubts that had arisen in her mind, and, pushing her feet into the slippers she had discarded during her siesta, hurried after him. She tapped at the door of his room, then, hearing no response, turned the handle and looked in. The room was empty! The bathroom beyond was equally untenanted.

Out in the corridor again, she stood for a moment, irresolute, then ran lightly out by the back entrance, which led, under a covered way, to the kitchen quarters. She reached the outer fringe of the garden in time to see her husband making his way at a rapid pace down the slope, taking a rarely used path which formed the shortest route to the seashore. He was hatless and at his side swung a hurricane lamp.

And Joan, not knowing why she did so, followed.

Of one thing she was very certain: he had intended her to believe that he had gone to his room, naturally assuming that she would not expect to see him again before dinner. He had crept out silently by the back way on some mysterious errand of which he was ashamed. Joan, almost beside herself with expectant curiosity, burning to know the nature of this errand, scrambled down the zigzag track.

The hurricane lamp, with its vague, iridescent halo, passed beyond the railway line and disappeared into the solitary strip of virgin forest that still remained.

She negotiated the next fifty yards cautiously, then halted abruptly in the shadow of the copse, a slim, boyish figure in riding-breeches and shirt-blouse open at the neck, her shock of curls tossing in a stiff breeze from the sea.

FAULKNER was swinging his lantern to and fro, as if signaling.

Presently he placed it firmly on the sand, and sitting easily on a fallen log, proceeded to light his pipe. As Joan bent forward, trying to pierce the darkness, she became aware of the shadowy figure of a girl advancing into the area covered by the yellow rays. Thirty seconds, and a native woman in a garong of blue and white stood before the planter. She held herself very erect, one hand resting on the shaft of a spear, the other at her hip.

"The Tuan-Besar called," she said in a voice that broke on the silence like the deep note of an organ.

"Yes, Zarami, I called."

A ripple of laughter escaped her lips.

"And yet—it was only last night—!" Faulkner broke in impatiently.

"If I had known last night what I do now I should have spoken then. Zarami, I want that ring."

The girl started and stepped back from him, her bosom heaving.

"Now, look here, Zarami; I can't stand here wasting time. I'll pay you any price within reason, but I'm going to have it."

He held the lamp high, so that the light fell full on the girl's face, on features, firm and regular, twisted into a strangely inscrutable smile.

"You want it for the white mem!" she declared with sudden wisdom.

Faulkner hesitated.

"Yes," he admitted after a pause. "If you must know, I want it for her."

The dark eyes flashed fire.

"I am not like other girls," she cried hoarsely. "I would have killed you when you sent me away had I not believed that you did not want me to go!" She held the knuckles of her hand almost against the glass of the lantern and Joan, feeling as if the earth had been suddenly knocked away from under her, recognized the ring that Faulkner did not wear because he worked so much with his hands.

Faulkner, with a sudden burst of fury, clutched at the brown wrist and Zarami swinging it behind her crouched like a primeval savage ready to impale him with her spear.

The planter recoiled. Before he could recover himself she had vanished into the darkness and Joan heard her mocking laughter taunting him from the shadows.

"I'll kill you!" he bellowed after her, repeating it over and over again. Presently he came crashing his way back through the matted undergrowth, passing within a foot of the spot where his wife lay on her face, stifling her heartbroken sobs.

DONALD BOWEN, immersed in a game of patience with a couple of packs of forlorn-looking cards, looked up to see the white face in its halo of auburn curls rising above the level of the flooring. She cast one piteous glance toward the table, then sank to her knees, her head buried in her arms.

For a fraction of a second he hesitated, then, surprised even at the ease with which it was accomplished, lifted her in his arms and carried her to a chair. He groped round for the few cushions he possessed.

"I expect you're wondering why I've come," she said between her fingers.

"I'm deuced glad you have," he returned.

"I'm utterly sick and wretched," she told him brokenly. "I don't quite know why I've come to you. I suppose it's because you struck me as being the only decent white man I'd met."

Bowen's brain reeled.

"Do you know my husband very well, Mr. Bowen?"

"Fairly well. I've not been in his district very long, you know."

She clasped her hands behind her head and gazed for some moments at the ceiling.

"I'm trying to analyze my feelings," she said. "I've been crying down there in the bushes like a little kid, howling my eyes out for a man——." She stopped short. "No," she declared fiercely, "it couldn't have been for that, because I'm glad I heard, glad I found out—everything!" She smiled whimsically. "I fancy it was temper! You see, I felt so utterly humiliated. My husband grudged me an hour of his time, and yet spent half the night with a native woman, pretending that he was seeing an assistant on business.

"I gave him an opal ring at a time when I had deluded myself into thinking that there wasn't another man on the earth like him. It was the most sacred of symbols to me. We were frantically hard up—both of us—and I chose an opal because most people regarded it as being unlucky, and I endowed it with a subtle significance—a sort of heroic idea that our affection would triumph in spite of the hosts of obstacles just ordinary people feared.

"I asked where the ring was—this morning. To-night he went out to try and get it back. By the merest chance, I followed him. He had given it to the black girl, and was trying to bribe her—to let him have it. I might have forgiven anything—but that!

"Mr. Bowen, what on earth am I to do?" There was a solution to the difficulty hovering on the tip of Bowen's tongue, but the mere thought of it outraged his sense of decency. It struck him as something like proposing to a widow at her husband's funeral!

"Look here," he suggested. "Pop into my room. Have a clean-up. Make up your mind to eat a good dinner—and we'll discuss it afterwards."

"It's done me no end of good—telling you," she whispered. "There's a most appetizing smell coming from somewhere. I really believe I could eat something!"

"Good!" said Bowen. "I'm glad you came."

He was out in the kitchen exhorting the cook-boy to further efforts when a piercing scream brought him back into the main building at the double. He hesitated, his hand on the door-knob, and the cry came again. He blundered in without knocking.

Joan Faulkner stood in the middle of the floor, her face still wet, clutching the towel with both hands. Her eyes were dilated with horror and seemed fixed on some shadowy object in a far corner.

"What is it?" he demanded hoarsely.

"It's a snake!—a cobra or something!" She pointed a shaking finger.

He picked the lamp from the table and went forward. A second later he turned toward her, smiling broadly.

"Has it gone," she inquired, creeping up to him. He replaced the lamp.

"I'm frightfully sorry—I ought to have warned you. It's a coil of piping I got for our water supply—and never used."

She swayed suddenly and fell into his arms.

He held her awkwardly, not knowing what to do. Something snapped in his brain, and he woke to find that he was kissing her lips and her hair and whispering endearing terms that he never remembered using in his life before.

Her eyes opened slowly, and the color came back to her cheeks in ripples, like the waves of the sea. Still holding her, he waited for the outburst of righteous anger that he felt that he both expected and leserved. Instead, she threw her arms round his neck and pulled him down to her until her lips rested against his ear.

"I did think it was a snake!" she whispered.

"So that's where we stand!" said Faulkner from the doorway, stooping slightly to fit himself in.

Joan sprang from Bowen's enfolding arms and faced her husband in splendid defiance.

"Have you found the opal ring yet?" she demanded, scornfully.

Faulkner blinked. The dawning of a sudden knowledge came into his eyes. He clenched his fists.

"You——!" he began, but the glance Bowen flashed back at him checked his utterance.

"I think we had better talk matters over," said Bowen, quietly. "It's a pretty rotten business altogether—for everybody concerned."

"It'll be a damned sight rottener yet—before I've done with it," shouted Faulkner, balancing something in his hand. "Where my womenfolk are concerned, nobody touches me with impunity."

"I'm glad you put it like that," retorted Joan, coldly. "It's so delightfully comprehensive!—I don't think it worries either Mr. Bowen or myself very much what you do. After something that I heard in the trees to-night—I can imagine you capable of anything!"

Bowen caught her by the elbows and swung her behind him.

THE planter's finger fidgeted at the trigger of his automatic. Presently he dropped it back into his pocket and retreated into the passage.

"On second thought," he said, "I'll deal with you later. I've got another account to settle at the moment!"

He went with swift strides towards the stairway.

"He's been drinking," whispered Joan, fearfully. "He can't stand whiskey!"

"I must go down," replied Bowen. "He'll murder that girl!"

She clung to him desperately.

"You're not going alone. I'm coming with you. I couldn't stop here in any case. He might listen to me."

"He's got to listen to me," retorted Bowen, grimly. "It looks as if we're in for a lively evening," he added, cheerfully. "Come along!"

They emerged together onto a strip of soft sand lapped by a sea that shimmered in the moonlight like burnished silver. Dark, semi-nude forms splashed through the shallows, scattering in all directions. A group of them plunged, panic-stricken, toward them, and a man, recognizing Bowen, fell on his knees, almost tripping him, and raised his hands to the heavens.

Bowen sprinted in the direction from which he had just heard the sharp sound of a pistol shot come. He caught sight of Faulkner's white tunic and of a figure not ten feet from him that he guessed was Zarami. He waded out to them, cursing at the resistance the water offered to his movements.

The girl ducked suddenly, and Bowen called sharply:

"Faulkner! D'you hear me, you damned fool? It's a hanging job!"

The tall form of the planter came slowly round, and Bowen saw that Faulkner was in that condition a coroner's jury at home would class as "temporarily insane." He levelled his automatic point-blank at Bowen, and Zarami, rising like an avenging angel from the waves, drove her spear deep into his breast.

Faulkner swayed queerly, clutching at the shaft, then fell with a resounding splash as the black girl, drawing something from her finger that glittered in the moon's rays ,threw it far out to sea!

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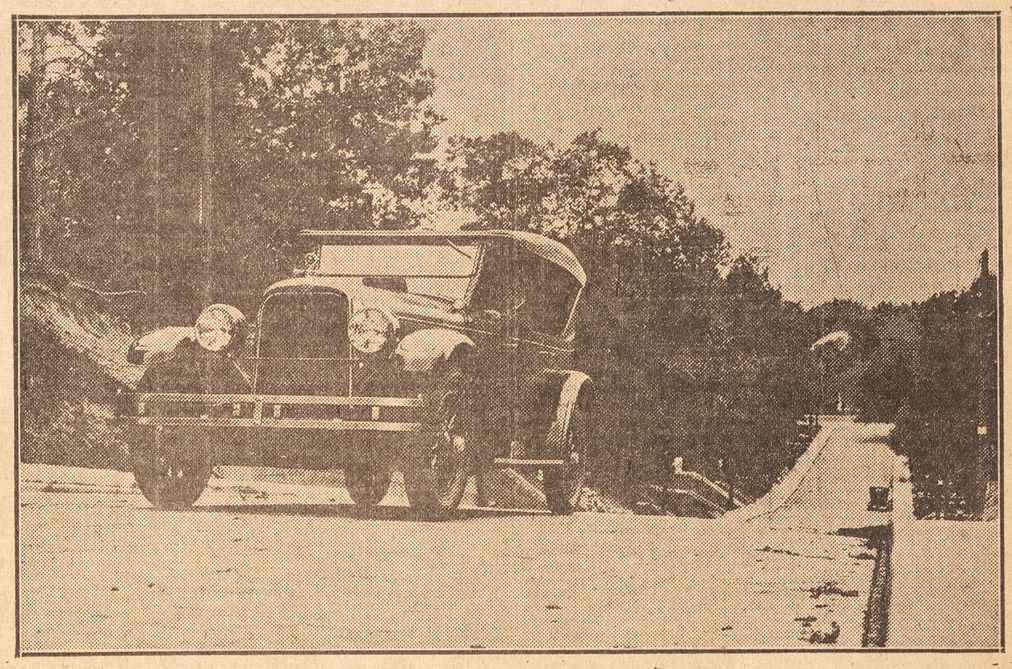
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